

# THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. I, No. 11.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1918

## EDITORIAL.

### AN OPINION AND A SUGGESTION.

Throughout the summer months efforts have been made to arouse the enthusiasm of the military staff over the various games and sports in season, with only a small amount of success, but now that football has commenced we venture to predict that, unless we *start* right—football will go the same way as the rest. This lack of enthusiasm is not the fault of the boys entirely, for we have as good a lot of "sports" in this office as you would find in any body of men, but they "don't like looking on," that is *evident*, or there would be more supporters. Then why in the name of heaven not let them PLAY? but—and it is a big "but"—they must have their *enthusiasm* aroused *first*.

We have an O.i.c. Sports, but up to the present his task has been like that of trying to light a damp squib.

Now to get down to business. It has been suggested that inter-Province football be started in the Office, but why not INTER-SECTION games? Do the boys favour inter-Province games? We think not, but that should have been found out *first*. You see—? Enthusiasm damped at the *start*.

In an Office like ours there is always a certain amount of rivalry existing between the various Branches—each Branch aiming to be the hardest worked for the thing—and it stands to reason that in the event of inter-Section football being promoted—that very same rivalry would be the foundation of the greatest enthusiasm throughout the Office.

The average man in this Office is naturally too self-conscious of the fact that he has not played footer for a num-

ber of years, and—even if he has—is too modest to consider himself good enough to have his name put down for any team in course of formation, but we firmly believe that a team of such men could be formed out of each Section, because a man will "play for the fun of the thing" with his Section mates, and because he knows he will not be the only bad player on the field. It is this "playing for the fun of the thing" which might be the means of producing some really first-class talent—there is plenty of talent in this Office which only requires developing—and any such talent could automatically be drafted into our first eleven to represent the Office. By doing this we should be sure of having the very best that the Office could produce to put up against the Pay Office and other teams.

We beat the Pay Office at Cricket, and we can more than hold our own against them at Kowing and Swimming; it is therefore up to the footballers to do the same, but it should also be noted that the Pay Office *already* have ten or eleven teams in existence! This is enthusiasm for you! They say to Hell with the Record Office and go ahead forming their teams. Let us say "To Hell with the Pay Office!" and put it across them. For your information and remarks, please.

EDITOR.

## CHEVRONS.

We regret to have to announce that Pte. F. S. Turner (Editor) and Pte. F. Boshier (Secretary) have resigned their positions on the staff of the *Bulletin* owing to circumstances beyond their control.

In view of this Mr. G. F. Low becomes Editor as well as Business Manager, and Lieut. L. E. Candy will act as Secretary-Treasurer and Censor. Therefore in future *all* Copy will be handed to Mr. G. F. Low R2A2, whilst Lieut. Candy will deal with the Secretarial work.

Our thanks are due to Pte. F. S. Turner and Pte. F. Boshier for their past work in connection with the *Bulletin*.

In these times of work and strife it is absolutely impossible for us to guarantee getting the *Bulletin* out on any set day, that is until we slacken down a bit, but we assure our readers that whenever possible we shall do our best to publish on wednesdays.

We should be obliged if our old readers will draw the attention of all newcomers in their immediate vicinity to the fact that "to be one of us" they should buy the *bulletin*.

For the information of all newcomers we should like to repeat what the policy of the *Bulletin* is. It is to enable us to send a periodical donation to the Prisoners of War Tobacco Fund, to promote Esprit de Corps throughout the Office, and to encourage Sports of all kind. We are pleased to receive copy. We are open to criticism, and we are *dangerous* to attack!!

We are pleased to state that we have secured the services of Miss M. Willis (R.I.B.), who has kindly consented to act as Lady Correspondent. Our "Ladies' Corner" will therefore be started again next week.

We have also been very fortunate in securing the services of a well-known criminal lawyer well versed in divorce suits and breach of promise cases. We have secured this gentleman's services in the interests of our MALE readers. Some of them who came to us with tears in their eyes have already found themselves in deep water through helping a young lady check a 103. Anybody wanting advice will address their letters to Uncle "Joe," c/o The Editor. They can use a non-deplume, but must put their name and Section at the bottom of their letter as a guarantee of good faith.

A cheque for £15 has been forwarded by the Adjutant to the Canadian Red Cross Society on behalf of the C.R.O. Concert Party.

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## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

When that good old Sport the King of Hedjaz is to have a Flag Day?

When we begin work at 10 a.m. and quit at 4 p.m. to save Coke?

Now that we have the girls why we shouldn't have dances on the Roof Garden instead of Jerks?

Have the Ceylists that wear SPURS and carry riding whips any relationship with the Horse Marines?

If it would not be a convenience in settling accounts if each man could be supplied with a few ten shilling notes on Pay Day?

If it is known that R1B have now got a Gollywog of their own and if there is a rush at closing time for the pleasure of seeing her home?

If it costs 1s. 6d. for Breakfast, 2s. 6d. for Dinner, 1s. 3d. for supper, and 2s. 6d. for Bed, what kind of arithmetic would you have to use to pay this amount out of one dollar a day?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. will be disappointed that—in spite of his "Majestic Hand"—the *Bulletin* is still running, and likely to continue?

If peace and quietness again reigns supreme in R1 E?

How the Boys affected by the strike like their enforced holiday?

If the "New Civilian" Staff badges will not be old when they get them?

If the men who took the typewriter covers with them last fire drill will take the table legs next time?

Who started the blinkin' War?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. who paid us a visit recently thought he looked nice and "camouflaggy" in his "Civvies"?

Whether the two N.C.O.'s who were discussing their house (situated at Richmond) whilst in Hyde Park the other day, really think it is as nice as it sounds?

Who is the Sergeant in R1 F who went without his lunch for the sake of going blackberrying with a nice young lady?

What was the P.T. Instructor thinking of after no Jerks for a couple of weeks, when he said "Round the Slumber Region"?

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Officer (Casualties): There will be no more Cards after 4.30 p.m. (There isn't!!)

Officer (Records): Put all your Ledgers away and talk to the Girls for an hour!! (They do.)

S.Q.M.S.: If any of you men want your buttons shined, let me have them, as I feel like work this morning.

S.Q.M.S. to Staff: Fall in outside the offices at 12.30 and I will take you all to lunch.

Major to Officers: As it is so thundering cold in this office in the Winter, see that all the Female staff are served with a woollen sweater from the stores at my expense.

Can. Soldier to Wifey: "May I have another shilling or two till pay day, dear?"

Better Half (handing him a couple of quid): "Do you think this will be enough, dear?"

# Are you an Enthusiast?

IF SO

## Get busy with your

## Section Eleven.

## OFFICE WIT.

Captain (angrily): "Button up that coat, Jones."

Jones, Married (absently): "Yes, my dear."

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Bayonet fighting holds no terror for average tommie who gets shaved by the Regimental Barber.

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"Never mind little man, don't cry. you'll get your reward at the end."

"I s'pose so. That's where I allus gits it."

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1st Sport: "Say, old chap, I'll bet you ten dollars that there are people who leave this earth and then return to it."

2nd Sport: "My dear chap, don't be ridiculous—when you leave this earth you leave it for good."

1st Sport: "Well, what about our airmen—don't they come back to earth!!"

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The Kaiser's telephone No., 2L.

Little Willie's, 2L2.

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Wife: My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change.

Hubby: Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine!

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It's the war that's ruining the Army, sir, said an old regular sergeant. "Us having to enlist all these 'ere civilians."

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Adj. : And why did you hit the sentry in this brutal fashion?

Pte. Savage (pug. in peace-time): Well, de guy sez he challenges me, so I busts him one on the jaw.

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Mr. Grump: O Wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked 20 years ago.

Mrs. Grump (greatly delighted): I'm so glad, dear.

Mr. Grump (biting one): And by George, I believe they are the very same biscuits.

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Sgt.-Major: What? Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier without his gun?

Female Clerk: I'd think he was an Officer!!

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"And pray, Madam, why do you think yourself entitled to a pension?"

"My husband and I fought all through the war!"

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Beggar: Say, Governor, do you happen to know of a pint of beer looking for a good home?

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A schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily engaged chewing gum, when the teacher espied her—

"Mary!" called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questions the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in."

**C.R.O. CONCERT PARTY.**

The C.R.O. Concert Party, who put up some twenty concerts last Season for Wounded men, are preparing for the coming winter session.

A large number of the old members have left the Office, but entertainments put on by "The Party" were so appreciated and so well received that it would be a great pity for it to fall through.

It is hoped that anyone who can assist in any way by singing, playing, reciting or conjuring will take the matter up.

There could be no better way of showing our appreciation for our wounded men who have done their bit.

It will help those who have the matter in hand if intending helpers will hand in their names to any of the undermentioned.

Cpl. Hunt, R1 A3; Cpl. Ransom, R2 A2; Cpl. Cranston, R1 A1; or Cpl. Scrimshaw, R2 B3.

**GEMS FROM OUR CASUALTY CARDS.**

G.S.W. Propeller.

2.9.18 W. Gas.

9.9.18 Ingrowing Toe-nails.

**HINTS TO NEW COMERS.**

Tell the Lady Supervisor about it. Sick in quarters does not mean that we are Butchers—it's only a military expression.

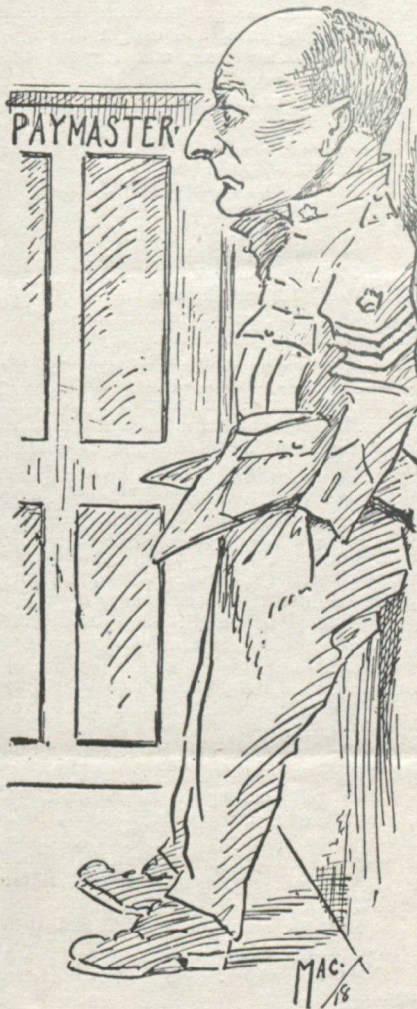
**HEARD ON THE 'PHONE.**

S./Sgt. (in savage voice, speaking to Pay Office): "Is that — Section? I want to SEE the O.C." (Collapse of Staff in RiB.)

Take everything evil under the sun  
That man since time began has done,  
Add all that we shudder at and shun  
In the snake, and the rat and the scorpion,

Mix them together and roll in one,  
Stew in hell-broth, and when 'tis done,  
Then you'll have something approaching  
a Hun.

**WRITE TO  
THE  
"BULLETIN"  
ABOUT IT!**



**JIMMY OLIVER —**

**AT HOME.**

**SOCIETY ITEMS.**

Count de Cable Adams is spending the week with Lady de Cable Adams, and the young A-dam at their seaside residence.

General De Files Jones has been released from Detention on Parole, for seven days. Needless to say, the J'hones family are delighted.

(S)ir (Q)uigly (M)ontgomery (S)ylvester Rogerson narrowly escaped extermination last week. We are glad to say he is recovering his nerve slowly.

**THE DREAM OF AN S.Q.M.S.**

Ah!

When I go up to Heaven,

I shall lean at a Golden Bar,

And plank my golden sixpences

Where the golden tankards are;

And no one shall there cry "Time,  
please,"

And no one shall turn me out,

And none shall refuse to serve me,

And no one shall raise a doubt

That my name is upon the Black List.

But within that Golden Hall

I shall drink for ever and ever,

And never get drunk at all.

Sitting upon a cloud bank,

Or lolling against a Star,

Tossing for drinks with the Angels,

Smoking a gilt cigar.

**NOTICE.**

**The  
River  
Trip**

**IS**

**CANCELLED.**

## IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S.-Sergt. OLIVER.

### "A LESSON IN ECONOMY."

"Everywhere I go now-a-days I see placarded up, 'Buy War Loan, and help to win the War,'" began Mr. Jim Oliver, when I caught him outside the Paymaster's Office last Wednesday morning, looking through the keyhole. "It's all very well for these ginks, who through some freak of fate are holding down fifteen hundred and two thousand a year jobs, to talk about buying War Loan; but I've wasted hundreds of sheets of paper trying to solve the problem of how to support the wife and children, with three square meals a day, and have sufficient left at the end of the month to invest in a glass of Guinness. . . . Economize, bah! Yes, bah! I repeat," and he looked through the keyhole again.

"Some time ago," he continued, "I thought I would have a try at this economizing stunt. Having read in the 'Daily Mail' that a good thoroughbred goat would keep a whole household in milk, I thought it would be quite a good idea to buy one. I spoke to the wife about it, but she didn't think much of it, remarking, 'You ought to know something about goats before you buy one.' 'What I don't know about goats, my dear,' I replied, 'isn't worth knowing. Considering I'm working with a whole section of them all day.' So next day I approached a retired lion tamer who lives in the district, and explained to him my wants, thinking he would know all about animals.

"In due course my goat arrived, and Mary (that is our maid's name) tied it up in the back yard, in the corner opposite the dust-bin. There was something about the surroundings of our backyard that displeased the critical eye of our new goat, however, for when I arrived home and went to interview Miss Nanny she started making horrible grimaces, and doing stunts worthy of a Barnum and Bailey acrobat. 'Leave her alone,' I said to the wife, 'and she'll be alright in the morning when she gets acclimatized to her new home, and knows us a bit better.'

"Next morning I arose half-hour earlier, as I intended teaching Mary how to milk. Getting a pail from the kitchen we approached Nanny very lovingly, but that hate which is born of long years of suf-

fering seemed to arise within Nanny at that psychological moment, for she broke her chain and charged me with the force of a battering ram, and caught me right on last night's supper, and I was precipitated headlong back into the scullery. After I had collected my senses together a bright idea struck me. 'Never let it be said that the British Army were beaten by a goat, Mary,' I said. 'Now I'll catch her by the horns, and talk nicely to her, and you creep behind her, whilst she's not looking, and milk her.' We then proceeded operations again.

"I then made one wild dash. 'At last I have you,' I growled, like the villain in the melodrama, as I grabbed her by the horns. 'Have you,' said Nanny, 'I don't think,' and believe me, Mr. Interviewer, that goat had the strength of forty Hercules. She first of all rammed me against the wall, then carried me round the yard. Then threw me in the air and caught me on her horns. Then rammed me against the wall again. Finally Mary, the goat and myself, all got mixed up together with the dust-bin. Then she gave over for a few minutes, highly delighted with her victory. That's where an opportunity presented itself. Bracing myself up, I gave Nanny one swift kick under the chin, and she fell like a log.

"All the neighbourhood was awake by this time, and the policeman on beat duty jumped over the wall thinking there was murder going on.

"What are you doing ill-treating that goat?" he asked.

"That put the cap on the whole affair. 'Ill-treating her?' you say. Well, I've done some pretty stiff fighting round Ypres, Givinchy, and Festubert, but trying to milk that goat was the stiffest fight I ever had.

"Milk her?" he exclaimed, and then started laughing.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," I expostulated.

"Why you will never be able to get any milk from that goat. It's a HE."

\* \* \*

"I have decided from now onwards, and for the rest of my life, to use nothing but Nestles."

F. E. BOSHER.

## C.R.O. FOOTBALL CLUB.

The following represents the formation of the Club:—

Hon. Presidents: Lt.-Col. F Logie Armstrong, Major M. A. Wolfe, Capt. B. Simpson, M.C.

President: Lieut. C. R. Gilpin, M.C.

Vice-President: Lieut. L. E. Candy.

Sec. & Treasurer: Cpl. G. Cranston.

Captain: (To be elected).

Vice-Captain: S.Q.M.S. A. G. Rose.

Committee: S.-Sgt. D. H. Tarbet, Cpl. H. J. Coles.

Colours: 1st XI.: Maroon jerseys, blue knickers. 2nd XI.: Black jerseys, blue knickers.

## FOOTBALL.

On Saturday last, at Richmond, our Office team played their first match of season against the R.A.F., at Richmond and were unfortunately beaten by 6 goals to 5.

It was not an ideal day for a show of skill on either side, there being a very strong wind, which was blowing its hardest when our boys were kicking against it in the first half. It is to be regretted that the total number of C.R.O. supporters numbered five. This is a deplorable state of things, which we trust will be remedied. The R.A.F. supporters were there in their scores. The poor support given was probably due to the fact that the ground was a bit out of the way; anyway, there is every reason to believe that—judging by their display on Saturday—we have a really good team which, with a little more practice, should be well worth the whole-hearted support of the Office. Of course, there is room for improvement, and as these weak spots in the team have already been noted by those in authority, we will not comment on them at this early stage, for we must give the team a chance before attempting to make special mention either *against* or in *favour* of any particular players.

As regards the game, our boys had the worst of it in the first half, Cranston scoring our only goal, and at half-time the score was: R.A.F., 5; C.R.O., 1.

In the second half, with the wind in their favour, the C.R.O. did better, though we had hard luck several times. Wilbraham put two through the net and Defieux and Marshall one each. The C.R.O. pressed hard towards the end, but time was against us, and the game ended in a win for the R.A.F. as already stated. In justice to the C.R.O. team it should be noted that two of the goals scored against them were through penalties; also this was the first time the team had played together.

The following represents the team and their positions: Goal, Pte. McCoskey; backs, Pte. Wood, B.C., and S.Q.M.S. Bett; half-backs, Cpl. Clifton, S.Q.M.S. Wilbraham and S.-Sgt. Marshall; forwards, Cpl. Coles, Pte. Ritson, Cpl. Cranston, Pte. Defieux and S.Q.M.S. Rose (captain).

## STOP PRESS.

### FOOTBALL.

#### PROBABLES *v.* POSSIBLES.

Two office elevens will play at Chiswick Grounds on Saturday, 28th inst.

Train to Chiswick from Waterloo.