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CLANSMAN



Saturday, March 10, 1917

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11 Hindhead

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54 Haslemere

# The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 11

Saturday, March 10, 1917

Price 2d

## Big Entertainment Being Planned

Pleasure seekers of the district will be greeted with a surprise on March 17, when Staff Sergeant Ballard-Brown and his troop of pierrottes will be seen at the Aldershot Theatre in an entertainment which will be both unique and interesting. The troop has already gained a reputation of being the best which has ever been in this district and it is said that for the big evening some extraordinary talent has been secured in addition to the already famous company. Sergt. Brown holds the reputation of being an actor of more than ordinary ability and has appeared in big time. He is full of enthusiasm on anything theatrical and is devoting all his skill and energy in making the coming event a success.

In addition to the big attraction, the P. T. instructors of our unit will occupy the stage for a period of about fifteen minutes in which they will present their little sketch, "The Akward Squad." We have not been able to attend a rehearsal but it is said that it is full of laughs from start to finish and it is certain that not a dull moment will be seen. We are familiar with the work of many members of the staff and feel sure that nothing will be left undone to bring the sketch to the highest standard. Sergeant Roy Travers will take a leading part and that fact in itself is ample assurance that it will be up to expectations.

We regret that we were unable to procure the full cast and program for this issue of The Clansman, but have no hesitancy in recommending the entertainment.

## Instructors Plan Many Trips

It is unofficially announced that the P. T. instructors of our unit have formed a theatrical company among themselves and are planning many little trips to near by villages and cities. Comedy offerings, dramatic playlets and physical drill exhibitions will make up their entertainments. The company will consist of nearly the whole staff, augmented by other men of the unit who are good at impersonations and who will take parts intended for the fair sex.

Several of the lads make up as the most charming of ladies and it is said that those not in the secret will be unable to notice the deception.

The instructors, so it is said, will probably visit Haslemere, Aldershot and Guildford if circumstances permit and official permission may be obtained.

The boys are hard at work between the periods of training on the square and are overcoming the many difficulties they meet, thanks to the vim and energy instilled in them by

Captain Thomson, under whose direction they are working.



Prisoner—Is this officer going to defend me at the court martial, sir?

President of court martial—Yes.

Prisoner—if he should die could I have another counsel?

President—Of course.

Prisoner—Could I see him alone a few minutes, sir?

## Miniature Range is Open

As advertised in these columns of last week, the formal opening of the miniature range was held last Monday evening and, while the place was not over run with lads anxious to improve their marksmanship, a goodly number made their appearance and the opening was pronounced a success. The details of prizes will be arranged as soon as the first week has passed and, when these prizes have been made known, it is certain that the interest will increase accordingly.

The range is well lighted and every convenience is offered. The plan of having every man register his name on entering the room has proved an admirable one and has eliminated all confusion or chance for dispute as to the respective turn for firing.

A careful record is being kept of the high scores and it is hinted that a pleasant surprise may be sprung on the man who has the most points to his credit at the end of this week.

Those who attended during the week are more than delighted with the arrangement and promise to be steady patrons of the range. The fact that they may fire from positions used in actual service and

with regulation arms and ammunition is proving a popular feature. It is probable that several teams will be on deck for the team competitions at an early date,



## Things We Want to Know

Who was the battalion orderly sergeant who called the Divine Service to attention while making the rounds with the orderly officer last Sunday?

If the sergeant major who frequents the canteen is having any better luck since we gave him some publicity?

Who was the lad who "fell up" the hill on the way up from Haslemere one night last week and why he appeared in slacks the following day while his kilt was being cleaned?

Why the sergeants' mess has that deserted appearance since the old bunch is thinning out?

We should like very much to see the smiling face of Billy Ellis back in the lines. We are fearful of a kit inspection in the near future.

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## News Notes Of Interest.

Corporal Sutton returned from hospital the first of the week. He reports having had a bad attack of the mumps, but ends the story by saying that he should like to get them in the other jaw and be sent back. That hospital must be some place.

Captain Howells, musketry officer, spent a couple of days in London the first of the week. We were told some of his plans before he left, but reports state that some of them fell through. No bright lights, sir?

A class of our N. C. O's and officers spent Monday in map-reading. When we passed a part of the class, namely, one sergeant major who is well known having once been in the sergeants' mess, he was reading cross roads with a vengeance. Our time piece stated that it took several minutes to get his bearing—but he gave as his excuse the appearance of a fair angel in the field of vision.

Captain Norquay was also in the group and was reading the signs of Madgewick's dairy at Grayshott when we passed him. We do not suppose, however, that he could have been looking through the window where the fair clerk was busy with customers.

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

No more loafing around the P. T. school and no more time for telling Sunday school stories since Captain Thomson has taken charge. The lads under him are putting in every minute of their time in actual work. The few spare minutes they do have are devoted to preparing for their exhibition evening at Haslemere. The date has not yet been set.

Charles Simister, of one of the old units, is very much on the job these days. It is said that he is pining to get on a draft that will take him to his old friend and superior, Lieut. L. Richards.

And by the way, the report that Mr. Richards has been wounded is an error. Latest advices state that he is on escort

duty to the front line trenches and that he has suffered from nothing worse than a longing for the old concert days in Calgary.

Pt. Middleton has had his dreams realised—and gone away with a draft. We cannot help wondering, however, who is going to take care of the little girl he leaves in Scotland.

The chefs have been having all kinds of troubles lately. On one day they served three hot dinners and prepared sandwiches for two range parties. Stay with it, fellows. The way to win the hearts of your comrades is through their stomachs, and even bully beef fills vacancies.

Regimental Cooks.—The friend of every man in the battalion during meal hours.

## Some Features Coming Up.

That The Clansman may increase its scope and be interesting reading to those of a more serious turn of mind, we have now started a series of articles which will be featured from week to week, taking up army life of different forms, as seen from the training camps. Of course, the censorship will prevent the giving of information which might be of use to enemies, but many parts of camp life will be portrayed in a manner which it is hoped will give us a better understanding of the work which is being carried on in the different branches.

The first of the articles will probably deal with the immense amount of good work done by the dental clinic, which has fitted many thousands of men with perfect teeth since the beginning of the war. It will appear next week if we may have it ready by that time.

Another branch of the service which receives little attention is the quartermaster's department, and we hope to show the careful planning necessary to clothe and feed a division of troops at a minimum waste.

Other departments will receive due attention and it is our aim to bring to every reader a realization of the magnitude of the work which is being carried out from month to month and from year to year.

Another interesting feature will be sketches of the commanding officers, from the general commanding the division to the battalion commanders, and, if permission may be obtained it is probable that one of these sketches will form a part of The Clansman each week in the future.

Special articles are also being prepared at divisional headquarters and will be added to the above features from time to time. While they will not deal with army life in particular, they will be interesting reading and are being written by men of long service, who are in position to know whereof they write.



Corporal Stone is doing nicely, thank you, he has succeeded in forming another platoon of girls at Haslemere, and this week placed an order with us for a set of society cards. Thanks for the order, Stonie. If you give one to each of your admirers that 100 cards will never go round.

Captain Good, second in command of No. 4 company, is taking a course in bayonet fighting.

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## The Military Censor

The military censor holdeth sway over the destinies of The Clansman. He readeth the copy, yea, even unto the last period, before it shall be given unto the readers of the paper. He smileth at some of the things which he seeth—at others he frowneth and when the frown appeareth, out cometh the blue pencil and out cometh the cause of the frown.

Upon his shoulders resteth much responsibility, for if even one line should escape his notice which hath to do with the movement of troops or the location of any camp, then upon his head shall descend the wrath of the powers that be and he faceth as much trouble as a Lance Jack late on parade.

He hath many other duties and is an exceedingly busy man for he is second in command and hath many troubles with which to contend. The editor sendeth in his copy on the day when the censor is most busy—yea, he even followeth the censor to his own quarters that the paper shall not be late in making its appearance. He riseth from his peaceful slumbers and readeth the copy which was brought him by messenger and, while he waxeth indignant, he performeth his duties faithfully, even if it shall call for many minutes of vexation.

He readeth this article and his face formeth a look of inquiry. He wondereth why the publicity and shaketh his head—and in the meantime the editor prayeth that it shall pass for few understandeth the censor and his troubles. At last the frown disappeareth and the blue pencil returneth to its resting place on the table. The article is passed.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Question—Why does a certain company sergeant major blush when he sees a little white dog?

Answer—Because while out for a walk along a certain street in Haslemere last Sunday he tried to coax a little white King Charles spaniel to come to him. At the sound of his voice it fled precipitately and before he could turn around to see where it had gone, he heard a gentle voice saying: "You're more particular, aren't you Fido, about whom you make friends with."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

If Captain Howels took in the many shows he had on his list?

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## Grayshott Laundry

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All work guaranteed

## 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

Even the old regimental call has been dispensed with—no wonder the orderly sergeants fail to answer on the double.

A lad one night last week said that spring was here at last—and the next morning the ground was covered with snow. Let us dispense with all remarks concerning the weather in future.

The miniature range has been the scene of many little excursions recently when the officers and N. C. O's. of other units have been dropping in to admire the way in which it has been fitted up. Just another boost for our lads—and one which is well deserved.

The band has been working overtime these days. Aside from playing at the Haslemere dances, they have appeared at a number of concerts in all parts of the district and are more than making good. It is billed to play at Hindhead this afternoon.

A reminder of "home" may be seen at the Town Hall at Beacon Hill next Monday night when Canadian moving pictures and stereoptican views of all parts of the Dominion will be shown. We should like to attend but are afraid of that homesick feeling.

People in the near by villages are afraid this camp will be abandoned by the military authorities and turned into a German internment camp. Can anyone of the rank and file wish to be deprived of the beauties of a summer here after having had to put up with the wintry weather of the past several weeks.

In our last issue we said something about being quarantined and having to do drill. It was not until Tuesday morning, however, that we realised the truth of what we said—for we saw the lads forming fours and changing direction at a rapid rate. No difference, fellows, you will have the reputation of being the best in the army on the platoon drill by the time you are released from quarantine.

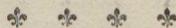
It is said that a certain musketry class recently walked seven miles to the ranges, fired five rounds and returned to camp. You may not have had much time on the ranges, boys, but think of the fun you had going and coming.

One of the greatest compliments ever paid to the men who are doing the actual fighting in this war was paid by the Lord Mayor of London, who, in a recent talk said—"I always think when I stand in the presence of wounded soldiers that I stand in the presence of my betters." Surely a higher appreciation of the sacrifices which are recorded daily could not be expressed.

On every page of the daily papers may be seen news from the front which is favorable to the cause for which we are to fight—but let us not get the idea that the war is over. Many months may yet pass before a suitable peace is declared and thousands of lives are yet to be sacrificed. The only thing we can do is to go ahead as though the battle was just beginning and continue to use every effort to hasten the end.

It is said that a neighboring battalion reverted eighty-six N. C. O's. to the ranks in a single day last week. That is sure going some, but the one with whom we were talking seemed to be delighted with having been reduced—and says that he shall now make every effort to go across to France with the next draft. That is the right way to take things, old man.

While talking with a British Tommy who had done his bit at the front and who was now waiting for a leg to replace the one he left in Flanders we heard a story which seems incredible. A tommy risked his life in bringing a wounded German to the safety of the trenches from No Man's Land. When the Hun had been laid in the bottom of the trench, he seized his rifle and shot his benefactor through the back. Can we wonder that the men who have seen these things and have come home wounded want to go back to help avenge their comrades who have lost their lives in this manner?



Some men blush when they don the kilt,  
 And are nervous of drafts and cracks  
 But Bandsman Clack turns the color of a beet  
 When he has to appear in slacks.

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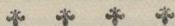
Wind and Kilts

With the passing of the winter comes the chilling wind of spring, and as the days grow longer the birds begin to sing. But even though the sun shines and the shades begin to tilt the fellows go on shaking in their gaudy Scottish kilt.

When they rise in early morning and rush to wash their knees, they cannot keep from shaking as they listen to the breeze. Then they grab their can of talcum and they dab it on galore until the tin is empty and then they wish for more.

When they double to their breakfast at the bugle's shrilling sound they find that the kilt has taken a sudden upward bound. Instead of hanging downward as it was meant to be, it meets their necks and collars instead of clinging to the knee.

Soon is heard the sound of swearing and they let a mighty roar and they wish for lengthy trousers and want the kilt no more—until the coming of the summer when the winds have died away. Then they'll wish again that the kilt may hold full sway.



Apart he sits aloof from every joy

His comrades pass without a word or sally.

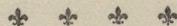
What is his crime? Why, he's the bugle boy

Who blew "fall in" before "reveille."

Those Morning Lunches

The plan of serving tea and biscuits in the men's mess during the morning hours is being applauded on all sides. The lads who have spent a period of three hours on parade, especially in this March wind, can appreciate a cup of something hot before resuming their drill and the army biscuit, while not received with a great elation as a steady diet, is hailed with delight during the morning lunch.

The dry canteen is also open during the lunch period and the bakers employed therein have been working overtime preparing pastries for the hungry lads. It is but fair to say that when the supply shows signs of exhaustion the fair attendants will not sell more than a small portion to any one man, thus giving all a chance to add a little something to the army ration.



Something stirred 'neath the seas—  
Fair course did the good ship make.

Something saw 'neath the seas—  
Then turned and followed in her wake.

Something crept 'neath the seas—  
Up, ever up, on its foe.

Something struck 'neath the seas—  
Full and fair speed the blow.

Something rose from the seas—  
Sailors and ship sank below.

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**ASK YOUR COMRADES**

**Next, Please.**

We have heard all kinds of little stories of freak happenings in army life but the one which occurred on the parade grounds the other day holds the belt. It is said that a certain P. T. instructor, whose word of command must be of a howling nature, was putting a squad through the paces. A little dog sleeping peacefully in the rear of the instructor, failed to see the descending foot as the man stepped backward, and gave a howl of pain as the weight of P. T. fell full upon his tail. With the first sharp note of the howl which went thrilling through the air, the squad sprung to attention and formed fours with an activity which had never before been seen during training.



**More Definitions.**

**Nickelling**—Portions of the envelope of the bullet being inserted on the glands of the rifle.

**Full Pack**—A load of the heaviest material available to be placed on the soldiers' backs at the beginning of a route march. The weight varies—from thirty pounds at the beginning of the march to something like one ton on arriving back to camp.

**A Bugle**—An instrument of torture invented by the first assistant of the devil. Intended for use on earth to awaken tired and sleeping soldiers.

**Private**.—The one that gets the blame for everything not done right.

**Bugler**.—One who blows the instrument of torture invented by the first assistant to the devil. The more calls he knows the better his chances for promotion—to some other world.

**Regimental Barber**.—One who cuts the hair for the soldiers—and accidentally removes Charlie Chaplins and misplaced eyebrows.



Pte Roberts returned to camp this week from a two months' session of physical training. Attached to No. 8 company as of old. The genial lad is waiting for the board for reclassification.

Personal Notes of Interest

**Funland !**

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**STEAK and CHIPS our Specialty.**

Major M. E. Roscoe, who has been ill for the past ten days, was taken to the hospital yesterday morning. Hope to hear of your immediate recovery, sir.

Sergt. Conchie, of the Musketry Staff, has been transferred to a battalion which is sending re-enforcements to his old unit. He left here today and took with him the best wishes of his many friends and comrades. The loss of this unit is the gain of the other.

We saw Lance Corporal Robertson the other evening. He is going back to Canada shortly. Too bad that his cranium dome could not be left in England to help guide the "sea girt" Island in this time of stress. It almost causes us grief, Robbie, that you should leave. Some other genius will probably rise to take your place. Do not conceive too many inventions while you are at home. Anyway we say good luck to you.

Lieut. Horatio C. Crowell has joined the Princess Pats in France. He was with one of the old Highland Battalions for a short time last summer.

We have in our possession a picture of one of the "twins." Come along with one of yours, Bill, that we may have the inseparable pair. One without the other seems incomplete, and please remember that you must wear the kilt when you have it taken.

We have heard that Sergeant Farrell, who is in charge of the miniature range, told some one the other night to "cut out the bull." He meant out of the target. He might take his own words to heart and do likewise, but not necessarily out of a target. Do you savvy, old top?

Just at the time of going to press with this issue of The Clansman a new paper comes to hand in the form of the Shell Hole Advance, published in the front line. Needless to say that it contains some interesting reading and it is with regret that we are unable to give you some of it this week. Thank you, Lievt. Burde, for remembering to send us a copy of your first issue.

Say, Mac, who was the C. S. M. who went over to Tin Town on duty one afternoon and found the young lady doing up her hair? Did she stay and talk?

And what about the sergeant of his company who went over after him and espied him there? It is said that he waited until Mac was gone and then went in and had a little chat. Well, they say everything is fair in love and war.

With some of the boys it is quarantine, fuarantine and more quarantine. Some of them now believe that they are quarantined for the duration of the war.

We published in the last issue a sketch of a man with a reputation and we feel that we did not in any way flatter him. Now how would you like to have an article on a man without a reputation? Perhaps we will give it to you in the next issue.

We wonder how many of the boys would belong to the Emerald Isle on the 17th if they found out that six-day passes were to be issued.

And by the way, William, have you secured your pass to take part in the procession? You will need another one on the Fourth of July if you have not forgotten your pride.

Post-Corporal Phillips is having troubles of his own these days. We are glad that we have at last returned him his watch.

Found—A watch—Owner may have by applying at the B. F. and P. T. school, proving property and paying for this advertisement.

Major Roscoe, official censor for The Clansman, returned the first of the week from a short trip "on command." The trip seems to have agreed with him.

Four more days to pay day. No wonder some of the fellows are standing in front of the pay office with longings until late at night. Several pay days at frequent intervals rather makes a man anxious when he finds that one is to be a full fifteen daas after the last one.

Muster parade was held Tuesday morning and every man on the strength of the unit was called upon to answer his name. That pay muster is one parade which no cares to miss.

In the last issue we ran a story of the old Nova Scotia Highland Brigade. We little dreamed when we featured the story that we should have to become even more



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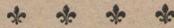
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MELVILLE STUDIO, WEY HILL  
HASLEMERE.

proficient in dodging missives. In some of the huts we were invited back—in others we were dared back.

## Things We Want to Know



Who is responsible for that "no flashlight" story?

How to pronounce "Sir."

How long does it take to go to the ranges? Ask Sergeant Harper. He knows.

How is it that some men sleeping in the camp do not get up until cook house blows, but when sleeping home can get up early enough to reach camp before reveille? It seems to us that it should be the opposite.

Who was the instructor who had to get his wife to wash his face the other morning because his arm was too sore after having paid a visit to the M. O.?

Who was the officer who recently asked to call on one of the kitchen employees of the canteens?

Does Sergeant-Major Candaline know how far he walked the other evening?

What are some of the lads going to do now that the drill hall in Haslemere has been put out of bounds and the dances have been brought to a temporary halt?



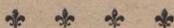
"Go to father," she said when he asked her to wed.

But she knew that he knew that her father was dead:

And she knew that he knew what a life father led,

So she knew that he knew what she meant when she said

"Go to father."



The fellows in A 16 would like to see the No Smoking rule enforced. Their stove has been violating it quite frequently recently.

Lieut. Sutherland has been filling the place vacated temporarily by the absence of Captain Howells. Mr. Sutherland, C. S. M. Conchie, and Corpl. Quigley managed to keep things going nicely, thank you.

Pte. J. F. Mullings has been added to The Clansman staff and is doing his share of the composition on the paper. Hereafter we shall throw all blame on his shoulders for any mistakes which may be found in these columns.

## H. Madgewick

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