

## Editorial

All Canadians mourn the passing of His Excellency Baron Tweedsmuir of Elsfield, our late beloved Governor General. On the 11th of February, 1940, he died. On that day Canada lost a great and understanding friend.

### **That Gallant Heart—**

### **That Victorious Spirit**

A man of letters, a lawyer, soldier, profound scholar and diplomat, a man of world-wide fame. He was above all an individual of simple tastes, essentially modest. "There is no such bond between peoples as that each should enter into the sacred places of the other; and in the noble merchantry of civilization let us remember that". These are his words, and his actions revealed he believed in them.

Despite manifold official engagements, prodigious literary works and other duties, Lord Tweedsmuir did not forget the people. He sought out the farmer in his prairie home, chatted freely with the trapper in his lonely cabin and visited the miner in the mine-shaft. Great or small he spoke the language of each. Was at home with all and respected every creed. His exalted station never marred his outlook on the little things of life. Homespun simplicity, sincerity and goodness were imbued in his nature. These qualities were manifest in a thousand ways when dealing with the citizenry. It was his simplicity which so endeared him to everyone.

Throughout his incumbency, as His Majesty's representative in this Dominion, Lord Tweedsmuir travelled extensively in all the provinces, even to the Arctic. Few people have seen more of Canada and certainly none with greater enthusiasm or keener interest.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, perhaps more than any other public organization, had especial opportunities of knowing him, the honour and privilege of serving him. During his transcontinental trips the Force was always near as guards, guides and in other capacities. As such its members experienced and witnessed numerous acts of His Excellency's thoughtfulness and gratitude.

This was never more apparent than in 1937 when the Vice Regal party travelled down the turbulent Mackenzie River. Undisturbed by conditions relatively primitive, he negotiated over 10,000 miles by river and air, through barren lands up the valley to the rim of the Arctic Ocean, at Aklavik. A long tedious trip, mostly in desolate mosquito-infested frontier country.

En route His Excellency often ate the plain food and pastry prepared by our personnel at the detachments. At each settlement he invariably asked to be shown around. He visited the Missions, trading posts, Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Royal Canadian Corps of Signals barracks and always commented on the appearance and locality of the buildings. Nothing escaped his notice. He met and addressed all residents, even the lowliest Indian families and their children. He held conferences with the local Indian Chiefs of all tribes, listened patiently and sympathetically to problems which to most would seem petty and trivial.

His Excellency was much impressed with "St. Roch", the Royal Canadian Mounted Police schooner, our only floating detachment.

"There is an immense friendliness in the clean, antiseptic north" he stated on his return to Edmonton, "it is a true democracy, for there are no