

Pot Pourri from the Officers' Mess.

By the JUNIOR SUB.

Our last Mess Night ! Who among those present on the evening of March 7th—the night made memorable by the fact that the first draft for France marched away in the darkness with the pipes a' skirling as they were wont in Boston town and elsewhere when those same men came trooping to the colours—will ever forget it. Our Mess Secretary, Lieut. Charley Blair, as on other occasions, did himself proud with the "eats." The Company knew that this would be the last time we would sit together as a unit. Already there were several absentees, Lieutenants Scovil, MacKinnon and Frank Ryder having left a few days previously to join the Royal Flying Corps. The rest made a brave attempt at joviality, and for a brief space following the time-honoured toast to The King, Private Cockburn, at the piano, awakened memories of happier days and scenes of Fredericton, Valcartier, Quebec and Montreal. But time was pressing. Outside rang the stern call of the bugle, a warning that the evening was drawing to a close and all too soon the draft would be marching away. It was then that Major H. H. Maclean, turning to the Colonel, addressed him as follows:—

"We are feeling very sad to-night as the last chapter in the history of our Battalion is drawing to a close. Already our ranks have been broken and several good-byes said and now we are losing nearly half of the men we have watched and trained so carefully and you, with three of our number, are leading them across the channel to be absorbed in other battalions, to give up the kilt they have worn proudly and so well, to leave their comrades and to sever the ties that bind them to our hearts. But they will carry with them the spirit of our forefathers who left their all, and with claymore in hand, followed their beloved Prince Charlie through weal and woe, a spirit, Sir, that has been fostered in them by yourself, and that, please God, will add yet more honour to the unsullied name of the gallant Canadian Corps on our far flung battle line in France. We feel that we cannot let this occasion pass without paying a tribute to you, our

leader. You, and you alone, have made this Battalion what it is today. Your untiring brain conceived it and your glad smile welcomed us back when the Maclean Highlanders were in their infancy. Your ceaseless energy and dogged perseverance brought us through many a storm, your courage roused our fainting hearts when the future looked dark before us. You, with your lack of false pride, your kindly words, your justice tempered with mercy, your words of praise and your readiness to forgive those of us who may have erred, have won us to your heart. From the second in Command to the humblest private you have unswerving loyalty and unquestioning obedience. To us, your officers, you have been not only a faithful guide and loyal friend but also in all our work and play, a good comrade. Wherever we are scattered you will always have a place in our hearts and our regard for you will never grow less. We had hoped that you would be able to show us and the whole Battalion the "paths of glory" against our foes but circumstances have made this impossible and "Ours not to reason why." And so on the eve of your departure for France, leading the first draft from our Battalion, as we knew you would do, we wish you God Speed and the best of good fortune. We know that your services will be utilized by the powers that be and we prophesy for you speedy advancement and many honours. We would ask you to accept this dispatch case as a small token of the love and regard in which you are held by each and every one of us."

The Colonel in replying, after deeply thanking the members of the Mess, proposed the last toast to "The 236th Battalion Maclean Highlanders."

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Major Frank Eason was welcomed at Bramshott on the 28th March by the few remaining Macleans who are now Royal Highlanders. His long siege of four months in Hospital with Rheumatic fever does not seem to have lessened his spirit of "unfriendliness" towards the Hun; nor his interest in the boys, who will always be Macleans.

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Nerve wracking noises and explosions occurred the night our first draft left

for France, led by Colonel Guthrie. The next morning "early" Lieutenants McKinnon, Ryder and Scovil, M.M., left for the Royal Flying Corps. We don't blame them; the infantry is rough.

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Lieut. Stevensen left Bramshott for the R.F.C. on March 23rd. On the following Monday morning the papers gave details of drastic changes in the Air Service, both in the Administration of same, and the uniform. Steve always did have an "eye" for his personal appearance; but *why* the other change. *Why?*

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Doug. is still in Seaford. Joe put the fire out but Doug. is trying to find evidence to produce so that the can of fire extinguisher may be struck off charge.

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Capt. "Billy" Godfrey has transferred to Chaplain Services. Good luck to him, as he deserves. Lieut. Blair is still waiting "orders."

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"Pete," M.M. has returned to us from Hastings Hospital. He has applied for Subsistence, but the P.M. finds it cut off.

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Captain McPeake spent several days in Town last week. He attended "High Jinks."

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In the words of the well-known song "Rick-a-dam-doo"; "Coly" Wetmore has gone to the Railway Troops.

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Speaking of songs, the words of the second line of the fourth verse of the above are changed to read: First line finishes "From far B.C.," second line: "Is always marked as 'absentee.'"

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Baby Face ???

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There was nothing lacking in the royal welcome extended to the officers of the Macleans by the Officers of the Royal Highlanders Mess on their arrival in Bramshott, March 13th. They were made to feel as much at home as though they had returned from the good old Black Watch in France.