

# A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

*Observations About Two Young Canadians Recently Honored by the King*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HE was born in a mounted police barracks at Fort Q'Appelle. You know the legend of that name; how that once some trailman in the valley heard the echo of his own voice and shouted in French, "Q'Appelle?" Nobody was calling him. It was a mirage of the tympanum.

But Brigadier-General Griesbach, M.P., C.M.C.G., was born at the post of Who's Calling? less than forty years ago, and he has been hearing that call, now and again, ever since.

When the King honored him at New Year's, 1918, there was a reason. And the reason was the man who if the King should load him with titles till he couldn't get his name on one line of foolscap would still be the sort of man that Burns had in mind when he wrote his scornful ballad, For A' That and A' That.

The wires were all down when he got his honors. There was nothing to pull. Three years ago he went across with the rank of major in the 49th from Edmonton, hoping that before he got any promotion wild horses would be riding over the top on the west front. The first time I set eyes on him was just after the Boer War when he came trolloping up to Edmonton in the winter of 1901.

He was as lithe as a lynx. Billy Griesbach had ridden his equivalent to a cayuse over most of the scurrying battlefields in South Africa from Cape Colony to the top of the Transvaal. He was cradled on bronchos, brought up on memories of bad men on the ranges; as used to a six-shooter in a saddle as most lads are to a fountain-pen. A son of the prairie hills, he was born into a force that never knew fear. Down among the Boers from scrimmages with whom he got the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

When I went to see Billy it was on behalf of a crowd of us who were getting up a concert in aid of the first reading-room ever opened in that part of the West to ask him if he would kindly take part in the programme.

"Oh—what's the show?" he wanted to know, with a Missourian wink.

"Minstrel and anything else we can get," was the very respectful reply.

He laughed. "And you want another end-man, eh? Thanks! Not for mine!"

Billy consented to make a speech about the war. He read a paper about Our Friend the Enemy. At that time he was nervous on the platform. But he sent it over the footlights very compactly—that he had some admiration for those

**Brigadier-General Griesbach**  
C. M. C. G., M. P.

*He would have been a Real Knight in the Days of Ivanhoe*



Boers. And I daresay with all his criticism he has some shrewd admiration for the trench qualities of the Boches. Billy has the fair mind of the real fighter.

Next time I came across Griesbach was seven or eight years later when he was Mayor of Edmonton. That was in the summer of 1908, the

year that the banks put a crimp and a diamond hitch into the credits of the far west, when the streets of Edmonton were piled with sewer pipe and there was no cash on hand nor credit at the bank to pay the laborers. Billy held an emergency meeting with the town treasurer at his house down on the flats, and I happened to be there. The two of them concocted an S. O. S. telegram to the head office of one of the big eastern banks. And it got the money.

But it was a tight time for a youth of 30 to be mayor of a new town gobbling up money for a great expansion movement. Peoples of the whole earth it seemed were rolling through Edmonton to the hills. Billy hated to see his town call a halt.

"Well," he said, talking it over, "I often say to myself when I go up the hill in the morning, 'Oh they can't kill you. You're on the right track—go ahead; you'll come out right.'"

He didn't mean it for a slogan. But Billy Griesbach has been living up to those words. When he went across as major with the 49th in 1915 he had it all to learn about the Boches, just as in 1889 he had it to learn about the Boers. Well, he has learned it. There are returned men who will tell you frankly that Billy Griesbach has made a real dent in the west front, so far as any one man can. When Gen. Byng quit the Canadian command there were not a few over there who wondered if Griesbach wouldn't get it. But the grand roulette wheel decided otherwise. Gen. Griesbach stayed in command of his brigade.

In the fall of last year he knocked off work long enough to say that he would contest Edmonton with Frank Oliver, the man who had never been beaten in Edmonton. And we know now the result. Not a matter of politics. It was a fighting man up to the eyes in the game that he knew winning another fight that from the angle of his supporters looked like part of the same war. Q'Appelle? Billy heard that call and answered it across the sea. It was his country. What will be the next call? When it comes he'll answer it.

**Sir Frank Baillie, K.C.B.E.**

*Believes in Good Works on a Rock Bottom of Cost*



Of course you guess that Frank sold the trout-rod for \$5.25. Which he did. As treasurer of the Baillie-Drayton outfit he added the \$5.25 to the \$1.25. And they got the press. What they did with it nobody knows. For neither of them became an editor, or this sketch would not have been written.

Sir Frank Baillie, K.C.O.B.E., stands for four things that go like the wind: motor-cars, airships, shells, money. Barber-shop critics are pointing out that even a K.C.O.B.E. at somewhere over \$800,000 comes high. They insinuate that Sir Frank bought this bauble. Very likely—not. Kings may be even better than Burns made them out. King George is not running a bargain counter. On any safe basis of social contract that munition-profit near-million belonged to the people represented by the State anyway. Sir Frank

Baillie happened to be the profitee—not profiteer. The difference in his case was worth more than the check he wrote for the Imperial Munitions Board. It was worth more than even Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., could have estimated at that time. And that was precisely where Baillie was entitled to some sort of recognition or permanent decoration by the King.

Baillie always was a stickler for basic principles. About fourteen years ago when motoring was a baby he was one of the car cranks; one of the first joyriders we had, a night-pranking, mountain-climbing, rough-riding highwayman of the automobile. I recall one whirl a few of us had with Frank at the wheel; a new car he was trying out with the mecanicien from Cleveland. Cooksville, Ont., was 16 miles when we started. A sudden whirl of dust and it was storm-

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ONCE upon a time, not so many years ago, three Canadian lads had a problem. One of them was Frank Baillie, now Sir Frank; another Harry Drayton, now Sir Henry; and a third, because he told the story, prefers to be nameless. They were all school-boys together.

A neighbor in the vicinity was about to have an auction sale of his goods. Among his chattels was a punching-bag apparatus which he made a present of to Frank and Harry, because he foresaw that they would be strenuous young men. But Frank and Harry had set their minds on a little printing press which the man used for printing calling-cards. They wanted the press and not the punch-bag. Cost of the press would be \$6.50.

"Harry," says Frank, "let's have the press. It'll be swell to print all our own cards."

"Sell the punching-bag, Frank, eh?"

"Sure! I'll sell it." The answer was minus any ifs, buts or howevers; one of those instantaneous decisions that bespeak character. He got \$1.25 for the bag.

"By George, Harry, we're still \$5.25 shy. Got any ideas?"

Harry had. He confronted his father with one of these ideas and got a present of a trout-rod.

"There we are," he said proudly. "That's my ante. Now—"

"Want me to sell that for the company, Harry?"

"What's it worth, though?"

Frank winked. "Oh nev—er you mind. I'll square the deal for the press or my name's not Frank Baillie."