

The Address—Mr. A. L. Smith

light. Where I lived we got indoor plumbing. We did not complain about things. Why? All this is comparative. In Regina, where I was born, everybody was broke and because everybody was broke we did not know we were broke. So we all had a splendid time.

I speak with some experience of that country. My people drove into Regina in 1882 ahead of the C.P.R. from Indian Head and got there in February 1883. At that time I was not even a twinkle in my father's eye, as I was not born until 1886. But my mother has told me of the first winter when they lived in a tent on frozen potatoes and buffalo meat. Were they unhappy? Certainly not. We were a splendid people. Many of us have survived and some of us have achieved something. But we did not bite at everything and blame the government for it. We did not live that way.

At that time we had the old government of the Northwest Territories. I remember going up there as a high school youngster. I was about to say that I went upon my bicycle but I remember that bicycles were not even invented. I ran up there and I watched Sir Frederick Haultain take the hide off an old friend of mine, Viscount Bennett as he later became and who now is gone. As you know, Sir Frederick died in Montreal only a short time ago. I have been politically minded ever since, but I had to wait until 1945 when the weakness of my political enemies put me down here—and I got back again in 1949. But I claim no right to be a statesman or anything of that kind.

I am glad the Minister of Veterans Affairs (Mr. Gregg) is here and I am sorry the Minister of Justice (Mr. Garson) is not. I should like at this time to make a special plea which may be somewhat out of place. In your absence I made a speech the other night about football during the agricultural estimates and no great harm was done to anyone at that time. The matter I wish to bring up was not mentioned in the speech from the throne. I make a plea on behalf of the older superannuated mounted police.

These men have been to a number of governments but they have not got anywhere. I appreciate the difficulty of this government and of the government between 1935 and 1940 when faced with this problem. I appreciate that the minute you alter the superannuation pay for any government servants you probably open up a subject which may be too large and too difficult to deal with at one time. That is the answer these men have always been given.

[Mr. Smith (Calgary West).]

I speak of these men with more than sympathy; I speak of them with enthusiasm. I was born in the place which was the headquarters of that force. I saw them go off to the South African war. I saw them go off to the Klondike trail. In fact my only successful business transaction, outside of the money I make from reading the law books on the walls of my office, was made at that time. I stole a hockey stick from my father's store. That was the beginning. I traded it to a lad by the name of Cameron Bennett for a dog and I sold the dog to the mounted police for \$4. As I say, that is the only successful business transaction I have ever had. I am sorry it had to begin with a theft, but after all my father had a lot of hockey sticks in his store.

Many of the men I am speaking about are alive today and perhaps that is all you can say for them. The answer that has been given to these men by both Tory and Liberal governments—I make no distinction—is that this is a civil service matter. It seems to me that that answer is completely wrong because in a sense these men were not civil servants. They were men of the army. They were under discipline. They did not have an eight hour, a nine hour, or whatever it may be, day; they were on duty—not actively it is true but on call—for twenty-four hours in the day.

Their numbers have been cut down by violence. As a youngster I heard of the famous case involving an Indian by the name of Almighty Horse who killed Sergeant Colbrook. We lost half a dozen policemen trying to capture him up near where the hon. member for Lake Centre (Mr. Diefenbaker) comes from. I remember the facts of that case. Colbrook was told to bring in this fellow and he and a young half-breed interpreter went out for him. They met up with this Indian buck. He told Colbrook, "Come one step further and you are a dead man." Colbrook had been told to bring him in alive; he took that other step and was shot right between the eyes. That is not civil service; that is the case of a man going out in defence of decency.

I can remember the first time we had trouble with the Doukhobors. Thank goodness they have left us and gone to join our friends in British Columbia. They say they find themselves more at home there, and now they are burning up schoolhouses, shooting at one another and that sort of thing. I can remember an old police sergeant who was there when they first went on one of their nude parades in the vicinity of Yorkton. The police went out and brought them in and they were quartered in what we called the riding school. You have nicer names for those buildings now, you call them armouries and