

**WHO WAS IT?**

And it came to pass in the fifth year of the Great War that a lamentation and wailing went up from the men of the land of the Beaver, who toiled as Scribes in the City of Lon.

And they said, "Behold that which we receive for our labours is not enough to buy that which we need to live, let us pray that they who have command over us, they whose hats are of brass, may give unto us that we may live."

And a certain man amongst them arose and prophesied, and many there were who hearkened unto him and believed his words, for that which he spake comforted them exceedingly.

And he said I speak that which I know is true, for a certain man who weareth the royal red around his hat hath told it unto me. They that rule over us have heard our prayers and will answer them with exceeding speed. We shall have by the next moon, added to that which we already receive, fifty and more a day.

And there was great jubilation among the Scribes, and many there were who said "Let us be merry and celebrate at the sign of the kitchen which is called 'Dutch.'"

And it came to pass that the first moon after this waxed and waxed, and the second waxed and waxed, and these words came not true, and moreover many of the Scribes received word to depart to the place whither they came, and their places were taken by the daughters of the children of Eng. Wherefore said the Scribes, where is the man that told us these things, "Bring him forth that we may rend him in pieces, for verily and indeed such an end is meet for so evil a false prophet." But lo! he that said these things lay low and held his peace, and when they looked for him he could not be found!!

**NOTICE.**

We regret to announce that owing to circumstances entirely beyond our control, the publication of the "Bulletin" will again be suspended until further notice.

**OFFICE INSTRUCTIONS**

(Unofficial).

**HOSTILE FIRECRAFT.**

On the alarm being sounded fire picquets will proceed to their stations (nearest stations Holborn Viaduct, Post Office, and Blackfriars), and all tables, chairs and queries will be deposited in the waste paper basket. These will be placed in such a position as will be thought best by the Senior N.C.O. in charge, whose duty it will be to keep the fire going until the arrival of the Fire Engine.

Two men will be posted on the roof to watch for the approach of hostile fire engines, and it will be their duty to keep the Lady Supervisor informed as to the progress of the fire, and any signs of the fire dying out should be reported immediately.

All stairways, passages, entrances and exits should be removed and all blinds should be drawn at 6 p.m. for protection from shrapnel and broken glass.

All male and female civilian staff will proceed to the roof by the main exit and remain there until pay day.

In the event of the fire spreading the whole of the Military Staff will be granted leave for a period to be decided on by one of the firemen. The above instructions apply to all ranks. Anyone disregarding same will be dealt with by Dora.

**OFFICE WIT.**

From a Cas. Card.—N/K—N.Y.D. Q.

Casualty's Famous Saying.—"Has the *All Clear* gone yet?"

Heard in R.I.C.—A New Lid: "Gawd Blimy! I can't find these bloomin' sheets."

Pinched from the *Daily Express*.—At a meeting of the Church Missionary Society at the Kingsway Hall, last week, the Bishop of Jerusalem told a good story. When a Canadian was informed that the Australians had reached Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, like a flash he replied, "Then I bet the shepherds watched their flocks that night."

"What has become of your sister who used to sell flowers about here?" asked a philanthropic old gentleman of a news-boy.

"Oh, she can't come out, she's got a baby."

"What is her husband?" pursued the old boy.

"Garn! She ain't got one," replied the urchin. "She ain't old enough."

Austria is seeking to win her war Hun-aided.

Colonel: "Didn't you hear me give the command 'fix bayonets?'"

Private: "Yes, Colonel, but my bayonet is all right—there is nothing wrong about it to fix!"

**HINTS TO NEW COMERS.**

DON'T be afraid of the policeman on the door—come early.

DON'T forget your branch if the policeman does "cop" you.

DON'T tell us how they used to do it at your last place; we have heard it so many times.

DON'T tell what they did at the base, as the base has now moved over here.

DON'T tell us about the 2nd battle of Ypres—your Reg. No. might give you away. This is the Record Office.

DON'T joke about air raids until you have experienced one.

DON'T run away with the idea that the female staff are employed to make your job more congenial—the S.M. might find out.

DON'T think you could do the job better than the S.Q.M.S. (It was ever thus.)

DON'T miss your train too often, as many a miss has been missed from here on that account.

DON'T talk, remember silence is essential if the Office is to be run efficaciously.

DON'T growl or grumble (civil staff), leave that to the military—'tis part of their training.

DON'T quarrel amongst yourselves—this is a non-combatant unit.

DON'T go grazing on the floor for breadcrumbs in the morning; perhaps the rat catchers have been engaged again, and you will get poisoned. Take our advice and have breakfast at home.

DON'T get downhearted if you get bowled out, somebody has to have it, and it may as well be you.

If you don't get mentioned in the *Bulletin* put something in about somebody else, they'll come back at you next week.

Treat all the Military Police like brothers, and you will be all right.

**THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.**

Orderly Sgt.: I am sorry, boys, but there will not be any jerks this morning.  
The Boys: Oh!! what a shame!!  
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1st Chap: Cheer up Sonny you look as though you were going to jail.

2nd Chap: Well! if you *must* know, I'm on duty Sunday.

1st Chap: Is that all! Well, let me do it for you!!

1st Speaker: Say, Bill, have you heard the story of the chauffeur who ran over himself?

2nd Speaker: No, Tom, cannot say I have.

1st Speaker: Well, you see the chauffeur was just ready to start on his journey, and wanted a packet of woodbines, so asked a little boy to go to the shop on the other side of the street and get some, but the youngster declined, so—the chauffeur had to run over himself.