

**PURELY PERSONAL.**

ONCE more did Bandmaster Williams enjoy the usual nightmare last week and vainly commanded the fellows to show legs at the ungodly hour of 4 a.m. He still contends that he was fully awake at the time. The bandsmen inform us that another kangaroo court is to be held on the next repetition of the offence.

Several of our bandsmen returned Wednesday from their trip to Paris, where they went as part of the big Canadian massed band. They report having enjoyed the time of their lives and brought back elaborate programmes to bear out their claims. They have a distinction seldom gained by men from our side of the water—that of playing in the largest opera house in the world and before an audience of several thousand people. The band numbered nearly three hundred performers.

The canteen managers made a rare find one night last week when checking up their cash. A silver crown of the year 1819 was discovered in the cash box and now reposes in the canteen collection. Coins of that date are extremely rare, especially the crowns.

Lieut. Playfar is having troubles of his own these days. Aside from getting evidence ready for his threatened "court martial" of the editor, and arranging the battalion orderly room so that all may work, he has had new medical classification thrust upon him at an unusual rate and no one but an excellent organiser would be able to handle the task which confronts him.

Lieut. Mackenzie informs us that he returned the spat, but his information ended there. He is still wondering how we found out about it.

Billy Vaughan is making good in his concert work with the Y.M.C.A. He has

already taken part in more than twenty concerts.

Lieut. Farmer is with us no more, having been called from the local entertainment work to Hastings. Success to you, sir.

"Johnny" has been passed as fit, and is available for draft. What will his Friends at "The Globe" do if he is taken away?

A certain sergeant of this unit seems to be popular in police circles. He is called as a witness every time there is a smash-up in Folkestone.

Why the earnest gaze into the jewellers' shop windows, Mr. Adjutant? Who is the lucky lady?

Buglers Whittaker and James are taking in the white lights of the city this week. The remaining four call sounders have their hands full in attending to regimental duties.

Captain Skelton, in charge of the Ashford fatigue party, had a pleasant time last week, so say the reports from our Ashford correspondent. It is even hinted that he had a "sergeant-major" looking after his personal wants.

Lads of the camp will be glad to hear that Lieut. L. Richards is still on deck and is ready for his work at the front. A letter from him, written at the base, states that everything is lovely and the genial old bandmaster seems to be anxious to get into action.

Captain Jardine will have plenty of use for that "sweet tooth" for some time to come, judging from the size of that package of chocolates which arrived Sunday.

Sergeant Brooking, we have solved the mystery of the frequent calls to Hythe.

Pte. Walker certainly got some card in the mail Sunday. We almost envy him.

Pte. Arthur Walmsley has been transferred to the Ordnance Department, and left this week to take up his duties as a shoemaker.

Quite a collection of post cards we are getting now. Contributions will be gladly received. They are on display at the editorial offices. Drop in and see them.

It is said that many of the lads have been saluting by numbers in their sleep since the parade of last Saturday afternoon.

The new reserve band is getting to be quite an organisation these days. Many bandsmen have been transferred from other units and their addition to the new band is making a wonderful difference.

Bugler J. R. Watts, commonly known as "Snowball," has been having the time of his life recently.

Congratulations to No. 4 Company for the guards they turned out last week. They were complimented on two occasions by the Adjutant. That's going some, fellows. Keep it up.

Captain Watkins-Hancock has been under the weather for the past ten days. He is now on the road to a rapid recovery, however.

We met Captain Denoon, regimental chaplain, one day last week. The genial clergyman still wears his friendly smile, and is always ready with that cheerful greeting which makes him popular with both officers and men. A word from him is like a letter from home—makes a fellow feel that life is still worth living.

It is said that among other Christmas packages, Corp. O'Donnell has received a penny book of hymns and a tin whistle. Why the whistle?

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