

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S.-Sergt. OLIVER.

"A LESSON IN ECONOMY."

"Everywhere I go now-a-days I see placarded up, 'Buy War Loan, and help to win the War,'" began Mr. Jim Oliver, when I caught him outside the Paymaster's Office last Wednesday morning, looking through the keyhole. "It's all very well for these ginks, who through some freak of fate are holding down fifteen hundred and two thousand a year jobs, to talk about buying War Loan; but I've wasted hundreds of sheets of paper trying to solve the problem of how to support the wife and children, with three square meals a day, and have sufficient left at the end of the month to invest in a glass of Guinness. . . . Economize, bah! Yes, bah! I repeat," and he looked through the keyhole again.

"Some time ago," he continued, "I thought I would have a try at this economizing stunt. Having read in the 'Daily Mail' that a good thoroughbred goat would keep a whole household in milk, I thought it would be quite a good idea to buy one. I spoke to the wife about it, but she didn't think much of it, remarking, 'You ought to know something about goats before you buy one.' 'What I don't know about goats, my dear,' I replied, 'isn't worth knowing. Considering I'm working with a whole section of them all day.' So next day I approached a retired lion tamer who lives in the district, and explained to him my wants, thinking he would know all about animals.

"In due course my goat arrived, and Mary (that is our maid's name) tied it up in the back yard, in the corner opposite the dust-bin. There was something about the surroundings of our backyard that displeased the critical eye of our new goat, however, for when I arrived home and went to interview Miss Nanny she started making horrible grimaces, and doing stunts worthy of a Barnum and Bailey acrobat. 'Leave her alone,' I said to the wife, 'and she'll be alright in the morning when she gets acclimatized to her new home, and knows us a bit better.'

"Next morning I arose half-hour earlier, as I intended teaching Mary how to milk. Getting a pail from the kitchen we approached Nanny very lovingly, but that hate which is born of long years of suf-

fering seemed to arise within Nanny at that psychological moment, for she broke her chain and charged me with the force of a battering ram, and caught me right on last night's supper, and I was precipitated headlong back into the scullery. After I had collected my senses together a bright idea struck me. 'Never let it be said that the British Army were beaten by a goat, Mary,' I said. 'Now I'll catch her by the horns, and talk nicely to her, and you creep behind her, whilst she's not looking, and milk her.' We then proceeded operations again.

"I then made one wild dash. 'At last I have you,' I growled, like the villain in the melodrama, as I grabbed her by the horns. 'Have you,' said Nanny, 'I don't think,' and believe me, Mr. Interviewer, that goat had the strength of forty Hercules. She first of all rammed me against the wall, then carried me round the yard. Then threw me in the air and caught me on her horns. Then rammed me against the wall again. Finally Mary, the goat and myself, all got mixed up together with the dust-bin. Then she gave over for a few minutes, highly delighted with her victory. That's where an opportunity presented itself. Bracing myself up, I gave Nanny one swift kick under the chin, and she fell like a log.

"All the neighbourhood was awake by this time, and the policeman on beat duty jumped over the wall thinking there was murder going on.

"What are you doing ill-treating that goat?" he asked.

"That put the cap on the whole affair. 'Ill-treating her?' you say. Well, I've done some pretty stiff fighting round Ypres, Givinchy, and Festubert, but trying to milk that goat was the stiffest fight I ever had.

"Milk her?" he exclaimed, and then started laughing.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," I expostulated.

"Why you will never be able to get any milk from that goat. It's a HE."

* * *

"I have decided from now onwards, and for the rest of my life, to use nothing but Nestles."

F. E. BOSHER.

C.R.O. FOOTBALL CLUB.

The following represents the formation of the Club:—

Hon. Presidents: Lt.-Col. F Logie Armstrong, Major M. A. Wolfe, Capt. B. Simpson, M.C.

President: Lieut. C. R. Gilpin, M.C.

Vice-President: Lieut. L. E. Candy.

Sec. & Treasurer: Cpl. G. Cranston.

Captain: (To be elected).

Vice-Captain: S.Q.M.S. A. G. Rose.

Committee: S.-Sgt. D. H. Tarbet, Cpl. H. J. Coles.

Colours: 1st XI.: Maroon jerseys, blue knickers. 2nd XI.: Black jerseys, blue knickers.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday last, at Richmond, our Office team played their first match of season against the R.A.F., at Richmond and were unfortunately beaten by 6 goals to 5.

It was not an ideal day for a show of skill on either side, there being a very strong wind, which was blowing its hardest when our boys were kicking against it in the first half. It is to be regretted that the total number of C.R.O. supporters numbered five. This is a deplorable state of things, which we trust will be remedied. The R.A.F. supporters were there in their scores. The poor support given was probably due to the fact that the ground was a bit out of the way; anyway, there is every reason to believe that—judging by their display on Saturday—we have a really good team which, with a little more practice, should be well worth the whole-hearted support of the Office. Of course, there is room for improvement, and as these weak spots in the team have already been noted by those in authority, we will not comment on them at this early stage, for we must give the team a chance before attempting to make special mention either *against* or in *favour* of any particular players.

As regards the game, our boys had the worst of it in the first half, Cranston scoring our only goal, and at half-time the score was: R.A.F., 5; C.R.O., 1.

In the second half, with the wind in their favour, the C.R.O. did better, though we had hard luck several times. Wilbraham put two through the net and Defieux and Marshall one each. The C.R.O. pressed hard towards the end, but time was against us, and the game ended in a win for the R.A.F. as already stated. In justice to the C.R.O. team it should be noted that two of the goals scored against them were through penalties; also this was the first time the team had played together.

The following represents the team and their positions: Goal, Pte. McCoskey; backs, Pte. Wood, B.C., and S.Q.M.S. Bett; half-backs, Cpl. Clifton, S.Q.M.S. Wilbraham and S.-Sgt. Marshall; forwards, Cpl. Coles, Pte. Ritson, Cpl. Cranston, Pte. Defieux and S.Q.M.S. Rose (captain).

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

PROBABLES v. POSSIBLES.

Two office elevens will play at Chiswick Grounds on Saturday, 28th inst.

Train to Chiswick from Waterloo.