

for the first time after 141 years, which occasion brought to a climax the growing friendship between our two countries and as the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes mingled together in amity where they had met in combat in the years before, an Officer representing the American Government clasped my hand as a token of friendship that will not be broken through all the years to come.

We have in our Battalion, as well as Macleans, representatives of no less than 52 Scottish Clans or Septs and they are all imbued with a like loyalty and devotion to our Clan, our country and our King. It had been our hope that we would one day somewhere on the Western Front go into action as a Clan Battalion in your tartan, to the music of the Pipes and behind your banner. We had hoped that our Battle Cry might sound across the Trench Line in such volume that even the Kaiser would hear and be terrified

thereat. We had hoped, with that Battle Cry upon our lips, to cross the border of Hunland in the rush of victory even though that victory might be death.

It has been decreed however, by powers whom we must obey, in orders which we must observe, that our brave Clansmen must be scattered throughout the various Units that make up the Canadian Army. True to their tradition they will obey these orders and you will find them still Macleans, Macleans always, fighting in these Units, and, as our fathers in the past, though scattered throughout the British possessions, gave colour and life and brought success to these Dominions, so will the men who surround you to-day, scattered likewise along the Canadian front, bring honour and glory to their respective Battalions and shed a lustre never to be dulled upon British Arms.

Sir Fitzroy, we are proud of our

blood and proud of you as our Chief. Though our homes are far across the seas, our hearts and souls are Scottish and Maclean. Our future footsteps may lead us into dangerous places, following as we will the path of duty, and it may be that many of us will fall in battle. Their death will, however, bring greater honour to our Clan, and those that remain and those that follow, shall through all time maintain the glory of our Clan and the greatness of our Race."

The battalion was then formed up and marched back to Camp, and on its way again "marched past" the Chief in column of fours. Thus ended the greatest day in the history of the Unit, a day that had long been looked forward to and a day which will ever remain bright and glowing in the minds and hearts of all those who were present.

The March Out.

The night of March 7th was the culmination of the efforts of the Maclean Highlanders and their friends for the past year, for on that date a draft of nearly half the battalion departed from their training camp in England bound for the firing line in France. The draft left under the leadership of Colonel Guthrie thus fulfilling in a measure the hopes of those who have had the welfare of the battalion at heart.

After a late dinner, the men who were fortunate enough to be selected for the first draft donned their heavy equipment assisted by their envious comrades, and hundreds of hands were clasped in parting—for in the long months the Macleans have been together, strong friendships have been formed and many a man saw his particular pal leaving, with no clear idea when they would meet again. At eleven o'clock the bugles sounded the "fall in" and the draft marched out on to the parade ground followed by every Maclean in the lines and a few who escaped from the hospital for the occasion. A light flashed up near the officers' quarters heralded the approach of the Colonel who took charge of the calling of the roll and as each man's

name was called he answered clearly from the darkness, "Here Sir!" in tones that showed his pride in being among the first of the Macleans to cross the channel.

Some exuberant friend of the battalion seized upon the occasion to discharge a few bombs somewhere up on the side of the hill and by so doing, caused consternation in the hearts of a neighbouring aeroplane guard.

As soon as the roll was called the order "Move to the right in column of route" announced the breaking up of the Macleans and headed by the pipe band the drafts for the 42nd, 13th and 72nd moved off followed by those who were to be left behind. Not a man had a pass to be out of the lines at that late hour but the boys simply had to give the draft a proper send-off at the depot and all honour to the M.P.'s who, when they learned the situation, were duly indulgent.

Back home somebody said C.Q.M.S. "Daddy" Mooers, the first man to join the battalion, would never get to France. Well, Daddy was the first "Other Rank" to set his foot on the soil of France.

Back home somebody said B.S.M. "Darky" Bayers would never get to

France. Darky was there too, and along with them were nearly half a thousand trained and fit Macleans ready to justify the faith and labour of those good folk at home who have done so much for us.

The breaking up of the Macleans brought heart aches to hundreds of us who have had our part in the making of what we shall always feel was the best old bunch ever collected. But orders are orders, and we will take to the units to which we go the sense of discipline and devotion to duty which has been instilled into us in the old 236th.

We will show to those units and to our friends that our love and esprit de corps for the Macleans will not hinder us from putting our shoulder to the wheel with a good grace wherever we shall find ourselves. And if we cannot do our bit as Macleans we can still do it as Canadians, which is the big thing.

The draft was under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Guthrie, assisted by Lieutenant H. A. Seely, Lieutenant C. E. Blair and Quartermaster Captain J. D. Black as Conducting Officers, and B.S.M. E. Bayers, C.Q.M.S. F. M. Mooers and Transport Sergeant J. Fred Lawney, Conducting N.C.O.'s.