

THE CLANSMAN.

(Incorporated with "The Lethbridge Highlander.")

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A MUSICAL TREAT.

In the course of our regular trip through the camp last week we were fortunate enough to drop into the band quarters during practice hours, and the thirty minutes we spent with the musicians will not soon be forgotten. They made us realise that the battalion has a *band*, and the music they dispensed opened our eyes to the fact that the organisation is one of which any battalion might be justly proud. Bandmaster Williams has a good bunch of men—and the ability to get the best that is in them in the musical line.

That reed section is a prize winner. Composed of Rosenfield, Lake, Spittenhouse, Stubley, Emmett and Litte, on clarionets, and Fish on saxaphone, it works in perfect harmony and the soft tunes, blending perfectly with the heavier brass, gives an effect that is a delight to music lovers.

In the cornet section Speen, Rosenfield, Burkett, Gill and Ingham are the artists and, though a capable critic might say they were not up to the standard of the reeds, it seemed to us that little more could be desired.

McPherson, Bishop, and Mitchell on basses, and Corpl. Clack, Ptes. Stratful, Akehurst, Bissett and Ham of the alto section, makes an accompaniment that is pleasing to the ear. Sergt. Appleton, Corpl. Howes and Pte. Hayward, baritones, make skilful use of their instruments and in many of the selections the mellow tones come from the double piano to the fortissimo in a steady crescendo, which vibrates throughout the room with a telling effect.

And the "slides"—we can only say that Ptes. Winteringham, Cosh and Knight are never behind with

their work, and the perfect harmony and faultless execution with which they handle their respective parts leaves nothing to be desired.

Corpl. Dayton and Pte. Oliver, with the drums, go to complete the organisation of which the whole battalion should be proud.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS FOR SOLDIERS.

THE Women's Auxiliary of the 101st has evidently not forgotten their lads in training and at the front, for parcels are being sent to every man of the unit. The officers and many of the privates have already received their offerings and others are arriving almost daily. Should any member of the unit fail to get his parcel, it will be due to the unavoidable delay on the part of postal authorities, as no name on the list is being overlooked.

The parcels contain many useful gifts—writing paper and envelopes, pencils and pads, and are certainly being welcomed by the boys. On behalf of the recipients *The Clansman* extends thanks to the good women of the auxiliary.

RUMOURS FROM THE FRONT.

A LETTER received the first of the week states that Heck Williamson well known in local camps, has been wounded by a piece of shrapnel. The wounded lad is said to be in a hospital at the base but expects to be back in action again within a short time.

Lance-Corporal T. J. Hucker is in receipt of a letter from his son at the front, in which the latter says that everything is lovely. The note is full of enthusiasm and gives a good illustration of the way things are going with the lads in the front line trenches.

The name of Pte. G. C. Pierson appears in a recent casualty list. Pierson is well known by many of the lads still in training here.

'Steen thousand and 'umpteen copies sold, yet our genial B.O. Corpl. had never heard about us! Come along with your subscription, Davie, or we'll have to mate you by numbers.

WITH THE TRANSPORT.

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men to reach the troops. During these evil days you had to be ready of resource; you had to make headway somehow—through ploughed fields, no matter what—it was just one eternal scout for ways that promised less danger. At Ypres and Festubert, the only safety lay in pressing forward at full gallop, and often the journey was made two or three times a day. Paradoxical as it may sound, the only safe place was the trench. All honour, I say, to the men in the front line who undergo dangers, and risks, and discomforts, but there are those outside the firing line who deserve their meed of praise, and none more than the Battalion Transport. Rain or shine, food, ammunition and water must be supplied, and sometimes it seems as if they were taken being to the very gates of hell. In the face of perils unprecedented the Transport presses forward with a cheerful devotion and a staunch courage beyond all praise.

The forenoon is busy for the commissariat—all supplies are checked and divided: it is a process of division and sub-division. The rations are divided for companies, and handed to the cooks for further division and distribution. Every man is allotted his portion; bread, bacon, meat or tin rations, tea, sugar, cheese, jam—on special occasions little extras such as fruit, and at stated intervals tobacco, cigarettes and matches. If the men are wise and prudent, they augment this by purchasing at the various villages we pass through, eggs, pickles, tinned fruits, and the hundred and one little things which just make all the difference in the monotony. Not that there is anything to complain of so far as food is concerned; there is always plenty of it, it is well cooked—indeed if we think of other campaigns within living memory we may be said to live in comparative luxury. Ask those who went through the South African War what discomforts are. We never know what it is to be on short rations; in the quickest possible manner the wounded and sick are cared for. It may seem absurd to compare the South African War with this gigantic struggle, for after all, it was what