

# The Clansman

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Price 2d

## CONCERT COMPANY SCORES GREAT HIT

The concert rendered by the Divisional Concert Company at the Haslemere Hall last Monday evening will be remembered by local amusement seekers as the best of the kind which has been presented this season. Staff-Sergeant Ballard-Brown and his little company were at their best and the acts which went to complete the program were far above the average.

The Seaforth brass band opened the entertainment with four well rendered numbers. Bandmaster Williams had his men working in the best of form and their efforts elicited the most hearty applause from the large audience.

Private Gibson was next on the bill and sang "When the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold" in a creditable manner. Then came Corporal Bell, who delighted the audience with his conjuring and brought the old egg trick to life in a most unique manner.

Corporal Bishop, number 13 on the program, made a decided hit with the crowd by his imitations of well known comedians and was called back for more. Captain Mellanson sang "I Love You, Canada" in a highly pleasing manner and led the audience through the chorus with his rich and pleasing baritone.

Miss Oldersaw appeared at her best in a well known vocal number. A commandant of the Red Cross and a Haslemere lady introduced a pleasing little sketch, "Monty's Ruse." Another sketch, presented by two of our lads, started off in a nifty manner but was dragged out to such an extent as to spoil the pleasing effect at the first.

The concert party occupied the stage for about forty minutes in a series of little skits which were more than pleasing. Every turn drew its full share of applause—and was worth it.

The Seaforth pipe band brought the entertainment to a close barely in time for the soldiers to get to camp, and, even if we are members of the same regiment, we feel justified in saying that the work of the pipes could not be beat.

## HOW WE SPENT OUR EASTER SUNDAY

Last Sunday was Easter and, while we did not bring on acute indigestion by eating an over dose of cackle-berries or Easter cakelets, we were at least smiled upon by the weather man and given a real treat in the way of a pleasant afternoon. For the first time in many days the sun came out in a way that made us think of Sunny Alberta and every man in camp who was not required for duty took advantage of the pleasing change and went for a ride or for a walk. Shops where bicycles are held for hire did a rushing business and taxi drivers thrived as never before.

The "Easter processions" in the villages near here were as interesting as in any city, yet they would have brought dismay to the dealer in Easter bonnets in the days of peace. New hats were plentiful, of course, but even to one not familiar with feminine head dress it was evident that "a war is raging." The styles were plain and apparently inexpensive.

Every procession had a military appearance and it might properly be said that kahki was the predominating color. Few fair ones were seen without a "military escort," and many lads of a retiring or bashful nature were seen gaily tripping along with one or more pretty maidens. It was a great day for sight seeing and many of the local interest places were visited by the lads of the camp. Tennyson's home, Beacon Hill and The Gibbett were probably the most popular of the resorts visited, as attested by the large number of visitors.

One of our new advertisers, the Seven Thorns Hotel, has just told us something which makes us glad in our hearts. The manager says they are getting results from their advertisement in The Clansman in a way that more than pleases them and that they will have something good on another page in our next issue. Thank you, Mr. Woods.