

WRITE TO THE "BULLETIN" ABOUT IT!

LADIES' CORNER.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL.

Several of our girls have fallen victims to the "Spanish Flu" that seems to have taken such a strong hold on the office. No less than seven have been reported sick in quarters with it during the week.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we extend our sincerest congratulations to Miss Morris, who, we understand, is to be married shortly to a member of the U.S. Navy. Everyone knows of the splendid service Miss Morris has rendered while serving as a nurse in France, and of the sacrifices her family have made, and we trust that only happiness and prosperity will attend her at all times.

It has been suggested that the ladies of the C.R.O. who have been in office for two years should have Chevrons for each year's service. The colour of the Chevron to be white; while a pink one should be worn by all those girls who are engaged.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Is it true that the ladies made a rush for the basement the other day?

And was it because they mistook Corpl. Rae's sneeze for an air raid warning?

Who is the lady in RIE whose work no one else can do, and is it so important that it gets left when she is sick?

Whether the married ladies who are not wearing their wedding rings (as referred to last week) have reasons for not wearing them?

And if a certain inquisitive Private would like to be taken into their confidence as to the apparent breach of the Marriage Laws?

If any of the handsome Scotchmen in the office have lost their kilts? If so, will they apply R.I.C. for them?

How the Lady in Blue became possessed of the "costly" pearl necklace, and should she not be patriotic and send it to the Red Cross Pearl Fund?

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"But you must have one, dearie."—Miss Blanshard.

"Well, I be d—jiggered."—Miss Theroe.

WANTED.

Husband; must be clean shaven, dark, eyes blue, a good sportsman, musical, very affectionate, fond of bathing, good figure, domesticated, and willing to darn his own socks.—Apply "Lonesome," R.I.C., by letter, enclosing photo.

**OUR CIRCULATION LAST WEEK EXCEEDED
UMPTEN HUNDRED.**

FESTINE LENTE.

Verily it came to pass that on a certain Tuesday, one of the Tribe of Records, remembering at the stroke of the hour his handmaiden's instructions with respect to the drawing of the portion of bullock allotted weekly to the Tribes by the Highest of the Exalted Ones, beset himself unto the task of gaining admittance to Phoenix Yard, wherein is housed small and sundry packets of bullock and the offal thereof, proportionally laid out for those of the multitude who enter. Being only of the Tribe and not an Exalted One, he passed but slowly into the part that is set aside for the exchange of small pieces of silver for parchment which entitles the holder thereof to fraternise and approach the King's Servant behind the barricade with a stout heart and clean conscience having strong knowledge at this time of his righteousness.

And thus it so came to pass that after waiting almost unto the shades of night-fall, this one of the Tribe was at last summoned to have speech with the King's Servant, and approached with light footsteps, bearing his parchment in a soldier-like and orderly manner. But at that time there came a voice from the darkness, saying "I am an Exalted One, and according to the laws that are written in the Scriptures am privileged to have counsel with the King's Servant, before them of the Tribe, I who am clad in this raiment of authority, with chevrons and crowns adorning my person—providing I have in my possession the necessary parchment." So saying, he forthwith procured counsel with the King's Servant, leaving him of the Tribe standing in the shadow alone with his conscience, and spent much time selecting from the packets a goodly portion of bullock, worthy to receive a place at a king's feast. Thus on being satisfied he went his way in great haste, saying as he did so, "There cometh another mightier than I after me, who is also in a great hurry." At this the one of the Tribe held counsel with himself, saying to the King's Servant, "If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself," but knowing well the King's Regulations, refrained from passing this speech to the one that was about to enter; instead, he look unto himself the allotted portion of bullock and departed without further manifestation, trusting that the portion obtained would pass understanding.

BOLO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTIONS RUN OUT WITH THIS ISSUE AND IT WILL FACILITATE THE RUNNING OF THIS PAPER IF AS MANY OF OUR READERS AS POSSIBLE WILL BECOME MONTHLY SUBSCRIBERS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO GIVE EIGHTPENCE AND YOUR NAME TO YOUR DEPT. SUPT. CLERK, OR TO THE SECRETARY, PTE. F. BOSHER, CENTRAL SECTION R.11.A.

Correspondence.

[A *Nom de plume* may be used in this column if desired, but in all cases the correct name and section must be stated, otherwise the correspondence can not be published. In cases where no *nom de plume* is given the INITIALS ONLY will be published unless the correspondent particularly wishes his full name to appear.

The "Bulletin" does not necessarily associate itself with the views expressed by our correspondents.]

We have received the following letter from one of our readers:—

To the Editor, "C.R.O. Bulletin."

Despite the fact that the "Bulletin"—even in its infant stages—called upon the staff of the C.R.O. to support the various sports in connection with the office, all ranks seem to have more or less turned a deaf ear.

As far as "supporters" go, the C.R.O. bunch certainly are a joke, and the people that say that a "little bit of Fluff" or a pair of "Silk Stockings" happens to catch the eye of a fellow on the way to a Ball game, he straightway loses his sense of direction and follows the "stockings," with very often disastrous results, financially and otherwise.

The C.R.O. fellows are inclined to look upon the Pay Office fellows as poor sports, etc., but you have got to show me where the C.R.O. crowd will approach them.

FAIRPLAY.

[It is hardly fair for us to pass an opinion on a matter like this, but we invite our readers to express their opinions.—Ed.]

CURRENT WIT OF THE OFFICE.

Sergt.-Major: "Any of you men got a dirty pair of slacks?"

Pte. Jones (with an eye to a new pair): "Yes, Sir, I have."

Sergt.-Major: "Right you are; parade at 2.30 for coal fatigue."

M.O. (to Private): "Well, my man, and what's the matter with you?"

Private: "Pain in the back, Sir."

M.O. (handing him a few number 9's): "Take one of these half an hour before you feel the pain coming on."

Some time ago a certain saloon near the once notorious Burlington Arcade was out of bounds to officers and in bounds to N.C.O.'s and men. Now it is out of bounds to N.C.O.'s and men but in bounds for officers. Funny, isn't it?

Amongst the correspondence received by a well-known doctor who guarantees to cure warts was found a letter which read:—
"Dear Doctor,—I had a wart on the back of my neck which I used as a collar button, but since taking two doses of your wonderful wart cure, I can now hang my coat upon it."