

An Interview with the O.C.P. of W.

(IMAGINARY BY "PAL.")

"No," said the O.C. Prisoners of War, as he picked up a nominal roll of three repatriated prisoners, "my bed will not be me to-night." "Why," I asked, as I appeared at the self-made O.C.'s desk with one of the many queries which have found their way there since the Armistice. "Have you sickness at home?" "Oh, no," said our exalted friend, "but this important work demands my presence night and day." "You see" (he continued) "in the day time I keep my group busy, and in the evening I keep the duty man from writing private letters, and then after he leaves at 9 o'clock I settle down to work until Lockhart's open the next morning."

Thinking he was cracking one of his ha'penny jokes, I jocularly inquired what the wife said about his late hours. "Well," he said, "she only got sore at me once, and that was last Sunday evening. You see, I worked the week-end, but promised to meet her at the Brixton Picture Palace at 7 o'clock Sunday evening, but when the time came to go I saw it was impossible for me to leave, so I 'phoned the show manager and told him who I was, and asked him if he would tell my wife, who was waiting outside, that I couldn't get away. The manager very promptly said he understood my position, and would 'Break the news to Mother.'"

"Well," I asked, "what about my query? The reference number is 501." "Oh yes, your query." "Miss ———," he called out to one of his group, "look up this number and see if it refers to Jones." Miss ——— looked in the O.C.'s Bible, but informed him the number alluded to Smith. "Well, then, look up 510." "Thompson is the name for that number," answered Miss ———. Just then the magnate had a hunch, and told the poor girl to look up numbers 105, 150, 051, and 015, which she did, with the same futile results. So in the end he asked me if I would wait till the next day for my answer, and he would search for Jones that night when all was quiet.

The next day when he handed me the answer he whispered "Jones was filed under 639. These girls never think of looking under any other number but the one I give them. I straightened out a lot of simple queries like that last night, and I have a lot more of them to do, but unfortunately I cannot stay all to-night, for I just remembered at 2 o'clock this morning that the wife had tickets for a show to-night": "but you know," he continued, "I don't care much for shows at this stage of the crisis. I went to one last week, and a bunch of noisy actors would keep coming on the stage and interrupting my sleep."

"You know," he concluded, "system is the whole thing. Thanks to my system I'll be able to slip home for a few minutes next Sunday. My wife 'phoned me that our youngest kiddie, who was only creeping last time I saw him, has now started school."

CURRENT WIT OF THE OFFICE.

ONE OF "HAPPY'S."

R.2. Clerk: Hullo, Happy, how do you like married life?
Happy: Oh, all right.
R.2. Clerk: Got any family yet?
Happy: —?—?—t, give us a chance; I've put in a requisition for some, though!

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THINGS THAT ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

Lady Clerk in R.2. to S.Q.M.S., i/c Pt. 2.O. Section. Could you please tell me what rank this man held in Pt. 2.O.7. d/15-2-16?
S.Q.M.S.: Pt. 2.O.7 of what Unit?
L.C. (hesitating): C.A.S.C.
S.Q.M.S.: Which Unit of C.A.S.C.?
L.C.: Er-er, I'll have to go and find out.
L.C. (returning showered in smiles): Pt. 2.O.7 of the 43rd Battalion, please!

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R. 2. AGAIN.

Last week another Lady Clerk verified a Card for 1914-15 Star, OVERSEAS UNIT, C.C.A.C.; (The lady is not just about to get married.)

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ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT TWO RECORDS.

The *Steward (t)* of this Branch of the Canadian ship of *State* is also the Captain, and with a *Phuir* wind this inestimably valuable Branch, which has *Rissen* to such importance, pursued it's even *Way* as an arrow sped by some Mediaeval *Archer*, *Orr* as a ball from the bat of the famous cricketer (pseudo-Colonel).

Shup as a blade of the finest of Sheffield *Cutter (y)* are the wits of this personnel, and the Casualties of the Canadian Soldier are correctly checked from Flanders to the Baulcombe (s).

—PALAEONTOS.

(Bravo, Palaeontos, but the last one's a bit thick!—Ed.)

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QUOTATIONS FROM R.I.E.

"Toll for the brave, the brave that are no more."

The loss of our Skew M.S.

"One of the thousand *UNNATURAL* shocks that flesh is heir to."

Rogerson's Speech.

"Breathed there a man so loose in the head."

Sir Walter Scott.

"Uneasy swings the arm that wears a crown."

Spokeshave.

"Not a bugle sound or a funeral note," as out of our Branch he hurried.

The Same Chap.

"He carried it home in the dead of night"

His Valise.

We know now the meaning of the term "Silent Chief."

The evil that men doeth lives after them, but the good is buried with them in the grave.

Brutus.

SAILING A-HOY.

In Branch F. Three
A weird we dree
All morning, noon, nor night.
McBride's our Boss
The mighty Joss
Adjudging wrong or right,
The girls all talk
And never work
Except by accident,
While Rosie flaps
And sundry taps
Disclose her sentiment.
Staff-Sergt. Blake
Ne'er makes mistakes
Nor adds his figures wrong,
And Turner writes
His scathing blights
And parody's on songs.
And Del. Oh! Hell
He's simply swell
With Bolshy diatribes,
And facing him
With beard in trim
Friend Barter lives, nor dies.
When cards come in
We simply swim
In noise, but not confusion,
Concerning Rhy!
An awful thrill
We feel, in glad conclusion,
And when our job
Praise be to God
Gets R.2. up and stirring.
And C.C.I.
Can't verify
Then Lovett goes a-swearin'.
In Branch F Three
A weird we dree.
Work hard, nor overtime
And all day long
A happy song
Is heard in jovial chime.
So when you want
A pleasant jaunt
To work in Liberty,
Just write a note
To your Quaker bioke.
To switch to Branch F. Three,
Adieu. F. R. LOVETTE (Sgt.).

(Continued from page 4.)

S.Q.M.S. Sealy, who, it seems, is a little bit peeved because he was not one of the "favoured few," I have not one thing to say, and that is, that while he was "unfortunately" elected a member of the committee, still, judging by the tone of his letter, it was very fortunate for the Concert Party that he got no further than wondering what his official capacity might be.

In conclusion, I should like to avail myself of the opportunity to thank all members of the Party for the way they carried on under great difficulties and succeeded in delivering the goods. In this I am sure to be supported by each and everyone who attended our first, and as far as the C.R.O. is concerned, our last concert.

A. E. LUNN, S.Q.M.S.,
Secy. C.R.O. 1918 Concert Party.

(We regret that, owing to lack of space, we are unable to allow this discussion to continue further through the medium of the Bulletin, and it must now be considered closed,—Editor.)