

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

What R.2 think of work? And are their thoughts printable?

If, when the military staff in this office are demobilised, a letter will be received from the next tenants of this cold storage expressing their appreciation of the way the work has been carried out, etc., etc., etc., and the way the staff have "carried on." (This must not be taken literally.)

If it is not an actual fact that "Happy" has been much quieter since he "got tied up." One can't get away from facts.

What the "Harem Ladies" think of things now that their King is on night duty? We must have a *night* harem.

And is this said Harem King trying to outdo Whit Cunliffe. As another famous artiste says: "Aint 'e nice!"

If it is true that Miss Rissen bribed the Editor "to say nothing about it"? She certainly got the wind up.

Is anything being done to get up another dance? Or are all the "Sporty Boys" on night duty?

Wouldn't this be a good way of meeting our "night friends" and finding out what they do with their long week-ends?

Whether, if we are here long enough, we shall get a day off to go and see the Derby, and if not, what we will be soaked for being A.W.L.?

Exactly how many claim to be the champion of the C.R.O. at billiards?

And have any games been played yet?

If, now that London has seen the Guards, it would not be a good idea to let London see the Military Staff of the Canadian Record Office?

We are sure we should get a great reception, especially when we went by the Pay Office!

That flag which flies over the office (?) could be carried at the head of the procession. Corpl. Bender could follow on with his "Babies" in a motor lorry!

When is "Onions"—our dark-haired friend of R.I.C.3., going to have another attack of the 'flu?

And will her pals not think her lucky if she escapes this time?

If it is true that "beer tickets" as well as meal tickets are to be provided?

And if so, what will be the size of the night staff?

## HOW I WOULD RUN THE C.R.O.—AND MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY.

By TOBA.

As I happen to be leaving the office at exactly the same time as the Editor, I thought that before I go I would like to tell the readers of the Bulletin how I would run this concern. So here goes:—

First I would put a stop to any work which was really hard. I would do this by degrees. For instance, I would make the office hours 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., with three hours for lunch. It is not *quantity* but *quality* I would aim at (not the lunch, the *work*, I mean). Then I would stop anyone *talking* about work. This makes one tired to start off with. Of course, it goes without saying that there would be no *night* work or overtime, and very little *day* work.

Then I would have the "King of Denmark" brought inside the office—the saloon bar would be placed right outside R.2.A.2, because this would be handy for everybody; and I would make all officers pay for privates' drinks, and perhaps corporals' too, because officers have more money. All sergeants, S.Q.M.S.'s and sergeant-majors would pay for their own because they never complain of being short of money. I think S./Sergeants should not be allowed to drink at all, because it might interfere with their progress up the ladder of promotion.

"Bender's Babies" would not be allowed in the bar at all, unless accompanied by their mothers.

I would then start a "cleaning-up" process, commencing, of course, with the "heads," and working down (not being an officer myself).

I would start *right at the top*, and, of course, the Colonel would be killed outright. That goes without saying. (It's a good job for me I'm leaving!) Failing that, the next thing would be to torture him to death. Then I would have his job, there being more money attached to it than mine.

The "Discipline Officer"—well, I'd make him come to the office with spurs and bandolier on, these being absolutely necessary before documents can be filed in a satisfactory manner.

Oh, then there's the Military Police! What an awful death *they* would have! I would form a committee of privates to

decide the nature of death. At all events, I would see to it that it was a terrible one.

Sergeant-Majors would be done away with entirely—probably tickled to death that is, those who were left after they had paid for their own drinks!

Then there's those fellows who are always looking for promotion. Well, I would cover every man jack of them with stripes from head to foot; in fact, they would have to get undressed to receive some of them.

Having finished with the personnel of the office, I would commence on the *material*. Just to keep up old times, for instance, I would have the filing cabinets moved about all over the building about every other day, and the Sections with them.

Documents? No such things would exist!

For the punishment of those men who overworked themselves I would have a room—a large room—filled with the most talkative ladies in the office, and all men who were due for punishment would be made to work in this room for a certain period, according to his crime.

Finally, we would have a pay day at least three times a week, with an extra one at Christmas.

I believe that if the above system was carried out to the letter everyone, more or less, would be very happy. There is no charge or fee of any kind for the copy-right of this idea.

TOBA.

## THE LATE LIEUT. FRANCIS ANDREW LAW.

It was with the greatest regret that we heard on Tuesday, 18th inst., of the death that morning, from pneumonia, of Lieut. F. A. Law.

Lieut. Law enlisted in the 24th Batt. (Victoria Rifles) at Montreal in October, 1914, and served in France from October, 1915, until he was wounded in May of the following year.

He had been attached to this office since October, 1917, and "Bonar," as he was affectionately termed by his intimates, was very popular with both officers and men of the C.R.O.

In addition to possessing personal qualities of the highest order, he was a keen and efficient section officer, with the interest of his men always his first consideration.

His wife returned to Canada in December last, and the sympathy of all in the C.R.O. is extended to Mrs. Law in her great loss.