

We arrived at Coal Banks at 4 a.m. and disembarked. Here we found 21 wagons waiting for us. After some delay the drivers got them hitched to 14 oxen, two animals in a team, each unit made up of three wagons. Then there was a great shouting and cracking of whips, each crack sounding like the firing of a pistol. We got under way and were soon on the prairie—boundless space, home of the much ill-used redskin. Now for the first time we had a taste of camp life. Eight days later we arrived at Fort Walsh, expecting to go into barracks, but were sadly disappointed and had to get under canvas again.

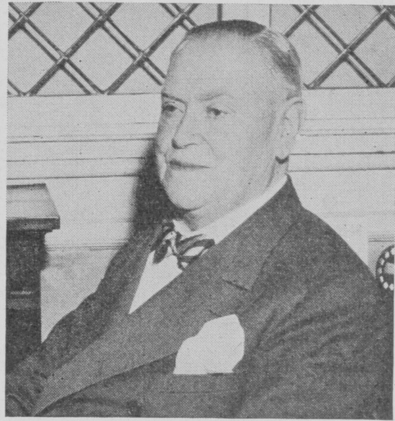
Here we found a great number of Cree Indians. On the third evening we were startled while at drill by a great noise and beating of drums which presently drew nearer, and we saw approximately 500 Crees, preceded by a number of mounted braves and dancing men. They marched up to the front of the fort where Commissioner Irvine and the officers of the staff were waiting to receive them. Their chief, Big Bear, at once began a set speech in which he told us what a big man he was before the white man came. He was a big chief, and owned all the country around him as far as the eye could reach, but since the pale faces came he was a small man, but still had a big heart.

When his speech came to an end, drums began to beat and the warriors sat down on their haunches in a circle while the dances, which lasted for about three hours, continued. The buffalo dance was performed by six warriors painted in a most fantastic manner, their heads being surmounted by a high pair of buffalo horns with the skins of the heads attached. Four braves were seated on the ground, beating rapidly on a drum, without regard either to time or music, and from time to time uttering shrill cries at which the dances would increase in pace then slack off till the participants were quite exhausted. The tired dancers would then squat down until the spirit moved them, when they would once more leap to their feet and dance again till thoroughly exhausted.

We received orders to proceed to Fort Macleod, and completed the march in 12 days. I was transferred to "C" Troop.

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Ex-Sergeant Retires as Business Manager



After 50 years of service Reg. No. 2908 ex-Sgt. W. C. Nichols has relinquished the reins of business administration in the Miller Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn. He will continue as vice-president and director.

A staunch friend of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Nichols is well known to old-timers who remember him as drill instructor and bandsman at "Depot" Division before the turn of the century. Though he took his discharge in 1899 to achieve success in the business world, he still harbors deep affection for the Force, and fond memories of his experiences occasionally bestir him to say so.

The *Quarterly* extends best wishes to this "old-timer" in his retirement, and hopes sincerely for good health and happiness in his behalf for many years to come. ● ● ●



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