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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Who is the P.T. instructor that appears through the window of the fifth floor every morning, and what is his object?

Why all the watches differ in R1F Branch, and which one is really correct.

How is it that Shorty Pettitt of R2B4 was the only one in the section who did not favour a "section" dinner?

Was it because he was short in other respects than stature?

What did S/Sgt. Patterson tell the Land Girl when she asked him why he took off his baseball uniform at the game at Harrow on Monday last?

What does Thorty Giles and Snail Hinds of the C.R.O. baseball fame, think of the Stanmore Sunrise, and did they like the "Land Army Retreat"?

Who was the S.Q.M.S. who in September Morn costume in the dressing room at Norbury was so scared at the approach of ladies that he beat a hasty retreat?

And was his flight not unbecoming to a "Soldier and a (married) Man"?

Who was the Corporal in R1B who raised his hat to the O.C. outside the office?

If the young lady in R1F enjoyed paying the excess fee on the letter she received last Thursday?

And whether it would not be safer for her to find out the name of the person who really wrote her, instead of accusing others?

What the fellow thought who was shooting off about his service in France when "squashed" by one of the boys with a wooden leg with the following remark: "Shut up; I was longer under chloroform than you were up the line"?

If we are to take, from the attitude of Pte. Bruce towards the English people, that he in an American, and are all Americans born in Halifax, N.S.?

If (after a recent practice) it is suggested that the Baseball Team and Tug-o-War Team change places?

If any one in the office can tell where the Tug-o-War Team is? Said to have been stolen by the Railway Troops. Last seen going west on Saturday, August 3rd, 1918.

Did Cpl. Webb ever find out whom he gave the £1 note to?

What did S.Q.M.S. Hewitt say when the new addition to R1B made an application for a loan of £5?

Can Cpl. Cutler throw any light on the pedigree of our Chocolate Baby?

And why does the aforesaid Chocolate Baby hand over his valuables to Pte. Hill for safe keeping when he leaves the room?

Who were the two Highlanders at Monday's baseball game at Harrow who gave to the spectators an exhibition of the fox trot, and did it provide a scream for the girlies?

Are members of the C.R.O. Baseball Team keen on the members of the Women's Land Army, and can they pitch hay better than they can pitch ball?

Did Pte. McCoskery think he was receiving a nice present when he opened a parcel containing a baseball stocking from a young lady near Harrow?

And can Pte. McCoskery explain how it got on the young lady's leg, as she was seen wearing it on the way home?

If a certain budding Physical Instructor entered his name in the C.M.A.A. sporting events just to see his name in print, and can he always develop a limp on the morning on which sports take place?

What two certain boys in R1E find immense attraction at Henekey's in Holborn, and if they will find their amusement elsewhere for a time and let two other members hold the bar up for a while?

Who recently kicked Mr. Burrows, of R1E, in the neck, was he responsible, and did he reply, "Do it again, I like it"?

Has his medical category been raised, as the one kicked declares him to be A1?

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Time: 8.35 a.m.

Pte. to Policeman: Do you mind taking my name; I am 5 mins. late?

Policeman: Oh, that's alright.

Pte.: But I insist you take my name.

Policeman: Couldn't think of it, old boy.

Pte. to O.C. Branch: Can I have a week's leave, sir, my grandmother is dead?

O.C.: Certainly, my man, take two weeks.

S.Q.M.S. Ruddell to Group Clerk: It will be quite alright if you bring your cables in at 5.25 p.m.

Lady to Grocer's Assistant: Can I have any cheese?

Grocer's Assistant: Yes, mum; and would you like some jam?

Pte. to S.Q.M.S.: May I have an extra half-hour for lunch to-day?

S.Q.M.S.: Certainly, take two hours.

Pte. to Shoemaker Sgt.: Could you have these boots soled and heeled by Friday week?

Shoemaker Sgt.: I'll start on them now, and you can have them to-morrow.

Canadian to Barmaid: Double whiskey, please.

Barmaid: Won't you have a half-quartern?

Canadian: How much?

Barmaid: 1s. 6d.; oh, but you're a Canadian; 1s. 4d. to you.

Pte. to Paymaster: Can I have an advance of pay of £2, sir?

Paymaster: Certainly, you can have £5 if you like.

CURRENT WIT.

Officer: Sgt. —, do you know that through your not using tact you was the cause of many lives being sacrificed? What were you before you joined up?

Sgt.: Plumber, sir.

Officer: But you don't mean to tell me that a plumber's trade calls for tact?

Sgt.: Well, it's like this 'ere, sir. One day I was sent to repair a bath. I knocked at the door of the house, and gettin' no answer, opened the door, went upstairs, and it never occurred to me to knock at the door. In I goes, and strike me pink if there was not a young woman havin' a bath.

Officer: Well, and where did you exhibit your tact?

Sgt.: I looks at her for a moment or so and said, "Excuse me, sir."

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A certain Highland Sergeant in R2A was given a dictation number on Tuesday last. As if to justify his claim to the number, the following gem from his pen was part of a letter sent to a stenographer to type:

"Will you please have same published in Part II. D.O.'s of the U.U.Y.C.?"

These mystic letters came as a great shock to the stenographer, who vainly endeavoured to find the unit referred to, but without success, and at last she decided that it must be a new branch of the Canadian Military Athletic Association for brightening up the lives of the Huns in our midst under the title of "Uns Undersea Yacht Club," or perhaps a new term from the Quartermaster's Store relating to the recent issue of wood pulp undervests as "Underclothing, Unadorned Yet Cute," or something similar.

To settle the matter, however, it was referred back to the Highland Laddie, who without blushing calmly announced that the mystic initials really meant "Unit under your command."

"Brevity is the soul of wit," so 'tis said, and it certainly seems that this gentleman has a very deep soul.

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Then up spake Mr. Candy, and his voice was cold and clear:

"Damn this blasted BULLETIN, 'tis a tricky child to rear,

"But Low-hell Low—we'll carry on and do our very worst;

"We'll publish SOMETIME every week or be our names accursed."

D. Ts.

OVERHEARD IN THE TRAIN.

A little girl was greatly admiring an R.A.F. officer (in which Force the "rank" is denoted by gold stripes on the cap, each side of the badge.

"Say, Mummie, look at that poor officer; he has been wounded four times in the head!"