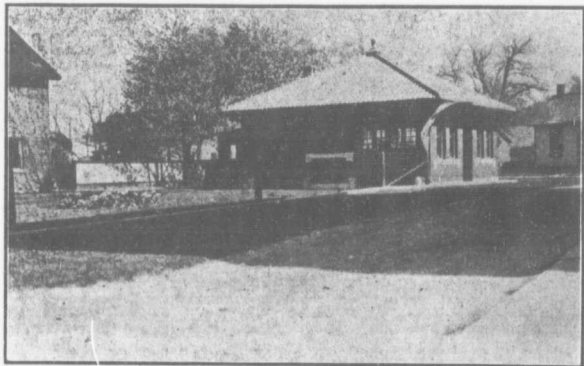


"SOME" NIGHT AT CAMP MCGREGOR

Monday night was one never to be forgotten. Everybody and his pal got busy. Kilt bags were soon being stuffed like Bologna sausages when dog meat is plentiful. The men were all as busy "dolling up" as a family of Swiss bell-ringers while plying their vocation. Buttons had to be polished, shoes and accoutrements shined up, faces laundered, and 1001 things too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that the 241st were Highlanders, and no soldier appears as spick and span, and neat, as those who wear the Kilts. (Some of them actually pull up their "skirts" when crossing a mud-puddle.) It was everybody's night. The officer from "the land of the Kangaroo" paraded the battalion at 2.30 A.M., and the band played "We Don't Know Where We're Going, but We have Started on the Way." It was very appropriate. Lieuts. Reid, Sale, Masson and other kind souls, accompanied by your humble servant, put on a special recruiting campaign and a score or more of men swore allegiance to King George and Colonel McGregor that night. The adjutant's office was open for business all night and Sergt. John Harland Lindsay Marshall, who by the way was the first man to enlist, was on the job every minute. Being right up against it for time, we appealed to that very courteous and efficient officer, Major Cruickshank to hold a Medical Board on the train, and this he did, and we hereby tender our thanks to all members of the Board who accompanied us as far as London. When the 99th left Windsor the writer tried out the Boards on the Armoury floor and found them to be "Hard" maple, but to-night there was no sleep, except to those who had indulged in a series of "cat-naps," and these were rudely awakened by the sounds of the bugle at 4.30 A.M.

Soon the old camp resembled a beehive. Everybody was looking for something. Even Sergt. Cook Arnott would have taken "something" if it had been available. That the discipline of the camp had been perfect is attested by the fact that at 6.30 breakfast had been served, everything packed, entire camp cleaned up, even to picking up every piece of paper or rubbish on the parade ground, and every man was on parade. The 241st Canadian



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