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CLANSMAN



A Military Journal For All Ranks



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

Saturday, April 6, 1917

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Haslemere

54 Haslemere

The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 15

Saturday, April 6, 1917

Price 2d

SEAFORTHS WIN DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN CLOSE GAME WITH C. A. D. C.: SCORE 1 - 0

The championship is ours as a result of the long looked for and much post-poned game with the dental clinic which was played last Wednesday afternoon. By the close score of one to nil, our battalion showed the Clinic the way into camp and, by thus defeating the runners-up in the finals for the divisional championship cup, we win that greatly coveted emblem of victory presented by Brigadier General Meighan.

The score is no indication of the play, for the game was a fast one from start to finish and the thrilling plays which marked every few minutes brought roars of cheers from the several hundred spectators that lined the four sides of the field.

In the first half there was little choice between the two teams, but, nevertheless, it was in this period that our boys made the lonely score which meant the winning of the game which decided the ownership of the cup. After a nice combination play, Whitehead centered to Buck and the wide-awake center took advantage of his opportunity by putting over a heavy shot just as he was checked—and the pigskin rolled over the line to notch up the first and last point.

The second half opened fast, but within a few minutes our lads rushed the ball into the enemy's territory and, with the exception of an occasional rush, it remained there for the remainder of the period. A furious fusillade of shots were driven at the tooth experts' goal keeper, but his playing was marvellous and he turned them all away, even when it seemed an impossibility to keep the ball from being sent through. He was certainly the hardest worked man on the field and too much praise could not be given him for the able manner in which he saved the score from being run up against his team. Throughout the second half our forward line was on top of him all the time, yet he never flinched but remained as cool as ice, even when our lads put up combination plays that were dazzling.

When the second half was well along it was noticed that the enemy had, apparently despaired of scoring and was playing a defensive game. Then came a shout from the pipe major and the bandmaster which sent their men for instruments on the double. Just before the whistle blew time the rattle of drums and the shrill of pipes was heard as the pipe band swung into the field and, inspired by the stirring music, our lads certainly livened up the last few seconds of the game. The brass band joined in with the pipers and, playing alternately, they led the procession home—victorious.

Notes on the Game.

It is next to impossible to pick the best man of the winners. Every member of the team played for all he was worth, from Steed, between the posts, to Buck at center.

There is no use disputing the fact that the best team won. So here's to the victors, who have not suffered a defeat. The battalion justly feels proud of their achievement.

The Brigadier, Colonel Gunn, and our own C. O., Colonel Muirhead were interested spectators. The smile on Colonel Muirhead's face told the tale at the conclusion of the game.

Sergt. Major Candaline was there urging his team on. Much of the credit for the victory is due to his energy.

Jack Woods played his same old game, and when the boys on the lines saw him racing the ball they knew everything was safe.

Everybody was out to see the game. The colonel, the second in command, practically all the company commanders, and we were glad to note the adjutant was able to take a little respite, and forget his arduous duties for a while.

News Notes Of Interest.

With the opening of the canteen on Sunday morning came a real surprise for those who are fond of the foamy joy water. Instead of being served with a full pint for 3½d, they were told that the price had gone to 4½ for bitter and another half penny for stouts. Mixed drinks were quoted at the same rate as stout. The advance in prices has caused a noticeable falling off in the patronage of the wet bars and many of the lads who were wont to spend their full noon hour in the canteens are now using it to better advantage.

The prices in down town pubs were raised on Monday morning and beers are quoted at sixpence and stout two pennies higher. The price of spirits has not altered and, as a result, beer is being sacrificed for the stronger intoxicants.

We were late last week with The Clansman, but we have a good excuse. The bright day of Friday, when we usually go to press with all but the last pages, caused us to become inspired with the ambition to say

something nice about the glories of spring time. Becoming more enthusiastic with each passing moment we set nearly a column of nice things—and when we woke up the following morning and found the ground covered with two inches of snow we had to rip the whole blooming page apart to take out the spring time breezes. Can you blame us?

Ask Sergeants Farrell and Wheatley where Nova Scotia is. They both claim to know every inch of the North American continent but are rather dense with regards the Province which has given four Premiers to the Dominion and has two members in the Empire War Cabinet today.

Also ask them which man wins the war the one who goes first, the one who goes last or both of them. We rather favor the conclusion that each man does his share. They, we believe, think differently. Ask them, anyway.

Sergeant Pressman is away on his semi-annual pilgrimage. Many of his friends looked on with envious eyes as he flew out of the lines on his cross-country tour. We trust he has a pleasant trip.

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News Notes of Interest

Lieut. T. M. McLean is sick at the hospital in the base in France.

Adjutant Roper had a few well earned days' rest during the past week. Lieut. Power was the "business man" of the battalion during his absence.

They talk about "herring chokers"—but we notice that when there is fish for breakfast it is the western lads that make the "citizens of the sea" disappear.

The message now is: "Do your bit—where you are, with what you have, for your King and Country."

Sherman said "War is Hell" and the world said "Amen"; then it follows that the world must like hell—the way things are going.

Sergeant Tivy wants to know which is the most important—a man's musketry course or a road race. Let us suggest that this be settled by a debate between the P. T. and Musketry staffs.

It may be of interest to some of the boys to know that Charles R. Hobin is opposing Mayor P. F. Martin for the mayoralty seat of Halifax, Mr. Martin seeking reelection. A keen contest is anticipated. May the best man win.

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Haslemere
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We note with regret that last week's casualty list contains the names of Corporal John F. Mitchel and Pte. W. E. Hayden. "Mitch" was very popular with his pals and there is genuine sorrow at his demise. It is another sacrifice for the great cause which is day by day demanding its toll. "Bill" Hayden was none other than the popular member of the military police force of the battalion of which he was a part. Though belonging to a department where a man is apt to be looked at askance, he proved an exception to the rule and was well liked for his jovial manner and ever ready wit.

Sergeant Ingram's hutment is released from quarantine this week. No doubt they will praise God from Whom all blessings

flow, with emphasis. Nearly two months' imprisonment. Talk about being interned; this has it beaten by many rods. But strange to say, Sergeant Ingram came out with a sprained ankle. We trust it will not bother him long.

R. E. Finn, M. P. P., has introduced a bill into the Nova Scotia legislature seeking the authority to allow women to practice law. Next.

There is also a bill before the House to get the suffrage for all women over 21 years of age. Do not be surprised if there is a Premieress when you arrive home.

Can the devil skate?

No, where in hell could he.

The Personnel Of The Champion Football Team Of This Division

(By Sergt.-Major W. L. Candaline)

Our soccer team has reached the pinnacle it set out to reach—the championship of this area and proud possessors of the championship cup so kindly donated by Brigadier General Meighan. There were few in the battalion a short time back who ever thought that we had in our midst a championship team, but I knew we had the talent if we could only place the men in the positions for which they were best suited. Happily for us, results have proved that the committee has accomplished this part of the work. The game of last Wednesday, undoubtedly a poor one for the finals, demonstrated the superiority of our team.

The C. A. D. C. played a fine defensive game. Their goal keeper and right back played in fine form. Our boys were there with the goods, however, and were very unlucky not to have raised the score. There is but one regret we feel and that is that we should have given three cheers for the dental boys, for they took their defeat like men and sportsmen. However, I hope they will accept our apology and pardon the oversight.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to say a little of the personnel of the championship team, whom the writer knows and has studied. Our goal keeper, Stanley Steed, is well known to all the boys, especially when their pants are inefficient. Stan is popular with all lovers of football. He played for the old Beavers, of Winnipeg and, as a

member of his regimental team, as many of the old boys in camp will remember, he played a brilliant game against another military team which was composed of some of the fastest players in Canada. The remnant of this team has recently won the championship of the military district which we left a short time ago. Stan has not been on a losing team in two years. That record speaks for itself.

L. Lindsay, the right back, is a young player who learned his football in the same school as the writer, as did also the left back, Jock Woods. Jock has played some great games and is popular with the crowd. As cool as the proverbial cucumber, he knows the game from toe nails upward. He played with the Crescents of Winnipeg and was also a prominent member of his battalion team. Like Steed, he has not been on a losing team in two years, and on that memorable occasion when they won from another famous military team, he surpassed himself.

Our right half back, A. Petrie, is a "Scottie" who learned his football "among the heather" and has played a very consistent game since joining the team. This is not his first time to be on a championship team as his battalion, the Lethbridge Highlanders, last year won the cup at the camp in Alberta.

G. Brooks, the center half, is another well known player. He plays football from

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FANCY GOODS—Leather wallets, letter, note and photo pocket cases. Pocket mirrors, Military brush sets, safety razors and shaving brushes. Celebrated Ingersols and other watches with illuminated dials. Soldiers' canes, walking sticks, hand bags jewellery and silver goods for presents.

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the start of the game to the finish and, in the opinion of the writer, he played his best game in the semi-finals of the present series. He, also, bears the distinction of having not been on a losing team for two years.

W. Sime, the left half back, has played the game in Winnipeg and has opposed some of his present team mates. He puts up a fine brand of football and will improve as the season advances.

Coming to the forward line, the outside right, L. Lindsay, is a younger brother of the right back. He is rather light, but he makes up in speed for what he lacks in physique, and has done exceptionally well since being entrusted with the outside position in the absence of H. Siddons. The inside right, A. McGillivray, another "Scottie"

was another member of the Lethbridge unit. Always on the job like his team mate, Petrie, he figured in the cup team at Sarcee, so it was nothing new for him to be on a championship team. The center forward, G. Buck, is the veteran of the team. The honorable George is a buster that worries the opposing backs. He knows the game, plays it, and scores goals. What more? George had an off day in the final, but wait until next time.

The inside left, Manson, is another northern product and was placed in the team at the last moment through the absence of Cairns. He exceeded all expectations in the game of last Wednesday, but greater things are expected of him in the games to follow, and is a fine partner for Whitehead.

The outside left, Whitehead, is a brilliant, heady player, very sure and a perfect shot. The writer predicts that Whitehead and Manson will eventually make the best left wing in this area.

And last, but by no means least, the trainer, Staff Sergeant Smith. He has spared no effort to make the boys fit. He has been on the job practically all the time, and, in this connection, we should mention Q. M. S. McLennan, who has given assistance which is much appreciated.

It is the intention of the committee to form another team which will act as reserve to the first team, as there is an abundance of talent left in the battalion to make up a team worthy of giving the best of them a good run—and perhaps a beating.

Any of the boys interested in football and who can play the game should hand in their names, stating with whom they have played. The names will then be considered and perhaps we can produce another cup-winning team.

Who was the H company man, attached to F company by the way, who wired home for a cash remittance Tuesday of last week and who received the following reply on Sunday:—"April fool, dear," signed "wifey." Hard luck, wasn't it, and a strange co-incidence that the reply came on April first.

Officer in charge of firing squad to recruit who had missed every time: Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit, nervously: I don't know, sir. They left here all right.

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Haslemere

Soliloquy

I sit here in my dugout
My thoughts have wandered far,
E'en to my home—my people,
I wonder how they are.

But hear that awful racket,
One cannot stop to think;
I wish those wretched Huns
Would drop into the drink.

The shells are bursting round me,
From Fritz the heartless bloke;
The guns and fire have filled the air
With clouds of yellow smoke.

But still I sit and ponder,
This row gets on my nerves;
Just wait until the spring time
He'll get what he deserves.

We've got the men, we've got the guns,
We've got the money too;
And when we go across the top
Poor Fritz will be Na Pooh!

It's coming to the blighters,
What does he think we are?
Standing around and looking on
As if at some bazaar?

Not much! We've got an object,
We've had it for two years;
To mop the Boaches off the map,
Dispel your groundless fears.

We're resting and we're planning
And re-organizing now;
We're going to walk right through his line,
The dirty measley cow.

We'll strafe him here, we'll strafe him there,
We'll strafe him everywhere;
We'll kick him in the stomach,
We'll pull him by the hair.

We'll give him a half nelson.
We'll get a strangle hold,
We'll wallop and we'll pummel him
And then we'll knock him cold.

Exactly what will follow that
I cannot here describe,
But go into the market place
You'll see his beastly hide.

We'll have him halved and quartered,
We'll hang him round the square,
That all might see this special man
Who would not fight us fair.

We'll roll him in the gutter,
His one and rightful place,
And then we'll stand and gaze into
His beer besodden face.

Now when the war is over,
Our Fritz will have no station,
Because through lack of males
There'll be no Germination.

—o—o—

Sir Sam Hughes says the nurses are good at caressing brows and holding hands. Sir Sam Hughes generally hits straight from the shoulder, but he wants to look out and not get the hatred of the fair sex. He continues and says a lot of the hospitals which have V. A. D. nurses are good matrimonial institutions. He claims he is doing the Canadian girl a good turn. Watch out boys and take the Canadian ex-war minister's words to heart.

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SEAFORTH BADGES in GOLD,
SILVER and ENAMEL from
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SEAFORTH RINGS, 2/6 GOLD
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10/6. In SILVER from 4/6,

—o—

.....OPPOSITE.....

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The Royal Huts Hotel

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Offers accommodations to all
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Teas Luncheons Dinners

Taxicab and Motor Service

Garage in Connection

News Notes of Interest

Pte. J. T. Geeen, of the postal staff has been a busy man during the past week, handling the Canadian mails which have come for the unit which he serves. Pte. Green, however, gained his post experience in the post office at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, and seems to have no trouble in taking care of the needs of his comrades in the camp.

A nice little evidence of the bond between the navy and army was noticed at the football game of last Wednesday evening. Among the spectators were a number of men of the sea, and, before the end of the first half, their voices were heard lifted in encouragement to the lads of our unit. At the conclusion of play they were among the first to fall into line behind the pipers and receive in turn hearty cheers from our lads as they made their way back to the unit lines.

SOMETHING YOUR
FRIENDS CANNOT
BUY

Your Photograph

SEND ONE HOME
BEFORE GOING AWAY

MELVILLE STUDIO, WEY HILL
HASLEMEKE.

Postal Corporal Phillips and his assistant, Pte. James, are away to-morrow for a well earned rest. even if but for a day. Both the lads have been working hard at their duties for several months with no thoughts of a vacation and we can only hope that this long wished for holiday may prove a pleasant one for them.

Dentists to Play Haslemere

The C. A. D. C., undisputed champions of the unbrigaded units of the camp and contenders in the finals for the championship cup of this division, will meet the Haslemere Juniors at the down town football field on Easter Monday. The dentists are in the best of trim and we will venture to predict that they will be easy victors, notwithstanding that the town team is said to be composed of fast men and to have a reputation behind them. An admission of four pennies will be charged to all members of the male sex, while the fair ones will be admitted at half price.

Woodcock Inn

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Teas, Luncheons & Dinner

Fruit Pies

STEAK and CHIPS our Specialty.

Ever Thoughtful.

Members of the Calgary Typographical Union, Alberta, who are now serving in the C. E. F., were again surprised this week by receiving large parcels of army comforts from the Woman's Auxiliary of the local. This makes the third assortment of packages within a short time which have found their way from Calgary across the waters, and to say that they have been gratefully received would be saying too little. While the editor is the only remaining member of the locals in this camp, many of the parcels have gone on across to France, where there are more than fifty Calgary printers in the service.

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THE CLANSMAN

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

LIEUT. J. S. ROPER, Censor

Corporal J. G. QUIGLEY, News Editor

Pte. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

THE PART THE STATES WILL FLY

The United States has formally declared war on Germany by an overwhelming vote of Congress following the address of President Wilson on last Monday and, while it is doubtful if they will send any great number of men into the field of battle, the moral effect which their entrance into the fray is one which will be felt in no small manner.

The many thousands of tonnage of German vessels now lying interned in American ports have already been seized. The total hauling capacity thus represented will offset the damage done to Allied shipping by the submarine menace and, whereas a few weeks ago, some scare was felt at the loss of shipping facilities, confidence in that line is now fully regained.

A short time ago there was talk of food shortage. With the entrance of the States into the war this talk is reversed. Food will be forthcoming in a way which will not only supply the greater and more pressing need, but will remove all danger from the "starvation of England" which Germany had so vainly hoped for. Money with which to carry on the war will be supplied in abundance and no longer will great war loans from the working classes be a necessity.

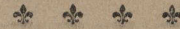
The States has been planning for months and its leaders have not been idle in the meantime. Its navy has been brought to the highest state of efficiency and that, in connection with the navies of the Allies, will sweep the seas from the pirates and submarines now cruising in comparative safety.

President Wilson, in his speech of Monday, says the States wants no indemnity at the close of the war. His government is entering the contest with no thought of gain but in the interest of humanity and liberty. He is strong on these points and has gained the warmest compliments of the press, both American and foreign, by this decision.

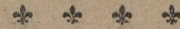
As one of our papers so aptly expressed it—if but one division of men comes to the

battlefield under the Stars and Stripes it will be welcomed with open arms, not for the damage which they may do the enemy, but for the moral effect which it will have both at home and in the camps of our enemies.

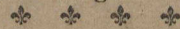
And another thing—when this war is over and the world has settled down to a lasting piece, the bond of friendship between England and America will be stronger than ever before and the Union Jack will entwine with the Stars and Stripes to the end of the world.



Gee whiz, but we should like to have been in Seattle, U. S. A., when the news was made public that war had been declared. That is one of the most patriotic cities in the Union and will wager dollars to dough nuts that the six foot policemen around old Pioneer Square had their hands full when the gladsome tidings were published, eh, Farrell?



The American and British navies have long been on cousinly terms. There was a famous instance during the attack on the Peiho forts in China in 1860. The British flotilla of gun boats was so roughly handled by the Chinese gunners that they were in a tight corner, when the captain of an American corvette, uttering a phrase which has lived in history, "I guess blood is thicker than water," gallantly came to the rescue. Some years later, in the Spanish-American war, another significant incident occurred under reversed circumstances. When Admiral Dewey was about to attack Admiral Montojo's fleet in Manila Bay, a German squadron showed a desire to bar his progress. The English Admiral on the spot immediately cleared decks for action in Dewey's support and the Germans changed their minds.—Exchange.



The increase in prices makes a fellow afraid to order anything with less than three pound in his pocket.



We saw a copy of the Calgary Eye Opener the other day. Almost made us homesick to see some of that Bob Edwards stuff in a camp over here. If we even had the nerve to think half as much as he prints we should be in the guard house in ten minutes.

Canada may have its faults, but, thanks to the smiles of a cold natured weather man, we do not have to face steen inches of in April.

News Notes Of Interest.

Bramshott Camp TOILET SALOON

:: TOILET PREPARATIONS ::

Razors, Safety Blades,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes,
Fancy Goods, Stationery,
Hairdressing, Shaving, Singeing.

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.....HASLEMERE.....

Hot and Cold Luncheons
SERVED HERE AT
POPULAR PRICES.

PROMPT ATTENTION
High Class Chocolates,
Pure Confectionery.

PARTIES CATERED FOR

The Covent Garden FRUIT STORE

STATION ROAD, HASLEMERE

All Fruits and Vegetables

AT THE LOWEST
PRICES FOR CASH

Our musketry staff has been defeated by battalion which took them into camp last week by a decisive score. The sting of defeat has ground rather deeply into the pride of our men and an effort will be made in the near future to wrest the laurels from the team which slipped one over on them. Go to it, fellows. The honor of the battalion is at stake.

Sergeant Sergeant has just received a letter stating that his brother-in-law, Sergeant Strange, has been awarded the D. C. M. and has been commissioned in the field. Sergeant Strange came over with a unit from Western Canada and has already been recognised for heroic action in the field.

The usual high average of our range parties has been lowered during the past week to a certain extent. The slump is not due to inefficient preliminary training but is due to the abnormal weather conditions. The fellows always manage to get up a heavy sweat on the long marches to the range and when they arrive and have to stand about during the firing periods they naturally become shaky from the cold and damp. Let us hope the weather man will have a heart and let up on this April Fool stuff between now and the Fourth of July.

A letter from Leithbridge, the original home of one of our units, states that the band of that city is being re-organized under the direction of Mr. Joseph Weir. Members of the battalion in question will remember that "Dad" Weir was for a time a member of their band and that he was discharged just before we came overseas. Good luck to you, Dad.

Pte. Linning, a member of the old "C" company football team of the Leithbridge unit, has been wounded and is now back in hospital in England. The telegram states that he is injured in the head and leg but that the injuries will probably not prove fatal.

Why not a game between this team and Captain McLean's team of "has beens" or "never were's." The preponderance of weight would no doubt be with the doctor's stars.



THE
Broadford Military Laundry

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The most up to date and completely equipped laundry in this district, built especially for and running exclusively on Military Work.

THE BROADFORD MILITARY LAUNDRY handles the laundry from eight battalions of our neighbouring camp and for five battalions in this area.

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

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MANAGER, SHALFORD

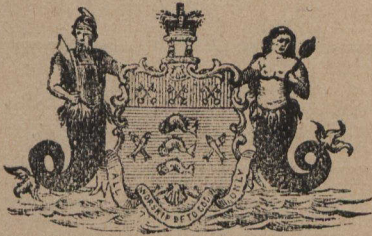
Receiving Office at Tintown

The Men of the Rank and File

Who are going to win this world-wide
scrap;
And change the face of Europe's map;
For dignity don't care a rap?
The men of the rank and file.

Who love their little bit of fun,
And fight the harder when 'tis done?
Who grin when some clerk calls out "shun!"
The men of the rank and file.

Who left their happy homes to fight,
While "cold-foot slackers" sat back tight?
Who'd face the devil for the right?
The men of the rank and file.



L. Hyde,

HIGH STREET - - HASLEMERE

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KINGS ROAD, HASLEMERE,
NEAR STATION

—○—
Breakfast, Luncheons, Suppers.

—○—
Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery.

Who come back, maimed, from o'er the tide;
Wearing their golden stripes with pride?
Who make the shirkers run and hide.
The men of the rank and file.

Who've showed they're made of golden stuff
Clear grit; real diamonds in the rough?
For whom we cannot do enough?
The men of the rank and file.

Who'll come back from the war some day;
Who'll look for work and decent pay:
Who'll get it, too, or—watch and pray—
There'll be the very devil to pay?
The men of the rank and file.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

While the M. O. of one of the Highland
Brigade units was making a tour of inspection
last summer at Aldershot Camp, N. S.,
he asked a private how long it was since he
had taken a bath.

The private answered, "Last March,
sir."

"Last March," repeated the M. O. as-
tonished.

"Yes sir," said the man, "Last Route
March.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

One day last autumn, while the "Hay-
ing furloughs" were going strong in Nova
Scotia, a certain private made application
at the battalion orderly room for a pass.
When asked how much time he required to
dispose of his crop, he replied, "about a week,
sir."

The man was evidently somewhat hard
of hearing, for when the O. C. said, "will
that be sufficient time?" he answered, "not
fishing time, sir, farming time."

From the O. C., "not granted!"

Angus and Rorie MacDonald, Sydney
detachment, Cape Breton Highlanders,
drafted into a classic ice cream parlor one
evening, and on being served with ice cream
and fancy cookies, Angus proceeded to de-
vour the latter, when Roarie gasped at his
pal, "Ach God! Angus, don't eat them, them's
the tickets!"

—○—
If a German got into the cellar, would
the coal shoot?

No, the kindling wood.

Good Words From the Front.

Captain Asquith, who has just returned from the front, is back in camp after so long a time and brings joyful tidings from many of the lads who came over with his battallon.

The genial captain reports having seen Lieut. Richards at the base and says that the old bandmaster is rather enjoying himself in the firing line. Mr. Richards was sick at the base for some time but is again back on active duty.

Captain Asquith spoke of the death of Corporal Able with regret. The young corporal was always popular with the lads of his unit and it is said that he was more than making good at the front when he was killed. The captain also mentioned having seen "Jock" Harvey and a number of the other fellows while at the front and says they are making good.

Many of the Captain's battalion will remember big "Nick" the six foot four inch Montenegrin who used to take such an interest in military training and who learned to form fours before he could speak English. Big Nick, so says the captain, was on sentry in the front line and was standing with his head and shoulders above the parapet when the officer in command made his appearance. The officer immediately ordered Nick down and, seeing he was a new man in the front line, sought to show him the use of the trench periscope. Nick looked on in silence until the officer had completed the demonstration, then, sticking his head far above the parapet and speaking over his shoulder he said, "that's all right. Good thing for little man. Me no need him. Me see plenty well." Then to emphasise the statement he stretched his full length, exposing more than two feet of Montenegro manhood and aiming carefully let fly with a shot. "Him shoot no more," he said as he coolly lowered his rifle and stretched for another look.

Concert Easter Monday.

Posters are out announcing a concert to be held at the Soldier's Club next Monday evening, and from the plans which have been made by those in charge of the affair, it promises to be one of the greatest amusement treats which has been presented this year.

Our own P. T. staff will be well represented on the program and will present a series of sketches and novelties which will be well worth seeing. New properties have

been secured and many new and original stunts will be pulled by the lads who have already gained a reputation for themselves for the high standard of entertainments which they have introduced in this territory.

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Things We Want to Know

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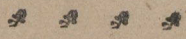
Why not a miniature range practice shoot between the present team of instructors and a team of N. C. O.'s and men outside the musketry staff, the latter to be chosen by Sergeant Farrell?

Who was the corporal who told his squad dead ground was a cemetery—and him just back from a course. There is dead ground and again dead ground.

Who was the sergeant-major who was not well versed in P. T. and gave the command "with feet clapping and hands tramping, commence," and why he was mad when some of the boys started to experiment?

Why is it that orderly sergeants and orderly corporals are so anxious to go to church on Sunday evenings? Is it to gain strength for their arduous duties of the following week?

Who was the N. C. O. who told his pal he had been under shell fire, only to get the retort, "Yes: egg shell."



Now that the States has come into the war it may be that some of the grouses will have to find something else to howl about—though we still contend that it would have been better for all hands if that country would have stayed out let the Allies finish alone what they have so ably started recently.

And that reminds us—the famous Hindenburg line seems to be unbroken—but all will have to admit that it is being severely bent in more places than one.



A MOST PLEASING COMBINATION



Another flag enters the fight for humanity and freedom.

CL

Things We Want to Know

Which of the band sergeants sticks around the Green Dragon so closely and is it true that the fellows expect to hear of wedding bells in the near future.

Who was the lad who wanted to throw us out of the hut last Sunday when he thought we were selling "crime sheets?" Must be fearful of the little conduct slips.

Who were the two sergeants who enjoyed themselves so immensely on small beers Monday evening when they found that the price of all drinks had increased so extensively.

Who was the lad who was recently heard to say, "they must be going to float the navy in beer—but if they think they are going to get me to buy enough to accommodate a cruiser they will have to lower that price a h— of a lot."

Who was the real star at the football match of last Tuesday evening? What part did Sergeant O'Hare play?

Why is it that so many of the bandmen beat it for Haslemere as soon as they are released from parade?

Does George Mitchell enjoy the trips to Liphook as much as he used to at Saltwood?

Why does the battalion orderly room present such an orderly appearance these days? Is it because the lads are taking such a real interest in their work that they have overcome all confusion?

What is going to happen? Week before last we sold ten copies of The Clansman in the guard room and last week found but one member of the guard who could read and had the inclination to buy.

Why does a certain member of the shoemakers staff make record-breaking trips to Haslemere every Saturday afternoon?

Who was the lad in detention who asked how to get out of the clink and was told, "wait until your time is up and you will learn."

How many expert critics has The Clansman? Their names would be legion if they were only published.

Who was the statesman who said the other day, "We are six months nearer the end of the war than when I last spoke" and we come to find out that it was six months ago he spoke—but still his colleagues applauded him. Such is life, but still we are the wiser for his statement.

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Notes of Interest

When you do not go on church parade they come to you with a Sunday Message. Such was the experience of some during the past week. We dare not go further but the culprits will know what we mean.

It is said that Medicine Hat is where the weather comes from—but we will venture to remark that no such weather as has been sprung on us recently ever came from a place like Medicine Hat.

Work was this week resumed on the History of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade and from the present outlook the book is going to be even better than we had thought. Instead of a limited number of copies, as we first announced, a sufficient number to meet all needs will be published.

And speaking of books; we saw a first copy of "Canada in Kahki" this week and can easily recommend it to all who are collecting valuable souvenirs of the war. Well printed and artistically illustrated, it is a work of which both authors and publishers may well be proud. The price is half a crown and they can be bought at almost any of the local book stores. The nearest sales place to the camp is at Balfry's store, Tin Town. In making your purchase please mention The Clansman, no matter where you buy the book.

The editor will no doubt desist from making complimentary remarks about the "gun boat" boots after the brickbats he has received during the week.

Frequenter of picture shows certainly enjoyed a rare treat at The Cinema in Haslemere this week when the official war film of the Battle of the Ancre and the advance of the Tanks was shown three times daily for the first three days. The pictures were the best we have seen in many moons and those who did not visit the popular show house missed a great treat. The program for next week also promises to be exceptionally good.

"Bob" Edwards, well known to our lads of the West as the editor of the Calgary Eye Opener, favors giving every man who has been overseas two votes in all elections, and to give every wounded man three votes.

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A Few Cruel Ones.

What made Charing Cross?
Old Kent Road.

When is a goat nearly?
When he is all butt.

"Why did you name that Rooster Rob-
inson?"
Because he Crusoe."

Can a man beat up his wife?
If he will use a door as a weapon—the
law says a man may adore his wife.

"Why do you call that dog Sausage?
Because he is half-bred."

When you go gunning for skunks, be
sure you pull your trigger first.

"That man had to swallow his warath."
"I suppose that is why he is chocking
with rage."

When should you apply a sovereign
remedy to your tooth?—When it is a-king.

What made the penny stamp?
Because the three penny bit.

Which would you sooner do or go
fishing?

What are the best drawing materials?
Cork screws.

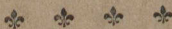
What noise annoys an oyster?—A noisy
noise annoys an oyster.

What is that which is only a nose when
an eye is put out?—Noise.

What is the difference between a snake
and a flea?—One crawls on its own belly;
the other is not quite so particular.

Why is life the riddle of riddels? Be-
cause every one has to give it up.

What is that which one can divide yet
no one can see where it has been divided?
Water.



"Have you ever been here for a shave
before, sir?" asked a barber who had not
made up his mind as to whether he was
shaving a new customer or not. "Yes,
once." "I do not remember your face, sir."
"Well, I dare say you don't," said the cus-
tomer. "You see it is healed up now."

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