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CLANSMAN



Saturday, February 24, 1917

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The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 9

Saturday, February 24, 1917

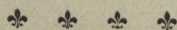
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CANADIANS vs. ENGLISH IN CONTEST OF SKILL

From a reliable source of information we have learned of plans for the big army competition shoot which will be held at an important military centre in the near future, probably some time next month. In this competition the best shots of the Canadian army will meet and compete with the pick of the Imperial Forces, and, let us say it with pleasure, the Canadians are making every effort to bring home the bacon.

Two teams will be chosen from each battalion and the best of these will represent their unit in a competition with other battalions of the brigade. The best team of the brigade will meet the chosen men of other brigades and these winners will then compete for the honor of representing their division. The winners of the divisional meet will be sent to the scene of the big competition and there uphold the records already established by the Canadian Force.

Our own unit is making every effort to select men who will make a creditable showing and, to judge from the way the lads are going it, the picking of the team will not be an easy task. Every instructor is doing his utmost to secure a place on the team for the men of his class and it is a certainty that some close contests will be held to choose the winners. It is generously hinted, and on good authority, that when our team has finally been chosen, it will be composed of one N. C. O. and six men who will make a decidedly strong bid for the final honors.



Balmorals are once more the rage. More than sixty per cent of the new organization are wearing them and it is getting to be said that "Roosters are more plentiful than Scotchmen." The lads wearing the round head dress, however, are living up to the Scotch reputation of being good soldiers.

Did Captain Thomson enjoy his month of physical jerks?

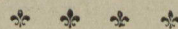
BASEBALL TEAMS MAY BE STARTED

With the warming up of the weather, a baseball bee is beginning to buzz among our fellows and it is probable that an effort will be made to form a team in the near future. In our ranks are scores of lads who have played fast amateur ball; others have played in semi-pro company and it is generally hinted that a thorough canvass would disclose the presence of more than a few professional players.

Should such a team be started it is evident that it will have the support of the rank and file of the battalion. Even among those who do not play the American national game are a goodly number who are interested in the sport and who will help to support the team in every way possible. It is even hinted that other battalions of the camp are talking of taking up the pastime and, should such be the case, it is likely that a camp league will be formed and a definite schedule arranged.

The one difficulty in launching the sport will be in the probability of drafts breaking up teams at frequent intervals and those at the head of the move realise the necessity of having large squads of reserve players from which to fill such vacancies. It is the opinion, however, that this can be done with success, and a meeting will be called in the near future to boost the game.

Those most interested may be assured of all the support The Clansman may be able to give, and the meagre information now at hand will be gladly supplied on application at the editorial offices.



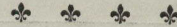
Who is the member of the "Bible Class Platoon" of one of the new battalions who says he has missed more parades than any man in the unit, and claims he can do the same in the new battalion? If you can get away with it, old boy, you are certainly a good soldier.

Miniature Range To Be Opened For Target Practice

It is announced by those in authority that the miniature range will be thrown open for target practice each evening, when the men of the battalion will be given the opportunity of improving the marksmanship at a comparatively small cost. The plan calls for the use of the service rifle, service ammunition and service targets, a decided improvement over the galleries where small rifles are used. The cost of shooting will be three pence for ten shots, as against the charge of six pence for eight shots as charged at the village ranges. This small charge will leave a small per centage of profit after the incidental operating expense has been paid and this profit will be given as prizes for the best weekly or fortnightly scores.

While the plans are not yet complete, it is a certainty that every possible inducement is to be offered the lads of the battalion to improve their shooting under conditions which are similar to those at the front. In the next issue of The Clansman will be found complete details and it is probable that the battalion orders of the next few days will make known the date of opening and the hours during which the range will

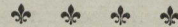
be open for shooting. The move is one of the best yet, and it is hoped that the interest of the lads will be such that those responsible for the opening will feel that their efforts have not been in vain.



What Battalion Wants It's Goat

Down in a near by village is a goat without a home. He refuses to be associated with military police and is making his living by devouring whatever he may find—anything of khaki color or belonging to the army preferred.

Somewhere in camp is a battalion without a mascot, and much regret is probably being felt at the loss of their goat. We have been asked to investigate and find the owner of the "butter" and take this means of bringing owned and owner together. Further information may be had by addressing The Clansman.



Does Doc Logan still publish the Highlander, and, if so, will he tell us what has become of his old battalion?

Why do some of the lads take their laundry direct to the laundry plant instead of sending it through the local agency?

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The Trials and Troubles of the Military Editor

The troubles of the military editor are legion. They are as numerous as the sands of the desert; they might be likened unto the storms of the sea. He joineth the army with visions of fame and hath visions of the time when he shall head a paper which shall be known from shore to shore. He worketh hard at first and starteth a little sheet which he calleth the Lethbridge Highlander. He doeth the work on his own time and in parade hours he bloweth wind into band instruments.

He getteth things to running smoothly when his battalion moveth—and he starteth anew. He worketh just as hard in the new field and once more getteth the paper to

running smoothly and is given his whole time to devote to the work. Then cometh word that he goeth overseas and he rejoiceth and is glad in his heart, for he hath dreams of the time when he shall publish the paper from the trenches. But he goeth before, the medical board and is almost turned down—but he getteth busy with his own M. O. and pulleth enough strings to get him passed as fit.

He landeth in England, where his battalion is split and sent to the four winds. He is left without friends but finally getteth a hearing through the good graces of his old Commanding Officer; and once more he starteth the paper, under the name of The Clansman. He knoweth not what he is up against but soon findeth out.

English printers are new to him and his work. They understandeth him not nor

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he them. The advertisers wonder at the rate which he findeth it necessary to charge and he findeth himself a stranger in a new land—but he sticketh to the task he hath set unto himself and finally appeareth the initial issue. Then he settleth down to work and buildeth up the paper until it becometh recognised even in foreign lands. The library at Paris sendeth for copies and he rejoiceth, once more.

His joy liveth not long for the battalion moveth and he again goeth among strange people. He loseth courage and thinketh to quit the work—but his comrades ask all the time for The Clansman and he again taketh

up the work. He findeth no printing office which can handle the job. All complain that conscription taketh away their men so they have no hands to operate their machines. He remembereth the day when he setteth type in the State of Washington and he pulleth his coat. Now he worketh in the camp part time and sticketh the type in his spare minutes. He sleepeth not much but he keepeth the paper going and getteth the support of all ranks. Therefore he is glad, even if he hath remained a private and hath seen his friends gain promotion and recognition.

THE CLANSMAN

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

Major M. E. ROSCOE, Censor

Corporal J. G. QUIGLEY, News Editor

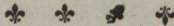
Pte. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

IMPORTANT EVENTS

In other columns of this issue appear the announcements of the opening of our miniature range for rifle practice and of the big competitive shoot to be held between the Canadian and Imperial troops. The opening of the range is one of the best moves we have seen to induce the lads to take a greater interest in their shooting and the thanks of the men should be shown by their patronage of the innovation.

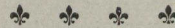
As regards the competitive meet, we can only say that if interest and hard work count for anything, it is a certainty that the team sent from this unit will be there at the finish. The credit for this interest may be properly divided between Captain Howells and his staff of instructors. The popular musketry officer is brim-full of enthusiasm and the way he transmits this feeling to his subordinates is the cause for admiration on the part of all who know the conditions under which he has been working. His instructors have, under his supervision, won a reputation of being courteous, cool and efficient. More than that, they have the respect of the men in their classes and this more than pleasing condition instills in the men that confidence and interest in their work which will make for success in any walk in life.

Good work, sir, and The Clansman extends hearty congratulations on the way you are getting results.



Some time ago a letter was published in battalion orders, in which the management of the local "Y" thanked our band for work at one of its concerts and congratulated the musicians on their music. We are glad to see the efforts of the lads appreciated and feel that the appreciation is just. They have been working hard under the direction of Bandmaster Williams and have made their organization a credit to the unit which they represent.

With the last issue The Clansman was again changed in size. The alteration was due to the printing facilities at hand and not to lack of support at the hands of our readers. Under the circumstances we feel that we are fortunate in being able to continue at all and our thanks are due to the Gables Press at Haslemere that we were not forced to suspend publication entirely. The manager of The Gables has been good enough to let us have the use of his establishment, and, instead of just getting up the copy, soliciting, etc., we have now taken on the duties of compositor, make-up, pressman and binder.



Who made the hit with the little waitress at Tintown and did he make the same kind of a hit with the proprietor.

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REALISTIC STORY OF A NIGHT ATTACK

Written for The Clansman by an
Imperial Who Was One
Of the Party

The atmosphere in the firing line is rather more lively than usual: news has been brought to us that a raid will be carried out at somewhere near 10.0 p. m. and that the raiding party will be made up of men from the regiment next to us in the line. We question in what way we shall have to take part but before any satisfactory reply is formed, come instructions for us brought by the platoon officer. "You will open rapid fire when the artillery starts across No Man's Land and directly in front. Keep that up for a few minutes and then start individual fire. Machine guns will be up here to strengthen you." "Very good, sir," is the reply.

The daylight fades. We look to our rifles, giving them a thorough over-hauling

to get them fit for the work tonight. We do this, not so much because they need it, but to relieve our minds which are full of thoughts. We realize that there may be some of us ushered into the Great Beyond during this night's affair.

We soon finish our rifles and ammunition is brought up and divided, each man taking enough for himself. A few minutes' rest. The boys then take up their positions for the raid—positions which are of most advantage both for firing and cover.

Ha. Here are the machine gunners, those much abused but extremely useful members of trench society. They take up their positions and all are at last ready for what the night may bring forth.

"This waiting gets on my nerves," whispers one whose nerves are becoming ragged. His companion replies, "Not 'alf, but I guess it can't be helped. I wonder how it will go off tonight. I bet those blighters'll get the wind up." "You bet your life they will." is the emphatic answer. Then silence.

"When the devil are they goin' to start" whispers one. "What, you getting the wind up," questions his neighbor. "No, but I can't stand this waiting." . . . Bang, bang! Bang! goes one of our batteries. The chaps near me stiffen themselves and say to one another, "Ha! that's the idea." And then batteries, the existence of which we had not dreamed, open fire with a roll as of long-continued thunder. Each of us grasps his rifle and we blaze away. "Huh! the blighters across there were not long in waking up." This is heard as the reply of the enemy's artillery bursts near us. We continue rapid firing regardless of aching arms, shells or falling dirt, all of which we are conscious but hardly acknowledge. All round is the continual cr-r-rump, cr-r-r-rump, as the heavy enemy shells explode, throwing up columns of dirt and sand bags high in the air, and shaking the ground on which we stand. At intervals, too, in the air above us comes the nerve-wrecking and jarring explosion of shrapnel and lyddite, while seemingly just skimming the parapet come whizz-bangs, bursting with a metallic sound. Way down, deep down in our hearts there is a barely formulated hope that none of us will be involved in any of these explosions. But we still fire on although no enemy is visible. We know that our fire is keeping him low. From their positions the machine guns are rattling away and we hear, as we load up

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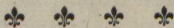
again, the sputtering of their exploding cartridges.

"Hurray," shouts one of the boys, "the chaps are at it over there. Hear 'em?" We listen for a second or two: then the hollow reverberation of an exploding bomb strikes our ears. Then another and yet another. "Bp Jove! they're making it lively for the Hun" is our comment. The enemy's shell fire intensifies, until the smoke almost hides us from each other. We wonder if they will send over gas, but a hasty look around shows that the wind is not favorable, at which we rest content. We feel our rifles heating and, though our rifle bolts were well oiled, they do not work with the same rapidity. We therefore start individual fire, which, although not so concentrated is still more or less rapidly continuous.

"There goes the rocket," shouts one. We look and see a multi-colored rocket (the signal that all is over) bursting in the air. After emptying our magazines we cease fire, feeling heartily glad that it is over. Our artillery has quietened down and at last the Germans cease also, so that we are able to move with safety. Picking our way up the trench we hear the bullets of the enemy whistling over our heads, but they are too late. On examination all the men are found uninjured, but trembling, one or two of them, with the nervous strain. Our rifles are cleaned once more and we re-load them. The night affair is over. The result?

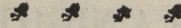
A few prisoners taken who yield useful information: many of the enemy put "hors de combat": many more suffering from nerves, and much of their trenches and many dug-outs rendered useless until the patient labour and industry of the Germans has been largely expended on them. On our side five men (four of whom were bombers) have sustained injuries, mostly slight. Two machine guns have also been damaged and part of our trench wrecked through shell fire. Such has been the result of a simple night affair.

Five minutes later cigarettes are alight and soothing shaking nerves, sentries are looking away across No Man's Land, waiting for the dawn—and the trench has assumed its normal aspect.



There are two bugle calls that every man in the camp knows, They are "cook house" and "angels' whispers."

Personal Notes of Interest



We noticed around the lines the other day, Lieut. J. C. Lithgow. Every Nova Scotia boy in camp knows the popular officer. If they do not, they have never taken any part in athletics, for he was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the sporting kingdom of the maritime province.

If any of you see Dick Burbidge floating around the camp, ask him who owes a former corporal of his company "two and six." Then Dick will remember that it was at Nychatt that he had such a jolly time.

By the way, you might intimate to him that Lieut. Curry has received another box of fudge. Too bad, Richard, that you are not acting batman without pay at the present time.

We must congratulate the O. C. of the miniature range on the way he has fixed it up. The rest of the boys in the brigade are taking his work as an example.

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Discipline

(Canadian Hospital News)

Saluting wont win the war. On the other hand the war wont be won without saluting. Why all this fuss about bringing the right hand smartly to the forehead, palm outward, when inferior meets superior, to be returned by the superior in the same manner? Because it is the outward manifestation of the inward discipline, which is the most important thing about an army. Men, munitions, money, commissariat are, of course, *sine qua non*: these, without discipline, would be casting treasure in the midst of a maddened mob. The rudiments of ceremonial are taught in the barracks square, and the finished article is seen bright and shining upon field days and in marching through the city streets. The trenches in the far-flung battle line will have none of it but the inner discipline ingrained on the barracks square makes a good soldier in the billets behind the firing line or under the crash of armament.

The good soldier is invariably well disciplined and shows it in every movement. At a time like this, when millions of men,

who never dreamed of war as a business, have been glad to join the colors, they have cast off their individuality on doffing civilian attire and donning khaki. Each became a part of a great machine. One recognizes at once that there must be some superior authority, mounting by delicate gradations until lost in the dizzy heights of field-marshal-dom. Granted that the soldier has ever and always definite obligations to his superiors, the superior has no less definite obligations to his inferiors in rank. The ceremonial of saluting works both ways. Noblesse oblige. The other day we saw a wounded private soldier turn his eyes and head smartly to the right on meeting an officer, his hands being engaged with a pair of crutches. That man was demonstrating discipline. The officer, either from carelessness or inattention, paid no heed, gave no return. The soldier probably felt like a cod for obeying an impulse inculcated by thorough training. More recently we saw a young subaltern walking in daylight hours with his arm encircling a young lady's waist. But when a soldier passed and saluted, his arm left not its resting place, nor did he in any way acknowledge the courtesy paid his badges of rank. A soldier is a soldier, no matter what his rank, and he hath his obligations.—O. C. J. W.

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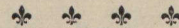
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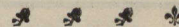


On Monday they had bread and jam.

On Tuesday the jam and bread.

The quartermaster heard their groans
And this is what he said—

"If jam and bread you curse and dam
You'll get the bread without the jam."



"Does my practicing make you nervous, old timer," asked a Canadian Scotsman who is learning to play the bag pipes.

"It did when I first heard the other boys talking about it," replied the shell shocked one, "but now I am getting so I don't care what happens to you."



Who is the man who says when he gets 'ome he is going to air his grievances in the Parliament of Canada? What puzzles us is how he's going to get there. He can be assured of the sympathy of all ranks.

Who was the lad who said, "About one more of these trips to the trenches will sure give me trench fever"?

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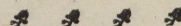
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ASK YOUR COMRADES

Personal Notes of Interest



It is our painful duty to report the death of one of the boys of a recently absorbed unit. All who know him will regret to learn of the death of Pte. Walter J. Havestock. He tried to do his duty and must be accorded the same high place as those who die on the battle field, as it was not his fault that his life ebbed out here instead of the far-flung battle line. It is not for us to dispute the workings of the One who controls the universe.

It is reported that Lieut. Harry Henry has received serious wounds in action, the report stating that he has had both legs shot off. We sincerely hope the report is not true. A personal friend of the news editor, he is no doubt well known by many of the Halifax boys.

We notice by orders that the "Babes in the Woods," Billie and "Nell", have each stained their conduct sheets. We thought as much. As soon as one was up for breach of discipline, the other must follow. Can you beat it? Don't do it again, boys.

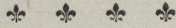
We understand that the Siege Battery, forming in the Bluenose Province, is coming across in drafts and not as a unit as was at first thought. Apparently it is just one damn thing after another. Let us hope that soon a draft will come that will send the Hun back to Berlin.

News item in a Halifax newspaper—"Born, to Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Hooks a son." Congratulations, Arthur, from the boys of your old company.

The dances at Haslemere have certainly gained a following from the lads of this brigade and it is to their credit that the management is glad to welcome them without the fear of the least disturbance. In fact, the manager of the dances one day last week told the writer that he had been conducting the dances since this place had been a camp and that he had never had a better bunch of lads in attendance than at the present time. That is sure a boost for our boys and here is hoping they may keep up the reputation which they have so readily won.

What happened to the battalion orderly room force recently.

Things We Want to Know



Who is the "baby boy" who was the pride of A company of one of the new battalions and wanted a kiss from his section commander before going to sleep?

What became of the band instruments of one of the new battalions and is there any truth in the rumor that they were handed over to the band sergeant?

Who was it said they were the "moving picture" battalion from the Bluenose Province?

Who was it said recently that he saw a train that looked like the Halifax & South-western? Say, "Cork", you must have been imbibing too freely again.

If Bandmaster Williams has any more of those sleep-walking expeditions or if the nights are too cold for such capers.

If Bandsman Mitchell misses those pleasant little trips to Saltwood.

Why do some of the fellows make such frequent trips to a certain pub in L -, or if the pretty bar maids have anything to do with it.

What a certain officer said one day last week when the bus was late and he missed the early morning parade.

Why a certain sergeant refuses to ride any more bicycles to Witley.

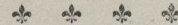
If Corporal Con O'Donnel has had a chance to run in any of his friends, or if he will greet us with open arms when we go to the village where he is doing police duty.

If Pte. Coyle got full value when he traded a badge for a kiss in the dry canteen.

Why they worked the deuce out of ye editor—and which one of the force swiped his unopened package of cigarettes.

Why the orderly sergeant of No. 8 company wears such a worried expression these days.

Did he recently visit Hythe and find that some one else was in command of his platoon of girls.



A certain Scotch corporal was standing outside a tobacco shop the other afternoon gazing fondly with one eye at the beautiful display of smokes in the window, while the other optic strayed towards a fair girl who loitered nearby. After a slight hesitation she approached him and glancing up, she murmured coyly, "What cigarettes do you like best?" Mac's heart leaped within him. "Scott's Grays," he replied, his voice tremulous with Scotch emotion. "Isn't that funny," said the fair one. "My boy smokes Grays, too. Good afternoon."

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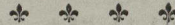
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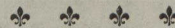
Three deliveries daily to the camps. Estimates furnished

Rather Romantic

A rather peculiar incident took place at a near-by town a few days ago. One of the heroes (a winner of the D.C.M.) out of the trenches on leave went to a certain camp to see his old chum. To town they went. The friend of the chap from the front imbibed too freely, and he had to secure the assistance of the first man he met to get his chum back to camp. By chance it was a well known sergeant. Neither one knew the other, but as they walked along and talked of Canada they found they both came from the same place. And now the interesting part, the girl, comes in. It became apparent to the "sarge" that the chap from the front was a brother of the girl—well, you know what you feel like when you say goodbye to cross the briny deep. So this reminds us that the world is not so big after all. The sergeant was glad to meet the brother, but the next day he remarked: "Gall darn it, I wish it had been the dearest girl in the world—" (Censored.) This is no imaginary story. It is true to life. Quite romantic, is it not?



We received a letter from Billy Adams the other day. Most of the boys, especially of old A company, will probably remember him as the man who was the most prominent corporal in one of the absorbed units. He is now out of hospital and is travelling for a Montreal firm.



A little incident occurred the other day which caused some amusement to those present! A few of our boys were going down town. A little girl was sitting on the fence. Her guardian took her down, but she was determined to regain her high pinnacle. Her nurse, to appease her, told her to wait until the gentlemen had passed. The little girl turned to her and said in deliberate tones, "Those ain't gentlemen; they're soldiers." Remember, boys, that you are never to let anyone call you gentlemen.



First Private—What is the difference between a mouse and a pretty girl?

Second ditto—I can't say.

First Private—Well, a mouse harms the cheese and a girl charms the he's.

The second private had just lost out with the fair sex and the fight started.

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THE CLANSMAN

at the officers' or
sergeants' mess, at
the dry canteens or
at your company
orderly room.

SEND IT HOME

A Little Bit of Everything

Who were the N. C. O's. who used to be at Witley and had a batman. We understand that the batman demanded permission to stay off the morning parades for his services and that they let him. Don't blame them if they could get away with it.

Who was the chap, who, at the range shooting, thought that when the red flag went up it was the bull's eye. If he had been right a new classification would have to be made out as a marksman would look insignificant alongside of him.

Who is the N. C. O. who is well supplied with everything that is issued but can never supply you with a fag? He asked us to put this in, as he thought it was not getting before the public. We never turn down an interesting piece of news like this.

What are the duties of the O.C. of the miniature range?

An Irish sergeant appeared in camp one day with a pair of Turkish boots. His entire company, in great admiration, asked how he got them. "I killed a Turk and took them," he explained. Next day another Irishman was missing. He was asked to explain his desertion. "I went out to get a pair av thim Turkish boots," he replied, "but it took me three days because I had to kill twinty-four Turks before I could get a pair that would fit me."

We hear a rumor to the effect that a certain tailor, in a spirit of jovialty due to frequent partings of the flowing bowl, tried to make love to a Quartermaster Captain, and went to apologise the following day.

Who was the sergeant who was caught walking down the street with the little lady under his arm and became grievously offended when a comrade addressed him by name.

Scene, Dark Street in London.

Time, 9.00 p. m.

Fair one, passing, "Hello, Canyidian."
'Nuff said.

How you can help to keep the wheels of progress moving—buy The Clansman to send home. The one you send it to will appreciate it—and so will the editor.

What our Lads at the Front are Fighting For.

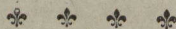


Colonel, at kit inspection—Yes, shirts, socks all very good. Now, can you assure me that all the articles of your clothes have buttons on them.

Private—I cannot, sir.

Colonel—How's that?

Private—Aint no buttons on the socks, sir.



“It is to the pioneers of the big movements—the men who are always at the forefront—that the honor of this fair country of ours belongs,” a lecturer said. At the close of the lecture an old lady approached him and shook hands, thanking him for speaking so kindly of her son. “I think you have made a mistake. I don't know your son,” said the lecturer. “Yes, you do. My son is one of the pioneers of these big movements.” “Oh, I see. Who is your son, madam?” “What is he,” the proud mother asked in surprise. “Man, he walks in front of the sanitation fatigue every day when they go to work.”

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