

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. 1, No. 10.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1918

EDITORIAL.

We make no apologies for writing about our Corps in France, for since our last issue great things have happened, and probably will happen. The whole world (except the Central Empires) have sung the praises of the Canadians, and we, who are in the know, being on the staff of the Canadian Record Office, can vouch for the gallantry which was displayed. The deeds of the Canadians in France and Flanders will certainly be remembered and talked about for many a long year to come. Young children of those who have made the supreme sacrifice will, when they come to years of discretion, want to hear how their daddies died, and in some cases the proud mother will be able to show the little bronze cross, and tell her child the thrilling story how daddy by his almost superhuman courage and devotion to duty won the coveted medal, but alas! did not survive to receive it. The awards for the battle of Amiens and the Switch Line are not yet known, but we can be sure that many a valiant deed was performed, and it must be a very difficult task for those whose duty it is to select names for honours when, as a matter of fact, all are heroes.

It would considerably facilitate the movement of troops around the C.R.O. if the female staff, when evacuating, adopted single file formation.

Girls' arms around each others' waists not only appears unnatural, but takes up too much floor space.

—Unofficial.

In future C.B.A. is to be known as the Code of love.

—Also Unofficial.

In the Cricket world, our first XI. have done that which is most dear to the hearts of all C.R.O. "sports"—they have beaten the Pay Office! The only regret is that there were not more C.R.O. supporters there to see them do it. Result: C.A.P.C., 100 for 10 wickets; C.R.O., 114 for 10 wickets.



"HARRY"

"Gold, Gold, everywhere, but not a drop to drink!"

Anyone going to Siberia can have the "BULLETIN" sent on to them (?)

CHEVRONS.

We regret the suspension of the "Bulletin" owing to circumstances which were unavoidable, and, in fact, may happen again at any time.

There were two things left for us to do—to stop the war or stop the "Bulletin," and we decided on the latter course, for if we stopped the war, then the "Bulletin" would automatically cease to exist. At the same time there are those who would be highly pleased if we were wiped off the face of the earth, but—we have nine lives.

It is interesting to note that the "Times" and "Morning Post" continued as usual.

Since our last issue things have been doing in the sports world which are worthy of mention. We have to congratulate Pte. B. C. Wood, of R.2 B.5, who has lately brought home three races to his credit in the single sculls. The first two races were rowed at Putney, both of which he won against the C.A.P.C., and brought him trophies in the shape of a Silver Medal and Silver Cup. On Saturday, August 24th, he represented the K.U.B.C. at Shepperton, and won a good race against representatives from the various services; for this he received a Case of Silver.

To say the least of it, the results achieved by our Rowing, Cricket and Swimming representatives during the season have certainly justified our agitation for better support being given these sports, when we have representatives from the Office putting up a real good show.

As has already been announced, we intended to run a "Bulletin" river trip, but since our last issue, Lieut. Sleep, the popular secretary of the Khaki College, has very kindly consented to take over the running of it for us, and has already gone to a lot of trouble in this direction, so it is to be hoped that full advantage will be taken of this trip, which we hope will prove as big a success as the last one Lieut. Sleep organised. Particulars will be found on back page.

Wanted a Lady Correspondent.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

If Lieut. Johnson finds Worthing so attractive that he thought it worth while to pay it another week-end visit after having already spent his leave there, and was it the *Sea* he went to look at?

When the (s)eating apparatus for R.1.E. ordered two years ago will arrive?

Why a certain young lady in R.1.E. suddenly changed her preference for khaki to navy blue?

The reason S.-Sgt. Seggie cannot sleep at nights? Is it on account of the eye-rest he takes during the afternoon?

If Cpl. Williams is not the most consistent cricketer in the office?

If the Military Staff relish facing face powder in the office after facing powder in France?

If Siberia is to be the future place of refuge for those likely to be attacked by the "Bulletin"?

And what was S.Q.M.S. Worthington's idea?

Why a certain S.-Sgt. in R.2 B.1, when informing his people in Canada as to his progress in the C.R.O., did not make allowance for the chances of his letters and parcels being addressed "Sergeant-Major"?

Some old soldier, this!

If Cpl. Sargeant's riding breeches have dried out yet, and if he would not have found it more convenient to have a nursing apron?

How does the elderly Sapper in R.2 B.1 enjoy Dr. Coe's, Ludgate Hill, prescriptions, and how often does he get them made up? (Double "S.")

What Shorty Pettitt, of R.2 B.4, said of S.Q.M.S. Wilbraham, when the latter warned him for cricket duty?

What is the correct reason for Caruso Levette's ailment?

Is it really on account of his bed being directly under the window? Why, on why, is the window open all night?

If it is true that whilst on his way to the office one Sunday (when he wasn't on duty), Cpl. W. Brown was seen gazing longingly at some stripes in a shop window, and what was passing through his mind?

Is it true that Cpl. Woods, in R.2 B.5 has been married 2½ years, and up to date has only one splinter?

If Pte. Chrysler, and Pte. Mellor, of R.2 A.4, find any other attraction in China's besides the food they get there? And doesn't Mellor think the little waitress is the prettiest "hash-slinger" in London?

Can it be possible that a former member of the C.R.O. is a P. of W., and many of us have not been given the opportunity of showing our appreciation of him?

Are the Kilties going to be taken on strength by the new female staff?

If the C.R.O. Military Staff do not deserve to be mentioned?

Is it true that the C.R.O. "Bulletin" is going to be taken over by the fair sex, and have the Editor and his staff received an intimation to the effect that they must don short shirts or lose their jobs?

If Cpl ('Andsome 'Arry) Easy is really a better fisherman than a cricketer?

Whether the old Enquiry Staff are not horribly disgusted to see the boys tumbling over each other to help their fair successors?

And can you blame them when it used to be, "I'm really too busy. Look the blighter up yourself or get out of here"—and worse?

Whether it isn't tough on the tough guys around the office, who can't give vent to their feelings now without first looking around?

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Private to M.O.: "I feel absolutely fit, sir, and should like to be marked A.1."

M.O.: "Nothing of the sort, you are dying and must stay here; mark him B.3, corporal."

Any C.R.O. Clerk to Storekeeper: "Can I have a lead pencil, please?"

"Certainly. Here's three black pencils, two blue, one red, and here's a bottle of ink, and now come and have a drink."

Deputation awaits on Section Officer: "We all want to work on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday, sir. Can you fix this up for us?"

"You will not come in at all on Saturday, and as for Sunday, I couldn't think of it."

Group Clerk to Unit Clerk: "Look here, old chap, you take a rest and let

me do some work. I like it. Have a cigar?"

A Casualty Clerk, having made a "big bull" of a mistake, applies to his officer to be sent back to France, and receives the following reply: "You want to go back? Certainly not, old man; you are evidently suffering from neurasthenia and need a rest. Wait till I make out a pass for you, and here's five pounds, and now go to Scotland for a holiday, and by the way, when you have got your luggage ready, I'll carry it to the station for you."

Sloppy Private to C.C.I. Clerk: "Here, Miss Smifkins, take this box of chocolates. I bought them specially for you."

C.C.I. Clerk: "Couldn't think of it. How dare you buy me such things in war time. Don't ever come near me again."

SOCIETY ITEMS.

On Saturday, 24th August, Sir John Hurley was presented with a baby boy, and we are pleased to learn that "all goes well" with mother and bairn.

It is rumoured that among the well known persons who are expecting to receive the O.B.S. are Professor Cutler, P. K. Baron, F. S. Turner, C.S., Earl Wilbraham and Jimmy Oliver.

Lady Ferguson, who has just resigned her position as "Lady Correspondent" of the "Bulletin," is taking "Hot Air Baths" at her Chateau in R.1.B.

Viscount Happy has returned from a visit to the Marquis. The Viscount is a great collector of silver, and is said to possess a fine collection of silver spoons and forks.

M. Leopold Cohen, the great banker, has left town for his seat in the country.

Count Gregg gave a lecture in Hyde Park on Sunday last and dealt with the subject of "Class Distinction." It is interesting to note that the Count has just refused an Earldom, and has given his country seat to the poor.

Signor Levette had the honour of singing before the King—Lud (?) on Sunday last.

Our genial Business Manager has returned after a fortnight at the seaside. He says the bathing costumes this season are wonderful and—"very-full."

The Hon. Frederick Stockley, who, though unknown to any but his most intimate friends—is a famous astronomer, and is willing to bet that there will be no more air raids on wet nights.

We are pleased to be able to congratulate Col. Seeley, of R.2 A.2 on acquiring another two chevrons—one on each arm.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Most of the Military Staff are married.

It's no use telling us what Sir Douglas Haig said when he saw your Battalion coming out of the line, as we know it off by heart.

Don't run away with the idea that the ladies are here for your entertainment. They are here to do their job as well as you.

All the old speels for getting an hour off are worked out in this office. Spring something new.

Don't make arrangements. There's a war on.

WRITE TO
THE
"BULLETIN"
ABOUT IT!

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S. Q. M. S. HEWITT.

Shakespeare very truly wrote:—

"All the world is a stage, and the men are players.

And a man in his time plays many parts,""

"If he had substituted the last line for 'And a man in his time is often broke,' I think it would have been far more appropriate." That was the opening remark of our old friend, Mr. Harry Hewitt, when I desecrated his sanctum in R.2.B. yesterday.

"I've hunted elephants, chased the mon-goose, played the tables at Monte Carlo, sold gold bricks in British Columbia, dived for pearls, dined at Lockhart's, and mined for gold in the Yukon. In fact, all my life I've been hunting for that elusive bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, but I have really began to think that it doesn't exist, or else the proprietor of the 'Black Friars' has already discovered it in the present price of whisky.

"There are some times in a man's life that he never forgets, and Christmas Day twenty years ago was one of them. It was a day that will live in my memory for ever. Six months previously I had landed on an island in the South Seas, which was inhabited by a very ferocious tribe of savages. They were real savages too, not the Bulgarian Pants type. How I came to be there I could never account, but I know the Chief of the Tribe was an amiable brute known as Chief Wychrosseye. From the first day I landed I was the whole cheese. It appeared they had never seen a white man before, and owing to my angelic face they made me a God. For generations they had held a belief that the God of the Moon would some day visit them, so I seemed to fit in very nicely for the position. Everything went all right for a time. At ten o'clock every night, the whole tribe would turn out to pay homage to me—the great, and one and only God of the Moon. They also had a Goddess who was known as the Goddess of Love, and in all probability I would still have been there to-day if it hadn't been for her. She was certainly some peach, too, just about as pretty as a chimpanzee, and somewhere around the age of Methusalah. From the first day I arrived on the island she took a fancy to me, and I knew that

the only way I could keep my job was to reciprocate her advances. So one day she proposed, and I had no other course but to accept her. The news was at once spread broadcast throughout the island that the God of the Moon and the Goddess of Love were to be married on Christmas Day. There was great excitement at this epoch making event, and the Goddess was kept very busy getting her trousseau together, which consisted of two strings of beads.

"The fateful day arrived, and the Record Office would never have been graced by my presence if I hadn't done what lots of great men have done at a supreme crisis—though I hate to tell you. About half-an-hour before the ceremony I lost heart, and beat it. I couldn't tell the Goddess that I wouldn't marry her, 'for Hell hath no fury like a Goddess scorned,' so I purloined the Chief's canoe and paddled out to sea. I was picked up a few days later by a ship bound for the Yukon.

"Arriving in Dawson City in the spring of '98, I was just in time for the great gold rush. So I got a grub stake, and hit the trail. Off I went, with a stick over my shoulder, and a red handkerchief tied at the end filled with prunes, after the style of Dick Whittington. I must have walked two hundred miles over that icy trail of the frozen North, when one day I stumbled over a piece of rock that was lying loose. Picking it up out of curiosity, I scrutinised it closely. What do you think? It wasn't a rock, but a solid golden nugget, about as big as your head. Yes, and gazing around I saw hundreds more of them about the same size. Ye Gods! it can't be true. Here was wealth beyond the realms of avarice. Gold, gold, gold was everywhere. The wealth of Creosus was as a fleabite compared to mine. I packed as much as I possibly could in my pockets, threw the remainder of the prunes away, filled the handkerchief, and hiked back to Dawson City. Arriving back there a week later, I was accommodated in a tent, as all the hotels were full.

"When I awoke in the morning, I was surprised to find a Red Cross sister and a doctor standing by my bed. 'Are you feeling better?' she enquired. 'Why, where am I?' I asked. 'Fifty-nine Casualty Clearing Station,' she replied, 'and you have been suffering from a very severe hallucination. To-morrow you are being shipped to England.'"

"And that's how I made Blighty."

Very pretty girl in C.C.I. to Section Officer: "I say, will you take me out to-night?"

Officer: "How dare you? Certainly not! I've got a wife in Canada."

Correspondence.

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

To the Editor, "C.R.O. Bulletin."

Sir,—The attached was found pinned on a door in a certain Branch of this Office. We are all of the opinion in R.I.B. that the theme is very good, and if officially published in your "Bulletin," would have a general effect right through the office.

Yours very truly,

ERIC D. FINN-JOHNSON,
R.I.B.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION. PUBLIC NOTICE.

The wooden framework that covers this aperture is commonly known as a door (dorus exitus). Years ago mankind used to pull this framework over the aperture after passing through. It was an ancient rite, and the custom of many reigns, until the Great War darkened the horizon of humanity, when the custom was dropped. It is thought a revival of this custom would tend to strengthen the morals, and purify the blue ozone of the inhabitants in the close vicinity of the aperture. So it is earnestly requested of all persons to encourage the revival of this beautiful old custom.

(Signed) The Bureau of Information
and Reconstruction.

"BULLETIN" STATISTICS.

It is estimated that on an average over 1,750 people read the "Bulletin" every week, modestly allowing that 2½ people read each copy.

If these people were placed 32½ miles apart they would reach nearly 2½ times round the earth, and if placed one above the other at intervals of 3,367,130,750 inches they would reach from the earth to the sun, which is only 93 million miles away. (This is allowing an average height of 5ft. 8ins. for each person.)

Furthermore, if the "Bulletin" could be placed end to end it would take 589,248,000,000 copies to reach the sun, which, if we sold every copy (not allowing for the extra charge on Christmas numbers) would bring us in £4,910,400,000.

This gives just a slight idea of our huge circulation.

NOTICE.

As soon as we get a new 'Lady Correspondent' our "LADIES CORNER" will be revived.

A HERO.

It is quite evident that heroes exist in the C.R.O., as well as in France.

A certain elderly man, in R.2 B.1, amiably acquitted himself in the City Road on Saturday evening, when accosted by two uncouth ruffians.

The purpose of their attack remains unknown, owing to the shortness and decisiveness of the battle. There is no doubting the fact that considerable pleasure will be derived through knowing that once again the C.R.O. has distinguished itself.

Can nothing be done to show our appreciation towards a man, not saying anything about a hero, who has lived up to the old tradition of this office, "Not a fighting regiment, but willing to fight."

SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

It has been suggested that inter-Province football be promoted in the office.

Provided a sufficient number of teams enter, a league will be formed, and medals awarded, to the winners by the "Bulletin."

Teams will comprise six men—1 goalkeeper, 1 full back, 1 centre half and 3 forwards.

A man will play for the Province he resided in when he enlisted.

Football strips will be supplied to teams competing (jerseys and knickers).

Those wishing to compete will please forward their names, giving branch, position and province, to the "Bulletin," not later than Saturday, 28th inst.

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

C.R.O. and R.A.F. at Richmond.

Kick off at 3 o'clock.

The first game of the Office team will be played on Saturday 21st inst. at Richmond Park when our Opponents will be the R.A.F. Richmond.

Book from Waterloo to Barnes.

Ground five minutes from Station.

We have got a good Football Team and it is up to everyone to support it so we hope that they will be given a good start and that the rooters will be there in full force from this Office.

Full particulars of the C.R.O. Football Team will be published next week with details of its formation, etc.

C. R. O. River Trip

(Run in connection with the "Bulletin")

Through the kindness of Lieut. Sleep, the "Bulletin" river trip, which it was proposed to run, is now being run under the auspices of the Khaki University of Canada.

The Trip takes place on

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1918.

The S.L. "SUNBURY BELLE" leaves RICHMOND BRIDGE at 10-45 a.m., returning to Richmond about 8 p.m.

In brief, the particulars are as follow:

Bring a lady friend and provide your own lunch.

Tea, minerals and refreshments will be obtainable on board at moderate prices.

High tea will be served in three sittings from 4 to 7 o'clock, price 1s. 9d. each person.

The trip is purely a C.R.O. trip, and as only 130 tickets have been printed you should secure your ticket early to avoid disappointment.

It is suggested that we disembark at Sunbury for about an hour.

An Orchestra will be in attendance.

District trains run direct to Richmond or if a Hour-slow or Ealing train is taken change at Turnham Green. On the Piccadilly Railway change at Hammersmith.

The Launch will be found on the Richmond side of the Bridge.

TICKETS 4s. each.

Which can now be obtained from members of the "Bulletin" Staff, or from S.Q.M.S. Seaman, Cor. Woods (R 2, A 4), and Pte. Ferguson (R 1, B.).

Only 130 have been printed so secure yours **NOW.**