

BEAUTY COMPETITION" GOING STRONG

THE C.R.O.

CANADA.

BULLETIN



VOL. 1, No. 6.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1918

EDITORIAL.

It has been bewailed by many of us from time to time, that the last four years which we have spent in the Army, are four of the best years of our life thrown away. Under ordinary circumstances this would undoubtedly have been the case, had it not been for the system of education introduced throughout the camps, at the base in France, and here in London.

Last September saw the advent of an opportunity which, I am sorry to say, has not been taken advantage of to the extent that it might have been, and that was the opening of Khaki College (London University), for men of the Canadian Administrative Offices in the London area. Here a man can study every conceivable technical and professional subject imaginable. If you were articled to a lawyer before the war, you can continue your studies and sit for your final exam., and so be prepared to practice when you enter civil life again. The same applies to every branch of engineering. If you are an accountant you can sit for the highest exams. held in England (except the F.S.C.A.), but Captain Frisby is negotiating to have the prevailing restrictions lifted regarding the Canadian C.A., and we hope that next year men will be able to sit for their Canadian C.A. Diploma. There is also a class for agriculturists, and those men who contemplate farming after the war would do well to attend these lectures.

At the present time the University is closed for the summer vacation, but the classes are still being held at 94, Gower Street, W.C.

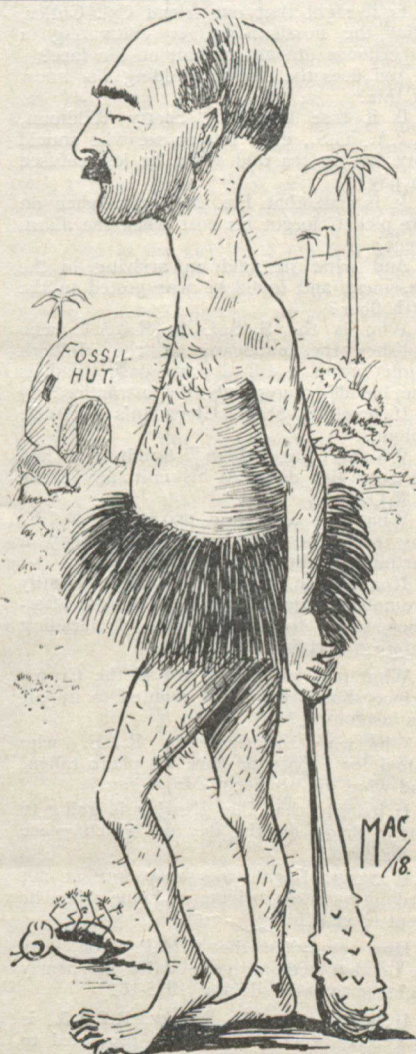
So it is up to every man to devote as much time as possible to the subject in which he is interested, so that Canada will retain her same position in the world of commerce and industry as she held previously.

Don't procrastinate, but enrol to-day and make up for the time you have wasted during the past.

MORE "EXTRACTS."

I have received no pay since my husband was confined in a Constipation Camp in Germany.

In accordance with instructions on the ring paper, I have given birth to twins enclosed in envelope.



"THE FOSSIL KING."

INNOCENCE.

"So you want to go on the stage, eh?" queried the Great Manager. "Well, well, I must see if I can't find a corner to squeeze you in"

The INNOCENT child looked round the manager's gorgeously appointed office and murmured. "Won't this do?"

CHEVRONS.

One of the main things the "Bulletin" is out for is to encourage sport of all kinds, and in doing so, further the cause of "esprit de corps." We shall therefore be glad to receive all kinds of sporting news likely to prove of interest to our readers.

Our circulation last week did NOT decrease, it went UP!

With reference to last week's editorial there was a misprint with regard to the amount of money that the Government would advance; instead of \$500.00 it should have read \$2,500.00.

Our "Beauty Competition" has caught on. See Page 2 for further information.

We have been asked to announce that 57s. was collected for a wreath for the late Pte. "Freddy" Fair. The wreaths cost 45s., and 12s. has been returned to the subscribers.

All roads should lead to Stamford Bridge Grounds on August 14th, where a great programme is being put up.

An announcement appeared in "The Times" of the 10th inst. which gives us cause to congratulate Lieut. Candy on having "a son and heir" as from the 8th inst. We are pleased to learn that mother and child are doing well. We should have been ahead of our great contemporary in this matter but Lieut. Candy is our Censor(?)

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

FROM ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

In its first few issues we are glad to note that our "great family journal" has shown ability to stir up the slow moving current of life in this placid haven.

It has well earned its place in the world of journalism when in so short a span of life it has called down the wrath of one of its readers in such a form as to make good copy. That is the whole aim of an editor—start something, and then guide it along safe channels as long as it can be held there. But do not let it get stale.

We hope to see other live features started in the same way, and that the editorial efforts will be ably backed up by the artist, as in the first issues. I.A.B.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

The name of the Corporal in R.2.A.5 who wears the badge of the Sportsman's Battalion, but who, when asked to take an interest in athletics, answers in the negative, wears white shirts, collars and waist-coats and spends half his time combing his hair.

If all members of the above Battalion have as much sporting instinct in them, or was the Sportsman's Battalion just a farce?

Which of our flappers is fondest of candy?

If Corporal Brookes of R2A4 is so shy of being judged in the Beauty Competition that he is contemplating wearing a gas helmet during office hours?

Whether Sergt. Dick Huckstep knows his way to the Paymaster's Office?

And whether his account does not appear more weirdly complex after each visit?

Where did the Rowing Club find that Tar Baby Mascot of their's, or is it actually a photo of Corporal Watson?

What is the reason of S.Q.M.S. Wilson's complaint re the price of his lunch these days?

When is Sergt. Jackson going to study French? It should be soon, as Monsieur is not pronounced *mon-sig-nor*.

Does it take 18 years' service for S./Sgt. Ellis to learn how the various Staff Officers are distinguished?

Who is the Sergeant on leave at Watchet who was mistaken by the officials for an alien and asked for his credentials, and did the police mistake him for Kerensky?

How did Sergt. Soper feel when Cpl. Wallace asked to look at the "Bulletin" on the 17th inst.?

And how much longer is Cpl. Wallace to wait for change to buy a copy, or is he waiting until the next subscriptions become due?

If Cpl. Koller did not have a near shave of representing his section in the "Beauty Competition"?

And if he did not think his chances very great in the final?

Did a certain Officer in R.2 put an advertisement in the "Bulletin" Agony Column asking for an appointment with a lady in blue at 3.20 p.m., 18th inst., at the N.W. corner of the room occupied by B.4?

Whether Pte. Hunt, of R2B4 really enjoys being called "John"?

How does S./Sgt. McLean, R.1C., find his way upstairs to his room at the Veterans' Club?

Who is the guy in R.2.A.2. (Casualties) who tried to scale the bedroom wall the other night, fancying somebody was chasing him riding a cow?

And what did his wife think about it?

What the young ladies thought of the "brave Sergeant" in R.1.F. who killed the rat the other morning? Can he not be rewarded with the "O.B.E.," as the act deserves commendation?

Who is the lady in R.1.F. that received a letter from her sister's supposed friend, and if it was really her sister's friend?

Why is a certain Corporal like a nigger, and is it because he likes "pink" stockings?

Whether the rear cap-strap affected by certain of the personnel of this office is rendered necessary by "swelled head"?

How Cissie Lemmon manages to carry the crook stick with a silver knob?

How E.C.C. of R.1.A. spells knob?

Is it true that Erb Hawkes was recommended for the V.C., but could only get a Good Conduct badge out of it?

And is it true that he is the most generous man in his section?

Is it right that our friend Cpl. Cutler, alias the Fossil King, is cultivating a superfluous amount of hair on his face?

And does the Alaska Bedding Co. know of this?

Is it true that Pte. Scotty Wildman, R.2.A., C.S., drew lots to see who should pay for the tea and when he lost refused to pay?

It is true that Pte. McLarty, when on fire picket, forgot his post when the alarm went?

And what he said on arriving in the basement and found he was posted to the fifth floor?

Who is the S./Sgt. in R.2.A.2. who polishes the mahogany at the Holborn Buffet from 1 till 2 p.m. daily, and is the blonde young lady the attraction?

If green is Sergt. Charman's favourite colour?

Whether Pte. "Fish" Grady will find as good fish down at his unit as at the C.R.O.?

What did a certain private in R.1.E. say when he found there was only a farthing in the purse he picked up?

If a certain soldier in R.2.B.5. recently promoted Sergeant visited R.1.E. one afternoon solely for the purpose of parading before a certain brunette?

What part of himself would the Crown Prince shoot away if he wanted to impair his usefulness?

Who was the private in R.1.E. who asked for a pass to have his photo taken, and what did his Sergt.-Major say?

Is it right that Pte. Hawkes is going to buy a drink on the day on which peace is declared?

If Sergt. Logan was very sore at not finding a certain private at home when he went to visit him?

How many of the C.M.P.'s on duty in London rode a horse daily for nearly eighteen months during 1915-16?

It is true that Pte. Emery, R.2.A.3., is to receive a D.C.M. and be promoted to "Fire Chief" for his timely action and great courage in extinguishing a burning basket, and will his comrades make a presentation to him for saving their lives?

If S/Sergt. Halford, of R.1.B., after returning from one of his recent vacations, considers he is sufficiently rested and capable, to cope with the rush of work in the *big push* forthcoming?

"Bulletin" Beauty Competition.

Result of Section Voting.

There is no doubt that this competition is a great success, twenty-one Sections taking part. Very keen voting resulted, and in at least one Section there was a "tie" with the result that a further vote had to be carried to decide who was to represent the Section. Some Sections seem to have taken the thing seriously, whilst others took it as a huge joke, and in view of this we have decided to award *two* prizes instead of one as announced last week: The judging will be done on "points," so many points being given for the mouth, eyes, nose, etc., to a total of 100. The "Beauty" receiving the highest number of points will receive the chief prize, and the man getting the *lowest* number of points will be awarded the "booby" prize. This, we think, will make it fair for everyone. We trust that having gone so far, the competitors will "see it through to the bitter end" like all good sportsmen. We hope to announce the result of the final next week.

The following are the competitors voted for by their respective Sections, and eligible for the final—

R.2.A. Cent. Sec., Pte. Cohen; R.2.A.1., Spr. A. D. Anderson; R.2.A.2., Pte. W. C. Newcombe; R.2.A.3, Pte. S. Calladine; R.2.A.4, Cpl. Brookes; R.2.A.5, Cpl. G. Harris; R.2.B. Cent. Sec., Tpr. S. L. Anderson; R.2.B.1, Pte. Bruce; R.2.B.2, Cpl. J. A. Perry; R.2.B.3, Sgt. Biddulph; R.2.B.4, Cpl. H. Easy; R.2.B.5, Pte. W. Parant; R.1.A.1, Pte. P. G. Graves; R.1.A.2, Cpl. W. Bond; R.1.B. and C.C.I., Pte. A. J. Ferguson; R.1.C., Sgt. L. S. Sheldon; R.1.D., Pte. J. MacNair; R.1.E., Cpl. J. A. Jones; A.M.S., Pte. R. W. Marsh; R.3, S.Q.M.S. Worthington; R.1.F., Cpl. D. Jones.

The Judges decision will be final.

* * *

Now, boys, look your best and keep smiling; you never know when the lady judge may be looking at you.

Slang of "Uncle Sam's" Army.

"Bobtail"—Dishonourable discharge
 "Guardhouse Lawyer"—A soldier who is usually in the guardhouse himself, who advises other soldiers how to get out.
 "Jawbone"—A verb meaning to obtain credit such as "I have just jaw-bones him out of 5 dollars."
 "Sand-rats"—Soldiers who stay in the pits on the ranges and score the targets in firing practice.
 "Shavetail"—A new second lieutenant, so called because new army mules had their tails shaved.
 "Slum"—Beef hash.
 "Stroker"—A soldier who works for an officer.
 "Wagon-soldier"—A soldier in the Artillery.
 "Doughboy"—A soldier so called because they once rubbed their uniforms with pipeclay, and when it rained this clay made dough.

LADIES' CORNER.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Are the flowers that a certain lady in C.I. receives each morning sent direct from France?

Or has hubby left a deputy behind?

Will Miss Beasley give her friends a copy of the picture she had taken at Brighton?

And would it not take the first prize at the Royal Art Society under the title, "Two Little Elfs"?

If a certain young lady in this branch is bewailing the fact that the one she really loves is a cousin?

And is it making any difference?

OUR FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"Op it, you."—Mrs. Payne.

"Don't be so rude."—Miss Massey.

"Then you would wake up."—Miss George.

"That's my ear when you have finished with it."—Miss Perrett.

"Oh, Polly, stop it."—Miss Burnham.

CURRENT WIT OF THE OFFICE.

W.A.A.C.

A flapper well under the W.A.A.C. age limit fought her way into a crowded tram-car, and a pale young fellow in "civvies" offered her his seat.

"Oh," she murmured, "I never take advantage of a 'slacker.'"

"Young woman," he replied quietly, "if we'd had in Gallipoli half as much powder as you've on your nose we'd be in Constantinople in a week."

"What does W.A.A.C. mean," asked the munition worker.

"Ain't you iggerant," retorted her friend. "It stands for 'Warned against all Colonials,' o' course."

DISTRESSFUL.

Terry O'Callaghan was reading his "Star," and a paragraph headed "Another Irish Outrage." As he ploughed through it, his face grew clouded.

"Bless me sowl," he roared, "It says here a bomb exploded in a police-barrack, but all the police *escaped injury*. If that isn't an outrage will ye tell me what would be, begorra?"

Scene: The mess of Naval Barracks Officers.

Facts: Lobster had been ordered for dinner.

After a rather tedious waiting, the lobster arrived minus one large claw.

A lieutenant, who had fondly visualised particular portion for his whack, asked servant What the — he meant by serving a lobster in this disintegrated condition?

"It's like this, sir," wailed the sailor.

"There was two of them beasts in the kitchen. No sooner was my back turned than they had a 'ell of a fight, and this poor blighter lost his claw."

"Take it back and bring us the winner," said the lieutenant dryly.

Imaginary Interviews with well-known Men.

By Our Special Correspondent.

MR. CUTLER.

After wading through miles of mud, and clambering over numerous cliffs, I succeeded in obtaining an interview with our popular geologist, Mr. Cutler, last Saturday afternoon.

He was digging very furiously when I arrived on the scene of his operations, and it was only after I had bawled in his ear for the fifth time that he became aware of an intrusion to his tranquil surroundings. If I had been a resurrected five million year old specimen of a fossil, Mr. Cutler would have welcomed me like the father welcomed the prodigal son, but being a twentieth century human being, I felt more like the snake at the garden party. However, being of a rather courteous disposition, Mr. Cutler very kindly related a few interesting anecdotes. Asked whether he believed in the Darwin theory that men descended from monkeys, he promptly replied, "Well, when I look at some of the men around me, I would decidedly answer in the affirmative." As I was the only other man in the vicinity, I am still wondering exactly what he meant. He then continued to tell me that he had just discovered a perfect specimen of an *Ichthyosaurus*, "and embedded in the rock in which I am digging," he informed me, "is his head." Asked where his tail was, he replied, "Oh, about five miles away." It must have been some *bird* when it was alive. "Yes, he continued, "things have changed considerably during the last seven million years. Now take marriage as an example; that has seen the greatest change of all. You would never ask a girl to marry you seven million years ago. You would just hit her across the head and drag her off to your cave, and if you succeeded in getting her to your cave before somebody else hit you across the head, the girl was yours." This sounded rather interesting, so I asked him to proceed—"and the animals, why there was one of them so big that when he stretched himself out to his full length, he could touch the moon with his nose. And fishing was quite a fascinating kind of sport in those days too." (Here I suggested that I supposed they fished for whales.) "Whales," he remarked scornfully, pitying my ignorance, "Why, they used to use whales for bait." I then asked Mr. Cutler if he thought I was a fish, and he replied, "No, fish have brains." Mr. Cutler then resumed his digging. "I would like to ask you one more thing before taking my departure," I then ventured. "Whom do you consider was the greater man, 'George Washington,' or 'Sergt. Logan'?" Something then hit me—whether it was a piece of brick or a fossil I don't know, but that terminated the interview.

"THE BETTER 'OLE"

BY

CPL. PERRY.

Correspondence.

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

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—In the last few editions of the "Bulletin" letters concerning the subject of sports have appeared.

The attitude of all ranks in the C.R.O. toward sports has been subjected to some very scathing criticism, whether justly or otherwise is a matter upon which I do not propose to dwell.

Assuming for a moment, however, that the majority of the military staff employed in this office are interested in and enthusiastic about sports, it is surely a remarkable thing that they have not demonstrated the fact in any material manner, such as a desire to participate in the recent sports meet or even to attend as spectators.

There are a number, however, who have been keen on all occasions, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank them for their support. There is another chance for every man in the office to show his mettle. A Championship Meet of C.M.A.A., London Area, is to be held at the Polytechnic Sports Grounds, Grove Park, Chiswick, on Saturday, July 27th, 1918, commencing at 2 p.m.

The object is to select representatives from this area to compete in the Canadian Championship of the British Isles to be held at Stamford Bridge Grounds, Chelsea, on August 14th, 1918, and every possible facility for training will be provided.

Let every one give their whole-hearted support and remember that if the Record Office falls down on the 27th the critics will be justified.

(Signed) R. C. GILPIN, Lieut.,

Officer i/C. Sports, C.R.O.

* * *

The Editor,

C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—Being deeply interested in compiling records of events relating to all the various units which comprised the 1st Canadian Contingent from the date of their arrival at Valcartier in 1914 until their departure for France, 1915, and after, I would be very grateful if you could induce your correspondent of last week, who was so ably depicted as a mounted man in the cartoon, to give me the date of the "Secret Issue of Spurs" to the 5th Battalion or any unit of the 2nd Brigade 1st C.E.F.

I have always cherished the idea that only Artillery, Cavalry and C.A.S.C. units were really issued with spurs. So I await the correction, please.

Will he also inform me and give me the inside knowledge of how, when and where a Canadian Military Policeman really managed to ride a horse (poor dumb thing) for over eighteen months, seeing that the C.M.P. is a dismounted force, excepting in a few certain cases (not in London); and will he tell me just how he managed to

Correspondence (continued)

squeeze more riding into his brilliant career than the Cavalrymen who are employed in the C.R.O. If he gives me this information he will greatly assist me in my "After the War" task.

As a reminder (perhaps it has passed his notice) everyone of the Cavalrymen (not Western Cavalry) in this office actually are horsemen, who can ride real, live horses (not those from Gamage's and other emporiums where rocking-horses are sold), and have performed their duties in Canada, England and France on horseback, but according to your correspondent we know nothing of horsemanship, so I suggest if your correspondent open a riding school and give us the benefit of his eighteen months' experience of riding, he could impart valuable information and tuition, and we Cavalrymen would be only too pleased to learn from one so eminent in the art of equitation, and the future greatness of Canada is thereby assuredly enhanced.

"A BUDDING HISTORIAN."

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The Editor,
C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Dear Sir,—Just a few lines to say that I am very pleased with this week's "Bulletin," and to read about the splendid farming scheme which is going to give the boys a helping hand "apres la guerre."

I should, however, be grateful if you would suggest a scheme to assist those who were following office work prior to enlistment, and who are not likely to be reinstated in their former employment on their return to Canada. What is going to happen to them? They cannot all become farmers.

Trusting to hear further from you through the pages of your valuable paper,
Yours truly,

WAYLEIN, R.2.B., C.C.

[We thank you for your kind wishes, Waylein, and have much pleasure in informing you that the powers that be are taking this matter up.—Ed.]

* * *

The Editor,
C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—I certainly think it's about time for the officials of the C.A.A. to study the question of races for novices. One cannot expect men who have leg wounds and who have not raced before to compete against such men who have won the events at the Dominion Day Sports. Also I think the old men should have a chance, as age cannot compete against youth. Trusting this will receive the attention of some of the Committee.—I remain, etc.,

DIXIE.

* * *

The Editor,
C. R. O. BULLETIN.

Sir,—In answer to W.N.W.'s query re Mr. Lloyd George's birthplace, I have great pleasure in informing him that the Premier's native town is Manchester.

CPL. K. MC.

SPORTS.

BY OUR SPORTING CORRESPONDENTS

BASEBALL.

RECORDS WIN FROM NORTHOLT.

Records pulled off their first win on Sunday, after ten innings of the best game the boys have put up this season.

The feature of the game was Scotts home run in the tenth, Doyle did great work on the Mound and saved his own game by getting three assists, to Barnstead in the last of the tenth. Muirhead also did some batting and scored two runs.

In the first neither side scored but in the second each tallied one.

Northolt again crossed the plate in the fourth, Records replying with one in the fifth, while Northolt secured two more on three two baggers.

In the eighth Armstrong and Newton both scored for Records and Rayes and for Northolt. In the ninth Records pulled ahead by getting two more but Northolt tied the score by securing one. Scotts home run in the tenth tallying the winning run.

Summary Records, 0100100221 7
Northolt, 0101200110-6, Struck out by Doyle 7, Beasley 3.

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CRICKET.

Owing to weather conditions neither elevens were able to keep their engagements for last Saturday which in the case of the 2nd Eleven was particularly hard luck as they mustered a good team to play at Turnham Green.

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SWIMMING.

A Swimming Gala took place at the Winchmore Hill Open Air Baths Saturday July 20th, in which K.U.S.C. successfully competed, winning the Team Race against Metropolitan Police, and various London S. Clubs, by 44 yards. The K.U.S.C. Team consisted of Capt. Fisher (Audits) Sgt Hill (Audits) Pte. Quinn (C.A.P.C.) Pte Blackwood (Y.M.C.A. Transport Sect) and Pte. Boshier (Record Office.)

Please note that the K.U.S.C. is holding a Grand Swimming Gala at the Great Smith Street Baths, Westminster S.W., on Tuesday evening July 30th.

A Canadian Military Band will be in attendance, so don't forget the date boys. Roll up in your thousands, and "root" for the Record Office.

Entries for any of the following events should be handed in to S.Q.M.S., Seaman R2. A3., or Cpl. Wood, R2 A4. without delay.

44 Yards Scratch Race (Open to Canadian Forces)

80 Yards Open Scratch Race.

Team Race consisting of 4 Men to represent the Canadian Record Office in an Inter-Departmental Team Race.

OFFICIAL YELLS.

Can you! Can we! Can he! He Can!
A Records win, with a Records man.

Ching-a-ling, Ching-a-ling,
Ching-a-ling a loo,
Records, Records, know a thing or two
Zip Bang, Whiz Bang, What a jolly crew
Records, Records, show them what to do

**Remember Saturday! Remember
Records! and Boost! Boost!
Boost! Boost!**

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY
FAMOUS PEOPLE.

"It's a hell of a war."—Cpl. Shaw.

"Coming over?"—Pte. Kellv.

"Right, right, right"—Capt. Langmaid.

"Give them h—"—S.-Sgt. Mathey.

"What the —"—Pte. Warden.

"'Ere y'are, Mox"—S.-Sgt. Bowron.

"Too much talking over there. What d'ou think it is—a side show?"—S.Q.M.S. Rose.

"Can I have that initialled, please sir?"—S.-Sgt. Foote.

"Can I have a pass for rations, Quartermasters?"—All below S.Q.M.S. rank in R.2.

"Hullo! old dog's body."—Any Officer in R.2.B.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.— $\frac{3}{4}$ Acre Land, near Old Bailey, to spread a Circus out on.

APPLY, CPL. R2A2.

INFORMATION BUREAU.—Free Consultations. Apply, Pte. BRUCE, R1B1.

(Mention this paper).

AGONY COLUMN.

MAUD.—Unwell. Damp grass, park meet Old Bailey, seven wearing pink stockings.—Yours, R.I.F., Sgt.

"SCOTTIE."—Try again, wrong address No 4 correct. Whistle 3 times.—"QUIRIES."

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Corpl. Harris, of R2B5 was the winner of the Argyle House 100 dol. War Bond with Ticket No. 14.

ANY OFFER!