

BREATH O' THE HEATHER

ISSUED BY
PERMISSION OF
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O. C. 236th BATT. C.E.F.



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No. 1

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL, 1917

PRICE 5C.

To the Boys

To-day a new recruit joins the Battalion. A recruit who will soon become a comrade and a pal of each and every member of the Unit. He has enlisted, passed the Doctor, been fitted out in the appointments he will wear, and now comes swanking across the parade ground to be one of us, and to share in our successes and reverses, our joys and our sorrows. We had expected him in September last, but unforeseen circumstances delayed his appearance. He is not too late, however, and we all join in wishing him "cead mille failte."

When Time was in its infancy, and people were as babes in the arts and sciences and in things which make up present day life, they even then evinced an interest in the doings of their neighbors, so they appointed in each Clan "Dame Gossip," whose duty it was to take note of the "goings on," and with ever increasing detail to spread the news that all might know. At periodical intervals the folk of one Clan would become anxious to know what was happening in another Clan, and so feasts were prepared and gatherings took place, when all matters of common interest were discussed and the folk in this way began to know and understand each other better.

As time passed on, communities grew larger and "Dame Gossip," though very proficient in spreading news, could not be relied upon altogether, and so it was that out of "Mother Necessity" there was born the "Printed Page," whose romantic career is so well known to us all. Beginning as a child, the "Leaflet" in short, terse paragraphs chronicled the news of its locality. As folk visited folk in different parts of the one coun-



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try and different countries, they wished to keep posted in the events of these other places, and so with the "postal coach," the "telegraph," "cable," and "wireless" the little "Leaflet" became the great "Newspaper" of to-day, truly gazetting the doings of men and nations, that the Old World might know all about itself.

When the Great War came to the world in 1914, there assembled togeth-

er larger bodies of men than would have composed whole communities in peace times. They gathered from all parts of the earth, to answer the call of God and their King, and, while still interested in their newspapers which came from long distances and at uncertain intervals, they began to feel that they should be kept in touch with the doings of their comrades and their more immediate surroundings. "Mother Necessity" again saw the need and gave birth to the "Army Gazette," which soon multiplied until now we have for practically every Unit at the Front its established periodical.

With these ideas in view, the "Breath O' The Heather" joins our ranks. He will keep us posted in our own happenings, he will gazette our daily doings, he will chronicle and turn into history the story of "The New Brunswick Kilties—Sir Sam's Own," so that the world may know who we are and what we are, and so our many relatives may follow our footsteps on his printed page from the time we toddled forth in swaddling red tape robes, down through our career in Canada, Britain, France, Flanders and Germany—till the war is won.

"The Breath O' The Heather" is intended to be the special mascot of our N. C. O.'s and men. We want them to feel that it in every sense belongs to them and that its success depends upon their talent, energy and interest. Let the boys not fail in making it a success, and the "Breath O' The Heather" on its part, coming like a refreshing zephyr from the heath of a Scottish hillside, will bring with its voice a touch of comfort, that our hard lines may be less severe, and our partings, longings and absence from our loved ones may be less sad.

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