

LADIES' CORNER.

HEARD OVER THE 'PHONE.

Oh, yes, any old time will do. Ask for the 3rd floor. You see we have Lift.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Did the Cpl. in R.I.B. think of staying in the office all night.

Did the young lady in R.I.B. ever see her Sergt. in petticoats, as she told him she did not like him in trousers?

If Cpl. Ford has found a new wife, and what he has done with his first?

Hadn't the young lady better be told?

If Pte. Eadie can do without his favourite mirror and render its services voluntary and for the duration for the flappers' cloak-room in the basement?

What was amusing the girls on Pay Parade, and where did the h's get to? (P'r'aps that's where they were.—Ed.)

Whether the Military Staff are not a little conceited over their matrimonial chances, since they are under the impression that the female staff haven't any?

And the to "Have to scold state" dazzle our eyes much?

Would not a more generous way of thinking suit their particular style of beauty more adequately?

Correspondence.

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

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

Khaki University of Canada.
Nov. 2nd, 1918.

To Lieut. Candy, C.R.O.

Dear Sir,—

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your cheque for £5 to cover money advanced for the river trip. I have to thank you most sincerely for the trouble you have been put to in this regard, and I hope that the Department which attends to the social end of our College may be in a position next year to be of service to you.

Once more thanking you for your courtesy and consideration.

Yours very truly,

KENNETH KAPADIA,

S.Q.M.S.

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

The Editor,—

We have heard from several sources that "Dope," which had been compiled and submitted to the "Bulletin" for publication has never appeared in print, and upon calling at the Office of the "Bulletin" we have been informed that the "Censor" has "cut it out."

Almost any joke or remark—sometimes quite personal—about a "full buck private" of junior N.C.O. finds ready space.

Consequently one is led to believe that those "higher up" are exempt.

The question which naturally arises is what have we been fighting for?

FAIRPLAY.

(The answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative; therefore, the latter question does not arise.—Editor.)

(The House then adjourned until next Wednesday.)

RECORDS REGISTRY.

(Continued from last issue.)

The commotion we mentioned last Issue

In our branch has somewhat died,

Cpl. Day fell over his shadow,

And I laughed till I nearly cried.

The S.M. took Tomlin's rations

In mistake for his own last night;

When they met again in the morning,

I felt sure there would be a fight.

Rogerson is working like fury

To help get the new staff into shape,

And Hodges is up to his neck in it,

And invented a new hymn of hate,

Johnson with all his troubles

Just longs for the time to come

When he and his pal from the Postal

Get back on the ranch, "By Gum."

Ingram looks over his glasses

With the air of a man who has done

His bit for his King and his Country,

And old Hampson keeps chewing his

gum.

Pye, who allocates correspondence,

Sits there with a troubled brow;

Miss Barnett looks on in pity,

And the Typists kick up some row.

Holway you can see is thinking,

When the casualties come in galore,

What a difference it made to the office

Since the staff is not as before.

—J.B.

(To be continued.)

TO THE STAFF—MILITARY AND CIVIL.

It has been proposed to give a C.R.O. dance on a large scale in the near future. We have had the offer of the Caxton Hall, Westminster; also a splendid Band. A committee will be formed, if we can get enough to put their names down as subscribers. You can bring as many friends as you like, so put your name down if you want a good time. Tickets will be 2s. 6d.

Let us see how many will support us. May we have your name? Thank you! Uniform—Fancy Costume and Evening Dress—optional.

—SGT. H. JACKSON, R.2.B.5.

NOTICE.

All Copy for the Xmas War Souvenir Number must be absolutely original.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Never ask the S.Q.M.S. his opinion of you—he might be a truthful man.

Never start working suddenly when the officer walks through your room—he is almost sure to notice it.

Never get an inflated idea of your own importance—things that are inflated some times burst.

Never bring your knitting, etc.—the adjutant might not like it.

Never report sick with a headache—the M.O. knows the class of booze on sale these days.

Never forget your pay-book on pay-days—it makes the paymaster so wild.

Never indent for clothing unless your old ones are in such a condition that the rag and bone man refuses them—then your chances are fair.

Never fail to make thorough investigations before accepting an invitation out to dinner and theatre as to your host's attestation paper!

OFFICE WIT.

Gems from Casualty Cards.

Ingrowing toe nails FEET.

Now SAFE with Unit.

It is proposed that ladies should wear bells, so that gentlemen should know of their presence and control the exuberance of verbosity of a blue design.

What a Clever Man is our M.O.

For a fractured Tibia, femur of cranium,

Displaced patella or varicose vein,

Duodenal ulcer, sarcoma of hæmorrhage,

Are all set at naught by his wonderful brain.

Our Donnie: The Order of Merit is very hard to get; I might say harder even in some ways than the O.C.

Old —itch: Yes!

Our Donnie: W. E. Gladstone was one of those who had it.

Old —itch: But as Gladstone died in 1898 and the O.M. was founded in 1902, how is it possible?

Our Donnie: But I've seen a picture of Gladstone with the letters "G.O.M." underneath. What would that mean?

She: So you are bashful?

He: Yes; take after my father.

She: Was your father bashful?

He: Well, Ma says if Pa hadn't been so bashful I'd be two years older.

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

A game was played at Chiswick between teams representing R1 and R2 Sections in this office.

The game resulted in a win for R2 by 7 goals to 2.