

THE
CLANSMAN



Saturday, February 17, 1917

ANNOUNCEMENT

On account of having to do our own printing and the limited time at our disposal, this issue is not as large as we should like. Beginning with next week, we hope to re-arrange the paper throughout and to "blossom out" in sixteen pages.

The Editor.

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The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 8

Saturday, February 17, 1917

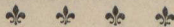
Price 2d

ANOTHER GREETING TO OUR COMRADES

OWING to circumstances over which we had no control, we were compelled to suspend publication of The Clansman for more than a month, but, like the proverbial black cat, we have "come back" and for the fourth time in ten months we say "Hello, fellows." In the new camp we have the support of the officers as under the old conditions and have succeeded in lining up a reasonable amount of advertising, with more yet to come. We again ask for the support of other ranks and feel safe in feeling that we shall get it just as heartily as in the camp which we left.

The same old force is at work on the paper again, but other men of our unit have volunteered their services and are now on the staff. The policy will not be changed and every effort will still be made to make The Clansman representative of all ranks. Our inquiry column is at the service of any man in uniform and all signed communications will receive every consideration. Address your queries or contributions to The Clansman and leave them at your battalion or company orderly room and they will reach us without delay.

And speaking of contributions—remember, please, that it takes money to run the paper and that we have been six weeks without revenue and that every copy sold will help to overcome the difficulty which we now face. We will supply wrappers for mailing and you may purchase copies at the dry canteens, officers' mess, sergeants' mess or at the Tintown, Hindhead or Haslemere news stands. Come on in, fellows, with the boost that is needed.



A good many promotions have come through orders since the last issue of The Clansman. We extend congratulations to all the fortunate ones, since we feel that in every instance the promotions were well earned.

BRIGADIER ADDRESSES OFFICERS AND MEN

AN Innovation in military lines, and one which we have every reason to believe will be a success and help to promote efficiency in the service, was sprung shortly after our arrival at the new camp when the Brigadier, Lieut.-Col. Gunn, sent out notices of meetings to be held in the Cinema across the square. The first meeting of the series was held for the benefit of the officers of the new division and the Brigadier spoke to his subordinates in a manner which will not soon be forgotten. He asked for a more hearty co-operation in bringing about a feeling of "esprit de corps" and laid stress on the necessity of discipline in all ranks. Many little plans which will ultimately mean much to the officers and men under his command were brought out and emphasised in a striking manner and at the end of the lecture every commissioned man present felt that he had something more to look to in the training of his men.

The second meeting was held on the following evening, when the Brigadier addressed the non-commissioned officers of the brigade and brought out point after point which are being found helpful in the training. He spoke strongly for discipline and every N. C. O. present was made to understand that no infringement of the rules would be tolerated. He referred to them as "the back bone of the army" and asked all to co-operate with him in making the new brigade one of which Canada might justly be proud.

In each of his talks the Brigadier spoke more as a comrade than as a commanding officer and drove home every point with a skill and force that carried conviction. It is safe to predict that Lieut.-Col. Gunn will be more than ordinarily popular with his officers and men and that, in carrying out the plans which he has made, he will have the hearty co-operation of all ranks.

It is probable that the meetings will follow at frequent intervals.

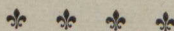
We Worked a Week

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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ASK YOUR COMRADES

England

A song of hate is a song of hell,
Yet some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long—
We lift our hearts in a loftier song.
We lift our hearts to Heaven above
Singing the glory of her we love—
England.

Glory of thought and glory of deed;
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of things that sought far goals;
Glory of sword and glory of souls.
Glory of songs, mountings as birds.
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott.
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not.
Her's is the story, her's is the glory
—England.

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may
The Spirit of England none can slay.
Dash the bomb on the dome of
Paul's:

Deem ye the fame of the Admiral's
falls?

Pry the stone from the Channell's
floor—

Deem ye that Shakespeare shall live
no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green
hills?

Keats is beauty while earth spins
round.

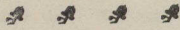
Bind her, grind her, burn her with
fire--

Cast her ashes into the sea.
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free.
She shall arise in a sacred scorn
Lighting the lives that are yet
unborn--

Spirit, supernal, splendour eternal.
England.

(Helen Gay Cone, Professor of
English in the New York Normal
School.)

Personal Notes of Interest



The Dartmouth Patriot, of recent date, states that the "biggest and the smallest" men have enlisted from that town. Both of them were in the "Bible Class." Platoon conundrum—name the men.

Let us give you a tip on the above. One man's nickname is Dick and the other's Christian name is Victor. Does that make it any easier?

As the boys marched away last Thursday we noticed among them our genial friend "Diddler." Many an evening have we sat and enjoyed his ready wit.

And by the way, "Diddler," have you ever found out who was the "Pride of Scotland"? Write and let us know when you get to your new camp.

Where is one of the genial bandmasters, Captain Ryan, keeping himself? The boys of his old battalion certainly miss him these days. We think we will have to get him out on P. T. parade.

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Refreshments

"Buster" Beazley, of old A company, who was reported wounded, is now fit again. "Buster" always was a good scrapper.

A letter from one of the boys of our battalion, now at the front, states he is enjoying life in the trenches. Says it is not near as bad as he thought it would be.

The boys of one of the recently absorbed units note with gratification the appointment of their late Adjutant, Lieut. Roper, to the position of Acting Adjutant of the new organization. Good luck to him.

We note that he has taken with him, as chief of the orderly room staff, Sergt. H. J. Robson. The genial "Robbie" will no doubt make a success of his new job as he did of the one in the old unit.

It looks as if we were going to lose our "Mimic." We understand he is going to the Boys' Brigade with the other youngsters. Many have been the moves of the old battalion on the word of command of the young culprit. With it all he was the pride of No. 1 Platoon.

We have been wondering of late how the goat our new comrades left behind is getting along. We heard the other day that it had received its discharge owing to being medically unfit. We hate to give you this sad piece of news but feel that you should know.

Sergt. "Stan" Smith has been kicking around the lines the past few days. We notice he has a white band around his hat. He expects to leave for the front in the near future to take his commission in a popular Bluerose battalion. Success to you, Stanfield, old boy—may you be unbeatable, as your name signifies.

A letter received from the city where one of the new battalions was stationed for several months states that the skating is good and that they are having some good hockey. One battalion have converted their crutches into hockey sticks. What battalion is it, boys? Now, do not all speak at once.

A card from Sergt.-Major Giffen, who is now on the firing line, states he is in perfect health. Perry was an authorised expert on bombing. Here's hoping his knowledge enables him to "Straffe" a few Huns.

The Wisdom of Private Solomon

Now, my son, thou has reached the Promised Land where thy brothers have fought for two long years and more.

Long hast thou tarried by the way; thou hast eaten of the fat of the land of thy forefathers.

Thou hast made merry in the Great City: thy bed has rested in many places.

Thou hast seen many strange things but many things more strange await thee in this wonderful land.

For, verily, this is a land of many dangers and full of pitfalls for the unwary.

So harken well and pay tribute to the Great Rulers, with their tokens of Red and their halos of Gold.

For, verily, they are the chosen of the many and their words are as law unto thee.

Mark well the sayings of thy Colonel, thy Adjutant, thy Captain, thy Sergeant-Major, thy Sergeant, yea, even unto the sayings of thy Corporal.

For thou art but a soldier, and they do know many things and are learned in the customs of war.

Verily, it shall come to pass that thy

Colonel shall command thy Adjutant that a certain thing shall be done. Thy Adjutant shall make known to thy Captain the wishes of thy Colonel. Thy Captain shall converse with thy Sergeant-Major concerning this. Thy Sergeant-Major shall call thy Sergeant who will speak to thy Corporal.

And, verily, it shall come to pass that thy Corporal shall say unto you, "Thy Colonel desireth that this task shall be done forthwith. Go thou, therefore, and do this thing."

Then, my son, thou shalt obey the commands of thy leaders, that their wrath may not fall upon thee.

For woe unto him who obeys not their commands: many shall be his troubles and few his joys.

Yet, weep not, my son, but be of good cheer, even if many bags are required to be filled.

For, verily, when thy task is done, thy Sergeant-Major shall call thee unto his dwelling in the ground, and shall say unto thee these words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And from a vessel of earthen-ware, which he carrieth after the manner of a mother her first-born, shall he pour for thee a small portion thereof.

For it is well that a soldier have good spirits within him; then thou shalt feel content with thy lot.

Nevertheless, do not look with contempt upon Fritz across the way. For he hath an eye like unto the eagle and will ding thee in the dome and think nought of it.

Be thou like the creeping things upon the earth; yea, even like unto the serpent that crawleth upon its belly.

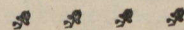
Be not like unto the gopher of thine own country, which hath an abundance of curiosity and loveth to sit upon his hind legs.

Therefore, I say unto thee, my son, be not curious of the things in front of thy parapet, but keep thy head down so that thou shalt not be cut off in the flower of thy manhood.

For what shall it profit a man if he enter into the deepest shell hole and hath not any cover for his head?

Go now, my son, to thy many duties. Be of good cheer.

(With apologies to The Brazier.)



Be careful, 2095, when you go to Witely, or you will be excommunicated from their lines.

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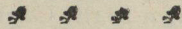
Take your laundry to the local office of

Grayshott Laundry

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Personal Notes of Interest



Ask Sergt. D. C. Smith what part of his anatomy he is willing to give in defence of his King and Country.

Say, boys, ask Bennie how long ago it was since he hit the bull's eye at 700 yards. Some going, Chappie, and yet they say you want to join the mechanical transport.

We also hear he wrote home telling his wife he would be home by June. How optimistic. Let us hope you are right. We will look for a trip in your little old Ford for this write up.

It may interest some to know that former C. S. M. Tommy O'Connor is now the R.S.M. of another battalion and is stationed at Halifax.

All the Members of Parliament of the Highland brigade are meandering their way back to Canada for the session of the legislature. Let us hope, boys, that in the next war we will all be M. P.'s so we will have a chance to step away from the war for a short time.

We note that Sergt.-Major O. W. Haines has joined the staff of the "physical jerks" instructors. Be careful, Willard, and do not work the boys too hard.

Major G. B. Cuten, better known as "Fighting George" and formerly a member of the new battalion, has been appointed chief recruiting officer of Nova Scotia.

We notice by the Halifax papers that Lieut. R. W. Black is reported wounded. This is erroneous as Mr. Black is still on active service. We trust that when the popular machine gun officer reaches France no such "luck" may befall him.

We notice that our genial friend, Sergt. E. D. McPhee has got a crown on his arm and is Acting C. S. M. of No. 4 company. "Mac" is popular with the boys and all are glad to learn of his promotion.

Since coming to the new camp, Lieut. R. D. Graham has been transferred to another unit. Well liked by all the men of A company, and especially by the boys of No. 2 Platoon, "Roarie" will be a valuable addition to the senior battalion of the famed Nova Scotia Highland Brigade.

Captain H. R. Emerson, of D company of one of the latest arriving units, has taken command of No. 6 company under the re-organization scheme. We note that he still has the smiling face of Sergeant-Major Johnson around his orderly room. We are almost tempted to ask if this is the reason he has such good success in the organization of his company. A good team and hard to beat.

We should like to know who were the winners of the debate on which party in Canada gave the most advanced legislation. We are informed on good authority that such a debate took place in hutment C— one night not long ago. Both the debaters claim to be of Irish descent. Cut it out, boys: it is against K. R. and O. to talk politics or religion when in khaki.

A member of our staff heard one of our "would-be Field Marshals" talking about the end of the war the other day. He was certainly not feeling well. His words were: "Kitchener is dead; Lord Roberts is gone and I was horrified to read today that my old friend, Sir Frederick Borden, had gone to his reward. O, all the great men are dying, and, to tell the truth about it, boys, I do not feel any too good myself, tonight." Curtain, please.

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THE CLANSMAN

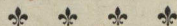
Published weekly in the interest of the Canadian Highlanders in England and France, by the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

Major M. E. ROSCOE, Censor

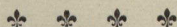
Captain H. L. ROSSON, Contributing Editor
Corporal J. G. QUIGLEY, Associate Editor

Pte. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

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.

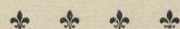


During the past several weeks the editor has been repeatedly asked as to what had happened to the paper. The answer is on the front page of this issue. The many times the question has been shot at us, however, indicates clearly the interest the men are taking in *The Clansman*, and, while we certainly 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.

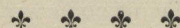


The order has been issued that no more commissions be granted to men who have not seen service in France. While this order is bound to be a disappointment to some of our lads who have applied for commissions, we nevertheless contend that this is as it should be. The man who has been under fire is in 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.

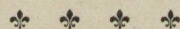
In this, the first issue of *The Clansman* in the new camp, our readers will notice that Tin Town and other villages near, are fairly well represented in our advertising columns. In making purchases in these villages, we ask every man in uniform to give these advertisers their patronage. They, in giving 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.



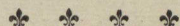
Since our last appearance we received a copy of the *Canadian Hospital News* which we acknowledge with thanks. The little magazine, published fortnightly, is edited in a most able manner and is well arranged and printed. Congratulations, boys. You are doing good work and the *News* will always find a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



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.



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?



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 breaches 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.*

Personal Notes of Interest

By the way, we wonder if Lieutenant Roper would rather be back sitting in the editorial chair of the Dalhousie Gazette. That sanctum was in perfect working order when his pen guided the paper through many a perilous situation.

And that reminds us that we have several of the old "Dal" boys doing their bit. If E. D. McPhee was not so busy this week we would ask him for some news of Acadia. He may favor us with some for the next issue.

Sergs. Harris and Sebean are awaiting orders to proceed across the pond to get into the firing line. Slowly, but steadily, the N. C. O's. of the new battalions are leaving. Sergt. Porter left the first of the week to join an engineering corps, and Sergt. Dewey McElmon left with the boys to join one of the battalions with which we have an intimate acquaintance.

Pre. T. E. Roberts has been suffering the agony of the wicked for the past four weeks. First a mess orderly, then a postal clerk. Next?

We heard somebody say the other day that the Q. M. S. of No. 7 company was under age. Quite a joke, eh, Stevey?

We see that Major J. F. Tanner has brought his better half across with him this time. Experience teaches you, boys. The Major spent practically a year in this country, a part of which time was spent in the trenches where he received his wound. While not afraid to face the Huns' bullets or gas again, he would not face that great deceiver of mankind—woman. At this, our first opportunity, we congratulate him and wish the Major and Mrs. Tanner many years of happy wedded life.

While we are this subject we may say we notice Lieut. Roper's wife has joined the popular Adjutant. Mrs. Roper has two brothers in France—Roy, with the artillery and, if memory serves the writer correctly, Carey is a sergeant-major with the Army Service Corps.

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