

**PURELY PERSONAL.**

Freddy Gow seems to be more than making good in his position with the Quartermaster's department and has been given the rank of Lance-Corporal. We will venture to say right now that the genial lad's promotion will not stop with any one stripe.

Bandsman "Tubby" Bissett is playing a double rôle these days, by playing "peck" horn in concert work and crashing the cymbals on marches. In the latter job he has our sympathy, as we once had the honour of accompanying the bass drum under Lieut. L. Richards.

Now that Tom Hucker and Billy Lodge have been sent away it is said that No. 4 Company Orderly Room is settling down to a peaceful routine—as peaceful as any orderly Room can be with a Quartermaster who snores.

Lieut. L. Richards is in receipt of a letter from big "Jock" Harvey, who went across with the last draft. The Alberta Scotchman seems to be

more than satisfied with conditions as he found them at the base and is anxious to get into the actual fighting.

Sergeant-Major Candaline has returned from his six day pass and reports having enjoyed the time of his life visiting with friends and relatives in Scotland.

We regret to announce the death of Lieut. Pryce-Jones, whose name appears on the casualty list of last week. He was the son of Lieut.-Col. A. W. Pryce-Jones, now in came here, and the men join in extending sympathy to the sorrowing colonel.

Acting Sergeant McLeod was met on the parade ground one day during the week, and we are more than glad to note that his old-time smile has not faded. It will take more than camp life to make a frown or look of worry appear on his face.

The lad who lost the loving letter from the little girl in London may have the same by applying to the editor. We will not mention the

names but really we could hardly resist the temptation to read the missive.

Sergeant Dick Whittington was on duty in the privates' canteen last week. We can sympathise with him for letting his eyes water on seeing the lads absorbing the foamy joy water and in being prohibited from helping them out.

Sergeant Archie Thomson, by the way, was on the last draft of N.C.O.'s. He may have a bald head but his feet are not cold.

The Sergeants in the Medical Office have been taking life easy during the last week. They have no time for *The Clansman*, but, never mind, fellows, there's a good time coming your way.

Captain Thomson was the first of the officers to show his faith in *The Clansman*, and we thank him for the three six months' subscriptions with which he favoured us. We shall not lose track of you, sir, and we heartily endorse the good things the men of your own company say of you.

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