

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 Anderton'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.

× × ×

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.

× × ×

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!"

× × ×

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."

× × ×

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?

? ? ? ? ?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Whose turn is it in Pt. 2 Orders to buy soap?
* * *

When will Pte. Beech marry the girl?
* * *

Or is he so very much attached to the red-haired bakeress at Kensington?
* * *

Who is the Old Soldier in Part 2 Orderly Room who said he had joined up only for the "Duration," and considered he should be allowed out at 11 a.m. on the 11th to celebrate in accordance with Highland traditions?
* * *

Will Pte. Jennings manufacture tops and mats wholesale after the war? And if so, will Dingwalls, of Winnipeg, go bankrupt?
* * *

Isn't S.Q.M.S. MacDonald the best man in the Office for getting up a subscription? And will those contemplating matrimony consult him first?
* * *

Who wants to go back to Canada?
* * *

Who was the S.Q.M.S. who rode along on the radiator of a motor bus on "Armistice Day"?
* * *

Same Day: If the King and Queen were not sporty?
* * *

Same Day: Where did S.Q.M.S. Hewitt get his "Landau"?
* * *

Same Day: If Pte. Wallace did not lead his "Boys' Band" with the greatest of skill?
* * *

Same Day: Who was the private in R.2.A.3. who marched solemnly down the street by himself with a biscuit tin for a drum?
* * *

Same Day: Who did all the other things?
* * *

Next Day: If it isn't a good job the Muster Parade was off?

If it is true that R.I.B. start smoking by one watch and stop by another, and the time-keeping is all against the SMOKE?
* * *

Who was the kilted soldier in R.2.B.2. who got the wind up when he heard there was to be no more "granted permission to marry."
* * *

Why the Orderly Room Staff don't wear puttees? Who says it's because powerful brains weaken the legs?
* * *

How many stripes are necessary before one can hit an M.P. with impunity?
* * *

If the 27 men who have volunteered for "civvy" service really think they will eat their turkey and duff in Canada?
* * *

Whether there is any part of Canada which is not "dry"?
* * *

If there is, what provision is being made to guard the interests of those who get home last with regard to the settling there?
* * *

Why is it always so long between pay days after holidays and Armistices?
* * *

Where we can borrow some money this week—and next?
* * *

If the rumour about the 50 cents a day isn't tougher than the proverbial cat? (it's come to life again).
* * *

Where were the London M.P.'s last week? Have they been demobilised for good?
* * *

Who was the corporal lion tamer who gave an exhibition of his skill by putting the lions in Trafalgar Square through their paces?

OFFICE WIT.

How long have you had these symptoms, my man? said the M.O.

About six weeks, sir, said the sufferer. Why didn't you come to me before? Oh! I've been treating myself, sir. Treating yourself, exploded the M.O. how could you treat yourself?

Well, sir, I used to wait outside and pick up the dope as the blokes what had been on sick parade threw away.

M.O.: Now, really, my man, would you come to me in civil life with a complaint like that?

Soldier: No, I would send for you.

× × ×

They say that Huns are now eating dogs. We always thought they were cannibals.

× × ×

An officer was giving a lecture on care of arms. He explained how they should be cleaned, and on finishing up said: "You should treat your rifle as you would your wife—rub it every day with an oily rag."

× × ×

"Kit all complete?"

"Yuss, sorr."

"Buttons on everything?"

"No, sorr."

"What do you mean by showing a kit short of buttons? What is without buttons?"

"There are no buttons on me socks, sorr."

× × ×

An old lady was travelling on board ship, and had a berth that was extremely draughty, so an old gentleman hearing of her plight, kindly changed berths with her. After some days the old chap sent the following cable to his wife, having fallen ill: "Have caught bad cold—given berth to a lady."

× × ×

It always makes a man peevish when people compliment him on his success, and then add: "I can't understand it."

× × ×

British cheeses are now under control. Some foreign varieties, one imagines, are less amenable to discipline.

× × ×

1st Speaker: Do you know, woman originates from a caterpillar.

2nd Speaker: No. Why?

1st Speaker: The caterpillar in the first place becomes a silkworm; secondly, spins silk; and thirdly, the silk becomes a woman.

SPARKS

No matter what a man may be, some women are bound to think he is all right.
× × ×

What is intended to be conveyed by the expression: "A mock honeymoon"?
× × ×

In the parlour there were three, She, the parlour lamp, and he; Two is company, no doubt, So the little lamp went out.

Tommy (lost): Say, mate you don't happen to have seen a battalion round here short of one man, have you?
× × ×

IN THE STRAND.

She: I think Canadian soldiers are so considerate.

He: Why?

She: Well, if he had saluted you, I should have had to leave go your arm.

R.2.A.4.

The Fowler drew his Bowie knife and cut a piece of Bacon, which he cooked in his Fryer, and after devouring it together with some Currie and bread from the Baker, drank from a Pitcher of water, not having the Price of a drink, and then, after swallowing a lump of Candy, crossed several Brooks, and disappeared West into the Woods, where he met his Dearlove.

And then what happened?—Ed.

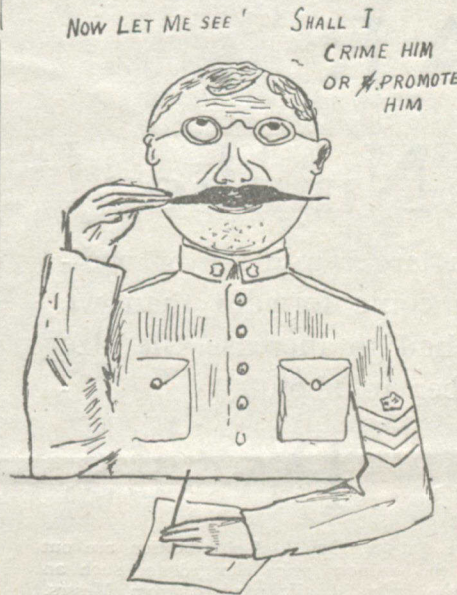
A. M. S.

An Interview (?)

When I was approached by some kind members to interview that puissant "Old-timer" of the C.R.O., Fred Blatch, I confess that I was somewhat nonplussed at the audacious suggestion, having regard to the fact that Fred's time and activity is most zealously applied to momentous questions of military and administrative importance, and not to colloquial discussion on mundane matters. I raised this plea of objection to my importunate friends, but unsuccessfully. One bright youth, in an attempt to pave the way for me to secure an interview with the learned S./Sgt., suggested, rather facetiously I thought, that I should way-lay Frederick upon his leaving his office at 5.30 p.m. That such a ludicrous suggestion could emanate from anyone familiar with Fred's working hours, is only accountable to the fact that the person was new to the Branch, and he was thereupon informed that the demand for Fred's services called for total disregard of office hours as laid down in Standing Orders, and, inter alia, Fred was not a Trades Union man.

I sallied forth, and found our friend, the S./Sgt., in his usual nonchalant attitude, one hand wandering aimlessly along the horizontal course of his moustache, and the other penning succinct remarks to the question raised by the A.G.: "Did the Army List or Enlist?" Whilst waiting for a suitable opportunity to open my interview, my gaze for some occult reason concentrated upon the aforesaid moustache, so remindful of Pretoria and the Army in its status quo ante bellum. Incidentally, I failed to notice any tattoo marks. At this juncture, my reflections were interrupted by the smoking whistle, and recognising that Fred had generously donated his last issue of tobacco to the Canadian Red Cross Society, I seized the opportunity of offering him a cigarette. He seemed surprised at my generosity, but accepted the offer, adding with his usual subtle wit: "Thanks; this work is a bit of a 'fag.'" As custom decrees, I laughed heartily at my superior's jest, and although shorty Firman asserts it was awfully simple, I contend it was simply awful.

Having thus in a way broken the ice, I found no difficulty in coercing our friend to elaborate with his accustomed volubility on his work, which I gathered he fosters and cherishes more than his home. I was surprised to find no reserve on the part



S.-Sergt. BLATCH.

From a sketch by one of his admirers.

A.M.S.—continued.

of our friend, but rather a tendency to be amiable and sociable, and a manifestation of interest in personæ financial embarrassment. From this the discourse led to "Loans, and how to raise them," but at this point I reminded Fred that the subject matter was somewhat irrelevant to the nature of the interview. As a theme for discourse, I asked Fred whether the matter of post-war occupation had yet appealed to him. Instantly I saw his eyes shine brightly, his chest heave manfully, his moustache do a Harry Tate wriggle. "My boy," he said, "after Fritz has gone into liquidation I AM GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY." I parried for an explanation, but without avail, and I came away with the thought that whatever plans were dwelt on, they would be the reward for the earnest and infinite work of this egregious individual.

OKEY.

Extract from letter received by one of our readers.

Your most welcome letter received on Thursday, and again I want to thank you for the copies of the Canadian Record Office Bulletin, the editor sure does deserve some credit for he certainly gets off some very good stuff, and I may say that I have enjoyed some very good fun out of the good humour published therein, though there are some of those in the office who would very much like to see it "canned," but there are those too, who know that the C.R.O. is speaking the truth.

9605 Sergt.-Maj. A. J. SMITH,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Oct. 19th, 1918.

R.1, B.

A joyful Bunch is R.B.
Swearing and "working" (?) all the day,
Fergie's the lad you ought to see,
Ruling Tracery with hefty sway.

Then there's good old Jackson,
A mighty Oarsman bold is he,
And crafty "Coop" the cracksman,
And "Johnny," seasoned warrior of the sea.

There's also a guy named Graves,
A love lorn youth is he,
He numbers amongst the braves
Of dear old, good old, R.B.

Now there's red nosed snuffy "Col,"
Whose cheeks are slowly witherin',
He sits behind his desk all day,
Cursing, his "Dearly Beloved Brethren."

And Sgt. Mason, he's the man,
Who sternly keeps us to it,
He's the one who pushed the pram,
But he wouldn't, if he'd only known it.

Ah! and there's whiskered "Bill,"
Commonly called the "Glove Seller,"
To-day Doc. gave him a "nine pill,"
'Cause he was sick, poor little feller.

There's a dozen or more old fossils
Like Dake and Jack and Kilbey,
What a glorious company of Apostles
Are the boys of old R.B.

E.D.F.J.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Rumour has it that the King of Alberta (ne Cecil T. Beech) and Mrs. Baron Large have been clandestinely married, and are spending the honeymoon at their shooting box in Putney High Street.

Lord Cecil Gilmour, who is an authority on the Irish Unrest, has been nominated as the first Sein Fein Premier.

The announcement that racing is shortly to be resumed has roused great enthusiasm among our Turfites. We have several dark horses in training, and are due to make a clean up.

Piccadilly was very popular last week. One was running up against everybody. In fact, it was surprising how some of those of whom you'd not expect it carried on. "You never know, y'know."

We are able positively to state that there will be a big rush to Canada soon for the Bull Moose shooting. Those desirous of obtaining State rooms should book at once.

BILLIARDS.

All those who have handed their names to the Editor, and all others interested in the proposed Billiard Tournament, are requested to attend a meeting in R.2.B.2. on Wednesday evening, 4th inst. at 5.30.



WAR



Souvenir Number!

Owing to the fact that a larger number of well-known contributors have come forward than we had anticipated we have had to increase the size of this number to about

SEVENTY ∴ PAGES.

The contributions, production, and general "get up" of this edition are out of all proportion to the circulation, and the modest price charged for such an edition has only been made possible by the splendid gift received from Messrs. Becker and Co., Ltd., of the printing paper, the cost price of which would have been about £110. Apart from this Messrs. James Spicer and Sons, Ltd., have made us a present of the Art paper for use in this number, which would have cost us another £15.

It is therefore up to everyone in this office—
IF THEY WISH TO MAKE SURE OF IT—
 to order at least Two Copies of this . . .

UNIQUE EDITION

Up to the time of going to press the list of "outside" contributors is as follows:—

SIR ROBERT BORDEN.
 ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.
 GEN. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.
 LT.-GEN. SIR RICHARD E. W.
 TURNER, V.C.
 SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.
 DR. TORY.
 MARIE CORELLI.
 ANNE MERRILL.
 STANLEY WEYMAN.
 JOHN OXENHAM.
 OLIVER A. MINNS, F.I.S.A.C.
 (Editor Maple Leaf).
 CAPTAIN SLEEP.
 GEORGE ROBEY

THE LORD MAYOR.
 SIR EDWARD KEMP.
 SIR GEORGE PERLEY.
 SIR ARTHUR PEARSON.
 LORD DESBOROUGH.
 H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.
 WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
 HUGH WALPOLE.
 JOHN LIGHT.
 LIEUT. H. W. CROW.
 L. B. GOLDEN (Late "Daily Mail"
 Correspondent at Petrograd).
 BRANSBY WILLIAMS.
 BILLY MERSON.
 LITTLE TICH.

ARTISTS.

F. H. TOWNSEND, JOHN HASSALL, BERT THOMAS, AND OTHERS.

The above forming the finest collection of names that have ever appeared as contributors to one publication, it is hoped that everyone will now order an extra copy right away.

PRICE 1/6.

C.R.O.

DANCE.

We are giving a Dance.

We want a few more names, so hurry along.

The Committee are endeavouring to get a well-known

Rag-Time Band

—a real up-to-date Band.

Send in your names

Cannon Street Hotel

(LARGE HALL),

Wednesday, 4th Dec. 1918.

Everyone welcome.

We can accommodate 500, so look out for the **BIG NOISE**, its going to be

SOME

time believe me.

AND for the Ladies'

FANCY DRESS,

if you like, so get your needles busy and put the finishing touches on that dress as Madame Gossip will be there,

Sergt. H. JACKSON.

R. 2, B. 5.