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OVERSEA GREETINGS.

To our friends across the seas we extend greetings—and to the many patients of the *Lethbridge Highlander* we bring tidings of the local Battalion. On behalf of that unit we thank the good people of Alberta for the "joyous send-off" they gave us when we boarded the train at Calgary. For the *Lethbridge Highlander* we thank its patrons for their loyal support and express regret that its farewell issue did not materialise, owing to the short notice of our leaving.

The Clansman will replace the Highlander and we ask the continued support of its friends. The editor of the old publication has been made editor and manager of the new paper and we shall follow, as far as is possible,

the same plan as before.

The purpose of *The Clansman* is a dual one. Not only will we afford a means of keeping in touch with our friends in Canada, but the paper will be made a connecting link among the boys of these battalions. A week seldom passes that some of them are not sent to the front, and it is our desire to make *The Clansman* a tie which shall still bind them to their old unit and to the Reserve, of which they are now a part.

A CONNECTING LINK.

(OFFICIAL).

In this, the initial issue of *The Clansman*, the Officer Commanding and staff of the Reserve Battalion, of the Highlanders, extend their greetings and best wishes to all ranks, whether in Canada, England, or France, who have been connected with this unit.

At various times since our arrival in England, in October, 1914, drafts have been furnished to every Highland unit in the field, in addition to drafts to almost

fifty per cent. of the other units.

It is considered desirable that a link should be established between all Highland units of the Canadian Forces, and *The Clansman*, it is hoped, will supply that link

To enable us to make *The Clansman* a success, and to fulfil the purpose for which it is designed, it is earnestly requested that news matter from units in the field may be sent regularly.

ACROSS A CONTINENT AND OVER A SEA.

From Western Canada to Eastern England—across a continent and over a sea—is a trip never to be forgotten, and that journey alone more than recompenses one for the few unavoidable delays and inconveniences of the army transport service. Neither the tongue of the most fluent orator nor the pen of the most brilliant writer could describe the scenes through which we passed. The figures of the ablest statistician could not bring to one a realisation of the magnitude of the country we crossed in that memorable eight days on the train, nor could the brush of the most gifted artist portray the ocean scenes as we saw them from the deck of the transport.

Leaving our training camp at late night we were well on our way by the following day, and our first vision was of broad plains and grain laden fields, speaking eloquently of the immense food supply on which our armies may draw. Travelling hour after hour at the speed of an express train, the scene remained unchanged except for the more golden appearance of the ripening grain as we rushed toward the rising sun. The villages through which we passed were thronged with scores of people in harvest garb—a reminder of the busy season at hand.

A few hours brought us into Ontario, and for several hours the disastrous bush fire of the summer was brought to mind by the blackened ruins of a thriving forest which greeted us from either side, and to our minds there quickly came the story of the historic fire—stories of ruin and rapidly spreading devastation; stories of heroism and sacrifice which are unsurpassed even on the firing lines in France. Yet, bleak and torn as the country was, many evidences were seen of the rejuvenation even then in progress. Side by side with the ruins of the old homes, new cottages had been built: tents, in many instances, provided shelter for the undismayed