



# The Kilties' Farewell to Fredericton

Some of us had heard of Fredericton as a city of homes, but after a few days in town the Kilties invariably came to the conclusion that a better name would be "The Friendly City."

From the moment our unit began to take the shape of a battalion, the various societies and organizations, as well as the churches, began to make us welcome. On our part we did our best to enter into the life and spirit of the city. Our festivals, our concerts, each in turn received enthusiastic support from all quarters, and we were made to feel from the start that the people of Fredericton were with us and for us.

But to win the friendship of the individual soldier you must treat him *individually* as a friend, and here is where the good citizens of Fredericton did much for us. Every door mat had the "welcome" sign on it, and the Kilties were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege of home life—a privilege rarely offered as freely as was the case here. As a result, it is the exception, and not the rule, to find a lonely soldier in our battalion. Some of us have renewed old friendships, but the vast majority came here unknown to a single soul. We leave with countless friends in the city. I venture to say that there is not a "single" man in the battalion who has not at least one home available where he can get a touch of that old life from which his new duties must, to some extent, separate him.

But Fredericton had still other gifts in store for us. Since the first sacrifices of this great war were asked and offered, the sons of the city have gone forward in an unending stream to the battle lines of the Empire. They have set a record of service and heroism upon the pages of our history, and it was therefore expected that in our ranks would be found other Fredericton boys determined to carry on the good work. They are here. Many of our officers and men claim Fredericton as their home, as indeed any of us would be proud to do. The City, has, therefore, given us of her

flesh and blood, a fact we will not lightly forget.

It is impossible to mention in this limited space all the societies and individuals who have helped us enjoy our winter in Fredericton. We have tried to show our gratitude to each by enjoying to the full the advantages offered. We have also tried by our conduct to show ourselves worthy of the friendship so freely offered, and we flatter ourselves that we have succeeded.

But no farewell to Fredericton

## PARTING

Tight hearts, flowers, furs, and friendly faces;  
Books, and deep, soft, throbbing melody,  
Laughter, and the lights of pleasant places,  
Crackling fires—all the things that we  
Have loved—to these we bid good-bye.

A brave farewell—no tears—and smiling even  
We drop the hand of friendship. Yet a cry  
Mounts up within us though no voice is given.

Yet we'll remember, Time on time, unflinching,  
Though lonely, wet and friendless—thoughts  
will come,

Thoughts of a life once lived, carefree and  
laughing,

Thoughts of the days gone past, old friends,  
and some

Whose lips once smiled with ours, and smiling  
At our memories, be in mind at home.

T. J. M.

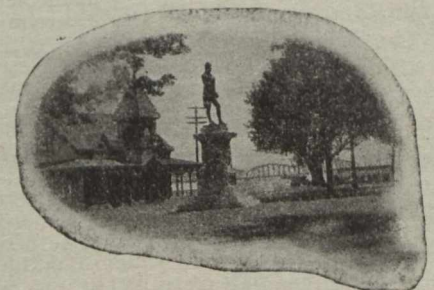
would be complete without some small tribute to the ladies of the city. They have done much for us. And were it not for the fact that each of them will be thanked by at least one Kiltie, I could cheerfully devote the rest of the space at my disposal to the task of telling them exactly how much we think of them. Our dances owe much of the success they have achieved to the enthusiastic support of the girls of Fredericton, while many a lonely recruit has found his

homesickness dispersed by the sunshine of their smiles.

But the delights of this, our first stage of military life must soon end. We must soon leave the land of our friends for parts unknown. "Where" and "When" are words for which the powers that be have little use. It will be a case of "here today and gone tomorrow," when the move does come, but we do know that the day of departure is drawing near.

And so, some bright spring day, the Maclean tartan will vanish from the streets of the City. For the last time the citizens will line the road, as, with pipes bravely skirling, we march away to the measured beat of the drums. To each of us who will march by that day, each street will have associations, each corner its memories, memories and associations that will cling to us all through the new life upon which we are embarking, and which in many cases may lead us back after the war is over. For we have come to know the City and to love it. And as we swing by let those citizens who have helped us, realize that our gratitude, even if not expressed is real and lasting.

And when the long train draws out of Fredericton, as we look back at the crowd and see those many friends, who a few brief months ago were strangers, we will realize to the full what our stay in the City has meant. And when we are no more seen upon the street, in the shops, and in the churches, perhaps the good citizens of Fredericton will have an occasional kind word or thought for the boys who have gone away. P. L. K.



BURNS' STATUE