



BREATH O' THE HEATHER

ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER.

— THE —
**SEAFORD
BRAMSHOTT
EDITION.**

PRICE - - 6d.



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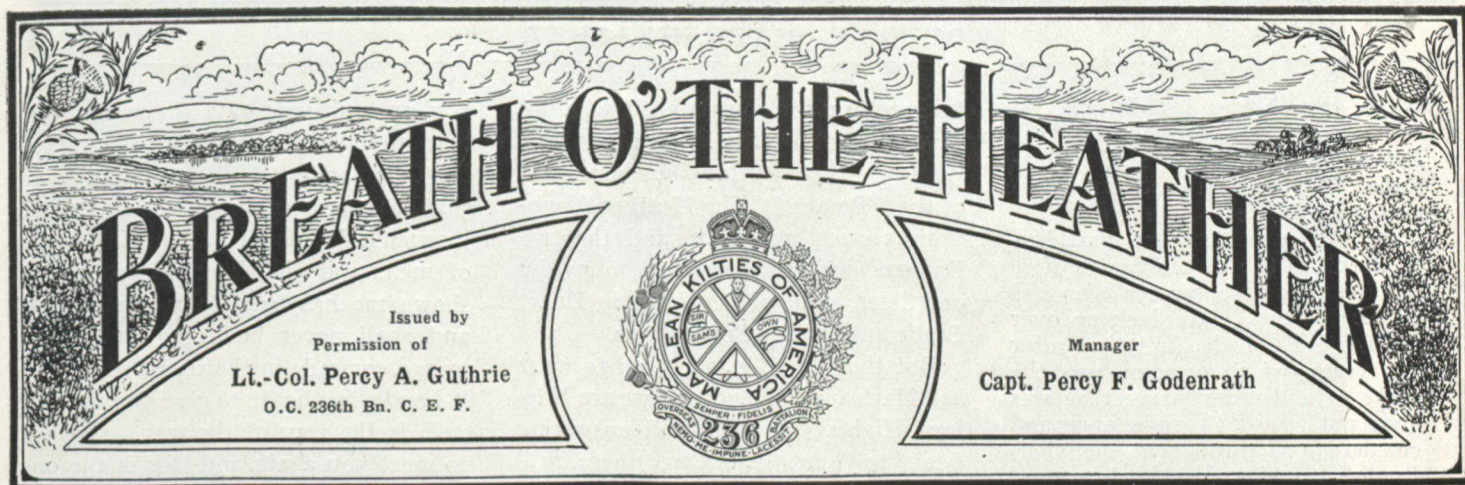
"I am convinced no sane man seeing your Valise and another make side by side would fail to take the former. We've been moving about a considerable amount during the past few months, packing up at a moment's notice and pushing off and having to 'travel light,' and I've seen what a business other men's batmen have packing stuff into Valises other than Aquascutums, and how when its needed for use everything has to be tipped out and a bed made, whereas I simply say to my man 'roll up,' and the whole business is finished in a few minutes—and at the other end of the journey it's simply a matter of unrolling, 'et voilà'!"

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LONDON, W. 1.**



The Chieftain's Farewell.

COMRADES,—Now that all the drafts called for from our Unit have been marched away and the remainder of the Battalion has been handed over to, and has become part of, the 20th Canadian Reserve Battalion (Royal Highlanders of Canada) I am taking this opportunity of addressing you individually for the last time. On the occasion of the drafts to the 72nd, the 13th and the 42nd marching out of Seaford, I had the privilege of saying good-bye to the Battalion en masse. At this time, as well as previously, when orders came by which we were to be dismembered, I took the liberty of going briefly into the history of the Unit, outlining its successes and reverses, and stating my plans for our future.

In fear that there may have been some absentees on these occasions, I am now writing to each of you so that all may know what is in my mind and what my hopes are in the way of having all the boys who are left when the war is over, back once again in the old Battalion, where they may renew the friendships made in these last few months, and present once more to all comers a united front.

The story of the inception of the Battalion and the promises made to me in connection with its being maintained as a Unit, both in England and in France, has often been related by me to you and I therefore need not now

deal with this subject. The promises which I considered sacred, having been made to me by the highest civil and military authorities in Canada, and renewed by the highest Canadian civil and military authorities on this side, were handed on by me to you and I am satisfied that it was because of these undertakings that you were induced, in nearly every case, to leave your home and join the Battalion, which, officered by men of previous experience in France, were to lead the Unit in the firing line. These promises and undertakings have been ruthlessly broken, but in view of the fact that I am a soldier and intend to continue as such while our Country is at war, I have no right to make comment upon the wisdom or lack of wisdom of my superiors, and therefore I refrain from giving reasons as to our dismemberment. It can be truly said that the promise was kept in that we were placed in the 5th Division and it may be argued that because of the breaking up of that Division and of our being in it, we would have to stand or fall with it. I believed and still believe, that there were arguments in favour of our being kept together, whether the 5th Canadian Division were broken or not, and I urged these arguments before the highest authorities I could get to listen to me, but without success. In order that you may know about this, I will briefly set out the points

which I thought were strong enough to convince most anyone as to our case. They are as follows:—

(1) The Battalion was organized upon the distinct promise made to me while lying wounded in La Touquet Hospital, by Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, and by Major General Sir Sam Hughes, then Minister of Militia, that should I recover, I would be permitted to take back a Battalion from Canada to the front. This promise may have been made because I was in a weak condition but it was renewed afterwards in Canada by both of the above gentlemen and because of its renewal I gave up my prospects in the civil and military life of the Country to undertake the organization upon which I had set my heart.

(2) The Officers with which I surrounded myself, were all men who had distinguished themselves in France and Flanders, and most of whom had been wounded so seriously that they need not have again volunteered their services.

(3) The Tartan chosen was that of a Clan which has not been represented in Battle in its own Tartan since 1745, but whose members have served everywhere in the Army and Navy of the Empire with distinction through all these years.

(4) Practically all of the money required for the equipment and recruiting of the Battalion was subscribed by friends of the Unit.

(5) Every Province in Canada and nearly every State in the Union were represented in our ranks and in addition, we had old countrymen from Scotland, England, Ireland and

Wales, the Channel Islands, and we had as well men from the West Indies, South Africa, and from Australia. We were in fact, an International Unit.

(6) We were the first Battalion to recruit in the United States after the Republic prepared for War and we carried the Union Jack up over Bunker Hill for the first time after 141 years, which occasion was the cause of a demonstration that was given publicity in the newspapers and cinema shows throughout the whole English-speaking world, and stamped us as a Battalion in which were united the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples.

(7) The City of Boston presented us, through Mayor Curley, with the flag of France; the City of New York presented us, through Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, with the Union Jack; and the United Scottish Societies of America, through Colonel Walter Scott, presented us with the Stars and Stripes, all of which we carried, and hoped to carry to victory in France.

(8) The Province of New Brunswick, though entitled to three Infantry Units and other branches of the Service, has only one Unit to represent her in France, which brings forward the argument that, our Officers being practically all New Brunswickers, we should be chosen to give fair representation to the loyal little Province which has been overlooked.

(9) There are other reasons which I considered substantial and which I advanced, but which, because of their political character, and because of the political situation existing to-day in Canada, I think should be left unsaid.

All these reasons, however, failed, and my arguments fell upon deaf ears.

So we are, and are to be, scattered throughout practically every Unit in the Canadian Army where our qualifications best fit us to do our parts, and the British Air Service as well as the British Navy has claimed its quota and even the Tunnelling Company will have its representation from "The Maclean Highlanders."

Our business is being wound up, our Officers are taking command of other men; our pipers thrill the hearts in other Units; our entertainers provide merriment for other gatherings, and our kilts of our Clan Tartan are laid away with the rest of our High-

land uniform as a souvenir of the happy days we spent together. Our Battalion History will be written; our last issue of the "Breath O' The Heather" published; our three Flags and the two Banners, recently presented to us by our Chief, shall be deposited in Duart Castle until the end of the war.

But though we have ceased to exist as "Maclean Highlanders" we are Maclean Highlanders still, and answering back to our Clan Cry, there will come voices from every Canadian fighting unit in the far flung trench line, from beneath the ground in the darkened tunnel, from the waves of the sea where the great ships do battle, and from the clouds in the heavens—voices of Gillean, strong and true and vibrant with the Clan spirit, determined, fighting, Gaelic voices, shouting over and over again "Beatha no Bas," and "Another for Hector," as did our fathers in that other fight for Scottish liberty before they were scattered far and wide because of their devotion.

One thing remains for us to do and that is to hearken yet once again to the call of our Chief and that call will go out to every Clansman in arms on this side of the water when the war is done. It will be a summons to meet him in the Isle of Mull at the Castle of Duart to receive back our Banners, to once more become united, to renew our traditions and go back to the new land to meet the old friends and to be greeted throughout Canada and the States once more as "The Maclean Kilties of America." Plans will be laid with the above end in view and if you will but write a letter the day Peace is declared, to me, addressed to Duart Castle, it will either get me, or should I have gone the way of a soldier, someone else who will advise as to the arrangements for the great gathering of Macleans. Those who may have returned, by reason of wounds or otherwise, to Canada and the United States, are requested to write to Major-General Hugh H. Maclean, M.P., St. John, N.B., Canada, who will arrange for gatherings in Fredericton and Boston to meet the Battalion returning.

You have been good and true High-

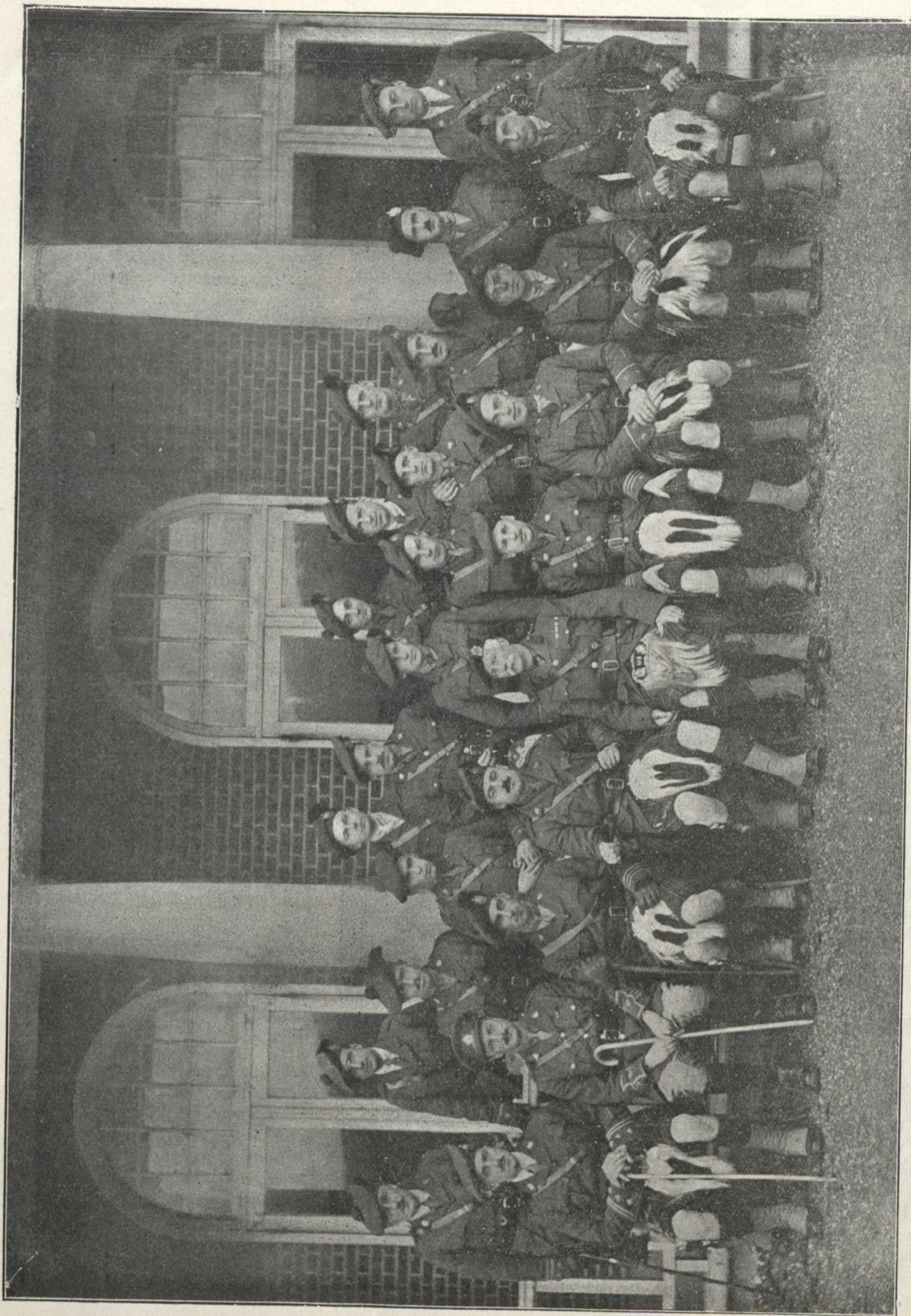
landers and you have likewise been true and good friends and comrades. No Commanding Officer in any war that has ever been, has been surrounded by such a devoted, loyal and fine body of men, and the deference you have shown me has been fully appreciated and shall never be forgotten. You were a comrade in the truest sense and it breaks my heart to give you up, but such is the way of the war. I want to meet you again and this is the one way it can be done. It is my last request, and it is the only thing I can look forward to as a ray of hope through the clouds of sorrow in which we are engulfed.

I am, believe me,
Dear Comrade,
Faithfully yours,
PERCY A. GUTHRIE, *Lieut.-Col.*,
Officer Com., 236th Batt. O.M.F.C.
(Maclean Kilties of America,
Sir Sam's Own.)

* * *

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE CAKE.

Hustle up there goes General Assembly!
What the deuce do they want now?
Its a wonder they would'nt let a fellow
go get his dinner in peace.
Wonder what's in those boxes?
The cake from Fredericton has come.
Wonder if we all get one or just the
men from Fredericton?
1083 pieces. Good old Fredericton.
Must 'a kept the women busy to get
that much cake ready.
I'm going to save mine till after dinner.
Oh Boy! That cake was Jake! Was'nt
it?
They can't make cake like that over
here.
Did you eat all yours at one sitting.
Y'u bet yuh!
First real cake I had since I landed,
You got to hand it to Fredericton.
She's some town.
Hey Sergeant! Don't hit up such a
hot pace,
I'm so full I can't walk.
When I go back to Fredericton, I'm
goin' to marry the girl that
made that cake.



THE CHIEF WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE MACLEAN HIGHLANDERS AT SEAFORD.

Back row—Lieut. A. O. Budd, D.C.M., Capt. A. C. Baldwin, Lieut. Murray Finlayson, Capt. J. P. McPeake, Lieut. C. E. Blair.
 Centre row—Capt. Percy F. Godenrath, Lieut. N. C. Macfarlane, Lieut. H. A. Seely, Capt. E. Alban Sturdee, Lieut. Norman A. Maclean, Lieut. A. C. McKinnon, Lieut. W. L. Delaney,
 Front Row—Capt. H. S. Everett, Major L. Haines, D.S.O. (Instructor), Major G. S. Ryder, Lt.-Col. Percy A. Guthrie, The Chief, Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Major H. H. Maclean,
 Lieut. Frank H. Ryder, Lieut. E. M. Scovil, M.M., Lieut. G. H. P. Babin.

The Trip Across

By Sergt. G. W. ROSS

B LINDING sheets of cold rain, good people lining the sidewalks, cheers and handclapping, the Maclean Highlanders leaving for overseas from a city that had been good to them. It was a day of mingled joy and sadness. Everybody was glad that the long months of recruiting and training were over and that at last we were on our way. Then there was the accompanying shade of regret at leaving behind the homeland and the loved ones. As the long brown line splashed its way through the Metropolis of Canada, here and there a girl darted out and a Maclean marched on with a keep-sake or a parcel of comforts. At the entrance to the wharf-sheds a mother stood trying bravely to smile, but with tears gaining the victory as she said "Good-bye."

The embarkation took but a few minutes, then with a last blast of the whistle, H.M.T. pulled out into the stream and the Kilties began their three weeks voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. An interesting three days ensued. Too little has been written about the natural beauties of the entrance to the St. Lawrence river. The Gaspé shore with its wonderful islands; the Laurentian mountains silver-topped by an early snowstorm the night before, the Islands of the Gulf, all proved a panorama of beauty, and the boys of the 236th made the most of their opportunity.

Then a long week in the Basin at Halifax. A week of cold greydays and of confinement aboard ship, life boat practice and boat drill and a general making up of sleep lost through the attractions of Montreal. The only break in the monotony was a review on the Common, by Major General Benson, G.O.C., M.D. No. 6, and we were glad of the opportunity to stretch our legs and to review the historic old city. It was a last view too, for it will be a greatly altered Halifax to such of us that will be permitted to return apres la guerre—a city to-day shattered and torn.

Overcast skies, a raw cold wind astern did their best to add gloom to the day of our real departure for overseas, but their efforts were futile. As H.M.T. swung into her place in the long line and steamed down the harbour, the Macleans exchanged cheers with the Sammies on the sister ships of the convoy and with the British and Canadian tars on the warships in the roadstead. The pipe band, under Pipe Major "Sandy" Stewart cheerily screeched a shrill farewell. The shoreline faded away into the horizon. We thought we had said our last farewell



Dr. A. W. THORNTON.

One of the most ardent friends of the Kilties and of every member thereof. Before the Unit was organized he was a personal friend of the O.C. and of Major C. G. Geggie, with whom he had "Hesperian" experiences. He volunteered to assist in recruiting, and was with the Battalion during its famous fifteen days' campaign in New Brunswick, beginning with September 25th, 1916, speaking during that period in every County of the Province. He is an able, forcible and eloquent speaker, as well as a deep thinker, and though his life has been taken up particularly with professional work, he is looked upon throughout Canada as one of the keenest men in the political and economical life of the country. His three brothers, their sons and his own son are in khaki, and it is only his age that prevents him from being in khaki also. He spoke at our first meeting in Fredericton, N.B., and was also the last to address the Battalion in Montreal before we left Canada. Good-bye, Dr. Thornton! We count you as "one of us."

to Canada but just before nightfall a trim little coast patrol boat of the destroyer type appeared out of the evening mists, vomiting great clouds of inky smoke. She passed along the line of the convoy dipping her flag and fell in beside H.M.T. and from her bridge an officer enquired through a megaphone if we had any messages for St. John, then her crew lined up on the foredeck and volleyed out three cheers for the Kilties. We responded with a will, and so we said Good-bye to Canada.

The following day the sea roughened a bit, bringing distress to those of us who were poor sailors. A wait of several hours for two members of the convoy gave the old Atlantic a chance to toss the fleet around and our transport wallowed in the trough of the sea with the others. The distinguished invalids row assumed proportions. The change of time caught several sergeants unawares and they slept in their staterooms late enough to miss breakfast. The third day out was calm and passed without incident except for the firing of a few practice shots by the gunner. Advantage was taken of the weather to institute athletic contests, boxing, wrestling etc., which was continued throughout the voyage when weather permitted. Captain J. Douglas Black, Lieutenant Charles E. Blair and Captain "Billy" Godfrey were responsible for some splendid sport which was enjoyed by all aboard. Concerts were frequently given and on Sundays both church services and "sing-songs," the last under the capable leadership of Major C. R. Mersereau, were also held. A Y.M.C.A. was duly opened and thanks to our good friends in Montreal, Quebec and Halifax, an ample supply of stationery, magazines and books were to be had. Colonel Perrault, President of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Montreal, very generously sent to Colonel Percy A. Guthrie 15,000 cigarettes for the use of the boys on the voyage. Needless to say the "smokes" were greatly appreciated.

The news of the world by wireless;

the daily life aboard ship; the results of the various sporting events and the humours incidental to a transport were chronicled daily—if not faithfully—by the regimental journal the "Breath O' The Heather" under the direction of Captain Percy F. Godenrath and the capable handling of the mimeograph by Sergeant George Craig. It is said that this was the first time an overseas regiment from Canada published a "daily" aboard ship.

The third day out, while fairly calm, carried indications that bad weather was breeding and about nightfall a fresh breeze, bringing with it fair sized beam seas, started us well on our way for a nasty night. Flying spume filled the air and in the intense darkness the decks were anything but a comfortable place for a promenade. The beam seas were with us all the next day and at dinner a particularly heavy sea cleared the tables, leaving a ruin of smashed crockery behind it. Pay-Sergeant Mooers while seeking relief from the pangs of mal de mer, dozing in a deck chair, was skidded a hundred

feet or so along the deck and brought up with a crash against the rail. In spite of Father Neptune's eccentricities it was a warm and rather pleasant day.

Then commenced active preparation for entering the danger zone. Life rafts were slung into place and made ready; extra precautions in regard to the display of lights at night and instructions as to the proper manner of wearing life-belts impressed upon the battalion that possible danger lurked ahead.

Early one morning our escort put in their appearance. A score of business-like destroyers darting here and there through the fog. A sense of security permeated the ship's company, for here was represented the might of Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam. Then a dark night's run at full speed and the morrow found us in harbour. Shrieks of ferry whistles and tug-boats, waving hands and handkerchiefs greeted us as we slowly steamed to our berth at the dock. In an hour or two we were being whirled across England on two fast special trains. A record for disembarkation of a troopship gained the

approbation of the M.L.O. for Lieutenant "Sandy" Macfarlane emptied the transport of troops and baggage in record time—22 minutes.

Our destination was a segregation camp behind the white chalk cliffs of Southern England. Coming south the boys gazed eagerly through the car-windows at the beautiful landscape of the Midlands and it transcended their expectations. The rolling fields still green in late November, the picturesque cottages made us all anxious for the time when our days of detention in quarantine would be over and on pass we could view at close range the England of our dreams. The time soon came, and a thousand strong, we sallied out for a wonderful week of "landing" leave. England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland each had their quota, and a feathered Balmoral and Maclean tartan became a familiar sight in the principal cities. But the joyous days too soon drew to a close and we trooped back to camp ready for the training that was to fit us for our real work as fighters across the Channel.

Training at Seaford. By the JUNIOR SUB.

Now that it is all over, we can look back upon our training days at Seaford Camp and realize more fully just what we accomplished in that short period. We were the last volunteer organization to be raised in Canada and we found it necessary to go down among the States of the Union in order to be up to full strength when we crossed the seas. Out of over 2,000 men, who passed through the Regimental Depot at Fredericton, there were chosen 1,060 and these landed in England on November 19th, 1917. Our time in Canada was spent in recruiting, in guarding the Forts at Quebec, and in being inspected in Montreal. Our vicissitudes were many for we were mucked about from pillar to post, spending more time dressing tent pegs by the right, and blackening the bottoms of 'Dixies!' than at real work.

Not a sod was turned, not a trench line dug,

A wire laid, or a bomb exploded.

But we dressed our lines in the rain and mud,

Till our spirits became corroded.

Shortly after our arrival, we received the assurance that we were to form part of the 5th Canadian Division, and we immediately realized that we must get to work in order to be up to the standard of efficiency which the Units of that Division had acquired in its fourteen months of training. Then began our strenuous period.

"Reveille" found us up and doing, and "Lights Out" still found us putting away among the grey matter "Things a soldier should know." We spent our Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in training instead of sport or pleasure, and we even robbed the Padre of a fling at us on Sundays, by taking long route marches, or by being on the ranges. We were to be ready by the end of February and we were ready.

This would not have been possible but for the fact that there had been

placed at our disposal, by Colonel Gardner, M.C., G.O.C. Canadians, Seaford, a Staff of Officers and N.C.O.'s who could not be excelled in instructional work. These instructors were under the capable supervision of Major Haines, D.S.O., who, in a very short time became "one of us." They found our men so keen that there was an added inducement for them to do their best to hammer us in shape in the allotted time.

While our men were in the hands of these instructors, our Officers were being trained in the latest methods at Bexhill, Shorncliffe, and Seaford, so that the whole Battalion was proceeding towards perfection at the same time.

We cannot close this chapter of our military experience without placing upon record our sincerest and deepest thanks to those who laboured with us to make us fit, efficient, and ready to meet the King's enemies.

The Last Review

By Pte. SANDY McCracken

'Twas a cold, dark and dour day in Seaford Camp. The wind sougled round the corners of the huts and whistled across the parade ground, for Spring had not yet smiled upon this part of old England. Away up on the hillside the "Maclean Highlanders" were astir even before the Reveilles from so many different Units filled the valley with their rippling notes. This was to be a big day for "The Macleans," the greatest of all their days since they joined together as a Clan Battalion to uphold the traditions of their race on the Fields of France. They had looked forward to it for a long time, and now it had dawned they were stirred in their hearts and souls with anticipation. Their Chief, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., K.C.B., was to review them on the great open field near Headquarters.

A little after the noon hour the Battalion, led by the Pipe Band, swung jauntily down through the Camp to the reviewing ground. The skirl of the Pipes and the flirt of the red tartan caught the ears and the eyes of their khaki clad comrades, who swarmed out from highways and byways to give them a lusty cheer as they passed. They formed up in line in Review order and a long line it was, reaching the entire length of the field, and then they waited for the coming of their Clan Leader.

The approach of a car announced the arrival of the Chief, a grand old man of 83, who had fought in the Crimea in 1854 and in many other of Britain's wars since that time, and had become, during his period of service, Colonel of one of the foremost of the British Cavalry Regiments, clad in his Clan tartan, garbed as a Chief as well as a Colonel of the British Forces.

The Battalion had been called to attention and upon the command of the O.C., gave him the General Salute, while the Pipe Band played the "Maclean March."

The Chief then made his inspection, shaking hands with the Officers,

numerous Non-Commissioned Officers and men as he passed, and admiring the stalwart sons of Gillean who had come from across the sea to uphold the traditions of Clan Maclean. The Battalion then marched past in column of platoons, after which it again formed into line and advanced in Review order and once more honoured itself by giving the General Salute to its Chief.

A very pretty movement was then carried out by which a hollow square was formed in a manner not laid down in the drill book, and the Chief came to the centre with Lady Maclean, Lady Llangattock, Colonel and Mrs. Bramhall, Nursing Sister Maclean, and Mrs. (Major) Maclean (Chief's Daughter-in-law), Mr. Douglas Maclean, Mr. G. B. Daniels, Colonel Gardner, M.C., Mrs. Gardner, Major Haines, D.S.O., Mrs. Haines and others.

Because of the wind, which was blowing rather briskly, the men were allowed to break off and gather round their Chief. It was indeed a proud moment for the Chief when they gathered round him without ceremony to hearken to what he had to say, and he addressed them as follows:—

"Colonel Guthrie, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the 'Maclean Highlanders,' I am very sensible of the honour you have conferred upon me as Chief of the Clan by inviting me to inspect your Regiment, which I have done with the greatest pleasure and with the critical eye of an old Commanding Officer. I congratulate you on the magnificent physique of your men, your soldierly appearance and steadiness on parade.

The greatest credit is due to every member of this splendid Regiment for the way you came forward when the Fiery Cross reached you in your far distant homes beyond the Atlantic and you knew that your services were required; the true spirit of the noblest traditions of your forefathers arose within you, and without hesitation you left your farm, your business and your occupation, to fight for *freedom* and the rights of *humanity*! Scotland is proud of you!

I am glad of this opportunity to give you, in the name of the Clan Mac-

lean Association, a very hearty welcome (to those who speak Gaelic, I say 'Caed mile failte'). We quite appreciate the trouble your gallant Colonel has taken in raising this Regiment. The example he has set by his bravery in action and his energy in organization (in spite of his severe wounds) is deserving of the greatest credit; I understand that 20 out of 33 of your Officers have also been wounded and that they could have retired but preferred to continue their service and lead their men to victory.

I feel certain that under the able leadership of your officers you will nobly uphold the lofty traditions of the Maclean Clan for the past centuries.

Men! now that you have finished your training you may shortly be ordered to take your turn in the front line of this important war zone. Alas! I am too "sick in years" to accompany you. My eldest son is there now to uphold the House of Duart.

The Clan Association has also authorized me to convey to you our *gratitude* for your *patriotism*. Our pride in your *manly bearing*, wearing the Tartan Kilt of the Clan, and our *sincere* wishes for your welfare. Our *earnest prayers* accompany you in your strenuous engagements.

When you meet the foe "dinna forget." The slogan or War Cries are "Fear eile air son Eachuinn," "Bas no beatha."

All can shout "Scotland forever." I wish you all God speed and in Gaelic I say "Beannachd leibh."

The Macleans then gave three lusty cheers, the Tiger and the Bear, after which the O.C. on behalf of the Unit replied as follows:—

"Sir Fitzroy Donald, Chief of the Macleans.

This is the proudest moment of my life and as well is it the proudest moment in the life of every clansman gathered here to-day to do you honour. You are surrounded by men of the blood of Gillean who come from practically every part of the British Empire to fight for our flag and our King. They are 'True Macleans' and you are surrounded to-day by true Macleans just as was Prince Chairlie at Culloden Moor when our fathers fought and bled and died for a Cause and a Principle, for Scotland's freedom, just as these Macleans will fight very shortly for the liberty of the world and the cause of the British Empire.

Because of their loyalty to Scotland their love of liberty, and their devotion to their Prince they stood side by side,

claymore in hand on the field of Cul loden until all but eight were slain and these eight, fearing naught the on-rushing Saxon hordes, stepped bravely forward in front of the body of their fallen Chief giving their lives with the battle cry of "Another for Hector" on their lips. Our clansmen then were scattered to the four winds of the Heavens, into the furthestmost corners of the earth, and wherever the British Flag was flung to the mast head there we find them, planting their seeds and growing like sturdy plants forming the little nations that finally made up the great British Empire.

Since these early days no Battalion has fought in any land or clime for the flag and the King of Britain, but which has had its quota of Macleans and they have distinguished themselves so that their names resound throughout the earth. In science, literature, art and the commercial life of the British countries they have forged to the forefront and history's pages give them ample place.

In the wars of Britain they have never, since the '45, gone into action in the tartan of their own clan and it was for this reason that after the present war had waged for some two years it was thought advisable by the Macleans to fight in their tartan and follow their pipes and their banners to victory. On the 25th September, 1916, the hill tops of the Province of New Brunswick, were lighted as in the days of old, the fiery torch was passed from hand to hand, the skirl of the pipes was heard from border to border, and the sons of Macleans came trooping forward from the forest fastness, from the hill and the glen, the field and the fenland, the village and the city street, to answer the call of the blood, to don the tartan of their fathers, and with the drawn sword of liberty to strike a blow for freedom. Soon afterwards, the same pibroch sounded throughout the hills and valleys of all Canada, from the rock ribbed shores of Cape Breton's Isle to the golden sands of the smiling Pacific, from the Southern Border line to the far and frozen north, and in answer to that call there came many more of the blood, to join the Duart standard. The fame of the Battalion spread throughout the Great Republic which is now our Ally, a campaign was carried on in the largest cities of the mighty Union, into many States our Officers journeyed to sound the call of Clanship until now we have in this Unit representatives, not only of every Province in Canada, but of practically every State in the American Commonwealth.

We were the first to recruit British citizens in the United States; we carried our banners up over Bunker Hill



THE LAST REVIEW—SEAFORD.

Back row—N. S. Nellice Maclean, Mrs. Haines, Mrs. Gardner, Lady Liangattock, Lady Maclean, Mrs. Bramhall.
 Front row—Col. S. D. Gardner, M.C., The Chief, Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Lt.-Col. P. A. Guthrie, Major Haines, D.S.O., Col. Bramhall, Mr. Wesley Maclean (New Zealand), Lt. Martin, Mr. G. B. Daniels, Captain E. A. Sturdee.

for the first time after 141 years, which occasion brought to a climax the growing friendship between our two countries and as the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes mingled together in amity where they had met in combat in the years before, an Officer representing the American Government clasped my hand as a token of friendship that will not be broken through all the years to come.

We have in our Battalion, as well as Macleans, representatives of no less than 52 Scottish Clans or Septs and they are all imbued with a like loyalty and devotion to our Clan, our country and our King. It had been our hope that we would one day somewhere on the Western Front go into action as a Clan Battalion in your tartan, to the music of the Pipes and behind your banner. We had hoped that our Battle Cry might sound across the Trench Line in such volume that even the Kaiser would hear and be terrified

thereat. We had hoped, with that Battle Cry upon our lips, to cross the border of Hunland in the rush of victory even though that victory might be death.

It has been decreed however, by powers whom we must obey, in orders which we must observe, that our brave Clansmen must be scattered throughout the various Units that make up the Canadian Army. True to their tradition they will obey these orders and you will find them still Macleans, Macleans always, fighting in these Units, and, as our fathers in the past, though scattered throughout the British possessions, gave colour and life and brought success to these Dominions, so will the men who surround you to-day, scattered likewise along the Canadian front, bring honour and glory to their respective Battalions and shed a lustre never to be dulled upon British Arms.

Sir Fitzroy, we are proud of our

blood and proud of you as our Chief. Though our homes are far across the seas, our hearts and souls are Scottish and Maclean. Our future footsteps may lead us into dangerous places, following as we will the path of duty, and it may be that many of us will fall in battle. Their death will, however, bring greater honour to our Clan, and those that remain and those that follow, shall through all time maintain the glory of our Clan and the greatness of our Race."

The battalion was then formed up and marched back to Camp, and on its way again "marched past" the Chief in column of fours. Thus ended the greatest day in the history of the Unit, a day that had long been looked forward to and a day which will ever remain bright and glowing in the minds and hearts of all those who were present.

The March Out.

The night of March 7th was the culmination of the efforts of the Maclean Highlanders and their friends for the past year, for on that date a draft of nearly half the battalion departed from their training camp in England bound for the firing line in France. The draft left under the leadership of Colonel Guthrie thus fulfilling in a measure the hopes of those who have had the welfare of the battalion at heart.

After a late dinner, the men who were fortunate enough to be selected for the first draft donned their heavy equipment assisted by their envious comrades, and hundreds of hands were clasped in parting—for in the long months the Macleans have been together, strong friendships have been formed and many a man saw his particular pal leaving, with no clear idea when they would meet again. At eleven o'clock the bugles sounded the "fall in" and the draft marched out on to the parade ground followed by every Maclean in the lines and a few who escaped from the hospital for the occasion. A light flashed up near the officers' quarters heralded the approach of the Colonel who took charge of the calling of the roll and as each man's

name was called he answered clearly from the darkness, "Here Sir!" in tones that showed his pride in being among the first of the Macleans to cross the channel.

Some exuberant friend of the battalion seized upon the occasion to discharge a few bombs somewhere up on the side of the hill and by so doing, caused consternation in the hearts of a neighbouring aeroplane guard.

As soon as the roll was called the order "Move to the right in column of route" announced the breaking up of the Macleans and headed by the pipe band the drafts for the 42nd, 13th and 72nd moved off followed by those who were to be left behind. Not a man had a pass to be out of the lines at that late hour but the boys simply had to give the draft a proper send-off at the depot and all honour to the M.P.'s who, when they learned the situation, were duly indulgent.

Back home somebody said C.Q.M.S. "Daddy" Mooers, the first man to join the battalion, would never get to France. Well, Daddy was the first "Other Rank" to set his foot on the soil of France.

Back home somebody said B.S.M. "Darky" Bayers would never get to

France. Darky was there too, and along with them were nearly half a thousand trained and fit Macleans ready to justify the faith and labour of those good folk at home who have done so much for us.

The breaking up of the Macleans brought heart aches to hundreds of us who have had our part in the making of what we shall always feel was the best old bunch ever collected. But orders are orders, and we will take to the units to which we go the sense of discipline and devotion to duty which has been instilled into us in the old 236th.

We will show to those units and to our friends that our love and esprit de corps for the Macleans will not hinder us from putting our shoulder to the wheel with a good grace wherever we shall find ourselves. And if we cannot do our bit as Macleans we can still do it as Canadians, which is the big thing.

The draft was under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Guthrie, assisted by Lieutenant H. A. Seely, Lieutenant C. E. Blair and Quartermaster Captain J. D. Black as Conducting Officers, and B.S.M. E. Bayers, C.Q.M.S. F. M. Mooers and Transport Sergeant J. Fred Lawney, Conducting N.C.O.'s.



"A" COMPANY draft to the Seaforths.



"B" COMPANY draft to the Seaforths.



"C" COMPANY draft to the Seaforths.



"D" COMPANY draft to the Seaforths.

BREATH O' THE HEATHER



A Regimental Journal printed and published on active service by the 236th Battalion—Maclean Kilties of America, C. E. F.

BRAMSHOTT—APRIL, 1918.

With this issue the "Breath O' The Heather" completes its first year as the Kilties' regimental journal. During the past twelve months we have published six numbers from Fredericton, Valcartier, Boston, Quebec and Montreal, and now that the battalion has been broken up, this the Seaford-Bramshott issue concludes the series, at least for the time. As announced by the Chieftain in his "Farewell," it is hoped after the war to resume publication with a number that will be sent out from Duart Castle, the ancestral home of the Chief of the Clan. Thanks to the splendid advertising support from the business men of the different communities in which the Macleans have been stationed, as also to the loyal interest of the rank and file, we have been able to finance the venture successfully. Our hearty thanks are also due to the scores of clever contributors to the literary columns as well as the assistance given the writer on the business end which together undoubtedly placed the "Breath O' The Heather" in the leading ranks of the military publications of the Canadian Overseas Forces.

PERCY F. GODENRATH, Captain.

Manager.

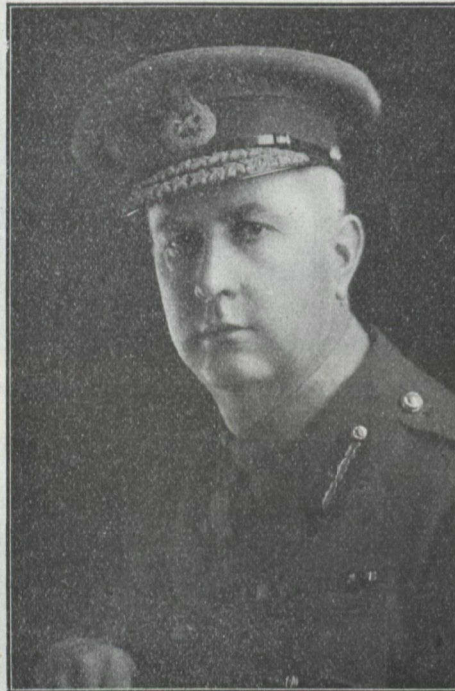
* * *

There seems to be a natural affinity between the United States tars and Sammies and the Macleans. On pass they foregathered with the greatest goodwill. Many Kilties met old friends wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam and are looking forward to meeting many others in France. Scores of Macleans

who enlisted in Canada are finding old friends among the other units in Camp. In fact one is more sure of meeting an acquaintance on the Strand or Piccadilly these days than he would be on St. Catherine's Street, Montreal or Tremont Row in Boston.

* * *

We heard a great deal in Canada about the drill sergeants who were going to "hammer" us into shape and what hard task masters they would prove to be. Now that we have made their acquaintance we are agreeably disappointed. We respect their tremendous



Sir ARTHUR CURRIE.

Canadian Corps Commander.

efficiency and appreciate the fact that they are doing us worlds of good—these non-coms., each of whom wears the gold stripe which tells its own story of duty and sacrifice.

* * *

Not the least interesting feature of camp life in Seaford was the Y.M.C.A. Almost every night a concert was provided which the Macleans attended in large numbers, for the talent is usually of a high order. Many took advantage of the night schools where classes in foreign languages, in commercial studies, elementary and advanced education provided

ample opportunity for those of a studious bent. When one goes to London or other big centres the organization is glad to take charge of the Tommy and ensure him bed and food at reasonable prices, together with a chance of taking in the sights under the care of well informed guides. Throughout the United Kingdom will be found the sign of the "Y"—rest huts, information bureaus, buffets, hostels and concert rooms for the use of the soldier on leave. British, American, Canadian and other dominions all have their Y.M.C.A. organizations working for the common cause.

* * *

Back in the days when the claymore was the national weapon, when Clan stood for a fighting body of men, it was not an unheard of thing for outlanders of other clans, or even of other races, to join with a particular clan for the purpose of a campaign or raid. Many a sturdy Norseman marched and fought as a clansman. Irishmen, Spaniards, French, in fact adventurers of all races donned kilt and sporran. So it is not without precedent that when the tartan of Clan Maclean goes again into battle after a century or so of inaction, we find in the ranks men of nearly every race in the world. Ethnologically the Maclean Highlanders to-day present an interesting spectacle. Wearing the tartan you find Russians, Hollanders, Finns, Germans, French, Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Australians, New Zealanders, Africans, Canadians, Spaniards, citizens of the U.S.A., men of every Highland Clan, in fact nearly every race and clime are represented and they are true proto types of the outlanders who centuries ago marched with the tribe into action. The clansman of the olden days was a skilled soldier of his time; in their attack of fortified castle, or in their defence of their own possessions. In march and battle they made full use of the war science of their time. Scotch bowmen and swordsmen were famous for their skill in the use of their weapons. So to-day the Macleans, true to type, soon rounded into shape as well-disciplined, well-trained soldiers.

Chronological History of the Battalion

By the ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT

(October 19th, 1917, to March 14th, 1918)

OCTOBER, 1917.

- 19th. Final Medical Board assembled, percentage of rejections very small, about 7 per cent.
- 21st. No Church Parades—Bn. C.B.'d. in order to facilitate issuing of overseas equipment. Completed 3 p.m., when entire Bn., 1,150 in all, paraded principal thoroughfares of Montreal.
- 23rd. Muster Parade, under supervision of Headquarters', M.D. 4, held in Craig Street Armoury.
- 24th. Battalion paraded Fletcher's Field for rehearsal for final inspection and to have pictures taken.
- 25th. Inspection on Fletcher's Field by Major General Wilson, G.O.C. M.D. 4.
- 26th. Parade, Inspection and Presentation of Colours to Battalion by Brig. Gen. H. H. Maclean, G.O.C., M.D. No. 7. Motion pictures of our last review in Montreal taken.
- 27th. Casualties struck off strength and preparations for embarkation commenced. Date of departure announced.
- 30th. Reveille, 5 o'clock a.m. Equipment and baggage packed and Battalion ready to move off at 9 a.m. Marched to Docks in heavy downpour of rain and pulled out of dock at 2 p.m.
- 31st. Sailing conditions ideal; getting down to ship routine, assigned places in lifeboats and commenced boat drills.

NOVEMBER.

- 2nd. Arrived Halifax 12 noon and proceeded to Bedford Basin (Sgt. Lennard, of "Breath O' the Heather" Staff, taken ashore, suffering from pneumonia. Died ten days later).
- 6th. Moved up into dock and Battalion disembarked for route march and inspection by Major General Benson, G.O.C. M.D. 6.
- 7th. Another route march in afternoon and very enjoyable concert arranged by ladies of Halifax, given in Freight Sheds. Captain F. Eason promoted to Major, and in Command of "C" Company, and Captain E. A. Sturdee appointed Adjutant.
- 9th. All ships of convoy assembled and sailed at 2 p.m. in following order:—Grampian, Kroonland, Mongolia, Arousa, Canada, Missanabie, Lapland and Calgarian as escort. Canada disappears under horizon, 4.35 p.m. Time put forward 25 minutes at midnight.
- 10th. Hove to for two hours, awaiting arrival two additional ships, Andania (now sunk) and Ortega. Mal-de-mer claims first victims. Run 202 miles. Time forward 30 minutes.
- 11th. First "Boat Edition" of "Breath O' the Heather" published. Run, 274 miles. Time forward 30 minutes.
- 12th. Sports on board. Run 286 miles. Time forward 25 minutes.
- 15th. "Danger Zone" entered.
- 17th. Escort arrived, nine T.B.D.'s.

- 18th. First sight of land, North Coast of Scotland.
- 19th. In the Mersey at 5.30 a.m. Docked Liverpool, 11 o'clock. Disembarked in 22 minutes, a record. Entrained in two special trains, arrived Seaford, 8.45 p.m. and marched to Segregation area.
- 22nd. Medical Inspection commenced.
- 27th. Medical Inspection completed.
- 30th. Released from quarantine and Battalion away on landing leave, six days to England, eight to Scotland.

DECEMBER.

- 9th. All back from leave and settled down to real training.
- 12th. Visited by Lieutenant-General Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.
- 15th. Ten Officers and 35 other ranks commence course at Canadian Trench Warfare School at Bexhill.
- 25th. Christmas Celebration, Church Parades of all denominations. Special menu for all meals. Each hut visited by the Colonel and Staff.

JANUARY.

- 5th. Advance party left for Witley, and battalion warned to proceed on following Thursday.
- 7th. Move to Witley cancelled by Adjutant General.
- 8th. First casualties, nine other ranks struck off for return to Canada.
- 13th. Area visited by Sir Edward Kemp, Minister of Militia.
- 18th. Battalion inspected by General Edgerton.
- 20th. Route march to Eastbourne, 18 miles in all.
- 23rd. Inspection by Lieutenant-General Turner.
- 25th. Burns Night. General Hodgins, formerly Adjutant General of Canada, guest at dinner in Officers' Mess. 1,086 fruit cakes arrived from ladies of Fredericton for the Battalion.
- 26th. Inspection by General Hodgins.

FEBRUARY.

- 1st. Draft of 250 ordered to be transferred to Canadian Machine Depot.
- 5th. Transfer of draft of 250 to Canadian Machine Gun Depot postponed.
- 7th. First death in England, fourth in the Battalion. Private Leeman died in 14th Canadian General Hospital, Eastbourne.
- 9th. Draft to Canadian Machine Gun Depot cancelled.
- 11th. Pte. Leeman buried in North Camp Cemetery with full military honours. 34 Musketry Instructors arrive for Instructional purposes. Musketry training being pushed vigorously.
- 23rd. Definite word received that Battalion is to be broken up. Warned to have 250 other ranks ready to proceed overseas in two weeks.
- 27th. Last Route March as a Battalion.

MARCH.

- 1st. Lieutenants Ryder, Scovil and MacKinnon transferred to Royal Flying Corps. Warned to have two additional drafts of 100 each ready to proceed overseas on 7th instant.
- 4th. Inspection by Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., K.C.B., Chief of Clan Maclean, and party.
- 5th. Call for men for new Railway Construction Corps, 65 responded.
- 6th. Final inspection of drafts by Colonel S. D. Gardner, M.C., G.O.C. Canadian Troops, Seaford Area.
- 7th. Colonel Guthrie presented with Loving Cup by "D" Company and Pipe Band, and attache case by Officers. Last address by the Colonel to the Battalion as a whole. Colonel Guthrie, three officers and three other ranks proceed to France with drafts on conducting duty. Drafts departed at 12 midnight, entrained 1 a.m.
- 12th. Received orders to move to Bramshott.
- 13th. Balance of the Macleans, 486 all ranks, depart from Seaford 1.40 by special train, arriving Bramshott 5 p.m. Two Officers and 50 other ranks left in Seaford as rear party. Colonel Guthrie back from France.
- 14th. Taken on strength 20th Canadian Reserve Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada and formed into "D" Company of that unit.

* * *

FAREWELL TO THE MAJOR.

"B" Company's farewell demonstrations to Major D. A. Laurie was an event that will leave a vivid impression on the mind of every man that witnessed it. It was not merely a "He is a good fellow. Let's give him three cheers and send him along" sort of an affair. It was something deeper and stronger. It was an expression of personal affection, for the men of "B" swore by the Major. They bore him on their shoulders about the lines and the cheering was of the variety heard at political conventions, a continuous rumble lasting minutes. Bagpipes added to the din and Macleans from the other three companies joined with "B" in their good-bye.

Major Laurie went back to Canada because a medical board decided that the several pieces of shrapnel which he still carries in his body as a memento of his first visit to France unfit him for a second try at the Hun.



Some salutes have a marvellous resemblance to the "Roberts" measuring method.

* * *

Sergeant Milne is said to have surrendered to the instructors during the night of the attack on the "Hindenburg Line" at Bexhill, owing to the fact that a smoke bomb will not take the place of a Player's Cigarette.

* * *



That last Route March.

* * *

(After the route march). Orderly Officer. "Any complaints?" Private McNaught.—"Yes, Sir, the meat is tough."

Orderly Officer.—"Is it too tough or are you too tired to chew it?"

* * *

Corporal McKerlick spent ten shillings.

* * *

A new excuse—Somnambulism.

A hatless salute by C.Q.M.S. Rutherford and some Chelsea Portfolio Drill added interest to a recent muster parade.

* * *

On the same afternoon C.Q.M.S. Duthie ably "paged" some hut orderlies.

* * *

On their way to Chelsea. Skeggs,—"I can stand their 180 a minute all right." Dymond.—"What, Scotches?"

* * *

Sayings of famous men,—"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." Sergeant Carmichael.

* * *

Two members of the Sergeants' Mess are said to have celebrated Boxing Day on Christmas afternoon.

* * *

Staff Officer, walking in on a "little game." "Well what's this?"

Sergeant X.—"Cook house just blew, Sir."

Staff Officer.—"Did you think that was a signal to start gambling?"

* * *

Private O'Malley, "I couldn't shave this morning, Sir. There's no water. All frozen up."

B. S. M.—"Spit in your shaving brush."

* * *

The victory must be won.

* * *

Who is the O.C. of the "Sore eyed Pup of non descrepit parentage?"

* * *

Heard from "Nancy the Nut" lately, Sergeant Major?

One nice thing about this climate, it usually clears up in time for P.T.

* * *

Orderly Sergeant—"Fall in with great coats."

Private—: Will we put 'em on?

Orderly Sergeant—"No, put 'em in your water bottle."

* * *

Who stole Rowley's Heckle?

* * *

How to hold a job, AII. to BII. by "Who wants to know?"

* * *

All "Ginger" Milne has to worry about in connection with his girl is a Cameron Highlander, a Sailor and an Australian.

* * *

Who was the Sergeant that asked for an eye test when the Doctor passed him AII.

* * *



A Night Attack.

* * *

We will have to get "Lord Rhondda" after Candy Destroyer Craig.

* * *

'E doant know, Sir!

* * *

Private Shimski—"Stop, who goes dat way?"

O.O.—"A friend."

Private Shimski—"All right friend, come dis way."

THE CHIEF



Mac-III-Eathain Dhubhairt (Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., K.C.B., of Duart and Morvaren).

—◆— BREATH O' THE HEATHER —◆—

THE CHIEFTAIN



Lieut.-Col. Percy A. Guthrie (Commanding Officer 236th Batt. O.M.F.C.—The Macleans).

—◆— Maclean Kilties of America. —◆—

Will Private Ike Studholme tell us who is the masked man of mystery?

* * *

On the night of the last standby for an air raid, C.S.M. Sheffield entered a hut in A lines and gave the instructions as to what was to be done in case the Gothas put in an appearance. A voice from the darkness enquired, "What time will they be here?"

* * *

Private Hulme and his friend will sing that beautiful song "Waiting Up the Alley For Our Change." For an encore they will render, "She Never Came Back. No she never came back. Though we waited an hour and more." The two Australians will render, "We Ain't no Bloomin' Can-i-i-dians."

* * *

Sergeant R—ts jilted his Hastings sweetheart for a Bexhill milliner. Fickle Jack.

* * *

Private Jeremiah Hanley at a Friday Dinner: "Was this fish caught or did it give itself up?"

* * *

C.Q.M.S. "Daddy" Mooers to C.Q.M.S. Paul Kuhring, on top of a London bus. "Aren't those two pretty little girls?"

Pretty little girl: "Kiss me Sergeant, I love you."

* * *

Tony—Tony—Tony.
Lord God Almighty.

Chorus of Orderly Room Clerks.

* * *

The story of King Alfred burning the cakes at Alfriston, is said to be more or less legendary but Corporal Dawson of the "Snappy Eight" denies it. He claims "Snappy Eight" had 'em for supper the other night.

* * *

Do Canadian Badges make a Canadian out of an Imperial Army Instructor Sergeant?

* * *

Why did Private Archie Lampman choose Victoria Station for a bed-room?

We will give the answer next issue—Perhaps.

What did Sergeant Lawney do on top of the Seven Sisters?

* * *

(Overheard on clothing parade). Private Newcomb: "What in blazes does he want a towel for? The water's been shut off for a week!"

* * *

Private Rigby says all route marches should be to Eastbourne. What is her name?

* * *

"Don' tork to 'im, Corporal! Put 'im in the Clink! Leef! Rite! Leef! Rite!"

* * *



Jimmie Cameron Hunting Big Game in France.

* * *

The regimental historian is wondering if he can trace the origin of the sporran back to Adam's fig leaf. Why is a sporran anyway?

* * *

Who was it that said the next "Breath O' the Heather" would have to be printed on asbestos paper?

* * *

In what innocent pastime did B.S.M. Bayers interrupt C.S.M. Hiram Copp, the night the draft went away?

Will Sergeant McKee please tell us who was the Drum Major of the agony band that got the gate at the Station?

* * *

The laddie that's known as Lew had an unfortunate encounter with Dangerous John McGaw.

* * *

B.S.M. of the 42nd at Bramshott a week after the reinforcements arrived. "Stand Fast, ! Maclean Highlanders." Who says we are bust?

* * *

Private "Billy" Smith (upon the return of the Concert Party from the Hospital at Eastbourne) "There was both nerve and 'patience' in Major Mersereau's last trip."

* * *

Mooted Questions.

When is the next "Breath O' the Heather" coming out?

When are we going to get paid?

When is my laundry coming back?

Who stole my fork?

What in — is the matter with the mail?

Will I go sick or do P.T.?

When are we going to get any more passes?

How can I get a medical board?

Is there sausage for dinner?

* * *

Heard in the Huts.

"You're fightin' for humanity, ain't yuh?"

"Humanity H——! He came into the Army for something to eat."

"Sure I did. I ain't got it yet neither."

* * *

Ambulance Tales.

Red Cap: "What is this machine running about town for?"

236th Sergeant: "Some of our men have gone astray and we are rounding them up."

Red Caps: "Have you got them?"

236th Sergeant: "Yes, Sir! They're all in the machine."

(It is said that B.S.M. Bayers, Sergt. Lawney, Sergt. Hagans and Sergt. Lebaron enjoyed a pleasant sightseeing trip while in Eastbourne recently.)

Lays and Lyrics

By THE BOYS

SUSSEX.

"God gives all men all Earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved of all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice,
The lot has fallen to me,
In a fair ground—in a fair ground,
Yea, Sussex by the Sea!"

—Kipling.

God gives all men all Earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
We are ordered here to what will prove
The toughest camp of all.
Each to his choice, but we'd rejoice,
In another place to be,
Away from mud—such sticky mud
In Sussex by the Sea!

—Jock.

* * *

THE GROUSE.

Of all the damfool implements a soldier has to "tote,"
The razor and the toothbrush are the ones that get your goat,
The razor won't cut butter and the tooth brush is a joke,
It's only fit for shining up the buttons on your coat.
I tried to use the razor once,
And after several "swipes,"
I threw the damned thing in the trench,
And put up two GOLD STRIPES.
I'll tackle "Fritz" at any time,
And never bat a lid,
But face an Army razor? No!
Not for a million "quid."
I only wish a law was passed to make the Q.M.G.
Just try his razors on himself, before they're passed to me.
For I am sure if this was done, we'd never have to shave,
And every day a new Q.M. would see an early grave.

—The Grouser.

ISLE DE LANGUEUR.

Carelessly sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Laughter of winds and wash of the sea,
White foam-tipped waves and silver moonbeams,
Joining in dancing, entrancingly free.
Mysteriously sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Shadows of palms and soft Southern Lore,
Lithe bodies a-swaying, music that seems
Born of dark caverns in surf-beaten shore.

Masterfully sweet is the Isle of my Dreams,
Hopeless the wanderer fast in her toils.
The Lotos once eaten, forgotten the schemes,
Of vaulting Ambition and Earth's mad turmoils.
Wonderful, languorous island that gleams,
Home of the colours, a fragment of dreams.

—T. J. W.

* * *

THE O.C.

You have tried so hard to keep us, we know you have done your best,
You have fought for good old Clan Maclean from the far Canadian West,
To the training Camp in England it has ever been your aim,
To "go over the top" and there not stop until we gained our fame,
But fortune of War is not always kind and so we now must part,
And what you have said at leaving will sink deep in our heart.
We will be Maclean forever, though scattered far and wide,
And we will keep the old Flag flying whatever else betide.
Instead of being a Unit and staying in one place,

Where the skirl of the Pipes and the flash of the Kilt would tell them of our race,
We will spread along the whole front line and there we will sing the praise.
Of the O.C. who was a pal to us through all our training days.
We are willing and glad to go when called, each one will play the game,
Wherever we fit we will do our bit to respect our honour and name.
So cheer up Chieftian of the Clan, "Are we downhearted? No!"
The silver lining will peep out when the Kaiser we send below.

—J. F. L.

* * *

OUR FRIEND (?) THE GENERAL.

Who was the friend of the boys in Quebec.
Who saved the Kilties from being a wreck,
Who was the ace of the training camp deck?
THE GENERAL.
Who was it taught us to lay out our kits,
Polish our buttons and also our wits,
Who used to have ninety-nine kinds of fits?
THE GENERAL.
Who was it stopped selling beer in the Mess,
Who was it checked us all up on our dress,
Who was it made the word "CLINK" a success?
THE GENERAL.
Who was it said "I hope always to be With you until you sail over the sea,"
Who was it heard some giggle, "Tee Hee?"
THE GENERAL.
Who is the "Pea Cracker's" pride and his boast,
Who taught us all save what we needed most.
Who damned the bugler for blowing Last Post?
THE GENERAL.

MOON SONG.

I sing my song to the misty stars,
 When the white moon rides on high.
 Though my song is a song of love and
 tears.
 I sing it with never a sigh.
 For youth is strong, though the road
 is long,
 And many have gone before.
 Singing that song of love and tears,
 And what we bear they bore.
 How shall I be sad when the world is
 glad,
 And the wild night breezes sing?
 Laughing they cry "Come out!
 Come out!
 Young feet must dance their fling."
 But the white moon's wrapped in a
 shroud of grey,
 Where, ah where, is my laughter,
 pray? —T.J.W.

* * *

NUMBER NINES.

'Twas when I first enlisted and my uni-
 form looked fine,
 That I first made the acquaintance of
 the pill called "No. Nine,"
 I had a touch of fever with a little dash
 of chills,
 The M.O. looked me over and he
 handed me some pills.
 He gave me no directions, all he did
 was feel my pulse,
 So I downed the whole darned busi-
 ness and sat down to wait result.
 I didn't have to wait at all, they came
 right off the bat,
 My sprinting record down the lines was
 one mile "nothing" flat.
 And all that day I trotted, and all that
 night I swore,
 I cussed that M.O. good and strong,
 believe me I was sore.
 I made a solemn promise to keep off
 the sick parade,
 But I fell on P.T. one day and had to
 have first aid.
 They took me to the "Doc." again,
 this time he shook his head,
 He gave me half a dozen pills and said
 to stay in bed.
 I took the pills in all good faith, who
 would'nt, by the signs?
 For how in Hell was I to know he gave
 me "Number Nines?"

The rotter got me this time good, he
 said to stay in bed,
 Well all I've got to say is, if I had I'd
 sure be dead.
 For even one's best friends won't
 stand for everything you know.
 And just as I got into bed I has to up
 and go.
 I never saw that "Doc." again fo'r
 soon he got the "can,"
 And when I saw our new M.O. I said
 "Well, here's a man."
 He seemed to have some common
 sense, and so when I felt sick
 I hiked it to the M.O.'s tent and did it
 double quick.
 He said he thought I needed rest. I
 thought "Doc. you're a prince."
 He said "You'd better take these pills"
 (I've changed opinions since),
 For he was like the other one, yes, he
 was even worse.
 If he had stayed with us a month
 we'd had to buy a hearse.
 'Twas "Number Nines," for everything,
 'twas all the blighter knew,
 From toothache down to hammer toes
 he made the one dose do.
 So I got down on Doctors and I
 was'nt sick again.
 But coming over on the boat I found a
 louse and then.
 I simply had to get some dope to keep
 the bugs away,
 And so I went on sick parade, but
 Holy Moses, say!
 I got the same damned bloomin' pills,
 what happened I don't know,
 But now I'm sentenced to be shot for
 killin' the M.O.

—A.L.F.

* * *

BUSTED.

The long fight is over, the Kilties are
 sad,
 For the gamest O.C. that a bunch ever
 had
 Has been forced to submit to the great
 "Game of War."
 And now we are busted, disgusted and
 sore.
 Our hopes and our plans are all knocked
 galley west,

We're simply a lot of misfits like the
 rest,
 The "Two Thirty Sixth" now is only
 a name,
 But still we can't quit and we've got to
 die game.
 We'd planned when we went "o'er the
 top" to go forth
 With Sandy Stewart playin' the "Cock
 o' the North,"
 And old Darky Bayers a yellin' his best
 "Now who's that damfool that's
 improperly dressed?"
 You see our ambitions were noble and
 swell,
 We'd planned to give Fritz a real taste
 of Scotch hell,
 And show him some things that the
 Hun never saw,
 My God, but this bustin' up business
 is raw!
 I'm sore on the Kaiser and all of his
 crew,
 I'm sore on the guy that has busted us,
 too,
 I hope they both have the same sort
 of success,
 I wish them a "Soldier's Farewell,"
 nothing less.
 Well boys when the last bloomin' shell
 has been shot,
 And Fritz has been scattered all over
 the lot,
 Let's go get the Colonel and plenty of
 gin,
 And go on a "Hell roarin' toot" in
 BERLIN. —Scottie.

* * *

DIED AT HALIFAX.

Two days after the battalion de-
 parted for overseas Sergeant C. N. Len-
 nard died in hospital at Halifax. He
 had been taken off the transport at
 that port very ill and died of pneu-
 monia. He was a conscientious worker
 during the recruiting campaign, both
 in Canada and the United States, and
 was universally respected by both
 officers and men for his high Christian
 character. Many a Maclean remem-
 bers the helping hand extended by
 Sergeant Lennard during sickness or
 trouble. His home was in Yorkshire
 where he leaves an invalid mother. A
 brother, Rev. Lennard, was at one
 time chaplain to His Majesty's forces.

The Macleans of America

We have pleasure in reproducing, with the permission of the author, Pte. Sandy MacCracken, the last few stanzas of the history of the "Maclean Highlanders" in verse, which the author has dedicated to Major General Hugh Havelock Maclean, K.C., M.P., of St. John, N.B., Canada. Complete, the verses cover the history of the 236th Battalion from its inception to its break-up.—Editor.

THE LAST SCENE.

I.

The valleys are filled with the mists of the morn,
Where the Cuckmere flows slowly unkempt and forlorn
To the haven that lies 'tween the "Sisters of chalk,"⁽¹⁾
Where the waves they receive on their breasts with a shock.

II.

'Twas here that the seeds of a nation were sown
Ere the coming of Christ to the world was made known;⁽²⁾
'Twas here that King Alfred had tended his sheep
Ere he planted the Cross in the Alfriston Keep.
'Twas here that de Montfort had claimed him a crown,⁽³⁾
And challenged a King ere he lances laid down.

III.

The Sun on his way from the war-fields of France
Peeps in on this vista of
Ancient Romance;
While his servant the
"Breeze of the Morn"
rushes by
And rolls up the "Curtain
of Mist" from the sky.
And behold on the hill by
the edge of the plain
A lone man is seen in the
kilt of Maclean.
His tartan shows red on the
background of green
Like the blood of the foe on
the claymore's broad
sheen;
The heckle of black—the true mark of "the North,"
Like mica from granite shines brilliantly forth.
The glint of Cairngorum on skean-dhu and brooch
Doth the rays of the sunshine in brightness approach;
While flashes and tassels by breezes are tossed,
Pray who is this Shepherd whose flock has been lost.

IV.

'Tis the Chieftain that stands on the hillside alone,
Bereft of the Clansmen he once called his own;
They are scattered and gone by Fate's fell decree,
Yet down in the valley each face can he see.
Once more they are marching with true Scottish tread,
Their arms swinging forward, and each face and head
Erect with eyes upward, determined and fearless,
These sons of Clan Gillean, dauntless and peerless;
For never in history and never again
Shall there be a regiment like that of Maclean.

V.

The last that we saw him with smiles he was bright,
Hair, dark as the raven, now snowy and white;
The cheeks are now sunken, and bent is the form,
As though facing in anguish the wrath of the storm.
The sparkle is gone from the eye that was keen
And the pallor of death in the face can be seen,
So he stands as one smitten with Misery's rod,
A pitiful sight in the face of his God.

VI.

Though the camp is as silent as death can be still,
He can hear their gay laughter from over the hill;
Though the fires long since were permitted to die,
He can see the smoke curling up into the sky.
Though the bugles no more swell in silvery blast
They stir him again as a voice from the past.

And he smiles as the Pipers
with might and with main,
Fill the valleys with life—the
bold march of Maclean.

VII.

World, where is your pity,
Death, where is your sting?
Fate, since you have con-
quered crown Destiny
King;
Has Justice turned harlot,
has Truth sped away,
Must Virtue her face hide in
shame from the day?

Must Duty be scorned, must Devotion be flaunted,
And spirits be broken of hearts once undaunted?
With a gesture he gathers them 'round him again,
Saying, "Hark to your Chieftain, ye sons of Maclean."

VIII.

I gathered you out of the lands of the West,
And freely you came at your old Chief's behest;
His call you obeyed when Hugh Havelock his kin⁽⁴⁾
Sent forth his command that you must gather in.
When the hill-tops were lighted, the summons you knew,
And you followed the Cross in your fealty true.
Your homes and your hearthsides, your babes and your bairn,⁽⁵⁾
Your lads and your lassies, your wives and your pairn.⁽⁶⁾
You left that your duty you might so well do,
That now as for Chairlie, Macleans would be true;
You have practised so careful the arts of the war,
You have learned in a time that was not done before;



" 'Tis the Chieftain that stands on the hillside alone."

You've been true to your Clan and the blood of your Sires,
Whose tradition the whole Gaelic people inspires,
Dependent on none since the days of the flood,
Together we fought and together we stood.
And great was our triumph though bitterly brief
When our homage we paid to Sir Fitzroy, our Chief.⁽⁷⁾

IX.

We had thought to go out to the fair land of France
Where our blood finds its cousins of love and romance ;
Where Germania froths and doth vomit her spleen
'Gainst the Power of Right that the world may be clean.
And there 'mid the mines, and the bombs and the shells,
The gas and the fire, the shrieks and the yells
Of the grim fields of battle, o'erburdened with slain
To fling to the breeze the red kilt of Maclean.
We had hoped our brave banners to valiantly bear
Aloft through the smoke-laden, lead-bitten air
Till victory sweet brought repose to the world,
And the flags of our Allies with ours were furled.
But, alas ! those dear dreams are a thing of the past,
Our hopes have been seared by Officialdom's blast,
And fight though we will o'er hill and o'er plain
We must not wear the tartan o' red—the Maclean.

X.

They may scatter as far, their ranks they may fill,
But the spirit of Gillean will be with us still ;
We'll dig 'neath the earth the tunnel and mine,
We'll sail o'er the sea and far 'neath the brine ;
We'll master the air that from out of the sky
The foes of our country will fear our Clan cry.

(1) The Seven Sisters—Cliffs
(2) First settlement of Saxons

(3) Battle of Lewes
(4) Major General Hugh Havelock
Maclean, K.C., M.P. Canada

(5) Bairnies
(6) Parents

(7) Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean,
Bart., K.C.B., of Duart (Chief
of Clan Maclean)

And such glory we'll bring to the arms that we bear,
They'll say in their victory we must have been there.
In the days that are past we were true to a cause,
To Scotland and Chairlie and liberty's laws ;
They scattered us far out over the main
But they could not blot out that one word—Maclean.

XI.

So again will it be at the close of the war,
Those that are left will foregather once more ;
In our Clan we will meet at the Castle of Duart
And renew once again the fond mem'ries of Stuart.
From the sacred old hands of our Chief in his years
We'll receive back again with joy, but in tears,
Our flags and our banners which he shall have blest
Then out o'er the sea to the lands of the west ;
To the loved ones long waiting we'll journey again,
And forever keep foremost the Clan of Maclean."

XII.

Then he folded his arms and bowed low his head
For his heart was broken, his spirit was dead ;
Little he knew that no clansman was near,
That his words had not reached to a Clansman's ear
That alone he stood on the hillside there,
And the scene was a vision of his despair.
Then the sun with pity hid his face in a cloud
And shed his sad tears on the form that was bowed ;
And the mists of the morn did enfold him again,
And did blot out the Chieftain of good Clan Maclean.

SANDY MACCRACKEN.

Handing Over.

The closing scene in the history of "The Macleans" was set on the Parade Ground of the 20th Reserve Battalion (Royal Highlanders of Canada) on the afternoon of the 14th March, 1918. "The Macleans" for the last time were drawn up in Battalion formation under the command of Major H. H. Maclean when the two O.C.'s, Lieut.-Colonel Cantlie, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel P. A. Guthrie, having transferred the documents in the Orderly Room, approached for the purpose of "handing over." The Battalion, as a Battalion for the last time, answered to a military command when Major Maclean called it to "Attention!" after which the men gathered round the two Commanding Officers to listen to what was said.

Lieut.-Colonel Guthrie, in the course of his remarks said:—"For over a year they have conducted themselves as soldiers and gentlemen ; they have unswervingly followed the path of duty, and have proven themselves to be true comrades and true men. They have been proud of their Clan and proud of their Tartan, both of which they must now change, but they accept their fate as soldiers and knowing the distinction with which you have served and the glory which your Tartan has brought to British Arms, they will continue and 'carry on' with the same spirit they have evinced since their mobilization, and blending with your gallant men, will endeavour to maintain as well as the traditions of their fathers, the fine traditions which the

13th and 42nd have made and established in France."

Lieut.-Colonel Cantlie, D.S.O., replying, said he welcomed them to the ranks of the Royal Highlanders of Canada and regretted, since the Macleans had to be broken up, that the entire unit, as originally intended, had not come to him. He expressed pleasure in the splendid physique and fine general appearance of the men and their keenness in their work and concluded his remarks with the hopes that they would find their stay in the 20th Reserve pleasant and profitable as soldiers. After cheers for the R.H.C. and the Macleans, the parade was reformed and became "D" Company of the 20th Reserve Battalion.

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 gladsome 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 hopes 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."

* * *

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.

* * *

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.

* * *

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?*

* * *

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.

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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."

* * *

Baby Face ???

* * *

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.

PRESENTED WITH LOVING CUP.

One of the most touching scenes of the breaking up of the unit was that on the evening of March 6th when the boys of "D" Company and the members of the Kiltie Pipe Band presented to Colonel Guthrie a magnificent silver loving cup in token of their esteem for the Chieftain and for the splendid efforts made to keep the Kilties together. A large percentage of the boys of "D" Company were volunteers from Boston, who, when the Colonel inaugurated the campaign for recruits at the Hub immediately donned the King's uniform and entrained for the regimental depot at Fredericton.

Headed by the pipe band and an armed party—the draft for the 13th Bn. R.H.C.—the company marched to the Y.M.C.A. under C.S.M. Dymond. On the arrival of the O.C., Private G. H. Ivey on behalf of the company and the pipe band, presented the loving cup saying:—

"Knowing the time has come when we cease to be the 236th Battalion Maclean Highlanders, and having to leave behind such a leader as yourself, we desire, Sir, to show our appreciation of you for the ever kind and generous way you have used us and also for your never ending interest in us and our welfare and the strenuous efforts you have made to keep us together as a unit. We deeply feel our loss that we are to go to France without you to lead us. We recall when you came to Boston for volunteers you were unknown, but after we had heard your appeal we gave you the "once over" on good old Boston Common, for you satisfied us you were the man to lead us in this world conflict and we gladly followed you. Not one of us regret the step we have taken. Have we boys? (Cheers). But in this the darkest hour of the battalion we wish you to accept a small token of our esteem and to take with you this loving cup in memory of the boys of "D" Company and the Pipe Band."

In words of tense feeling the Colonel, in accepting the token, recounted the hard struggle to organize the unit, the promises made to be kept together, which so influenced the recruiting in the States, the securing of a place in the Fifth Division—now broken up—

and the necessity of disbandment of the Kilties. He was glad to announce that he would travel with them to France and had offered to revert so that he could stay with them when they reached the trenches. After cheers for the O.C. the boys chanted him through the lines to the Officers Mess, bringing to a close a most hearty farewell. The cup was engraved as follows:—"To Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Guthrie, C.O. 236th Battalion Maclean Highlanders, O.M.F.C., from the N.C.O.'s and men of "D" Company and the members of the Pipe Band. March 5th, 1918."

* * *

THE KILTIE CONCERT COMPANY.

Since arriving in England the Kiltie Concert Company has been kept together as an organization, and on frequent occasion has given excellent performances in Seaford Camp and elsewhere, besides providing entertainment at Headquarters, Officers' and Sergeants' messes in the area. Commencing with the night after the arrival of the battalion in camp the concert party staged a show at the Y.M.C.A. So pleased were the "Y" that on Christmas night the show was invited to perform at the Engineers Training Depot. Following this, a week was devoted to the Y.M.C.A., playing in their different huts in the area. Next a show was staged at Hove and on returning to camp repeat performances were given in the Seaford area. Then came an invitation to visit Eastbourne and perform before the patients and staff of the 14th Canadian General Hospital. This was followed by a trip to London where two performances were given at the Eagle Hut (American Y.M.C.A.). From town the company journeyed to Folkestone and gave two concerts a day during a week spent in the Shorncliffe area. This included visits to the Y.M.C.A. huts and Canadian Hospitals, such as Beechborough; Moore and Risboro barracks on St. Martin's Plain and Sandgate and Sadling. Returning from Folkestone a second visit was paid to the Metropolis, again playing at the Eagle

Hut. When the remnants of the Battalion moved to Bramshott the Concert Company gave a splendid impromptu performance on the first Mess night at the 20th Reserve Battalion.

The high order of talent contained in the company; the versatility of the performers and the "pep" shown in their work have won unstinted praise for the Kiltie Concert Company. So much is this the case that the Y.M.C.A. have asked that the company be permitted to make an extended road tour to entertain the soldiers of the Empire in barracks, camps, convalescent homes and hospitals throughout England.

Major C. R. Mersereau, who organized and has so successfully managed the company both in Canada and England, assisted by the Padre, Captain "Billy" Godfrey—now with the Chaplains Services—is still looking after the interests of the boys in the Bramshott area who form part of the 20th Reserve Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada. Much credit is due to the following members for their consistent work and interest in making the Concert party the success it has been and for their innumerable efforts to entertain their fellow comrades of the old 236th Maclean Kilties of America.

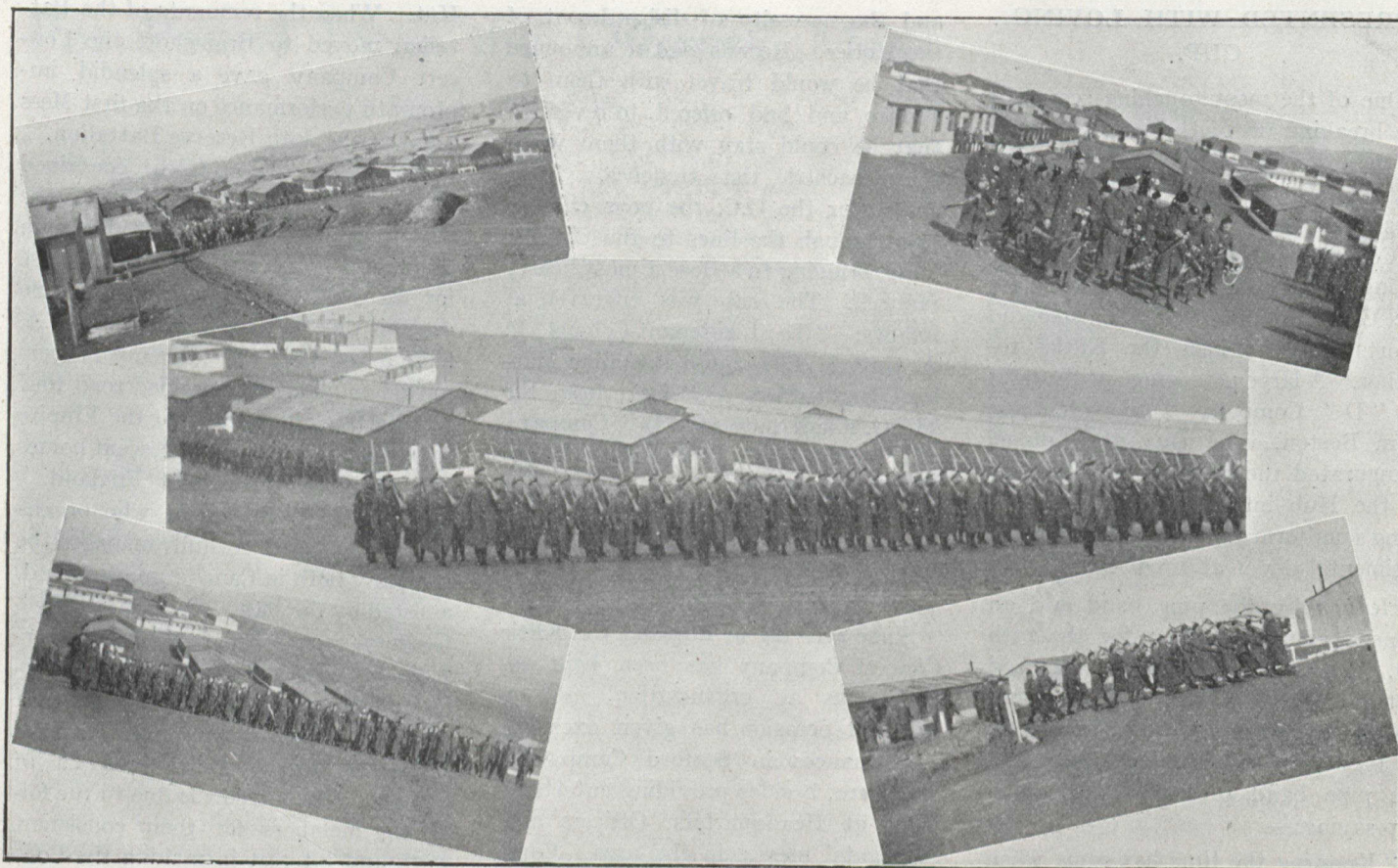
1030347	C.Q.M.S. G. N. Duthie.
1030328	A.-Sgt. C. A. Cromwell.
1030994	Cpl. A. C. Beckwith.
1030819	L.-Cpl. E. D. McDonald.
1031241	Cpl. A. Y. Craig.
1030707	A.-Cpl. D. Garritty.
467264	Cpl. G. G. Walker.
1030298	Pte. W. D. O'Connor.
743040	Pte. C. E. Ross.
1031319	Pte. J. K. Wilson.
1030805	Pte. Sam Roberts.
1031975	Pte. M. Cockburn.

* * *

Rumour has it that Lieut. Frank Ryder, on his first flight, stalled his engine at 5,000ft. Scov. had to go up after him; meanwhile, Steve could be heard playing "Don't go down the mine, Daddy," on his guitar.

* * *

The Q.M. and Capt. B'win returned the field kitchen to ordnance late at night; without the aid of horses—or Capt. B'win.



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 1030543 Pte. Rees, Alfred T.
 1030015 Pte. Reilly, George A.
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 1031206 Pte. Richardson, Thomas
 1031215 Pte. Rigby, Milton K.
 1030435 Pte. Rogerson, Samuel
 1031334 Pte. Ross, George R.
 1030038 Pte. Rushbrook, John W.
 1031354 Pte. Savi, Paul A.
 1030787 Pte. Simpson, Henry
 1031102 Pte. Smith, Herbert W.
 1030491 Pte. Smith, Thomas
 1031254 Pte. Steeves, Robert N.
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 1031198 Pte. Thompson, Thomas A.
 1030576 Pte. Thompson, Wylie F.
 1031356 Pte. Tizard, George F.
 1030493 Pte. Tullock, John S.
 1031192 Pte. Wells, Reuben H.
 1334396 Pte. Welsh, Thomas
 1031236 Pte. Whelan, Augustus
 1031122 Pte. Whitman, Harry
 1030790 Pte. Whitty, William F.
 1031324 Pte. Wiley, Mack
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 1030939 Pte. Baxter, A. H.
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 1030199 Pte. Barlow, W. R.
 1030188 Pte. Blair, George
 1030339 Pte. Brown, Ernest
 1031150 Pte. Bulman, G.
 1030691 Pte. Conroy, J.
 1030895 Pte. Coffey, J.
 1031094 Pte. Durie, Wm.
 67334 Pte. Dowling, V.
 1030655 Pte. Eddy, W. D.
 1031000 Pte. Fields, J. H.
 1030234 Pte. Furlotte, W.
 1030293 Pte. Forrest, G. F.
 1030929 Pte. Gillis, J. McK.
 818182 Pte. Graham, Wm.
 818059 Pte. Hall, A.
 1030286 Pte. Hoyt, H. H.
 1030147 Pte. Hutchings, K. L.
 1030375 Pte. Holmes, J. T.
 1030453 Pte. Ingham, A. H.
 1030588 Pte. Jacobs, E. M.
 1031234 Pte. Jacobs, F. G.
 1030355 Pte. Jamie, J. S.
 1030285 Pte. Ketchum, G. L.
 1030083 Pte. Kuhring, P. L.
 1030340 Pte. Leanihan, F. P.
 1030111 Pte. Lewis, A.
 1030745 Pte. Morrison, J. A.
 1031235 Pte. Mullen, E.
 1030002 Pte. Mooers, C. L.
 1030001 Pte. Mooers, F. L.
 1030536 Pte. McCaffrey, J. E.
 1030054 Pte. McCosh, W. D.
 1030847 Pte. McDonald, J.

1030300 Pte. McGregor, F. R.
 1030040 Pte. McLean, D.
 1030331 Pte. McWhinney, A. E.
 1031054 Pte. McPhee, A.
 1031195 Pte. McNally, W. C.
 1030021 Pte. Nason, F. H.
 1031275 Pte. Pickett, G. T.
 1031052 Pte. Paquin, G.
 1817392 Pte. Petley, A.
 1030489 Pte. Quilley, J. W.
 1830492 Pte. Rasmussen, E. F.
 1030187 Pte. Russell, W.
 1030022 Pte. Shepherd, W. G.
 1031013 Pte. Schofield, G.
 1031330 Pte. Smith, G. I.
 1030896 Pte. Smith, E.
 1031027 Pte. Shorter, W. S.
 1030827 Pte. Seaborne, J. W. R.
 1030631 Pte. Trunks, F. J.
 1030693 Pte. Wilson, W.
 1030041 Pte. Wood, A. B.
 1031184 Pte. Wheaton, H. C.
 1030824 Pte. Willis, Wm.
 1030960 Pte. Hague, J.
 1030315 Pte. Archer, S. C.
 1030207 Pte. Doucette, S.
 1030197 Pte. Doucette, W.
 1030390 Pte. Hannigan, F. W.
 1030072 Pte. McNeill, J. A.

Draft to the CANADIAN ENGINEERS.

1030044 Pte. Bailey, R. W.
 1030127 Pte. Ballantine, T. G.
 1030972 Pte. Orchard, J. A.
 1030293 Pte. Wallace, B. S.
 1030594 Pte. Pease, E.
 1030534 Pte. Chisholm, D. A.
 1030249 Pte. McLaughlin, R.
 1030029 Pte. Howard, G. F.

1030292 Pte. Jamerson, A.
 1030535 Pte. Coakley, H.
 1030318 Pte. Pomeroy, T. A.
 1030984 Pte. Wilkie, A. K.
 1031024 Pte. Johnston, C. M.
 1030090 Pte. Lawlor, G.

Draft to the CANADIAN MACHINE GUN DEPOT.

1030260 Pte. Pettis, H. D.
 1030258 Pte. Pettis, L. O.
 1030697 Pte. Pettis, N. McK.
 1030139 Pte. Matheson, H. L.
 1030279 Pte. Girvan, W. G.

OFFICERS.

Royal Flying Corps.

Lieut. E. M. Scovil, M.M.
 Lieut. Frank Ryder
 Lieut. A. C. McKinnon
 Lieut. L. F. Stevenson

Canadian Railway Troops.

Captain F. W. C. Wetmore

Canadian Chaplain Service.

Captain W. S. Godfrey

P. P. C. L. I.

Lieut. N. C. Macfarlane.

The remainder of the Battalion to the
 20th Reserve—Royal Highlanders of
 Canada.—March 14th, 1918.

How They Felt

The Morning after the Bust-Up of the Battalion.

Cpl. Lampman—"For men may
 come and men may go, but P.T. goes
 on forever."

* * *

Cpl. Frederick Joseph Trunks—"I
 don't feel like soldiering any more. A
 year of the Colonel's work gone to
 H—."

* * *

Sgt. Ferguson—"Nothing!"

* * *

Sgt. Macdonald—"I just agree with
 old man Sherman."

* * *

Sgt. Coutts—"I am speechless!"

* * *

Signaller Howard—"I don't give a
 whoop!"

* * *

Old John Bull, the paper boy—"They
 'ave gone to hay grand an' noble work.
 Hi 'eard 'em go, so did the wife."

* * *

Sgt. Roy Mooers—"I think it is a
 D— rotten deal."

Sgt. Harper—"When can we get a
 nominal roll?"

* * *

Pte. Beers just said "Huh!" and
 shook his head.

* * *

O.R.S. MacGloan—"I say it is a
 G— D— shame."

* * *

Pte. Hussey—"I would rather be
 with the bunch that went last night
 than be here."

* * *

Sgt. "Fritzie" Klippert—"I feel
 so bad I don't want to say anything
 about it!"

* * *

Sgt. Jacobs—"I am not one that
 uses very bad language so I cannot ex-
 press my opinion. But me for R.C.T."

* * *

Cpl. Eddie Mullen—"A scrap of
 paper seems to be about as unimport-
 tant in England as in Germany."

* * *

Pte. Roxman—"I'm feeling bad. I
 liked the boys."

A SONG OF BRAMSHOTT.

Pray tell me have you ever been to
 "Bramshott-in-the-Woods?"

It used to be a dreary spot but now
 its got the goods.

For twenty score "Macleans" have
 come to lend a little tone,
 And now I guess old Bramshott can
 meander on her own.

The first day in the bloomin' camp
 they "broke" our N.C.O.'s,
 But they didn't break our spirits, and
 we soon forgot our woes,
 When "Private-Major" Sheffield or-
 dered Private Rutherford
 "Report to Private Overholt on Sani-
 tary Squad!"

Now Private R. M. Docking, ill of
 whom no one could speak,
 Is sweeping out the wooden huts along
 with Private Leek,
 And Private A. L. Ferguson and Pri-
 vate "Tommie-Lou"
 Will soon be out a-forming fours, an
 awkward squad of two.

So sing a song of Bramshott, in the
 heart of Hampshire Woods,
 She used to be a dreary spot but now
 she's got the goods.

And there's a day a-coming when our
 foes will bite the dust,
 When Private Bayers marches in, his
 rifle full of rust! A.L.F.



The Highland Society of London,

7, Crane Court Fleet St. E.C. 4.

London 16th February 1918

Sir

On behalf of the Highland Society of London I tender to you to the Officers and all ranks of the gallant Maclean Highlanders the heartiest welcome to the Motherland.

The Society has learnt that the Battalion under your Command is the last raised in Canada under the Voluntary System, and that by widespread and enthusiastic effort undertaken in the best spirit of Clanship there have been gathered into its ranks representatives from every Province of Canada and from 21 of the United States of America clad in the Kilt of the Clan Maclean Tartan, and that the Battalion embarked from Canada 1084 Strong.

The Highland Society of London offers its heartfelt congratulations upon this splendid achievement which they know has given great pleasure to the Chief of the Clan Maclean, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Maclean, who is a most highly esteemed member of the Society of which he was President 1900-1903.

Confident that the Maclean Highlanders will when called into the Fighting Line win imperishable honours the Highland Society of London wishes them back and all the best fortunes of War, sure that they will maintain in all circumstances the martial Traditions of the Clan Maclean.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

[Signature]
President

Highland Society of London

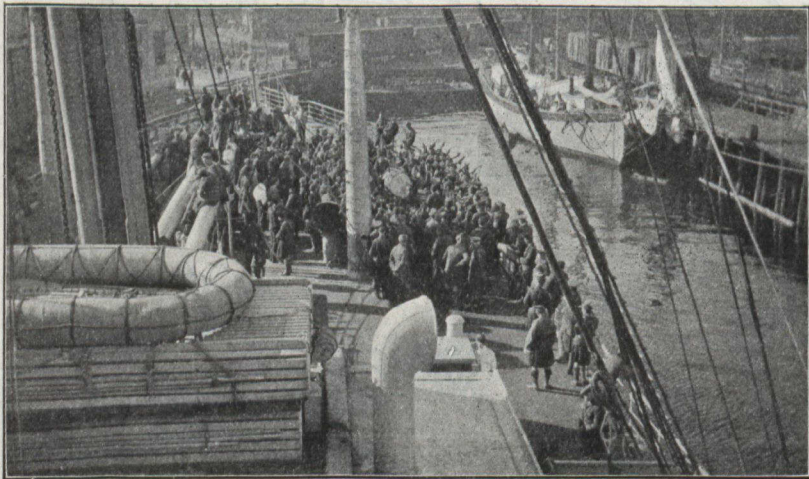
Lieut Colonel Percy A. Guthrie

Commanding

236th C. S. Battalion
Canadian Expeditionary Forces

(The Maclean Highlanders)

Autographs.



Good-bye Canada.

THE GIRLS OF LONDON TOWN.

The girls of London Town are gay,
And laughter bright their eyes,
They smile in such a guileless way,
But they are wise—so wise.

I've watched them all along the street,
Demurely they trip by
In silken hose and costumes neat,
"I dare you" in each eye.

Ah ! Care-free girls of London Town
Whatever shall I do ?
I can't make love to every one,
I've lost my heart to you.—*T. J. W.*

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EXHIBITION
1919 LONDON

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Official Contractors to the British Red Cross Society for V.A.D. Uniforms for Ladies and Men.

Contractors to the St. John Ambulance Association for Uniforms for Ladies and Men.

MESSRS. HOBSON & SONS beg to announce that owing to the number of years that they have been established, viz., sixty-eight, they have supplied every article of Equipment for both Officers and Rank and File since the **CRIMEAN WAR IN 1854.**

During the present war they have up-to-date outfitted over :—

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350,000 Rank and File

**19,000 Lady members of British Red Cross
and St. John Ambulance Associations.**

This surely shows, after **68 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**, the confidence that has been and is placed in us as complete Military Outfitters for all Branches of the Service.

Prices and Patterns for any kind of uniforms or mufti may be had on application, as we regret owing to the continual Market fluctuations we are unable to issue a printed List.

There is a special Department for Ladies where they can obtain, in addition to their ordinary qualities, the highest grade tailor-made garments procurable, for both uniform and plain clothes wear.

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Telephone—REGENT 56 (2 Lines)

*Ladies' & British Red Cross Dept.
(Adjoining Lexington Street) :*

1, BREWER STREET, W.

Telephone—REGENT 56 (2 Lines)

*Rank and File and
British Red Cross Dept. :*

154, TOOLEY ST., S.E.

Telephone—HOP 680 (2 Lines)

Factories : LEXINGTON STREET, W. ; TOOLEY STREET, S.E. ; HIGH STREET, WOOLWICH, S.E.

MEMORIAL

Fredericton, N. B.

May 28, 1919

Dear Comrade:

Now that the war is over and the clouds have rolled away, I am of the opinion that we should turn our attention to the proposition we discussed on our parting in Seaford and take steps towards the formation of our "McLean Highlanders Veterans' Association." I am therefore today addressing this circular to every member of the Unit, as well as to the many friends who, so kindly during the whole period of our life as a Battalion, assisted us in making the Unit a success.

I am taking it for granted that you all were agreed upon the occasion of our last meeting that I, as your one-time O. C., should make the initial arrangements for this meeting after which, the organization which we have in mind, will be able to carry on the work through the officials whom we shall appoint for that purpose.

PLACE AND DATE OF MEETING

All our comrades who have not fallen in the path of duty, should be back in their homes by the first of September, and a great number shall still be enjoying their holiday by that time, so I have fixed Labor Day as the day for our reunion as that is a holiday. I have thought of 17th June and August 2nd, the first being the anniversary of the day we marched up Bunker Hill and the second the date of the Caledonian games, but I am afraid all our boys will not be back by these dates, and then again Labor Day coming on Monday as it does will give us Saturday and Sunday as well so that people from outside points can get there, thus we have the advantage of the holiday and the holiday excursion rates.

ORGANIZATION

I think we should form ourselves into "The McLean Veterans' Association," which association would have two branches, viz.:

1. All members of the Unit.
2. All civilians who assisted in our organization work.

And that we should have a constitution prepared, covering our aims and objects and setting forth the by-laws under which we would carry it on. We should have a standing executive which would look after our business, and we should have a "gatherin'" at least once a year on a fixed date in Boston, so that the old boys can get together and keep up the friendships made sacred by service together under the one tartan and the joint flags.

BREATH O' THE HEATHER

We should issue another copy of the Breath O' the Heather to bring down our Battalion records, up to and including our first meeting. This Breath should include among other things:

- a. A brief history of the 13th, 42nd, 72nd, 13th Railway Troops, and 20th Reserve from the date our lads joined them.
- b. A nominal roll showing every man who joined the Battalion and what became of him—whether he fell in action and where—whether he was wounded and returned, and if so his present address.

By the publication of this our comrades could look up any old friend (of those returned) and get in touch with him. General McLean is now obtaining that list from the Military authorities.

MEMORIAL

We should erect somewhere a monument to our departed comrades which would bear their names and the places where they fell. We should also take steps to have our Battalion Cross placed upon the graves of these men in France as was done in the case of our comrades who died in Canada and in England. We should also send resolutions of sympathy to the next of kin of these who have fallen. I started doing this when I received rumors of the deaths of certain of our members some time ago, but in two or three cases found that I had been wrongly advised and my letters caused needless worry to anxious relatives, for the comrades showed up afterwards as wounded instead of killed, so I gave up doing this until I have a correct return of casualties.

PIPE BAND

I am making an effort to have our Pipe Band reorganized so that on Labor Day we shall have at least twenty pieces. Pipe Sergt. Cromwell is busily engaged on this work now. Let us look forward to being led through the streets of Boston by what is left of that band which was once the largest Pipe Band in the world.

KILTIE KONCERT COMPANY

Sergt. George Duthie is assisting me in the reorganization of the Kiltie Koncert Kompany, and it is hoped to be able to put on a show in a Boston theatre in which the old boys who caused us to pass so many happy moments shall take part.

MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

I am having compiled a list of all those who helped us either by money or work while we were being organized or while on service. This will comprise about five thousand names, and to each of these we will send a membership card written upon McLean silk tartan.

PICTORIAL RECORD

We have in No. 6 Breath O' the Heather group pictures covering every member of the Unit. It is my hope that everyone that has survived the war shall be present on Labor Day so that we may again take groups of the different platoons, bands, etc., and to be able to send to the kind donors of our kilts, whose names the platoons bore, a photograph showing the remnant of the once full strength platoon.

You will realize, my comrade, that in the organization of our association as above outlined, an immense amount of work and a great expenditure of money shall be necessary. For instance, the 250 crosses or more required for the graves of our comrades in France, will cost quite a sum of money, and it will be necessary to send a committee from our Battalion to France and Flanders to put up these crosses. This will cost a deal more. But I believe that we who have been lucky enough to come back, owe this to the memory of our comrades—for what would be a finer tribute of our love and esteem for them than the placing upon their graves of our Battalion crest which would speak to the world and say, "Here lies a true McLean." Big hearted, whole souled, patriotic men and women have backed our battalion from the start and I know that they will back it until our work is completed and we have done these things which are necessary to carry into the new association the traditions of the old.

There will be many other things which we will have to discuss. Think these matters over so that you will be prepared with suggestions. Our good old standbys, General McLean, Col. Walter Scott and Dr. A. W. Thornton will be among the friends to greet you on Labor Day. Watch the date.

Yours aye,

P. A. GUTHRIE,

Lieut.-Colonel.

Formerly O. C. 236th Battalion McLean Highlanders.

P. S.—I have appointed the following committees who are to make such initial arrangements as they can and report at our meeting:

1. Breath O' the Heather—
 - a. History of the 13th, 42nd, 72nd, 13th Railway Troops, 20th Reserve—Captain P. F. Godenrath.
 - b. Historic sketch of each member of Unit and his service—Major Frank Eason.
 - c. Account of the Presentation of Colors and Pipe Banner by our Chief—Lieutenant J. Ernest Kerr.
 - d. Editorials and make-up generally—Captain J. D. Black.
2. Crosses for graves in Europe—
Major H. H. McLean.
3. Pipe Band—
Pipe Sgt. Chas. Cromwell.
4. Kiltie Koncert Kompany—
Sgt. G. N. Duthie.
5. Constitutions and by-laws—
Major Conrad G. Geggie.
6. Memorial in Canada or United States—
George J. McLean.

Other committees to be appointed later.

P. A. G.