

and following a few words of welcome to "Pile o'Bones", he escorted us to the quarter master's (QM) stores in the basement of "A" Block. We were issued with a paillasse each, and proceeded to No. 4 stable, where we filled it with straw, and as it turned out, with the odd cricket and/or grasshopper. Once this was done, we were shown our quarters, located in a lot between the riding school and the chapel. There were about 10 bell tents of First World War vintage, awaiting our occupancy for the next six weeks.

Sleeping in tents was considered fun until the next morning at six, when all hell broke loose! Two characters wearing hooks started crashing their leather-covered sticks on tent openings and yelling something about rear ends and sheets. These disturbers had names like Robbie and Griff, and were both from the Imperial Army of Great Britain. We learned that Corporal Robertson was from the Gordon Highlanders, and that Cpl. Griffiths from the Welsh Guards. For the next six months, these two did nothing to endear either of these two outfits to us, Great Britain or themselves. They seemed to have a thing about hair, especially if it appeared on a recruit's head or neck, and could be seen from two paces. This meant a fast trip to the basement of "C" Block, where Cpl. Todd would be waiting, brandishing a set of clippers like machetes. For two bits and 90 seconds, he could make you forget all about hair. The next time you looked in the mirror, you wondered, "Who is this person?" No matter how you dressed, the people in downtown Regina all knew who you were, just by the hair style. Of course, there were other instructors also allergic to hair, such as Sergeant Freddie Whitehead, Cpl. Sykes, Cpl. Fenton, Cst. Coughlan and Happy Glanville. They all seemed to be chummy with Cpl. Todd, the hairstylist of "C" Block.

Cpl. Cec Walker, graduate from Sandhurst, England; Cpl. Anderson, Lord Strathcona Horse; Cpl. Stoot, and a lance corporal who had been "horse troughed" during the riot days. These chaps were more interested in horses than men, and were not concerned so much with hair on men as on the horses they loved. Of course, by the time we hit the Mounted Section, we were getting to be pretty senior people — 3rd class constables at \$1.50 *per diem*. Besides, hair had become so discouraged it had practically given up growth altogether. I think this is why so many members went to pension looking like billiard balls.

Looking back, learning to ride mounted police cavalry style was the most fun I had during my service. Every day was a riot of fun and laughs, and the horses seemed to enjoy it too. Often they even contributed to the mayhem, when one of them would try to lie down in a puddle during an exercise ride, or several of them staged a runaway or refused jumps. This was also a difficult time for recruits with no spurs and crossed stirrups, and the mounts seemed to be well aware of that fact, especially on a Monday morning. This action usually brought S/M Griffin from his lair in the riding school. He would fling open the doors with a bang, and enter carrying a black bull whip. The horses loved this part, made the most of it with loud snorts and galloped in all directions, kicking the side walls and depositing the third-class jerks in the tan bark. The sergeant major swung his whip at the horse rumps he could reach, which only tended to speed up the action. Sometimes, old Tim wasn't too accurate and connected with the other rumps, if they still happened to be in the saddle. In the meantime, the instructor just relaxed in one corner, and waited for the retreat, when he could get reorganized and "trr-o-o-tt" and "circle and change."

In those days, the Mounted Section staff consisted of Sergeant Major Tim Griffin,

Any member who has been a "stable bitch" will know all about the "home