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C.A.S.C. NEWS

No 4. March, 1917.]

SHORNCLIFFE.

[PRICE TWOPENCE

✻ Breezy Bits about the Boys. ✻

DON'T FAIL TO READ
THE FOLLOWING:

Editorial.
Jitney Jolts.
Trench Commandments.
Lest We Forget.
Bakery Bullets.
Workshop Wrinkles.
The Dreamers.
Hythe Hunks.
Shorncliffe Camp.
Tommy's Alphabet.
Current Events.
Allied—by Sarge.

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Show it to Your Pals. —

— Send it Home.

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Toothsome Dainties for Particular People.

THE THE
C.A.S.C. NEWS.

Breezy Bits about the Boys.

Editor Lieut. N. A. Fairhead.
Sub-Editor Pte. D. L. Berwick
Sec.-Treasurer The Hon. Capt. J. Tully.
Cartoonist: Pte. A. Boggs. .

*Sensible Tommies learn to laugh at themselves,
Mediocre Soldiers to laugh at others,
Whilst stupid Sons of the Empire learn nothing,
Because they do not read the C.A.S.C. News.*

No. 4 MARCH.

SHORNLIFFE.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

Compliments are Sentiments,
That must be paid when due.
So I'll start here, to pay the share,
That's coming to the two
Who heretofore did gamely score
In making a success,
By picking news from all the flues,
Their readers to impress.
So now I ask, in this my task,
For help from every man,
Come, one and all, list to my call,
I'll do the best I can.

In conjunction with this magazine we are forming a combined Social and Athletic Club. Let us all unite our interests in achieving success in this venture.

We have been lucky enough to round up a bunch of first-class talent to form a Concert Party, and before many days expect to have our plans perfected regarding Athletic Sports. The Club will be called:

**THE CANADIAN ATHLETIC AND
SOCIAL CLUB (C.A.S.C.).**

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Pte. Boggs as Staff Cartoonist of the News. You will agree with us

that Pte. Boggs is an artist of no mean order, and a worthy successor to the "Great Rutherford." We sure have some talent in this Camp!

Owing to the success we have had in inducing Local Firms to advertise with us, we are able to reduce the price of our little Mag. and increase its size. This will enable many of the boys to send copies home, and at the same time give the old folks an insight of our lives. It is to our interest to support the Firms who now advertise with us, and thus show our appreciation.

We understand that we are shortly to lose the services of Sgt.-Maj. Denman, with whom we have been associated for some time, and whose good work in the past will always be to us A Pleasant Memory.

It has been my privilege to assist in the promulgation of this Issue of the News. I shall endeavour to co-operate with the Editor towards bringing our magazine to as high a state of efficiency as possible. The boys will all greatly facilitate this work by their united efforts in submitting contributions.

Nothing beats a trial, but a failure,
Nothing succeeds like success.

SUB-EDITOR.

JITNEY JOLTS.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Who is the Wealthy Corporal that sleeps out sometimes, and is it the fascination of poker that lures him from Hut No. 3?

We hope Sergeant Smith's streak of bad luck will change shortly. Bad Luck always seems to loom up when good resolutions are made.

Our famous comedians, Hurt and Dickson, will sing that popular song "Blue Eyes," at the next Y.M.C.A. Concert. Roll up all you dizzy drivers and lend your support to these good fellows.

A certain Sergeant who recently left here on draft is once more driving "My Boss." Good luck Dall.

Who is the despatch rider with eye affliction that was well enough to visit the Leas Shelter? Did anyone order Ham and Heggs?

Several of our N.C.O.'s have left this section to drive Cadillac "Eights" in Sunny France. Sergeants Bearisto, Dallimore, Corporals Lindsay, Hensley, Malcolm, and Finmark are to be congratulated on their good fortune. Maybe?

Who were the simple fellows in Room 2, Hut 3, that "shunned," and had no complaints to make the other morning, when one of the boys disguised as an Orderly Officer and accompanied by a real Sergeant appeared on the scene?

We are informed on good authority that our Sergeant in charge of the Motor Cycle Section is forming a Sunday Bible Class. "Toronto-the-Good" has sprung up in our midst.

Who is the despatch rider that likes staying out late at nights but "Oh My" in the mornings. Those First Division boys like their beauty sleep.

Corporal McDonald besides being a motor cycle expert is also noted for the remarkable manner in which he can cure colds. Anyone desiring to regain health at small cost should certainly have an interview with our popular corporal.

Has "Low-Gear-Charlie" decided to change into high, now that his bus is complete with electric lights, and ballasted with junk in the sidecar?

Has Cameron anything to sell?

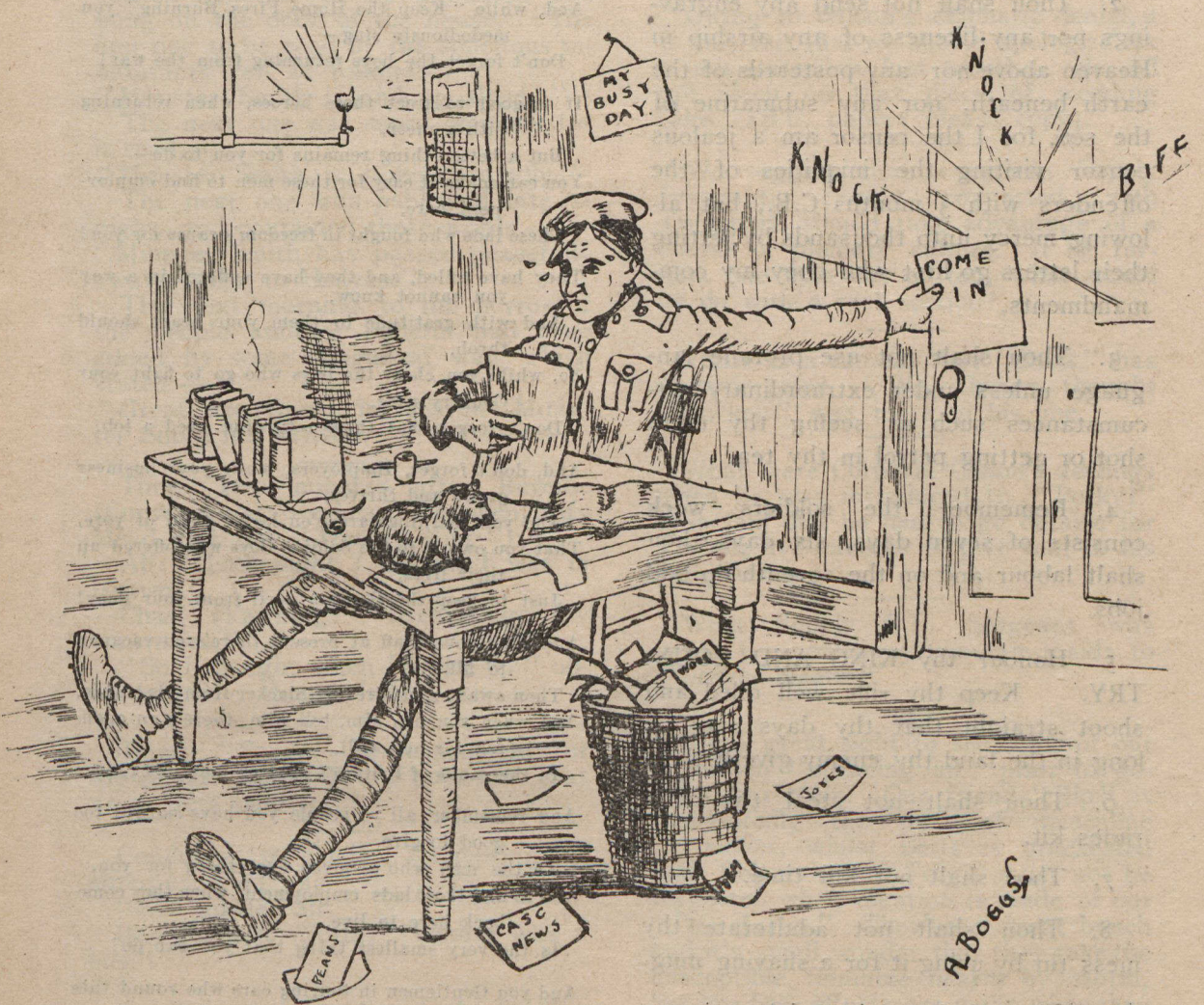
"That Bates all," said Gillespie when he heard that his partner on M-64 had to put the old joy wagon in the hospital.

Is it true that our Millionaire Non-Com was approached for numerous loans since his recent advent into the realms of publicity?

How does Private Bone, the "Shoe Shine King," like acting as a god-father? We presume that his protege will extol the good qualities of "Bone's Famous Shoe Shine" when it reaches the age of maturity. God bless his little heart, he does look sweet in his little baby cap!

Our slumbers are undisturbed now that Private Seward is on night duty. Who said Gramophone?

Who is the would be sub-lieutenant who stays in the eighth day of each week and we wonder why he does this? Awfully jolly, by jove!



THE EDITOR'S BUSY DAY.

TRENCH COMMANDMENTS.

1. When on guard thou shalt challenge all parties approaching thee.
2. Thou shalt not send any engravings nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above nor any postcards of the earth beneath, nor any submarine of the sea, for I the censor am a jealous censor visiting the iniquities of the offenders with 3 months C.B., but allowing mercy unto thousands by letting their letters go first who obey my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not use profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances such as seeing thy mate shot or getting petrol in thy tea.
4. Remember the soldiers week consists of seven days, six days thou shalt labour and on the seventh do odd jobs.
5. Honour thy KING AND COUNTRY. Keep thy rifle well oiled and shoot straight that thy days may be long in the land thy enemy giveth thee.
6. Thou shalt not steal thy comrades kit.
7. Thou shalt not kill time.
8. Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it for a shaving mug.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrade but preserve silence on his outgoings and his incomings.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy Corporals post nor thy Sergeant-Majors but by thy duty and perseverance thou shalt rise to position of FIELD MARSHAL.

LEST WE FORGET.

When you've shouted for Conscription, and you've madly cheered the king,
 And your Patriotic fervor stands at par,
 And, while "Keep the Home Fires Burning" you medodiously sing—
 Don't forget the boys returning from the war!

It is good to greet these heroes, when returning with a cheer,
 But a better thing remains for you to do—
 You can make it easy for these men to find employment here,
 These lads who fought in freedom's cause for you!

They have toiled, and they have suffered in a way you cannot know,
 And with gratitude to them your heart should throb,
 So, while you cheer the boys who go to fight your Country's foe,
 Don't forget that those returning need a job.

And, don't forget, Employers, while your business grows and thrives,
 And your earnings are e'en larger than of yore,
 That you owe it to the Soldier Boys who offered up their lives,
 Just to keep the German peril from your door!

And if on your Staff at present there's no vacancy to fill,
 Then awake some dreamy Slacker from his trance,
 And when you fire him, tell him, there's an opening for him still,
 In the ranks of Britain's fighting men in France!

And remember, all ye people you have naught too good to give,
 To the men who've given everything for you,
 And to find those lads employment when they come back here to live,
 Is the very smallest thing that you can do!

And you Gentlemen in touring cars who round this City roam,
 And of Canadian soldiers speak with pride,
 Don't forget to steer your auto to the Convalescent Home,
 And give the boys who fought for you a ride!

Then let this grateful country show she prizes these, her sons,
 These lads who left us strong and well and gay,
 And who've come back maimed and shattered from their battle with the Huns,
 For she owes a debt to them, she cannot pay!

BAKERY BULLETS AND SUPPLY SALVE.

In a provincial town not a hundred miles from London, some time ago, a preacher was lying sick. His condition became critical and his medicos caused bulletins to be published and hung on the door of the house. The first one to be read by the solicitous inhabitants ran as follows:—

"Minister Smith is sinking slowly."

The next one was more ominous for it read,—

"Minister Smith is sinking rapidly."

The next one was published late at night, and contained these words:—

"Minister Smith has passed peacefully away—Gone to Heaven."

The next morning to the horror of the people another bulletin had been added by some misguided wag which stated:—

"Great excitement in Heaven—Minister Smith not arrived."

Time: Two minutes after Reveille (Conversation overheard between Alf Mead and the "Tomato King"):—

Alf: "Last night I dreamt I was in Heaven."

Chas: (Yawning) "Dreams go by contraries."

"So I thought when I woke up" observed Alf, thoughtfully.

'Enery "Sarge" is responsible for the remark that "It's a poor tart that never gets paid for."

Conductor to Soldier attempting to enter crowded bus:

"Full inside, Sir."

Dan Kackett (Sotto) "Wish I was a bus."

An Overseas Canadian had occasion to take his wife to the doctor the other day, as she had been complaining of sickness. The Doctor placed a thermometer in her mouth, and requested her to keep her mouth shut for five minutes. After the medical advice had been given and complied with, the Canuck, looking longingly at the instrument, startled the Doctor by asking eagerly, "Say Doc, how much will you take for that thing?"

Our sympathies are extended to Private Cope who was unfortunate enough to sustain a broken leg whilst attempting to board a 'bus.

Owing to Wilson's emphatic denial, it is only fair that we should apologise for a mis-statement last month. He did not sleep on that piece of wedding cake. (B.C. papers please copy).

We suggest that a certain Supply Sergeant, closely connected with Transport, should take advantage of a course of memory culture. If he forgets one man out of ten, what would he do with a real section?

There is a rumour that "Buck" has a tame bird. We always thought "chicken" was more in his line.

What were Corporal Camm's feelings when he was introduced to "Porky"? It is said that he had to go outside for a whole five minutes to give vent to his indignation.

What Supply B.D. Sergeant was asked to accompany two fair maids to a prayer meeting.

It's a great sight to see some of our supermen "sprucing up" prior to going down town. Our friend "Rip" is undoubtedly the pink of masculine smartness, whilst Betts is bracketted with Coleman, and Fergy must not be forgotten when mention is made of our "Don Juans." They're a great bunch and it's small wonder that they take the susceptible feminine hearts by storm, but the best effects are made when they come home and retail all the sweet nothings that have passed between themselves and the respective objects of their adoration. Even Wilson has to retire to the pigeon house to seek solace in tears.

All cribbage players in the section are requested to hand in their names to Private Mead so that a tournament schedule can be arranged.

Tommies Tommyrotting Ossifers Ossifying and Non-Coms as Non-Competent as Ever.

Tobacco is a dirty weed—

I like it.

It satisfies no moral need—

I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean.

It takes the hair right off your bean,

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,

Still—I like it.

It was a bright little east end tailor who displayed this sign in his window. "Our trousers 5s. 3d. per leg. All seats free."

He was one of those fresh young fellows given to the use of stale slang. At the breakfast table, desiring the milk, he said:

"Chase the cow down this way, please."

"Jane," called the landlady, "take the cow down to where the calf is bawling!"

In last month's issue we spoke of Captain Tully's Iron Cross. We have since been informed that the German Government have officially reported the loss of one of these crosses, which has been traced to Shorncliffe.

HEARD IN THE T.D.—You are "Mc Queen." This to his best girl.

It's a long "LANE" that has no turning. This to the Q.M.S.

What animal sat at the head of the table in the ark. The cow as it was the only one which could carve (calve).

Tommy (going into transport office). If that dog doesn't stop barking I'll kick him in the ear. That ought to stop him.

Transport Tommy (Looking smilingly at "Nosey"): It sure ought to, he can't very well bark with his mouth full.

Rosie had just received a birthday present from her parents in the shape of a new silk blouse. She admired it for some time murmuring: How lovely, how sweet, and isn't it wonderful to think mother that this lovely silk is all obtained from a mere insignificant

worm? "Rosie," interrupted her mother sternly, "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of your father."

Wine women and song are the ruination of young men. Let us all cut out singing.

What is the difference between a dressing down from the C.O. and a dressing up from the M.O.

Nine days No. 2, and two No. 9s.

A flea and a fly fluttered in a flue
Said the flea to the fly, Whatever shall we do?

Let us fly said the flea, let us flee said the fly

So they fluttered and flew up the flue.

OVERHEARD AT POTSDAM.

Little Willie—Papa, who was it started this war? Do you know?

Big Willie—Yes, I know my son, but I cannot tell you.

Little Willie—Was it cousin George?

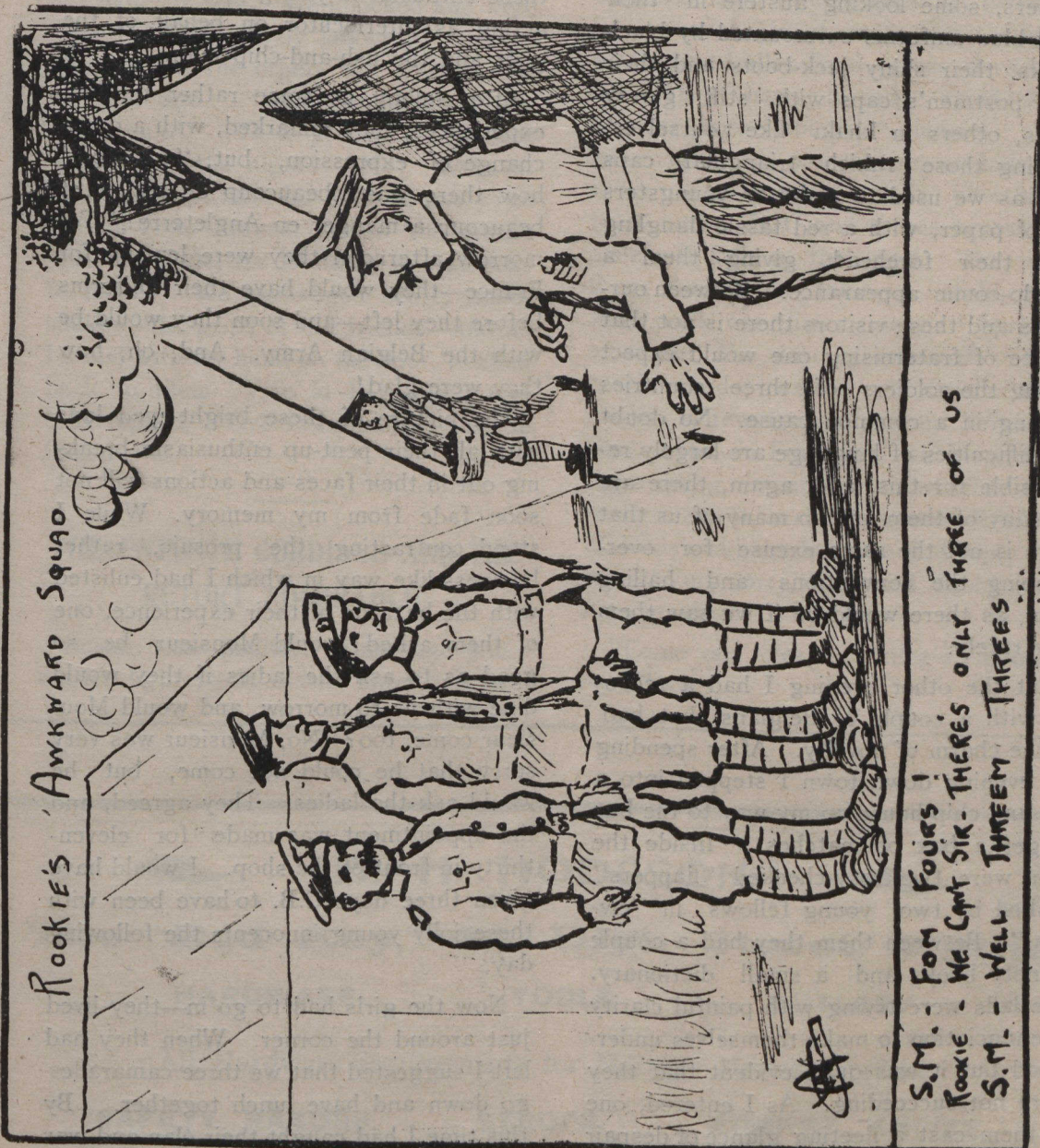
Big Willie—No.

Little Willie—Was it cousin Nicholas, Papa?

Big Willie—No my son. If you really want to know, I'll tell you. Do you remember the time Teddy Roosevelt came over here after his return from Africa?

Little Willie—Yes Papa.

Big Willie—Well you will remember I entertained him very well. I showed him all our immense and wonderful Army, our invincible Navy; our original and unbeatable Zeppelins, our airships which are foremost in the world, our artillery which has proved so destructive in the present crisis, and our marvellous ammunition factories, with their endless supply of death dealing shells, prepared and manufactured by the most skilled workmen in the world. After viewing all these wonders, he seemed greatly impressed; he slapped me on the back and said, "Bill my boy, you can lick the World" and I was damn fool enough to believe him.



ROOKIE'S AWKWARD SQUAD

S.M. - FOM FOURS!
 ROOKIE - WE CNT SIX. THERES ONLY THREE OF US
 S.M. - WELL THREE THREES

AMM
 W.K.L.
 [Signature]

"ALLIED" By Sarge.

When one goes down town, one often sees little knots of Belgian and French soldiers, some looking austere in their navy blue uniforms surmounted by black cloaks, their shiny jack-boots and their little postmen's caps with stiff glossy peaks, others in khaki like ourselves, wearing those rakish triangular caps such as we used to make as youngsters out of paper, with a red tassel dangling over their forehead, giving them a pseudo-comic appearance. Between ourselves and these visitors there is not that degree of fraternising one would expect among the soldiers of three countries fighting in a common cause. No doubt the difficulties of language are largely responsible for this, and, again, there are so many of them and so many of us that there is not the same excuse for overstepping the conventions and hailing them, as there would be if we saw them only rarely.

But the other evening I had a recon-
tre with a couple of Belgians that had all the charm of novelty. After spending the evening down town I stepped into a fish and chip house on my way to the bus to get a box of matches. Inside the door were two rosy-cheeked "flappers" flanked by two young fellows in "civvies." Between them they had a couple of note books and a small dictionary. The lads were trying with painful clarity of enunciation to make themselves understood but it was quite evident that they were not succeeding. As I entered, one of them cast a fleeting glance of despair in my direction, so I asked him in French what was wrong. With a radiant smile and most polite salutations he begged me to secure the addresses of the ladies.

I did so, and duly inscribed them in their note books. Then ensued a catechism of these enthusiastic young fellows with me acting as interlocutor on behalf of the girls and the fish-and-chip man.

After telling us some rather thrilling experiences, they remarked, with a quick change of expression, but, "ma foi," how there was "beaucoup de plaisir et beaucoup a manger en Angleterre!" Tomorrow afternoon they were leaving for France—they would have their uniforms before they left—and soon they would be with the Belgian Army. And, oh, how they were glad!

The picture of these bright-eyed lads with all their pent-up enthusiasm breaking out in their faces and actions will not soon fade from my memory. While I stood contrasting the prosaic, rather business-like way in which I had enlisted with the hazards of their experience, one of them asked: would Monsieur be so good as to ask the ladies if they would dine with us to-morrow, and would Monsieur come, too? No, Monsieur was very sorry that he could not come, but he would ask the ladies. They agreed, and the appointment was made for eleven-thirty in front of the shop. I would have given three days C.B. to have been with these jolly young innocents the following day.

Now the girls had to go in—they lived just around the corner. When they had left I suggested that we three camarades go down and have lunch together. By this time I had caught their élan and was willing to be as noisily enthusiastic as they. So we three musketeers went rollicking off arm in arm. We had gone only a couple of blocks when they pulled

"ALLIED"—continued.

me into a doorway and insisted on my coming in to meet the friends with whom they were rooming—they could speak English very well—and we should have our banquet here. We knocked and were admitted by a portly landlady, who explained that the others had gone to bed an hour ago. "Ah, comme c'est très malheureux." Then perhaps Monsieur would stay the night? No? Well, at least we must have his address and write to him from France. Now the adieus must be made, for Madame was anxious to retire. We exchanged hearty handshakes—the grips of old friends—and as I stood with my hand on the door, I called back to them "Vive la Belgique," and they replied, "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive le Canada!"

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE AND THE RETORT ADMIRABLE.

Scene: Leas Shelter. Time 8:30 p.m.; shaded lights; soft music; enter two Ser-

geants and occupy last seats in third row from back. One of them is a linguist of some renown—expresses himself equally well in French, Shorthand, or ocular Morse. His eyes roving casually over the assembled throng, light on two chic figures a couple of seats away—apparently demoiselles from across the Channel. They have already spied him. Glances meet—rougish glances. Sergeant takes his programme, scribbles on it an international note in shorthand, folds into a dart, and tosses across the aisle. It falls at their feet. They pick it up, read it, and, taking a hatpin, carefully prick out this message: "Après la musicale." The dart is returned. Sergeant reads, exhibiting satisfaction; studies a few moments, then writes—a suave note—in French this time—with an ingratiating enquiry as to whether they really mean it, and a footnote—R.S.V.P. Maidens read the last one and reply this way: "Very sorry, Papa and Hubby waiting outside."

"Come on, Fergie, mine's a small Port."

B. H. HODGSON,

The "Red Key," 44, High Street, Hythe.

HARDWARE.

TOOLS.

CUTLERY.

All Hardware requirements for Military Messes supplied.

SAFETY RAZORS.

STROPS.

POCKET KNIVES

LOOK FOR THE "RED KEY" SIGN.

WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

We have heard some very complimentary remarks concerning the photograph of the Workshop Section, "A fine bunch of boys" is the usual comment.

The finest in the land is our verdict.

It is a pity one or two were so conspicuous (by their absence). Where was Tommy anyhow and what was he doing, if rumour can be trusted, but there we won't give the game away old boy. Still she seems to be about IT by all accounts.

WHEN IS that N.C.O. going to get some leave.

We are all very sorry that our old friend, The Mechanical Sergeant in the Light Car Park is in hospital. But you must keep cheerful Sarge, for although you may not at present think so there are worse ailments than yours around here.

We were very sorry to lose our two chums who went to Shoreham the other day, by the way Beeney sure can hustle. He was warned at 9.30 a.m. and was on the train at 10 a.m. yet he only upheld the W.S. reputation.

By the time this is in print we presume several of our boys will have left us to go up to the "Smoke." Good luck boys we will call and see you WHEN we get up on leave.

Who was the N.C.O. Tester that lost a Ford from a Cadillac and come back with only the rope, while testing in Cheriton.

We take our hats off to the engineers for the first class job they made on the floors in our small shops.

It has been remarked that we do not get much hope for the paper from the stores. We will endeavour to have this rectified and will give them a requisition early.

Once more we hear that a driver in the L. cars took a notion that 600 W. is the right dope for a Cadillac dry clutch.

We were delighted to have the Lan- chester pay us a visit again it seemed such a long while since we had seen her. Bob says she is "Jake" since we altered the timing.

We congratulate Corporal Ashford upon his promotion to Sergeant, also Private Barford who has been appointed Lance-Corporal a small beginning very often lands big things.

We are asked to state that there are openings for new members in the Workshop String Band. The band master will be glad to hear any would be members qualifications, at any time by appointment.

Social Items. A very pleasant evening was spent on the 28th of February by a number of the boys suffering with their teeth. After having them fixed up they had a lecture on Bobbie Burns, and were royally entertained at a house in Cheriton. They say the "SCOTCH" was very good. We believe them as they looked the part in the morning.

Is it true that all the Casualty Section in the Hythe Repair Shops claim to be the best Football Players, we would like to challenge them.

We would humbly remind all ranks in our section that the shops in Folkestone close on Wednesdays at 1 p.m.

Now boys start to-day and hand in all the Tit Bits for our next paper.

MEDICAL BOARD.

Doctor to Pte. Swinglead—Well my man what is the matter with you?

Private Swinglead—I don't feel well at all doctor, everything I eat flies to my stomach, and I am spitting wind.

Doctor—How did you find yourself this morning?

Pte. Swinglead—Well I just opened my eyes and there I was.

Doctor (rather puzzled to orderly)—Give him a Number 9.

Orderly—We have none, Sir.

Doctor (impatiently)—Well give him a couple of fours and owe him one.

THE DREAMERS.

They are architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of Doubt, and pierce the walls of Unborn Time.

The World has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of Empire they have fought for bigger things than crowns, and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare the uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the old World's skies, and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which but for one man's dream would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the Islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the way—who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them to try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall, the tide wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the eternal conquerors—their vassals are the years.

HERBERT KAUFMAN.

THE TRANSPORT MAN.

The Transport man don't give a damn,
He pushes on the rations,
Jamaica rum or shell or Hun
Impartial to equations.

He's damned by all, both great and
small,
And in turn damns the weather,
He bears the brunt from rear to front,
Each one and all together.

There's nothing right, from morn till
night,
They treat him as a grafter,
But peace dear friend will see the end,
And you'll get yours hereafter.

PLEASE TELL US.

Who is the Officer in the depot that has discarded K.R. and O., and now quotes Bainsfather?

Who was it that told a Staff Officer to "March his Party off" while he was making a speech at a concert?

Who was the fellow who winked at a girl and took it all back when he found he had only eight pence in his pocket?

Does the orchestra that plays in the Sergeants' Mess beat the Officers' Mess?

Who is the Scotchman who lost his luggage when returning from leave because the cork came out and did the curfew ring?

Who is the N.C.O. that is very fond of painting, but lubricated too freely. "Did he seen green"?

Who were the two N.C.O.'s who assisted the lady to sing "The Ghost Song" at the Leas Pavilion?

Who is it that reads cheap four-penny novels with his shirt all unbuttoned?

Who was the N.C.O. who received a pair of socks with Louis XIV. heels and did they fit?

Who is the N.C.O. who fights with a boot jack?

Who is "Uncle Ben"?

Who was responsible for the serenading down at some tea rooms in Folkestone, and ordered ham and eggs, and said, "I'd rather have a hard boiled egg"?

When the comedian at the Leas Pavilion on February 24th said, "I do hate little men" who did he mean.

When is the "Razzle Dazzle" show returning to Folkestone, if it has finally gone yet? See (hand) "bills," obtainable from Officers' Mess, gratis.

Who was the N.C.O. who wanted a new cap and did he tell his usual "French Yarn" and get it?

What the two Folkestone Ladies thought of the gentlemen who refused to take them out to supper the other evening. One cannot really buy much for four on 1s. 2d. can one?

Why is the Dover Road so popular with the boys of late? Someone said it was because a new Y.M.C.A. had been opened up there: "This undoubtedly is the reason of course."

Who were the N.C.O.'s who went to Ashford the other evening in the "Complimentary" car loaned by a friend, and got stung two pounds for same? Rather luckily they were connected with the Y.M.C.A., so naturally did not swear any—Not aloud.

Who is the officer, attached to H.Q., who was stopped down town the other day by the A.P.M. for not being shaved?

Where the assistant Paymaster puts in his spare time or has he any spare time?

Who is the old timer commonly called the "Iron Duke" who has not yet received permission to go overseas? Many of his old pals would like to greet him on French Soil. Boys! Oh Boys!

Who are the well-known race track fiends whose only opportunities for long shots are at the Ranges?

If "Swans" are fond of "Lillies."

The name of the Ex Corporal in Hut 11 who entertains a select few of his comrades at midnight supper parties? At his last party the menu included "pickles and corn."

Who is the Officer who rather fancies himself at checkers?

What would the old folks at home think of our regular Saturday morning inspection?

HYTHE HUNKS.

They say that a certain private in the machine shop put Gasoline in the Radiator, mistaking it for the Gas Tank. We would advise him to take a little more water with it.

The Casualty Section, took a big drop in numbers. Whether it was on account of getting in last on the ration line, or was it that so many of them were wearing Kitchener's, and they can play football; too.

Who are the N.C.O.'s that blow the fall-in whistle twenty minutes before time, and keep the men standing in the cold. The shops are none too warm either.

Was it an N.C.O. of the truck Expert that knew best how to take a fly wheel off a "cone" shaft or did "The Tailor" know how?

That the same Tailor came to the rescue of the truck expert in removing an obstinate Nut. Nut that we care, but was it too hard a kern-All-Kin yer tell us?

Should it take 5 N.O.C.'s and numerous men to get a Renault body down from the paint shop on to the Chassis. Anyway two heads are better than one.

We hope the Corporal who got a pass for the smoke, had a good time. And, what was the special attraction?

The boys had a great time with the Toboggan when the snow was with us. Sergeant Chillingsworth, sure knows how to roll off.

And who was the Sergeant, that escorted the fair one up the hill and left the boys to drag the Bob. And how many peanuts it took to make a date?

It was tough luck on the N.C.O. that did the Gaby Glide on his back when

the bob hit the Bunker. They say it was scared stiff.

That our C.S.M. is some sport is evident, when he announces the Games on Church Parade, and asks the Boys to roll up in their thousands. And He's right there on the Field too.

We have had some good soccer games, but have still to meet our Waterloo!—So come along the T.D.

On February the 11th we played the Bedfords on our own pitch, resulting in our favour at 8-1.

The return match on the 25th played away from home also ended in our favour 5-1.

On March the 4th a match played on our pitch, against the 14th reserve Batt. resulted in our favour 7-nil.

Mike Garvey was in his right place, and evidently believes in the Canadian way, think quick, act quick, and use your head. Yes what do we think of the Irish now?

But the Scotch are all there too. Stoker Ross keeps them humping. Gordon too plays a nice game, Dayborn is a sure back, he made a fine stop with his head, but I guess it made him feel dizzy

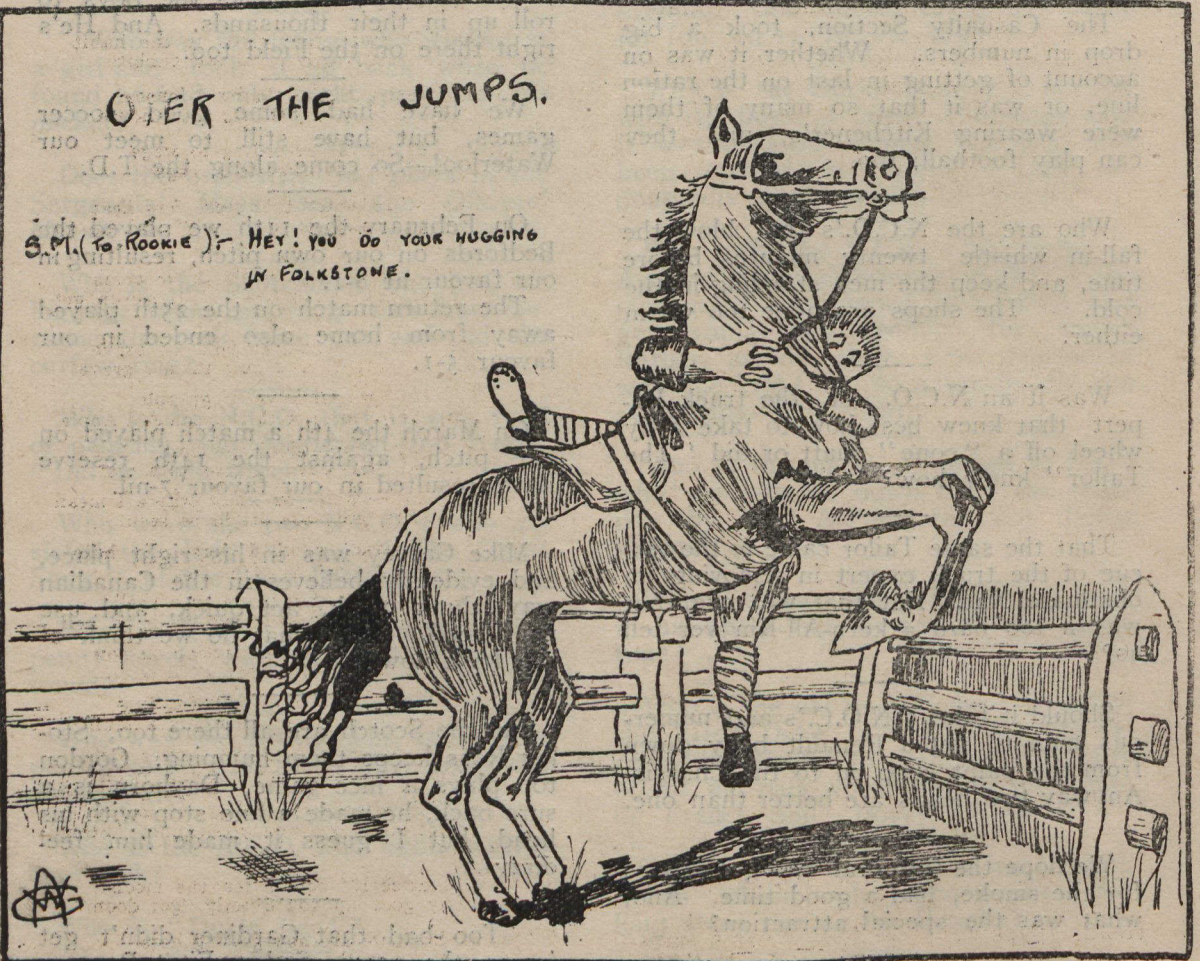
Too bad that Gardiner didn't get in on the game, and a First Reserve man too, take a picture of the Committee "Gardy."

Challenges for games will be accepted by our Secretary, Corporal Scott, at the Hythe Shops.

Did the Tailor really mean that Queen Anne was dead when he was asked if he would be at the "Wake." What street did you say? E.W. Speak to me, Bones.

OVER THE JUMPS.

S.P.I. (To Rookie) :- HEY! YOU DO YOUR HUGGING IN FOLKSTONE.



AV

man to take a picture of the Commi-
 the "Gardner" and the other boys.
 Challenges for games will be accep-
 ted by our Secretary, Corporal Scott, at
 the Hyde Square, and the other boys.
 But the Tutor really mean that Oscar
 Anne was dead when he was asked if he
 would be at the Wake? What great
 did you say? E.W. Speak of the
 Boots

The boys had a great time with the
 Toboggan when the snow was with us.
 Sergeant Chillingworth, who knows
 how to roll on.
 And who was the Sergeant that en-
 couraged the fair one up the hill and let
 the boys to drag the Bob? And how
 many pennants he took to make a date?
 It was tough luck on the N.C.O. that
 the Goby Child on his back when

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.

There's an isolated, desolated spot I'd like to mention,
Where all you hear is "Stand at Ease,"
"Slope Arms," "Quick March," "Attention."

It's miles away from anywhere, by Gad,
it is a rum'un,
A chap lived there for fifty years and never saw a woman,

There are lots of little huts, all dotted here and there,
For those who have to live inside, I've offered many a prayer;
Inside the huts there's RATS as big as any nanny goat,
Last night a soldier saw one trying on his overcoat.

It's sludge up to the eyebrows, you get it in your ears,
But into it you've got to go, without a sign of fear,
And when you've had a bath of sludge, you just set to and groom,
And get cleaned up for next Parade, or else, it's "Orderly Room,"

Week in, week out, from morn till night, with full Pack and a Rifle,
Like Jack and Jill, you climb the hills, of course that's just a trifle.

"Slope Arms," "Fix Bayonets," then "Present," they fairly put you through it,

And as you stagger to your hut, the Sergeant shouts, "Jump to it."

With tunics, boots, and puttees off, you quickly get the habit,

You gallop up and down the hills just like a blooming rabbit,

"Heads backward bend," "Arms upward stretch," "Heels raise," then "Ranks change places,"

And later on they make you put your kneecaps where your face is.

Now when this war is over and we've captured Kaiser Billy,

To shoot him would be merciful and absolutely silly,

Just send him down to SHORNCLIFFE, there among the Rats and Clay,

And I'll bet he won't be long before he droops and fades away.

BUT WE'RE NOT DOWNHEARTED YET!

TOMMY'S ALPHABET.

"A" is for "Argyll" that fine Highland Clan who voted for rum right down to a man.

"B" is "Biscuit" we get in the trench, it's cursed at in English, German and French.

"C" is the "Censor" who must know ere this a cross is a cross and a kiss is a kiss.

"D" is the "Dugout" that gives us the habit of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.

"E" is an "Easter Egg" laid by a louse now there's a family, my shirts their house.

"F" is for "Flanders" according to wags it used to be here but now its in bags.

"G" are the "Gumboots" that seem very neat till your head comes down "wack" and up go your feet.

"H" is for "Huns" who are devils to roam and till Belgium is "Hunless" we'll never get home.

"I" was an "Idiot"—thought he'd be brave stood on the parapet, he's now in his grave.

"J" is the "Jam" we all have to grapple God knows we are fed up with Damsion and Apple.

"K" is an army composed of the best we wish they'd come out and give us a rest.

"L" is the place — well you know where I mean where defaulters, etc., are oft to be seen.

"M" is the "Medico" whom I personally hate He gave me a "9" instead of an "8."

"N" is the "noise" that is made by a shell it goes up to Heaven and brings us down hell.

"O" is the "Offensive" we are starting on now its even worse than "unearthing" a cow.

"P" is the "Piper" who pipes just for fun and makes the Bosche glad he's only a Hun.

"Q" is the "Question" you might answer fast How long is this blooming war going to last.

"R" is the "Rum" that is dished out to you if you cannot stand one well you cannot "Stand To."

"S" is a "Star-shell" bound for the moon as it quietly goes up you quietly "got doon."

"T" is the drink we are now getting here its rotten to know the Germans get beer.

"U" are the person the sniper is after its "Odds on" he'll get you and then there's no laughter.

"V" is the backsgit you look through to shoot the Hun he knows it, and snipes you, the brute.

"W" is for "Wiring" a very fine job till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.

"X" as letters are no bally good lets pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.

"Y" is for "Ypres" surrounded by Snipers pronounce it as you like but, we call it Wypers.

"Z" are the "Zeppelins" seen in the skies they never come near us, the statement lies.

SLACKERS. ATTENTION!

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Ye Slacker in the Billiard Room
 Whose weapon is a cue,
 Who give no thought nor care a jot
 For those who fight for you,
 Awaken from your slumbers, boys,
 Your Country is at war,
 Go join the fight for law and right,
 On Battlefield afar!

Ye slackers who refuse to fight,
 Except as Captains bold,
 Who would not share a Private's fare,
 No, not for untold gold,
 That garb of glory would you don,
 Forget your pride, I say,
 And play the man while yet you can,
 Get in the ranks and stay!

Ye slackers who are Songsters sweet,
 And who will not enlist,
 Because, forsooth, and this is truth,
 Your lessons would be missed,
 Who loudly sing you wont be slaves,
 Your Country calls again,
 And in this fight 'gainst German might,
 Would you be less than men?

Ye Slackers on the Hockey-teams,
 Remember Pals away,
 On fields of fame they play the game,
 In nobler, sterner fray,
 In far off France, they fight the foe,
 Midst mud and fiendish din;
 Redeem your name, get in the game,
 And heip your chums to win!

Ye Slackers who at dances trip,
 The Light fantastic toe,
 Ye Slackers gay who races play,
 And squander all your dough,
 Your King and Country need you now,
 This is no time to shirk,
 Forsake the dance and go to France,
 And do some useful work!

Ye Slackers who at the Movies gaze,
 At Battles on the screen,
 Who yell and cheer in safety here,
 At every thrilling scene—
 Do our boys die in foreign lands,
 That you may sit at shows?
 Don't be such cads—go help the lads,
 To fight your Country's foes.

Ye Slackers Miscellaneous,
 Who cumber all this land,
 Who've not been white enough to fight,
 Just make another stand;
 Our bravest and our best have gone,
 Two years they've fought for you!
 Must they your share of war still bear?
 Come boys, and help them! Do:—

Bill!

Yus, Elf.

Where d'jer get them daises?

What! them boots?

Oh! I bin aht doin' a bit o' snipin',
 and' I pinched 'em orf a Germ,' arter I
 done 'im in.

Blimey: That's my game, too. (Exit
 Elf.)

(An hour later enter 'Arry).

"Strewf, you blokes, where'd yer get
 them daises?"

"Oh, we bin aht snipin', and we
 copped a couple of Germans and pinched
 'em orf 'em arter we done 'em in."

"Blimey, that's me." (Exit 'Arry).

(Two hours later. Entire trench full
 of Tommies all proud possessors of
 beautiful new boots. Enter Ginger Wil-
 liams the bantam of the Regiment).

"Well, strike me extremely blooming
 uncomfortable! Where in 'ell d'jer get
 them boots?"

"Oh, we copped 'em orf Germans
 what we done in."

"I'm off." (Exit Ginger).

(Twelve hours later, Tommies all hud-
 dled together in anxious colloquy).

"Poor old Ginger," "One of the best,"
 "Jest his luck to cop aht." "They sure
 have done 'im in."

(Suddenly enters Ginger, a dozen pairs
 of boots hanging from his rifle).

"Gawd blimey—Ginger back again?
 Good old Ginger, where ye bin all this
 time?"

"Yus, a nice blooming job ye put me
 on to. I had to kill 20 of the bloaters
 before I could find a pair to fit me."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Q.M.S. Lane, of the M.T.T.D., will supply a pair of "Kitchener's Pumps" to each soldier in the unit. A big military ball may be given shortly on the Western Front

The M. T. men now awaiting discharge may yet get a "Rowland" for their "Oliver."

After shooting Huns for a period of two years or more they now keep in practice "shooting crap."

Late last month there was a moulting day for draft No. 11. The air was filled with feathers. Who were in this awful slaughter and were they tickled to death.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that our friend Corporal Viels is still following the medical profession.

Owing to three tents being in quarantine we must sympathise with Private Gunn—This gentleman will not be able to indulge in taxi rides for a few weeks.

Private Chalmers, known to his friends as Paderuski 11., is an artist at the piano. His services can be had F.O.C. at any time after parade hours. Folkestone and Hythe papers please copy.

Lost, strayed, or stolen. Universal joints. The Way of the transgressor is hard.

The C.A.S.C. officers have had a week of self-denial.

The boys have no doubt pretty well all heard about the strangest human freak known to science, an occurrence in one of our local hospitals. A baby was born with its head and part of its body covered with feathers. It is said that is crows like a rooster but we are

inclined to doubt this. Medical men all over the country were puzzled and a select few formed a committee to investigate and if possible find a reason for this abnormality. They discovered that the child's father was one of the "Bantams."

A draft of about a hundred and fifty left here on leave recently. They received one pound each from the paymaster. Forward all letter to the Waldorf or Savoy. (I don't think).

LETTERS TO OUR LEADERS.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,

I take my pen in 'and and to ask if you can give me a job I never made shells before but my father used to fish for mussels for four years and as I 'elped 'im for 6 months I know quite a lot about shells 'oping you will reply soon.

I remain,
Yours affect.,
Private A. Worker,
4th Blankshire Reg.

Dear Lord Derby,

I takes my pen in 'and and 'open this reaches you as it leaves me in the Pink I writes just to let you know as 'ow your recruiting sergts 'ave been after me but as I aint no good at walking I cant join the Inf. while noise makes my 'ead ache and I dont know nothing about 'orses so Calv. and Art. are out of the question and as I aint no Doctor the Medical Corps aint no go, and as my brother in the A.S.C. says 'is job is rotten I dont want to join that, but as I am very fond of boating, 'aving been to Margate twice, I may join the Royal Navee when the weather gets warm will you tell your recruiting sergts. this so as they will then let off aworrying of me.

I am,
Yours truly,
'arry' awkins.

THE BRIGADE HOSPITAL.

—BY SARGE.

We don't know if it is on account of the increase of sickness in the Depot, or whether it is just another proof of the interest taken in the health of the men by the M.O.'s, but at any rate, the new Brigade Hospital is certainly proving to be a "home" for those lucky guys who manage to get "sick." One M.T. driver says he gained 10lbs. in three days, and all that was wrong with him was a sprained ankle!

The men back from France consider the Hospital a "rest camp," because they all seem to manage to spend a few days there, as soon as they arrive in the Depot! Undoubtedly, one reason of its popularity is, that the Canadian Red Cross Society has generously provided games and amusements and a big bunch of "smokes" and other luxuries for the patients. We understand that the Red Cross Society is responsible for those nifty khaki and red hospital suits, etc.

A lot of credit is due to the Senior Medical Officer for organising the hospital and making it a success, and we can assure him that it is much appreciated, both by the officers and men of this busy unit.

MENS SANA—

A L.C.C. school teacher, applying before Stanmore Tribunal, said he could not call it a medical examination he underwent at Holborn.

The Chairman: What did they do to you?

Applicant: Nothing at all. They just looked at me, asked me if I had been in a lunatic asylum, and passed me Class A. (Laughter.)

One man who finds it quite profitable to be attached to the C.A.S.C. for a few hours daily is the old fellow who runs the itinerant tuck shop that draws up in front of Hut four every noon hour. He's an aristocrat in his line this burly old gentleman with the plug hat and the slight limp, for he's got a turnout any huckster might be proud of—a sturdy pony with shaggy coat and mane, who likes to take a nip at your sleeve as you pass and looks as if he came direct from the King's own stables, and a nobby two-wheeled cart with a platform top where the toffee, chocolate, and fruit are displayed. I worked my way through the crowd the other day and asked old Dad for six penn'w'th of grapes. "Grapes, Sergeant? Yes, Sergeant, Thank you, Sergeant." And as I turned to pat the pony who looked real spanking with his clipped legs—"Looks well, don't he, Sergeant? He's a fine little fellow, Sergeant. Takes the hills on the run. His father was a timer, Sergeant." Then with a touch of humour—"I'm a timer too, you know, Sergeant,—was with General Alderson in Zululand. Got plugged out there, Sergeant, Yes," pulling three medals from an inside pocket, "I keep my hon'rs in my pocket, Sergeant. Yes, General Alderson, 'e set me up with this 'ole houtfit, Sergeant. Your grapes, Sergeant. Thank you Sergeant. Good day, Sergeant."

Can anyone tell us why the Cadillac people fitted their new ambulances with a right hand drive and the tail light on the left. Perhaps it is a matter of balance.

POSTINGS FROM THE RECORD OFFICE

Is it a fact that a certain member of the Record Office Staff lost 14lbs. 7ozs. within the short space of 9 days, and was it due to overwork? Still, we suppose allowances have to be made for the great number of recent drafts, the departure of which they look upon with longing eyes, consoled (?) by the thought that "He also serves, who only stands and waits."

We have a new M.O. at the Record Office now.

Who was the Private that on the last day of his pass wired in for a day's extension to enable him to return to Camp within the "prescribed time," when it actually took two days to return from the point at which he wired. Some bone-head, eh, what!

We shall now have a few prayers for Cpl. W. A. I. Wallace, our late Stenographer in Chief, and Pte. R. B. Whitaker, of Part One Orders fame, who have left to fight the Huns. You know, them fellows has nerves, by ginks, they has.

Quite a stir was evident at the Office yesterday when a certain party here received a personal message from the War Office, I believe (?), stating that the War was over. He further stated (for publication) that the general public knew nothing about it, and would not be told. He also stated that the Censors would not pass the news for fear that the Kaiser and his H.....Legions would discover it.

Sgt. Laird, who has been a member of our Staff for the past two months, recently left us to train for a Commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Good luck, Wally!

Why do certain members of the Staff persist in taking their dirty washing to the Laundry at Cheriton after instructions have been issued that all laundry must be turned in to the C.Q.M.S. i/c of Laundry Cricket Field. We also notice that it is never finished the first time they call for it, we wonder if they are aware of the fact that it takes several days to complete the work required. Really, one would almost think that there is some attraction at the Laundry.

The "A" members of the staff are still anxiously waiting for their "B. and C." understudies. Will they ever materialize?

'CASEY AT THE BAT.'

It is only right and proper that at such a distinguished gathering as a meeting of Sergeants, questions of national importance should occupy the minds of the dignitaries there assembled. And it should not occasion great surprise when, in championing some worthy cause, or inspired by a fond gaze "on the cup that cheers—and sometimes inebriates,"—some hitherto mute inglorious Milton is discovered in a flow of oratory which at once lifts him from dark obscurity into the dazzling light of fame.

At the monthly meeting of the T.D. Sergeants' Mess on 9th March, no less a personage than the renowned and sometimes notorious Casey held the boards while his audience held its sides. He discoursed on the vital subject of "Eats." Some precious speakers were of opinion that the tables would not break down under the additional strain of a slightly more lavish and varied display of viands. One after another, hungry, emancipated sergeants spoke sorrowfully of their several favourite examples of the culinary art; and the discussion which resulted might have culminated in a miniature insurrection, but for the commendable diplomacy of Sergt. Casey, who arose at the critical moment to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Gentlemen," says he, "heaven sends our food, but the devil sends the cooks." (Hear! hear!) Maybe we could feed better here; maybe we couldn't, but at all events we are soldiers, and we're going to do our best to 'carry on' with what has to be done, and try to live up to the spirit of the appeal made by 'Old Davenport,' the Food Controller.

"Why shouldn't this mess put itself voluntarily on short rations, the same as the women and children of this country are doing cheerfully; and so be content even with the somewhat meagre fare doled out in this mess, in order that the brave lads fighting on the battlefields of Europe may not go slack. I appeal to your patriotism, gentlemen. Deny yourselves now, and you will aid materially in shortening the conflict, and in bringing about the consummation of your own desires—to return speedily to the festive boards of your own homes, where short rations and Hunnish enemies alike will soon be relegated to the shades of oblivion." (Prolonged cheers and thunders of applause.)

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Dibgate Camp, Newington Entrance	0 5 0	0 7 6
East Sandling Camp (Stone Farm Cross Roads)	0 7 6	0 10 0
Hythe (Shool of Musketry)	0 7 0	0 9 0
Hawkinge School	0 4 6	0 6 0
Lyminge	0 10 6	0 15 0
Naval Air Station, Dover Road	0 5 0	0 7 6
Otterpool Camp	0 14 0	0 18 0
St. Martin's Plain, Y.M.C.A. Hut	0 4 6	0 6 0
Shorncliffe Camp (Any Barracks)	0 3 6	0 5 0
Saltwood	0 10 6	0 15 0
West Sandling Camp, Sandling Park Entrance...	0 9 0	0 12 0
Westenhanger, Race Course Gates	0 15 0	1 0 0

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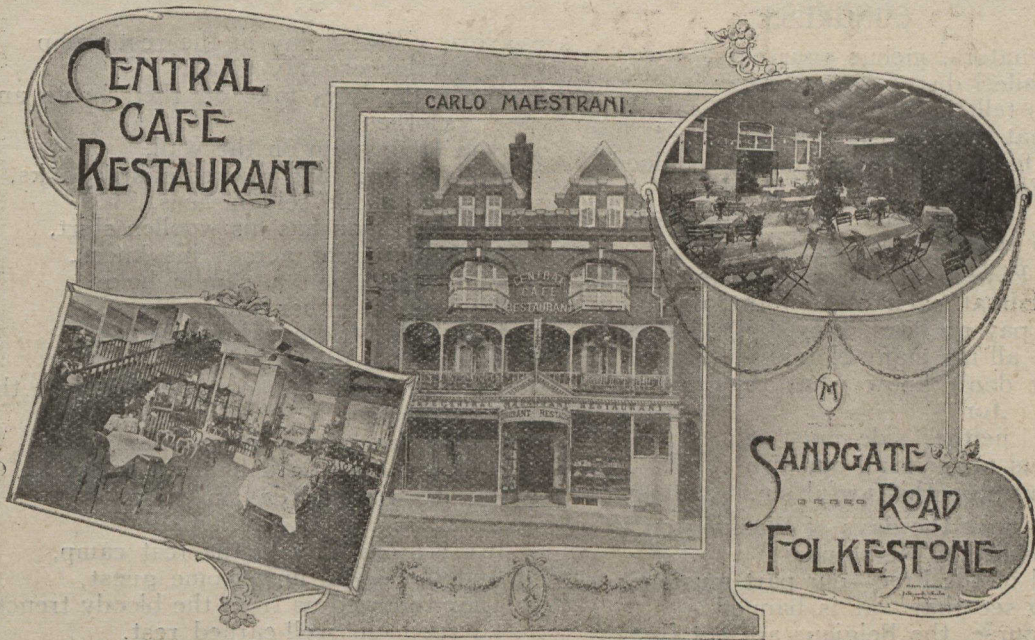
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PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS.

O Senators, incline your ears,
 While I discourse on Pease;
 Let's tell the nations now at war
 That this mad fight must cease!
 The fields of Europe soaked in blood!
 My friends, it doth me shock;
 The U.S.A., some parts must play,
 So therefore let us talk!

The Powers of Europe, battle-crazed,
 Rush at each other's throats,
 And pay no heed, they don't, indeed,
 To all my many Notes.
 They don't know what they're fighting
 for
 So neither side must win;
 Let us arise in all our size
 And stop this awful sin.

E'en since the days of Washington,
 For liberty we stand;
 Land of the Free—our part must be;
 To see that war is banned.
 Of course, the Belgians are not free,
 But I do not protest
 About the way they're used, but say
 It must be for the best.

For Freedom of that nature, friends,
 I've not a word to say—
 But shall this awful war reduce
 Our Revenue? nay, nay!
 I will protest! I'll write a note
 To Britain, and she'll see
 That though the Huns may slay our sons,
 Our Coffers must be free!

It is incredible, good sirs,
 That we no part should play,
 In this great battle of the world;
 Where do we stand, I say?
 We stand for Freedom for oppressed,
 And talk in language nice,
 Of what is right, while others fight,
 And also pay the price!

The Allies aims are just the same,
 As Wilhelm's—all alike!
 It is not clear to me at all
 Why they each other strike,
 So, let us rise and end the thing,
 And let us do it quick,
 If in this fray no part we play,
 I tell you, we'll look sick.

And when we've ended strife abroad,
 Why, then, Sirs, we'll be free
 To ponder how we'll stop the row
 In Mexico, you see!
 Then, let's arrange Eternal Peace,
 On this terrestrial ball.
 When all will say the U.S.A.
 The best part played of all!

VISITORS' DAY.

Now, visitors' day in the rest camp
 Is our busiest day of all,
 When the boys take off their boots and
 clothes,
 And hang them on the wall.
 And the big long row of naked backs,
 Is a sight one seldom sees,
 For each man has his woollen shirt,
 stretched tight across his knees.
 And every man a candle holds,
 To look on either side,
 For those little crawling visitors,
 Who in the fabric hide.
 And we have just come down from the
 trenches,
 Where the air is foul and damp,
 And we're all on a hunting party,
 For it's visitors' day in camp.

It's visitors' day in the rest camp,
 And like some unwelcome guest,
 They followed us from the bloody trench,
 To spoil our well-earned rest.
 But hark! in yonder corner,
 I hear a well-known crack,
 For one of the hosts has found one,
 And have slapped him on the back.
 But soon the din is awful,
 And the fun has just begun.
 And it sounds like a dreadful battle,
 Between Britisher and Hun,
 But the death of the grey backed microbe
 Is loud, and the shock is felt
 As one by one they advance and die
 On the back of your cholera belt.
 Long into the night the slaughter,
 Is seen by the candle lamp,
 And the microbes fell in a death of Hell,
 On that visitors' day in camp.

'Twas the visitors' day in the rest camp,
 But the search was past and o'er,
 And the men slept light through the long
 cold night,
 As they lay on the hard bare floor.
 For the enemy were not conquered,
 And a sound like scratching mice,
 Was heard from the men, as now and
 then,
 They muttered: "O damn those lice."
 But the dawning hours of the morning
 Brought sleep to the tired sore men,
 And they dreamt of the day that would
 come their way,
 When they'll have clean shirts again,
 But they's soon be back in the trenches,
 Where the air is foul and damp,
 And they'll bring back more from the
 microbe's store,
 To our visitors' day in camp.

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