

boudoir for the next few months. Inside the locker you will have room for mufti and a few personal belongings." The room smelled of leather and polish mingled with the aroma of cooking from the messhall below. The windows offered a magnificent view north to the mountains and west to the fairways of Shaughnessy Golf Course.

After signing away the next five years of my life to the service of the Force I was sworn in by the Post Adjutant, Inspector Meade. Next came drawing of kit and accoutrements, then fitting of uniforms. An off-duty constable, just out of the North and still wearing moc-casins and other Northern attire, showed me how to make my bed regimental style and how to arrange my kit.

An entirely new life now began for me. I was twenty-six, a few years older than most new recruits. I had no experience in anything remotely resembling military training. Since coming to Canada from Norway I had spent most of my time in logging camps, a lifestyle unlikely to make anyone amenable to military discipline.

To make matters worse, I was placed with a squad of recruits who already had a couple of months' training. This made my ineptness on the parade ground particularly noticeable. On the command of left turn, it was not uncommon to hear the drill instructor yell, "the other left, Fossum!" However, within a week or two I had ceased to be a candidate for the awkward squad.

The training routine was rigorous: reveille at six, rollcall, march to the stables, clean the stables, groom and feed the horses, march back for breakfast, half an hour to prepare for the next parade. Fifteen-minute breaks were interspersed between training sessions to allow time for change into the type of uniform required for the next parade.

For stable parade we wore fatigues — brown tunic and slacks, forage cap and ankle boots. For equitation, often the first parade after breakfast, we changed into breeches and boots, brown serge tunic and Stetson hat. This was also standard dress for foot drill and might be termed the everyday uniform. In winter we wore blue pea jackets or raincoats, depending on weather conditions. When on duty in public, on escort or guard, or in court, we wore a red instead of brown serge tunic. For festive occasions it was red serge, blue slacks with foot straps under half-Wellington boots with miniature spurs. However, at regimental balls, where the ladies wore long dresses, the spurs were removed, for obvious reasons.

For foot drill we wore sidearms, .455 Colts, and for infantry drill we carried the .303 Lee-Enfield army rifle. It was a heavy weapon but by the end of our training period we could manipulate it with the ease of a juggler handling his dumbbells. We had indoor and outdoor revolver butts for target practice. At the end of the course we had a chance to show our marksmanship at a shoot. Scoring a set minimum of points qualified the member for wearing gold crossed revolvers on the sleeve of his tunic. Similarly, a set minimum of points scored on the rifle range qualified him for wearing crossed rifles. For rifle practice we used the army range located in the Capilano Highlands.

Time between parades was spent on spit and polish, to the tune of song, ribaldry and horseplay. When the "fall in" bell sounded there was a rush for the door, a surge down the stairway and out to the parade ground. Dawdlers were sharply reprimanded. Every day we had a physical training period, often ending in a run around Little Mountain, a wooded area (now Queen Elizabeth Park) bordering the barracks square. We were given boxing lessons and judo. We played soccer and