

FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS"

Thirteenth Imperial Draft leave
for England in a hurricane of hurrahs.

Saturday night, September seventh,
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen, is a night that the
Thirteenth Imperial Draft will always remember.

Hearty handshakes, fond embraces,
cheery goodbyes, genial raillery, mingled with
a confusion of streamers, confetti, blowing of
horns, lively songs, and a rataplan of drums,
made their departure a great and glorious event.

How the spirit of comradeship and
good feeling does rise to an occasion to tinge
the tender farewells and soft goodbyes with a
multitude of cheery smiles and happy faces.
Prim conventionality never had a look in. Everyone
sang until he was positively tired. And let us
pause to remark that the fellow who does not relax
and hoot a few hoots occasionally is in danger of
hooting hoots later on for the enjoyment of the
pathologist and trained nurse. So loosen up
once in a while. It's a tonic.

We miss those boys. What a snappy
set of chaps they were. Full o' pep! In on
everything. Up and doing all the time. While
they were with us they never lost an opportunity
to boost; to build; to solidify O. T. C. spirit.
And just here we wish to tender a word of thanks
to our pal, Walter Russell Theodoric Howard, for
his assistance on the last issue.

They have gone but we do not forget
the example they have set for us to follow.