

BREATH O' THE HEATHER



A Regimental Journal printed and published on active service by the 236th Battalion—Maclean Kilties of America, C. E. F.

BRAMSHOTT—APRIL, 1918.

With this issue the "Breath O' The Heather" completes its first year as the Kilties' regimental journal. During the past twelve months we have published six numbers from Fredericton, Valcartier, Boston, Quebec and Montreal, and now that the battalion has been broken up, this the Seaford-Bramshott issue concludes the series, at least for the time. As announced by the Chieftain in his "Farewell," it is hoped after the war to resume publication with a number that will be sent out from Duart Castle, the ancestral home of the Chief of the Clan. Thanks to the splendid advertising support from the business men of the different communities in which the Macleans have been stationed, as also to the loyal interest of the rank and file, we have been able to finance the venture successfully. Our hearty thanks are also due to the scores of clever contributors to the literary columns as well as the assistance given the writer on the business end which together undoubtedly placed the "Breath O' The Heather" in the leading ranks of the military publications of the Canadian Overseas Forces.

PERCY F. GODENRATH, Captain.

Manager.

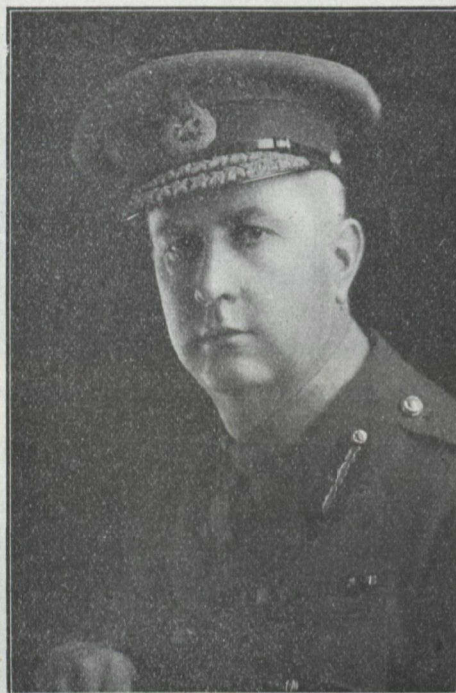
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There seems to be a natural affinity between the United States tars and Sammies and the Macleans. On pass they foregathered with the greatest goodwill. Many Kilties met old friends wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam and are looking forward to meeting many others in France. Scores of Macleans

who enlisted in Canada are finding old friends among the other units in Camp. In fact one is more sure of meeting an acquaintance on the Strand or Piccadilly these days than he would be on St. Catherine's Street, Montreal or Tremont Row in Boston.

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We heard a great deal in Canada about the drill sergeants who were going to "hammer" us into shape and what hard task masters they would prove to be. Now that we have made their acquaintance we are agreeably disappointed. We respect their tremendous



Sir ARTHUR CURRIE.

Canadian Corps Commander.

efficiency and appreciate the fact that they are doing us worlds of good—these non-coms., each of whom wears the gold stripe which tells its own story of duty and sacrifice.

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Not the least interesting feature of camp life in Seaford was the Y.M.C.A. Almost every night a concert was provided which the Macleans attended in large numbers, for the talent is usually of a high order. Many took advantage of the night schools where classes in foreign languages, in commercial studies, elementary and advanced education provided

ample opportunity for those of a studious bent. When one goes to London or other big centres the organization is glad to take charge of the Tommy and ensure him bed and food at reasonable prices, together with a chance of taking in the sights under the care of well informed guides. Throughout the United Kingdom will be found the sign of the "Y"—rest huts, information bureaus, buffets, hostels and concert rooms for the use of the soldier on leave. British, American, Canadian and other dominions all have their Y.M.C.A. organizations working for the common cause.

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Back in the days when the claymore was the national weapon, when Clan stood for a fighting body of men, it was not an unheard of thing for outlanders of other clans, or even of other races, to join with a particular clan for the purpose of a campaign or raid. Many a sturdy Norseman marched and fought as a clansman. Irishmen, Spaniards, French, in fact adventurers of all races donned kilt and sporran. So it is not without precedent that when the tartan of Clan Maclean goes again into battle after a century or so of inaction, we find in the ranks men of nearly every race in the world. Ethnologically the Maclean Highlanders to-day present an interesting spectacle. Wearing the tartan you find Russians, Hollanders, Finns, Germans, French, Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Australians, New Zealanders, Africans, Canadians, Spaniards, citizens of the U.S.A., men of every Highland Clan, in fact nearly every race and clime are represented and they are true proto types of the outlanders who centuries ago marched with the tribe into action. The clansman of the olden days was a skilled soldier of his time; in their attack of fortified castle, or in their defence of their own possessions. In march and battle they made full use of the war science of their time. Scotch bowmen and swordsmen were famous for their skill in the use of their weapons. So to-day the Macleans, true to type, soon rounded into shape as well-disciplined, well-trained soldiers.