

THE C.R.C. Bulletin

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FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1918

EDITORIAL.

Friendly rivalry in sports is a very healthy sign, but when comparisons are made, it becomes odious! Those who spend their time making comparisons are apt to look at the matter from only one side, which, to say the least of it, is grossly unfair and also very childish. Men have been heard to discuss the opportunities given to records for playing all kinds of games in comparison with other offices forgetting the very peculiar position this office holds. The Record Office is the only office in the London area which deals with the casualties, both in the field and local, and, naturally, the time of really hard work depends whether the Canadian Corps are in action in France.

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During the earlier part of the year, when work in Records was normal and things were what is termed slack, every opportunity was given to men to train for sports, and the cricket eleven had one or two whole day outings, our oarsmen were also afforded every opportunity for practising together, but when the Corps went into action, naturally, things became different, and everybody had to buckle to. If the number who follow sport in this office is small in comparison with other offices, they make up for it by their keenness and enthusiasm.

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Our advice to those who are keen on games and who are playing them when opportunity occurs, is "Be Sportsmen" in the true sense of the word; don't grouse, but play the game, and be thankful to the Providence which prevents you from playing the real game across the waters.



CHEVRONS.

It will facilitate the running of our paper if our many new readers will become monthly subscribers.

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Now that we have so many lady readers, we should like to hear from them, as we are waiting to start our "Ladies' Corner" again.

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We shall be obliged if all correspondents will hand in their copy to the Editor by 5 p.m. on the Thursday preceding the week of publication.

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Our thanks are due to our printers—Messrs. The Guilbert-Wenham Printing Co., of Bishop's Court, Old Bailey, who—although it may not be known—are printing this paper at *cost price*, and go to a great deal of trouble for our benefit. We are sure the boys will appreciate their kindness in this direction.

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We are pleased to be able to state that Pte. F. Bushier—although he has had to resign as our Secretary—will continue to contribute to the paper, and his "Imaginary Interviews," which have proved so popular, will be among his contributions of the future.

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We regret that—owing to the strenuous times in the Office—we have been so erratic in publishing lately, but we have every faith that our readers will continue to give us their loyal support.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

When the rest of the C.R.O. Military Staff are going to Siberia, as it is quite obvious that the present atmospheric conditions in Green Arbour House are a good form of training.

Who is the young lady in R.1. "E" who whistles her conversations, and is it natural or assumed—if assumed, why?

When is the "ire" going to be taken out of Ireland?

Who is the person in R.1. "E" that keeps a stock of flag day emblems, and who was it who saw him leave his house on Rose Day with a 1917 rose pinned on his breast?

Who said New York was well protected from air raids, and did he mean it was on account of N.Y.'s thousands of sky scrapers?

If it was the war news or the new recruit for Kitchener's Army that made a certain lady of R.1. "E" so elated on the 25th October.

If Pte. Barnett, of R.1. "E" will keep the silver cigarette box well supplied at the office for his office pals?

If the C.R.O. "sporty" bhoys are contemplating getting up any C.R.O. dances this coming winter—thus following the example set by their colleagues of the Pay Office last winter?

If S./Sgt. Wilcox is of the "shy" and "demure" set—and if he knows it is not necessary?

If a certain lady of R.1. "E" was rather disappointed that G.W.R. trains to her home town still continued to run through the strike?

If married life tends to alter one's habits and temper, as illustrated in a well-known branch of the C.R.O.?

What did Sgt. J. Scott think of his Tuesday night celebrations, and if the floor wasn't a hard bed to repose on all night?

Also, did he save any time the next morning, by not having to dress himself?

If the boys from R.1 A.1 who went to Bourley, think the Record Office as cushy a job as it was before they went down on Command?

What do Clark and Willson say about it?

How is Pte. Cox's (R.2 B.1) rabbit ranch getting on, and is he contemplating a fur collar on his great coat this winter?

Is S./Sgt. Walters ever going to buy a well-known restaurant in Oxford Street, or is he only making bluff at it?

Whether Splusher Wallace's pugilistic tendencies are inherited or acquired?

If it is not about time that some of the boys who never contribute to the "Bulletin" did so?

Why a certain private in R.2 B.3 has recently commenced to brush his hair with so nice a pomadour effect? Is it on account of some wonderful member of the fair sex?

Will the policy—"The open door"—put into effect by the A./S.M. some time ago be annulled in time for the boys to forget it before returning to Canada?

Why a certain posting clerk is always "beefing" about "taking on" 1,700 other ranks? How does 8.30 p.m. nightly, sound to him?

Who is the Sgt. in R.2 A.5 who, when asked if he had anything to put in the "Bulletin," replied: "What have I to do with the 'Bulletin'?"

And will he "write to his solicitors" about it?

If a certain private has been promoted for teaching the fair sex?

If Pte. O'Donnell of R.2 A.5 can inform us what the abbreviation "Lab" stands for?

When L./Cpl. Blakemore (R.2 A.4) is going to put up the banns?

If Pte. Chrysler and Pte. McCoskey are starting a flat, this winter, and if the report is true that the fair waitress at China's has been hired to keep house for them?

If it is true that Pte. T. Waters, of R.2 B.4, has the finest tenor voice in the Office?

And is it true that on occasions he can sing bass, alto or falsetto?

What is the age limit for the "Young" Soldiers' Battalion, and are they all "Tiny"?

Wouldn't a "Peddling" licence have suited E. H. Williams better than one for driving?

How much—according to Jimmy Oliver—is meant by a couple of "Govs."?

MISSING.

Miss Barnett's hat peg. Finder will be well rewarded if same is put back by Thursday, 3rd October.

A "Full blown" S.Q.M.S. has been missed from this Office for about a fortnight now. Finder will be severely dealt with.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Major to Staff: We are very busy just now, I know, and I am very sorry to have to call on you *Military* Staff to work half the night and report for duty at the usual hour next day.

For this you will all receive double pay, and a nice long leave when the rush is over. Also, when you are late getting away, hot rum or tea will be served hourly, and your meals served *free*, and if you miss the last train, taxis will be provided, also *free*! (Ye Gods!)

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Officer to Lady Clerk: You look very tired this morning, Miss Brown; I think you had better take the day off, and come in at tea o'clock to-morrow!

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C.R.O. Guy: Say, old timer, lend me a couple of bob until the morning. Same Guy at 8.30 prompt next day: Here's that money, as promised; I didn't sleep all night, worrying, in case you'd be short!

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The Day before Tobacco Issue:—"Anybody want a cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

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At the Ration Depot:—"What's your's this week?"

Private: "A stewing piece."

Sgt.: "Oh, no; you're mistaken, you shall have a roast."

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Private: Is smoking time up yet, Staff?

Staff: Yes, but finish your smoke, and enjoy it, old man.

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Sgt. to private: You needn't come on until eleven to-morrow.

Private: Eleven! Not me; I shall be here at 8.30, as usual.

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Officer to Group Clerk: You know, Staff, I hate to ask you, but I am afraid that you and your men will have to work late to-night. Of course, we will see that your wives, who are expecting you home to tea, are notified by wire, and if you call at the orderly room they will give you the money for your supper, and, by the way, you and your men need not report until ten to-morrow morning."

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,

(By our Special Correspondent.)

S.Q.M.S. WORTHINGTON.

"DE NIHILO NIHIL FIT"

"I've been expecting you for quite a long time," began our worthy friend Mr. Worthington, when I had the pleasure—well, I won't say the pleasure—but when I was asked by the Editor to interview him the other day.

"It has often surprised me that you have not enlisted my services for that 'Old Rag' of your's before," he continued, "as I am sure I could elevate its tone considerably. I'm afraid I've been a little harsh in my criticism at times, but I have always predicted that your paper 'has a bright future behind it.' Ha! ha! I will have my little joke, you know. Anyway, this week you will have something that's really worth while reading."

Then Mr. Worthington gave me a few chapters from the pages of his interesting career.

"I was born under the planet Venus, so now you know how I came to have such a handsome appearance and delightful personality. I sat for the painting known as 'A Modern Adonis,' which was shown at the Royal Academy, 1915. Sufficient to say, Sir Richard Poynter was knighted for this masterpiece.

"When war commenced, Kitchener cabled me in the following terms:—

"Please come at once. Your King and Country needs you.—Yours, Kitch"

"Never let it be said, that when the path of duty was shown me I was found wanting. So, as soon as I had settled my estate—that is to say, paid my laundry bill—I set sail for England, and arrived here just in time to avert what might have been the greatest disaster in history. When I arrived at Victoria Station, Lord Kitchener met me in a taxi, and rushed me off to Whitehall without delay, and there he explained the whole situation. 'Now, for goodness' sake,' said he, 'hop across the water, and give the British Army a hand out. The Germans are hammering at the gates of Paris and any day now might see the fall of that great city.' He handed me my passport, and away I went.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS—Continued.

"Now, do you know how I stopped the Germans from capturing Paris in 1914?" he interrogated.

"Yes," I replied. "It would make very interesting reading for the boys in the Office."

"I disguised myself as the Angel of Mons, and so inspired the British Army, and frightened the Germans, that they beat it back to the Marne so quick, that you couldn't see their backs for dust. The rest of the story is history, which, no doubt you are fully conversant with. "

"After that, I returned to England and accepted a position in the Pay Office. As there was not sufficient scope for my untiring energy and intelligence there, I transferred to the Record Office.

"Yes, some people are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them, and for such people as myself, who 'left their country for their country's good,' the British nation can never sufficiently recompense.

"Mr. Justice Darling recently suggested that the statue of Justice on the dome of the Old Bailey should be removed, and my statue put there in its place, as an inspiration to the generations to come. They are also talking of removing Nelson from Trafalgar Square, and—"

I could really stand no more, so wended my way back to the Editor's Sanctum and reported my interview.

Editor's Note:—Although the above celebrity no longer exists in this Office, we thought it would not be out of place to publish the above "interview," which would have appeared before but for the suspension of the "Bulletin." Let us say: "Gone, but not forgotten."

F. E. BOSCHIER.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Play the game straight, and don't try to slip anything over. "Everything's been tried."

If you miss your train in the morning, take a taxi. Don't be late, it looks bad.

If you've got money, and it's near pay day, don't tell anybody. There are naughty people who go round collecting it.

That the various mirrors and pegs are supplied for the old staff, as well as the new.

Correspondence.

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

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

Sir,—Some time ago I wrote a letter to your paper, with a view to forming a Chess Club in the C.R.O., but, owing to the temporary suspension of your paper, I presume the article was forgotten. I should again like to remind all chess players that now is the most suitable time to form a club, as we can then arrange fixtures for outside clubs, before they make up their season's arrangements.

Would anyone care to make a start in this matter, or have we no enthusiastic chess men in the Office, with love enough for the game to carry out this idea?

Yours, etc.,

A CHESS PLAYER.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

The Hon. Nobby Clark, Mr. (not President) Willson, and friends have returned to town, after an absence of about six weeks, spent at their shooting box in Hampshire.

Mr. Willson claims the shooting to have been the best for many years, also the biggest bag of the party, which, considering his ability for shooting (the bull), comes as no surprise to his many friends in this country.

Big Chief Walters took a journey as far as Blackpool last moon to visit some of his tribesmen.

Premier Hurst, of R.2 B.1, with the aid of Signor Reginald Don Gyles, is busy investigating the exact date when Mr. Bonar Law entered politics.

We are informed that Baron Coles has recently inherited a goodly sum of money. He is a well-known "business" man.

We are pleased to announce the coming wedding of Count Hunt. The bride-to-be was formerly an ardent worker for the V.A.D. This is evidently the end of the Hunt.

LADIES' CORNER.

Dear Ladies,

Now that so many of you appear to be among us, and that nearly every one of you subscribe to the "Bulletin," I think it only right that you should have a corner all to yourselves. As many of you know, we used to run a "Ladies' Corner," but, owing to lack of "copy," we had to "close down." Anyway, my point is, I want to start this column running again, but it *cannot be done without your support!*

I am sure that if this column is opened up again, it will prove of the greatest interest to our lady readers. Now, ladies, in the words of the poet—"It's up to you."—Editor.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Have you heard that one about the Land Girls?

Don't listen to it, it's naughty.

If a "Ladies' Football Club" could not be formed in the Office?

The young ladies in R.I.B. Section quite realise they come here to WORK, and do NOT mistake this Office for a MATRIMONIAL Agency?

Are the Civilian Staff supposed to greet the L.S. with a military salute when they meet her in the street?

When is the L.S. getting her Sam Browne, and will she be allowed a batt-woman?

What makes the single men think river trips are too cold at this time of the year, and why don't the married men think the same? Is there no way for the single men to keep themselves warm?

Editor's Note:—We shall be pleased to give our support in any way possible to a Ladies' Football or Hockey team, should it be contemplated starting one in the Office.

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

SWIMMING.

The final big gala of the season, promoted by the Khaki University of Canada, is to be held on Saturday next, 5th October, at the Great Smith Street Baths, Westminster, at 3 p.m. Tickets, 1/-.
The programme promises to be an exceptionally good one. Champions and ex-champions from all over the world will be swimming. Male AND Female.

Miss Bell White, the English Diving Champion; Professor Jarvis, ex-Champion of the World at all distances; Master Harold Tipton, the Phenomenal Boy Swimmer.

We are hoping for strong support from this Office.

The cause is a good one:—The Maple Leaf Prisoners of War Tobacco Fund. Our last Gala was a success, and £50 was realised for this fund. Make this a bigger one. The Canadian Military Band from Epsom will be present to keep us in tune.

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SEE LARGE BILLS for complete programme.

OFFICE WIT.

Mrs. H.: I hear the new vicar is to preach next Sunday on "Home" in the morning, and "Hell" in the evening.

Mr. H.: Why, twice in one day on the same subject!

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Drink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

For I should have to pawn my watch,

If you should ask for wine.

* * *

Tom: Say, Bill, do you know the quickest way to make a baby fat?

Bill: Why, of course I do. Give it Glaxo.

Tom: Oh, no! Best way is to take the baby up to the top of a ten-storey building, and drop it, when it will come down to the earth, "plump"!

NOTICE.

All copy must reach the Editor not later than Thursday for the following week's issue.

FOOTBALL.

MEETING OF C.R.O. FOOTBALL CLUB.

A meeting of the above club was held on Sept 25th, and the following business was transacted,

S.Q.M.S Bett took the chair and sixteen members were in attendance. It was proposed by S-Sergt. Marshall and seconded by Corpl. Coles, that S.Q.M.S. Wiltshire be approached with a view to his accepting the position of manager.

Sergt. Charman having returned to his unit, his resignation as captain of the team was accepted.

It was proposed by Sergt. Scott and seconded by Corpl. Sheddon that S.-Sergt. Marsall be appointed captain for the ensuing season

A practice match was proposed for Saturday, 28th September to be played at Chiswick with a view to choosing the best eleven for the League game against the C.P.O. on Saturday, 5th October, but since this meeting the game was abandoned as announced elsewhere.

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Since the above meeting we learn that S.Q.M.S. Wiltshire has accepted the position of manager.

LESTER & PERKINS 3, C.R.O. 0.

Owing to the majority of the players being called on for late duty on Saturday afternoon, the practice game which was arranged to be played at Chiswick had to be abandoned.

Fortunately, however, a game was fixed up with the runners up of last year's First Division Muniton League, at Custom House.

Despite the much weakened team, the C.R.O. played a great game against a superior team, but were ultimately losers by three goals.

The defence played a good breaking up game, but the forwards were weak and numerous chances were missed.

The C.R.O. Team: McCoskey (goal), Betts and Woods (backs), Rees Marshall and Green (half-backs), Dunkley, Ritson, Coles, Cranston and Doig (forwards).

C.R.O. v. ORPINGTON

The First Game of the Season in connection with the

C. M. A. A. LEAGUE

will be played at

ORPINGTON.

Trains will leave at frequent intervals Hoiborn Viaduct and Victoria Station.

The Orpington representative assures us that any of the boys accompanying the team will be given a good time.