

CHAPTER XXX

WANTED. MORE AND MORE OF THEM

WHEN General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien came to see me he suggested that I should take a few weeks' rest in England. I objected and said I wanted to be in the big British spring drive in Belgium. He replied that a few days' holidays would not deprive me of that honor, and that he considered the Allies might postpone the offensive until the autumn.

I accepted his suggestion and crossed to England. I met at Bologne an officer of one of the Scottish regiments and he was good enough to get me a pass and a military automobile to take me to La Toquet Hospital, where I renewed old acquaintances with Dr. Shillington, the clever surgeon in charge of the Canadian Hospital there and an old Ottawa friend. When I arrived in London I was notified to attend a medical board at the war office that insisted on giving me three months' sick leave to get my lungs fixed up. I refused to accept more than six weeks.

When I was up in Scotland enjoying a holiday and doing the Loch Lomond country, I received a telegram from Colonel Carson in London telling me that the Minister of Militia would like me to return to Canada for a few months to lecture to the officers in training and assist in recruiting.

In accordance with these instructions I returned to London where I received the following letter from my Brigade Commander, General Turner, V.C.:

DEAR COLONEL,—Leave has been extended for four days as requested.

The process of reorganizing is a heavy one.

Your battalion will have lost its identity as the 48th Highlanders.