

## THE CLANSMAN.

(Incorporated with "The Lethbridge Highlander.")

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Canada.

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### JUST APPRECIATION.

LAST summer we had occasion to come in contact with the Y.M.C.A. in Canada, and had occasion to see what they were doing for the Canadian soldiers in training in the Dominion. Through their courtesy we were furnished with an office tent for the editorial work of the *Lethbridge Highlander*, and their aid helped to make all the more pleasant the work which we had undertaken. There we found large tents erected for the use of the boys in uniform, and the best of libraries devoted to their service. Athletic contests, staged under the direction of the Red Triangle, proved an excellent means of amusement during the long summer evenings, and concerts arranged with remarkable frequency served to make the camp life pleasant indeed. We came to respect the organisation, and we took off our hats to it with pleasure.

Since coming to England we have again come in contact with the "Y," and again we have nothing but the best to say for it. A branch is found in every village and in every camp. Every possible convenience is provided for the soldiers and a glad hand awaits every uniform which may darken its doors. Money exchanges are conducted in a most fair and liberal manner, and lunch rooms provided where the best may be had at reasonable cost. Here again are

libraries found, and at every station may be found someone who is ready to offer advice and render service when required or asked.

The men who return from the Front have come in contact with the soldier's friend even on the firing line, and hundreds of stories are told of the good work being done under its supervision. We have heard of the station that was kept open day and night under shell fire, that the boys might have shelter and a place to dry. We have been told of the place where hot coffee was served without cost to the parties just back from the front line trenches, and where the wounded were taken care of awaiting the arrival of the Red Cross waggon. We have heard the stories of attendants who heeded not the fire of battle but went among those who lay wounded, taking messages for the people at home and giving aid where aid was needed.

Such an organisation is a credit to God and man. It has done and is doing its share for the common good. We believe that in the future it will be a great factor in helping to care for the disabled and helpless. To it we again take off our caps.

Will the weather man be good enough to get busy and get the winter weather over? It is rumoured that kilts are soon to be issued and, should such be the case, a little warmer temperature would certainly not be amiss.

### A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE.

While on a six day pass last week one of the men from the camp here was approached by a little lad of about eight years old. The youngster carefully looked over the badges of the older men, and at last said, "Do you know my papa?"

It afterwards developed that the little fellow was the younger son of Lieut.-Col. Pryce-Jones, who was our comrades' commanding officer at the time we came across from Canada.

### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:

WHY do some of the sergeants eat their dinners in the mess and then go back to their huts to get something to eat?

Who was the lad who carefully sized up his portion of bacon and tomatoes one morning and then sadly said, "If we had some ham we would have some ham and eggs if we had the eggs?"

Who was the corporal who recently spent a week in London and came home declaring that he had walked a complete circle and saw the city in its entirety? without getting more than three blocks from his hotel?

Who is the man that has our overcoat, number 378 on the inside pocket and valuable note books in the pockets? A reward for the return of the note books and no questions asked.

Why is it that the buglers have had a rest from the continuous blowing of Orderly Sergeants recently?

What is going to happen next? Things have been too quiet and peaceful during the past week to last long.

Who was the lad who picked up a belt from the Quarter-Master's supply and was caught in the act?

Who was the Sergeant who refused to buy a copy of *The Clansman* and walked three huts down the line to borrow one without being caught?

Who was the non-com. who climbed the fence on a dark night to find a shorter way home and landed in a nice little lake of mud and water?

Why is the goat looking so disconsolate these days?

Who issued the injunction against the doctor and why doesn't he obey it?

Who is Mamie, anyway?

Why is it so many angels in disguise are always in trouble and up for Orderly Room? Can it be that the bad ones are too cute?