

THE CLANSMAN

Published weekly in the interest of the Canadian Highlanders in England and France, by the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

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The past six weeks has seen many great changes in the organisation of our unit. Many of the officers whom we had learned to know and respect have been taken away and new men have come to take their place. Instead of the original four companies we now have eight and the entire arrangement of the battalion has been changed. Some of these changes have not been pleasant for many of us but we are consoled by one thought—those higher up know what they are doing and it is not for us to question their judgment. It is to the credit of the boys that they are looking at the matter in that light and that complaints have been few and far between. The constant grumbler never makes a good soldier, and good soldiers are required to win this war.

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During the past several weeks the editor has been repeatedly asked as to what had happened to the paper. The answer is on the front page of this issue. The many times the question has been shot at us, however, indicates clearly the interest the men are taking in The Clansman, and, while we certainly had our hands full in giving out information, we are glad that such was the case. Thanks for the interest, comrades. Now that we are once more under way, we shall try to make the paper worthy of your support.

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The order has been issued that no more commissions be granted to men who have not seen service in France. While this order is bound to be a disappointment to some of our lads who have applied for commissions, we nevertheless contend that this is as it should be. The man who has been under fire is in a better position to know what he is up against and how to handle his men under trench fire than the man who has never been across the water.

In this, the first issue of The Clansman in the new camp, our readers will notice that Tin Town and other villages near, are fairly well represented in our advertising columns. In making purchases in these villages, we ask every man in uniform to give these advertisers their patronage. They, in giving us the advertising, are doing much to keep The Clansman on deck and it is up to us to reciprocate by giving them the patronage they deserve.

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Since our last appearance we received a copy of the Canadian Hospital News which we acknowledge with thanks. The little magazine, published fortnightly, is edited in a most able manner and is well arranged and printed. Congratulations, boys. You are doing good work and the News will always find a hearty welcome on The Clansman desk.

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It is said by many of the papers that an effort is being made to secure ladies and girls for cooks and waitresses in the sergeants' and officers' messes of the army. We will venture to say that some of our lads with the three stripes would get killed in the rush for the cook house when the bugle sounded, should the new plan be put into execution here.

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We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the Summerdown Camp Journal, published by the patients at the Military Convalescent Hospital. Capably edited and artistically printed, it is well worth watching for. Put us on the exchange list, brother?

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An Essay on Pants

Pants were made for men and not for women. Women were made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man that is a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses because they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. A man cannot keep up his pants in hot weather without suspenders but a dog can. Men sometimes make a mistake in pants, and these pants are called breeches of promise. Now, in my mind, when a man wears pants they are plural. When he does not it is singular.—Canadian Red Cross Special.