

square, and give him a chance. His motto is to help the other fellow, to work in his hut, wherever it may be, and to be a friend to man.

The Canadian Branch of the Y.M.C.A. has forty-five huts and dugouts, with the Canadian Division in France, and twenty-three officers. The work is often difficult, but of great service. It is not always an easy matter to get up concerts, or run tournaments and games. If you can sing, recite, play the piano, or any instrument, wrestle, box, run, play football, baseball or any other game let the "Y" captain know, and he will be glad of your support. If you have talent in any way as an entertainer, your comrades will appreciate your efforts. You will help to bring a little more cheer into their lives as well as add interest to your own. Often the days are wet and the camps muddy, but never mind,—come inside and forget the slop. Remember,

Two men looked through prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other saw stars.
Look out, but look up—

When you come inside look out for good cheer, but help to create it as well. Good cheer is something like electricity, it needs to be generated, and every fellow carries a dynamo inside him, get it working.

The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

The Y.M.C.A. wishes *The Clansman* and its readers, a Happy Prosperous and Successful New Year.

SOME CATEGORY.

MET an old friend walking round the lines the other afternoon. Asked him if he'd take a drink. Told me he was C.B. I asked him what category that was and he replied: "When a man joins the army he gives up everything. They take away his name and give him a number. They take away his clothes and give him a uniform. They make him go to Church. I was taken to church last Sunday and the parson called my number. I replied, 'Here, sir!' He said, 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' I said, 'Yes,' and for giving him a civil answer I got seven days C.B."

Regarding the "No Smoking" rule, we should be glad to see it applied to the worst smoker in the office—the stove.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who was the R.S.M. who marched the parade away and left the orderly sergeants standing at attention? Have a heart sergeant major.

Who is the officer who smokes Woodbines in the ante-room?

The name of the postal clerk who was caught trying to make a date with his superior's wife?

Who was the officer who returned the salutes of fourteen privates with a flourish of his stick?

Who said snake?

And why Major Jamieson does not like the new song?

Who led the buglers in their parade on Christmas Day?

Why the many gloomy looks on parade the day after Christmas?

Who was the hut orderly who could not mind his own money and gave it to a comrade to keep for him?

What became of the money?

Who is the sergeant who finds it so convenient to visit Bradford at frequent intervals while his wife is so close to camp?

Who is the sergeant who was asked if he wanted a dry "nurse"? Can Sergt. Pennatti tell us?

Who is the sergeant who lost his teeth and woke up in the morning to find that he had put them in his bed and slept on the floor himself? Simon LeGree may tell us.

Who can tell us whether Bob Lanaway is still on draft? He says it is the coldest draft he was ever in.

Who was the bugler who recently went to Hythe in search of a job minding babies? Some kid, eh, Ted?

What happened to Sergt.-Major Eager when he tried to carefully roll the window blind from the lofty heights of a rickety chair?

Who said Sergt. Sowden gave the chair a slight kick at a critical moment?

Does London ever get fogged? Will ask the R.S.M. of the Seaforths to tell us.

Did a certain R.S.M. get down on his knees recently?

Was it because he is getting "good"?

Where the orderly sergeant at the signalling base spent his vacation?

How he felt when he got home?

How the sergeant tailor felt in the uniform of a warrant officer on one of his recent trips to Folkestone.

Why it took Corporal Monihan so long to recover from his Christmas?

How Sergt. McLeod likes his work at Brigade School.

How it seems to R.Q.M.S. Reegan to buckle down to school work?

Why No. 4 Company continues to turn out perfect guards?

Is it because of that "Perfect Day" they enjoyed Christmas?

Who were the two buglers who sat in the picture show with the three young ladies of Folkestone one evening last week?

We think one of them should know better by this time.

Did Pte. "Pete" Thomson think he was doing well when he got a letter and a parcel in the mail last week?

Which did he appreciate most?

If you can put a hose top on over a shoe for the sum of three and six?

What did Pte. Brown do with the money?

Who was the N.C.O. who, on Christmas Day, tried to straighten up for the salute fully forty paces from the officer and then missed his step?

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