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CLANSMAN



A Military Journal For All Ranks



Edited and Printed by Canadian Soldiers
For the Good of the Service

Saturday, April 14, 1917

R. C. HARRISON, M. P. S.
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54 Haslemere

The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 16

Saturday, April 14, 1917

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.

Weekly News Notes of Battalion Sports

(Edited by C. S. M. W. M. Candaline)

The football team, accompanied by the battalion sports committeemen, Major Mad- den, Captain Skelton and Captain Denoon, went to our neighboring military camp last Saturday to play the champions of that command. Unfortunately there seemed to be some misunderstanding, as the proposed game had already been played with another team and our lads found no opponents. The players, to say the least, were keenly disappointed as were many of the officers and men who made the trip by different routes to the proposed scene of action after parade hours. The sports committee was more than gratified at the interest taken in the game by the members of the battalion. It is hoped that in the near future the team may have the opportunity of meeting the champions of other military centers in this district.

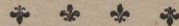


It is at present on the cards that we are to play Haslemere on next Saturday afternoon, the proceeds of the gate to go to the Red Cross Fund of the village. The civilians will strengthen their team by securing

some outside help. It is hoped that the followers of the game in this area will attend and so help a deserving institution. At the same time they will witness a good game of soccer.



There is no information at hand up to the present time as to when the championship cup will be presented to the football team. I have been approached by many during the past week asking when this pleasing function would take place.



Captain Skelton, our representative on the Divisional Sports Committee, has received a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Pryce-Jones on behalf of the battalion with which he is connected, challenging us for an exhibition game. It will be remembered that we defeated the challengers by a score of 4 to 2 in the semi-finals of the championship series. It is an open secret that they are still smarting under the sting of that defeat. It was the intention of the committee to accept the challenge for this afternoon, but,

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN

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News Notes of Interest

Acting Corporal Winters and Private Hiltz are attending a signalling course at a nearby military center.

Captain Asquith and R. S. Ward are on a drill and general course this week. R. S. M. McCorkingdale is acting as regimental sergeant-major in the absence of R. S. M. Ward.

Sergeant McFayden has been struck off the strength of this unit, having been granted a commission in the Imperial Army. Congratulations.

Major Harrington is in command of this unit, vice Lieut. Col. Muirhead, who is away on a senior officers' course. Major J. C. Johnstone is second in command.

The post office has been moved to the room formerly occupied by the record office in hutment A 10. The record keepers have gone to the quarters formerly occupied by the postal staff.

Several trips are being planned for our foot ball team and, if enthusiasm and hard work count for anything, they will add a few more scalps to that championship belt before the end of the season.

Lieut. A. J. Hosie is attending a Lewis-machine gun course.

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Formerly of the House of Commons Catering Department, the Fifth Avenue and Grand Hotels, New York, Hotel Brighton, Coney Isle, and manager of Mackellar's (the late Lord Roberts' favorite Hotel), the Marlborough, Premier and the Royal Crystal Palace Hotels, London

Captain Howells is on the job again, having recovered from his recent illness.

Major M. E. Roscoe, second in command, has been discharged from hospital and is back in his quarters again.

Excitement has been running in camp since the news of big successes at the front started to come in. All are more than elated at the part the Canadians are playing and the way they are upholding the honour of the Land of the Maple Leaf.

This weather is said to be a record-breaker for this part of England. For the first time in the memory of man there is no old timer coming forward with a story of a spring that was just a little worse.

A Few "Dont's for Soldiers Going on Leave

- Don't ask for your tea in a basin.
- Don't wipe your plate with bread.
- Don't turn over your plate for the duff,
- Don't call it duff, call it pudding.
- Don't clean your knife on the carpet.
- Don't put a knife and fork in your pocket if asked out.
- Don't forget to leave them on the table at the end of the meal.
- Don't ask the wife when "Reveille" is out
- Don't forget to ask her when its "Lights Out."

PLACES OF INTEREST

The Home of Lord Tennyson



Lord Tennyson

Among the local places of interest in this part of England is one which has a double attraction — Blackdown, famed throughout the country for its beautiful view, but more properly so from the fact that it was there that Lord Alfred Tennyson, the greatest of Victorian poets, spent the last days of his life.

It was here that he gave to the world some of his best work and Haslemere points with pride to the long and gently rising road which leads to Tennyson's Lane and thence to Aldworth, the stately mansion that gave shelter to the greatest genius of English literature.

Leaving Haslemere by East Street, a finger post is reached in about half a mile, directing to Blackdown. Here care should be taken to avoid the road leading to Lythe Hill. If, instead, we turn sharply to the right on leaving the main road, a short, stiff climb will speedily bring us to the gate open-

ing into Tennyson's Lane. This delightful lane, which leads us by a very gentle ascent to the moorland, is overarched almost all the way with trees, until it opens out on Blackdown.

Making our way to the crest of the hill, where gorse, heath, fern and whortleberry scramble for predominance, a magnificent view is obtained over the Wealds of Surrey and Sussex, and the whole country between the North and South Downs stretched before the vision. Sometimes a sharp eye, even without the aid of a glass, can catch a glimpse of the Channel through a dip in the Downs. Gazing northward, Guildford Castle can be discerned. Eastward are the Hambledon Hills and the village of Chiddingfold, while further to the right are Hascombe Hill, with the remains of its windmill and Leith Hill, with its tower.

It was in June, 1867, that Tennyson became the owner of Aldworth and took up his residence there to avoid the prying eyes of the "lion hunters." Stories of his retiring nature are legion throughout the district and, if these stories be given credence, it is evident that few people were welcomed at Aldworth. The poet laureate was very seldom seen in public. About his only regular appearance was at the annual flower show at Lythe Hill, an event which he never missed when it was possible for him to attend. Except for these visits the village of Haslemere saw little of him, though his memory is held in reverence here as it is in

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Picture Post Cards of Tennyson's House, Tennyson's Hall, Tennyson's Memorial Window in Paris Church, Blackdown; hand colored & sepia.

the minds of all students of English literature.

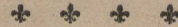
It was at Aldworth that the last days of the poet were spent. A week before the end came he took his last drive to Haslemere and, pointing out the old familiar walks to his son, he said, "I shall never walk there again."

Aldworth is still owned by the descendants of the poet, and is occupied at the present time by Lord and Lady Parker. Through their courtesy the historical old place is thrown open to the Canadian soldiers on Saturday and Sunday afternoons of each week and pleasant maids are on hand to conduct parties through the house. The room where Tennyson was wont to spend

his time in producing gems of literature has been preserved as it was in the brightest days of his life and the table which served him so faithfully has been used by scores of soldiers who are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of making use of the desk which saw the production of many of his poems.

The large rooms, beautiful paintings, marvelous frescoes—all are worthy of the most glowing description and they, alone, are worth making the trip to see. The quiet walks through the spacious grounds are of a character worthy of the most brilliant writer's efforts and one, after spending an hour in the many beauty spots which lie at every turn, can no longer wonder at the inspiration which helped the great writer in his work.

To Lord and Lady Parker the thanks of Canada's soldiers are due. Their hospitality has made glad the hearts of many admirers of Tennyson who are now serving in our ranks, and the writer's pleasant visit shall be one of the most cherished memories of our stay in England.



An Irish sapper on leave decorated himself with a sergeant's stripes in order to create a good impression at home. On the night he was to return he just missed the train, having stayed too long in the buffet. Seeing a staff officer on the platform, he asked him if he would be good enough to endorse his pass. This the officer did. The following day he had to appear before his C. O., who asked for an explanation, and the sapper proudly produced the endorsed pass.

"But the Lieut. Colonel refers here to a "Sergeant," not a "Sapper," said the C.O."

"Shur, sorr," replied the sapper. "The Lieut. Colonel was a little drunk, sorr, I noticed." (He got off.)

The Commanding Officer recently asked the Company Clerk which of the two O. C.'s of the company arrived first, as a rule. He received the following reply:—

"Well, sir, Lieut. Smith at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier, till, at last, he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, though of late he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before; but I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later."

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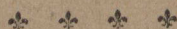
A Popular Parody

I'm not happy—no, not happy
 I don't expect to be,
 On bully beef and tea,
 That's all they give to me,
 My poor brother, he's another,
 He don't think it fair,
 For at the table, those who are able,
 Fight to get their share.

At this camp by the sea,
 That's where they've stationed me,
 In mud up to the knee,
 We work till we cant see.
 When we get back at night,
 If you smoke it isn't right.
 Your clothes are wringing,
 The Corporals singing:
 "Hil put out that light,"
 We sleep upon the floor,
 We'd like one blanket more.
 When some kind N. C. O.
 Steps right upon your toe,
 If you say much he'll beat you,
 So you stick it—then he'll treat you
 Then you get back
 To your kit rack
 And dream that you are free.

Where we're stationed, our relations
 Ought to come and see:
 There's sand and mud and sea,
 And nice dry hash for tea.
 Concrete blocks and holy socks,
 They do our washing free;
 They dip it twice in nice pea soup,
 And rince it twice in tea.

At this camp by the sea,
 The place for M U D;
 From chills you're never free,
 But still you'll get M D
 And if you go out at night
 They say it isn't right;
 If you stop in to drown the din,
 You stop your ears up tight;
 You ought to hear them snore,
 It is the Red Lion's roar.
 At half past nine you know,
 You hear some language flow.
 After "Lights out" they'll treat you
 To a salt bath just to greet you.
 After warning—in the morning,
 They got six days' C B.



Who said that spring was here?

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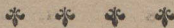
ASK YOUR COMRADES

With the Dental Clinic

The Dental Clinic accept the apology of Sergt.-Major Candaline as regards the cheers following the championship football game. They, too, realise that it was merely an oversight incidental to the winning of the most important game of the season.

The Clinic met and defeated the Haslemere football team on the villags grounds last Monday afternoon by a score of 4 to 2. The game was far from an interesting one, neither team displaying their usual ginger. Had the dentists played in anything like the form they showed in the game for the camp championship, the score would have been much larger on their side of the sheet.

Members of the football team are looking forward with eagerness to some of the games which are being arranged for them, and hope to add more laurels to their present large list. Though they probably have a smaller number of men from which to choose their players than any team in the Division, they hold the championship of the unbrigaded units and fought their way into the finals for the divisional cup. They lost the championship to the Seaforths by the very narrow margin of 1 to nil.



Things We Want to Know

Who was the man who wanted to post a letter one day this week, and absent mindedly dropped the envelope into the mail slot of the Haslemere Urban District Council instead of the receiving box at the general post office?

What happened to the football schedule last week that our team should make a long trip and find no game? We take it for granted, however, that they enjoyed their visit to Aldershot.

Who hired the taxi to Haslemere one night recently, only to find on arrival at the station that he had left his purse in his quarters and was unable to pay his fare until the following day?

What has happened to our news editor? Can it be possible that he has deserted us after having written that little paragraph that got us a straffing?

Why is it that a certain warrant officer no longer visits a certain place in the village of Haslemere?

What has become of Pte. Tivy of the Dental Clinic, who promised us a page of news notes each week?

Who said there was a lost goat in Liphook?

Who said a stenographer's neck was like a typewriter "because it was Under-wood?"

Funland !

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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.

LIEUT. J. S. ROPER, Censor

Corporal J. G. QUIGLEY, News Editor

Pte. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

Nothing startling to write about these days—unless we say more about the weather or the progress of the war. On the former we dare not say what we think, and the war will progress just as favorably without our comment.

Those Divisional Concerts are proving popular in the extreme. Some excellent talent has been disclosed and we will venture to say that few professional companies could put up entertainments the same grade as those presented by our own boys in uniform. Here's hoping they may be continued to the end of the war and then some.

Our brass band is gaining quite a reputation in this district. This is as it should be. The lads are working hard and Bandmaster Williams is bringing out the best there is in them.

This thing of having three weeks between pay days is all right—but it has its drawbacks. The greatest trouble is that money is just about as scarce as hen's teeth before the new pay and no end of confusion, mental of course, disturbs the minds of the lads in the mean time.

..E. ELEY..

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Receiving Office at Tintown

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED
BY COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF
SEPARATION ALLOWANCE**

Dear Sir:—I have received no pay since my husband had gone from nowhere. Yours truly,

Dear Sir:—My husband has been away at the Crystal Palace and got four days furlong and has gone to the mine sweepers. Yours respectfully.

Dear Sir:—I have received your letter —I am his grandfather and his grandmother and he was born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter. Yours truly.

Dear Sir:—I am writing these few lines for Mrs. Morgan who cannot write herself. She is expecting to be confined and cannot do with it. Yours truly.

Dear Sir:—Mrs. Haynes has been put to bed with a little lad, wife of Peter Haynes, I am yours, etc.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with instructions on ring paper I have given birth to a daughter on the 21st April. Yours etc. (Note the "ring paper" is the paper given by government to women drawing separation allowance and is stamped with a circular stamp giving the date of issue of last payment.

Dear Sir:—You have changed my little boy into a little girl, will it make any difference. Yours truly.

Dear Sir:—I am expecting to be confined next month, will you tell me what to do about it. Yours truly.

Dear Sir:—My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. Shall I get more pay. Yours truly.

Respected Sir, Dear Sir:—Though I take this liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask you will you kindly be good enough to let me know where my husbin is, though he is not legiable husbin as he as a wife though he says she is dead, but I don't think he nos for sure but we are not married though I am getting an allotment regular which is no fault of Mr. Lloyd George who would stop it if he could, and Mr. McKenn, but if you know where he is

as he belong to the Navy Royal Flying Corps for ever since January, when he was sacked from his work for talking back at his boss which was a woman at the laundry where he worked, I have not had any money

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Latest View Book or
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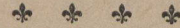
Tea Rooms in connection

Refreshments

from him since he joined though he told Mrs. Harris what lives on the ground floor that he was a pretty officer for six shillings a week, and lots of underclothing for the cold weather and I have three children whats been the father of them though he says it was my fault. Hoping you will write to me soon as you are quite well as it leaves me at present.

I must close now hoping you are well.
 (Sgd.) Mrs. James Jenkins.

Dear Sir:—Will you please send me money early as possible as I am walking about Bolton like a bloody pauper, and oblige. Yours truly.



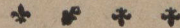
One of Many

Far away from Nova Scotia,
 Lying on a bed of pain;
 Longing for the dear old homeland
 He may never see again,
 Lay a poor Canadian soldier
 With a letter in his hand.
 It was from his dear old mother
 In their far off native land.

Visions swiftly passed before him
 As his thoughts roamed o'er the foam.
 In fancy he saw the dear old play mates
 In the woods they used to roam.
 Then he saw his dear old sweetheart
 Who at dusk he used to clasp:
 And her love was pure and simple
 Even unto the last.

Alas, his time on earth was nearly spent;
 His breath came low and fast.
 The nurse ran to his bedside
 To hear him speak the last.
 "Nurse, tell my friends in Canada,
 Whom you should meet by chance,
 That I, a true Canadian soldier,
 Have done my bit in France.

—T. Q. FOX.



We had a letter from C. S. M. Joe Sowden recently which we would have liked to publish. Such publication, however, would speedily cause us trouble with the postal authorities. Sowden, as all will remember, used to preside over the destinies of the battalion orderly room and, while in that position, gave us a working illustration of the life an unrighteous man will probably lead in the next world.

An Easter Hymn.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

"Russia is a fit partner for a League of honour."
—President Wilson.

I hear a noise of breaking chains,
I hear a sound of opening doors,
It comes from Transatlantic plains
Across the green Atlantic floors.

Her long captivity is o'er,
Her feet are loosed, her hands are free,
Her voice is heard from shore to shore,
From peak to peak, from sea to sea.

She sings the old redeeming songs,
That Lincoln taught her lips to sing,
The death-songs of a thousand wrongs,
The birth-songs of a thousand springs.

No iron-throated hymn of hate
She chants to Odin or to Thor;
For holy freedom is her mate,
And liberty her emperor.

Our stripes burn on her flag unfurled,
Our dreams are flaming in her stars,
The queen republic of the world
Is one with us in freedom's wars.

She sets her seal upon our cause,
She plights her troth to our crusade,
She gives her sanction to our laws,
And to our faith her accolade.

She gathers Russia to her breast;
The old republic greets the new,
Her partner splendidly confessed
Fit for our League of Honour true.

And bleeding France bids all her wounds
Thunder like trumpets in acclaim;
While on her dead men's mouths she sounds
The glory of Columbia's name.

And Italy lashed by Austrian whips,
Salutes with pride her banner blown
O'er the last autocrat's eclipse
And the last tyrant in his throne.

And Britain, with her sea-knit brood
Locked fast in world-wide conflict grim,
Hears the high call of her own blood
In Woodrow Wilson's Battle Hymn.

(The above appeared in the Daily News of last Monday. It is said to have been written in commemoration of Russia's new policy.—The Editor.)

Things We Want to Know

Who was the sergeant who made love to the girl at the concert last Monday night and was he surprised when he asked for a kiss that the "fair one" was none other than an impersonator?

Who was the sergeant who was caught shaving with a blanco brush? He must have had a rough time of it the night before.

Who has the football cup?

Who was the lad who "swanked" down the street in a borrowed kilt and tried to make a date with the little lady, only to find that she was married?

Why is the tailor shop a hot place for the editor to visit?

How many are worrying about pay day?

The Jewellers Co.

... ELECTRA HOUSE ...

Military Broaches and Rings.

—o—

SEAFORTH BADGES in GOLD,
SILVER and ENAMEL from
1/6.

SEAFORTH RINGS, 2/6 GOLD
SHELL. Also in GOLD from
10/6. In SILVER from 4/6.

—o—

.....OPPOSITE.....

Drill Hall :-: Haslemere

The Royal Huts Hotel

Hindhead

Offers accommodations to all
ranks of H. M. Forces

Teas Luncheons Dinners

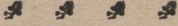
Taxicab and Motor Service

Garage in Connection

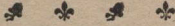
SPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

owing to six of our players being away, the idea had to be abandoned. However, the other unit will have a chance to display its wares after the Haslemere game, so get in readiness, boys! The game will be a hummer.



It is a very difficult matter to keep a team together in a reserve battalion. Our original team, which promised great things, was smashed at the eleventh hour and we had to substitute two new players, who, I am pleased to say, more than made good. But why should we grumble. I suppose the other reserve units are in the same boat as ourselves. After all, soldiering first; football next.



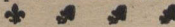
Our Bomb Ball team played a neighboring unit on Wednesday evening in the first game of the Brigade series, and came out on the long end of a 4 to 1 score. Sergeant H. Siddons had the misfortune to meet with an accident, but his many friends will be pleased to learn that he will be out of the hospital in a few days. C. S. M. Smith, A. G. S., is in charge of the bomb ball team and it promises to rival the football team so far as championship calibre goes. They play another unit for the Brigade championship at a date to be announced later.



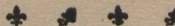
It is the wish of the sports committee that the boys will attend the bomb ball games and help the team carry the divisional championship.



The sports committee and players of this unit wish to extend to Major Madden, Captain Skelton and Captain Denoon, their most hearty thanks for the able manner in which they looked after the interests of the team on the trip of last Saturday afternoon.



Just as these notes are going to press we receive notice to play the C. A. M. C. at soccer this afternoon. Unfortunately, as already mentioned, several members of our team are away, so, unless a postponement can be arranged, we shall lose the game by default.



For the information of those who are not familiar with the new game of bomb ball, we give the following rules which gov-

ern the game:

The team consists of eleven men. This can be changed to six if the ground is not large enough to accommodate the former number.

Some object approximating the size, weight and shape of a grenade is used, care being taken that it is not likely to be of a material likely to injure a player. It is advisable to use some object that is soft, such as a canvass bag filled with sand to the required weight and securely sewed up. A referee controls the game as in foot

ball.

The ball is passed from player to player by hand, the object being to land it in the goal. It may be passed backward or forward as in Association Football and the off-side rule applies in the same way. It is imperative that the ball should be passed on immediately after catching it, holding or running with it counting as a foul. If the ball is dropped it must be picked up and passed on at once. The ball may be caught with both hands but must be thrown with one hand. There are two ways of throwing the ball, all others counting as fouls. 1—for long distance a full over hand throw as taught in bombing; 2—for short distances a "put" made in the same manner as putting the shot. Either hand may be used in passing.

The same rules that apply to Association football in regards behinds, touches, corners and goals apply to bomb ball, the difference being pulling or throwing the ball with one hand.

Fouls—fouls are given for not throwing the ball correctly, catching hold of a player, any form of rough play and for being offside. Penalties for all of these take the form of a free throw against the offending side, a goal being allowed for rough play.

Time of game, thirty minutes.

Woodcock Inn

... BEACON HILL ...

Teas, Luncheons & Dinner

Fruit Pies

STEAK and CHIPS our Speciality.

The Machine Gun

I can talk as fast as five and twenty file,
Despite my quaint and captivating stutter.
I can check a German massed attack in style
With the thousand little telling things I utter.

I'm a tricky little party I'll admit
And my mechanism takes a bit of knowing
Though I couldn't tell a cram and I have
been known to jam

You should hear me when I once get
fairly going.

The Boches early tumble to my worth
In keeping all intruders at a distance:
When their legions started out to claim
the earth

They were keen upon obtaining my as-
sistance.

The British thought me useful in the night
Or a handy little adjunct in surprises.

But today the fact is known that I can more
than hold my own

On any old occasion that arises.

—Touchstone.



Essay on Editors

A country school boy was told to write
an essay on editors, says an exchange, and
this is the result:

"Don't know how newspapers came to
be in the world. I don't think the good
Lord does, for he aint got nothing to say
about editors in the Bible. I think the edi-
tor is one of the missing links you read of
and stayed in the bushes until after the
flood, and then came out and wrote the thing
up, and has been here ever since. I don't
think he ever died. I never seen a dead one
and never heard of one getting licked.

"If a doctor makes a mistake he buries
it and people dassent say anything.

"When the editor makes a mistake there
is big swearing and a big fuss, but if a doc-
tor makes a mistake there is a funeral, cut
flowers and perfect silence.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long
without any one knowing what it means,
but if an editor uses one he has to spell it.

"Any old college can make a doctor, but
an editor has to be born."



What was the attraction at Beacon Hill
for some of the bandsmen last Sunday?

Why could we not sell The Clansman
in the sergeants' mess?

Bramshott Camp

TOILET SALOON

::: TOILET PREPARATIONS :::

Razors, Safety Blades,

Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes,

Fancy Goods, Stationery,

Hairdressing, Shaving, Singeing.

— THE —

Corner House

.....RESTAURANT.....

Opposite Town Hall, High Street,

.....HASLEMERE.....

Hot and Cold Luncheons

SERVED HERE AT
POPULAR PRICES.

PROMPT ATTENTION

High Class Chocolates,
Pure Confectionery.

PARTIES CATERED FOR

The Covent Garden FRUIT STORE

STATION ROAD, HASLEMERE

All Fruits and Vegetables

AT THE LOWEST
PRICES FOR CASH

Telephone Grayshott

==== 54 =====

Seven Thorns

::: Hotel :::

..G A R A G E..

=====
=====
Cars and Omnibus

==== FOR HIRE. =====

Excursions Arranged For.

THE VALUE FOR MONEY HOUSE

The Cinema

— PICTURE THEATRE, —
Wey Hill, Haslemere.

The Best in the District,

Monday, April 16th,
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY

“Nearly a Lady,”
TWO PART COMEDY

Featuring the World - Famous
:-: ELSIE JANIS :-:

Thursday, April 19th,
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY

“Jim the Penman”
FOUK PART DRAMA

The Lion and the Girls
TWO PART COMEDY

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE 6.30 TO 10
SATURDAYS 2.30 TILL 10