

Since our last issue two outstanding events have occurred. First in importance, our annual Camp at which owing to the inability of Col. Bowen to attend, Major Watson assumed command of the Regiment.

Because of large number permitted primarily and secondly by reason of good material – Men and Horses this year's camp was very apparently the best period of training experienced since pre-war days.

To ignore certain small items of poor organization which struck us during the initial period of camp, one is impressed with the spectacle which the regiment presented, even on the first scheduled parade; good horsemanship, good horses, keen men and active and enthusiastic officers and N.C.O.'s.

Major Watson's plan of executing regimental movements from the first parade, put everyone "Au Fait" and to the onlooker during the General Inspection, the Brigade and Regimental movements as performed by the 19th Alberta Dragoons were flawless. Certain particularly satisfactory to the acting O.C. and each officer interested therein.

The fact that we lost the newly instituted Brigade Cup by so small a margin – due to lack of practice and therefore efficiency in Sports rather than Administration or execution of soldierly functions – while to be regretted is not to be regarded as a total loss, and in spite of the infrequent opportunities for a leader and ancient master of any line to demonstrate a successful "come back", we have no fear but that the Brigade Cup will adorn our Mess after next camp and once there – Wouf Sed!

Recently our Mess accepted the long-standing invitation of Lieut. Bailie Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain to bivouac on their farm. Ardent friends from the Garrison accompanied and supported. When we say that the evening, night and morning were entirely successful, we are exhibiting a painful lack of vocabulary. Why even a VAT of the Froth blowers was inaugurated by Four ask emms!

Fostered by Lieut.-Col. Lou Scott and sided and abetted by the mellow and acquiescent temperament of the whole company still on their feet at the fireside, this ancient and honorable order is well inducted, and will add to the jollity and amicable comrade of the Garrison during the coming winter season.

Col. Carstairs worthy old veteran, who stayed with the "Tuff boys" throughout, seen next day seemed to be tired, and when asked "Do you feel low? Replied "Do I feel low? Say I fell so low today I'd have to raise my voice to greet a snail".

Joe McKenzie, dour Scotchman has about given up using the telephone. The operator said "Thankyou" the other day, and Joe is wondering if he gave something away.

Referring again to the Froth Blowers webby explains that being a member, people give him credit for being a wild one without his having to go to the trouble of earning the reputation.

General Griesbach, whose research amongst the archives of ancient Rome are well known, is sponsor for the fact that the old gladiatorial spectacles in the Forum were run at a loss, As he says "The lions ate up all the prophets".

Jack Bowen claims that "Little girls are knottiest when they are sleepy".

Bill Oliver, who is quite an authority on ladies' fashions predicts that the girls will. "How to the _____ lest the slip fall where they may.

Substantively Speaking, -

"Oh my dear please don't try that again.

"Oh my dear please don't try that

"Oh my dear please don't try

"Oh my dear please don't

"Oh my dear please

"Oh my dear

"Oh;

Neil Kelly says "Its not the cost of short skirts that bothers me, it's the upcreep".

Talking to a girl chum of Howard Wrights the other day I asked, "Does he know how to neck?" "Well, I'll say" she replied "Last Thursday night I thought he was lynching me".

Bert Smith was driving a gang in his new Nash the other night, and asked Pick to see if his Headlights were on. "Theres jist one an thots rid" said Pick "but manchaps were got twa dom guid white taillights".

Ken Kinnaird our general Q.M. is peeved at the management of Johnson's Café. He saw a sign "Ladies served here" went in and ordered a snappy blonde and was thrown out.

"Ah well She was only a stableman's daughter.

But all the stable manure"

"The more that were together.

The merrier well be

For your friends are my friends

And my friends are your friends,

And the more that were together,

The Merrier well be.

Major Pitman, D.C.O. says the adjutant of the 19th reminds him of the new colored preacher. "Pray" why man dat dere preacher prayed and prayed and he asked the good lard for no things than de ole preacher knew the Lawd had." Which is all to the musterd as they say.

LETS HAVE A FULL ATTENDANCE AT MESS

LETS REALLY GET TOGETHER

LETS HONESTLY PULL TOGETHER

LETS BOOST FOR ONE ANOTHER

LETS BE PEACABLE

LETS BE JOVIAL

LETS HELP THE MESS COMMITTEE

LETS HAVE A GOOD TIME

LETS.

And always gentlemen "The 19th Alberta Dragoons".

Before another issue of Sword Thrusts emerges, it is anticipated that Lieut.-Col Bowen V.D. will have ceased to actively command the Regiment.

This by no means indicates that he will terminate his interest in the 19th A.D. it is sincerely hoped.

His tenure of command will mark a period when regimental conditions were bettered, when personnel were welded together, and when regimental traditions were kept firmly to the fore.

He has stood by his officers and his attitude and policy has called forth from them, hearty co-operation for the welfare of the regiment.

We trust that the five years he has - commanded the 19th Alberta Dragoons may appeal to him as a crowning climax to his lengthy years of service to his country, and in respectfully tendering "Farewell" we are united in the hope that his vehement pronouncements on matters military may resound throughout the Mess for many years to come.

