

It had been decided that my services would not be required after the Russian tour and I was to leave the party at Basra to return via commercial airlines to Canada. The following morning I said good-bye to the Minister and Mrs. Pearson and other members of the Canadian Delegation who were continuing on to Singapore. After waving the C-5 off into the blue, Mr. G. Ignatieff - who also left the party at Basra - and I joined Mr. Jackson, British Consul-General and Mr. Joseph Wright, British Consul for Iraq, who had kindly invited us to be their guests while in Basra. Mr. Ignatieff left that night en route to Bonn, Germany and I found I had to wait until the 16th for a BOAC booking to London.

During my stay in Basra my host, Mr. Wright, was kindness itself and introduced me to the British Club where I met some fine people and enjoyed swimming in their crystal-clear pool. The members insisted the swimming season was over for that year - it was only 90 degrees at the time. I also saw some local colour in the form of Persian dancers - quite a change from the Ballet of the Bolshoi, but equally expressive in a different way.

My pleasant stay in Basra ended Sunday a.m. when I boarded the BOAC Super Constellation bound for Damascus, Beirut and Frankfurt, Germany and London, England. En route we flew over Malta, Sicily and up the east coast of Italy, over territory familiar to members of the RCMP No. 1 Provost Company who served in World War II. I asked the captain to point out Ortona and as we passed over this Adriatic Port at a height of 12,000 feet I paid a silent tribute to my former comrades who are buried in the Canadian cemetery there.

London was reached late the same day and I left for Canada aboard the TCA Constellation two days later. After brief stops in Shannon, Gander and Montreal I found myself back in Ottawa at noon on the 19th, having travelled approximately 14,000 miles in 19 days and visited England, France, Germany, the U.S.S.R., Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Ireland.

After reporting to the Commissioner at Ottawa I left for Regina at midnight of the 21st and arrived there the following morning. There I was met by Mrs. Brien and four little Briens and a warm welcome in which the scarlet tunic played no part. Another RCMP duty had been performed. But it was not one to be dismissed lightly nor to be forgotten easily for the privilege of serving in even a small capacity on so momentous a venture was an opportunity rarely afforded many members of the Force.

## SIR JOHN A. JOINS IN FUN AT EARO CHRISTMAS PARTY

*Young lady at foot of statue yawns, stretches, looks up at JAM (Sir John A. Macdonald). Puts aside her shield and banner to relax. She is BABE.*

PIGEON PASSES OVERHEAD

*Jam: (stirs, raises hand to forehead, and looks about him with annoyance). Damn those pigeons!*

*Babe: Why, are you alive too?*

*Jam: (startled) I.....I... don't know my child.... I just felt this empty feeling and a great thirst and ... I thought I needed a little sustenance... and*

PIGEON PASSES OVERHEAD

*Jam: Damn those pigeons!*

*Babe: But just who are you anyway? You've stood up there all these years like a public monument to heaven knows what! and we've never been introduced.*

*Jam: (after a little sustenance)*

*Year after year I've stood here  
Watching the passing parade.  
Considering all that I have seen  
I'm just as glad I'm daid.*

*Year after year the faces  
Get emptier by far,  
And they try and run the country  
Without benefit of a bar.*

*(little sustenance)*

*Year after year I get sicker  
Of those Liberals spoiling the view  
And even the Tories, bless them!  
Are a sad and sorry crew.*

*Year after year I've stood here  
Watching each passing day  
Considering all that I have seen  
I'd sooner face the other way.*