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CHRISTMAS DAY IN CAMP.

For the third time in this world-wide war, Christmas Day was observed in a fitting manner by the men in uniform. Appropriate services were held throughout the camps, after which the boys were released from all duties, as far as possible, and spent their time in extending and returning the compliments of the season. For once officers and men came together on an equal footing and in many instances the men of higher rank were heard greeting those of the rank and file in a way which tends to bring them closer together and to produce a better understanding for the work which is yet to follow.

The quartermasters' stores were opened in the forenoon and nuts, oranges, and apples were distributed liberally. With the blowing of the noon-time bugle, turkey, sausages, and many other good things made their appearance in abundance, and the man who went hungry did so from choice rather than from necessity. Even the canteen was brought into use, and each man was given his pint of beer to add to the already elaborate menu.

In the officers' and sergeants' messes, the dining halls presented a truly gay appearance. Decorations, skilfully arranged, served as reminders that the Yuletide season was at hand, while the dinners prepared and served would have been a credit to the most modern hotels.

With all the joy and laughter of the day, however there was a note of regret for those in the trenches. Many expressions were heard which were indicative of best wishes across the waters, and in many little talks made throughout the day all were reminded of them and the work they were doing. "Wish I could hand my boy a piece of this pudding," one father was heard to say, and "Yes, or if I could only toss this across to Bill," another lad said as he carefully balanced the "hambone" of turkey.

On all sides hopes were expressed that the war would be over long before the coming of another Christmas, yet no one of the men wants to see peace come until it can be brought about on terms which will be a credit to the country for which they are fighting.

The Sergeant Major has experienced considerable difficulty in locating canary seeds for the colonel's bird, and has been much delayed by fog. Curious, isn't it, how seldom fog prevents a man from starting off?

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT a London Concert Party will appear at the local hut of the Y.M.C.A. and, it is hoped, will be brought to the recreation room of the Seaforths.

On Thursday night Miss Bradley's Cheer-Os will be engaged for two concerts, the places to be announced at a later date.

Friday evening Mr. Fletcher's Concert Party will be heard in stirring concert work. The party is well known and the concert for this week will not be below the former ones.

Football games are the order for Saturday, and, while the contesting teams were not decided in time for announcement in this issue, we have been assured that the matches will be of the best.

Monday will probably be "Letter Writing Night," one of the popular features of the local "Y" work.

On next Tuesday evening, Miss Page's Concert Party will be here from Canterbury. What the soldiers think of that party is too well known to need comment. The usual large crowds are even now assured.

A JOLLY TIME.

Boys of the camp were given a treat on Christmas evening when an elaborate tea was served at the Jellicoe Club. The price of a full evening's enjoyment was ninepence—and the tea served was certainly worth twice the money. The rooms were artistically decorated and no feature which would in any way increase the jolly good time was overlooked. Colonel Clarke's orchestra was in attendance and rendered spirited Christmas music during the serving of the meal. *The Clansman* extends the thanks of the lads in uniform for the general good time provided at so small a price.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT CONCERT.

THE concert held in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium and at the recreation room of the Seaforth Highlanders on last Wednesday was by far the best that has visited the camp during the present season. Every member of the party was an artist of ability and the offerings which they presented were more than loyally received by the crowds which attended. Here's hoping for more of the same kind. Let the good work go on.

THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE BRIGADE.

THE central aim of the Y.M.C.A. in all its activities, whether in out-door sports, indoor games, concerts, religious services, or canteen, is service. The same aim as the original association—service to mankind, as an expression of our devotion to God.

The red triangle will live in the memories of many thousands of our men, long after peace is declared, and we are back in our homes, with our wives, children, and friends in dear old Canada. Why? Because it is one hut in the lines where there is a touch of home—you are free to sit down and write your letters in comfort and on paper already provided, in a hall well lit and comfortably heated. You may sit and read the newspaper, or a book, if you wish, play a friendly game of checkers, chess, quoits, ping pong, bagatelle, or billiards. If you are hungry, thirsty, "want a smoke" or need something for your buttons, boots or kit, the ladies are ready and willing to serve you, and do it with a smile.

If you feel that you are getting a little careless, and need checking with a gentle reminder, a bit of sound advice, or may be a calling down is necessary to make you feel as happy and well ordered as you would if mother, sister, or wife were around again, go to the ladies, "God bless 'em," and they will put you on the right track again before you can say Jack Robinson.

Do you ever feel lonely, and well—kind of home sick—have more troubles than you know what to do with, and yet feel that there is no one to whom you can tell them. No one who would be at all interested—Well, first drop into, the "Y" and if the lady at the counter is not very busy, she will be only too pleased to talk to you and lend a listening ear.

If you have a sort of shy feeling, first ask for Captain, then come into the office and have a quiet chat. More than half our troubles and ailments are only imaginary, and while they look like the highest mountains in the Rockies at the time, they will often fade away like the morning mist when you start to tell them to somebody else. When the very telling of them to a sympathetic listener will cause them to slip away, why carry these extra packs on your backs?

The Y.M.C.A. officer is ready and glad to be a friend to any fellow,—but play