

"Well, Sir," the constable would answer uncertainly.

"Listen, that bird's in the building!" They would both stand still in a tableau that was at once both striking and unnecessary because Hackle's complaining voice could be heard as far away as the market square in town.

"Sounds close," the constable would be forced to admit.

"Close, you say!" the Sergeant Major would snort in disgust, "that bird's here in barracks!" and away he would go like a hound dog with the scent of game in his nostrils.

Hackle continued to escape banishment and bore a charmed life, until one fateful night the Sergeant Major came back to barracks unannounced to find a constable on telephone duty with Hackle

sitting on his lap, wrapped in a towel that left only his ebony head exposed. Altogether it had been a disastrous evening for Hackle. He had fallen into the washing machine while helping his friend retrieve his "smalls" and had lost considerable face and dignity while bobbing about in the sudsy water, and only now was his ruffled composure soothed.

From that night on Hackle's eclipse was complete. He was banished forthwith and was shipped to the Dominion Experimental Farm where he led a subdued existence and where his tenure was destined to be short-lived. One day he walked under the wheels of a car and was killed. I firmly believe it was a clear case of suicide for to the exiled Hackle the sun had ceased to shine and life had lost its flavor. ●●●

The following verses dedicated to the RCMP Schooner *St. Roch*, were penned by W. B. Allan, Vancouver, B.C., who feels "it is a privilege to participate in any way in honoring this grand old campaigner . . . and as some measure of the . . . respect and admiration" which he holds for Supt. H. A. Larsen, who commanded the *St. Roch* on her North-West Passage voyages.

RCMP *St. Roch*

Barque of the North, we honor thee,
For all thy faithful duties done,
Thy conquest of the Polar Sea
And all thy laurels richly won.

Skilled mastercraftsmen wrought your form
From Douglas fir and ironwood,
Builded to brave both ice and storm
And all but with a soul imbued.

Proud heir to many a noble breed
Who died the Passage to subdue,
Successor both in men and deed
O stout *St. Roch*—we salute you.

Noble *St. Roch*, in you we see
An earnest of our dear loved land,
Forthright, resolute and free
Warden of the North we stand.

From West to East, from East to West
And round by Carib's coral sea
When duty called you met the test
And rose to your high destiny.

Thrice welcome guest at lonely post
Justice and mercy to extend,
Stern mentor when 'twas needed most
But to the destitute—a friend.

Only a speck by a frozen knoll
Only a ship on an icy shelf,
But to the returning spent patrol
Heaven, home—and life itself.

Now Terror Bay and bleak *St. Croix*
You'll log no more, your day is done
Be ours your pledge: "Maintiens le Droit!"
Till all mankind on earth are One.

—W. B. Allan