

THE 5TH BATTALION PAGE

"AU REVOIR, SIR".

Col. George Tuxford, C.M.G. better known as "Tuxford of the plains" after having commanded the 'Fifth' since those autumn days at Valcartier down to the close of 1915 has been called away to take unto himself the more onerous and important duties of a Brigadier General.

As O.C. he carried his bat through the same splendid style as he did in cricket and the various styles of bowling never phased him a bit for a minute.

His last game of cricket we shall ever long remember by virtue of the introduction by Fritz of an over of H. E's, but then Fritz never did understand 'cricket' and things that are 'never done'. Needless to say the O.C. was not a bit put out.

He said good-by to us on the same old cricket field and his words were spoken like a good Canadian and a true soldier. Congratulations, Sir, on your well deserved honours, that Legion of Honour will rejoice all Saskatchewan. May you carry your bat through every inning and play the game with us once again in the summer clime of our golden prairies.

Major Hugh M. Dyer to be Lt. Colonel and O. C. 5th Canadian Battalion vice Colonel G. S. Tuxford K.C.M.G. Brigadier General. D. R. O. 7268 1st Canadian Division.

These were the days of great strife amongst nations, and the Horsemen of the West gathered together in a mighty host saying, "Who is there amongst us that shall lead us into battle." Then spake an elder and said unto them, "There is one who dwelleth in the East, a mighty man of valor whose name is Samuel, to him let us send a messenger saying, "Behold the men of the Plains two hundred score with their horses will go into battle, and if their horses are denied them then will they go as gravel crushers, yea, even as infantry, who wilt thou send to lead us?"

Then Samuel when he had harkened unto the voice of the messenger said, "Go ye with one accord to the Vale of Cartier where is gathered a mighty host and I will send you a leader from your land whose name is Tuxford of the Plains. And he whose name is Dyer that dwelleth in the place of many waters called Minne Dosa, will I send as Chief Captain." And they did as they were bidden, but took not their horses saying too bad, but what t'ell Bill, after the manner of their kind.

And it came to pass that after many days of journey over great seas and in many strange lands, they came unto the land of Walloons and fought many battles wherein many Captains and mighty men were slain. But the wise Captain from Minne Dosa remained with them always and spake words of fatherly counsel unto them, ministering unto their needs and giving them of his store of gold and silver when they were as broken reeds. And when the fourth month was fully come, the hosts of Fifbat fought a mighty battle and the wise Captain was sore stricken in the breast and was carried out and they were greatly troubled because of it, yet because of his great strength he died not, but came unto them again at the close of the seventh month saying with a joyful countenance, "Here are we yet again", and the men gave a glad shout and he said, "How fare ye", and they answered "Jake", then said he, "Washta ot" and remained with them giving unto them fragrant herbs wrapped in white paper and anointing their feet with oil from the great whales, even entering into the pits which they had digged, yea with his S. R. D. and torch, bringing gladness to their hearts and light unto their feet. And it came to pass that at the time of the great festival in the twelfth month, the King sent a messenger unto them saying, "Give me your leader for I have need of him," and they said, "Oh King live for ever, but who wilt thou appoint to lead us."

And he said, "I will appoint your wise Captain from the place of many waters which is called Minne Dosa, he whose name is Dyer and he shall lead you in battle. Under him shall ye drive the enemy from the land, yea even into the River of Rhine." Then the men of the Fifbat gave a mighty shout and rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

A TALL YARN

A sniper was peering through his glasses when an officer observed him lay down his telescopic sighted rifle and grab his Lee Enfield and indulge in five rounds rapid. The officer approached the fancy marksman and asked excitedly, "What is it, what is it you see?" Without making reply or heeding, the sniper speedily inserted another clip and sent across another five rounds. The officer more excited than ever inquired what was doing, but the busy expert again silently slipped in five more and banged them off, then peering for a brief moment across the narrow way turned with a self-satisfied smile, "Did you hit anybody?" asked the officer. "Well", was the reply, "I don't know for sure, but I just heard a German officer say, have the wounded man carried out as soon as possible, and the other fourteen buried after dark."

"GOING ON LEAVE".

A double limber containing the leave party bumped along the pave road. Everyone was happy, though very cold, the hour 4 a.m. and gladly watched the flare lights in the distance, as the conveyance neared rail-head.

There was silence for almost an hour, finally one said, "That was sure some bunch of instructions the Paymaster handed us, he sure gave us a spiel, how does it go?"

"A limber will take you from the estaminet at the corner at 3.30 a.m., don't be late. You will take your rifle and equipment also your gas helmet, but no S. A. A. and no bombs or any other gentle playthings, or your leave will be cancelled. You will return on the 18th at 9 a.m. Victoria Station, a.m. means in the morning see. If you are hung up at the Base or any other place owing to storms, get a slip from the R.T.O. Be sure and report to me when you return and if you go sick get a certificate from a R.A.M.C. officer. Here's your pass. These, your general instructions. Don't loose your railway ticket. If you do, the people up top 'll write letters till the cows come home and it'll cost you twelve and ten pence, and now here's your cheque and happy days to you. Here's fifteen francs to spend on the train, and be a good boy.

"Forgot something though didn't he?" "What was that?" "Thank mother for the rabbit, huh".

Mentioned in despatches

The late Paddy Riel, an Eighth Battalion sniper, was the acknowledged "Rapid fire Cyclone". He was looked upon as a "human maxim". If the word was passed for ten rounds 'rapid', his 10 bullets would be stuck somewhere in the German parapet before some of his comrades have got their safety catches off. The boys told him, by way of a joke, that a British Regular could shoot faster than it was possible to count. Paddy longed for the time when he could match himself against a British Regular.

One day he was placed in a bay next to a new machine gun. Hearing the gun tearing off six or seven hundred shots per minute, he enquired who it was. Everybody told him it was a British Regular. Slinging his rifle he went in search of the Sgt. Major. "I want my discharge". "What for?" asked the S. M. "Oh" said Paddy, "I might as well quit now, I'll never be able to beat a regular".