

WE—WANT—TO—BOX!!!

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. 1, No. 21.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1919

EDITORIAL.

There is a desire existing in this office for a boxing tournament to be set going. We have had our cricket, rowing and swimming affairs, and we have our football team, all of which have turned out good talent.

Now, there is no earthly reason why sufficient talent should not be forthcoming in this office to enable us to put up a strong show, but the first thing is to get the talent. We have been approached by S.-Sgt. J. S. Anderson, of R.2.B.4, re this matter, and all particulars can be obtained from him, but he agrees with me that if the boys in this office think that it is going to be a "professional" show, then they will not come forward. We want a purely "amateur gathering" to start with—no matter whether you have ever had the gloves on before or not—and the whole of the bouts, it goes without saying, should be fought on the most friendly terms.

That this talent exists in the office there is not the slightest doubt—some of the dinners have proved this! S.-Sgt. Anderson wants every man who thinks he would like to take part in these friendly sparring bouts to let him know at once, and as soon as possible it is proposed to get a Boxing Club going. Having got the material, and developed it, it is then proposed to form a team and challenge the well, we'd better start on the Pay Office; we've beat them at most things, and challenges would also be issued to other administrative offices in London.

The possibility is that if once we got a good team together, we might be granted the use of the National Sporting Club or some other institution, and put on a tournament, proceeds for charity, etc.

Inter-Section matches would also be an interesting feature, and bouts between common or garden clerks and Group clerks might also attract considerable attention. At all events they would have to be run on absolutely straight and friendly lines to be a success, and I feel sure that when once we get going a heap of hidden talent would be brought to light.

We invite the opinion of our readers on this subject, but we trust that this will arouse enthusiasm enough to justify a meeting being called of all those interested in the "Noble Art" with a view to starting a club.

EDITOR.

With the next issue of the Bulletin I regret I must resign my position as Editor, but in the meantime I hope that someone in the office will come forward to take up this position and "carry on."

G. F. LOW, Ed.

STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

One fair-haired young private (late P.P.C.L.I.), missing since Muster Parade Thursday, March 6th, last seen going in the direction of Warrington. Will finder kindly return same to "Central Section R.2"?

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

	Pte. Blank.
R.L.	30.
"	29-2.
"	1-5-302.
"	1-5-302.
"	273 K.
"	20-13.
"	46-1.
"	27-9 k.
"	27-1 k.
"	1-5-49.
"	70-2.
"	30-5.
"	30-5.

and lived happily after.

CHEVRONS.

Owing to the "whole of the Bulletin Staff" having been laid up with the 'flu, we regret being late with this edition.

* * *

Next week the profit and loss account and balance sheet for our Christmas Number and all Bulletins issued since last balance sheet, will be published.

* * *

The originals of the autographed messages from Foch and others, which were published in our Christmas Number, have now been sent to Lt.-Col. A. G. Doughty, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Canadian Archives, Ottawa.

* * *

If they had been auctioned in this country they would in all probability have found their way into individual hands, but we hold the view that they should go to Canada. We feel sure that this view will be shared by our readers. If any remittance is received by us for these messages it will go to St. Dunstan's, and the receipt for same published in this office. The original of Townsend's drawing has also been sold and the sum placed to the credit of St. Dunstan's.

* * *

We are unable to accept further orders for photographs of the dance.

* * *

With this issue we reach our majority that is to say, we are 21 issues old.

Two Tommies of the Tank Corps were just back from leave, and had never seen Whippet Tanks before. "Strike me luck, Bill, if the old tank gal ain't gone and 'ad twins while we've been on leave!"

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

If it is true that Cpl. Joe Perry volunteered for night duty in order to obtain a good night's rest during the day?

Was this because he found his nightly efforts to pacify his lusty offspring detrimental to the wooing of slumber?

Who is the charming young damsel we see floating around the office in a rain coat?

And does it always rain in the Section she comes from, or is she rehearsing for a fancy dress ball as Jupiter Pluvius?

Is it not wonderful the way Nielson has captured the hearts of the female staff? And who is the young lady—not a hundred miles from R.2.A.4.—who has received an invitation out to dinner in the near future?

Did Dawe get "huffy" about having to go to Bramshott?

Where did Bertie Bugg learn to play football?

Did Cpl. "Shorty" Croft lose the toss to Cpl. Bender, and is he going to be a Kilty for the occasion?

Did Lady "Pat" buy a ticket for the old soldier's chicken raffle?

What is it that's funny in the remark—"Kicking over the traces," that makes Bill Stewart laugh so much?

Anyway, it's quite an original laugh!

Will the new punishment be to mark a man fit and send him to Kinmel Park?

What Carter Paterson will say when he calls for the luggage in the basement?

What the Pay Office think now that the C.R.O. have "put it across them" at football as well as cricket?

And is our football team receiving all the support it should do in view of its continuous success?

The reason Cpl. Bender suddenly took it into his head to play billiards on a certain afternoon?

If it is true that the "Tea Ladies" will shortly be meeting us *outside* the office with the tea?—say about 5.30! (Sarcasm.)

We shall have to publish a "Tea Number"!

Has the "Dancing Season" finished so far as this office is concerned? And if so, why?

If it would not be a good idea for the day staff to meet the night staff in a boxing tournament?

If the day staff won they could leave a portion of their work over for the night staff to do, or vice versa.



"Do we love our Sgt.-Major
Pom-tiddle-om-pom."

CANADIAN MILITARY CHOIR.

The Canadian Military Choir commenced a short series of engagements on Monday, 17th March, opening up at the Chelsea Palace. Two shows nightly. The choir, carrying their own scenery and properties, are putting on an entirely fresh act entitled "A Night in a French Chateau," which took splendidly during a trial week at East Ham.

Owing to the good fate that awaits us all, there will be very few more opportunities of hearing what is perhaps the best known and appreciated organization of its kind that has come to the front during the past three years.

Sgt.: Hey, there, what's the idea of this ladies' hose hanging in your tent?

Pte.: Well, you see, Sergeant, it's like this; I just had to have a home-like touch.

MEN OF THE EMPIRE L.O.L. 880.

LADIES' NIGHT.

The above Lodge held a highly successful "Ladies' Night" at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, E.C., on March 3.

Over seventy members and guests down to a first-class dinner, and an excellent meal was enjoyed. The true "Lodge" atmosphere prevailed, sociability always being an outstanding feature in these gatherings.

The first toast was to "The King," which was followed by a toast to the Grand Lodge of Canada, and the singing of the "Canadian National Anthem" and "The Maple Leaf for Ever."

Other toasts drank were the Grand Lodge Officers (Past and Present), the Worshipful Master (W. Bro. J. F. Bettons), The Ladies, Officers, and the Committee. All the toasts were responded to in the best of style.

A musical programme was then the order of the evening, and, with Bro. Lieut. A. A. Andrews at the piano, was not only well rendered, but was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Among those who so ably contributed to the programme were Bro. Parker, songs; Bro. Martin Martin, recitations; Bro. Nicholls, songs; and Bro. Hunt, with recitations, monologues, etc., which greatly amused the company. The numerous encores given each artiste was sufficient proof of the excellent rendering of the various items. The singing of the National Anthem and Auld Lang Syne terminated another of the many enjoyable evenings this Lodge has had.

The Lodge now includes a large number of members from the C.R.O.

OFFICE WIT.

One reason for the discord in London these days: You have to "Be Sharp" to get "A Flat."

* * *

The Day Staff: Leave it to the night staff.

The Night Staff: Leave it to the day staff.

* * *

Sergeant: Halt! You can't go in there.

Recruit: Why not, sir?

Sergeant: Because it's the general's tent, you fathead!

Recruit: Then, what are they doing with "Private" over the door?

* * *

Is your husband much of a providin' Malindy?

He, yes, ain't nothing els, ma'm. He gwine to git some new furniture providin' he gits the monev; he gwine to git de monev providin' he go to work; he go to work providin' de job suits him. I never see such a providin' man in all mah days.

THE SECRET OF PRO-MOTION.

By Yesitdown.

(I.)

"It was like this," began the newly-made Staff-Sergeant, "many a man has ambition to achieve great things in the world, but how many men have the personality, endurance, and perseverance to realise their ambitions? Now I think my rise to fame has been absolutely unique, having only joined the empty empty battalion eighteen months ago, and coming to the Record Office two weeks after my arrival in England, and in that very short period rising to the dizzy heights of Staff-Sergeant, to my way of thinking—and also to my people's—is nothing short of marvellous. When you consider the fact that Napoleon was two years in the ranks before being made a corporal accentuates the fact more so.

"Now I live with a fellow from Central Section, who often bemoans the fact to me, that though he has been in the office for over three years, he is still in the position where he started—a buck private. 'I've worked conscientiously all this time,' he remarked the other day; 'never made a mistake, and never been crimed, and my only recognition has been a good conduct and a gold stripe.'"

"Why don't you Pelmanise?" I asked. "If I could rattle off the three books of Euclid by heart, knew every language, and had LL.D., M.D., and every other 'D' letter after my name, it wouldn't gain me a Lance-Jack stripe," he replied.

Now this set me thinking. What was it that was lacking in this fellow that I possessed? And when I was on duty Tuesday night I sat and thought again, because that's all I could do. Though I was Superintending Clerk in charge, all these funny words that they put on the cables was like Greek to me, and when I queried a peculiar word I noticed on the cable, i.e., something like "Nicotine," or "Dicoryne," and suggested I thought it was spelt wrong, the clerk got quite peeved and told me, "That if the covering on my head was made in proportion to my brain, I could use a walnut shell for a skull"; and so I sat back in my chair and thought again—this time not of the Record Office, but of the much talked of fancy dress ball. What shall I do as—of course, it must be something becoming to my rank. Already I have three stripes and a crown sewn on my overcoat, tunic, shirt, under-shirt, and pyjamas, so the character I would represent was too much tax on my brain for one evening, and I decided to think about it to-morrow.

Next afternoon I visited Morris Angel's to get a suggestion and perhaps a costume. I was shown Romeo's, Charlie

Chaplin's, Indians, Dope Fiends, and Cowboys' rig-outs galore.

"These are all right for nonentities," I remarked to Mr. Angel, "but I want something worthy of a celebrity"; and I turned the shop inside out, but all to no avail. Then somebody by the side of me remarked: "Why don't you go as you are, and represent a Regimental Pet. We had a goat in our battalion that we made a Staff-Sergeant; you would certainly get the prize for originality."

I shall never speak to that rude fellow again. Then an idea struck me: why not go as Achilles. Of course, just the very thing. A girdle for my loins, a shield and a sword. I would really be IT; and without any more delay I went to Clarkson's, and procured the necessary implements of warfare.

(II.)

In the cloak room of the Cannon St. Hotel there was a great deal of bustle and excitement. Everybody seemed to want to be somebody else for one night only. Charles I. was resurrected in the person of a well known corporal, and handsome Romeo was there in all his glory. All the worries and cares were forgotten for the time being, and happiness reigned supreme. Even the cloak room attendant wore a happy smile as well as his other clothes; anyway, his clothes were his own—that's more than some of the dress suits were that were knocking around, and when I strolled in to don my shield and sword I heard the band strike up the first waltz, and with the haunting refrain of the "Lilac Domino" wafting through the cloak room door, I attired myself in the disguise of Achilles.

It doesn't take one very long to dress in a loin girdle and pair of sandals, and at the third fox-trot I entered the ball room. Gazing at the enraptured throng of happy dancers it seemed that I was peeping into another world. Could that man dressed up there to represent a "Franciscian Friar" really be a full-blow lieutenant? What an infringement on the dignity of his rank!

Nobody could mistake me for anything but what I really was, though I did have my chest and arms bare, as I had taken good care to have the three stripes and crown painted just above the elbow, and approaching a dear young thing who was made up to represent a baby doll, I requested the pleasure of a dance, to which she acquiesced.

"You really look quite good as Robinson Crusoe," she remarked to me.

"Robinson Crusoe!" I ejaculated. "It's apparent to me your education has been sadly neglected. You have probably never heard of Achilles—the man who never told a lie.

"Oh, yes I have," she retorted. "Achilles was the man whose only vulnerable spot on his body was his heel, but I never knew he wore three stripes and a crown."

I didn't quite know the meaning of the word "vulnerable," so refused to discuss the subject any further.

At last, the great march past commenced, and I marched behind a most ridiculous person in the form of Charlie Chaplin. "I can't see anything funny in him; in fact, I think his antics decidedly mundane." However, that's beside the point. When the judge asked the M.C. what I was supposed to represent, not knowing any better he replied "A Clown," and that's the reason I didn't get first prize, although I was certainly the most original and cleverest person there.

No, I didn't get first prize; in fact, my room-mate had that honour, and when we got home that night we fell to discussing things in general.

"Now what do you attribute success to?" he again asked.

"The secret of success, my boy," I again repeated, "is merit, perseverance, and endurance. That is to say, you must know the difference between a record sheet and a waste paper basket; and also if a man is 'struck off strength' of one battalion, he should be 'taken on strength' of another battalion. Simple, isn't it?"

"So that's the secret, is it?" he replied. Well, you can take it from me, Bob, the old-time philosophers were all wrong; there is no such thing as the secret of success. There is no secret about it in this office; it's just plain unadulterated, bull-headed luck."

A.M.S. BRANCH.

DINNER AND SMOKER.

On Wednesday evening, March the 5th, the Military Staff of the A.M.S. Branch enjoyed an excellent Dinner, which was followed by a bright and merry smoking concert.

Amongst the guests were Major D. H. Sinclair, of this office; and Lieutenants Sprange, D.C.M., and Davy, of A.M.S. Branch, Headquarters C.M.F. oc C.

Having done justice to a splendid menu, and Major Sinclair having accepted an invitation to take the chair, the programme was proceeded with, the numerous items thereon being contributed by S.-Sgt. Menzies, S.-Sgt. Blatch, Corporals Paterson, Huckstep, Cranston, Privates Defieux, and Stone, who were ably accompanied by Pte. Stone, assisted by Cpl. Cranston. The several items rendered by "Dick" Defieux caused a remark to be passed by one of the guests to the effect that Mr. C. B. Cochran had not roped in all the talent in London, and should Pte. Defieux ever come to his notice, the A.M.S. Branch would lose one of its most popular members.

Speeches by the guests and others of the staff brought a most enjoyable evening to a close, on the success of which the committee are to be congratulated.

THE C.R.O. GIRL.

She worked at Canadian Records,
Looked docile as a lamb,
You'd like to know more about her,
I'll tell you if I can.

She's the lady with hair so wavy,
With an innocent child-like look,
Just like the pretty ladies
You read of in a book.

She dresses like a real lady,
With neatness and with taste,
Nothing dusty or dirty or shady,
As if put on in haste.

She sits close to an open casement,
Delights in pure fresh air,
Clothed in well-fitting raiment,
Blue-eyed and wondrous fair.

Now list, to the boys' description
Of the lady as above,
She is full of base deception,
No atom or morsel of love.

She went with one of our fellows
One evening out to dine,
And rated him for his manners
After a little wine.

Another had an experience,
Which some would call quite mild;
After a jolly evening
She's absolutely wild.

Remember, then, boys, the lady
With blue eyes and baby face;
She's not the simple daisy
That she looks when in her place.

A fresh air friend they call her,
That is those that know her best,
A rowdy and regular bawler,
A scorcher and all the rest.

MORE OFFICE WIT.

A Canadian was leading a Hun officer
to the prisoners' cage. The Hun got
"uppish" and said:—

You think you will beat Germany, but
you won't.

You think the war will be over soon,
but it won't.

You think the Canadians are better sol-
diers, but you're not.

The Canadian stopped him and said:
You think you are going to the B—
prisoners' cage, but you're not.

* * *

At a parade of newly-called-up men,
the drill instructor's face turned scarlet
with rage as he "slated" a new recruit
for his awkwardness.

Now Rafferty, he roared, you'll spoil
the line with those feet. Draw them
back, man, and get into line.

Rafferty's dignity was hurt:

Plaze, Sergeant, he said, they're not
mine; they're Micky Doolan's in the rear
rank.

Correspondence.

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

(To the Editor.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—Replying to two of
your queries contained in the last edition
of the Bulletin, I would suggest that, be-
fore trying to paint the humorous side of
any occurrence you would ascertain the
facts of the occurrence in question.

The assault on me in a restaurant to
which your queries have reference was
premeditated and deliberate, and the party
who assaulted me was actuated by a
motive of sheer malice. I had made no
rude remarks about him, as I have after-
wards proved.

When a fellow is sitting down with his
hands in his pockets, and is taken un-
aware, it is a very easy matter to clean
the floor with his khaki suit, is it not?
I am sure the C.R.O. does not wish
either to tolerate or encourage rowdiness
amongst the members of its staff; and,
by the way, I had quite finished my
breakfast before the "cleaning" took
place!

CORNELIUS J. COFFEY,

Dear Cornelius,—I am glad you finished
your breakfast first, and this should at
least be some consolation to you, for they
say that a large percentage of 'flu vic-
tims are persons who have not sufficient
nourishment in their bodies.—Ed.

* * *

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In reply to A.S.Sgt. A. V. Evans'
letter in your last issue, I feel that
it is due to A.S.-Sgt. A. V. Evans to
inform him that I did not consider it at
all necessary to have his authority, much
as he may have desired it, for my ex-
pressions at our Section's dinner.

In future, to save A.S.-Sgt. Evans any
unnecessary worry, I shall personally call
upon him, submit any utterances I intend
making for his approval, and, I hope,
receive his authority.

Trusting this will suffice to set A.S.-
Sgt. Evans at his ease.

TROOPER G. R. WITHEY.

* * *

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—We should like to draw your at-
tention to the challenge to any of "the
snooker experts in this office—nobody
barred," by A. Sgt. Nicholson, of
R.2.B.5., to meet four players of that
Section.

Immediately the Bulletin appeared "a
little enthusiasm" was created, and re-
presentatives of R.2.B.2 took up the chal-
lenge—but the tournament has yet to be
played! Why? Probably because, like

the C.R.O. Concert Party, R.2.B.5. can-
not "carry on" without their star. Still,
doesn't it seem rather a pity that their
challengers (?) write such a "sporty"
letter and then fail so utterly to back it
up? It looks to us very much like a
case of "wind up"!

Now then, R.2.B.5, a game of snooker
doesn't cost so very much, even if you are
the losers!

R.2.B.2. SNOOKERITES.

FOOTBALL.

C.R.O. BEAT PAY OFFICE.

On Saturday, 1st inst., the C.R.O. met
the Pay Office at Chiswick, the game end-
ing in a win for the C.R.O. by 3 goals
to 2.

Our rooters were there in good force,
and the support considerably helped our
men. Defieux and Sommerville scored for
the C.R.O. in the first half, and Cran-
ston scored the other one in the second
half. It was a good game and the best
team undoubtedly won.

There is a wonderful improvement in
our team since their first game of the
season at Richmond; their combination
is now much improved, and they have de-
veloped considerable speed. In view of
the fact that they have now won six
games in succession, they certainly de-
serve more support than they receive.

× × ×

C.R.O. v. HEADQUARTERS.

The C.R.O. met Headquarters at Chis-
wick on Saturday, 8th inst., the game
resulting in a win for the C.R.O. by 1
goal to nil. Sommerville scored.

* * *

Our team now stands a good chance of
getting second place in the League, and
it is up to all sportsmen in this office to
give them full support by attending all
matches in which our team participates
—and rooting.

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

TO-MORROW, Saturday 22nd inst.

AT CHISWICK—

C. R. O.

v.

PAY OFFICE.

Everybody's Going!