

## THE CLANSMAN.

(Incorporated with "The Lethbridge Highlander.")

Published weekly by the Reserve Battalion,  
in the interest of the Highland Battalions of  
Canada.

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Men in uniform may have "The Clansman" sent to  
their friends in Canada at the following rates, post paid:

Six Months, 4s.; Three Months, 2s.

Single Copies, 2d.

Address all Communications to Editor,  
"The Clansman," Reserve Battalion,  
Canadian Training Division, England.

### TO OUR BOYS AT THE FRONT.

WE who are still in camp extend to you all the greetings of the Christmas Season. Every man in the uniform which you have so bravely distinguished is thinking of you and hoping for a far more happy Christmas next year than you will be able to enjoy this.

Your deeds in the past have won you a place in the hearts of your countrymen. Your names will be written in letters of gold in that history of the universe which no man may alter, and on Christmas day, when, in time of peace, the entire world is spending in sacred devotion, thousands upon thousands of hearts are going out in prayer for your safety. Those of you who have "gone before" will be looking down upon you and joining with the world in prayers for your ultimate success.

Our prayers are with you. May your most excellent record continue, and, should the war not be brought to a speedy end, may we stand side by side with you in those places of danger which have not broken your spirit or lessened your determination to win.

Greetings again, boys, God bless you and the cause for which you are fighting.

In another column of this issue will be found a series of notes from a battalion in the front lines. To the Adjutant who so kindly answered our call for information we extend sincere thanks. The suggestions which he makes are even now under way of being carried out. Hope to hear from you soon and often, sir, and again thank you for the letters.

AND with Christmas so near, the soldier boy is already speculating upon whether he will get more cake and candy, or more carbollic soap and trench powder. He'll sure get a pair of socks.

Ralph Connor, oftwhiles called the "Sky Pilot," but known to Army Records as Hon. Major C. W. Gordon, chaplain, is on his way back to Winnipeg. Sad will be the tidings he will have to confirm in many homes in Winnipeg, and perhaps further West, but those of the boys who are still hacking away at the German resistance will be glad in the feeling that this Christmas there will be someone over in Canada to bridge the gulf between "somewhere in France" and far-away home.

Horatio Bottomley was going to have the war over by Christmas. Yes, as little Jeff told Mutt, it will probably be all over.

Some of the boys will be sufficiently fortunate to secure leave to be in the old Country for Christmas. But deep indeed will be the shell hole into which the soldier will have to hide himself on that day if he wishes to avoid having plenty of good things thrust upon him.

Some fellows' devotion-to-duty idea gives one pain. Eh, what?

Reverting to Christmas, the Germans have it "Weihnacht," pronounced "vy-nahkt." Being interpreted, it is consecrated or holy evening. One supposes the poor beggars will once again sing their Weihnachtslieder (Christmas carols) and try to be optimistic.

We would very much like to be allowed to prescribe Christmas literature for the Kaiser and his friends, sympathisers and advisers.

And there are other things besides literature we would like to prescribe for them at the same time.

Talking of insects, when you happen to be fortunate enough to have a hot brazier in your dug-out, take off the infested garment, and suspend it over the fire, as near as possible. It is said the pests cannot retain their hold and will fall into the fiery furnace. An interesting experiment, anyhow.

The old boys are pleased that it is Lieutenant-Colonel Grassie now. A little bit hard to get it off the tongue at first, after "Major," but the difficulty is just in inverse ratio to the desire to know him as the Colonel.

After Robert McDonnell Thomson, who? Well,—only William Grassie.

There is quite a bit of Military Medal ribbon around the Battalion now. The lads were pleased when Stretcher-Bearer Burns' name came out in orders the other day. Well, we know what he did. The Hun who held the Red Cross flag over him that morning recognised that he was of the right stuff for stretcher-bearing.

Nothing much the matter with the right number of *The Clansman*. Get a brighter cover, take up a few stitches in the Seaforth crest, and secure some personal matter from the battalions in France. The men of every unit have friends in the other. Tommy Hornby's letter is good (How about the canteen funds, Tommy?)

And how about a LOST CHUMS' column, through which one might find out if one's chum is alive and well. We ourselves would like to know if Pte. H. E. Harris of the 16th is alive and well.

One of the most popular features in the large newspapers is the query column. There are lots of things that the soldier may know, and which should not be published in a magazine, of course; but then there are lots of bits of information about the war which may be common knowledge and about which the kilted Tommy would like to be informed. We would suggest opening such a column, the editor to decide upon the eligibility of the matter for publication. When the editor is unable to answer the question, let it be printed in the column, and any reader of the *Clansman* who is informed, be asked to supply it to the paper.

*Question*: What would the old Roman warriors think of the trenches, through which one goes north, east, south and west a hundred times in order to reach a near-by point north by north-east? And their stern method was a long straight line, o'er hill and dale and morass. Wouldn't they be inclined to change with the times.

We read the other day of a certain rich man who had come over to France to see and bear witness. He said, among other wonderful things, that he had been in a section of the war zone and seen men happily engaged in all kinds of sports—acting, in fact, as though the Huns were a thousand miles away. We wonder where he went. The sport military is the only one at present indulged in by the men of the 43rd. Plenty of exercises to develop the muscles, of feats to achieve of physical prowess, of work to fatigue and harden the limbs.

When Spring's once more around us,  
And the Huns are on the run,  
Will the little pests which chew us  
Keep up to see the fun?

When the sun has waked the merlin,  
When extended order's the rule;  
When we're hiking on to Berlin  
With a zeal which naught can cool.

When the German hosts are flying  
And our goal's at last in sight,  
When von Hindenberg is dying,  
And old Bill's in awful plight;

How will fare the rat and mousie,  
When their friends the soldier's gone;  
What will feed the lively lousie,  
In the dug-out dark and lone?

When the guns have ceased their thunder  
Up and down the crumbling line,  
When the Huns are knocked hinunder,  
How will rat and mousie dine?

A. J. T.