

Do Soldier's Wives Devour their Young?

THE C.R.O. Bulletin

VOL. I, No. 9.]

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. [WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1918

EDITORIAL.

One more year—at least two years to go—can't be finished under three. Thus the man in the street on the fourth anniversary of the commencement of the present world upheaval. But in uniform one cannot hold the view-point of the man in the street, and with a Maple Leaf on the uniform the possibility of one, two, or three extra years does not afford a source of uneasiness.

Each succeeding anniversary has seen a change in popular feeling. At the start of things thousands of enthusiasts watched for the actual declaration of hostilities, and rushed to enlist to make sure of getting in on a "short war." They sailed and put in a long winter's training. The war was still on. Their turn came, and the record of their achievements, the casualties they sustained, had its effect on the spirit of Canada at home. The "short war" idea gave place to a spirit of determination irrespective of time limits. That spirit still survives.

The second year saw the high-water mark of voluntary recruiting in Canada, and the placing of two new divisions in the field. All three divisions earned new honours at the beginning of the third year. Then the arrival of still another division brought to the fore the problem of reinforcements. Still the spirit held, even to the point of bringing into effect the provisions of a Military Service Act. There were little frictions; perhaps some were not so little. But the objectives were obtained.

Thus have ideas and efforts been consolidated. The first wild enthusiasm lost nothing in effect when it was converted to a solid determination. This determination bore fruits in objects attained, which added optimism to the general spirit. To-day, after a struggle of four years, the enthusiasm, the determination, the attainments, the optimism, which have characterised the succeeding periods all have combined to give us absolute knowledge of our power. With that knowledge, be it one more year or four, we cannot doubt the certainty of final success. With past records to look up to we may not permit it to be otherwise.



OUR TREASURER.

As he might have appeared in the Days of the Gladiators.

CHEVRONS.

A few of our readers still have the impression that they can use our columns for *purely personal spite*. We must repeat that this is *not* so, and only tends to hinder us in the easy working of the paper. "Slam one home" by all means (we do it ourselves sometimes), but these little personal "tiffs" are only petty and do not interest our readers, which, after all, is our main idea.

As our readers are aware, an attack on the BULLETIN has been expected for some time now, but as nothing has developed we are afraid we shall have to take the initiative. The enemy might have heard, of course, that our defences had been improved, but up to time of going to press there is nothing to report on this front. Our observation balloons are up, and artillery are going up to the line.

We assure our readers there is no need for alarm, as we have ammunition enough to last for several weeks if the enemy should counter-attack.

By the way, No. 5 of the BULLETIN is sold out. (This was the "Savage number," in which a certain correspondent predicted that "the insertion of such piffle would not tend to make the circulation any stronger"—funny we should sell this one out first!)

Lieut Sleep has informed us that he did *not* pinch the "River Trip" idea from the "Bulletin."

The Khaki College River Trip takes place on Aug. 18th, and by the arrangements which have been made it promises to be a great success, in other words it will be run in the usual Khaki College way. Tickets can be obtained from the Secretary, Khaki College, 94, Gower Street, W. C. 1.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As a number of our readers are leaving the office we should like to remind them that if they wish to continue to subscribe to the "Bulletin," we will forward it on at a nominal charge of 3d. weekly, postage free. Arrangements should be made with the Secretary, Pte. F. Boshler, R 2. A. Cent. Section.

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THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW?

Who is the P.T. instructor that appears through the window of the fifth floor every morning, and what is his object?

Why all the watches differ in R1F Branch, and which one is really correct.

How is it that Shorty Pettitt of R2B4 was the only one in the section who did not favour a "section" dinner?

Was it because he was short in other respects than stature?

What did S/Sgt. Patterson tell the Land Girl when she asked him why he took off his baseball uniform at the game at Harrow on Monday last?

What does Thorty Giles and Snail Hinds of the C.R.O. baseball fame, think of the Stanmore Sunrise, and did they like the "Land Army Retreat"?

Who was the S.Q.M.S. who in September Morn costume in the dressing room at Norbury was so scared at the approach of ladies that he beat a hasty retreat?

And was his flight not unbecoming to a "Soldier and a (married) Man"?

Who was the Corporal in R1B who raised his hat to the O.C. outside the office?

If the young lady in R1F enjoyed paying the excess fee on the letter she received last Thursday?

And whether it would not be safer for her to find out the name of the person who really wrote her, instead of accusing others?

What the fellow thought who was shooting off about his service in France when "squashed" by one of the boys with a wooden leg with the following remark: "Shut up; I was longer under chloroform than you were up the line"?

If we are to take, from the attitude of Pte. Bruce towards the English people, that he in an American, and are all Americans born in Halifax, N.S.?

If (after a recent practice) it is suggested that the Baseball Team and Tug-o-War Team change places?

If any one in the office can tell where the Tug-o-War Team is? Said to have been stolen by the Railway Troops. Last seen going west on Saturday, August 3rd, 1918.

Did Cpl. Webb ever find out whom he gave the £1 note to?

What did S.Q.M.S. Hewitt say when the new addition to R1B made an application for a loan of £5?

Can Cpl. Cutler throw any light on the pedigree of our Chocolate Baby?

And why does the aforesaid Chocolate Baby hand over his valuables to Pte. Hill for safe keeping when he leaves the room?

Who were the two Highlanders at Monday's baseball game at Harrow who gave to the spectators an exhibition of the fox trot, and did it provide a scream for the girlies?

Are members of the C.R.O. Baseball Team keen on the members of the Women's Land Army, and can they pitch hay better than they can pitch ball?

Did Pte. McCoskery think he was receiving a nice present when he opened a parcel containing a baseball stocking from a young lady near Harrow?

And can Pte. McCoskery explain how it got on the young lady's leg, as she was seen wearing it on the way home?

If a certain budding Physical Instructor entered his name in the C.M.A.A. sporting events just to see his name in print, and can he always develop a limp on the morning on which sports take place?

What two certain boys in R1E find immense attraction at Henekey's in Holborn, and if they will find their amusement elsewhere for a time and let two other members hold the bar up for a while?

Who recently kicked Mr. Burrows, of R1E, in the neck, was he responsible, and did he reply, "Do it again, I like it"?

Has his medical category been raised, as the one kicked declares him to be A1?

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN.

Time: 8.35 a.m.

Pte. to Policeman: Do you mind taking my name; I am 5 mins. late?

Policeman: Oh, that's alright.

Pte.: But I insist you take my name.

Policeman: Couldn't think of it, old boy.

Pte. to O.C. Branch: Can I have a week's leave, sir, my grandmother is dead?

O.C.: Certainly, my man, take two weeks.

S.Q.M.S. Ruddell to Group Clerk: It will be quite alright if you bring your cables in at 5.25 p.m.

Lady to Grocer's Assistant: Can I have any cheese?

Grocer's Assistant: Yes, mum; and would you like some jam?

Pte. to S.Q.M.S.: May I have an extra half-hour for lunch to-day?

S.Q.M.S.: Certainly, take two hours.

Pte. to Shoemaker Sgt.: Could you have these boots soled and heeled by Friday week?

Shoemaker Sgt.: I'll start on them now, and you can have them to-morrow.

Canadian to Barmaid: Double whiskey, please.

Barmaid: Won't you have a half-quartern?

Canadian: How much?

Barmaid: 1s. 6d.; oh, but you're a Canadian; 1s. 4d. to you.

Pte. to Paymaster: Can I have an advance of pay of £2, sir?

Paymaster: Certainly, you can have £5 if you like.

CURRENT WIT.

Officer: Sgt. —, do you know that through your not using tact you was the cause of many lives being sacrificed? What were you before you joined up?

Sgt.: Plumber, sir.

Officer: But you don't mean to tell me that a plumber's trade calls for tact?

Sgt.: Well, it's like this 'ere, sir. One day I was sent to repair a bath. I knocked at the door of the house, and gettin' no answer, opened the door, went upstairs, and it never occurred to me to knock at the door. In I goes, and strike me pink if there was not a young woman havin' a bath.

Officer: Well, and where did you exhibit your tact?

Sgt.: I looks at her for a moment or so and said, "Excuse me, sir."

* * *

A certain Highland Sergeant in R2A was given a dictation number on Tuesday last. As if to justify his claim to the number, the following gem from his pen was part of a letter sent to a stenographer to type:

"Will you please have same published in Part II. D.O.'s of the U.U.Y.C.?"

These mystic letters came as a great shock to the stenographer, who vainly endeavoured to find the unit referred to, but without success, and at last she decided that it must be a new branch of the Canadian Military Athletic Association for brightening up the lives of the Huns in our midst under the title of "Uns Undersea Yacht Club," or perhaps a new term from the Quartermaster's Store relating to the recent issue of wood pulp undervests as "Underclothing, Unadorned Yet Cute," or something similar.

To settle the matter, however, it was referred back to the Highland Laddie, who without blushing calmly announced that the mystic initials really meant "Unit under your command."

"Brevity is the soul of wit," so 'tis said, and it certainly seems that this gentleman has a very deep soul.

* * *

Then up spake Mr. Candy, and his voice was cold and clear:

"Damn this blasted BULLETIN, 'tis a tricky child to rear,

"But Low-hell Low—we'll carry on and do our very worst;

"We'll publish SOMETIME every week or be our names accursed."

D. Ts.

OVERHEARD IN THE TRAIN.

A little girl was greatly admiring an R.A.F. officer (in which Force the "rank" is denoted by gold stripes on the cap, each side of the badge.

"Say, Mummie, look at that poor officer; he has been wounded four times in the head!"

**IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS
WITH WELL KNOWN MEN,**

(By our Special Correspondent.)

LIEUT. CANDY.

When I went in search of our Treasurer last Saturday afternoon, I found him at the Club peacefully ensconced in an easy chair, but with a slightly worried expression on his face—the kind of look a man has when he has backed a winner at a hundred to one, and the bookie has died of heart failure before paying him. "Why this troubled expression?" I asked. "It may sound strange," he replied, "but ever since you published 'Ole Bill's' dream in your last interview I have been worried to distraction. Even my little baby has been rubbing it in. When I walked in to breakfast this morning he started singing, 'Shall I be an angel, daddy?' and when I told him to shut up he looked at me as much as to say, 'A hair in the head is worth two in a hair-brush.' It all sounds very funny, I know, but can you really imagine me wearing a pair of wings, playing a harp?" "No," I answered, "no more than I can imagine Capt. Elliott playing Hamlet." "If you will give your undivided attention for a few minutes, Mr. Correspondent," he continued, "I'll relate to you something that really did happen." This I promised to do, and as Mr. Candy related the following episode you could have heard a pin drop. "Some time ago I was strolling down Bond Street, when I noticed outside a door a placard with the words, 'Madame Butterfly, Palmist and Clairvoyant.' Of course, it is unnecessary for me to say that a clairvoyant is a lady who tells things that have happened, might happen and might not happen, so I decided to go in and have my future mapped out for me, and save the trouble of moulding my own destiny. In I walked, and was shown by a maid into a room with a table in the centre, and on the table was a huge crystal about four feet in diameter. After I had waited about ten minutes, the great Madame Butterfly herself came in. 'Good afternoon,' said she. 'Good afternoon,' said I, and, as a gentleman should, chivalrously bowed before her majesty. I then heard something go—these pants of mine always were a bit too tight. 'Be seated,' she said in a sepulchral tone of voice, 'and I will tell you what the crystal has to say about you. Ha! ha! what do I see here, young man? Do you know that this is your second time on earth?' 'Second time on earth,' I exclaimed. 'Speak on, fair lady of a thousand charms, tell me more; you interest me.' 'Yes, she continued, 'you first lived two thousand years ago. When you were a general under the one and only Julius Caesar. The kaleidoscopic view in the crystal shows you, Julius Caesar, Cleopatra and Anthony all sitting together in a box at the Coliseum, Rome, watching the Christians being thrown to the lions.' 'Good heavens,' I shouted excitedly. 'That view has now gone,' she continued, feigning not to notice my interruption, 'and another one has appeared in the crystal. This time the four of you are together again in another part

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Lord Cooper, of R2, returned from his shooting box on Monday.

Count Boshier is shortly to take a week's rest from his arduous duties.

It is rumoured that Sir Robert Ruddell is to be made a K.C.S.B., which honour entitles him to the Freedom of Shepherd's Bush.

Amongst the well-known society people dining at Lockhart's we noticed Lord Powell, Baron Parker, P.C., General Hewitt, K.C.B.S., Lord Roberts, and Viscount Gardner.

The Laird of Logan, M.P., has received the Freedom of "Ye Olde Dutch Kitchen."

TUG-O'-WAR TEAMS EPITAPH.

"The anchor's weighed," lads, take the strain;
To pull the Railway Troops were fame.
Alas! to lose the day 't was fated;
Next time the "Sapper" will be
"Weighted."

HINTS TO NEW COMERS.

Don't think you know all about routine because you were once an office boy.

Don't tell the D.S. Clerk all you know; let him find out some of it himself.

of the Coliseum watching a chariot race. This is the most exciting race of the year, between the two greatest chariot drivers of that period—Permangamate and Potash. Before they started, Cleopatra had a friendly five dollar bet with you that Permangamate will win. I might mention that it was touch and go between you and Anthony who was going to marry Cleopatra, but that is another story. Here they come—they are now passing the royal box. Permangamate is leading by about ten yards.' I was getting very excited now at these remarkable revelations, and glanced over her shoulder into the crystal to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but, of course, not having the supernatural gifts of Madame Butterfly, I could see nothing. 'Permangamate is still leading,' she continued, 'and Cleopatra playfully dug you in the ribs, very bucked as she contemplates the good time she is going to have on your five dollars. Good heavens, it can't be.' Madame Butterfly ejaculated. 'No, it can't!—Yes, it can!—No, it can't!—Yes, yes! Hooray! Permangamate's front horse has fallen, and Potash wins.' Somebody then burst into the room, and before I knew where I was three stalwart policemen confronted us. They took my name and address, and Madame Butterfly was yanked off, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour. When she has done her time I think I'll visit her again. I'm rather keen to know why I didn't marry Cleopatra. Perhaps I could have averted the sad disaster which befell her, then my name would have figured in history for all time."

Correspondence.

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

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

Your correspondent, "Probaireachd," in his letter to the BULLETIN on the subject of "Bagpipes or Brass bands," raises the question of valour in connection with this subject. He states he has never heard of a bassoon player winning the V.C. First let me tell him the bassoon is a "reed," not a brass instrument.

Does he remember Bugler Dunne, who played a brass instrument and won the V.C.? And the only piper who won the V.C. was Piper Findlater at Dargai, so there is nothing to write home about.

But that has nothing to do with the quality of the music dispensed by "Pipers" and "Brass Bands." Because a big drummer happens to win the Military Medal, it in no way follows that the chap who plays the cornet and has not won a decoration lets off music of an inferior quality; or, again, because the piper wins the V.C., he can't get one over the "wailing" of our cat that is on home service.

It is quality in music that counts, not quantity. Imagine Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Tales of Hoffmann, and other musical gems being played by a pipe band—it can't be done.

The place for a pipe band is in camp, and if your correspondent is so anxious for martial music why does he not apply for return to his unit.

Yours truly,
"OSAVEUS."

The Ed. C.R.O. Bulletin.

As we have nearly every kind of team in the office, I wonder if we could not get up a chess team, as I am well aware there are a good number of men in the Record Office who play the game, and think if we arranged a few matches between them you would be able to get a first-rate chess team out of it.

Perhaps some ardent player amongst the boys will give his views on the matter and get things going in time to have a chess club in full swing before the fall sets in.

Thanking you for bringing this before the notice of your readers, and wishing your paper every success,

Yours, etc.,
A LOVER OF CHESS.

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

Reply to S/Sgt. J. Adams' Challenge.

Cpl. Sargeant regrets that owing to his strenuous military duties (or perhaps it is shortage of cash to find the stake money), it is impossible to find a suitable date to take up the above challenge.

However, to avoid disappointment, S.O.M.S. Wilbraham, Middleweight Champion, C.R.O. (never fought and never defeated), has promised to deputise; date, etc., to be announced later.

Yours, etc.
CPL. SARGEANT.

LADIES' CORNER.

Why does a certain young lady in RIC indulge in so many square-necked blouses these days?

Is it because of the praises she receives from strangers in Maison Lyons?

What was the attraction in Piccadilly Circus the other night for the Blue Eyes Pte. in RIC?

And after waiting for an hour, did he realise that a practical joke had been played on him?

What will our genial Medical S/Sgt. do now hubby is home from France?

Correspondence (continued)

To the Editor of the Bulletin.

In the last issue of the BULLETIN I notice a letter written by "A Man o'er the Border." He speaks of every lover of real music appreciating a pipe band. From his remarks I take it that Adam was a Scotchman, and therefore introduced the bagpipes into that beautiful country. I think the only good effect they have had is on the landscape, whilst it has paralysed the musical talent of the people.

I have never heard of any music being written for the bagpipes, neither have I heard one of them being used in any of the world's famous festivals.

Might I suggest that a set of bagpipes be given to the "Man o'er the Border" with instructions to play himself over the Border and for God's sake stay there, where he can revel in his own glorious music of squeels.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

IT'S AN AWFUL WAR!

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I am getting more eatless every day;
My house it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
They're all sent to the Y.M.C.A.

* * *

The bar rooms are treatless,
The coffee is sweetless,
Each day I grow poorer and wiser;
My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
My God! how I hate the Kaiser!

PARTICULARS OF THE THE "BULLETIN" RIVER TRIP

Will be announced shortly.

SPORTS.

ROWING.

The Service Regatta which was held at Hammersmith on Aug. 10th was a great success and was witnessed by a large number of spectators. As might be expected the Military were greatly in evidence. There were Imperial, Australian, New Zealand Royal Air Force (but no Canadian) Officers present, many of them taking an active part in the racing by urging their men on.

The K.U.B.C. entered a crew in the Eight Oar Race to represent Canada and was made up as follows:—

1. U. G. Robertson, C.A.P.C.
 2. V. J. Maycock, C.A.P.C.
 3. J. H. Brookes, C.R.O.
 4. H. Watson, C.R.O.
 5. G. Leacock, C.A.P.C.
 6. W. L. Doyle, C.A.P.C.
 7. H. W. Sealy, C.R.O.
- F. Marshall, (Stroke) C.R.O.
D. J. Wright, (Cox) H'qtrs.

In the 1st heat our boys rowed against the R.A.F. Chelsea and the Wattle Club (Australians). By an accident at the start they lost fully four lengths but by sheer pluck they made this up and managed to win by 3/4 of a length. In the final they rowed against the R.A.F. Battersea and won easily by five lengths.

On Saturday August 10th commencing at 4-30 p.m. at Putney, the K.U.B.C. are holding a Single Sculling Race, Four Oar Race (Can. For. Corps Can. Army Office) and a Scratch Eight Oar Race, to be followed by a Smoking Concert when the medals won at the Regatta held on July 6th will be presented by Dr. Tory.

Make a note of Aug. 31st, the International Regatta to be held at Putney.

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SWIMMING.

The Canadian Swimming Championships for the O.M.F. of Canada in the British Isles took place at Bramshott, on Wednesday, August 7th.

The results should prove highly satisfactory to the personnel of the London area. Six areas were represented, the London area winning the aggregate number of points (12), Snorcliffe being second with (11).

The events falling to the London area were:—the Team Race, the Officer's Race, and the 200 yards; being second in the Breast Stroke, third in the 100 yards, and fourth in the Diving. The London Area Combination representatives were all members of the K.U.S.C. The C.R.O. was represented by Cpl. Woods, Pte. Getgood and Pte. Nunn.

K.U.S.C. members please note that on Friday, Aug. 16th, a 60 yards handicap will be held at St. George's Baths, Victoria, open to all members of the K.U.S.C. Cpl. Wood, R2A4, will receive entries not later than 9 a.m. Aug. 16th. Two prizes will be given.

CRICKET.

On Saturday 10th inst. at Harrow on a beautifully situated ground and favoured with grand weather, we played the R.N.D. (Writers XI) recording our eighth win out of 5 matches.

The features of the game were number of batsmen who ran into double figures, Parkins bowling (wickets for 20 runs), and two fine catches by G. Jones of R2, B5, out in de p field. The fielding generally was excellent, not a chance being missed. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Saunders, and Mrs. Jones for the splendid way they hustled round and found the wherewithal to provide tea.

SCORES.

Gnr. Randall, F. M., lbw.	- 49
Pte. Orr, H. R., c.	- 46
S.Q.M.S. Slade, W.M., lbw.	- 6
S.M. Stewart T., b.	- 26
Pte. Parkin, F. E., c.	- 5
Sgt. Charman, J., c.	- 13
Sgt. Fowler, F. C., not out.	- 31
Pte. Smith, J. W., b.	- 0
Pte. Jones, G., not out.	- 0
Extras	- 6

Total (7 wkts declared) - 182

S.Q.M.S. Rogerson and Cpl. Wood did not bat.

R.N.D. (Writers XI) 60 for 10 wkts.

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Our congratulations are due to all the C.R.O. representatives who so successfully competed in the Rowing, Swimming and Cricket last week, which shows that we can at least hold our own in these sports.

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In view of the near approach of the Football Season, will all who are interested in the game please give their names to Cpl. Craighton, R. 1, A 1, as soon as possible.

YOU MAY FIND IT HERE.

"Wait till the war's over and I'm discharged from the Army," said the private in a fierce whisper to the Corporal; "see what I'll do to that blankety S.Q.M.S. of ours."

"Hold hard," said the Corporal in a restraining voice, "just keep calm. You'll have to wait your turn and take your place in the queue."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LATEST BOOKS.

"MY CHATTER BOX," by Mrs. Cooper.

"GIRLS AND HOW TO TAME THEM," by Pte. Ferguson.