

THE CLANSMAN



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A Few Personal Observations

Miscellaneous News Notes

A Military
Journal for
All Ranks



Wednesday,
August 22, '17



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The Clansman

VOL. I. No. 32

Wednesday, August 22, 1917

Price 2d

ELECTION OF SOLDIERS' REPRESENTATIVES TO PARLIAMENT

Last week saw the casting of ballots for two soldiers' representatives in each of the Provincial Parliaments and some close contests are anticipated. Deputy returns officers had been appointed in every battalion in France, at each training camp in England, and at the headquarters of each new battalion being raised in Canada. Every member of the Canadian forces who had resided in a Province for six months prior to enlistment was entitled to cast a vote for two candidates in his province and to judge from the keen interest manifested in the last few hours of the allotted time few of the men in uniform failed to vote.

Alberta led the way, so far as we have been able to learn, both in the number of candidates for office and the enthusiasm of the election. In all 21 men had been nominated, most of whom claim the north central and northern part of the Province as their homes. Five of the total are, or have recently been in this camp, and local interest naturally centers about them. One of this number, Capt. L. Asquith, is a former member of this unit, having been taken on the strength of the reserve when his old battalion, the Lethbridge Highlanders, were absorbed. The other four are C. S. M. Bateson, of Mere Beck; Capt. Calderon, of Edmonton; COMS Frost, of Calgary; Lt.-Col. Hewgill, of Edmonton.

It will be at least two months for the results to be determined. Returns from this side will be made through Commissioner Reid, the Provincial Representative for Alberta in England, who will also handle the returns for Saskatchewan troops. This additional work is taxing his meagre staff to the utmost and will delay the returns to a great extent.

The Clansman is making arrangements to publish the winners in each Province at the earliest possible date. Progress of the count will be announced as fast as it may be learned.

CANADIANS WIN HONORS AT THE BIG ALDERSHOT COMMAND SPORTS

Once more the Canadian soldier-athlete has come to the front and walked away with the heavy percentage of honours in one of the big sporting meetings. At the Aldershot Command Sports held last week they scored sixteen places, a total of three more than all other entries combined. The decided successes of the Maple Leaf caused one of the largest papers in England to remark, "Canadian successes were features of the day."

The winners, several of whom are now stationed in this camp, are as follows:

100 yards—Sergt. Schafer, Sergt. Haley, Sergt. Ellis, Sergt. Bateman. Won easily in 10 2/5 seconds.

880 yards—L/Cpl. McNevin, Driver Holmes, C. F. A., Sgt. Barnewell, R. E., Sergt. Neilson, S. Africans. Won by a foot in 2min. 10 sec.

High jump—L/Cpl. Grindley, London Reserve, Lieut. Jardine.

Half mile relay, under 19—L. R. B., Middlesex T. R. Bn., Essex T. R. Bn.

440 yards—Gnr. Blades, S/Sergt. E. W. Haley, RFA, Gnr. McVarney. Won by two yards. 53 3/5 seconds.

Mile—L/Cpl. McNevin, A. M. Chapman, RFC, Lt. Edwards, Reserve Dragoons.

220 yards, open—Cpl. Donaldson, Manchester Regiment, Sergt. Schafer. 23 3/5s.

Mile, open—Gunner Phillips, Sergt. Blakeman, Beds Regt., Lieut. Collenette, R FC., time 4m 42 4/5s.

Five mile team race—Pte. Thomas, AS C., Sergt. Wright, Sher. For., Pte. Davies, MGC., Pte. Bush, 9th London Res. Team placings—Sherwood F, GMC., Cav., 6th Res Bn. London.

Mile relay—Canadian HQ, Manchester Regt., Worcesters.

120 yards hurdles—Cadet Phillips, RFC
Tug of War—Canadian Army Service Corps.

Mile cycle race—Sgt. Richardson, 10th London Regiment.

Lady Hunter distributed the prizes.

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News Notes of General and Local Interest

The history of the junior battalion of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, on which we have been working for the past two months, has been completed at last and has been turned out in a manner that is better than we had dared to hope. Well written, printed on an excellent book paper and in a plain but neat manner, the work is a souvenir of which all may be proud.

We ran across Sergt. Anderson, whom many of the boys of the old Lethbridge Highlanders will remember as having gone away with an early draft of N. C. O.'s, one evening recently and enjoyed an hour of pleasing talk of bye-gone days. We heard of many old friends and gave Anderson much information of those who are still in camp. We take this means of extending his best wishes to his old comrades here.

C. S. M. Candaline, C. S. M. Ridyard and C. Q. M. S. McLennan have gone from our ranks. Military censorship prevents us from saying just where they have gone but do not be surprised if you read of them at work in the forests before long. The lads were popular in the battalion and, while we are sorry to see them taken from us, we heartily congratulate them on having been transferred without losing their rank.

Corporal Quigly, our very versatile but most modest news editor, has again been taken out from under us. He has gone on a training course and for the next few weeks we shall have to take it upon ourself to hustle the news notes for the paper.

Next on the program of souvenir printing will be a history of the Seaforth band, which has come to be recognised as one of the leading musical organisations of the Canadian forces in training. The book will be printed on the best of paper and will contain an excellent half tone reproduction of the band. They will sell at sixpence per copy, the estimated cost of production. The profits, should any result, will go to the band fund. But a limited number will be printed and members of the battalion who desire copies must place their orders before the book goes to press next week.

Lieut. Roper, acting adjutant of his old unit and who held that position with this battalion for the past few months, has been transferred to a neighboring camp. Capt. Crowell now holds down the adjutant's desk and his position as President of the Regimental Institute is occupied by Mr. Power. Mr. Roper was a good soldier and an efficient officer. He had gained and held the respect of all with whom he came in contact and it is with sincere regret that we announce his leaving the lines. We can only wish him the same success in his new home that marked his career with this unit.

A letter from our old printer, Walter Brown, says that everything is lovely with the lads of the last draft. He had not yet started to raising live stock but reports indications good for an early beginning.

We had a letter from R. Q. M. S. Reagan recently. The big fellow is now playing ball at one of the convalescent camps and seems to be enjoying life to the fullest extent. He sends regards to old comrades.

We have again moved our happy home. About one more move and we will have tied the record of the pay office, which has the reputation of moving more often than a woman can change her mind.

Capt. Howells, formerly in charge of the musketry work of the battalion, will probably find time to pay us a visit next month. Two to one that he gets a royal welcome on his arrival.

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Lieut. J. T. Arenburg



The genial bandmaster of the Nova Scotia Reserve Battalion, now sharing space with the Seaforths, is no novice in the musical game. It was under his direction that the famous Nova Scotia Rifles band was organised and brought to the stage of efficiency which brought forth the most favourable comment from the papers of the Province.

What he has done once in Canada, Mr. Arenburg promises to repeat in England. Starting with a bare handful of musicians, handicapped by lack of instruments and music, he set to work with a will and now has an organisation of 25 men, well equipped with music and balanced in instrumentation. Constant practice has brought a wonderful improvement in the past month and the band now attends all parades, appears at all events in which the battalion is interested and plays regular concerts at the officers' and men's messes.

The members of the new band speak in the highest terms of their bandmaster, and hold him in the greatest regard as a director and as a soldier. It is this regard that has caused them to work together.

A Well Known Colonel Wounded



Lieut.-Col. Robert Innes

Lieut.-Col. Robert Innes, officer commanding the Nova Scotia Rifles, is back in England, suffering from wounds received in action. Few of his old command are left, but many of our ranks will recall the organisation of the unit.

Colonel Innes, the only son of Mr. P. Innes, was born and received his early education at Coldbrook, N. S., completing his education at the Kentville and Halifax Academies. He held commissions in the King's County Regiment and was Captain and Adjutant at the time the regiment was disbanded in 1911. At the outbreak of the war he reported for active duty and was made A. D. D. A. & G. M. G. at Divisional Headquarters. When the Nova Scotia Rifles Regiment was formed he was appointed second in command and later became its commander. He holds the distinction of being the youngest battalion commander to come overseas.

While the continued heavy rains of the past fortnight have seriously interfered with the programs at Happy Valley, plans are progressing for resuming the entertainments as soon as weather permits. Happy Valley has become exceedingly popular with the boys.

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

A NECESSARY CHANGE

In the last issue of The Clansman we stated that publication would be suspended for one week to give us an opportunity of catching up with our back work. Instead of missing one issue we were forced to miss two. We regret this extra week's delay, but it was due to circumstances over which we have no control. We are now to make a permanent change, and in future The Clansman will appear but twice a month instead of once each week.

The change is a source of regret. Since the start of the paper in Canada nearly two years ago we have managed to publish weekly with a minimum of omissions due to moving the battalion base. Even coming across the waters we issued a miniature number.

While we are sorry for the change in publication days, we can at least assure our readers of a better service. We shall have more time for gathering the news notes and material for the columns and more time for the mechanical work, through which we will be able to add more pages as the need arises. We shall be able to give our advertisers better service and to get in closer touch with the other units of the area. These, along with other improvements, will help to make the paper appreciated more as a semi-monthly than as a weekly.

We ask for the support of all ranks in our plan—and hereafter you may expect to get the paper on the second and sixteenth days of each month.

A new name, that of Captain C. E. Miller, appears at the head of this page this week, vice Lieut. Roper, former censor. We found Mr. Roper an exceptionally congenial co-worker, ready at all times to further the interests of the paper and to make our work pleasant. We find in Captain Miller an equally pleasant enthusiast and his practical knowledge of the newspaper game, gained in civil life, will be a decided help in his new duties. Lieut.-Col. Muirhead is taking an active interest in our welfare among the officers in general, and we are only too glad to note that the Brigadier. Col. Gunn, is always ready with a word of encouragement. With the support of these officers and the continued support of other ranks, we shall soon begin to feel that our work has not been in vain.

—◆—

That was certainly a royal reception the citizens of London gave the American troops last week. Their arrival in France will not cause the same joyous feeling in the hearts of the German troops. And that just reminds us that with the arrival of the American troops comes the cartoonists' recognition of the American game. One of these Sketch Artists depicts a baseball scene in which the umpire announces "Uncle Sam batting for Russia" while consternation appears on the faces of the Kaiser and Hindenburg, the pitcher and catcher for Germany.

—◆—

A move is now afoot to give medals to the troops who have been at the front since the beginning of the war, as well as distinguishing stripes for each six months of service. This is as it should be. The man who has spent months in the trenches is entitled to special recognition over the man who has been there but a few weeks. Another move is up to increase the pay of the Imperials and we believe that every member of the Colonial Forces would like to see the change made.

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A Bold, Bad Man

When the officers of the brigade awoke Tuesday morning they learned with consternation that they had been "at home" to an unwelcome visitor some time during the night—a visitor who had borrowed all the bank notes, silver and even coppers from the quarters while they were in the land of dreams. From some he took four pounds, from others two pounds and from still others but a few shillings, making a total collection of no small amount.

The identity of the thief is unknown,

but all are of the opinion that the work was that of some one thoroughly familiar with the arrangement of the officers' rooms. The guilty man, whoever he may be, was certainly no novice at the game, since he paid a visit to practically every hut without awakening a single sleeper.

..E. ELEY..

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Mother's Pet and the Army Parcel

My Own Dear Pet, (who has been successfully "combed out" and relentlessly "roped in")

I was thankful to hear of your safe arrival in camp, but very grieved to hear of the horrid, vulgar men you have to eat and sleep with. My own darling boy, how you must suffer! What strange names your new friends have! and what is a glass-blower and where is St. Heiens? For your sake I shall try to like the plumber and the rat-catcher in your hut. But are these men new soldiers or are they local men employed by the Government to keep your hut nice and clean?

After reading your sad letter, I thought for a long time, and without saying anything to father, I decided to send you one or two useful things. I hope you get the parcel safely. There is a large roll of cotton-wool—medicated, of course. Do you know, Percy, I don't think I shall like your drill-sergeant! He seems to be a very horrid man, and ought not to tell you to go to—that place your dear, dead uncle sometimes spoke of. Whenever you think he is going to say something naughty, just put a piece of cotton-wool in your ears. Now isn't your mumsie clever? Let me know when you want some more.

The Eau-de-Cologne, made in England needless to say, is to bathe your feet with every night. The darling little gold tooth-pick I want you to make a present to your plumber friend who seems so fond of you. You remember you said it was the plumber who sat next to you in the dining hall, and who picked his teeth with the prongs of his fork. If he doesn't like the design I can easily change it. And now, dear Percy, do not trouble to remind him of that 5/ he borrowed from you: he seems to be a very sensitive man.

I wonder if you will like the little gold tea-cloth I am sending you? Your initials are worked on it, so you won't lose it in the wash.

Do let me know if you receive the parcel and what the plumber thinks of the gold tooth-pick.

Heaps of love from your darling mother who stays at home and thinks of her boy.

P. S.—Your father has just peeped over

my shoulder and read this letter. He has gone out of the room laughing so I guess he approves of what I am sending.

Letter from the "darling boy", which crosses the other letter in the post.

Dearest Mother,

I find it is the correct thing here to receive parcels every week, so I want you to send me one if you will. I should like half a dozen red handkerchiefs. They cost three pence each, and you buy them in Edgeware Road. Mr. Ricketts, the plumber I wrote you about, says there is nothing like them. This is quite true, so I must have some. Have you ever heard of chewing gum? Mr. Timmins, the man who blew glass, is very keen on it. Some day he is going to tell me where he blew it to. He says you can buy it at the chemist's shop. I think half a crown worth will do to start with.

I have run out of cigarettes, but I am thinking of smoking a pipe. There is a very popular brand of tobacco here called shag. The men simply won't smoke any other kind. Does father know it? It is almost black in colour, and seems to be an oriental blend. I have not tried it yet. I shall want quite a lot of this.

Yes, and liniment—lots of this. Send sufficient bottles to fill a bath. Also, a beef-steak. Mr. Timmins says there is nothing like it for a black-eye. I like Timmins. My eye is nearly better now. I must have a very large bottle of prussic acid.

Your own boy,

Percy.

P. S.—The prussic acid is for our sergeant. Mr. Ricketts says it is the very thing for him.

(Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of offerings from the pen of the Rev. Reece Evans, of Haslemere, who writes for several of the larger papers. In this manner we thank him for his courtesy in contributing to *The Clansman*, and we hope to have further "letters." And while we are speaking of him, just let us mention that the popular pastor is a firm friend of the men in uniform and that all ranks are doubly welcome at his services at Congregational Church. He makes you feel at home.)

Watch for our new series, "Advice for All Ranks."

FROM THE REGIMENTAL DEPOT

FACT AND FICTION

A certain private, when he saw the aeroplane circling the sky, is said to have exclaimed, "There he goes coming back."

Hello, fellows. How are you? Some one said it was raining. Shut up and play ball.

Mental gymnastics and everybody jumping to conclusions—the pay office, oh how we love it.

"There used to be a little spark of love burning, but it has gradually flickered out."

Who told the North Chapel girl he was not a marrying man? Oh, well, married life is pretty rotten, especially when there are pretty little craft in the offing.

The battle yell of a local unit, "Follow all bonnets not from Dundee."

The latest from the B. B. B.'s:
It's tennis for dinner and tennis for tea,
Tennis and racquets are all you can see;
Love all and forty-five, doubles galore,
Lord, send the winter and tennis no more.

Boys, Venus has come to life again. Visit the N. S. R. D. barber shop. Adonis is shown on command to the regions of bliss.

Corporal Wilson, F. R. H. S., S. H. B. M. B., O. C. Gardens, heard in the dark—"If I planted spuds, what would come up?"
Innocent bystander—Spuds.

C. W.—And if I planted a bottle, what would come up?

I. B.—The whole Depot staff.

C. W.—And if I planted myself, what would come up?

I. B.—The sanitary inspector.

Who was the sergeant who played golf with the Colonel? Awfully bad form, old fellow.

A voice came through the air. "Who the (censored) is that guy, anyway?"

They seek him here, they seek him there,
They seek him everywhere.

He's in the camp and town as well,
This darned elusive—"roast you well."

It is said that Bandsman Lyons and his piano accompanist make things lively around the mess on many occasions.

If we should believe all the rumors that are going the rounds then we should tell of a certain employee of the pay office who went mush room picking—in a store at eight pence per pound. Stan Taylor knows.

We might also mention that a certain musketry instructor made a week end trip to Portsmouth on one and six. Sergt. Farrel knows the story.

Another rumour says that Sergeant Blackburn's good advice on the going trip—but the lad's foot slipped on the way home.

Another story is of a lad who went to sleep in a reading room in the metropolis and lost many pounds of good money. The name, please.

One of our worthy sergeants has a belt belonging to some member of the fair sex. Owner unknown but the search still progresses. Says finding her would rob him of the pleasures of anticipation of thanks.

"Kiss Me Sergeant" Lanaway is said to be back in an English hospital suffering from severe wounds received in action. Word from him is almost as good as a letter from home. His bosom companion, Ness, who reverted to the ranks on going overseas, is said to have been made a corporal in France.

Nothing to say in baseball this week. The team is still playing in hard luck and is still losing games. Even at that, however, we can still look down on three other teams in the per centage column. Not so bad, when everything is taken into consideration.

The painter that stencilled the wheelbarrow "Incnuator" must have been thinking of the morning after the night before when he made the stencil.

The assistant caterer at the sergeants' mess has been on escort duty. Nothing to report at present.

The orderly room is blessed with new typewriters—and now the fellows are kicking for girls to operate the machines.

It doesn't take fellows long to learn the short cuts these days, especially when the M. P. is less than a dozen feet behind.

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The Editor's Page of News Notes and Personal Observations

Welcome, Comrades

We have divided living space with the neighboring Nova Scotia Reserve, which moved into the upper end of this block on Monday. The new comers are the old time rivals of the Seaforths in all things competitive, and the lemons we handed them in musketry and football were returned with compound interest when baseball made its appearance. We take this means of extending a hearty welcome, boys, and hope to see the good fellowship that already exist between the two units still more closely cemented by this move. And by the way, now that you are within shouting distance, why not come into the fold and send us news notes.

Another Change

The Command Depot has moved into the lines vacated by our neighbors and we will venture to predict that the change is a welcome one to them. Being under canvass is just the thing in dry, warm weather—but when and where is such weather to be found in England?

Motor Accident

A much to be regretted motor accident occurred near here one day last week when an ambulance ran into a body of troops, killing an officer and severely injuring several men. Lieut. Chute was the victim of the accident. A charge of manslaughter has been brought against Private Phinnemore, driver of the ambulance. A similar accident is said to have occurred on the same road about a year ago.

Wedding Bells Soon

September 23rd will hear the ringing of wedding bells for a comrade, R. Q. M. S. Stanley Steed of the Depot, who on that day will take as his bride Miss Queenie Hart of Haslemere. The ceremony will be held at the home of the bride's mother in Haslemere. A number of the friends and comrades will be present to see Stanley blush his way to wedded bliss and to extend congratulations.

New Plunge Popular

That the new swimming tank is to be more than ordinarily popular is already evident from the keen interest already being manifested. The plunge is the scene of the greatest activity immediately after parades and it is now necessary to divide the time of opening between the different battalions of the area. A schedule is now being arranged and will probably appear in orders within a short time. It is hinted that an inter-unit swimming competition is soon to be arranged and, should such be the case, much good talent, which has been lying dormant on account of the lack of training facilities, will be brought out in a way that will be a guarantee of some exciting contests. The new tank will also afford the lads an opportunity of training for the greater contests.

Football Again

Every foot ball enthusiast in the camp is keeping an eye on the Seaforth Soccer team of the coming season and speculation is rife as to what the outcome of the reorganisation may be. Manager Candaline and a number of the members of the championship team have gone from the unit and when the team again takes the field it will necessarily be composed of new men in most of the positions. Those in closest touch with the game, however, are confident that another winning team will be formed.

Airman Entertains Camp.

Men of the camp were given an unadvertised exhibition of flying last Sunday morning when a passing aviator encountered engine trouble above the camp and had to come down. Hundreds of men were watching the airman when his engine stopped and scores of hearts missed a beat as the machine dived. Volplaning in large circles, diving and just skimming hut roofs, the machine was landed above Happy Valley and the trouble made right. When he again rose the birdman entertained the impromptu parade by looping the loop and resumed his journey.

Who was the private who had the nerve to ask a policeman the time at 2 a. m.?

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