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CLANSMAN



September 17, 1917

Camp Notes of Interest to All Ranks

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No. 1, Market Street,

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# The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 34

Monday, September 17, 1917

Price 2d

## BURIED WITH FULL MILITARY HONOURS AT HASLEMERE

Corporal Sidney Miles, of the Scots Guards, and a native of the village of Haslemere, was buried in the church yard of the Haslemere Parish Church with military honours on Saturday, September 8th. Death came as the result of an operation performed in the hope of saving his life and made necessary by wounds received at the front. Corporal Miles was in the service at the beginning of the war and was in the first of the fighting. He was wounded early in the struggle and sent to the hospital. Recovering the first wound, he returned to the front only to receive another. Four times this was repeated, the last time proving fatal.

His funeral was an impressive one. Few people knew of the funeral arrangements, yet a goodly crowd of civilians and soldiers were in attendance. The strains of the dirge as the procession, headed by the band of the Western Ontario Reserve, passed through the streets, attracted scores and by the time the church was reached the crowd was four times the original number.

At the church the Rev. Compton held a short service and the remains were taken to the cemetery. At the side of the open grave the military service was read and a firing party from the Seaforth Reserve fired a last salute in honour of one who gave his life for King and Country. Last Post was

sounded and four of the Seaforth corporals gently lowered the casket to its last resting place, while civilians stood with bowed heads and soldiers stood at the salute in mark of last respect.

Corporal Miles was well and honourably known in this district. He leaves behind a number of relatives, among them a brother who stood at the grave side in the uniform of the navy. To these relatives and to the host of friends remaining, The Clansman extends the most sincere sympathy. Their solace, however, lies in the knowledge that the departed lad answered to duty and that his duty was well done. He gave his life to that duty as thousands have done, and he has been called to his reward as they have been called to theirs.

We must express regret at sending out this issue of the paper without stitching, but the fact of the matter is that wire for that purpose is harder to get than a permanent pass to Canada. We foresaw the shortage some time ago and sought to conserve our meagre supply by using a single stitch—but even at that it takes several yards of wire to turn out a single issue of the sheet. We had also hoped to have a goodly number of illustrations for this number, but the blocks, which we are getting through the courtesy of Canada Weekly, are delayed in the post and had not arrived at a late hour last night. They will appear in the next issue, however.

## NOVA SCOTIA RESERVE WINS OVER IMPERIAL FOOTBALLERS

In one of the fastest football games yet of the present season the Nova Scotia Reserve defeated a team of the Imperial Sanitation Corps on the local hospital grounds last Saturday. From the sound of the starting whistle it was evident that our neighbors would come out winners. With the exception of an occasional Imperial rally the ball was in the territory of the losing team and nothing but brilliant work on the part of their goal keeper kept the score from being run into a higher figure.

At the end of the first half the score 1 to nil in favor of the Nova Scotians and the end of the game it was 3 to nil in their favor.

Notwithstanding the fact that they lost the game, and failed to register a single goal during the entire game, the Imperials won the distinction of playing the field star. Pte. Heath, their center forward, was a veritable whirl wind and had his opponents guessing at several points in the game. Though he did not pose as a mind reader, he seemed to know weak points by instinct and always managed to be where he could do the most

effective work. Other stars of the Imperial team were Pte. McCormack, goal, Pte. Evans, right back, Pte. Larkiman, left half back, and Pte. Luiley, forward.

On the Nova Scotia team, Sgt. Whyley, team captain and left back, Pte. Monaghan, right half back, Sergt. Sharples, left back, and Pte. Lambert, center forward, were the outstanding players. The most noticeable features of their play were the combinations which they used so effectively and the passing which was done so neatly and at the most unexpected times. Captain Whyley was apparently in perfect command of the play at every stage of the game and used his knowledge of the individual players to the best advantage.

From the snap and ginger put into the game by the winners, we feel safe in predicting that they will be among the leaders of the camp when the time comes for awarding honours at the end of the season.

Does a certain stenographer of the battalion orderly room ever go cycling and meet the young ladies from the metropolis? Was he chased by the A. P. M., and who fired five shots into his lamp?

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## THE WEEK WITH THE NOVA SCOTIA REGIMENTAL DEPOT

The second FULL dress rehearsal of the new Revue, "S-s-sh," took place on Monday night, the 3rd inst. Such good progress has been made during the past week or two that the promotors expect to be in a position to put it before the public some time about the 15th, the exact date to be determined by the paymaster.

It is rumoured that a couple more of the boys are going to be married shortly.

### Things They Want To Know

Have you noticed the decoration the "Duke" is wearing? Queer place to carry a lock of your best girl's hair, isn't it.

Who is the officer of the N S R D who got two invitations from a lady to go to a dance and didn't know enough to reserve a dance for her on either occasion? "Filbert."

Who was the N. C. O. who was arrested for standing on the corner of the street a short time ago and what rash promises did he make?. "Oh, 'Eavens."

Who was the little flapper that visited the Depot and fell in love with one of the sergeants who played rather a good game of tennis and did he say good-bye to her?

How do you like the thought of a pick and shovel, Smithy?

The question of the moment among the sergeants—What did you think of the breakfast? "Tuffa da luck."

Why is a certain N. C. O. saving tinsel and how long will it be before he gets any return for it? An ounce for a pound is hardly a fair trade, Podge.

Who is the N. C. O. who overstayed his leave a short time ago and thought he was Smart enough to get away with it?

Who was it that recently made the dis-

covery that two Lieut.-Cols., of the Depot make a pretty strong combination as partners in tennis?

Who is the stenographer who has grown out of his kilt and what was it the washer woman who visits the lines said that she saw the other day when the said stenographer was picking moon daisies near the tennis court.

Who is the N. C. O. who came to work one day dressed in his wife's clothes, now wearing the future family petticoats. Would think that his mother was a little late in shortening him.

## Funland !

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## A Page of Interesting Clippings From Everywhere

### AMERICA IN ARMS

"On the train the othtr day (remarks the Washington Star) a private sat with his tunic unbuttoned, for the temperature was high. A sergeant strode up to him and said, "Button up that tunic. Did you ever hear of by-law 217, sub-section D? I'm sergeant Jabez Winterbottom."

A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant on the shoulder. "How dare you issue orders with a pipe in your mouth?" he asked. "Go home and read paragraph 174, section M, part IX. I am Major Eustace Carroll."

Here a gentleman with drooping white mustasche interposed from the other side of the aisle. "If Major Carroll," he said coldly, "will consult by-law 31 of section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offense not lightly to be overlooked."

### THEY TOOK THE COAT

A good story is told of two well-known Americans who, in a shop window in a Chinese seaport, noticed some native house coats of particularly striking designs, and went in to purchase one. "Wantum coatee,"

said one American to a sleepy-eyed Oriental who shuffled up with a grunt. He placed a number of coats before them.

"How muchee Melican monee?" asked the American.

"It would aid me greatly in transacting this sale," said the Chinaman, "if you would confine yourself to your mother tongue. The coat is seven dollars."

They took it.

### TRANSLATED

An old Scotsman and an English lady were occupants of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The train having been waiting lenr at a certain station, the Scotsman remarked, "They're a gey taigle-some lot here." "I beg your pardon," said the lady. "I'm sayin' they're an awfu' daid-lin' squad here," said the old man." "I really beg your pardon, sir," the lady repeated. "I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich lot here the nicht." "Really, I must again beg your pardon. I do not comprehend you." "I was just tryin' to say the train was late here this evenin'." "Indeed, sir, it is very late indeed," the lady agreed, understanding her genial companion at last.

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HASLEMERE

OF INTEREST TO OUR BENEDICTS  
---PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

The only man who ever found his wife as tender as he thought he ought to was a cannibal—after her death.

Lovers are often described as dove-like, but after marriage the cooing often gives way to billing.

A memo for unmarried men—fear the woman who avoids your eyes, and also the one who doesn't.

A novelist says, "Love is but a change of air." Hence the breezes and chills that follow.

Divoree, like liberty, means being free of the things you don't like so you can be a slave of those you do.

Woman is a very inflammable creature. Hence the sparks on earth—and ditto below

An Uneventful Evening

Went out in front one night to see what was doing. Walked across No-Man's Land and wormed my way through the German wire. Watched my chance and sneaked over the parapet. Grunted to the sentry. He grunted back. Nice trench, deep and dry. Went up communication trench. No one around. Climbed out into the open. Went farther back. Took a look around and sized up the situation. Too dark; couldn't see anything. Met Fritz ration party and helped to carry part of the load back to the line. Plenty of grub. Don't like their bread. Killed a few of them and then strolled back home. Uneventful evening."—The Listening Post.

"It'll be just my luck to go through the whole of this awful, ghastly war without a scratch, then, the day after peace breaks out, slip on a banana peelin' and break my neck.—Listening Post.

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### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

Did Langille enjoy himself on a recent week end visit?

When did a certain sergeant's cousin arrive in this vicinity, or is it a new relative?

Why did Corporal Phillips not go to Petworth Sunday?

Why did the assistant caterer take a hand in the game of rings when we were so far ahead?

What does Sergt. Travers know about the girl from North Chapel?

Who ead to pay for new gate hinges one night last week and why did he not have time to unfasten the latch in the right way?

Who set a nice little trap for a comrade and fell into it himself?

Who made it from the town hall to the

station in ren sconds flat, and was he in time to keep the date?

Why not fall in line and buy a medal for the first musketry instructor that can build a trench to suit the engineers?

Who said Sergt. Sutherland was not a good provider?

Who said Sergt. Bowers couldn't navigate an aisle of chairs, even it it was well filled with moving feet, or that he was not an excellent illustration of a pathetic love song?

Who got lost on the road from Grayswood and did the little lady tell him the way to go home?

What did one of our worthy corporals spend on the telephone in making the date with the girl at Aldershot and was the date kept?

Why is Private Bayley so down hearted these days? Is the work too strenuous?

## THE STATION GARAGE

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Repairs, Tyres and all kinds of Accessories

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## The Past Week In The War

1914—Great Britain, France and Russia agree not to treat for a separate peace. Germans take Rheims. Allies begin to drive the Germans armies back from Paris, and the British army crosses the Marne, forcing the Germans to retreat about 25 miles. The Indian princes offer their troops and services to Great Britain. Verdun relieved.

1915—Zeppelin raids on London. Russian Czar takes supreme command of his forces. First trouble with America, when the States government demands the recall of Dr. Dumba, the Austria-Hungarian minister, who was convicted of breaking the laws of neutrality. Russian successes in Galicia. Kentish coast raided by aeroplanes. British casualties for the first year placed at 331,982.

1916—French score successes at Verdun. Rumanians in retreat before superior German Army. Franco-Russians route the Bulgarian troops in Florina. The Entente Governments assume control of the Greek posts and telegraphs and demand the removal of enemy agents. Allied warships enter the Harbour at Athens and take three German cruisers.

Present year—Internal disorders in Russia threaten the provisional government and revolution is raging. Comparative quiet on the Western front, both the British and French scoring daily successes on a small scale. First American infantry goes into training in France. Swedish representatives in South America found to be supplying Germans with cable facilities and a serious rupture with the Allies narrowly averted.

## More Epitaphs

Here lies I who did die, I lie did as I die did,  
Old Frank Fry, when the worms come  
To pick up the crumbs they'll have in I.

To a shoemaker—He called for his awl  
and Death brought him his last.

He lived to a hundred and five, sanguine  
and strong  
An hundred to five that you, the reader,  
wont live so long.

This stone is sacred to the memory of  
Eliza Shaw, who died in 1820 at the age of  
116. She lived in six reigns.

Underneath this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost at sea and never found.

Here lies Foote's shot off leg—the whole  
body will follow shortly.

## A Call to the Sons of Britain

"Come, lads, your country needs you,"  
These few words were all,  
And the gallant lads of Britain  
Answered their country's call;  
They left their homes and loved ones,  
To fight the cruel foe,  
Not fearing any danger,  
And willingly they go.

"Come, lads, your country needs you,"  
Our dear wives heard the call:  
Though parting was so bitter,  
They sacrificed their all.  
Husbands, sons and sweethearts,  
Each gave a fond adieu;  
God bless our noble women  
With hearts so good and true.

"Come, lads, don't stay behind,"  
This went upon the breeze  
To lads of the British Empire,  
In lands across the seas;  
"We're coming," was their reply,  
"We know our nation's shield,"  
Old England's pride and glory,  
The lads who never yield.

Fighting for honour and freedom,  
Fighting the deadly foe;  
Cheer our noble fellows,  
Defeat they never know;  
Fighting for home and country,  
As good as one can do.  
Good luck to the boys in khaki,  
And same to the boys in blue.

(With apologies to the author, who recently  
recited the above from the vaudeville stage  
in Hasiemere.)

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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.

Captain C. E. MILLER, Censor

Sgt. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

### OUR CHANGE

This is the first number under the new plan of turning out a larger paper every fortnight instead of a smaller issue once each week. While we believe this issue to be an improvement over the former numbers, it is not yet up to the standard we have in mind but we shall keep on making improvements as fast as possible until our ideal is realised. We hope to maintain this size and shall not increase the price—tuppence a copy.

In this issue we have notes from other units and in the following issues we hope to bring still others into the fold until every battalion in the camp is represented. We are satisfied with the support being given us by our own battalion and, if we can get even a small part of this same support from our neighbors, our cup of happiness will be full to overflowing. This form of invitation is therefore extended to every officer commanding and to every adjutant in the camp to take an interest in The Clansman on behalf of their unit and to have some one of their men send us notes of interest for each issue. If this may be done we shall arrange for a per centage of the sales in each unit to go to the respective battalion funds or to any fund that may be named. Will you think it over, gentlemen.

When will the war end? That is the question that has been going the rounds for the past three years and the solution is not yet. At the beginning of hostilities few thought the war would be in progress at this late day, yet all are still determined that the struggle shall not end until Prussianism is stamped out for all time. In fact the three years of almost continuous battle and the loss of the hundreds of thousands of lives has strengthened this determination until it has become a religion of every man in the uniform of the King.

During those three years the Canadians have answered the call of the Motherland in a way which would have been believed incredible at the beginning of the war. They have fought side by side with the British Tommy and their records have been good—and not only that, but they have come to understand the people of their native land and the people of the historic little island have come to understand them. Four years ago the people on this side of the Atlantic knew there was a place called Canada and that it was a colony of England, and there the interest of the majority ended. Few realised the manhood we had in the Dominion and few took the trouble to find out. Not one in twenty could name the seat of government and less than one in a hundred knew of the vast resources which lay within our boundaries. Today two-thirds of the people in England can name many of our provinces and many can tell you what each province produces. The names of our prominent men are familiar to the minds of all and scores can tell you the financial and agricultural conditions of the Dominion today. In other words we are getting acquainted and the acquaintance, brought about by the good work our boys have done at the front, is proving a pleasant one for both peoples.

The sergeants of the Seaforths are in high glee. Not even when they were paying mess dues to the amount of seven and six per month, to say nothing of an occasional assessment, have they been faring as well as during the past fortnight. Many of the delicacies of the old days are lacking, 'tis true, but that is more than overcome by the manner in which the new chef prepares the daily army ration. We now find that every member of the mess gets his fill of good, wholesome food—and that complaints are few and far between. A greater compliment could not be paid the kitchen staff than to see the hard working sergeants leave the mess room with contented looks on their faces.

It looks as if the people of the Argentine Republic were angry with Germany.

## News Notes of General and Local Interest

Bandmaster Williams requests that any musicians in the unit who are not already connected with the band or orchestra should report to him at the first opportunity. Only men of a lower category than A2 can be used.

We ran across Pte. Sam Nuttall one day this week. We had noticed that he had not been around the lines recently and have just learned that he has been away for a few weeks. Sam is a combination of a hut orderly and a batman—and incidently was the first "news boy" on the Clansman staff. He helped to sell the first issue in Lethbridge about eighteen months ago.

When in the men's cook house one day last week we over heard a few remarks which show the high regard in which one of our officers is held by the men working under him. It would hardly be policy to repeat the remarks but we can say that they were complimentary in the extreme. Needless to say, Mr. Power is the officer in question, and the chefs have ample opportunity to know whereof they speak in singing his praises—but then, they are but voicing the sentiments of all who come in contact with the popular young lieutenant. "Cood goods come in small packages," you know.

Another evidence of the difficulties to be met and overcome by the bandmaster of a reserve unit. In walking across the parade ground recently we noticed a familiar figure going through the manual of arms. Investigation showed it to be Sergt. Appleton, who has been taken from the euphonium in the band and put on the square for training. The sergeant has been on band work since enlistment and it was due to his energy that the band of the old Lethbridge Highlanders came into being. He is a valuable man to the present band and we can but doubt if Bandmaster Williams will be able to replace him in the near future.

Entertainment extraordinary in the lines on Wednesday evening. Shortly after tea the men's mess room was cleared and

local concert parties appeared in a minstrel program par excellence. Singing and dancing, rapid-fire cross talk and brilliant monologue kept the fellows in rare good humour for well over an hour, after which the entertainers repaired to the sergeants' mess for another two hours of a jolly good time. Thanks to the management of the sergeants canteen in having a surplus of funds, the committee was able to contribute several welcome features to the success of the evening and the whole time was spent in high spirits. Plans are now being made to repeat the entertainments every fortnight.

Why did Police-Sergt. Murdock leave off wearing the kilt? Charlie Holland can tell you.

What happened when the bugler of a neighboring battalion missed the bridge on his way home?

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Pie**

If you are not hungry come in and  
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Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos

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talk of the camp

**ASK YOUR COMRADES**

## BOOKS WE HOPE TO READ

Good Times at the Anchor—Mr. Morfit.

Two Nights on Fratton Beach—by Sgt. More.

Scenery on Southsea Flats—by Sergt. Whynacht.

Hotels and People of Interest in Pompeii and Vicinity—Pte. Langille.

Money and How (not) to Spend It—Cpl. Penney.

Trench Building de Engineer—The Musketry Staff.

Two Dinners in One Day—Sergt. Sparrow.

The Winner Buys—Police Sergeant Murdock.

The Coming Day—R. Q. M. S. Stanley Steed.

Attractions at Petworth—Post Corporal Phillips.

Some Time—Sergt. Sutherland.

Grayshott Errands—Assistant caterer.

Aldershot Cigars—Sergt. Holland.

The Divisional Auditors have been taking advantage of a slight breathing spell to rearrange their office. When we dropped in on them last week we found papers, ledgers and desks being moved about in a way that made us think of spring house cleaning at home.

Captain Collins, adjutant at the segregation camp, has gone on an officers' course of instruction. The lines over which he has long held sway are now practically deserted, pending the arrival of more men from across the seas.

Who wanted a quartermaster sergeant to carry his equipment across to the company stores and why did not Sergt. Hare do it for him?

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Uniforms dry cleaned and pressed in three days. Individual laundry returned in four days. Price lists on application.

**W. R. Pullinger,**  
MANAGER, SHALFORD

Receiving Office at Tintown



## A Regimental Shave

—◆—

Did you ever go to a regimental barber shop to get a shave? We never did, but we heard of a fellow that did and here is the story he had to tell:

"I went into the shop and sat down. The barber finished his morning paper and looked at me and pointed to the chair. I sat down and he reached for a towel, then changed his mind and started to wash his hands. The basin was empty and he went for water just as the bugle sounded long dress. In about ten minutes he came back. He put the towel around my neck—and then remembered that he had not washed. He finished his toilet and picked up his mug—and set it down again while he combed his hair. The bugle sounded short dress.

"He lathered my face and reached for the razor, then noticed that the slop pail was full. When he came back from emptying that the bugle was sounding the fall in. He shaved one side of my face and started on the other—then remembered that his pants needed repairs and took them in to the tailor next door. As he came back the bugle

sounded the advance.

"He finished the shave and started to remove the traces of the lather—then went down to the orderly room to see about his pass for the third following week end. He removed the lather and started to put on the powder, then stopped to borrow a cigarette. No one had a match and he went down to the armourer's hut for a light. When he came back he powdered my face and started to comb my hair. I happen to be bald-headed and was afraid he would want to wait for the hair to grow, but cookhouse sounded and ended the agony.

"Now, I don't mind the fourteen days' C. B. I got for missing parade, nor having him borrow my cigarettes—but when that guy wanted to charge me a shilling for room rent and then swiped my Clansman as I went out of the door, well, can you blame a fellow for getting sore?"

—◆—

Sergeants Talbott and Akhurst are back in the lines after an extended vacation which they spent on escort duty at the segregation camp. They are looking fine and feeling better as a result of their long rest.

# PORTRAITS Par Excellence

**Grayshott Studio**  
J. P. WALDER, Prop.

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## The Editor's Page of News Notes and Personal Observations

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While walking down the village street one evening this week we met one of the new enedicts, Pte. Jimmie Malcolm, out for a stroll with his wife, who is down from Scotland for a visit. Though not many moons have passed since the lord of the pots and pans deserted the narrow, winding trail of single cussedness for the broader, straight road of wedded happiness, he has already acquired that quiet, sedate look of many years of married life.

The Regimental Depot garden staff has dug its spuds—and never again will we say anything about the gardening ability of Cpl. Wilson. Never before have we seen nice, white Irish oranges taken from the ground in such quantities. The little patch of waste land was certainly worth cultivating after all and the depot is to be congratulated on the results attained by the corporal and his staff of shovel wielders.

One day not so many moons ago, we happened to be in the sergeants' mess when a small wagon drove up and left two big casks. The assistant caterer was duly notified that his "goods" had arrived and hurried to get them under lock and key—for that particular brand of goods is harder to get just now than butter-milk from a goat. Hurry as he did, however, he was just in time to be too late, for one of those casks had disappeared as if by magic. A search was started and the missing liquid was found in the kitchen. We are still wondering if hot cakes made with joy water would have livened up things on parade.

A party of Australian officers visited the camp last week and inspected the work being done in the different departments. They expressed admiration of the neatness of the camp and the appearance of the men. They were especially enthusiastic over a rehearsal of the final assault provided for their entertainment by the Seaforths.

Staff Sergt.-Major Smith, who has been in charge of the P. T. & B. F. of the Seaforths for the past several months, has gone

from our ranks. The popular gymnast has been transferred to an Imperial Convalescent Hospital and left early in the week for Aldershot, where he is now spending a few days in preparation for his new position. Sergt.-Major Smith came to us from the Imperial gymnastic staff and has more than made good in his work here. He not only brought his assistants up to the highest possible state of efficiency, but took a prominent part in the training of the different athletic teams which the battalion has produced. He took an interest in his work on the square which made it a pleasure for all concerned and he readily won the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. We but voice the thoughts of his many scores of friends when we wish him all the luck in the world in his new home.

The camp's best shot, Sergt. Todd of the Nova Scotia Reserve, left us this week when he went on draft to France. He made a new camp record at Aldershot recently when he scored the high total of 157 out of a possible 170. It is said that a cash prize of £5 had been offered to competitors who scored 150 or more but through some misunderstanding, Sergt. Todd had not received the prize when we last saw him.

R. S. M. Moth, who has been in the Seaforth lines for the past few weeks, has been transferred to the Army Gymnastic Staff at Aldershot.

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