

THE C.R.O.
Bulletin

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FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1919

EDITORIAL.

AU REVOIR.

Owing to the fact that private business necessitates my departure from the C.R.O., I much regret that, with the publication of this issue, I resign my position as Editor and Business Manager of the Bulletin.

I am glad to be able to announce that Pte. F. Boshier, of Central Section, will succeed me as Editor, and I have every confidence that he will receive the worthy support of the whole office to the same extent that I have. He will publish the Bulletin every fortnight in future, and I will contribute the cartoons as usual.

Many of our readers will remember the first issue of the then *Daily Bulletin*, which was first published by Pte. F. S. Turner in May, 1918. It was a sheet of paper—typewritten. Three or four copies were made and these were handed round the office every morning. After about a week of successful issues it was decided to have a small number run off on the Roneo. A cartoon was included in this number, and I had the pleasure of *carving* it on a stencil! This was published daily for about a fortnight, but owing to the shortage of paper we came into conflict with the powers that be and decided to *buy our own bally paper!* and have it *printed*. This was done, and the result was that terrible little yellow *sn* about which many rude remarks were passed.

I then had the honour of being elected Business Manager, and we launched the present publication—with sufficient success to continue it up to the present.

Printing and paper are expensive items

these days, and our *very limited circulation* prevented us from increasing the size or reducing the price of the paper.

The objects we have aimed at have been to help along *esprit de corps* in this office, at the same time providing funds for the P. of W. and St. Dunstan's, and we claim to have achieved our objects to some extent.

We have registered kicks, but this being a military office we have been under censorship; otherwise, I should have been S.O.S. long ago!

As will be seen from our balance sheet, we have a balance of £57 7s. 6½d. for St. Dunstan's, and this amount is to be forwarded immediately this edition is sold to Sir Arthur Pearson, and the receipt I will hand to the adjutant, who will make it known in whatever way he thinks fit.

With £10 we sent to the P. of W. Tobacco Fund we have now raised £67 7s. 6½d. for charity, in spite of the fact that, apart from the Christmas Number, only 22 numbers have been issued, and our circulation has only averaged about 550 per issue for the whole period!

Having got the "business end" off my chest, I should like to take this opportunity to tender my sincere thanks to Lieut. L. E. Candy and Pte. F. Boshier, whose co-operation with me throughout as treasurer and auditor respectively have been of such assistance.

I also beg to express my heartiest thanks to the many correspondents and readers who have supported our little "rag" with such enthusiasm in the past.

Having been in this office now for over three years, it is with great regret that I have to sever my connection with the many friends I have made, but I harbour the thought that I may console myself with the fact of being able to look back on those three years I spent among Canadians as three years among gentlemen—and sportsmen.

G. F. LOW,
 Editor.

CHEVRONS.

1918 back numbers of the Bulletin are still on hand, and will be distributed gratis to anyone who requires same within the next few days.

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On Monday, 31st inst., R.2.B.2. are to hold a Section Social of their own. The programme they have in hand is to include a dance, whist drive, and a free and easy concert; these are to be backed up by refreshments.

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Over seventy are expected to be present, including guests, and everything points to R.2.B.2 having a most enjoyable evening.

* * *

This reminds us that the "Victory Social" or dinner, or whatever else you like to call it, looks as far off as ever so far as this office is concerned. Other offices—including Canadian offices—have held their "Victory" affair, why not this?

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We would remind our readers that we do *not* purchase meal tickets.

The Canadian Military Choir is at Euston Music Hall this week.

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MEN OF THE EMPIRE L.O.L. 880.—This Lodge will hold an emergency on Thursday, March 27th, 1919, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., at 7 p.m. All members are requested to attend.

CPL. J. F. BETTENS, W.M.
 S./SGT. C. J. FORSTER, Sec.

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BILLIARDS.—Owing to the enthusiasm shown billiards in this office, it has been suggested that a handicap tournament be started as soon as possible. Entrance fee and prizes to be decided later. Nobody barred. For full particulars see Corporal Bender, R.1.C/3.

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If we fail to play this tournament, Corpl. Bender says he will claim the championship.

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This is the stuff to give 'em. We would draw our billiard enthusiasts' attention to our correspondence column.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

What R.2 think of work? And are their thoughts printable?

If, when the military staff in this office are demobilised, a letter will be received from the next tenants of this cold storage expressing their appreciation of the way the work has been carried out, etc., etc., etc., and the way the staff have "carried on." (This must not be taken literally.)

If it is not an actual fact that "Happy" has been much quieter since he "got tied up." One can't get away from facts.

What the "Harem Ladies" think of things now that their King is on night duty? We must have a *night* harem.

And is this said Harem King trying to outdo Whit Cunliffe. As another famous artiste says: "Aint 'e nice!"

If it is true that Miss Rissen bribed the Editor "to say nothing about it"? She certainly got the wind up.

Is anything being done to get up another dance? Or are all the "Sporty Boys" on night duty?

Wouldn't this be a good way of meeting our "night friends" and finding out what they do with their long week-ends?

Whether, if we are here long enough, we shall get a day off to go and see the Derby, and if not, what we will be soaked for being A.W.L.?

Exactly how many claim to be the champion of the C.R.O. at billiards?

And have any games been played yet?

If, now that London has seen the Guards, it would not be a good idea to let London see the Military Staff of the Canadian Record Office?

We are sure we should get a great reception, especially when we went by the Pay Office!

That flag which flies over the office (?) could be carried at the head of the procession. Corpl. Bender could follow on with his "Babies" in a motor lorry!

When is "Onions"—our dark-haired friend of R.I.C.3., going to have another attack of the 'flu?

And will her pals not think her lucky if she escapes this time?

If it is true that "beer tickets" as well as meal tickets are to be provided?

And if so, what will be the size of the night staff?

HOW I WOULD RUN THE C.R.O.—AND MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY.

By TOBA.

As I happen to be leaving the office at exactly the same time as the Editor, I thought that before I go I would like to tell the readers of the Bulletin how I would run this concern. So here goes:—

First I would put a stop to any work which was really hard. I would do this by degrees. For instance, I would make the office hours 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., with three hours for lunch. It is not *quantity* but *quality* I would aim at (not the lunch, the *work*, I mean). Then I would stop anyone *talking* about work. This makes one tired to start off with. Of course, it goes without saying that there would be no *night* work or overtime, and very little *day* work.

Then I would have the "King of Denmark" brought inside the office—the saloon bar would be placed right outside R.2.A.2, because this would be handy for everybody; and I would make all officers pay for privates' drinks, and perhaps corporals' too, because officers have more money. All sergeants, S.Q.M.S.'s and sergeant-majors would pay for their own because they never complain of being short of money. I think S./Sergeants should not be allowed to drink at all, because it might interfere with their progress up the ladder of promotion.

"Bender's Babies" would not be allowed in the bar at all, unless accompanied by their mothers.

I would then start a "cleaning-up" process, commencing, of course, with the "heads," and working down (not being an officer myself).

I would start *right at the top*, and, of course, the Colonel would be killed outright. That goes without saying. (It's a good job for me I'm leaving!) Failing that, the next thing would be to torture him to death. Then I would have his job, there being more money attached to it than mine.

The "Discipline Officer"—well, I'd make him come to the office with spurs and bandolier on, these being absolutely necessary before documents can be filed in a satisfactory manner.

Oh, then there's the Military Police! What an awful death *they* would have! I would form a committee of privates to

decide the nature of death. At all events, I would see to it that it was a terrible one.

Sergeant-Majors would be done away with entirely—probably tickled to death that is, those who were left after they had paid for their own drinks!

Then there's those fellows who are always looking for promotion. Well, I would cover every man jack of them with stripes from head to foot; in fact, they would have to get undressed to receive some of them.

Having finished with the personnel of the office, I would commence on the *material*. Just to keep up old times, for instance, I would have the filing cabinets moved about all over the building about every other day, and the Sections with them.

Documents? No such things would exist!

For the punishment of those men who overworked themselves I would have a room—a large room—filled with the most talkative ladies in the office, and all men who were due for punishment would be made to work in this room for a certain period, according to his crime.

Finally, we would have a pay day at least three times a week, with an extra one at Christmas.

I believe that if the above system was carried out to the letter everyone, more or less, would be very happy. There is no charge or fee of any kind for the copy-right of this idea.

TOBA.

THE LATE LIEUT. FRANCIS ANDREW LAW.

It was with the greatest regret that we heard on Tuesday, 18th inst., of the death that morning, from pneumonia, of Lieut. F. A. Law.

Lieut. Law enlisted in the 24th Batt. (Victoria Rifles) at Montreal in October, 1914, and served in France from October, 1915, until he was wounded in May of the following year.

He had been attached to this office since October, 1917, and "Bonar," as he was affectionately termed by his intimates, was very popular with both officers and men of the C.R.O.

In addition to possessing personal qualities of the highest order, he was a keen and efficient section officer, with the interest of his men always his first consideration.

His wife returned to Canada in December last, and the sympathy of all in the C.R.O. is extended to Mrs. Law in her great loss.

SPIRITS AND—SPIRITS!

SEANCE HELD IN THE "BULLETIN" OFFICE (?)

Last week, at the Bulletin office (?) a seance was held with a view to discovering whether such things as Spirits existed, and, if so, if it is possible to get into conversation with the departed through a medium. Owing to the great discussion now being carried on in the columns of our contemporaries, we thought we would find out for ourselves, and the following is the result.

A number of well known persons in the C.R.O. were present, including "Toba," "The Fossil King," "The Raffle King," "The Harem King," "The Opium Fiends," "The King of Denmark," and the Editor and Treasurer of the Bulletin.

The medium was a well known member of this office—S.Q.M.S. Harry Hewitt.

Toba opened the proceedings by making a short speech, in which he suggested that the medium should get into touch with a departed spirit who goes by the name of Joe Perry.

Harry, the medium, said he would do his best, and that if the company waited long enough—say, about a fortnight—there was a possibility of him getting into direct touch with the departed Joe Perry.

The medium was then thoroughly searched and was securely tied to a barrel of beer by several of the company present. The barrel was then tied to staples in the floor, and a member of the audience suggested that this was done to prevent Harry taking the beer home, but this is untrue. Everyone was satisfied that there was no possibility of the medium breaking loose. A table was then placed at the other end of the room, and tambourines, tangerines, mandolines, posting ledgers, kippers, and a bottle of whiskey were placed on it.

Everything being ready, the lights were put out, but had to be put up again owing to the fact that "Toba" had brought one of his "ladies" from the Opium Den with him, and the lady was becoming hysterical. She was then carried out by "Toba," who having laid her on the pavement outside, returned, and the lights again extinguished.

The medium then spoke:—

"I want you all," he said, "to treat this matter seriously. I have been asked by 'Toba' to put him in touch with a departed spirit—Joe Perry, and I hope that by so doing I shall have demonstrated to you the fact that such things as spirits do exist." At this juncture the "King of Denmark" butted in and said that he could supply all the spirits that were wanted, and stated that he had already supplied the medium with a quantity.

After further argument the medium suggested that they get to business, and asked the company to chant together, in a low tone, one or two hymns. The company, not knowing any hymns, then gave a very

successful rendering of "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" and after about two hours of this, and nothing having happened, the medium suggested that they should change their song to "I see you've got your old ham bone." This was sung with real vigour, and after it had been sung about nine times the singing was interrupted by one of the company. "I've been touched!" he exclaimed, and the lights were immediately switched up. What was revealed did not encourage the company's faith in the medium, for he was seen to be *handing the whiskey bottle to the Harem King*, and in doing so had



THE "SPIRIT" ARRIVES!

touched someone else, who, quite naturally, thought the spirits had arrived. It should be borne in mind that the whiskey bottle was on the table at the other end of the room when the lights went down, and also, *it was full!* Now it was practically *empty!* When asked for an explanation, the medium said that while they were singing "the spirit had departed," but "another spirit would come in its stead."

The next query was, how did the medium manage to free himself from the

mass of rope with which he was securely tied up? The medium accounted for this by saying that "the spirit had done it," but he didn't state which spirit!

Once again he was tied up—more securely than ever; the lights lowered, and the chanting proceeded with. This time the hymn was "We want to go home."

Hour after hour went by and nothing happened—so far as the Spirit was concerned; but the singing had now died down considerably—in fact, only three of the company could be heard at all. These were the Treasurer of the Bulletin, who seemed determined to see a spirit before he went home; and the Opium Fiends, who were possibly under the influence of 'dope,' having been seen in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street earlier in the day. The remainder of the company were more or less asleep, but the medium awoke about every five minutes and enquired in a loud voice: "Has the Spirit arrived yet?" receiving no reply from the motley gathering, who sang and slumbered in the darkness. Once the lights were switched up for a few seconds to enable the Bulletin Treasurer to remove his puttees, as they were affecting his singing. It was also noticed that other empty bottles (whiskey) had joined the original one.

It was some time after the lights had been lowered again when the medium made his usual enquiry: "Has the Spirit arrived yet?" when everyone was startled by a loud crash of tambourines falling on to the floor, and a familiar voice spoke: "Phat's the matter with all of yer?" "By God, it's come!" shouted the medium.

By this time the whole company were very much awake. The Treasurer had ceased to "sing," and someone was fumbling about trying to find the switch to turn up the light.

"Are you the departed spirit of Joe Perry?" queried the medium.

"I-am-he" came the stentorian reply; "phat d'yer want?"

"Say," said the medium, "we want speech with thee; wouldst tell us saints assembled in this temple—er—well—what's it's like to be dead, Joe?"

"See here, son," came the reply, "I've been tight myself a good many toimes, but never have I been in such a state as you, and another thing—"

At this stage the lights went up and revealed our old friend Joe Perry, Corporal of the Canadians, in all his earthly glory. Nothing spiritual about him at all; he was there in the flesh and blood.

"Why, it's Joe!" shouted the company.

"Of course it's Joe," said the owner of this name. "I've just come in on night duty, and it beats me phat you fellows are sticking round here for when you ought to be home in bed. Anyways, you might have left us a drop in one of the bottles."

G.F.L.

(Perhaps we should have mentioned that the above "seance" is only imaginary.)

