

Correspondence (continued)

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

In order to settle an argument, will any of your readers inform me where Mr. Lloyd George, the present Premier, was born?

W. N. W.

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Can you tell us why things are not expedited at Phenix Yard, and why there is only one man on duty at the counter between the hours of 1 and 2 p.m., when the boys are there for rations during their lunch time?

E. K., R2A2.

(Perhaps, E. K., they are short-handed on account of the 'flu.—Ed.)

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

I shall be glad if you can let me know whether my wife is dead, as the woman I am living with does not know if her husband is dead, and it is awkward what had we better do about it?

H. C. H.

(All legal questions requiring an answer, H. C. H., must be accompanied with a fee of 6/8.—Ed.)

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

It has been noticed that certain members of the C.R.O. seem to think that the "Things we want to know" column of the BULLETIN exists to give them an opportunity of venting petty spite and making malicious remarks about their neighbours. May I suggest that the "copy" of certain regular contributors (particularly in AMS) be brought more under the eye of the Censor. In this way we may prevent the tone of the BULLETIN being lowered and save others from degrading themselves by descending to the level of this small minority of ignoramuses.

SENSE.

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

From time to time various kinds of sports have been organised in the C.R.O., but there is one very important matter which so far has been overlooked—the organisation of a band. What could be better than a good pipe band? We have already on the staff a first-class Pipe Major in Pipe Major McLeod. Fancy how the Ball Team would play if the C.R.O. Pipers were in attendance. Now get busy. You can rely on the support of the whole staff.

PTE. JAKE.

(Your idea is a good one, Jake, and we will take the matter up for you.—Ed.)

STOP PRESS NEWS.**DEATH OF PTE. F. A. FAIR.**

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the Death of Pte F. A. Fair, of R2A. Central Section, known to his pals as "Freddy". He died from Pneumonia on Sunday 14th inst. at 12 C.G.H. Bramshott, and will be greatly missed by all who knew him. We tender our sincere sympathy with his friends and relations in their sad loss.

The Great "Bulletin" Beauty Competition.**Who is the Best Looking Man in the Office?**

To settle the above query we have decided to start a new and novel competition. We want to find out who, in the opinion of the majority of our readers, is the best looking man in the office.

Now we don't want anyone to feel shy about it, and we trust that those who are fortunate enough to be elected as competitors will be sporty and take the whole thing in the right spirit. Who knows, it might be the means of the "fortunate" one becoming possessed of a charming wife or some other novelty? Another thing, no member of the BULLETIN staff will be allowed to compete, so as to give the rest of the office a chance (?).

The following are the lines on which it will be run:—

Entry forms may be obtained by any Section who think they have a likely "Beauty." The members of the Section will then vote for the man who in their honest opinion is the best looking in his particular Section.

The winner of each Section will then be eligible for the final, which will be judged quietly and probably without the knowledge of any of the competitors, by one of the ladies, whose name will not be published in case there is any "malingering" and "making of eyes" around the judge.

Anyone with a bald head will be allowed to wear his hat when the voting takes place.

The face only will be judged, and the size or physical appearance of the man will not be taken into consideration.

The names of the Section competitors will be announced in next week's BULLETIN and the result of the final the week following.

The prize for the winner will be a pair of military brushes and "another little thing" with a suitable inscription.

If this competition is a success, we will run one for the ladies. What do you say, ladies?

NOTE.—All entry forms, after completion, will be handed in to the Editor not later than to-morrow (Thursday) at 5 p.m., so you have no time to waste.

Extracts from Letters received at RECORDS London.

You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will it make any difference?

Will I come round any day to-morrow?

My Bill has been placed in charge on a Spittoon. Do I get any more money?

I am glad to tell you that my husband has been reported dead.

SPORTS.

BY OUR SPORTING CORRESPONDENTS

CRICKET.

At Crouch End on Saturday 13th Inst on a spongy wicket we beat Calthorpe C.C. Our opponents last wicket falling only 10 minutes before time.

Scores: Records 136 for 9 declared, Calthorpe 52 for 10 wickets.

Batting. Stewart 9 b, Orr 44 b, slade 6 b, Randall 24 c, Charman 0 b, Poolin 12 b, Fowler 16 c, Whittaker 11 run out, Jones 3, not out, Smith 6 c, extras 5. Jamieson did not bat.

Bowling. Poolin 6 wickets for 31, Smith 1 wicket for 9, Fowler 1 wicket for 0 runs

With our present team we can claim to be an eleven men team, not as it appeared in our first two or three matches a one man side. We trust our "Office Chair" critics are satisfied. They have been very silent of late.

SWIMMING.

The result of the International Team Race held at Tottenham Baths 11th, July, was as follows:—First Heat Winners; Canadians, Australians, Navy, Sopworth Aviation. Final; 1, Australians, 2 Navy, 3, Canadians, 4, Sopworth Aviation.

AGONY COLUMN.

Mabel Darling, I am broke, thought to-day Payday not till Friday. Sixpence left. Fares Marble Arch 4 pence Chairs 2 pence, pictures Friday night instead. Freddy.

Edith. Sorry fell down stairs and sat on Fido. He Bites. Explain mother Darkness Door banged. Shell shock, not Birthday. See you when mother takes Fido out. Billy

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Oh! you priceless old thing.—Pte. Crotty. Eh! is that so?—Cpl. Stirling.

I'll give it you back in the morning.—S/Sgt. Oliver.

Who swiped my Massey-Harris typewriter?—Cpl. Henderson.

This man's in —.—Pte. Ferguson.

The which? S.Q.M.S. Hewitt.

I tell you what we'll do.—Sgt. Rodenheiser.

How can I sign for fourteen and only get nine?—Mr. Burrows.

For heaven's sake, Rogerson, wake those people up.—S.M. Bryant.

Gee, but my brother is cute.—Cpl. Seymour.

'Say, fellow, I was wounded and in hospital before you knew there was a on.—Cpl. Garrett.

LOST.—A 2nd-Team Cricket Captain, between the Office and West Green, on Sat 13th. inst.