

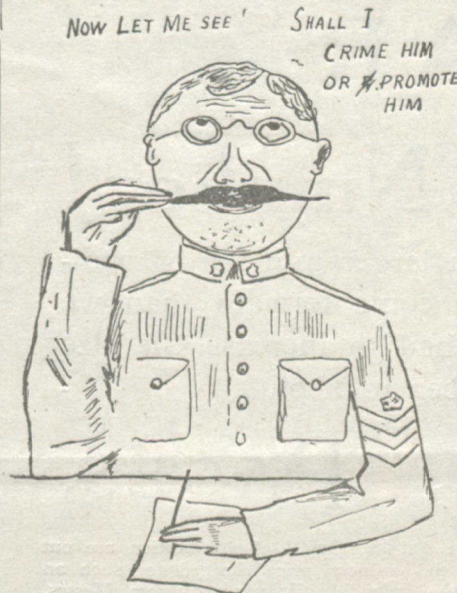
A. M. S.

An Interview (?)

When I was approached by some kind members to interview that puissant "Old-timer" of the C.R.O., Fred Blatch, I confess that I was somewhat nonplussed at the audacious suggestion, having regard to the fact that Fred's time and activity is most zealously applied to momentous questions of military and administrative importance, and not to colloquial discussion on mundane matters. I raised this plea of objection to my importunate friends, but unsuccessfully. One bright youth, in an attempt to pave the way for me to secure an interview with the learned S./Sgt., suggested, rather facetiously I thought, that I should way-lay Frederick upon his leaving his office at 5.30 p.m. That such a ludicrous suggestion could emanate from anyone familiar with Fred's working hours, is only accountable to the fact that the person was new to the Branch, and he was thereupon informed that the demand for Fred's services called for total disregard of office hours as laid down in Standing Orders, and, inter alia, Fred was not a Trades Union man.

I sallied forth, and found our friend, the S./Sgt., in his usual nonchalant attitude, one hand wandering aimlessly along the horizontal course of his moustache, and the other penning succinct remarks to the question raised by the A.G.: "Did the Army List or Enlist?" Whilst waiting for a suitable opportunity to open my interview, my gaze for some occult reason concentrated upon the aforesaid moustache, so remindful of Pretoria and the Army in its status quo ante bellum. Incidentally, I failed to notice any tattoo marks. At this juncture, my reflections were interrupted by the smoking whistle, and recognising that Fred had generously donated his last issue of tobacco to the Canadian Red Cross Society, I seized the opportunity of offering him a cigarette. He seemed surprised at my generosity, but accepted the offer, adding with his usual subtle wit: "Thanks; this work is a bit of a 'fag.'" As custom decrees, I laughed heartily at my superior's jest, and although shorty Firman asserts it was awfully simple, I contend it was simply awful.

Having thus in a way broken the ice, I found no difficulty in coercing our friend to elaborate with his accustomed volubility on his work, which I gathered he fosters and cherishes more than his home. I was surprised to find no reserve on the part



S.-Sergt. BLATCH.

From a sketch by one of his admirers.

A.M.S.—continued.

of our friend, but rather a tendency to be amiable and sociable, and a manifestation of interest in personæ financial embarrassment. From this the discourse led to "Loans, and how to raise them," but at this point I reminded Fred that the subject matter was somewhat irrelevant to the nature of the interview. As a theme for discourse, I asked Fred whether the matter of post-war occupation had yet appealed to him. Instantly I saw his eyes shine brightly, his chest heave manfully, his moustache do a Harry Tate wriggle. "My boy," he said, "after Fritz has gone into liquidation I AM GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY." I parried for an explanation, but without avail, and I came away with the thought that whatever plans were dwelt on, they would be the reward for the earnest and infinite work of this egregious individual.

OKEY.

Extract from letter received by one of our readers.

Your most welcome letter received on Thursday, and again I want to thank you for the copies of the Canadian Record Office Bulletin, the editor sure does deserve some credit for he certainly gets off some very good stuff, and I may say that I have enjoyed some very good fun out of the good humour published therein, though there are some of those in the office who would very much like to see it "canned," but there are those too, who know that the C.R.O. is speaking the truth.

9605 Sergt.-Maj. A. J. SMITH,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Oct. 19th, 1918.

R.1, B.

A joyful Bunch is R.B.
Swearing and "working" (?) all the day,
Fergie's the lad you ought to see,
Ruling Tracery with hefty sway.

Then there's good old Jackson,
A mighty Oarsman bold is he,
And crafty "Coop" the cracksman,
And "Johnny," seasoned warrior of the sea.

There's also a guy named Graves,
A love lorn youth is he,
He numbers amongst the braves
Of dear old, good old, R.B.

Now there's red nosed snuffy "Col,"
Whose cheeks are slowly witherin',
He sits behind his desk all day,
Cursing, his "Dearly Beloved Brethren."

And Sgt. Mason, he's the man,
Who sternly keeps us to it,
He's the one who pushed the pram,
But he wouldn't, if he'd only known it.

Ah! and there's whiskered "Bill,"
Commonly called the "Glove Seller,"
To-day Doc. gave him a "nine pill,"
'Cause he was sick, poor little feller.

There's a dozen or more old fossils
Like Dake and Jack and Kilbey,
What a glorious company of Apostles
Are the boys of old R.B.

E.D.F.J.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Rumour has it that the King of Alberta (ne Cecil T. Beech) and Mrs. Baron Large have been clandestinely married, and are spending the honeymoon at their shooting box in Putney High Street.

Lord Cecil Gilmour, who is an authority on the Irish Unrest, has been nominated as the first Sein Fein Premier.

The announcement that racing is shortly to be resumed has roused great enthusiasm among our Turfites. We have several dark horses in training, and are due to make a clean up.

Piccadilly was very popular last week. One was running up against everybody. In fact, it was surprising how some of those of whom you'd not expect it carried on. "You never know, y'know."

We are able positively to state that there will be a big rush to Canada soon for the Bull Moose shooting. Those desirous of obtaining State rooms should book at once.

BILLIARDS.

All those who have handed their names to the Editor, and all others interested in the proposed Billiard Tournament, are requested to attend a meeting in R.2.B.2. on Wednesday evening, 4th inst. at 5.30.