

# THE CLANSMAN



Church Hill Benefit Concert  
Drill Hall Given to Government  
The Matchless Maple Leaf  
Random Rumors  
A Few Personal Observations  
Miscellaneous News Notes

A Military  
Journal for  
All Ranks



First  
September  
Number

Drill Hall, Haslemere

# Grand Divisional Concert

Under the Patronage of H. R. H.  
**Princess Patricia of Connaught**  
will be given on

**Wednesday, September 5th**

at 7.30 p. m. Doors open at 7.0 p. m. [In aid of the Kitchener G. F. S.  
Hospital] Direction of Staff-Sergt. Ballard-Brown

**The Divisional Concert Party**  
[The Blue-noses]

In a POTTED REVUE entitled

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scene 4, All Scotch: scene 5, Merry England

Including Pipers, Dancers. Drummers and a well-known Reserve Band  
under direction of Bandmaster Moore

**Tickets, Reserved 2s: Admission 1s., from members of the party**

# The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 33

Monday, September 3, 1917

Price 2d

## DRILL HALL PRESENTED TO THE GOVERNMENT---FIRST CONCERT

The Haslemere Drill Hall, where so many military concerts and entertainments have been held, has passed into the hands of the Government for all time. The builder and owner, Col. Sir Harry Waechter, Bart., of Ramsnet, Chiddingfold, has sent the transfer papers to the Secretary of State for War, making a free gift of the property which is valued at £5,500. A similar hall at Farncombe was presented at the same time, thus doubling the above amount. The two halls were erected in 1909, and have since been devoted to military uses. Up to the outbreak of the war they were used as headquarters and drill halls for cadet corps which the donor maintained at his personal expense.

The first entertainment to be held under the new ownership will be on next Wednesday evening when Sergt. Ballard-Brown and his irrepressible concert party will present a five-act revue which promises to excel anything of the season. New members have been added to the troupe, new songs written and the country has been searched from one end to the other for costumes. The entire company has been working enthusiastically on the new bill and, as a result, we are able to assure the fun-loving public, soldiers and civilians alike, that they will meet with a most pleasing surprise if they attend.

Admission will be 2/ for reserved seats, and 1/ for admission tickets. The concert is given under the patronage of H. R. H. Princess Patricia of Connaught and the proceeds will go to the Kitchener G. F. S. Hospital.

This is the first of a series of revues being planned by the concert party for the fall and winter months. With the approach of cold weather, the Happy Valley entertainments will be discontinued and Sergt. Ballard-Brown will then devote his whole time to promoting entertainments the proceeds from which will go to the various charities of the country.

## CONCERT IN AID OF CHURCH HILL RECREATION HUT

In spite of the inclement weather prevailing on Monday last, the Haslemere hall was full of people attending the concert in aid of the new recreation hut at the Church Hill Hospital and, judging from the remarks overheard at the close of the entertainment, all felt amply repaid for turning out under such unfavorable conditions. The program was perfect and it would be a difficult matter to specialise any item as heading the list. At the close of the performance Dr. Hutchinson spoke a few very appropriate words, thanking those who so kindly contributed to the success of the day and especially to Miss Mosley who was responsible for arranging such an excellent program and to Bds. Howard, whose untiring efforts certainly merited a vote of thanks from his fellow patients and from the Hospital staff. Closing his short speech Dr. Hutchinson drew attention to a stall at the back of the hall, which was the crowning feature of Bds. Howard's work and where nearly every household requisite could be obtained. At the end of an hour every article was sold.

Another interesting item was the exhibition of work and here again it would be hard to specialise on any piece for paintings, drawings, crivel work and knitting won the admiration of all, the only regret being that the kind admirers could not have cleared this stall also.

Lieut.-Col. Borden, former O. C. of the senior battalion of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, now on sick leave from France, was in camp for a few days last week and spent a pleasing time in recalling the happy days of the organisation period of the old brigade.

Capt. Black, second in command of an old company now with us, also dropped in to renew acquaintances among his old time comrades and friends.

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## A Page of Sense and Nonsense

The sycamore tree bears fruit after 20 years' growth—but who wants to wait that long just to see what the fruit is like.

The authorities responsible for the registration of aliens are confronted with a difficult problem. A certain man wants to know whether he should register. His father was a German Pole and his mother was a Russian. He was born on a Dutch ship in English waters and was christened by an Italian priest who happened to be on board! It has been suggested that he should be sent to Sergt. Whynacht for information.

The item of buttons in the Canadian Army clothing contracts reaches an enormous figure. Each shirt is fitted with five zinc buttons. In the course of eighteen months the shirts made for the Army required one hundred and twenty million buttons of one size and type. To bring the total up to date that number may safely be quadrupled and will then fall short of the actual requirement. Yet with this immense number of buttons in circulation, a certain bugler is using nice little shingle nails as a substitute.

Sweet reasonableness, which does not insist upon its own way, but bravely determines that the work shall go forward, is a rare and precious gift—Chas. Holland possesses it.

Alcohol, when pure, is greenish in colour, while water is distinctly blue in shade. When a fellow goes on parade with a red nose, a black eye and a dark brown taste, what has he been drinking?

It is said that Retreat is the most musical bugle call in the Canadian army. Guess the Germans would like to hear it sounded just once before the war is over.

Patience is a virtue which few men possess. If you cannot believe us, ask the postal clerks on the arrival of the Canadian mails. They ought to know.

What is so rare as a day in June, is now to be answered by "A summer in England.

A brigade of Jews is soon to be formed—which leads us to wonder what the increase in life insurance will be this year.

A P. T. instructor, lecturing his class on how to become fit, is said to have uttered the following—"Tobacco makes men ugly, idiotic and paralytic. I know from experience."—Ex.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" sang the entertainer. "Yes—of the other fellow," sobbed the lad who had received a very short but pointed letter from across the waters.

"Alice Where Art Thou" softly hummed one of a very closely snuggling pair in the dim moon-light. "Listening to you tell another girl just what you told me last night," answered a fair voice from the shadows.

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## THE CLANSMAN

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

Captain C. E. MILLER, Censor

Sgt. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

### THE MATCHLESS MAPLE LEAF

From the slopes of the Pacific, where the sun sets in the sea,  
To the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to Calgary,  
From Saskatchewan to Halifax, and distant Montreal,  
There rang through the Dominion the Mother-Country's Call.

"To Arms," it rang, "Let every man stand forth his best to bring,  
"To serve his God, his Motherland, his Empire and his King;  
"A cruel and relentless foe at last has bared the sword;  
"And fight we must, as those who fought the battles of the Lord."

And from the distant homestead, from the ranch and from the farm,  
From the City and the Township, as men heard War's alarm,  
There rose a great and answering cry, as deep as the roll of drum,  
From many a thousand lusty throat, "We're ready and we'll come."

And so they came—and some have gone whither no man returns—  
While deep within each loyal heart there ever fiercely burns  
The ardour of the Patriot who puts his country first,  
And fears no foe—who e'er he be—though he may do his worst.

So here on Hindhead's breezy moore, right glad are we to view  
The boys who wear the Maple Leaf—and wear it nobly, too—  
No jewel in the royal crown for brightness can compare  
With their deep loyalty to Him whose uniform they wear.

Beyond the broad Atlantic's wave beats many an anxious heart  
For the safety of the dear one, from whom 'twas hard to part;  
To those we read the message, "We are very proud of you  
"Who spared your best and dearest that his duty he might do."

No ordinary welcome is the kind we now extend,  
For all have earned—by faithfulness—the honoured name of Friend,  
As Friends we meet, as Friends we part, as Friends we'll think of you—  
The lads who, at their Country's Call, were loyal, brave and true.

In Friendship's name we welcome you, and clasp you by the hand.  
In Friendship's name we wish you well in many a distant land  
Where loyal hearts must face the foe in trench and field and plain,  
And may the God of Battles bring you safely home again.

H. KENDRA BAKER.

(Written for, and dedicated to, the officers, N. C. O.'s and men of the—t h Canadian Field Ambulance, encamped on Hindhead Common, and recited by the Author at a concert arranged by them at Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, on the 28th July, 1917.)

An officer on one of the transports coming across the Atlantic sought to impress the size and beauty of the ocean upon a lad direct from the farm. Gazing across the vast expanses of water, he said, "My boy, did you ever see such a glorious expanse of water—just as far as you can see and nothing but water?" "Yes, sir," came the ready answer, "it's just the same on the other side of the ship, sir."

Though a squad of recruits was practising on the range the targets remained untouched and the language of the sergeant in charge began to get somewhat strong. At length, when one unfortunate youngster cut up the dust for the eighth consecutive time, he could restrain himself no longer. "What? Missed again. I don't believe you could hit a furniture van," he shouted. "Oh, well, sergeant," retorted one of the squad, "you needn't say so much. You missed a train yesterday."

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## "Ain't It H---"

When you enter a public bar quietly and with none but good intent and have a fellow challenge you to match for the house and you accept the challenge and win—and then time is called before the cigars can be secured? Gee whiz.

When you go down town with a party of friends and an awful thirst and no money—and find that the rest of the party is in the same state as yourself and had been depending on the money you did not have to supply the refreshments? Gee whiz.

When you go to London in one big hurry and hustle to get through with your business and manage to make the station—just as the last train of the day is disappearing from sight? Great Scott.

When you go down town without a pass and get by 'steen dozen military police and just begin to congratulate yourself and think you are safe—and then meet the A. P. M. face to face? Holy Smoke.

When your great coat is absent without leave and you are sent on a trip that means five miles of darned fast hiking—and it starts raining pitchforks with bull frogs for handles? Shades of Bruce Bairnsfather.

When you have taken an order for printing and work all night to get it done in time—and then they do not send for it for three days? Gee whiz.

When you tell what you think is a brand new story and get your face all set to join in the laugh which you are looking for—and suddenly discover that the same story had been told just before you entered the room? Gee whiz.

When you send your only spare shirt to the laundry and it is lost in transit and you have to wear a close imitation to a night gown for a whole week? Gee whiz.

When you have begun to congratulate yourself on successfully escaped dental parades and start for town—and a hard hearted corporal gently grabs you by the hand and plunks you into the chair and the Captain relieves you of a couple of molars and shows

you to the door before you can realise you had been operated on? Gee whiz.

And when you remember the nights on which you let the teeth ache rather than go to the dentist and learn that you could have been fitted out months<sup>2</sup> before and without the least pain—Gee whiz.

When you gain a girl's consent to see her home from the whist drive and she tells you that she has not far to go and then she leads you four miles from camp and it starts to rain just after you have said good night? Good night!

When you are on leave and wire for an extention and it is granted—and then you let some kind, sympathetic stranger take all your money and you have to get back to the Land of Drill before you can eat? Gee whiz.

When you return to camp after three months' absence and start telling about the stirring times you had in France and how many times you "went over the top" and a fellow comes along and congratulates you on "swinging the lead" hard enough to get a nice easy job in the English hospital and on being able to dodge France? Gee whiz.

When you have been working hard for a whole week and have saved your money for the past two months so you can go on leave in style—and get transferred to a unit where leave is an unknown quantity so they tell you and you go and spend your money and then learn that the leave could have been secured for the asking? Gee whiz.

When you have just had your photograph taken to send to "the one girl" in Canada—and get an announcement of her wedding on the day you were going to mail the photo? Gee whiz.

When a kind-hearted caterer of a sergeants' mess goes into his own pocket and buys a deck of cards for the members to use during the long, wet evenings—and the said cards are lost on the first evening out? Gee whiz.

When you set your alarm clock to the hour of five and some joker moves the hand just one notch ahead? Gee whiz.

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## News Notes of General and Local Interest

Pte. J. S. Bayley, who at one time held sway over the destinies of the battalion mail at the old camp, is back in the lines again. He managed to grab a couple of late passes during his first three days with us.

Welcome tidings. In a recent casualty list appeared the name of Jock Harvey, who was reported killed. Another comrade has just received one of those labor saving cards from the front, however, which states that the big cornet player was wounded and is now in hospital.

News from the front states that Chas. Simister is wounded, instead of killed as at first reported. Another of the old tribe is still on deck.

Private Sowden, who once made the editor do overtime on the orderly room staff for four consecutive days, is said to be living the life of the righteous at the front. He is apparently bomb proof.

Private Fidler, another of the old bunch of Sandling days, is also reported to be going strong and to be in the best of health. With he and Sowden working together it is a cinch that Fritz will not have things his own way on one part of the front at any rate.

C. S. M. Rhind has been on escort duty again. Did not have so much to report as on a former occasion.

We asked an old pal for a cigarette one evening recently. He gave us a look which seemed to say "mush rooms—eight pence per," and then gave us the desired fag.

The Empire Theatre has discontinued its run of pictures and is presenting straight vaudeville these days. Some excellent programs are being given and are much enjoyed by all ranks. It is said that Sergeant Sparrow has not missed a show since the change was made.

A French writer, ruminating on Allied uniforms, has just discovered the origin of the Highland uniform. It appears that the Roman Legions, campaigning in Scotland under Agricola left behind them the memory of their dress, which does of course, in the pictures, bear a striking resemblance to the Highlander of to-day.

The Cinema at Haslemere is starting a new serial this week, the first episode of which appears this evening. "The Shielding Shadow" was run in story form in one of the Sunday papers and was certainly a mystery story of the best. The pictures give promise of being equally good.

This is the month of air raids—September.

While in London Friday we had the pleasure of meeting the editor of "Canada." We found him sitting at his desk and up to his eyes in work—but a man in the Canadian uniform is always welcome and we had a delightful little chat. Our brother editor is wearing the badge of a first contingent unit—and a gold bar.

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