



No. 4

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A., AUGUST, 1917

PRICE 25c.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND

Greeting:

A little more than a month ago, having received permission from the authorities in Washington and Ottawa, we crossed the border line between our two great countries. We came among you in the strange garb of the ancient Gael—the fighting claes O' oor Faithers Lang Syne Gang. We came with the skirl of the pipes and the birl of the drums. We knew not how warm our welcome would be. We arrived in Boston late in the eventime. We were met by cheering, thronging thousands. We could not have been welcomed more warmly had we been sons of Uncle Sam just returned from far away, having striven for the flag. Boston opened her arms. Her streets were ours. Upon the sacred soil of Boston Common we were allowed to pitch our Recruiting Tent, and the flag of Britain was flung to the breeze for the first time in more than a century. Mayor Curley handed us the keys of the City, saying, "Go where you will." Governor McCall gave us liberty to march or tarry anywhere within the state of Massachusetts. We sounded the call of the Motherland in all of your states, and in many of your cities; in your biggest buildings and your busiest thoroughfares; o'er your fields and your hills, in morning, noon-day and night time, and in answer to that call came the sons of Britain, so that our Unit is up to fighting strength and soon going overseas.

We received at the hands of Col. Scott of New York, your Stars and Stripes. We accepted from Mayor Curley of Boston, the Tri-color of our beloved Ally, France, and there was

ence to those who fought and died on Bunker Hill, to carry, for the first time in 142 years, the flag of Britain up over its height, where we were met by an officer of the Army of the United States, who, in extending his hand, said, "You come today upon the soil to receive a hearty hand clasp where 142 years ago you would have received a blow. This war has made it so that we are now at last one people, and will so continue through the centuries."

Could we go back to our homes in Canada, to our Battalion now composed one-half of our sons and one-half of yours, without extending to you for all these kindnesses, these honors and these privileges, our very warmest thanks? We want you to know how in the heart of every Kiltie there is a deep-rooted affection for this land—New England. We hope that your success and greatness as a people will ever continue, and it is our desire in serving the cause for which we have pledged our lives, that our actions shall always commend themselves to you, and that we will be ever worthy of the welcome you gave us, and the love and good fellowship which you have extended. Good bye, New England. God be with you!

PERCY A. GUTHRIE

O. C. 236th Overseas Battalion
(Maclean Kilties of America—
Sir Sam's Own) C. E. F.

THE LADIES OF HELL

There's a toss of the sporran,
A swing of the kilt,
And a skreech frae the pipers
In blood stirring lilt;
They step out together,
As the pibroch notes swell—
O, they're bonnie braw fighters
The Ladies of Hell.

They are far frae the heather
And far frae the moor;
As the rack of their hillsides
Their faces are dour,
O, the "Campbells are coming"
Frae corrie and fell—
What a thrill to their slogan
These Ladies of Hell.

As they charged at Culloden
Like fire o'er the brae,
Their brothers are charging
In Flanders today,
And one lesson in manners
The boche has learned well
It's make way for the ladies—
The Ladies of Hell!

"C. B. Q." in New York Sun

presented to us more recently by Mrs. Nixon of New York, the flag of our own Empire.

We were permitted even on that sacred day on which you pay rever-