

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. I, No. 15.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1918

EDITORIAL.

Now that the Armistice has been signed our thoughts naturally go out into the future—a peaceful future, one full of hope and ambition for us all. For those of us who, by God's Grace, still retain our full health and strength—and even those who have come out of this Armageddon disabled—all are looking on the future as a boy leaving school with an ambitious mind and a peaceful world to look on and work in, with years of grand life in front of him.

The dead are at peace and know nothing more of this world, but next to the dead are those whose existence might be called a living death—the blind; those whose sight was once as good as ours, those who could hear us cheering on the day of the Armistice, but could not see; those whose sight the devilish machinations of war have blasted not for a few weeks, but FOR EVER!

Men who once could hold their own in the world with the best, and went out as strong men to fight for the great cause of Freedom, are now dependant upon others to lead them across the road; to tell them what we are cheering for. They can only hear, and the world is sometimes in too great a hurry to talk to a blind man, to explain who is approaching to cause the deafening cheers to thunder in their ears. These are the men I am trying to help with the proceeds from our Souvenir Number. I can see; you can see. Instead of buying one copy for yourself, buy *Two*. Your friend will be glad of a Christmas Souvenir of this kind. It will save you buying a present. Order another one now. It's only another 1s. 6d., and you will help one of the most deserving cases in the world.

Si- Arthur Pearson will tell you what St. Dunstan's is doing for the blind in our Souvenir Number.)

CHEVRONS.

Things we want to know will *not* be required for our Souvenir Number.

Those about to leave the Office or returning to Canada can have the Christmas No. sent on to them by leaving their name and address (and 1s. 6d., plus 3d. postage) with the Editor or Secretary.

Subscriptions run out with this edition, but owing to the great deal of work incurred through the Souvenir War Number there will not be another issue before the *Big One*, after which, the balance sheet for the last four numbers, also for the Christmas number, will be published.

Pte. A. MacDonald, R.2.A.2., will act as secretary in future.

Men of the Empire, L.O.L.880 (Canadian) meet second Thursday of each month in Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C., at 7 p.m.

On November 6th the above Lodge held a Whist Drive and Dance in the Pillar Hall of Arderton's Hotel, Fleet Street. Sixty-five couples sat down to cards. The prizes were presented by Lt.-Col. T. W. Richardson to the winners, Mrs. Devonport, Miss Bennett, Mr. Sales, and S.Q.M.S. Betts (R.I.C.), while the consolation prize (a beautiful powder puff) went to Miss Sales.

After refreshments had been served, the hall was given over to dancing, Pte. W. L. Inglis (R.I.A.3.) acting as Master of Ceremonies, while Cpl. J. F. Bettens (R.I.A.2.), W.M., was also a prominent figure.

The dancing proceeded merrily, but D.O.R.A. necessitated an early break-up at 10.30.

Officers of the L.O.L.880 contemplate holding a similar Whist Drive and Dance each month during the winter.

Candidates for initiation into the above Lodge, which is the first Canadian Orange Lodge to sit in the City of London, should send in their names to the Secretary, Sgt. F. A. Correll (R.2.A.5.).

Cpl. J. F. BETTENS, W.M.
Sgt. F. A. CORRELL, Sec.

A copy of our Souvenir No. will be sent to the King. If he refuses to accept it, we shall put it through his letter box.

X X X

It is suggested that a real big Peace Dinner should be held in connection with the C.R.O. If the idea catches on, we shall be pleased to help with the organisation of such a dinner round about Christmas time.

X X X

S.Q.M.S.: "Germany has accepted President Wilson's terms."

Lady Steno: "How good; does that mean that all fighting has ceased?"

S.Q.M.S.: "Oh yes! In fact, they rush out and catch all the bullets they have just fired!"

X X X

Pat and Mike were discussing the affairs of a limited company, when the latter exclaimed: "Do you think old Screwem's money is tainted?"

"Yes," replied Pat "Two taints—taint yours, taint mine."

X X X

Sgt. to Private: You was a law student, eh? Bin uster sifting evidence, I suppose?

Pte.: Yes.

Sgt.: Well, this 'eap o' ashes is evidence we've 'ad fires here, ain't it?

Pte.: Certainly.

Sgt.: Well, just you sift that evidence.

LADIES!

Have you ordered that

EXTRA

copy for your

Mother?