

C.R.O. CONCERT PARTY.

The C.R.O. Concert Party, who put up some twenty concerts last Season for Wounded men, are preparing for the coming winter session.

A large number of the old members have left the Office, but entertainments put on by "The Party" were so appreciated and so well received that it would be a great pity for it to fall through.

It is hoped that anyone who can assist in any way by singing, playing, reciting or conjuring will take the matter up.

There could be no better way of showing our appreciation for our wounded men who have done their bit.

It will help those who have the matter in hand if intending helpers will hand in their names to any of the undermentioned.

Cpl. Hunt, R1 A3; Cpl. Ransom, R2 A2; Cpl. Cranston, R1 A1; or Cpl. Scrimshaw, R2 B3.

GEMS FROM OUR CASUALTY CARDS.

G.S.W. Propeller.

2.9.18 W. Gas.

9.9.18 Ingrowing Toe-nails.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Tell the Lady Supervisor about it. Sick in quarters does not mean that we are Butchers—it's only a military expression.

HEARD ON THE 'PHONE.

S./Sgt. (in savage voice, speaking to Pay Office): "Is that — Section? I want to SEE the O.C." (Collapse of Staff in RiB.)

Take everything evil under the sun
That man since time began has done,
Add all that we shudder at and shun
In the snake, and the rat and the scorpion,
Mix them together and roll in one,
Stew in hell-broth, and when 'tis done,
Then you'll have something approaching
a Hun.

**WRITE TO
THE
"BULLETIN"
ABOUT IT!**



JIMMY OLIVER —

AT HOME.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Count de Cable Adams is spending the week with Lady de Cable Adams, and the young A-dam at their seaside residence.

General De Files Jones has been released from Detention on Parole, for seven days. Needless to say, the J'hones family are delighted.

(S)ir (Q)uigly (M)ontgomery (S)ylvester Rogerson narrowly escaped extermination last week. We are glad to say he is recovering his nerve slowly.

THE DREAM OF AN S.Q.M.S.

Ah!

When I go up to Heaven,

I shall lean at a Golden Bar,

And plank my golden sixpences

Where the golden tankards are;

And no one shall there cry "Time,
please,"

And no one shall turn me out,

And none shall refuse to serve me,

And no one shall raise a doubt

That my name is upon the Black List.

But within that Golden Hall

I shall drink for ever and ever,

And never get drunk at all.

Sitting upon a cloud bank,

Or lolling against a Star,

Tossing for drinks with the Angels,

Smoking a gilt cigar.

NOTICE.

**The
River
Trip**

IS

CANCELLED.