

WRITE TO THE "BULLETIN" ABOUT IT !

LADIES' CORNER.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL.

Everyone is high in their praise of last week's edition of the "Bulletin," but one or two of the "chiefs" seem to be annoyed because their names do not appear in the Ladies' Column as often as they would like.

Everyone knows in this branch who the correspondent is, and if they have any news to give, he is always ready to take it, provided it is signed.

As announced in the Stop Press news last week, Miss White's fiancée, Lieut. E. Kelly, has been reported missing. We trust we shall hear more favourable news next week.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

Who is the dashing young brunette who thinks she is so popular with the rank and file of the office?

And what does the rank and file think?

Are the married ladies who are not wearing their wedding rings conforming to the rules of fashion, or are they afraid of losing them?

Who is the blonde lady who takes a stroll each noon with a certain corporal from R2, and why is he smiling so much these days? Anything serious?

How many cousins a certain young lady in blue has, and is she not fortunate in having them all in the Officers' Training Corps?

If a certain Group Clerk who has been off sick for the last week is bewailing the fact that the doctor who attended her is married?

And will she give us an idea how she became so tanned during her "sick" leave?

If our genial "super" always walks out at noon with a female friend, and who escorted her to London Bridge the other evening?

If a certain young lady is quite true to her boy in the Motor Transport in "Mesopot"? If so, was that a cousin she was with the other evening?

Why does our Medical Sergeant show an interest in our branch, and was he too proud to say good-night when hailed near Oxford Circus the other night, when he was walking out with one of our latest rivals in C.C.I.?

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"I should worry."—Mrs. Payne.

"Dash!"—Miss Ball.

"Less noise there, girls."—Mrs. Cooper.

"Oh, hang Ferdie!"—Miss Medhurst.

"What do you think this is, your birthday?"—Pte. Ferguson.

"Totals, please."—All Group Clerks.



FED UP!

BY A "CANADIAN COCKNEY."

S'pose I'd better introduce myself,
Well I'm one of yerselves, yer know,
But I ain't got no kick coming with you,
I'm fed up—with the C.R.O.
Yer comes here in the mornin',
(That's if yer catch yer train),
Then yer have to pass the policemen,
On the blinkin' door again,
"Do yer bloomin' button up,
Yer look more like a slavey,"
And finishes off with this remark,
"Thank Gawd we've got a Navy!"
At last I gets inside the door,
And climbs the blitherin' stairs,
I ain't allowed inside the lift,
"Cos I don't wear "underwears."
Still, that don't trouble me so much,
I'm fond of gals, I am,
You should see me in "Enquiries,"
Tho' at home I push a pram.
When I goes in there sometimes,
You should see their faces beam,
They shout, "We saw you on the roof,
At jerks, you are a scream!"
S'pose it's because I wear a kilt,
And they like to see me legs,
For every time that I bob down,
They smile, and say "Some pegs."
Their eyes are getting shinary like,
You've heard about "Raiditis,"
I've got another name for their's,
I call it "Kiltylookitis."
But now I'll leave the girls alone,
And talk about the others,
There's casualty clerks and ledger clerks,
But they're far from being "brothers."
The ledger clerk thinks that cas. clerk,
Is a blinkin' blitherin' fool,
And the cas. clerk thinks that the ledger
clerk,
Ought to go back to school,
Then there's what I calls "Our Silent Ser-
vice,"
It's the blinkin' Postal Branch,
They go mad and throw the mail about,
They ought to be on a ranch.

Correspondence.

This is a true story, but happily I can see the funny side of it:—

I went on leave down in the country some two weeks ago to see my wife and kiddie, whom I had not seen for a few months. On arrival, my wife told me that when telling my kiddie (who is just 2½ years old) that I was coming down for a holiday, she was rather surprised to hear the child say: "Which daddy, Mummy, the one with the big ears and long hair?"

As my ears are not unusually large, and my hair is very thin, I am now on the look-out for anybody who answers to the description.

(S/Sgt. Cutter and Cpl. Light will not be under surveillance.)

Whilst on the subject of holidays, I might recommend Weston-super-Mare as a very good place to visit. The super attractions are the following:—

(1) No Military Police on duty.

(2) Public-houses open from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m. daily, and an unstinted supply of good beer.

The following is a copy of a letter received by Tpr. S. L. Anderson from Mr. F. Harker-Thomas, Kew Gardens, regarding his son, No. 3691, Tpr. A. M. H. Thomas, R.C.D.'s, who was reported "Missing, believed Killed," about three months ago. "Tommy" used to work in the old "Casualty Branch," and was well liked by all who knew him.

"You will be pleased to hear that my son, 3691, Tpr. A. M. Harker-Thomas, was not killed in the advance on 23rd March last, as is presumed in the records of your office. He is at

282, Kriegsgefangenen Lager,
Stendal,
Germany.

We had a post-card from him this morning (18th June), and he says he is O.K., and asks us to tell you he is still in the land of living, and would be glad if you and others who knew him in the office will write to him. He cannot write to you, as he is limited as to the number of letters he may write."

FED UP (continued)—

Then there's what they call the "Civilian Males,"

Over age, or been to France,
Would I be a civilian once again?
Give me the blinkin' chance!

There are lots of others about the place,
About whom I should like to rhyme,
And if you want some more of this,
I'll tell you another time.

"TOBA."