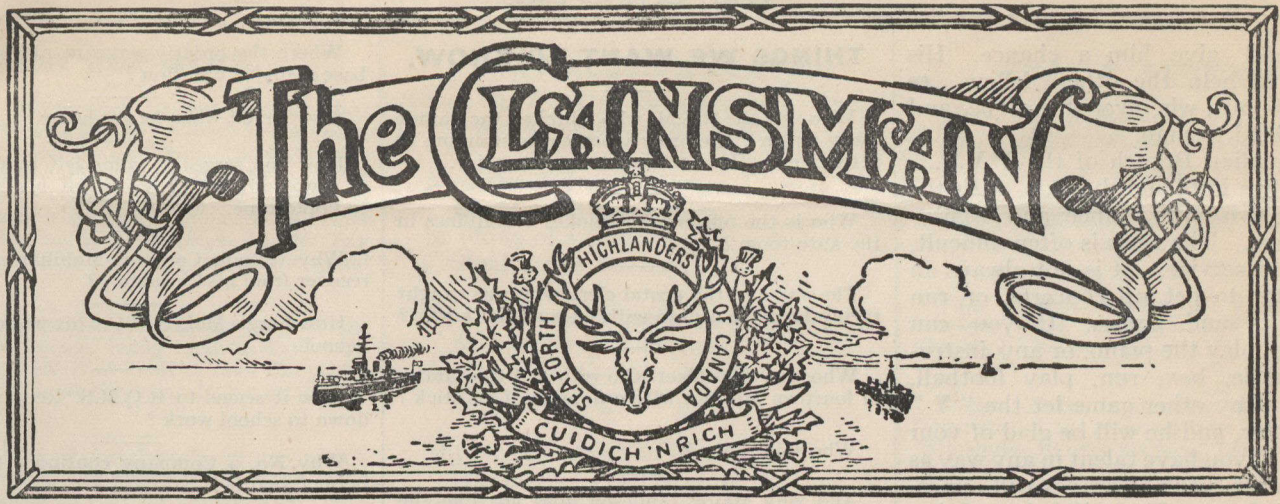




THE

Clansman

January 3rd, 1917.



Vol. I. No. 7.

Reserve Headquarters, Jan. 3rd, 1917.

Price 2d. (In Canada 5 Cents.)

CHRISTMAS DAY IN CAMP.

For the third time in this world-wide war, Christmas Day was observed in a fitting manner by the men in uniform. Appropriate services were held throughout the camps, after which the boys were released from all duties, as far as possible, and spent their time in extending and returning the compliments of the season. For once officers and men came together on an equal footing and in many instances the men of higher rank were heard greeting those of the rank and file in a way which tends to bring them closer together and to produce a better understanding for the work which is yet to follow.

The quartermasters' stores were opened in the forenoon and nuts, oranges, and apples were distributed liberally. With the blowing of the noon-time bugle, turkey, sausages, and many other good things made their appearance in abundance, and the man who went hungry did so from choice rather than from necessity. Even the canteen was brought into use, and each man was given his pint of beer to add to the already elaborate menu.

In the officers' and sergeants' messes, the dining halls presented a truly gay appearance. Decorations, skilfully arranged, served as reminders that the Yuletide season was at hand, while the dinners prepared and served would have been a credit to the most modern hotels.

With all the joy and laughter of the day, however there was a note of regret for those in the trenches. Many expressions were heard which were indicative of best wishes across the waters, and in many little talks made throughout the day all were reminded of them and the work they were doing. "Wish I could hand my boy a piece of this pudding," one father was heard to say, and "Yes, or if I could only toss this across to Bill," another lad said as he carefully balanced the "hambone" of turkey.

On all sides hopes were expressed that the war would be over long before the coming of another Christmas, yet no one of the men wants to see peace come until it can be brought about on terms which will be a credit to the country for which they are fighting.

The Sergeant Major has experienced considerable difficulty in locating canary seeds for the colonel's bird, and has been much delayed by fog. Curious, isn't it, how seldom fog prevents a man from starting off?

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT a London Concert Party will appear at the local hut of the Y.M.C.A. and, it is hoped, will be brought to the recreation room of the Seaforths.

On Thursday night Miss Bradley's Cheer-O's will be engaged for two concerts, the places to be announced at a later date.

Friday evening Mr. Fletcher's Concert Party will be heard in stirring concert work. The party is well known and the concert for this week will not be below the former ones.

Football games are the order for Saturday, and, while the contesting teams were not decided in time for announcement in this issue, we have been assured that the matches will be of the best.

Monday will probably be "Letter Writing Night," one of the popular features of the local "Y" work.

On next Tuesday evening, Miss Page's Concert Party will be here from Canterbury. What the soldiers think of that party is too well known to need comment. The usual large crowds are even now assured.

A JOLLY TIME.

Boys of the camp were given a treat on Christmas evening when an elaborate tea was served at the Jellicoe Club. The price of a full evening's enjoyment was ninepence—and the tea served was certainly worth twice the money. The rooms were artistically decorated and no feature which would in any way increase the jolly good time was overlooked. Colonel Clarke's orchestra was in attendance and rendered spirited Christmas music during the serving of the meal. *The Clansman* extends the thanks of the lads in uniform for the general good time provided at so small a price.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

THE concert held in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium and at the recreation room of the Seaforth Highlanders on last Wednesday was by far the best that has visited the camp during the present season. Every member of the party was an artist of ability and the offerings which they presented were more than loyally received by the crowds which attended. Here's hoping for more of the same kind. Let the good work go on.

THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE BRIGADE.

THE central aim of the Y.M.C.A. in all its activities, whether in out-door sports, indoor games, concerts, religious services, or canteen, is service. The same aim as the original association—service to mankind, as an expression of our devotion to God.

The red triangle will live in the memories of many thousands of our men, long after peace is declared, and we are back in our homes, with our wives, children, and friends in dear old Canada. Why? Because it is one hut in the lines where there is a touch of home—you are free to sit down and write your letters in comfort and on paper already provided, in a hall well lit and comfortably heated. You may sit and read the newspaper, or a book, if you wish, play a friendly game of checkers, chess, quoits, ping pong, bagatelle, or billiards. If you are hungry, thirsty, "want a smoke" or need something for your buttons, boots or kit, the ladies are ready and willing to serve you, and do it with a smile.

If you feel that you are getting a little careless, and need checking with a gentle reminder, a bit of sound advice, or may be a calling down is necessary to make you feel as happy and well ordered as you would if mother, sister, or wife were around again, go to the ladies, "God bless 'em," and they will put you on the right track again before you can say Jack Robinson.

Do you ever feel lonely, and well—kind of home sick—have more troubles than you know what to do with, and yet feel that there is no one to whom you can tell them. No one who would be at all interested—Well, first drop into, the "Y" and if the lady at the counter is not very busy, she will be only too pleased to talk to you and lend a listening ear.

If you have a sort of shy feeling, first ask for Captain, then come into the office and have a quiet chat. More than half our troubles and ailments are only imaginary, and while they look like the highest mountains in the Rockies at the time, they will often fade away like the morning mist when you start to tell them to somebody else. When the very telling of them to a sympathetic listener will cause them to slip away, why carry these extra packs on your backs?

The Y.M.C.A. officer is ready and glad to be a friend to any fellow,—but play

square, and give him a chance. His motto is to help the other fellow, to work in his hut, wherever it may be, and to be a friend to man.

The Canadian Branch of the Y.M.C.A. has forty-five huts and dugouts, with the Canadian Division in France, and twenty-three officers. The work is often difficult, but of great service. It is not always an easy matter to get up concerts, or run tournaments and games. If you can sing, recite, play the piano, or any instrument, wrestle, box, run, play football, baseball or any other game let the "Y" captain know, and he will be glad of your support. If you have talent in any way as an entertainer, your comrades will appreciate your efforts. You will help to bring a little more cheer into their lives as well as add interest to your own. Often the days are wet and the camps muddy, but never mind,—come inside and forget the slop. Remember,

Two men looked through prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other saw stars.
Look out, but look up—

When you come inside look out for good cheer, but help to create it as well. Good cheer is something like electricity, it needs to be generated, and every fellow carries a dynamo inside him, get it working.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

The Y.M.C.A. wishes *The Clansman* and its readers, a Happy Prosperous and Successful New Year.

SOME CATEGORY.

MET an old friend walking round the lines the other afternoon. Asked him if he'd take a drink. Told me he was C.B. I asked him what category that was and he replied: "When a man joins the army he gives up everything. They take away his name and give him a number. They take away his clothes and give him a uniform. They make him go to Church. I was taken to church last Sunday and the parson called my number. I replied, 'Here, sir!' He said, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' I said, 'Yes,' and for giving him a civil answer I got seven days C.B."

Regarding the "No Smoking" rule, we should be glad to see it applied to the worst smoker in the office—the stove.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who was the R.S.M. who marched the parade away and left the orderly sergeants standing at attention? Have a heart sergeant major.

Who is the officer who smokes Woodbines in the ante-room?

The name of the postal clerk who was caught trying to make a date with his superior's wife?

Who was the officer who returned the salutes of fourteen privates with a flourish of his stick?

Who said snake?

And why Major Jamieson does not like the new song?

Who led the buglers in their parade on Christmas Day?

Why the many gloomy looks on parade the day after Christmas?

Who was the hut orderly who could not mind his own money and gave it to a comrade to keep for him?

What became of the money?

Who is the sergeant who finds it so convenient to visit Bradford at frequent intervals while his wife is so close to camp?

Who is the sergeant who was asked if he wanted a dry "nurse"? Can Sergt. Pennatti tell us?

Who is the sergeant who lost his teeth and woke up in the morning to find that he had put them in his bed and slept on the floor himself? Simon LeGree may tell us.

Who can tell us whether Bob Lanaway is still on draft? He says it is the coldest draft he was ever in.

Who was the bugler who recently went to Hythe in search of a job minding babies? Some kid, eh, Ted?

What happened to Sergt.-Major Eager when he tried to carefully roll the window blind from the lofty heights of a rickety chair?

Who said Sergt. Sowden gave the chair a slight kick at a critical moment?

Does London ever get fogged? Will ask the R.S.M. of the Seaforths to tell us.

Did a certain R.S.M. get down on his knees recently?

Was it because he is getting "good"?

Where the orderly sergeant at the signalling base spent his vacation?

How he felt when he got home?

How the sergeant tailor felt in the uniform of a warrant officer on one of his recent trips to Folkestone.

Why it took Corporal Monihan so long to recover from his Christmas?

How Sergt. McLeod likes his work at Brigade School.

How it seems to R.Q.M.S. Reegan to buckle down to school work?

Why No. 4 Company continues to turn out perfect guards?

Is it because of that "Perfect Day" they enjoyed Christmas?

Who were the two buglers who sat in the picture show with the three young ladies of Folkestone one evening last week?

We think one of them should know better by this time.

Did Pte. "Pete" Thomson think he was doing well when he got a letter and a parcel in the mail last week?

Which did he appreciate most?

If you can put a hose top on over a shoe for the sum of three and six?

What did Pte. Brown do with the money?

Who was the N.C.O. who, on Christmas Day, tried to straighten up for the salute fully forty paces from the officer and then missed his step?

Telephone 12y2.

Established 1859.

Hugh Penfold,
Photographer,

100, High St., Ashford
KENT.

Specialist in Military Portraiture.
No Fancy Price, and no indefinite waiting.

A first-class, well-finished and permanent picture on a Post Card for 3s. 6d. per dozen, and certain delivery in seven days.

Patronised for two years by every branch of the C.E.F.

BARON'S STORES

For Everything a Soldier Requires

All Regimental BROOCHES & BADGES in Stock.

Stores at EAST SANDLING, WEST SANDLING, WESTENHANGER,
CHERRY GARDEN, and WITLEY.

Head Depot—

22-30, HIGH STREET, FOLKESTONE.

JUST COMMENT.

Ye editor did duty on picquet one night last week. Had expected to be sent to Saltwood but landed up at the Junction, where the only break in the monotony of hours was the arrival of a couple of trains. Seeing the fellows roll out of the cars from Folkestone made us rather homesick, but so long as Jones, of the Pay Office, did not kick, we hardly felt that we could complain.

Christmas packages are still the order of the day. From the way many of them have been delayed en route it is evident that the postal clerks will have all they can do for some time to come.

And speaking of postal work, we met with a gigantic surprise one morning last week when we had occasion to visit the Central Post Office for this district. The clerks there were about 500 registered letters behind, to say nothing of the huge bundles and piles of Christmas parcels, which they could not dispose of before the arrival of other truck loads. Then we sometimes swear at the local service.

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" It seems that the pipe band of Col. Reid's battalion thinks not. They clubbed together recently and sent their brothers, now at the front, enough cigars to keep them in smokes for many a day. The Camerons are certainly a live bunch in that respect.

And while we are thinking of the Cameron pipers, let us not forget to mention that they presented their postal clerk with a one-pound note and another little token of esteem on Christmas Day.

The bands of the camp seemed well imbued with the Christmas spirit. On the morning of that day we found it necessary to visit all parts of the camp and were lucky enough to make the rounds during church parades. Every musician seemed to be at his best and the way the sweet strains rolled forth made one feel that life is worth the living after all.

T. W. CAREY

— FOR —

**CIGARS AND
CIGARETTES .****CAREY'S Special Cigars**3d. each, 5 for 1/-.
2d. each, 7 for 1/-.**CIGAR MERCHANT and
CIGARETTE SPECIALIST.****THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND.**

THE ONLY ADDRESS—

90, HIGH ST., ASHFORD.**PASSMORE,****The Caterer of Ashford,**

EXTENDS A CHEERY

New Year Greeting

TO THE

Officers and Men

OF

His Majesty's Forces.

May the present year see the restoration of a favourable and suitable peace.

THAT ELUSIVE LEAVE.(From the *Kia-Ora*, Monthly Magazine of the Battleship *New Zealand*).

Now the day is over
Leave is drawing nigh,
Shadows of a bust up
Steal across the sky.

No more weekly coalings,
No more night defence
All the quids that we have now
Are dwindling into pence.

Staying on board so long now
Has made us rather glum.
But that will soon work off
When with the "long-haired" chum.

Where there's no discipline
Yet they serve out slops,
And in the village pub, Jack,
Smokes and strikes down hops.

But duty's coming nearer,
For leave is growing short,
And soon we'll have a medal
For battles someone's fought.

Then a chap may ask you
"What's that honour for?"
"Wearing slacks in war time,"
Ought to stop his jaw.

Silence may be golden
And swearing indiscreet,
Still, they don't draft angels,
To the British fleet.

"Heave out there, guard and steerage,"
That voice, how loud it seems.
Ah! that means these sweet verses
Are but extracts from my dreams.

SLICK.

FLOWERS IN MID WINTER.

LADS returning to camp one evening last week were more than surprised to find primroses blooming in abundance along the right of way. Flowers are practically unknown in our own country for several months yet and the finding of blossoms of any kind at this time of year is certainly a novelty. Guess we cannot kick about the cold so much over here, after all. (Note: Our information comes from the canteen).

THE DOWNFALL OF DIGNITY.

THE battalion orderly room was the scene of an interesting picture one morning last week, when Sergeant Major Eager ascended to the lofty heights of a rickety bench and started in to roll the window curtain with his usual preciseness. The bench proved unequal to his weight however, and the dignity of the sergeant major suffered a severe shock as he descended to the floor in a heap. Much skin was missing from various parts of his anatomy when he picked himself up. We have received a quiet tip that the bench might have been coaxed to give way by a gentle kick.

Who came close to giving the whole sub-staff a surprise a few days ago. Everyone thought he was going to change his undershirt, but all fears were put to rest when he merely turned it inside out and put it on again.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Bugler Fenton seems to be having a good time in Hythe lately. What's the attraction, Fritz?

Adjutant Appleton enjoyed a short leave last week. In his absence Lieut. Playfair acted as censor of *The Clansman*.

Piper McKenzie seems to be quite down-hearted these days. What's the matter, Charley? No parcels?

Bugler Watts, commonly referred to as "Snowball," has returned from his short leave, with smiles all over his face. What's the news, Snowball?

J. O'Neill, of No. 4 Company, enjoyed a vacation at Folkestone last week. Needing exercise badly, he walked home. That's going some.

Several of the bandmen enjoyed their Christmas and the following day in travel. Many of them got as far as Saltwood and practised saluting.

Pte. Haffern was among the privileged characters who enjoyed a Christmas pass. We thought we knew all about the city of Ashford, but it seems that we could yet take lessons from Haffern. Ask him about the haystack at the edge of the city.

Corporal Steers has been having troubles of his own. He is now attached to No. 4 Company, and was made orderly corporal when the former orderly went away on pass. Then the acting orderly sergeant took an evening off and went down town, throwing the responsibility upon the youthful corporal's shoulders.

Captain Norquay spent his Christmas with relatives in Scotland and came home with a broader brogue and a broader smile than we have seen him use since coming to this camp. Must be something entrancing at home, Captain.

The Orderly Sergeant of No. 3 broke all records on Christmas Day when he ordered a muster parade of his entire company and treated them to cigars and drinks—but we almost forget to mention that the total strength of his company at the time was six men.

We ran across Sergt.-Major Albrough again last week. The genial Scotsman has been quite a stranger recently. Have you been sleeping sergeant-major, or just taking life easy after the strenuous times of handling No. 4?

Sergeant Shiels asks us to state that if the person who is so interested in his movements will make himself known he will find a ready answer to his inquiry. The sergeant is now at the brigade school of gas helmet instruction, and it is generally hinted that he has a helmet already prepared for curious people. Can it be possible that this helmet might contain a well-loaded gas chamber?

Sergt.-Major Thorpe certainly played the game when he returned to camp in the middle of his leave just to make sure that things were going smoothly around the Officers' Mess on Christmas Day. He was more than pleased to find that Corpl. Goode had everything in first-class shape, and that the dinner was set in a way that left nothing to be desired.

Pte. Hodgens, of the Camerons, is now in charge of the recreation room, and is doing good work. In his spare moments he is making the piano work overtime and dispensing music by the hour. No wonder the dry canteen is being complimented on the cleanliness of their kitchen. Music always was known to bring inspiration.

THERE was a young man of East Sandling,
Whose girl wanted delicate handling,

If he sat on her knee

She was cross as could be,

As she liked him to do all the dandling.

THE CLANSMAN.

(Incorporated with "The Lethbridge Highlander.")

Published weekly by the Reserve Battalion, in the interest of the Highland Battalions of Canada.

Adjutant A. H. APPLETON, Censor.

Private HARRY F. DAVIS, Editor and Manager.

Men in uniform may have "The Clansman" sent to their friends in Canada at the following rates, post paid:

Six Months, 4s.; Three Months, 2s.
Single Copies, 2d.

Address all Communications to Editor, "The Clansman," Reserve Battalion, Canadian Training Division, England.

GREETINGS.

The Clansman extends a hearty New Year greeting to all. May the coming year see every man of His Majesty's forces prosper; may every day bring some cause for joy; may every minute bring a blessing. May those of us who are sent to the front enjoy the protection of Providence and may those now on the firing line come through safely. May the wounded in the hospitals and on the field be brought good cheer in a speedy recovery. May the records which our forces have made stand to the end of time and may we never have reason to regret having donned the uniform. May the coming of the next year see the war at an end and see us back in our places in civil life—provided this much-to-be-desired peace can be brought with a credit to our country and be made in such a way as to make another world-wide war an impossibility in the years to come.

WILL CONCERTS END.

From the present outlook, the Seaforths may lose their concert parties for the remainder of the season. The loss, if such is to occur, is due to no lack of patronage on the part of the boys of the battalion, nor of lack of support of the officers, but from the fact that the staff of the Y.M.C.A. through which they have been staged, has been depleted during the past few weeks to such an extent that it seems almost impossible for them to continue the work. The most severe blow was in the loss of Lieut. Farmer, who was recently called from here to take up the work in another camp. Mr. Farmer had been giving his whole attention to the local concerts and had become exceedingly popular with both concert parties and the soldiers. It was due to his cheerful smile and genial good humour that the concerts went with their unusual swing and freedom and his loss is being sincerely regretted by all.

We are still hoping, however, that some arrangements may be made by which they may be continued. They are bright lights in camp life.

PEACE TALK.

For the past several weeks the papers have been full of talk of peace and it now seems that the Central Powers are ready to listen to reason. Much as the boys in uniform would like to see peace restored, they do not want "peace at any

price," and every man Jack of them is willing, and more, to see the war continued indefinitely if suitable terms are not made. The majority of the lads have given up responsible positions in civilian life to don the khaki—many of them have made sacrifice which only they themselves can realise, and to see peace brought about at this stage of the game without terms of credit to Britain and the Allies would seem to them a sacrilege and a slur on the colours which they serve.

COME ON, FELLOWS

With this issue *The Clansman* is entering upon a new stage of its existence. It has been recognised by other units of the brigade of which it is a part, and before the passing of another week we hope to see it looked upon still more favorably by those units who have not already "come into the fold."

The battle of getting the paper on a sound footing has not been a light one by any means, but thanks to the loyalty of the officers and men, it is now won, and we can safely say that we are out of the experimental stage.

Come on, fellows and take a hand. Let us make the little sheet a good, live wire. Every little note you send in and every subscription paid, is a share in making it the success we should like to see it. The invitation to get busy is a standing one. Your help will be appreciated.

Beginning in our next number, a new serial will be published, entitled "Appy's 'Appy' Xmas." A thriller!

Our list of exchanges is growing rapidly. Two or three new magazines of regiments and ships find their way to our desk each week, and it will not be long until we can boast complete lists of military publications. Will you pardon us for the use of the shears? We feel that by using material from other papers we can keep in closer touch with the units which they represent than in any other way.

Soldiers who have subscribed to *The Clansman* to be sent home will confer a favour upon us and make our work easier if they will at once notify us of the failure of the papers to arrive. Unless we are told differently, we do not know but what the papers are arriving safely. We have back copies on hand and will gladly replace any number which may have been lost in the mail.

Thanks to Pte. Taylor, of the pay office staff, we were given a treat one evening last week when he presented us with several cigars. The little smokes are made by the firm of which Pte. Taylor's uncle is a director—hence the freedom with which they have been distributed. They were dandies and will probably become favourites with the boys in khaki when they have become better known.

Fxtell & Short

Butchers

and . . .

Graziers,

106 & 92, High Street,

HYTHE.

Telephone 90. And at SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Getting paid on the day before Christmas, was sure all right. It is the long wait till the next pay that hurts. Ask some of the Seaforth bandmen, who have been reduced to the sore straights of smoking "butts" for the past several days.

OFFICERS' MESS ATTRACTIVE.

In all the rounds of the Camp on Christmas Day, the one thing that was most noticeable was the officers' mess of the local battalion. The decorations, done by the mess attendants, could not have been better arranged, or could not have presented a better appearance. Appropriate greetings in holly met the eye on entering the dining room. The national colours were much in evidence and gave both dining-room and ante-room a real festive look. A short trip to the kitchen revealed feats of cooking which we had never dreamed could be produced. A boar's head, boiled ham, cakes of many kinds were beautifully decorated with frostings and Christmas messages—in fact, it was almost to be regretted that the delicate edibles should have been the victims of the carving knife.

LOST CHUMS COLUMN.

This week sees the opening of the Lost Chums column. We are in a position to help locate any man of the service and will gladly do so. Address all inquiries to "Lost Chum Column" *The Clansman*.

L. E. Straughan,

High-class Tobacconist,

81, High St., Hythe,

ALSO AT

Saltwood Post Office.

THE POPULAR STORE
WITH THE CANADIANS.**L. E. STRAUGHAN,**

(Next to the London County and Westminster Bank).

Tel. 157. **HYTHE.**American and Canadian Magazines
on Sale.

BEWLEY,
The Printer,
17, GEORGE LANE,
FOLKESTONE.

Tel. 331.

All Military Publications and Musketry
Appliances kept in Stock.
MAPS AND MAP CASES.

Xmas Cards with Canadian Badges.

GAMES OF ALL KINDS.

W. S. PAINE & Co.,
9, HIGH STREET,
HYPHE.

HAS YOUR WATCH
A LUMINOUS DIAL ?

Watches made Luminous while you wait.
Watch and Jewellery Repairs
a Speciality.

Depot for Ingersoll Watches.

E. EADE,
26, Rendezvous Street,
and 8b, High Street,
FOKLESTONE.

DRAY & Co.,
Motor, Motor Cycle,
AND
General Engineers,
18, HIGH STREET, HYPHE
(Opposite the G.P.O.)

Complete Overhauling of Cars
and Motor Cycles.

Repairs a Speciality to all kinds
of Machinery, Gramophones, etc.

Every description of Electric
Pocket Lamps and Batteries.

Special parts and fitting made
for experimental work.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Our inquiry column is open. Questions on any branch of the service will be readily answered as far as possible. Let us give you the information you may need.

PAYING THE PRICE.

THERE'S a terrible din, as they throng to get in—
They must hear the big deputation !
For the sake of their pay they've knocked off for the day,
Though they know there's no time for vacation.
" We can't waste our time making shells," they all say,
" For the miserly wage the munition firms pay ?
What do we care for war ? They can do what they may
Until we get our increase of pay."

In the moon's gentle light there's a terrible sight,
In the enemy's fire devastating,
At the breach of the guns heroes facing the Huns—
For the word to advance they are waiting.
The lieutenant cries, " To advance we don't dare ;
" We can't get munitions, we can't fight on air !
But the people at home won't make shells—they don't care
For aught but their increase of pay ! "

In the colliery town things are turned upside down,
There is nothing but bustle and flurry ;
The colliers are out—you can hear the wild shout
As they come up the street in a hurry.
" Let the coal dig itself," they arrogantly state,
" The country !—eh, what ? The country can wait .
If they cannot get coal, they can sing hymns of hate
Until we get an increase of pay ! "

In the stokeholds below, in the furnace's glow,
Amid all the dust and commotion,
Men are toiling all night and all day,
As the battleship steams through the ocean.
But the coal they are using is rough stuff indeed—
Three times as much work, and three-fifths as much speed.
The colliers won't give them the right stuff they need
Until they get their increase of pay.

Oh, where would they be if the lads on the sea,
And the lads who are guarding the nation,
If they scrupled to die, if they asked reason why—
What would be the use of oration ?
And what would they do who have wrangled all day,
Refusing to work, for the sake of their pay,
If our sailors and soldiers should " down tools " and say,
" It's our turn for increase of pay ? "

With apologies to the *Kia-Ora*.

AN OLD FRIEND.

In straightening up our desk one day last week we ran across a relic of pre-historic days in the form of the only copy of *The Irritator*, we have been able to secure. *The Irritator* was published on September 13th, and was edited by Sergt. P. J. Hill. Not being blessed with the facilities of the modern printer's art, it was run off on the duplicating machine of the orderly room. Among many other bright little skits we find the following :

" A raving maniac, presumably a spring poet, rushed into our orderly room the other morning, and planked the following ditty on my desk—

Poor little Emily Rose—
Was tired and sought to repose
Her brother named Clare
Placed a tack on her chair—
Poor little Emily Rose."

A little further along we find the following, presumably the product of the editor :

TO THE BOYS WHO DIED IN FRANCE.

The field was red with the blood they shed,
But the foe has known defeat, and knows
to-day
Canadians say " We die, we won't retreat." Proud in their might, they swept the height
Like waves o'er a blood red reef,
So nobly slain, died gallant men,
From the Land of the Maple Leaf.

THE SONG OF A SHIRT.

(These lines were written on the occasion of the men's shirts being taken away for washing and new ones were not issued immediately.)

OH ! they dragged us through the mud
holes
And the deepest holes they picked,
They marched us many needless miles
And we never, never kicked.
But to-day they put the " Kibosh " on,
And our dignity it hurts,
They took us on manoeuvres
Without our bloomin' shirts.

We had a kit inspection :
Discs, smoke helmets, field dressings,
too,
Some were short their bully beef,
Biscuits quite a few.
Then we all took off our tunics,
And the Colonel looked quite hurt,
When he found the whole battalion
On parade without a shirt.

Oh ! we're feeling quite downhearted,
And our backs are getting cold ;
And when I make this meek appeal,
Do not think I'm getting bold.
If you've any kit to throw away,
I assure you it's a cert,
There'll be nothing so much appreciated
As a good clean flannel shirt.

MIKE'S FIRST LETTER HOME.

In Me Mud Hole, France.

Dear Maggie,

I am now going to write you a letter about my trip to the warr. We come across the inglish chanel in a boat that had to mil wheels on the sides to keep it from going too fast and to make the engines go. The forse of the bote goin threw the waters made the mil wheels go round and they turned the ingines and made the boat go.

When we got on land we wuz marched up to jine the army we wuz fastened to and i got the surprise of me loife. There wuz over too miles of sewers wid walks along the bottom and we twisted and twisted till we got to what they sed wuz the front line. All of the time they wuz letting off fireworks and som of the big ones made the ground shake somethin turrible. I seen Denny Coltoer, the parsons son. You mind the young devil wid all his fancy close and his lady killin ways. Well, I met him in wan of them long sewers, and, glory be, he wuz workin wid a pic an shovel and cursin to bate the best of them.

Last nite I wuz out in one of them sewers carryin wire to put out in front. Begobs, they make sure that none av the boys get over and swap stories wid them dirty germans. Every fut is fensed in as if we wuz chickens and didnt no any better than to go out their. Av course they aint all hed a good educashun like me and sum av them might not no any better.

The sargint is kolektin the male so will klose wid love an kisses,

Your darlint,

MIKE.

P.S.—Tell Pat I kin get him a pic here cheep.

Brazier.

YE OLD TYME BANQUET.

YE Olde Tyme Banquet to be given by the Y.M.C.A. at Folkestone on January 5th, is now assured and former Canadian members of that organisation are promised the treat of their lives. Plates will be set for more than 100 members, and it is now evident that the patronage will be ample to fill all places. The banquet will cost half a crown per man, which will barely cover the caterer's estimate. In addition to the menu the "Y" officers will provide many delicacies, and it is a certainty that no man will lack the material for filling the largest voids. An elaborate programme has been prepared, the feature of which will be one of Captain Best's talks on the experiences of eighteen months in the trenches.

Rally round the banquet, fellows, and make the evening one to remember.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING.

The sergeant had set a fatigue party to work pumping water out of the trench. Returning some time later, he was annoyed to find the whole party indulging in the mild pastime of sailing little paper boats.

"What in the blazes are you fellows doing?" he inquired.

"Waiting for the tide to come in, sergeant," was the reply.

NEWS NOTES IN GENERAL.

A GLEE Club has been formed in the Cameron brass band, and it is said that some exceptional talent is being developed.

Rumours say that one of our recent drafts has met with serious injury at the front. We are now making inquiries and hope to have a complete casualty list in the next issue.

Sergt. Major Thorpe has returned to camp after having spent several days of complete rest at home. He is all smiles so we take it for granted his time was used to the best advantage.

Col. Pryce-Jones has been sent to France on an educational trip. He is one of a party of Commanding Officers who will visit all parts of the firing line before being returned to duty.

The signallers seem to be having the time of their lives these days. A visit to their quarters finds them working from early to late, but they go at their training with smiles and jolly good will. Go to it, lads.

It is hinted that Christmas Day proved disastrous to the Ashford fatigue party.

We were surprised last week to receive a copy of the *Kia-Ora*, official monthly magazine of H.M.S. *New Zealand*. The little paper is a bright and snappy one, and reflects credit, not only on the editorial staff, but on the ship's crew as well. It is attractive in size and make-up, and the cover design leaves nothing to be desired. Thank you, brothers of the navy, for your kind remembrance. Your request to exchange shall be gladly complied with.

Our fame seems to be spreading to the corners of the Empire and further. The latest evidence of this is a request for a complete file of *The Clansman* to be included in a library at Paris. While several copies are being filed in British offices and institutions this is the first evidence of interest on the part of our allied nations and is greatly appreciated.

HAPPY HOUR PARTY.

The Clansman extends thanks to the Happy Hour Party held at the "Y" on Christmas night for the many good things said in its behalf. The party was a success from the word *go* and was certainly an event to be long remembered. Pte. Campbell, ventriloquist, was the star feature of the bill and more than made good with his audience. He and his doll never forgot the brigade paper and instilled into the minds of all present the need of their continued support. Let us add that Pte. Campbell has now been added to the local concert party and is furnishing amusement to many of the battalions of the district.

**B. NINNES,
HYTHE.**

(Opposite Swan Hotel).

Military Jewellers.

Canadian Badge Brooches
and Wristlet Watches
a Speciality.

WITH THE CHESS PLAYERS.

THE players in the first section have completed their engagements in the first round. The winners were:—

Major Lamontagne.
Pte. Midhurst.
Captain Bruce.
Captain Smith.
Lieut. Playfair.
Pte. Vickers.
Sergt. Major Thorpe (by default).
Pte. Tombes.
Corporal Davison.
Corporal Adams.

All these gentlemen will take part in the second round, the drawing for which was made by the Committee on Saturday and resulted as follows:

Lieut. Playfair *v.* Corpl. Davison.
Pte. Vickers *v.* Captain Adams.
Pte. Tombes *v.* Major Lamontagne.
Pte. Medhurst *v.* Captain Bruce.

These games promise to be of a very interesting character and some well contested finishes are confidently expected.

The handicap committee have carefully performed the duty entrusted to them, with the result that each player will have an equal chance, meeting his opponent on even terms.

There are several games still unplayed in section two. This no doubt, was caused by the absence from Camp of several of the players during Christmas week. Now that they have nearly all returned, it is confidently expected that they will soon get busy, and that the second round will soon be engaging the attention of all, as will also the first round of the section two consolation contest.

FOR

Battalion .

. Stationery

SEE

BRODIE.

17th Regiment Stationery
with envelopes to match.

CHRISTMAS CARDS
for your friends in Canada.

THE SOLDIERS' DREAD.

(With apologies to the shade of George Whittier.)

Now in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear
Throughout my bones I feel
A shivering cold
On me lay hold
And run from head to heel.

It is not the loss of limb or breath
Which hath me so dismayed,
Nor mortal wounds nor fear of death
Have made me thus arrayed;
When cannons roar
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor tremble I
When from the sky
"Jack Johnsons" fall apace.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to fear.
A cheery word, a tot of rum,
His courage up doth cheer:
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is not that troop of crying sins
Which rite in soldiers be.
But in my mind
This fear I find—
I hope my fears deceive—
That "all leave stops"
When my name tops
The list to go on leave.

OBEYING ORDERS.

Major: When did your men change their shirts?

O.C. Coy.: A week ago, sir.

Major: Have they changed again to-day?

O.C. Coy.: They can't, sir. They have no spare shirts.

Major: H—ll, it's a divisional order. Tell them to change shirts with one another.—*Exchange.*

Lewis, Hyland & Co.,
93, HIGH STREET,
ASHFORD.

Outfitters, Hosiery,
and Tailors.

ALSO AT
FOLKESTONE,
HASTINGS,
RAMSGATE.

AMONG THE CAMERONS.**WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.**

If Pte. Tyre will always be tired or is it a weakness in the small of the back?

If Bugler McConnell broke that cheque he recently got from Winnipeg?

Why did the buglers feel sore when the bayonet squad occupied their hut for a short time?

Did it interfere with their repose?

If Pte. Hargreaves is ever going to get a little life into his bayonet fighting?

If Bandsman Waskosky transferred purposely to get out of wearing the kilt, seeing he developed a "grave-yard cough" in wearing them, or did he not want to be a semi-barbaric blend of Scotland.

If Pte. Taggart is in Heaven, being on pass.

What Corporal Weir did in Winnipeg to make him enlist, and why he makes those awful noises through the still hours.

Who is the bandsman, recently transferred, who went to sleep during instruction lectures, and who, on being awakened, said he was sea-sick from walking over the parade ground?

Why is it that a certain hut never runs short of fuel?

If we should offer congratulations to Bandsman Nokes in his tribulations.

If he was married while on pass, why did he overstay his pass two days.

If Pte. Minhimick would order a ladder from the pioneers to climb those bronchos of his, and if the band should play slow music until he got aboard.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

THANKS to the activity of the Toronto Parkdale Ladies' Institute, the homeless boys of the brigade will not be forgotten this year, and it is only due to the delays of transport that they have not already received more than 200 Christmas stockings, each of which is filled with all good things to eat. The stockings were sent from Toronto in ample time to be here for the holiday and were intended as a jolly surprise for those who have no friends in Canada who might have made their Christmas a pleasant one.

Each battalion in camp has been asked to furnish a list of names of the men who have no next of kin and the stockings will be distributed immediately on arrival.

The following advertisement appeared in a local paper recently—"Two respectable girls need washing." Phone—

A is for Appleton and Allen, too,
Both are officers of the truest blue.

B is for Butler, on time on parade,
An R. S. M. of whom all are afraid.

C is for Cameron and *Clansman* as well,
Neither forgets the straight truth to tell.

The **D** is for Doc, who gives castor oil,
Whether you're lame in the foot or have just a boil.

E is for Emmett, who plays in the band,
If you need help in "mooching" he will lend you a hand.

F is for Frank, who cooks the bacon and beans,

H is for Humphrey, the bugler so gay,
He is now in the ranks and begins to look gray.

I is the Innes, who has gone to the front

J is the Jackson, who helps bear the brunt.

K is for Knight, so steady and firm,

L is the Lake, who has money to burn.

M is for Murray, the doctor's aid,
Who gives castor oil or uses the blade.

N is for Nuttall, who helps us sometimes
And therefore makes us buy him the wines.

O is for Owens, on time every day

P is the postman, who takes cares away.

Q is the query, what will come next?

R is the Right which we use as a text.

S is for Smith—we have them galore,

T is the Tompkins sometimes quite a bore.

U is the Union, of new lands and old,
Which fast drives the Kaiser out of his hold.

Y is for Young at the signalling base
It makes you feel good to see the smile on his face.

Z is the Zeppelin, which no longer we fear

For when once they come we keep them all here.

Sergeant (to private on the parade ground)—Here, my man, you've got that rifle in the wrong hand.

Private.—I ken that. It should be in your hand.

THE SASKATCHEWAN LADS.**PLEASE TELL US.**

What consisted of "Slim's" Christmas parcel?

Who was the acting Sergeant-Major on Christmas Day between the hours of five and six o'clock?

The true definition of the "Bing Boys."

Does one belong to the Fort Williams battalion and the other to the Western Cavalry Regiment—or are there more than two?

Who is the officer (not a sub.) who is saving enough money out of his pay to get married at the end of the war?

What has the Major done with the fourth wheel of his car?

Who are the "Gold Dust" twins?

What happened to the other pages of the battalion orders on Christmas Day?

Why the Quartermaster of a certain battalion kept the top drawer of his dresser locked and what became of his beautiful Arab steed—or was it a Scrub S—?

What did Lieut. Dougal do with the Paymaster's post cards?

If a certain sub. of the Lethbridge Highlanders can tell us where Burch's Hotel is situated?

Can he find his way there in a fog?

Who the Captain is who said Folkestone Central Station was closed on a certain day a short time back.

What did he say when, on arriving at Shorncliffe station, he found he had just missed the last train home?

The names of the two officers who will be O.K. if there is ever a Yellow Peril.

Does one have a Scotch accent and does the other wear glasses?

Who is the company commander who drinks champagne in his company orderly room at nine o'clock in the morning?

Sergeant Major, on church parade—"C. of E. fall in on the right, R. C. on the left. Fancy religions fall in behind."

FROM THE SIGNALLING BASE

The "Pipes" at Lucknow.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrent
And the treble of the rills,
Not the braes of broom and heather
Nor the mountains dark with rain
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
In the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger,
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent,
Near and nearer circles swept:
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,"
"Pray to-day," the soldier said,
"For to-morrow Death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

So they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hopes became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing,
Filled the pauses of their prayer;
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground—
"Dinna ye hear it, dinna ye hear it,
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
But alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy's guns,
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle crooning,
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music,
Through the visions of the seer;
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear;

She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbells' call,
Hark, hear ye no MacGregors
The grandest o' them all?"

So they listened dumb and breathless
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast;
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingles woman's voice and man's,
"God be praised the march of Havelock
And the piping of the Clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife;
Came the wild MacGregors clanfall,
Stinging all the air to life:
But as the far-off dustcloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely,
Those pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Rose the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war drums,
Rose that sweet and home-like strain,
And the Tartan clove and Turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
In the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear:
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch,
O'er mountain, loch, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music,
The pipes at Lucknow played.

THE POST OFFICE WANTS TO KNOW.

WHEN there's a mail from every country,
Full fifty sacks or more,
Why is it someone always shoves
His head in at the door:
And asks in accents loud and strong
(It makes the sergeant sore),
"Do you suppose that there will be
Some mail for No. 4?"

Now Boys make a point and drop right into

Wm. Bushell's Military Outfitting Stores

31-33, HIGH STREET, HYTHE,

**For Boots, Leggings, Puttees, Belts, Breeches, Slacks, Tunics, Caps,
Khaki Shirts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Socks, Braces.**

UNION SUITS in Cotton, Merino, and all Wool.

RUBBER BOOTS IN BLACK AND BROWN. OVER SHOES.

**Flashes, Hose Tops, Spats, Kilt Pins, Satin and Khaki Trews
for wear with the Kilt.**

Wm. BUSHELL,
31-33, HIGH STREET, HYTHE, Kent.

ESTABLISHED 1669.

MACKESON & Co., Ltd.,

Brewers, Wine & Spirit Merchants

HYTHE, KENT.

Spirits Matured in our own Bond.

Patentees of the renowned

MILK STOUT.