

DON'T FORGET NEXT TUESDAY!

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. 1, No. 19.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1919

EDITORIAL.

The opinion of the men in this office regarding the strikes which are taking place all over the country is too well known to need much mention being made of them. There is only one way of thinking for any sane person. So far as the Clyde workers are concerned it is quite obvious that the same little clique are at work as tried to foment trouble throughout the War, causing friction among the would-be loyal workers by their unreasonable agitations. It is Bolshevism pure and simple that this little clique are out for, and the sooner they are thrown out of this country the better. At the time of writing this article they are striking for a 40-hour week! and it would be a weak Government if it were to go under to a bunch of "men" who have chosen such an unreasonable request in order to take advantage of the country's position at the present time. We all know of the scandalous profiteering that has gone on right through the War, but it is no earthly use all these men—including the "Underground motor-men," who want a half hour for meals included in their eight hour day—trying to connect it with their petty "grievances."

These men—at least, the large majority of them—have had fat-soft-cushy and well paid jobs in this war. They've squeezed out of joining the Army because they were doing work of "national importance," and therefore know nothing of the hell "over there" that our men have gone through for the handsome sum of a shilling a day! They don't know what it is to lay in a stinking trench with your buried in the rotten skin of a dead man with the stench of human bodies to you an appetite for a "Bully" and apple breakfast. These little details alone would bring it home to them without the usual horrors of war.

We want an army of occupation, and nothing would be fairer in this world than to send these agitators out to release the men who have been through it all. Not only Clyde workers, but the whole shute of them should, in my humble opinion, be made to realise that



Off. I/C GRAVES.

we've had a war on, that the job's not finished, and that they have come out of it with whole skirts and fat pockets. There's always two sides to a question, but there's a very weak side to their's this time.

The whole trouble with these men is that they've never heard machine guns fire. They *should*, but we in this office have our own ideas about the exact direction of fire.

EDITOR.

Every dog has it's day, but one without out a tail has a weak-end.

CHEVRONS.

Any reader wishing to possess copies of the Bulletin published in 1918 can obtain same free of charge on application to the Editor R.2.A.2.

We have sent a wreath of forget-me-nots to be placed on the coffin of Mr. Influenza, who died last week with the old "smoking time."

There still seems a very strong desire throughout the office to have a real "C.R.O. Social"—a sort of gathering of the clans. If this is to take place it should come off as soon as possible; it's no use waiting until all the "old staff" have left the office, and it is up to somebody to get busy. That "Social" might take the form of a dinner, to be followed by a free and easy sing-song after, but we should like to receive the opinions of our readers—with suggestions—for publication in the Bulletin. At all events it should be for the whole staff—male and female—and should be at a reasonable price to meet everybody's pockets.

Our "Billiard enthusiasts" are still on the war path, but it seems that meetings only draw a blank every time. Why not get to business, you billiard players? We have been authorised by one of the night staff to issue a challenge on his behalf. He challenges anyone in the office at billiards. We will put you on to him.

We would remind our "dancing readers" that they can obtain any costume they require at Morris Angel & Sons, Charing Cross Road (opp. Palace Theatre), at a very reasonable charge.

Will some lady in the office act as "Lady Correspondent"? Every time we mention the ladies we get into hot water. Last week we were pounced on as soon as the Bulletin was published by two or three of the "gentle sex," but we have our own opinion about their gentleness. The ladies are great supporters of the paper and always have been; we would like to provide them with a column for themselves.

We regret we are still rather erratic in publishing the Bulletin, but owing to the continued scarcity of labour in the printing trade this is absolutely unavoidable.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW ?

Is it true that Harry Hewitt is going to the dance as Nellie Wallace?

If so, will Cpl. Harris one-step with him? What a vision of beauty!

Why do the grand-dads in R.I.B. rush like bees round a jam pot when the teas come in? Is it laddies or ladies first?

Who is the S.Q.M.S. who refused porridge from his landlady on Sunday morning—and why?

How Cpl. Campbell can justify his claim that chilblains on his feet affect his Record Ledger work?

How many new caps has S.Q.M.S. Fuller had in the last fortnight?

If it is not a shock to some of us to find so many members of the O.M.F. of C. requiring their discharge in England?

Who is the man in R.2.P.2. who steals his landlady's towels?

Why is it that as soon as a soldier rises to the height of "sling belt," the rigours of winter have no terrors for him, and the greatcoat is discarded?

If Cpl. Wilson's "bad heart" stands him in good stead when it comes to having days off?

If the "Smoke" order—last week—was not received with open arms?

If the casualty clerk considers his work more important than any other work in the office?

And why there is always such an air of superiority about non-effective clerks?

Who was the young lady who, on being invited to go home in Capt. Bowen's car, chose the motor lorry?

And was it because she wanted to get home before midnight, or had she seen Capt. Bowen's picture in the Bulletin?

If it is not true that the Officers are supporting the dance in great style?

Who makes the best wives—widows or grass widows?

Whether any provision is made for the man who intends to take another man's wife back to Canada? (For the wife as well, we mean.)

And will the eligible—who return to Canada in a state of single blessedness—receive a special decoration?

If it is possible for "My Poet Laureate" to compose something for our rag?

Where we can learn to "jazz" before the 18th?

Is Pte. Emery (R.2.A.3) entitled to a decoration for being the first over the top to the tea tray and would Pte. Hunt beat him if it was beer? (Government barred.)

Now that hostilities have ceased will some of our "raffle experts" be offering secondhand battleships tanks, etc., as a variation from the usual civvie suits, wrist watches, diamond (?) rings, German rifles, etc.?

SECTION DINNER—R2, A1, A5. and A3.

The above Sections held a dinner on 31st January, at the Holborn Restaurant, and spent a most enjoyable evening.

The Sections turned up in full force, and among those present as guests were Lt.-Col. M. A. Wolff, Capt. V. A. G. Eliot, Sgt.-Maj. Stewart, and S.Q.M.S. Macdonald. Lieut. Andrews was in the chair, and after an excellent dinner was partaken of he entertained the company with selections on the piano, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all, as also was the solo rendered by Pte. Face.

Tpr. Withey then proposed a Toast to Lt.-Col. Wolff, and in the course of a well-worded speech spoke of the understanding now existing between the Colonel and other ranks in the office, and of the camaraderie between officers and men, thus proving that there is a great wave of loyalty still paramount in this office; at the same time he hoped that these circumstances would still exist long after their return to Canada.

Lt.-Col. Wolff responded in excellent style, his speech creating a very good impression amongst all ranks, who received his speech with great enthusiasm.

Cpl. B. C. Wood then proposed a Toast to Capt. Eliot, Capt. Eliot responding in a very amusing manner, and to the point.

Lieut. Andrews was then toasted by Cpl. Coles in a few well spoken words, being replied to in a very capable and appreciated speech by Lieut. Andrews.

The speech-making having finished, the company were then entertained by Cpl. Martin—recitations, Sgt. Parker; song, Cpl. Coles, song, S. Sgt. Smith; recitation, Capt. Eliot; piano selection, and Cpl. Duakney, song—the whole programme being fully enjoyed by everyone.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne terminated a very delightful evening, an example which other Sections might well follow.

THE ELUSIVE FIFTY CENTS

Oh! fifty cents., sweet fifty cents,
Dear elusive fifty cents.,
Thy advent now is drawing near,
Thy presence seems to be much dearer.
Oh! fifty cents., soon to be mine,
Makes eyes to glow and face to shine.

Oft have I in my solitude
Wished for thee, and that wish renewed
Hath warmed me till my whole desire
Has been thy presence to acquire,
Now soon thou wilt indeed be mine,
Make heart to glow and face to shine.

Written at 9.30 a.m., 23.1.1919.

The delay in publishing the balance sheet in connection with our Christmas Number is regretted, but is due to the fact that they are still being sold at the Pay Office to the men returning from France for demobilisation. This is naturally a slow method, but we hope soon to hear that they have all been sold and a balance sheet will then be published.

DANCE NOTES.

Don't forget the date, February 18th, that's next Tuesday, and on that day our big Fancy Dress Dance takes place. If you haven't got a fancy dress, then go as you are. The whole office are going and if you are not there it will be noted.

Tickets are now on sale.

The officers are putting up a good prize.

No tickets will be available after the 17th inst. in the office.

The following is a list of the characters which have already been selected:—

The C.R.O.
Marie Antoinette.
Shazrazad
Louis VI.
Night.
Punch.
Three Musketeers.
Romeo.
Johnny Walker.
A Mexican.
Mutt and Jeff.
Me and my Gal.
A Bolchevik.
The Laughing Cavalier.
Charlie Chaplin.
A Demobilisation Form (filled in).
Thumbs Up.
Napoleon.
Peace.
The Prehistoric Man.
The Puritan Maid.
A Searchlight.
The Mystic Rat.
Dilly and Dally.

WANTED.—A good pipe rack with inscription, "Ad Lib Smoking," engraved on same. Would exchange with picture entitled "At Last."

WANTED.—Lady correspondents for the *Bulletin*. Light occupation, but must be found to dangerous work.

FOUND.—A nice tea shop. Apply "Toba," c/o *Bulletin*.

If you want to Hire

A GOOD

FANCY DRESS

You should pay a visit to

Morris Angel & Sons,

CHARING CROSS ROAD

(Opposite Palace Theatre).

THEY HAVE THE GOODS!

An Interview with the O.C.P. of W.

(IMAGINARY BY "PAL.")

"No," said the O.C. Prisoners of War, as he picked up a nominal roll of three repatriated prisoners, "my bed will not be me to-night." "Why," I asked, as I appeared at the self-made O.C.'s desk with one of the many queries which have found their way there since the Armistice. "Have you sickness at home?" "Oh, no," said our exalted friend, "but this important work demands my presence night and day." "You see" (he continued) "in the day time I keep my group busy, and in the evening I keep the duty man from writing private letters, and then after he leaves at 9 o'clock I settle down to work until Lockhart's open the next morning."

Thinking he was cracking one of his ha'penny jokes, I jocularly inquired what the wife said about his late hours. "Well," he said, "she only got sore at me once, and that was last Sunday evening. You see, I worked the week-end, but promised to meet her at the Brixton Picture Palace at 7 o'clock Sunday evening, but when the time came to go I saw it was impossible for me to leave, so I 'phoned the show manager and told him who I was, and asked him if he would tell my wife, who was waiting outside, that I couldn't get away. The manager very promptly said he understood my position, and would 'Break the news to Mother.'"

"Well," I asked, "what about my query? The reference number is 501." "Oh yes, your query." "Miss ———," he called out to one of his group, "look up this number and see if it refers to Jones." Miss ——— looked in the O.C.'s Bible, but informed him the number alluded to Smith. "Well, then, look up 510." "Thompson is the name for that number," answered Miss ———. Just then the magnate had a hunch, and told the poor girl to look up numbers 105, 150, 051, and 015, which she did, with the same futile results. So in the end he asked me if I would wait till the next day for my answer, and he would search for Jones that night when all was quiet.

The next day when he handed me the answer he whispered "Jones was filed under 639. These girls never think of looking under any other number but the one I give them. I straightened out a lot of simple queries like that last night, and I have a lot more of them to do, but unfortunately I cannot stay all to-night, for I just remembered at 2 o'clock this morning that the wife had tickets for a show to-night": "but you know," he continued, "I don't care much for shows at this stage of the crisis. I went to one last week, and a bunch of noisy actors would keep coming on the stage and interrupting my sleep."

"You know," he concluded, "system is the whole thing. Thanks to my system I'll be able to slip home for a few minutes next Sunday. My wife 'phoned me that our youngest kiddie, who was only creeping last time I saw him, has now started school."

CURRENT WIT OF THE OFFICE.

ONE OF "HAPPY'S."

R.2. Clerk: Hullo, Happy, how do you like married life?
Happy: Oh, all right.
R.2. Clerk: Got any family yet?
Happy: —?—?—t, give us a chance; I've put in a requisition for some, though!

* * *

THINGS THAT ACTUALLY HAPPEN.

Lady Clerk in R.2. to S.Q.M.S., i/c Pt. 2.O. Section. Could you please tell me what rank this man held in Pt. 2.O.7. d/15-2-16?

S.Q.M.S.: Pt. 2.O.7 of what Unit?
L.C. (hesitating): C.A.S.C.
S.Q.M.S.: Which Unit of C.A.S.C.?
L.C.: Er-er, I'll have to go and find out.

L.C. (returning showered in smiles): Pt. 2.O.7 of the 43rd Battalion, please!

* * *

R. 2. AGAIN.

Last week another Lady Clerk verified a Card for 1914-15 Star, OVERSEAS UNIT, C.C.A.C.; (The lady is not just about to get married.)

* * *

ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT TWO RECORDS.

The *Steward (t)* of this Branch of the Canadian ship of *State* is also the Captain, and with a *Phuir* wind this inestimably valuable Branch, which has *Rissen* to such importance, pursued it's even *Way* as an arrow sped by some Mediaeval *Archer*, *Orr* as a ball from the bat of the famous cricketer (pseudo-Colonel).

Shup as a blade of the finest of Sheffield *Cutter (y)* are the wits of this personnel, and the Casualties of the Canadian Soldier are correctly checked from Flanders to the Baulcombe (s).

—PALAEONTOS.

(Bravo, Palaeontos, but the last one's a bit thick!—Ed.)

* * *

QUOTATIONS FROM R.I.E.

"Toll for the brave, the brave that are no more."

The loss of our Skew M.S.

"One of the thousand UNNATURAL shocks that flesh is heir to."

Rogerson's Speech.

"Breathed there a man so loose in the head."

Sir Walter Scott.

"Uneasy swings the arm that wears a crown."

Spokeshave.

"Not a bugle sound or a funeral note," as out of our Branch he hurried.

The Same Chap.

"He carried it home in the dead of night"

His Valise.

We know now the meaning of the term "Silent Chief."

The evil that men doeth lives after them, but the good is buried with them in the grave.

Brutus.

SAILING A-HOY.

In Branch F. Three
A weird we dree
All morning, noon, nor night.
McBride's our Boss
The mighty Joss
Adjudging wrong or right,
The girls all talk
And never work
Except by accident,
While Rosie flaps
And sundry taps
Disclose her sentiment.
Staff-Sergt. Blake
Ne'er makes mistakes
Nor adds his figures wrong,
And Turner writes
His scathing blights
And parody's on songs.
And Del. Oh! Hell
He's simply swell
With Bolshy diatribes,
And facing him
With beard in trim
Friend Barter lives, nor dies.
When cards come in
We simply swim
In noise, but not confusion,
Concerning Rhy!
An awful thrill
We feel, in glad conclusion,
And when our job
Praise be to God
Gets R.2. up and stirring.
And C.C.I.
Can't verify
Then Lovett goes a-swearin'.
In Branch F Three
A weird we dree.
Work hard, nor overtime
And all day long
A happy song
Is heard in jovial chime.
So when you want
A pleasant jaunt
To work in Liberty,
Just write a note
To your Quaker bioke.
To switch to Branch F. Three,
Adieu.

F. R. LOVETTE (Sgt.).

(Continued from page 4.)

S.Q.M.S. Sealy, who, it seems, is a little bit peeved because he was not one of the "favoured few," I have not one thing to say, and that is, that while he was "unfortunately" elected a member of the committee, still, judging by the tone of his letter, it was very fortunate for the Concert Party that he got no further than wondering what his official capacity might be.

In conclusion, I should like to avail myself of the opportunity to thank all members of the Party for the way they carried on under great difficulties and succeeded in delivering the goods. In this I am sure to be supported by each and everyone who attended our first, and as far as the C.R.O. is concerned, our last concert.

A. E. LUNN, S.Q.M.S.,

Secy. C.R.O. 1918 Concert Party.

(We regret that, owing to lack of space, we are unable to allow this discussion to continue further through the medium of the Bulletin, and it must now be considered closed,—Editor.)

MY VISIT TO AN OPIUM DEN. BY TOBA.

(Continued from last week.)

Have you ever been surrounded by a screen? Have you ever had a strange female thrust upon you at a moment's notice and not know what to do with her? If you have you can imagine what my feelings were behind this screen. I was very comfortable, I will admit, but what's the use of feeling comfortable if you feel awkward at the same time?

I felt I wanted to tell her how wicked she was, but I was afraid she would stop being wicked if I did. I would have to write to her—I would write and tell her how I had heard of girls going to ruin through mixing with strange men. I would tell her about girls who had been murdered, about Bluebeard, about opium—*opium!*—*OPIUM!*—how dare I warn girls about *opium* and me here in an opium den! No, I would tell her now—about the young lady of Glo'ster—and I did. I told her one or two more, and then I began thinking of home. During all these wanderings of the brain I was on the best of terms with my "lady"—and she was a lady, because she had all sorts of nice things on—jewellery, I mean—and she powdered, and I know all ladies powder. Yes, the opium was doing it's deadly work, and visions of Police Courts, Marlborough Street, the Old Bailey, and the gallows appeared on the horizon. My photograph would adorn the front page of the *Daily Mirror*, the *Police Budget*, and the *Bulletin* (War Souvenir Number). My past life would be raked up, and the wife would read it all.

As I was pondering on the wickedness of it my "lady friend" removed the last remaining piece of cushion which was acting as a barrier between us both—and she moved close up to me—just as my wife used to when we first married. A thousand prickly things were now running down my back—opium does funny things—and gently I entwined my arms around her wasp-like waist, at the same time kicking the clocks of her stockings with my hob-nailed boots to convince her of my love and sincerity (?). The old saying: "It's a wise child that knows it's own father," struck me very forcibly at the time, and I realised that the orgie I was taking part in might end very unpleasantly for me. My "lady"—or, as I like to call her, my female form divine—was now telling me that she could not understand a fellow like me visiting such a notorious place as that, and I was telling her that she was far too good to be employed in such surroundings, and I began to think we were understanding one another to a very unusual degree. By this time we were both nearly dosing off in one another's arms—she and I, love birds of a harem—turtle doves from the Ark—when we were suddenly aroused from our love dreams by a piercing shriek which rent the air; it came from behind the screen which surrounded my S.Q.M.S. and his "lady-bird"! Good Heavens! I thought, he has given her too much opium I and disentangling myself, I rushed over to their "dugout," and to my sur-

prise found them exactly as when I last saw them—both huddled up together, or rather, mixed up in a very extraordinary manner. "What's wrong?" I enquired; and the lady, looking up quite unconcerned, replied: "Oh, he pinched me!" "We shall both get pinched if we don't clear out of this place," I said to my S.Q.M.S. "My nerves are all 'fuzzy,' but at the same time I felt that the opium effect was wearing off. By this time "she" was at my side again: she had just been "settling up" with an old "Johnny" who had "popped in" to tea; he had paid his bill and was departing. "I say," said my "bird," "you see that old pig just going out? I can't stand him; he comes in here every day, mauls me about as bad as you've done, and then gives me sixpence over his bill! D—— mean, I call him." Then it dawned on me: she did not have any particular love for me, after all! I had been cuddling a white-skinned hussy of a Piccadilly eskimo's daughter! Her liquid eyes were not liquid at all, and she was only making "combs" in order to lure me on to talk about them, and I'm d—— sorry I paid for the trimmings! Opium or no opium, I'd had enough, and I knew that if the old Johnny had got away with sixpence—we wouldn't. "We'd better be quitting," I suggested to my S.Q.M.S., and to my surprise he agreed, although he appeared to have had a better time than I had. Within 15 minutes we had got a real move on, found our hats and sticks, paid our bills, tripped over two pairs of feet, promised to go back again (?), and departed.

Correspondence.

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

(To the Editor.)

I welcomed Lt. Candy in the lists, but doubt very much if his objection to my criticism of the C.R.O. Concert Party for the reason of my non-attendance at the first meeting or any other hold water. I can imagine that gentleman talking glibly of the Magna Charta, the Peace Conference, or even of a Sports Meeting, at one of which he could not, and at the others probably would not, be present. If one is not to be allowed to discuss any meeting at which one is not present, then Parliament, the Billie Carlton, the Seton-Rutherford cases with thousand more instances would be taboo. "Which is absurd."

Certainly in reply to Mr. Candy's invitation to be present at a general meeting, which I myself proposed, I advanced the fact that owing to other musical engagements and private affairs, it appeared unlikely that I could afford much assistance, and I thought that I had better "wait

and see" with what success the party met.

I have seen.

I claim the right to criticize this matter, a right I would not deny to any member of the C.R.O. when a concert party is originated under that heading, largely upon the fact that I was glad to purchase half a dozen tickets for the opening concert, although knowing well that I should not be able to be present. Not great support certainly, but I was more than willing to do more if necessary.

Upon the main contention in my letter of last week I am glad to find Mr. Candy and myself at one, where we agree that the whole matter was treated far too surreptitiously, for adequate reasons still unexplained.

A published balance sheet is always wise when dealing with monies not one's own, although in this case I am assured that there is not the slightest suggestion of anything irregular, except possibly too much expense for no results, but we have all been so fed up with Battalion Canteen funds, etc., in the past, where credit balance have mysteriously been spirited away, that there is always a danger of suspicion creeping in which publicity alone can allay. Nuff sed.

We recognise that the C.R.O. is a Military organisation and not a Departmental Store, as your correspondent rightly points out, however difficult it may be at times to realize this fact.

WHITWELL H. RANSON.

X X X

Kimmel Park Camp.

Feb. 1st, 1919.

(The Editor C.R.O. Bulletin.)

Sir,—A chance glimpse at your issue of 22.1.19 which has found its way up here has brought to my notice the controversy regarding "The Cheerios," who, by the way, seem to be receiving much more attention than they did during their very short existence.

As secretary of the above party, I feel called upon to mention one or two facts which may satisfy the one "in quandry" (elected by the old Party), and any others who may imagine that they have not received a fair show.

I regret that, without taking up too much of your valuable space, I cannot deal with each petty complaint, but I shall pick one or two and endeavour to show that they are merely the ravings of one or two soreheads.

Firstly, a financial statement, together with all surplus funds, was handed to the Adjutant prior to my departure for this camp.

Secondly, the "favoured few" were selected, to the best of my knowledge, by Lieut. Candy, who has never been secretary of the Concert Party.

Thirdly, the "whole-hearted financial" and "magnificent" support given us by the personnel of the office, who "undeniably rallied" round us, was such that a large number of tickets were given away at the last moment to avoid the possibility of our appearance before a half empty house.

With regard to the letter written by

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)