

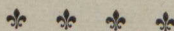
## We Worked a Week

Never again will we say anything about the "nice, easy time" of the battalion orderly room force—and thereby hangs a story. One day recently we received a note from the assistant adjutant ordering us to appear at the orderly room and to bring with us the typewriter on which we have been wont to hammer out copy for the paper. Thinking that a nice warm place had been found for us to work we hastened to obey the summons—and found the nice warm place all right. First we cleaned the type of the old mill and wrote about 'steen million sheets for stencil. Then we helped to make out a nominal roll of the battalion and sorted and copied about 2,000 cards for the index system. Next we had an easy job—filing away several hundred sheets of documents in a system which we did not know.

Then we loafed until noon and had thirty minutes off in which to satisfy the inner man and get back on the job. In the afternoon we ran up against the business end of the stencil machine and for something like twenty hours, apparently, we mixed ink for the bloomin' thing—that is, we mixed the purple into our skin and hair with results that were truly surprising. When night time came we felt that we were through for the day, but were told that we had a steady job. In fact it was so steady that we felt the urgent need of trading our blankets for an electric light extension.

The second day was the same except that we did more work, and the third day was a repetition of the first two. The fourth day was Saturday and we had visions of an afternoon off. The sun came out nice and warm for the first time since we have been in England and we enjoyed it thoroughly—from the inside of the orderly room. We finished at eight o'clock and faded away—for all time we hope.

The experience was a hummer and never more will we complain of having to work while the orderly room force is taking it easy. We still wonder, however, what we had ever done to the orderly room sergeant that he should pick on us. Never again.



Major M. E. Roscoe, the new second in command, is regimental to the last notch, and certainly shook things up on assuming his position. He seems to be getting results in a way that is truly surprising.

A new man has been added to the tonorial staff of the battalion in the person of Pte. Purcell, who arrived with one of the new units. He and the "old man of the razor hone" sure make a team worth patronising and a man can visit the little shop in A13 and know that he is going to get the best that is going in their line.

Corporal Quigley, of the musketry office, has been a busy man since taking his new position, but has nevertheless found time to take an active interest in The Clansman and to him we are indebted for much of the news matter in this issue.

We regret the loss of the former Adjutant, Major Saltmarsh, and of our old second in command, Major Grant. Both have gone overseas and take with them the best wishes of every man of the battalion. Each had long been with the unit and was popular with all ranks.

## Portraits

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