

MEN OF THE 236th

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G. FRED CROWLEY : : : Proprietor

soon my turn would come in helping my brothers on the parapet, by facing the Germans. Early the next morning a tired soldier came along and seeing me picked me up, and took me to his dug-out. Fancy my disgust! Instead of being used to help stay the enemy's advance I had become a foot-warmer for a soldier, while he slept in his dug-out. When the man arose he threw me outside. About an hour later I saw an officer coming up the trench, he approached the pile and suddenly I became aware that he was looking at me. I was sure that now I was destined to go on the parapet. The officer reached down, took me up and—wiped his boots with me. I was overcome with shame, no longer did I care what became of me for I had descended to the lowest levels. Eleven days I spent in this manner, passed on from man to man and used for varying purposes and then at last came the time when I was filled with earth and given a place on the parapet—luckily on top. In my advantageous position I could see and hear all that went on around me, knowing far more of the enemy lines facing me than any officer, however well informed. The conversation of the sentries interested me very much. One night, two of them were talking just below the place on the parapet where I was resting and I could not help but hear their conversation, "It's a long time since we left Canada, isn't it Jack," "Dear old Canada! Yes it is a long, long time—but it will be still longer before we get back." I wondered what kind of a country it was from which these men came and to which they so longed to go back.

For months I did my part in the great struggle which is convulsing Europe. One day there was a great bombardment by the enemy, thousands of my comrades were thrown into the air by the shells and came down torn and useless. I too became a casualty but was not so badly damaged as most of the others. I lay on the ground for some time until a passing machine gunner picked me up remarking that I was the very thing he wanted. His gun had been injured and I was used to protect the delicate parts while the weapon was on its way back to England for repairs. This duty I performed.

I am now discarded as unfit for further service, but I am proud that I have done my part beside my fellows on the firing line in France.

Wattie O' Th' Kilties Greeting to Th' "Breath O' Th' Heather"

Dear Maister Editor :-

Havin' seen yer nice little bit paperie last 'ook A thocht A jist wid write a wee bit letter an' tell foo weel A liket it.

Man, but it's a fine brisk paperie and jist th' thing that wis needet tae bring a guid feelin' o' freenship amo' the Laddies o' th' 236th, an A hope a' th' Laddies will get a copy ot ilka month for the'l get a lot o' guid information oot ot.

Weel, maister Editor, A'm glad to see that oor battalion is gettin' inta fine shape an' tae see an' hear them marchin' oot wi' ther fine ban's is

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST



enuch tae mak any cheil 'it has ony spunk in im at a' jist fling doon a' thing an' come an' join up wi' them.

A see yer gain tae gie a wee bit screed aboot ilka ane i' th' battalion, weel that's a fine idea for it will get's A' better acquaint.

An' then yer jokes wis fine an' some o' oor laddies 'ill hae tae take tent, for a chiel is amo' them takin' notes an' faith he'll print it, bit A houp the'l tak it a' in a guid sperrit for if we didna hae a lach noo an' then wee'd be nae guid ava.

Weel, maister Editor, A maun stop noo, an mabee A'll write ye some mair neist time, an let me tell ye that th' name, "Breath O' Th' Heather," soon's weel tae

WATTIE O' TH' KILTIES