

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. I, No. 14.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1918

EDITORIAL.

No, the "Bulletin" is not dead. In fact, in a few weeks' time I am going to let you see that it's very much alive; but that's another story.

The worst of these "Suspensions" is that although they are unavoidable, they tend to dampen the enthusiasm of our readers, and thereby decrease the circulation. Still, here we are, and we must make the best of it.

I first want to thank all our readers for the magnificent response made to our "whip round" in connection with the "River Trip" failure. The sum collected was £6 3s. The sum required was £5, and a letter in acknowledgment of this sum from S.O.M.S. Kapacia is published in our correspondence column. The balance of £1 3s. has been placed to the credit of the Prisoners of War Tobacco Fund.

Having cleared the above liability, a cheque for £10 has been forwarded by the Adjutant to the P. of W. Tobacco Fund on behalf of the "Bulletin." We have thus cleared £10 from the sales of 13 editions, which I think our readers will admit is good business, considering the circulation.

Now, I've got something up my sleeve for you by way of Xmas Number. It's going to be a bumper affair, and it's going to cost you more than twopence. This will be our first Xmas Number, and there is not the slightest doubt it will be our last. Nothing of the kind has been turned out in this Office before, and with your help I am going to give you something worth taking back to Canada. It will be a great Souvenir, coloured cover, and lots of — no, I'm not going to tell you any more just now, but you must know that it is going to make us a deal of work, and unless we are backed up by every man jack in the office, officers, N.C.O.'s, men, and ladies alike, it won't be worth the trouble. Apart from that, there is a very expensive attached to the whole thing.

If every living soul in the office buys at least one copy (not to speak of the one you want to send to your pal or your old man), we can manage, and I guarantee you will be satisfied. All you have to do is buy the paper, but before doing this shake the dust out of your boots and work up that copy of yours. Then pass it along to me. We want heaps of copy. Our Editorial Sanctum is in R.2.A.2. Now you've got no excuse.

EDITOR.

CRICKET CLUB WHIST DRIVE.

Members and friends of the C.R.O. Cricket Club held a whist drive at the Anderton Hotel, Fleet Street, on Saturday, 2nd November, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. Lt. Johnston acted as chairman, and presented Q.M.S. Jamieson and Pte. Orr with a bat each, the former having the best bowling average and the latter being the champion batter. Both these gentlemen replied in a suitable fashion, explaining the mysteries of the game to the novices present. An enjoyable musical programme was rendered by members of the C.R.O. Quartette. Mrs. Jamieson gave a pleasing rendering of "Homeland," while Mr. Slade presided at the piano. During the evening we had a visit from Capt. Eliot and Lt. Charters, and from their expression they felt sorry they had not arrived earlier. This meeting is an example which might very well be followed by other Sections of the Office. So buck up, you laggards! The long winter is ahead of us.

NOTICE.

We must have more copy.

All material for the Xmas Number should be handed in as soon as possible.

Copy should be type-written and number of words given.

CHEVRONS.

It has been suggested that a hockey team be formed in the office. Anyone desiring to take this matter up, please give your name and branch to the Editor, or to Lieut. Gilpin.

There is a rumour going round that the C.R.O. Concert Party are to be called the "Xmas Waits." This is all wrong: they are on the move.

The Editor is in possession of several names of billiard enthusiasts who wish to run a tournament. Anyone else interested?

Another rumour has reached us to the effect that in future, when a General comes round three rounds will be fired from the anti-aircraft guns outside. This is all wrong too. The truth is that when a Lance Jack comes in from lunch someone (anyone) will blow a whistle.

By the way, is no one going to start some real move regarding Section Football? We suggested it, but as there is not the slightest doubt about the boys' views on this subject, surely it is up to our Football Authorities to carry on. It should prove a simple bit of organization.

Our congratulations are due to our old friend, Cpl. J. Perry, of R.2.B.2., on his increase—not in pay, but in family: a boy, 8 lbs. on Tuesday, 5th inst. Joe entered our Sanctum the next morning and told us this was his second. He already has a bonnie little girl, aged 7½ years. In the same breath he informed us he had been married only 11 months! Joe is his wife's second husband. Get that?

The Editor wishes it to be known that anonymous letters only find their way to the W.P.B. One he received a short time ago was a compilation about subsistence allowance and rat poison. He would inform this correspondent that he is neither on the strength of the Canadian Parliament nor a rat catcher.

We shall be glad to re-purchase in good condition Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 of the "Bulletin."

An old friend, Private A. Ferguson, of R.1.B., was married on 31st October. We wish him and his wife all future happiness. At the same time we extend our deepest sympathy to them both, Mrs. Ferguson having lost her father, who died from pneumonia just before they were married.

? ? ? ? ? ?

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

What Pte. Birnie said at bathing time in Endell Street Hospital. It would also be interesting to know his opinion of Lady doctors.

Why Cpl. Day let the title of Raffle King go to the basement; and, is it a fact that Cpl. Cuxton intends raffling a baby grand piano? If so, how is he going to get it into the office?

What church Mrs. Chapple goes to?

If Mrs. McKenzie and S./Sgt. Seggie wear kilts when on leave.

If Miss Tanner is any relation to the Mint?

If Miss Begg would not be a great asset to the various Flag Days on account of her namesake?

Does Mrs. Ingerson walk to work these days, as we cannot think of any other reason why she gets to the office earlier than usual, knowing as we do the reputation of the railroad she travels on?

If it is a fact that a famous town in Kent is named after two of our female clerks—Miss Tunbridge and Mrs. Wells?

When are they going to re-name Flanders "Flounders," as every night one reads "raining again in Flanders," and the justification for changing the name is so obvious that somebody surely must have suggested it?

If a certain S.Q.M.S. in R.1. "E" found the coal shortage so acute that he was forced to set fire to his bed?

Is it generally known that A/Cpl. Henderson has a most melodious voice, and daily warbles to the female staff of R.I.B. as the work goes merrily along. But is he aware that his warbling is rather disconcerting to the REAL musicians in his near vicinity, and considerably delays the progress of the work for which the Government pays us so handsomely out of our own money? (Let's have a C.R.O. concert and give him a chance to (ex)-distinguish himself in Society.—Ed.)

What S.Q.M.S.'s will give for the tip not to give the "Smoke" signal until someone offers them a cigarette?

Whether the fellow who remarked "My lady assistant is very affected—in fact, she is all affection," attends the Khaki College?

If the Police aren't having an easy time with hair-cuts and buttons since the invasion of the flapper?

Did Sgt. Fred Stockley R.2.A.2. enjoy his walk at 3 a.m. the other Sunday morning? And what does he think of the scenery on the Ilford road?

How Pte. Iazard, R.2.B.4, likes the new Local Casualty System? And if the second diagnosis pleased him?

Who was the gallant Ex-Bombardier attached to H.Q. Branch who was congratulating himself on his abilities as a lady-killer, and what were his feelings when he heard that the husband was present in the same room?

Who escorted the aforesaid "Adonis" home in the early hours, and what was his means of transit?

The name of the S.Q.M.S. who took a young lady to a dance, and had to play gooseberry on the arrival of a certain young officer?

Which is the Branch that has a number of "Bandsmen" and "Soap Box Orators" and are they entertaining the idea of taking "charters" on Finsbury Park for practice purposes?

Who is the charming damsel who writes to Cpl. Jackson (R.I.B.), and seals her envelopes with a black hand?

If it is possible to insert a sheet of paper between Corpl. and (Mrs.) Ford (R.I.B.) when they are extracting Part. 11 Orders? "Let brotherly love continue."

Whether we shall all be so very glad to say good-bye to London after all?

Will the Band play "The girl I left behind me" again, or is once in one war enough?

RECORD OFFICE FABLES.—No. 1.

By JENKY.

Once upon a time there was a man who one day glanced at the pants that he had been wearing for the past eighteen months, and decided that it was about time he paraded for a new pair, and accordingly next clothing parade presented himself at the Quartermaster's Store.

"What can I do for you?" politely enquired the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

"I would like to draw a new pair of pants," replied the soldier.

"Certainly!" replied the Quartermaster-Sergeant. "Here you are—just the very thing"; and so saying handed him a pair big enough for two men.

The soldier wended his way home that night, highly elated at his good fortune. "For," thought he to himself, "I'll get the wife to cut a few yards off the bottom, and make the kiddie a suit of clothes, and with the money I save I'll invest in the War Loan."

This, you will admit, was a very patriotic method to adopt, as it is these little things that count in life.

Arriving home he gave his wife instructions, and she, being a thrifty woman, not only made the kiddie a new suit, but also made a new costume for herself out of the surplus cloth, and next morning the soldier arrived at the office looking trim and neat in the new pair of walking breeches that his wife had created.

Everything went all right for a week, and the soldier began to feel quite a happy man, and what he really was: a civilian in khaki, and the pride in wearing the King's uniform began to assert itself once more, until one day the eyes of authority espied him, and forthwith he was warned for Orderly Room for being improperly dressed.

"You are accused," began authority, "of being improperly dressed, and for a breach of military discipline, inasmuch that you disobeyed the rules laid down in R.D. Para. 1584, Vic. Romans Jeremiah 23rd Chapter, so on and so on. Have you anything to say before I sentence you for this heinous crime?"

"Yes, sir, I've been doing what should have been done four years ago. If the amount of cloth which has been hidden by puttees had been saved, from the time war commenced, the Government would have saved £600,000, and if the cloth was cut four inches wide, it would be long enough to cut a belt right round the world, and besides, a neat pair of walking breeches looks six times better than a pair of Bulgarian pants, and —"

"That's no excuse whatever," interrupted Authority. "Three week-end duties. About turn—quick march!"

MORAL.—Leave the thinking to those who are paid to think; but if you must think, think softly.

By the time this issue is published we shall have lost our Adjutant, Capt. B. Simpson, who is returning to Canada. He was most popular with all ranks, and by his tact and kind consideration endeared himself to everyone. On behalf of our readers we wish him all success and the best of luck for the future.

USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG WARRIORS.

Never miss your rum rations, if possible. Compliment the Sergeant on his fairness in issuing. This is generally sufficient.

Should you report sick, be careful to tell the M.O. that you do not want to leave the Battalion. Usually this will get you evacuated.

If you are ambitious, conceal your ideas. Deny yourself and give your sergeant your rum rations.

Also remember your officers are invariably right, and be eager to take the blame for any mistakes. It's your fault, anyway, for being a soldier.

If you attain to lance rank, yell like hell when any officers are about, and when they go abuse them to your section—this pleases both.

If you get leave—but no, that will not interest you for some years yet.

Finally, my son, set your mind on becoming a Q.M. Thus you will make provision for your old age.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Baron Von Randall retired (according to plan) to his country seat 26-10-18.—Received per Wireless.

Ranjah Stingie Sir Sleepy Macgregor, who has been on an important Government job on the next floor, has returned again for permanent duty in the workhouse. (R.I.E.)

The Hon. Hucklebury Dolittle Littlebury, whose stables have done so well in the recent races, has retired from the course—his remarkable talents will in future be used licking stamps.

Sir Edward Dearlove has resumed his duties after a ten days' vacation at his castle in Surrey.

Does EVERYONE in your Section
BUY THE
"BULLETIN"?
IF NOT—WHY NOT?

RECONSTRUCTION.

In Canada, and in Europe, there has been numerous expressions of opinion, hope, theory, and demand regarding the future—in books, articles, speeches, manifestations and declarations of parties and statesmen, labour leaders' aims, etc., especially during the deepening shadow of the past two years in the war.

It has been said that in such matters a fool's guess is as good as the wisest man's what the real influence of these opinions would be if the war were to end to-morrow, and whether they are right or not are debatable questions. In any case, they are "weather" signs that must be regarded in preparing for the future. They are indications of the state of the world's mind—or rather, indications that there is such a thing in process of formation. It the future disposition of the soldier now serving is under contemplation by those left behind, the question arises: Is the soldier going to stand for this; he has made a reconstruction possible, but for him there would be no future to figure out; therefore, the Tommy has got a say in his own future disposition. I believe that settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity. The reader we are to cut away from the rest, the better we shall succeed.

We must not be always thinking of getting back to where we were before the war. Get a really new world. To do this we must organise, and as military law will not allow a soldier to join any organization, we must leave our future to the discharged men; but, then again, without an assurance of our support after the war, the work they are doing now will be useless. I might say that a plan will shortly be put before the Canadian Government by the Great War Veteran's Association, which, if adopted, will overcome all difficulties, and every man wishing to do so will automatically on his discharge become a member of the G.W.V.A. Our power then will be unlimited, and will have in this organization the brain and muscle of Canada. I placed this scheme before the G.W.V.A. some weeks ago, and received the following reply:—

From the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada.

Dear Sir and Comrade,—

I have your letter of the 2nd inst., and am very grateful for the suggestions put forward. It is valuable, I may say, and I will strongly recommend my Executive Committee, and that it will be acted upon. It may, however, be difficult for us to secure the co-operation of the Militia Authorities, but, if we can do that, the rest is simple. It is decidedly to the advantage of the Government to assist us to adopt your scheme, and it is most certainly in the best interest of the men that they become members of the Association.

During the first year of our existence we accomplished much in the ways of better pensions, and the more efficient handling of the problems that have to be fixed in the rehabilitations of the soldiers.

I will be pleased to have any further suggestions you may make, and shall be



PAPER SHORTAGE.

Correspondence Clerk writing to Headquarters 19—!

RECONSTRUCTION—continued.

most happy to have your assistance in this work, when we are in a position to undertake it.

I am enclosing two copies of the Constitution for your information, and am also forwarding a few copies of the "Veteran," our official publication.

With fraternal greetings, believe me to be,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) R. M. STEWART,
Secretary, Treasurer,
G.W.V.A. of Canada.

The copies of the Constitution referred to are open for the perusal of any of the boys that wish to do so.

The reply to my letter proves that this organization is the right one for us, and if the powers that be do not see their way clear to assist us in my scheme, I strongly recommend that every man becomes a member on his discharge. There is no other way. "United we stand, divided we fall." We are united now, and indisputably standing so let us unite again after the war, and (stand) for right and justice.

(Signed) J. BRYANT, S/M.

HUMOURS OF MUSTER PARADE

S./Sgt. Ellis, in endeavouring to get his party to right about turn, was lost for words, and this was the result: "Party 'Shun, Front!"

Cpl. Morrison.—During the stand-easy period Tiny was very confidential, and told a few of his friends that the Sergt.-Major had told him he was the smartest soldier in the office. However, he omitted to add that this happened the night he was on duty by himself.

Cpl. Beesley should know by now that it is not in accordance with the Manual of Military Training to salute a sergeant-major, even on muster parades.

Pte. Stanton appeared on parade in a disreputable looking tunic with a gaping hole in the elbow, and was tickled to death when the R.S.M. took his name, thinking he was bound to get a new tunic. Surely Basil has been long enough in the office to know that it is ridiculous to expect a new tunic as long as the buttons are in good order.

Pte. Hicks-Beach (the Chancellor) created much merriment by his appearance on parade in a pair of trousers of sage green and of pronounced Bulgarian cut, with a tunic of very light brown. The contrast was screamingly funny.

It will be a source of gratification to members of the Staff to know that in spite of the absence of the S./Sgt. Traylen and Sgt. Logan it has been decided to hold Muster Parades as usual.

A pleasing feature of Muster Parade was the appearance of a large number of the C.R.O. Staff in tunics showing the new fancy frilling on the tunic sleeves. As a matter of fact it is not really frilling, but is a condition due to a cloth disease known in Q.M. Stores as "Tunicus Oldas Helle." Just now the disease seems to be very prevalent, and it certainly adds a certain amount of gaiety to the parades to see the various parties of men swinging on the parade ground with caps at a rakish angle and frilled sleeves; it takes one back to the days of the Jolly Old Cavaliers with their frillings of lace.

Another little item which has caused a lot of uneasiness of late is the non-appearance of the pipe band. Judging from correspondence in the "Bulletin" a few weeks back one was led to believe that a pipe band was a reality and was only waiting for a Muster Parade to make its debut. It is a source of annoyance to the mounted members of the Staff (not the Bulgarians) to think that all day long they sit on wooden mounts digging their spurs in the chair legs when they would be far happier marching round the city with their spurs jingling in tune with the pipes. Come on, you pipers, get a move on!

A letter was received in this Office recently addressed:—To Canadian Wreckard Office, London. Excerpt. "The last Wreckard they had he went O/S on a raft."

LADIES' CORNER.

HEARD OVER THE 'PHONE.

Oh, yes, any old time will do. Ask for the 3rd floor. You see we have Lift.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Did the Cpl. in R.I.B. think of staying in the office all night.

Did the young lady in R.I.B. ever see her Sergt. in petticoats, as she told him she did not like him in trousers?

If Cpl. Ford has found a new wife, and what he has done with his first?

Hadn't the young lady better be told?

If Pte. Eadie can do without his favourite mirror and render its services voluntary and for the duration for the flappers' cloak-room in the basement?

What was amusing the girls on Pay Parade, and where did the h's get to? (P'r'aps that's where they were.—Ed.)

Whether the Military Staff are not a little conceited over their matrimonial chances, since they are under the impression that the female staff haven't any?

And the to "Have to scold state" dazzle our eyes much?

Would not a more generous way of thinking suit their particular style of beauty more adequately?

Correspondence.

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

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

Khaki University of Canada.
Nov. 2nd, 1918.

To Lieut. Candy, C.R.O.

Dear Sir,—

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your cheque for £5 to cover money advanced for the river trip. I have to thank you most sincerely for the trouble you have been put to in this regard, and I hope that the Department which attends to the social end of our College may be in a position next year to be of service to you.

Once more thanking you for your courtesy and consideration.

Yours very truly,

KENNETH KAPADIA,

S.Q.M.S.

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

The Editor,—

We have heard from several sources that "Dope," which had been compiled and submitted to the "Bulletin" for publication has never appeared in print, and upon calling at the Office of the "Bulletin" we have been informed that the "Censor" has "cut it out."

Almost any joke or remark—sometimes quite personal—about a "full buck private" of junior N.C.O. finds ready space.

Consequently one is led to believe that those "higher up" are exempt.

The question which naturally arises is what have we been fighting for?

FAIRPLAY.

(The answer to the first part of the question is in the affirmative; therefore, the latter question does not arise.—Editor.)

(The House then adjourned until next Wednesday.)

RECORDS REGISTRY.

(Continued from last issue.)

The commotion we mentioned last Issue

In our branch has somewhat died,

Cpl. Day fell over his shadow,

And I laughed till I nearly cried.

The S.M. took Tomlin's rations

In mistake for his own last night;

When they met again in the morning,

I felt sure there would be a fight.

Rogerson is working like fury

To help get the new staff into shape,

And Hodges is up to his neck in it,

And invented a new hymn of hate.

Johnson with all his troubles

Just longs for the time to come

When he and his pal from the Postal

Get back on the ranch, "By Gum."

Ingram looks over his glasses

With the air of a man who has done

His bit for his King and his Country,

And old Hampson keeps chewing his

gum.

Pye, who allocates correspondence,

Sits there with a troubled brow;

Miss Barnett looks on in pity,

And the Typists kick up some row.

Holway you can see is thinking,

When the casualties come in galore,

What a difference it made to the office

Since the staff is not as before.

—J.B.

(To be continued.)

TO THE STAFF—MILITARY AND CIVIL.

It has been proposed to give a C.R.O. dance on a large scale in the near future. We have had the offer of the Caxton Hall, Westminster; also a splendid Band. A committee will be formed, if we can get enough to put their names down as subscribers. You can bring as many friends as you like, so put your name down if you want a good time. Tickets will be 2s. 6d.

Let us see how many will support us. May we have your name? Thank you! Uniform—Fancy Costume and Evening Dress—optional.

—SGT. H. JACKSON, R.2.B.5.

NOTICE.

All Copy for the Xmas War Souvenir Number must be absolutely original.

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Never ask the S.Q.M.S. his opinion of you—he might be a truthful man.

Never start working suddenly when the officer walks through your room—he is almost sure to notice it.

Never get an inflated idea of your own importance—things that are inflated some times burst.

Never bring your knitting, etc.—the adjutant might not like it.

Never report sick with a headache—the M.O. knows the class of booze on sale these days.

Never forget your pay-book on pay-days—it makes the paymaster so wild.

Never indent for clothing unless your old ones are in such a condition that the rag and bone man refuses them—then your chances are fair.

Never fail to make thorough investigations before accepting an invitation out to dinner and theatre as to your host's attestation paper!

OFFICE WIT.

Gems from Casualty Cards.

Ingrowing toe nails FEET.

Now SAFE with Unit.

It is proposed that ladies should wear bells, so that gentlemen should know of their presence and control the exuberance of verbosity of a blue design.

What a Clever Man is our M.O.

For a fractured Tibia, femur of cranium,

Displaced patella or varicose vein,

Duodenal ulcer, sarcoma of hæmorrhage,

Are all set at naught by his wonderful brain.

Our Donnie: The Order of Merit is very hard to get; I might say harder even in some ways than the O.C.

Old —itch: Yes!

Our Donnie: W. E. Gladstone was one of those who had it.

Old —itch: But as Gladstone died in 1898 and the O.M. was founded in 1902, how is it possible?

Our Donnie: But I've seen a picture of Gladstone with the letters "G.O.M." underneath. What would that mean?

She: So you are bashful?

He: Yes; take after my father.

She: Was your father bashful?

He: Well, Ma says if Pa hadn't been so bashful I'd be two years older.

STOP PRESS.

FOOTBALL.

A game was played at Chiswick between teams representing R1 and R2 Sections in this office.

The game resulted in a win for R2 by 7 goals to 2.