

The Sergeants' Mess held its anniversary dinner on December 14. This dinner, inaugurated last year as a formal dress event, was one of the highlights in our social gatherings. To add to the color of the occasion, our mess staff had decorated the tables attractively in a Christmas motif. Forty-two members, honorary members and their wives did ample justice to the turkey and trimmings. The social hours following were divided between bingo, a sing-song, dancing and reminiscences of this and other days.

A Stag was held on January 31, in the Sergeants' Mess to pay our respects to the many kind friends outside the Force who had assisted us in various ways in the past and judging by the remarks of the guests, it was a successful evening.

**Christmas Party** The children's Christmas party was held on December 21, at Beverley Street Barracks with approximately 250 children and parents in attendance. Sgt. W. J. Macpherson acted as the master of ceremonies and he kept the children entertained with a varied program while awaiting the arrival of the Jolly Old Fellow.

**London Sub-Division Activities — Social** No doubt the busiest person around Christmas is good old St. Nick—always adding to his places of call. This year his first call was made to the London Sub-Division children's party

where he distributed toys to the "small fry". Movies were shown, games played and a sing-song was enjoyed by all before Santa's arrival. After his departure a luncheon was served which had been prepared by the lady members of the sub-division.

Approximately 70 children of ex-members and members of the Force attended the annual children's Christmas party held by "J" Division, RCMP Veterans' Association, Windsor, Ont. After an enjoyable afternoon of games and movies, the Grand Old Man appeared in his usual fine style to gladden the hearts of all the kids, both young and old. After consuming mammoth quantities of hot dogs, pop, ice cream and candies, the children, from the look on their faces, went home most happy.

Members of Windsor Detachment and ex-members and their ladies, attended their first Christmas party. An evening of dancing and entertainment was followed by a sumptuous buffet lunch ably prepared by members of the detachment, with the experienced assistance of their spouses. The building housing this detachment is a storied structure, the scene of many glittering social functions in the past. No doubt the ghosts within its walls were disappointed when the building assumed its role as a Police Barracks, but they must have looked down with joy at the festivities taking place on that night.

## Book Reviews

**THE NORTH WEST COMPANY**, by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto. Pp. 295. \$5.00.

This is a factual but exciting story covering 42 years—1779 to 1821—of our own colorful historic background. It deals, in considerable detail with a period of our North American history of which, heretofore, our historians were able to provide us with only an unsatisfying sketch.

The exploits of that group of independent fur traders banded together in Montreal not only established the fur trade on a fabulous scale but resulted in the exploration and mapping of the country to such a degree that London trade connections were extended north to the Arctic, west to the Pacific and south around the Horn, even to China. It also shows the amicable fusion of the French, the Highland Scottish and Indian blood which later blended with the

English to form the basis for our strange but strong racial heritage.

Simon McTavish was the dominant force in the initial organization which contained such famous names as Frobisher, McGill, Pond, McBeath, Patterson, and Todd, among others. By gentlemen's agreement they united for strength to extend their operations westward and still tried not to offend the principles of the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, which had shoved the boundaries of the United States of America west to the Mississippi River, in direct conflict to the terms of the Quebec Act which previously named the Ohio River as Canada's boundary.

McTavish was sending out his nephew, young William McGillivray, to learn the business and fit himself for management. It is in following this man's life, work, amusements and associates that the author has provided those folksy details which add color and interest to this unfolding picture of our little known past.