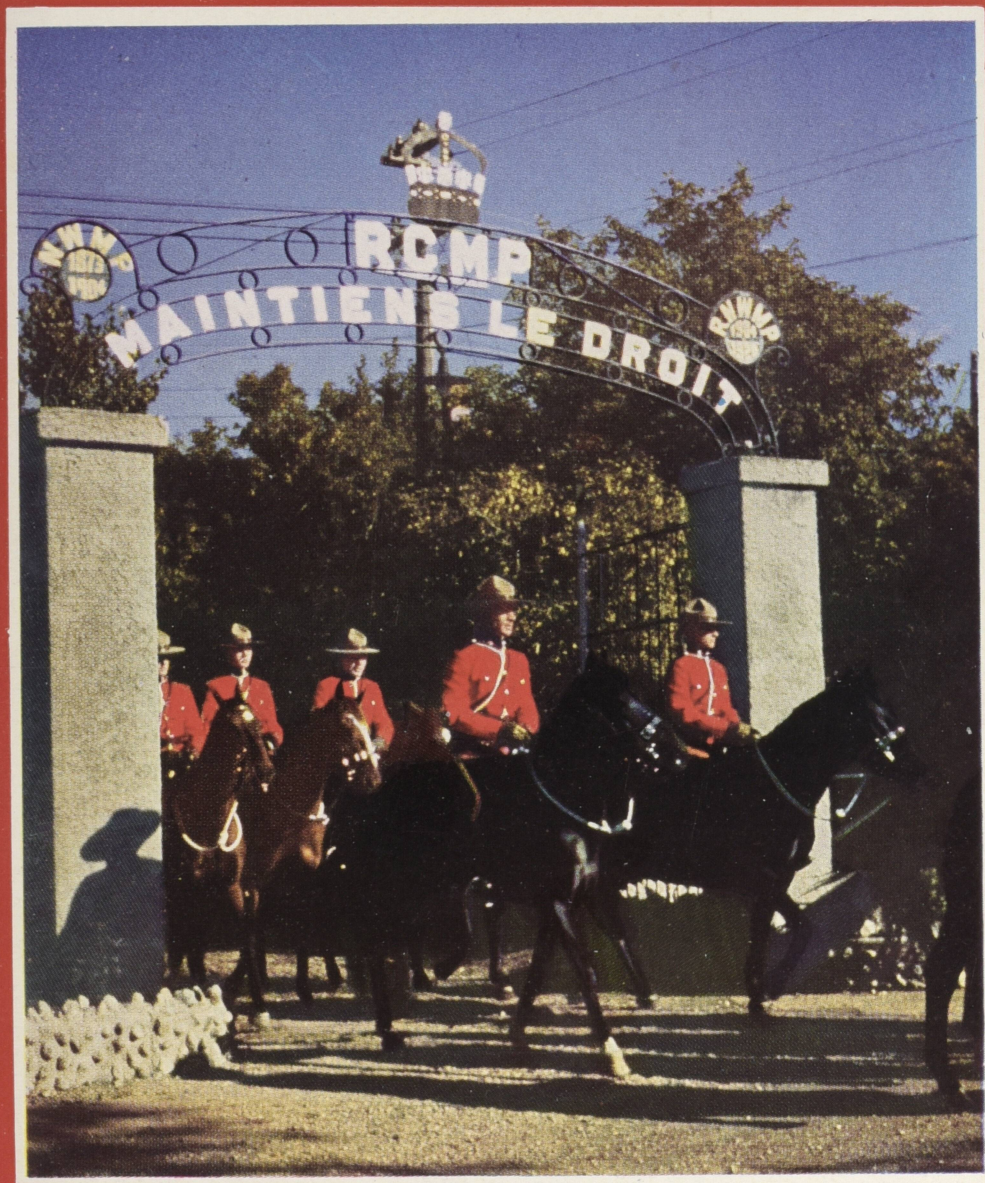


R.C.M.P.

PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY
MAR 30 1962
OTTAWA

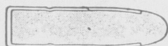


ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



VOL. 11—No. 2 & no. 3

Oct., 1945, & Jan., 1946



Soft Point

Heavy non-fouling metal jacket prevents disintegration of bullet.



Pneumatic High Velocity

Air chamber inside nose causes bullet to mushroom with deadly effect.



Copper Point Expanding

Specially designed hollow point copper tip provides exceptional accuracy and insures mushrooming.



Where Seconds Count...

Out of the early morning mist looms a monarch of the forest... Just to be ready for split second opportunities like this, seasoned hunters throughout Canada demand "Dominion". Years of everyday use from the Arctic to the Tropics have proved the dependability of "Dominion."

"DOMINION" Soft Point—A well balanced and scientific combination of correct weight bullet and finest smokeless powder has produced a cartridge that smashes home with tremendous speed and shocking power. No matter what climatic conditions, no matter how tough and dangerous the game you hunt, you can depend upon "Dominion" Soft Point.

"DOMINION" Copper Point Expanding—Flat trajectory and extremely high velocity are two outstanding features of the "Dominion" Copper Point cartridge. It is especially good in mountain country where cover is scarce and you must get your game at exceptionally long range.

This bullet available in .303 British and .30 '06 Springfield calibres.

"PNEUMATIC" High Velocity—Three features make this load popular with sportsmen of long experience. It never jams in the magazine, the bullet does not break up on impact, the air chamber produces a perfect "mushroom" that has surprising shocking power. Available in .303 Savage and .303 British.

On your next trip for big game, take along "Dominion" and shoot with confidence.

All "Dominion" Centre Fire Cartridges have "Super-Clean", non-corrosive priming.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
"DOMINION" AMMUNITION DIVISION



"Dominion" Ammunition

Always
Dependable

AM-173B

ACROSS CANADA — THE DEMAND IS FOR "DOMINION!"

Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

VOLUME 11

OCTOBER, 1945 - JANUARY, 1946

Nos. 2 & 3

Principal Contents

Ex-Staff Cst. J. B. Mitchell— <i>frontispiece</i>	PAGE 84
Editorial	85

ARTICLES

Blazing Trails in the Western Cattle Kingdom, by Grant MacEwan	102
Ex-member Prepares for His Biggest Case, by Larry O'Brien	131
Hobbies in the North, by Asst. Commr. T. V. Sandys-Wunsch	112
Narrative on Small-arms Ammunition, A, by D. N. Atkins	133
Psychological Slants in Questioning, by Sub-Insp. L. Bingham	119
Scandalous Behaviour of Blackie, by Cpl. D. G. Chater	123
They Opened the Way for the Peaceful Development	141
Understand that Juvenile Delinquent, by Cst. E.R. Moore	128
Writing Reports, On, by Cst. F. Dobbs	101

REGULAR QUARTERLY FEATURES

Book Reviews	166
Notes on Recent Cases	87
Obituary	169

BACK COPIES OF THE QUARTERLY

Some back copies of the Quarterly, including several complete sets, are now available. The complete sets, limited in number, are to be sold intact primarily for the convenience of those who may wish to get them bound. Application should be made to the editor.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

DEPUTY COMM. F. J. MEAD, *Chairman*

SUB-INSPR. A. W. PARSONS, *Treasurer*

G. T. HANN, ESQ., M.B.E., *Secretary*

SGT. G. S. HOWARD, *Editor*



ASSOCIATE EDITORS

'A' Div., Insp. O. P. FARTHING; 'H.Q.' Sub-div., Insp. J. F. THRASHER, LL.B.; 'C' Div., Insp. W. M. BRADY; 'D' Div., Insp. E. H. PERLSON, B.Sc. (C.E.), LL.B.; 'Depot' Div., Insp. T. R. MICHELSON; 'E' Div., Supt. A. T. BELCHER; 'F' Div., Sub-Insp. W. J. MONAGHAN; 'G' Div., A/Sgt. R. W. HOWEY; 'H' Div., Insp. J. HOWE; 'J' Div., Cpl. A. W. F. MILROSE; 'K' Div., Sub-Insp. H. A. MAXTED; 'L' Div., Cpl. J. T. LINES; 'N' Div., Sub-Insp. J. A. CHURCHMAN, M.M., F.R.M.S.; 'O' Div., Sub-Insp. H. LANGTON, B.Sc., B.C.L.

The *Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly* is published by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in January, April, July and October. Subscription, \$1 per year; single copies, 25c. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT ROOM 703-705, R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS, OTTAWA, CANADA
Subscribers should notify the *Quarterly* of changes of address.



Photo courtesy of *Winnipeg Free Press*.

Col. J. B. Mitchell in 1926, last survivor of the original 1874 N.W.M.P., in which he attained the rank of staff constable. His regimental number is 50.

Editorial...

When the *Quarterly* came into being a little more than a dozen years ago there were but few original members of the Force alive, and during the intervening 12-odd years the number of those grand old troopers has dwindled as one by one they rode out into the great beyond on their last patrol.

End of Chapter One In the July issue of this magazine we recorded a sad deletion of their ranks in the death of (Reg. No. 28), ex-Inspr. Wm. Parker. Of the 1874 originals he was the fourth last of all ranks to go, the last to attain a commission.

Now all are gone. Reg. No. 247, ex-Sgt. Major F. A. Bagley, Reg. No. 52, ex-Sub-Cst. W. Grain and Reg. No. 50, ex-Staff Cst. J. B. Mitchell have followed the others in that order, in quick succession they broke camp and departed; the death of Colonel Mitchell, last of the Old Guard to leave, wrote finis to an important chapter of the Canadian West.

It is more than 71 years since the N.W.M.P. first ventured across uninhabited stretches of prairie in the face of unknown dangers. Men of vigour and courage with little incentive other than a spirit of adventure and enterprise they took advantage of the opportunities that were theirs. "Pioneers of the Plains" they have been labelled, but somehow the appellation seems inadequate. A few white men, it is true, most of them now centuries dead, preceded them across the prairies—the LaVerendrye brothers, Henry Kelsey and a smattering of other explorers, traders and missionaries; nevertheless the Bagleys and the Grains and the Mitchells were trail blazers and builders of empire in every sense of those words, sent ahead to make the land safe for the pioneers who followed. They knew the lonely palisades of Forts Calgary, Edmonton and Battleford and some of them witnessed the gradual transition from those palisades to the castellated sky-lines of modern cities, the conversion of Butler's Great Lone Land into a great land dotted with many communities laced together with ribbons of steel and highways. Yes, those early riders of the plains were more than pioneers. That is why we say that, in a way, they were discoverers.

All too easily can the achievements of the old North West Mounted Police fade from the mind and memory; unfortunately the average Canadian knows little of the real history of that band of 300 men who were responsible for the comparative freedom of the West from lawlessness in early settlement days.

The Force is proud to pay tribute to the courageous vanguard that laid its foundation and left the traditions on which, in part, its prestige still rests. But it is sad, too, that the Last Post has sounded for the originals of '74.

* * * * *

In the death of Reg. No. 247, ex-Sgt. Major F. A. Bagley at Banff, Alta., the Force lost one of its outstanding personalities, one of its '74 originals, a man who had served it faithfully and long. Elsewhere in this issue we tell something of **Major Bagley** his career as a policeman, but on this page the *Quarterly* wishes to say a few words in more personal vein regarding him. Major Bagley had lived all of Mounted Police history and he knew the facts concerning it. Experience was his teacher and Bagley, though far from being a crank on the subject, resented those who in writing about the Force's early activities deliberately distorted the facts merely in an attempt to achieve a measure of drama or for their own convenience. A kind courtly gentleman who moved with the times, he possessed a wonderful knowledge of things past and present and invariably was willing to share the wisdom of his many years with us. It was a wisdom on which we could depend for time had left his memory unimpaired and seemingly had sharpened his senses and made him more alert.

His letters to us were shot through with flashes of philosophic humour. In a typical one, written not so many weeks ago, he expressed a thought to the editorial committee which provides, better than anything we say could, a key to his character:

"We old 'originals' are prone sometimes to believe that we are neglected or ignored by a generation that 'knew not Joseph' and his works . . . I am now in my 87th year and my interest and pride in the splendid fellows who are today carrying on, and even sometimes excelling the great traditions of the old Force, never slackens.

I always get a great thrill whenever I see them on parade or swaggering down the street."

Major Bagley's life was rich in service, generosity and tolerance.

* * * * *

The continuing paper shortage and printers' problems have reacted unfavourably on the *Quarterly* and delayed publication to such an extent that the editorial committee decided to combine the October, 1945, and January, 1946, issues.

On Being Late Though larger than its two predecessors this issue is being treated as only one and accordingly all subscriptions have been extended to include an additional copy—in other words a subscription which ordinarily would have expired in January, 1946, now will not expire until April, 1946.

As doubtless our readers are aware, most publishers during the present readjustment period from the war just ended are confronted with many difficulties imposed by conditions beyond their control. In the case of publishers, like ourselves, who sustained a break in the continuity of their production and who resumed publication in these unsettled times the difficulties are accentuated.

The Mounted Police has an interesting story to tell every three months which we think you will not want to miss. Letters to the editor assure us that our subscribers sympathize with us in our predicament and are glad to make allowances for unavoidable delays; we, for our part, wish to make it clear that no effort is being spared to have the *Quarterly* reach you on schedule.

* * * * *

Though the R.C.M.P. official archives contain many old photographs of historical interest there are, we regret to announce, lacunae which leave much to be desired. From time to time pictures of this nature have been received for the record

Wanted—Photos but we feel sure there must be many others we do not have. Past kindness of donors prompts us to invite ex-members and old-timers of the Force, also any of our readers, who have in their possession historical photographs of general interest regarding any phase of Mounted Police activity since the inception of the N.W.M.P., to send them to us so that we can have copies made and kept on file against the time of their possible use.

A brief description including the names of persons and places shown should accompany each photo which should be addressed to: The Commissioner, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, Ont.—Attention Officer in charge, Identification Branch.

Appreciating that very often such photographs have great sentimental as well as intrinsic value, the *Quarterly* wishes to give assurance that all photographs received will be carefully handled and restored to their owners in an unchanged condition as soon as copies have been made. Now that there is a lifting of war-time production restrictions the *Quarterly* intends to carry more pictures and due credit will, of course, be given to the owner of every picture used which has been submitted in response to this appeal.

* * * * *

Through the gate shown on our front cover have passed hundreds of members of the Force. It is the South Gate of Regina barracks, which accommodate the headquarters of "Depot" and "F" Divisions, and though possibly it is not as

This Issue's Cover well known or as often spoken of as its big counterpart, the North Gate, it spans a road that historically is more significant. In leaving the barracks by this south portal one must pass the R.C.M.P. guard-room which stands on the site formerly occupied by the old guard-room when headquarters of the Force was at Regina, 1882-1920. Many prisoners remorsefully gazed through the bars in the cells of those days and more than a few criminal cases terminated there; most notable of these latter was that of Louis Joseph Riel, leader of the North-west Rebellion, who was hanged at the barracks on Nov. 16, 1885.

The gate was designed by Reg. No. 12511, Cpl. J. C. Coughlin, and the iron work wrought and the complete structure erected in the summer of 1939 by Depot Division artisans headed by Reg. No. 10870, Cpl. S. E. Jenks.

Notes on Recent Cases

R. v. Broomfield

Unlawful Possession of Public Stores—Equipment Inadequately Marked— Departmental Initials Not Enough to Identify Property

Government and military equipment often is marked merely with the first letter of each word appearing in the relevant departmental name; thus the letters "R.C.A.F." have been used to mark Royal Canadian Air Force property. The Criminal Code, however, prescribes that the official mark for militia stores and equipment is the broad arrow within the letter C, and according to the decision given in the present case it is imperative that the proper mark be on an article belonging to public stores before such article can be identified.

Following a complaint that tires had been stolen from No. 7 Release Centre, R.C.A.F., Calgary, Alta., military police on Mar. 14, 1945, discovered on an automobile owned by D. W. Broomfield, a sergeant in the air force, two re-capped tires embossed with the letters R.C.A.F. These letters which had resisted obvious attempts to scrape them off were partially concealed by the rubbery coating applied during the retreading process. Service police removed the tires from the vehicle and Broomfield appeared before his commanding officer on a charge of being in improper possession of them. But it could not be proved definitely that the tires had been on his car, and the case was dismissed.

R.C.A.F. officials then decided to have Broomfield charged under the Criminal Code, and on August 8 the local R.C.M.P. detachment was asked to investigate. Search of the suspect's premises yielded two wooden propellers which he admitted taking from a hangar, a small rubber tail wheel and a pair of rubber boots bearing a mark of the English government. These articles were seized but as nobody could testify under oath that

they bore a Canadian Government mark action concerning them was dropped.

With respect to the tires, however, Broomfield was charged with Unlawful Possession of Public Stores, s. 434 Cr. Code, which provides that every one who, without lawful authority, the proof of which lies on him, possesses any public stores bearing any mark which by s. 432 has been appropriated for use on stores the property of His Majesty in the right of his Government of Canada, knowing them to bear such mark, is guilty of an offence. The tires were valued at more than \$25 and the accused elected summary trial under Part XVI. He appeared on August 30 at Calgary before Police Magistrate I. F. Fitch and pleaded not guilty. The prosecution was conducted by M. H. Staples, K.C., the defence by C. E. Smith, K.C.

The mark to be used on public stores, provided for in s. 432 Cr. Code is the name of any public department or the word "Canada", either alone or in combination with a Crown or the Royal Arms, and s. 991 (2) provides that if a person charged with the offence relating to public stores mentioned in s. 434 was, at the time at which the offence is charged to have been committed, in His Majesty's service or employment, knowledge on his part that the stores to which the charge relates bore the marks described in s. 432 shall be presumed until the contrary is shown.

Statements made by the accused during the investigation were ruled inadmissible and the court after hearing the evidence of both sides dismissed the charge on grounds that there was no proof that the tires carried the required marks, and that

accordingly the onus placed on the accused by ss. 434 and 991 (2) Cr. Code did not apply because the Crown could not prove knowledge.

His Worship observed that although the inscription "R.C.A.F." was plain to be seen on the tires it might quite easily escape notice by a buyer who was not

specially looking for it. In any event, these letters were not proper identification within the meaning of s. 432 Cr. Code, he said, because there is nothing in law to the effect that they stand for Royal Canadian Air Force any more than there is that R.C.M.P. stands for Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

R. v. Hawley

Excise Act—Admissibility of Evidence Concerning the Actions of Trained Police Dog

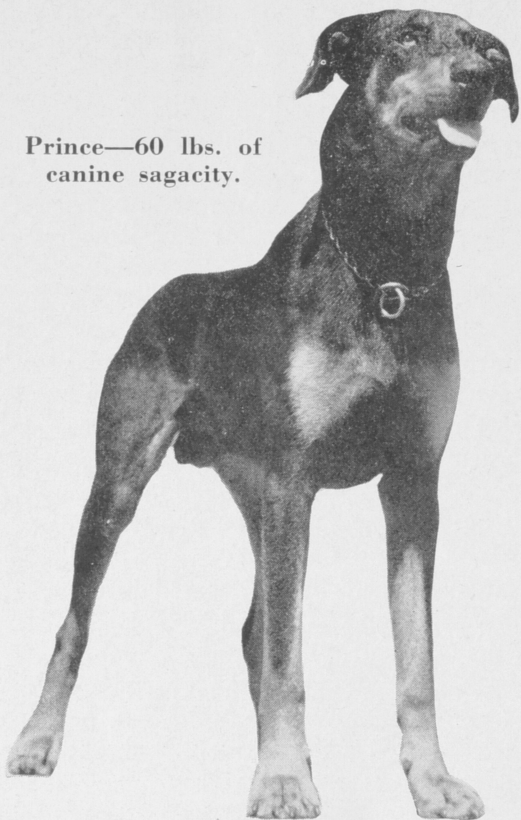
Special interest attaches to this case wherein a Nova Scotia County Court confirmed a magistrate's conviction which was based on evidence concerning the tracking propensities of a trained dog. The admissibility of evidence relating to the actions of animals is still a comparatively new subject, and the present case should be noted along with *R. v. White*, 37 B.C.R. 43 with which, by the way, it is not in accord. The question is also discussed at length in 6 R.C.M.P.Q. 259 and 7 R.C.M.P.Q. 381.

While engaged on preventive service work in the Killkenney Lake, N.S., district on Dec. 15, 1944, members of the R.C. M.P. New Waterford, N.S., Detachment, assisted by Reg. No. 153-W police dog Prince, a three-year-old purebred Doberman pinscher, came upon two illicit stills in the bush within a mile of each other. The investigators were attracted to one of these by sounds of human activity—somebody apparently was chopping wood for a fire which crackled audibly—but darkness, thick undergrowth and an intervening brook prevented them from actually seeing what was going on. Approaching cautiously, they arrived at the site a few minutes later only to find that it was deserted.

However, at the edge of the clearing in which the still was located a few low-lying bushes, swaying unnaturally, indicated that someone had fled in that direction. Given the scent at this point Prince promptly took up the trail and after going about 20 yards, signified by giving tongue that he had sighted his quarry; the chase extended two miles and a half through a wooded area, with the dog giving tongue continuously, and ended in a swamp.

Here, a man clad simply in shirt and trousers, Hugh Joseph Hawley by name, was arrested. He claimed to be in the vicinity snaring rabbits, and denied knowing anything about the still; but footprints and the dog's tracks, both clearly visible, were found side by side approximately

Prince—60 lbs. of canine sagacity.



half a mile from the still site, and examination left no doubt in the minds of the investigators that the footprints had been made by the distinctive pair of steel-tipped boots Hawley was wearing. Back at the still, suspicion against him mounted; when he complained of being cold and was told to get his coat, he involuntarily picked up one of two coats from a nearby stump and it fitted him perfectly.

Charged with Possession of Still, s. 164 (e) Excise Act, Hawley appeared at New Waterford on Dec. 18, 1944, before Provincial Magistrate J. Smith McIvor and pleaded not guilty. The Crown, represented by F. A. Hamilton of Sydney, N.S., offered little evidence other than the dog master's testimony as to Prince's behaviour during the investigation up to the arrest. M. J. Hinchey, defence counsel, objected to the admission of this evidence, but His Worship overruled the objection and, after several adjournments, convicted the accused on Feb. 19, 1945. Pronouncement of sentence was re-

served until a week later when a fine of \$100 and costs was imposed or in default three months' imprisonment.

E. McK. Forbes, K.C., of Glace Bay, N.S., on behalf of the defence immediately served notice of appeal on the grounds that the court's finding was against the law and the weight of evidence; that the magistrate improperly admitted testimony regarding the dog's actions and gave undue consideration to that evidence.

The appeal was heard on Apr. 13, 1945, by way of trial *de novo* before Judge N. R. McArthur of the County Court at Sydney, N.S., who on May 1, 1945, confirmed the conviction.

On May 30 Hawley again appeared before Magistrate McIvor and pleaded guilty to Possession of Spirits, s. 169 Excise Act. A sentence identical to that passed for the previous charge was meted out, the terms of imprisonment to run consecutively. Both fines were defaulted.

R. v. Humen et al

Black Market—Gasoline Ration Coupons—Cooperation with British Columbia Police

In May, 1945, while inquiring into an alleged armed robbery, R.C.M.P. investigators in Edmonton, Alta., found two letters which indicated that William Humen of the same city, who had left for Vancouver on May 10, 1945, had been illicitly trafficking in gasoline ration coupons.

Suspicion also pointed to Leonard Silkier an Edmonton taxi driver who upon being questioned told the investigators that he had sold 1,000 sheets of coupons (four coupons to a sheet) to Humen for \$300, and that his source of supply was William Shiel, janitor of the building which housed the regional oil controller's offices in Edmonton. A search of Silkier's hotel room yielded 433 sheets of genuine gasoline ration coupons.

Shiel was next interviewed and he explained that he had salvaged the cou-

pons from the incinerator. His method was unique. The practice followed by the oil controller's office when destroying genuine coupons was for two members of the staff to take them to the basement, throw them into the incinerator and wait around long enough for them to burn up. As the sheets were being fed into the fire, Shiel would toss in large strips of heavy paper—ostensibly to cause a blaze but which acted instead as a damper and prevented the coupons which landed between the layers from getting burned or scorched. Once the officials had gone and he was alone, Shiel would rake out the paper and recover the undamaged coupons. These he subsequently sold to Silkier for ten cents a sheet, and Silkier in turn disposed of them to various garage men and car owners including Humen.

Shiel appeared on June 1 at Edmonton

before Police Magistrate L. R. Jackson, K.C., and pleaded guilty to a charge of Acquiring Gasoline Ration Coupons, Oil Order No. 12, Wartime Prices and Trade Board Regulations. Defence counsel was F. Jackson; prosecuting counsel was W. S. Ross who discharged that office during all the hearings arising out of this case. Shiel was ordered to pay a fine of \$300 and costs or in default to serve six months in jail. The fine and costs were paid.

On June 8 Silkie appeared before the same court and, with J. H. Ogilvie, K.C., conducting the defence, pleaded guilty to: (1) Unlawfully Obtaining Gasoline Ration Coupons; (2) Selling Gasoline Ration Coupons, Oil Order No. 12, W.P.T.B. Regs. He was ordered to pay a fine of \$3,000 and costs or in default to serve one year in jail. He entered an appeal which in District Court, Edmonton, on September 24 before Judge L. Dubuc was upheld, the sentence being

altered to a fine of \$1,500 or in default to a term of one year in jail. Fine and costs were paid.

The facts of the case had been communicated to the British Columbia Provincial Police and that force had arrested Humen and turned him over to members of the R.C.M.P. on May 29. He was escorted back to Edmonton where, like his confederates, he appeared before Police Magistrate L. R. Jackson, his trial taking place on June 26 with N. D. Maclean, K.C., conducting the defence. Humen was convicted of Illegally Receiving Gasoline Coupons, Oil Controller Regulations, P.C. 8528, and ordered to pay a fine of \$2,000 and costs or in default to serve nine months in jail. He too entered an appeal and on October 12 Judge L. Dubuc reduced the fine to \$750 in default of which he was to serve nine months in jail. The fine and costs were paid.

R. v. McQueen et al

Conspiracy—Opium and Narcotic Drug Act—Questioned Document Examination—Precedent Established in Dealing with Recalcitrant Witness—Appeal—Sentences Increased

These prosecutions, in what has been labelled by the press as "the case of the narcotic slipper" because an innocent-looking pair of foot-wear was used to ship drugs from Toronto to Vancouver, mark the climax of one phase of investigative effort to check the illicit drug trade in this country.

Early in December, 1944, members of the R.C.M.P. Drug Squad at Vancouver, B.C., learned that Aaron "Butch" Posner of that city was trafficking in narcotics. His activities were kept under close observation and, when after making a trip to Toronto, Ont., he arrived back by plane on Jan. 11, 1945, it was believed that he brought some illicit drugs with him. Efforts to locate him were unsuccessful, but inquiries at the express offices on Jan. 14, 1945, disclosed that a package had been shipped from Toronto four days

previously, addressed to Mr. A. E. Young at a rooming house in down town Vancouver, and the investigators had reason to believe that Posner was the sender.

Examination of the package in the presence of express office officials revealed that it contained a pair of cheap brown leather slippers and in the toe of one was found a paper container made up of several wrappings inside which was slightly more than an ounce of brownish powder. A small sample of this powder was taken by the investigators for analysis, the remainder replaced in the slipper and the parcel restored to its original condition. Then a member of the narcotic squad, accompanying the regular delivery truck and clad in the cap and coat of an express company employee, delivered the parcel to the rooming house to which it had been addressed.

Young didn't live in the rooming house, but he had told the landlady that a parcel for him would be sent there. When the parcel arrived this woman informed him by telephone that it had come and he said he would be over to pick it up within an hour.

Two investigators hid behind a screen in the living-room and two others behind an inside basement door and awaited him. Young himself didn't show up, but presently Posner, accompanied by Oliver "Ollie" McQueen a known local bootlegger, entered the house, located the parcel and picked it up. As the pair moved toward the front door the investigators emerged from their hiding-places and one closed in on Posner who ran through the door-way to the veranda. In the brief scuffle which followed, Posner tried to toss the incriminating parcel ahead to his accomplice but it missed its mark and fell inside a hedge whence it was recovered and identified by the police. Both suspects were arrested, as was their confederate, Young, when subsequently located.

Several facts were established that strengthened the case for the Crown: analysis revealed that the powder was heroin, a trade name applied to a drug derived from morphine; examination by an R.C.M.P. document examiner at the crime detection laboratory, Rockcliffe, Ont., corroborated the suspicion that the handwriting on the parcel had been executed by Posner, and according to witnesses in Toronto, Posner had made a long distance telephone call from a jewellery store in that city to Vancouver and on January 11 had been a passenger on the TCA plane to the West Coast.

The three suspects were jointly charged with Conspiracy to Commit an Indictable Offence, namely, to have in their possession a drug, morphine, s. 573 Cr. Code; and with Illegal Possession of Narcotics, s. 4 (d) Opium and Narcotic Drug Act.

As the date set for the hearing of the first charge drew near, however, one of

the Toronto witnesses refused to go to Vancouver as he did not want to be absent from his place of business. N. L. Mathews, K.C., Toronto, was appointed by the Crown to handle the action arising out of this development, which resulted in establishing what is believed to be a precedent.

Although ss. 974-976 Cr. Code authorize the courts of the several provinces and the judges of the said courts to act as auxiliaries to one another in the matter of enforcing the attendance of witnesses at a trial in a province other than that in which such witnesses reside, the procedure to be followed to give effect to these provisions is obscure. Neither Mr. Justice J. C. McRuer nor Crown Counsel Mathews, who appeared before him on May 28, 1945, with a notice of motion in the Supreme Court of Ontario, knew of any previous occasion where this procedure had been adopted. His Lordship, however, issued a bench warrant under which the witness in question was brought before him and bound over in the sum of \$3,000 to attend the trial at Vancouver on the date set.

On June 22, 1945, the three accused appeared before Mr. Justice A. D. Macfarlane and jury at Vancouver and pleaded not guilty to the charge of conspiracy. Crown counsel was G. S. Wismer, K.C., of Vancouver; defence counsel were Senator J. W. deB. Farris, K.C., W. J. Murdock and T. F. Hurley, all of Vancouver, for McQueen, Young and Posner, respectively. Posner, in his defence, stated that he was a drug addict. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against all the accused and on July 7, 1945, His Lordship sentenced McQueen and Young to three years' imprisonment, and Posner to two years' imprisonment, in the British Columbia Penitentiary.

The joint charge of Illegal Possession of Narcotics was traversed to the fall assizes.

On July 25 L. H. Jackson, a Vancouver solicitor, entered an appeal on behalf of Young, and Crown counsel immediately

launched a cross appeal not only against the sentence imposed on Young but against those imposed on McQueen and Posner, holding that in view of the large amount of narcotics involved in the case and because there was no evidence that either Young or McQueen was an addict he believed a more substantial sentence should have been given.

The appeal was heard at Victoria, B.C., on Oct. 2, 1945, before C. H. O'Halloran, C.J., and H. I. Bird and H. B. Robertson, JJ. McQueen was represented by C. L. McAlpine of Vancouver.

On October 12 the court granted the Crown's cross appeal against McQueen

and Young by increasing the original sentences from three to five years' imprisonment, but dismissed that in the case of Posner on the grounds that the notice of appeal had not been served within the proper statutory limitation.

On October 15 the prisoners appeared before Judge J. O. Wilson and jury at the assizes in Vancouver to answer to the charge under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. It was decided by Crown counsel that in view of the appeal court's decision in the conspiracy charges, he would not go ahead with the drug charges. He therefore requested leave to enter a stay of proceedings which was granted.

R. v. Teale

Murder—Crime Detection Laboratory—Court Lauds Investigators

In mid-afternoon of Nov. 17, 1944, a farmer notified the R.C.M.P. at Melfort, Sask., that there was a dead man in an automobile which was parked near Naisberry corner, an intersection on the market road north of Naisberry, Sask. He had noticed the car on the edge of the road at 2.30 p.m., but had given no further thought to it until nearly an hour later when, while driving back along the same road, he saw it again in exactly the same position and place and thinking something might be wrong stopped to investigate.

The body was identified as that of Alexander John Vansickle, a 65-year-old farmer of the district. The coroner, in his preliminary examination of it, believing lacerations on the face and neck to have been caused by the head striking inside fittings of the car, attributed death to heart failure. Police investigation next day, however, established that the deceased had been shot in the neck and in the back; two expended .22 calibre rifle bullets—one found on the seat of the car, the other adhering to one of two blood-stained blankets which had served as a seat covering—indicated the type of weapon that had been used.

News of the crime spread quickly and several people came forward and volunteered information, chiefly regarding Vansickle's movements up to when he was last seen alive, through which it was possible to fix the time of the murder as being shortly before 1 p.m. of November 17. About this same time a young man in R.C.A.F. uniform was seen crossing a field in the vicinity of Naisberry corner, and following this lead the investigators questioned a number of airmen in Melfort one of whom was Ernest William Teale. This young man who had sergeant chevrons on his tunic asked why he was being interviewed, and upon being told the reason promised to help the police all he could.

In the evening of that day (November 18), a farmer named Percy Price called at the R.C.M.P. detachment office and stated that at about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the murder he had stopped his truck a few miles out and picked up a young airman carrying a dunnage bag and driven him into Melfort. On his way out of the building after making this report Price passed the airman of whom he had just been talking, so he turned and followed him into the police office

CANADIAN CRIMINAL PROCEDURE

(ANNOTATIONS)

by A. E. Popple, LL.B.

Author of *Snow's Criminal Code*, 5th ed.; *Daly's Criminal Procedure*, 3rd ed.;
Popple's Justices, Police and Prosecutors Manual 1943

Canadian Criminal Procedure is a quarterly publication, the first volume of which is complete with the December issue, 1944.

Each part contains annotations on one or more important subjects in criminal cases, with a discussion on a "Problem Question", also "Practice Notes", "Investigation and Prosecution of Crimes", "Directions to the Jury", "Criminal Defences", etc.

Leading Cases are annotated and there is a Refresher Course for returned men.

Yearly Subscription in Advance—\$6.00

Single Part—\$2.00

THE CARSWELL COMPANY LIMITED

145-149 ADELAIDE STREET W., TORONTO 1, CANADA

where he identified him. The hitch-hiker proved to be none other than Teale who had come to allege to the police that the murderer lived in Pre Ste. Marie, Sask. Teale's unusual interest in the progress of the case and his conduct all along had been strange. But Price's allegation against him, coupled with his own unsupported statement against an unknown person at Pre Ste. Marie, caused suspicion now definitely to centre on him.

After several hours' interrogation he admitted complicity in the crime but tearfully insisted that he had been an unwilling accessory and that another man, whom he vaguely designated as "the other fellow", had done the shooting.

Teale's story was that at 11 a.m. on November 17 while dressed in his uniform and carrying his duffel bag he walked out on the highway to the cross-road north of Naisberry where he met the other fellow with whom he had devised a plan after breakfast earlier that

morning. The other fellow took a .22 calibre rifle from which the stock had been removed out of the duffel bag and hid it under his greatcoat, throwing the bag into some bushes, and then together they walked along the highway until Vansickle drove up and stopped to give them a ride. The other fellow got into the back seat and he got into the front. The car had barely started when the other fellow pressed the muzzle of the stockless rifle against the driver's neck and pulled the trigger. The wounded man fell over on Teale and the car swerved into the ditch along which it ran for 20 or 30 yards. Then Teale grabbed the wheel and steered the car back onto the road, stopping it on the opposite side in the position where it was found later. He got out and started walking away. While his back was turned he heard another shot and the door slammed. In a few seconds the other fellow caught up to him and gave him

\$5 as his share of the money taken from Vansickle. They recovered the duffel bag, put the rifle in it and parted company. With the bag over his shoulder Teale headed back toward Melfort eight miles distant and, after he had gone about five miles, was picked up by Price who drove him the remainder of the way. He hid the bag and weapon, but toward evening the other fellow took the weapon and pushed it through a crevice in the foundation of Teale's rooming house.

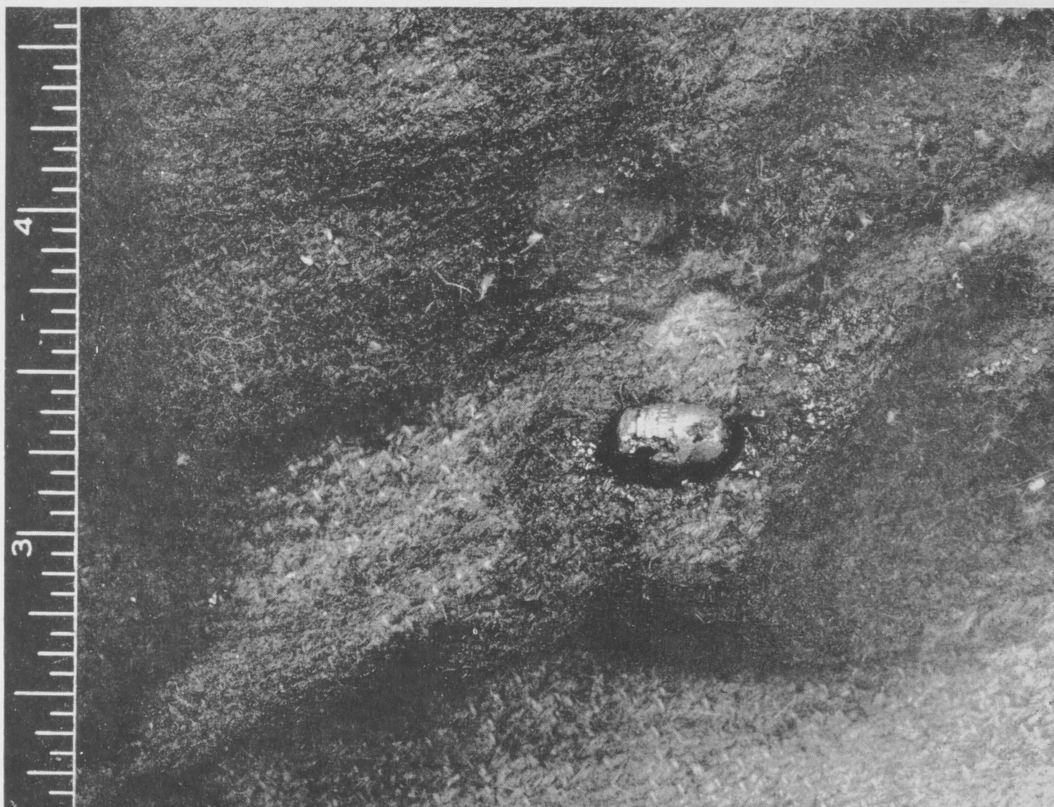
Teale told this story in an evasive incoherent manner but maintained that every word of it was true. Questioned regarding the other fellow's name he said he couldn't remember it, yet without hesitation he led the police to where the murder weapon had been concealed. He even retrieved the weapon, a .22 calibre Savage model 3C, from its hiding place and the police seized it as an exhibit. Taken to the locus of the crime, he showed where Vansickle had stopped to pick him and his companion up, where

the car had gone into the ditch, where it had swung onto the highway, and where it had stopped. He also pointed out where, after the murder, he had entered the bushes on the west side of the road while the other fellow had struck off through the bushes on the east side.

Investigation disclosed that Teale had been drinking with a man shortly after the murder was committed and when this man's name was mentioned Teale immediately claimed that he was the other fellow. The activities of the man blamed, however, were carefully accounted for and it was evident beyond doubt that he could not possibly have been at Naisberry corner when the crime occurred or have anything to do with it. It was obvious that Teale was lying, and eventually he confessed that he alone had killed Vansickle.

The rigid investigation which followed laid bare the truth bit by bit and

Photo shows expended bullet adhering to a blanket found in the murdered man's car.



fashioned a network of irrefutable evidence around Teale.

In the morning of the day of the murder Teale had no money. An hour before noon he left his room in Melfort and walked out on the highway, resolved to rob the first motorist who happened along. His own account of what followed was essentially correct, except that he had worked alone. Once in the car he withdrew the .22, which he had concealed under his greatcoat and from which he had removed the stock to facilitate handling, and shot Vansickle in the neck. He became panicky when the wounded man fell over on him and, using the rifle barrel as a club, inflicted cuts and bruises on his victim's face. When the car stopped he got out and went around to the other side, shot Vansickle in the back as he lay on the seat, robbed him and then left. Shortly afterwards he was in Price's truck being driven back to Melfort.

Dr. Francis G. McGill of Regina, Sask., provincial pathologist, performed the *post mortem* examination on November 19 and concluded that death had been caused by internal hemorrhage resulting from a gunshot wound through the right lung.

Check of the records at Saskatoon, Sask., at which point the suspect claimed to be stationed, revealed that he had never been a member of the R.C.A.F. and that he was wearing the uniform, chevrons and service ribbons illegally. He had, however, belonged to the air cadets in Winnipeg, Man., and when he left his unit apparently did not turn in his uniform; moreover he stole several articles of equipment, including the dunnage bag, from an airman he met.

The trial opened on Apr. 3, 1945, at Melfort before Mr. Justice H. V. Bigelow of the Court of King's Bench and jury. W. M. Rose, K.C., Moose Jaw, Sask., and A. E. Cairns, K.C., Melfort, represented the Crown; H. E. Keown, K.C., B. Moore and E. M. Woolliams, all of Melfort, appeared for the defence.

Teale, charged with Murder, s. 263, Cr. Code, pleaded not guilty.

Much of the Crown's case was based on scientific findings involving ballistics, handwriting, footprints and various laboratory tests for blood.

Microscopic comparison showed that the two bullets recovered from Vansickle's car and an empty cartridge case found on the ground nearby could have been fired only from the rifle seized from the accused. Tests for propellant powder residue on the coat which the deceased was wearing when killed gave positive results, while comparative tests made with the seized weapon, the same clothing material as that in the coat and ammunition of the type used in the murder established that the shot in Vansickle's neck had been fired from a tight-contact muzzle range and the one in his back from a muzzle range of between half an inch and two inches.

Several hours after the murder Teale had taken some washing in the dunnage bag to a Chinese laundry. At the trial an R.C.M.P. document examiner identified the bag by testifying that the handwriting on a tag attached to it and the accused's signature on his statement to the police were written by the same person.

Laboratory tests also disclosed that stains on this bag, on the blankets taken from the car and on the rifle were of human blood, and that a new air force greatcoat found in Teale's room bore human blood stains high up on the left sleeve near the shoulder—made when the wounded man slumped against his assailant.

Plaster casts of footprints found in a field near where the murder was committed coincided in size with impressions made by the accused's boots.

The prosecution adduced that on November 15 the accused departed from his home in the Golburn, Sask., district, taking with him his brother's rifle; that when he entered the boarding-house on the 16th, the day before the murder, he

was carrying a long parcel wrapped in brown paper; that an elongated scratch on the inside of a cardboard box found in his room appeared to have been made by the front sight of the murder weapon, and that some brown paper and some corrugated paper tubing, also found in his room, still retained when seized the shape of the rifle barrel and had evidently been used to wrap it.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty but recommended mercy, and the accused was sentenced to be hanged on July 10, 1945, at Prince Albert, Sask., gaol; this sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment in Saskatchewan Penitentiary.

In addressing the jury, Crown and defence counsel both referred to the capable manner in which the investigation had been conducted and the impressive comportment of the police on the witness stand.

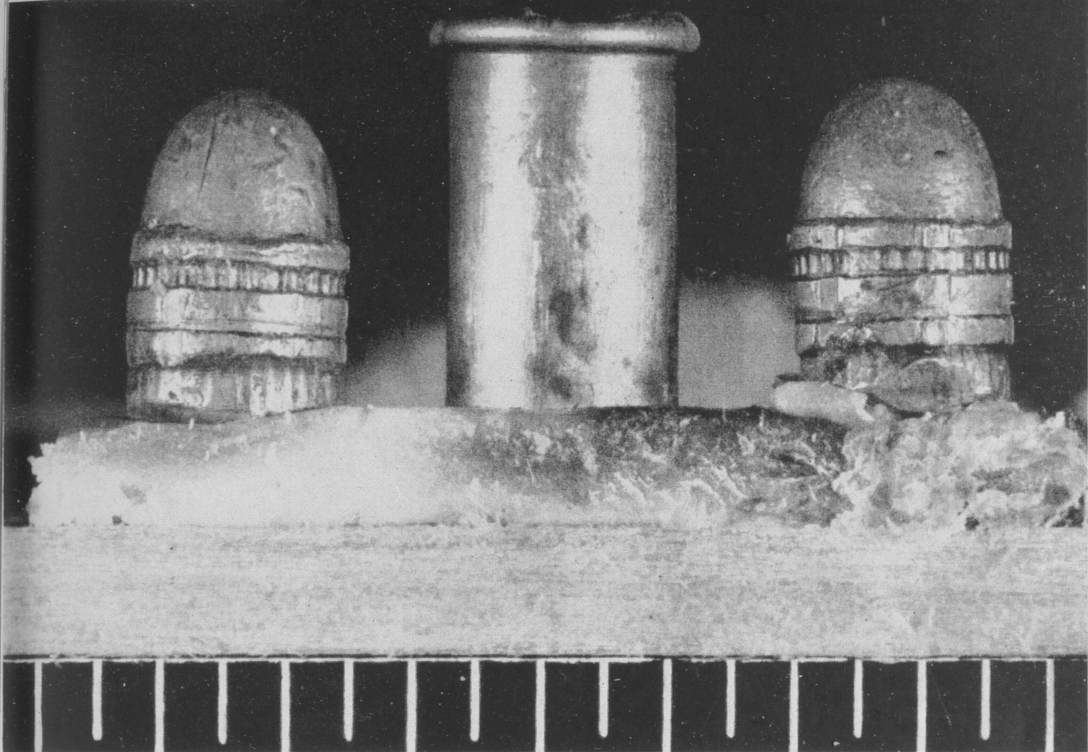
Mr. Justice Bigelow also commended the investigators and paid special tribute to the R.C.M.P. crime detection laboratory staff, remarking on the excellent way they had given their evidence and prepared the exhibits. He added that the methods used far surpassed those of former years when this kind of work was performed by private agencies which could be hired by either side.

"I would just like to say a word about the work of the police investigation", His Lordship said. "I want to add my tribute to the experts of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and their great achievements in that respect in the last few years. It is not for so many years that the courts have had the assistance of such evidence that they can produce now from the laboratory in Regina. It is only a few years ago that we used to have handwriting experts who were conducting private offices and you could hire them to come to give evidence the same as you could any doctor or anybody else, to give opinion evidence. Well, that kind of evidence was not very satisfactory and I must voice my pleasure at seeing such capable evidence as we have had before us in this court. That handwriting expert who gave evidence here was

certainly a satisfactory witness, and gave his evidence as such a convincing witness that I don't think you will have any doubt about it. He gave you 23 different reasons why that questioned signature was like the other signatures in the statement. And the same for the other experts. It is very satisfactory to know that we have in this province a laboratory in Regina in the police barracks capable of doing such capable work, not only in the finger-prints, blood stains, the firearms and the plaster casts, but of all that evidence which is very, very helpful. All that evidence is very helpful and reliable as it is and I am sure it will help you gentlemen to a very considerable extent.

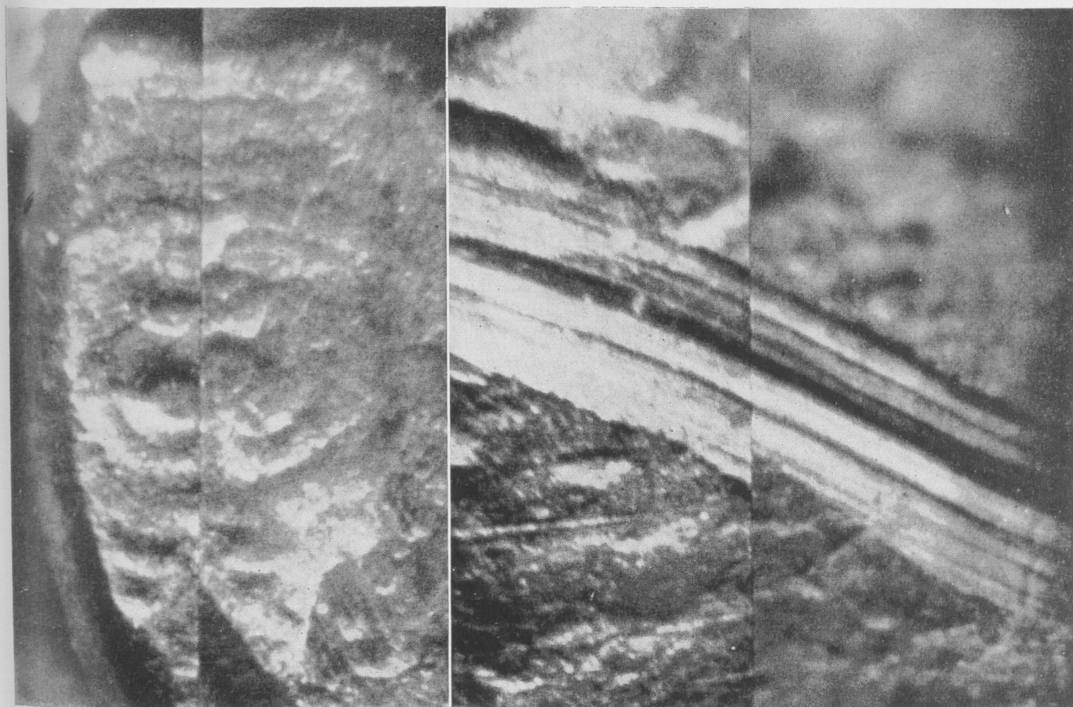
"I quite agree with counsel in their remarks that the police have done some excellent work in rounding up and collecting all possible evidence to present to you, and I would add my tribute to what counsel said of them in that respect. The police had no knowledge of this crime at all until four o'clock that afternoon. They were investigating then the car. They had nothing to start with to investigate. They knew that a man had been killed, that's all. Well, by the next evening they had some men rounded up who had been driving into Melfort. You can take yourself for instance. Put yourself in the same position. Supposing you were to go out today and try to find out who passed over that road, No. 3 highway, yesterday. Where would you begin? And what a difficult job you would have! They were fortunate of course in coming on two cars . . . coming in from this cement bee incident. Two cars of people then. But outside of that they got two other people who passed over that road at the very critical time, and it must have taken some very clever searching to find them. There was McKee and that commercial traveller for the Imperial Tobacco Company; they passed over the road within the very critical time.

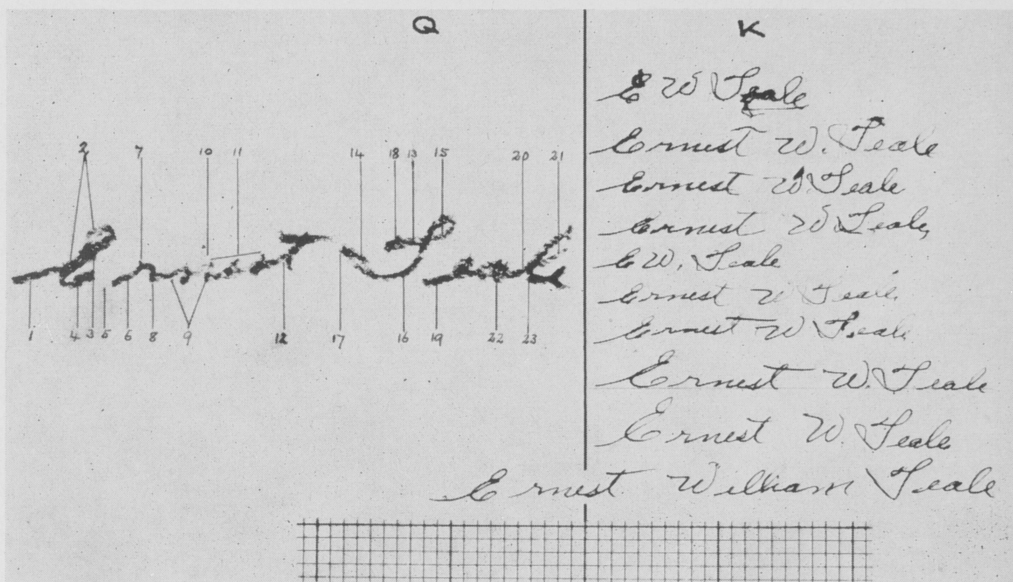
"Now the bullets: There were two pellets found, one stuck in the blanket congealed in blood and one on the front cushion of the car. There were also two live bullets found on the side of the road near the place of the tragedy and also an expended cartridge case. The conclusion of the expert in firearms is that both of these bullets had been fired from one and the same



Top—*left*: Bullet found on car seat; *centre*: cartridge case found on road near victim's car; *right*: bullet found adhering to blanket in the car.

Bottom right: Photomicrograph showing similarity of extractor markings (left) on evidence cartridge to those (right) on cartridge case used in test shot. Bottom left: Photomicrograph showing (left) similarity of firing-pin markings on a discharged cartridge case picked up near the murdered man's car to (right) those on a cartridge case used in a test shot.





Showing features common to the questioned signature on the laundry slip (Q) and known signatures (K) of the accused.

weapon and that that weapon was the gun of the accused. Also that the marks on the discharged shell were made by that arm. He explained how the bolt is a very important part of it because it makes the major marks on the discharged case and it contains the firing pin and the extractor. Now you heard that specialist on firearms. He struck me as a very capable witness and he satisfied me that that evidence is correct and true. The question is did he satisfy you? I did not take the trouble to examine the charts. It is not enough for these experts to say, "It is my opinion", but they must go further and give you reasons for that opinion. He had these charts before you and enlarged photographs and he showed you the photographs of

these marks. I did not see it. It is for you to be satisfied, not me, in that respect. He purported to show you what he called the signature of the rifle. I suppose a great many people think to this day that a bullet fired out of a rifle bears the same marks as a bullet fired out of another rifle of the same make; and there are hundreds and thousands of them made, and many think they would all bear the same marks . . . But it was an education to listen to that man on firearms. But I guess you gentlemen must be satisfied now that each rifle has a signature of its own, the same as a man's handwriting."

The accused was not yet 18 years old when he committed this brutal crime which netted him only \$5.

R. v. Whyte and Bradley

Breaking, Entering and Theft—Finger-prints—Stolen Revolvers Used in Attempted Hold-up—Firearms Section—Cooperation Between Police Forces

On the night of Aug. 30-31, 1945, the Ottawa, Ont., premises of the 4th Canadian Reconnaissance Regiment (P.L.D.G.), Reserve Unit, were broken into and four Smith & Wesson .455 calibre service revolvers stolen from a storage cabinet. Next morning the crime

was reported to the R.C.M.P. Criminal Investigation Department, Ottawa.

Immediate investigation disclosed that entry into the building had been effected by removing some wire screening from a window, while access to the storage cabinet had been gained by partially

CANADA'S
FINEST
CIGARETTE



"EXPORT"

Made with Moistureproof Paper

35C

prying off a panel door. Several finger-print impressions of evidential value were found on this door and on some ammunition cartons.

The *modus operandi* employed indicated that the offence probably had been perpetrated by some person or persons familiar with the inside plan of the building, who knew where the weapons were stored—in other words each member of the regiment was a possible suspect.

Acting on this theory, the R.C.M.P. Identification Branch decided to take the finger-prints of every member of the unit, if possible, and instructions for the unit to assemble were broadcast over the CBC. Of the 70 members who answered the call, all willingly submitted to being finger-printed when the reason for doing so was explained to them by an R.C.M.P. officer who stressed that compulsory measures could not be adopted. These sets of finger-prints were classified in the Finger-print Section and on September

11 the R.C.M.P. Single Finger-print Section identified a latent finger-print which had been found on the door panel of the looted cabinet as belonging to Herbert Bradley, 17-year-old member of the unit.

Meanwhile on September 7, Deputy Chief of Police R. A. Byford of Westmount, Que., brought to Ottawa two revolvers which had been found during the course of an investigation into an attempted armed hold-up of a taxi driver in Westmount on September 1. The taxi driver had been shot in the stomach and was in a critical condition, but beyond stating that his assailants were two youths he was unable to describe them. The R.C.M.P. Firearms Section, through its registration records, identified these revolvers as being two of the four which had been stolen from the P.L.D.G. armoury.

Before Bradley could be arrested he and a companion member of the unit, 17-year-old Raymond Whyte, entered the

R.C.M.P. C.I.D. office in Ottawa where they confessed that early in the morning of August 31 they had broken into the premises of their unit and stolen the four revolvers and had later attempted to hold-up a taxi driver in Westmount. A foreboding that the general finger-printing of their unit would ultimately reveal their guilt had prompted them to give themselves up.

After stealing the revolvers they boarded a train for Montreal shortly before noon, August 31, and in that city had purchased a box of ammunition from a hardware merchant, following which they had wandered about the streets until mid-afternoon and then gone to a picture show. Finding four revolvers too cumbersome to pack around with them they hid two of them in the theatre before leaving it. Next evening, September 1, they hired a taxi and instructed the driver to take them to Westmount. It had been pre-arranged that the hold-up would occur when Bradley who was in the back seat asked Whyte who was in the front with the driver for a cigarette. Upon this signal being given, Whyte stuck his revolver into the driver's side and ordered him to pull over to the curb and shut off the ignition. At the same time Bradley threatened the driver from behind and ordered him to put his hands on the wheel. The driver, however, jumped out

as soon as he stopped the car and started running away, whereupon Whyte fired at him.

The wounded man had been rushed to the hospital by a passing motorist, where the bullet which had passed through his body was found inside his shirt and turned over to the police. Microscopic examination of this bullet by Dr. J. M. Roussel, medico-legal expert, Montreal, established that it had been fired from one of the revolvers found near the scene of the shooting. The two other revolvers, which were subsequently recovered from the theatre where they had been hidden, were identified by the R.C.M.P. Firearms Section as those which had been stolen in Ottawa, thus proving that they had been in the possession of the accused.

On Oct. 16, 1945, both accused pleaded guilty before Judge C. E. Guerin at Montreal to Wounding with Intent, s. 273 Cr. Code; Robbery with Violence, s. 446 (c) Cr. Code, and Conspiracy, s. 573 Cr. Code. O. Gagnon, K.C., Montreal, conducted the case for the Crown while D. M. Lack and E. Laliberte, K.C., both of Montreal, appeared for Bradley and Whyte, respectively. His Honour reserved judgment until Jan. 15, 1946, when he sentenced each accused to seven years' imprisonment in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Montreal.

Barkis is Willin'

A primary rule regarding police reports is that they be brief and written in clear, precise language, free from high-flown phraseology. Occasionally, however, reports are received at R.C.M.P. headquarters in which the writer by literary allusion reveals with true economy of expression the exact shade of meaning he wants. A case in point concerns a Japanese national, and the member puts over his conclusions by recalling the famous saying from *David Copperfield*:

"It should be further stated that Ogino has in mind the possibility of marriage . . . , but so far as the writer was able to ascertain this attachment can be best described as of the 'Barkis is willin'' variety."

On Writing Police Reports

BY CONSTABLE F. DOBBS

*There is no way of writing well and
also of writing easily*—TROLLOPE.

POLICE reports are necessary to preserve the facts of an investigation and make them available to the prosecution in the preparation of its case for trial. For these reasons they should, as a general rule, be statements of fact written in simple every-day language, their object being to inform not entertain. Often they are read by other departments and, if carelessly written, will reflect not only on their writer but on the Force as a whole to which he belongs.

Policemen do not have to be authors or men of letters, but they should be able to write clearly, accurately and briefly, and the educational standard of the R.C.M.P. is high enough to ensure that members of the Force will write intelligible reports either in English or French.

To write one must think. Confused, loose writing results from confused thinking. At best a vague idea can be but vaguely expressed, whereas a clear idea practically will express itself. So above all get straight in your own mind what you wish to say before putting it down for others to read. Planning is the basis of good writing. Before a constable starts his report he should review the details in his mind, refer to his notes and decide what to include, for not all the

information obtained in an investigation is important or relevant. Generally speaking, opinions are taboo; simply set down the facts. But if it be advisable to express an opinion, give the facts on which it is based.

Needless repetition is an annoying and all-too-common fault which, besides lengthening the report, might mislead the reader. It sometimes results from failure to record the events to be told strictly in the order of their occurrence, and is the least excusable of all bad writing habits because, being so apparent, it is the easiest to avoid. As a rule, facts should be set down chronologically; failing this, they should be given in such a way as to assure the best interpretation. Be accurate, specific and comprehensive. A wise policy is: never submit a report before reading it carefully, and if repetitions occur re-write it and leave them out.

Good writing implies the correct choice of words. "The difference", said Mark Twain, "between the right and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug." Any attempt to cover the subject of semantics in a short article would be futile, and certainly I am not trying to do so here. But for those with average vocabularies I recommend the use of a thesaurus, which is, so to speak, a dictionary in reverse, where words are arranged according to the thoughts they suggest. This text-book aids one in choosing the right word and is inexpensive and simple to use. To be told that the English language is rich in synonyms is perhaps not helpful to anyone unfamiliar with words, but a thesaurus will simplify the task of exact narration.

Writing, like everything else worthwhile, improves with practice. "Practice is nine tenths", said Emerson, and though a certain facility comes with experience good report writing is hard work.



THE founders of the great Western cattle kingdom were two-fisted men, resourceful, determined and colourful. They established a priceless reputation for getting things done, for friendliness and hospitality.

The whole story of the rise and expansion of agriculture, and of the development of cattle ranching in the Canadian West is intertwined with that of the policing of the plains by the Mounted Police. Though it embraces comparatively few years as history is reckoned, that story is none the less an exciting and inviting one.

It is only 133 years since farming was started by the Selkirk settlers on the banks of the Red River, and but 86 years since Capt. John Palliser, as servant of the Imperial Government, surveyed this soil and sought answers to some simple questions concerning the suitability of Rupert's Land for farming, the rainfall, the possibility of controlling the Indians, and the dangers of wild animals to the lives of settlers. Seventy-six years ago the Hudson's Bay Company, virtual ruler

of Rupert's Land for 200 years, relinquished its territorial claims and thus made way for a transition—furs to farming. Yes, just 76 years. And, mark you, it is only 69 years since the first wheat was shipped out of this vast area which was destined to become one of the best bread baskets in the world—but they were 69 years packed with action. The rise of the cattle kingdom occurred, roughly speaking, at the same time as the extension of wheat production.

* * *

SURE, cattle ranching was cradled in the South. Columbus helped to start it. It is believed that he brought Spanish cattle on his second voyage to the West Indies, and shortly afterwards, when Spanish activity extended to the mainland, cattle came with the colonists. The rangy, active, long-horned Spanish cattle thrived on the grassy plains of the South and multiplied much faster than they were needed. The result was that they became semi-wild and grazed over that part of the continent now known as Mexico and Texas.

In the course of time the Republic of Texas declared its wild cattle to be public property, and from then on some interest was taken in branding them and herding them to distant points where they might have a value. In 1856, these cattle numbered about 3,000,000.

A few brave souls tried driving herds north, and those who surmounted the hazards of rivers, hostile Indians, and unmarked trails made good profit. The Civil War put a stop to this movement. But with the return of peace the "trailing" of Texas cattle 1,000 miles to stock northern ranges, or to be loaded into box cars on the new railroad in Kansas for shipment to various slaughter-houses,

Blazing Trails in The

by GRANT MacEWAN

Professor of Animal Husbandry, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

**A group of Western pioneers
with stock saddle and branding iron
hewed a frontier trail and founded a great
industry. The N.W.M.P. was their friend just as the
R.C.M.P. is a friend of the cattlemen in the sunshine
province today; many an early Mounted
Policeman, in fact, forsook the Force's
ranks to become one of them.**

became big business. The cattle were wild, and so were the men who drove them.

In a few years, with the retiring of the Indians to reservations and the decline of the buffalo herds, cattle reached the grassy plains of Montana. That was getting close to Canadian soil, where not more than a few men had thought of running cattle; seemed that when you stepped across the "medicine line" (boundary), the climate was at once more severe and the Indians were more hostile.

It took men like Sub-Constable Whitney* of the North West Mounted Police, H. A. (Fred) Kanouse and John George "Kooteni" Brown, hard-riding, hard-fighting frontiersmen, to dispel such silly notions. Kanouse and Brown talked it over and concluded that where buffalo lived cattle would do well. Anyway, in 1877 (the year after wheat was first loaded on a river boat at Winnipeg, Man., and shipped south, then east to startle

some Eastern millers), Kanouse slapped a brand on 24 cows and a bull and turned them loose on his range near Fort Macleod, N.W.T. (now Alberta). The wise-acres said, "You'll never see hide or hair of them again", but after a typical winter every hoof was brought in—strong confirmation that "cattle can survive and thrive and multiply on those ranges".

Kanouse, noted for his ability at shooting from both hips, had while still in his early 20's come to the country as a whisky trader in 1871 and got along fine until the arrival of the N.W.M.P. three years later. Then the softening influence of settlement and law taught him and other whisky runners that times had changed. Discouraged from continuing his former activities, Kanouse turned his thoughts to cattle.

Many tales might be told about the same Kanouse. He said he had two secrets—one his age, the other the number of notches he could have cut in his gun-stock. Old-timers say that in 1879 Kanouse, in a trade with an Indian, got a horse that was lousy. He applied kero-

*Reg. No. 102, Sub-Cst. Robert Whitney served in the N.W.M.P. from May 25, 1875, to May 1, 1877, when he provided a substitute in the person of Reg. No. 37, ex-Sub-Cst. E. C. Miller to finish out his time. Member of "C" Troop, he was one of the first policemen to take up ranching. Everybody at Fort Macleod knew old Bob Whitney the rancher from away off up in the Porcupine Hills.

Western Cattle Kingdom





sene and, knowing that Indians were prone to sell a horse in the morning and steal it back during the night, decided to put his brand on it without delay; unfortunately he made the mistake of pressing the hot iron against the animal's hide before the kerosene was quite dry, and the hair ignited. The pony made a dash for freedom, scattering fire here and there over the dry prairie; nobody knows where he stopped but without doubt the fire went even further.

Kanouse's friend, Kooteni, also a romantic personality of the early West in Canada and sometimes referred to as the first settler in what is now Alberta, had as varied a career. Born in England in 1839 and gazetted as an ensign in the Queen's Life-guards, he became, according to story, too friendly with the "ladies in court" and was sent to India. There, so the tale goes, somebody got in the path of a bullet and Kooteni developed a desire to see South America. Eventually he walked north across Panama, reached San Francisco in 1862 and launched his career as pioneer prospector and cowboy. Three years later he had made his way far northward to the Kootenay Lakes (now Waterton Lakes) district in "Hudson Bay Country" as the Canadian foot-hills were called by American traders, where he found the combination of grass, water, scenery and weather for which he said he had gone almost around the world. He lived there for the remainder of his days and so thoroughly did he become identified with the region that his Christian names were dropped completely from use and he was known throughout the southwest simply as Kooteni Brown. He died in 1916 and lies buried in a plot on the shores of Lower Waterton Lake.

* * * *

FORT Macleod, being the headquarters of the N.W.M.P., was the centre of police activity and the focal point for settlers who came in quickly when assured that law and order were to prevail. George Emerson, who before 1869 had worked for the Hudson's Bay

Company, and Jim Christy brought in small separate herds from Montana. Christy's horses were about 15½ hands, tough and accustomed to ranging out in winter, and they made good police remounts. Emerson went in for dairying near Calgary, selling milk and butter to the police.

It was fast becoming apparent that this part of the territories was destined to be a great cattle country, and it isn't surprising, considering their position, that members of the N.W.M.P. were attracted by the possibilities of the cattle industry. They were quite busy, it is true—the Indians raided a little, stole a little and shot a few cattle, though not as many as they were blamed for—, but while carrying out patrols and making investigations regarding these matters, the redcoats learned much about the business of ranching, became familiar with round-up figures, branding records and live-stock statistics. They held earnest discussions about it in their barracks and camps, and the idea of becoming ranchers was born in the minds of many of these men—men who made good as ranchers and whose names today are bywords on the cattle range.

The suitability of the country for cattle grazing, with its rich grasses, unlimited space and ideal climate, appealed to officers, N.C.O.'s and constables alike, and in the spring of the memorable year of 1877 about 30 men left the Force and located in the Macleod and Pincher Creek districts on land grants obtained by script for their three years' good conduct service.

When Treaty No. 7 was signed with the Blackfoot Confederacy on Sept. 22, 1877, the government at Ottawa intended that the Indians, until they became self-supporting, should subsist on the buffalo, though the herds were even then rapidly declining. But these plans were upset when the Sioux under Sitting Bull sought refuge in Canada after the Custer Massacre in the previous year and killed off huge quantities of buffalo thereby de-

priving the Canadian Indians of their usual supply.

In an attempt to compensate for this loss, Commr. James Farquharson Macleod, C.M.G., of the Mounted Police, who had been one of the treaty commissioners, urged in 1878 that "a large band of cattle be bought and herded somewhere in the Bow River country where pasturage is abundant, and where they can graze out all the winter".

Farming at Macleod was first attempted in the summer of '77 when the police sowed 20 acres of oats and planted five of potatoes; the yield was excellent, nurturing the hope that Canadian products soon would reduce the excessively-high forage costs at the police post.

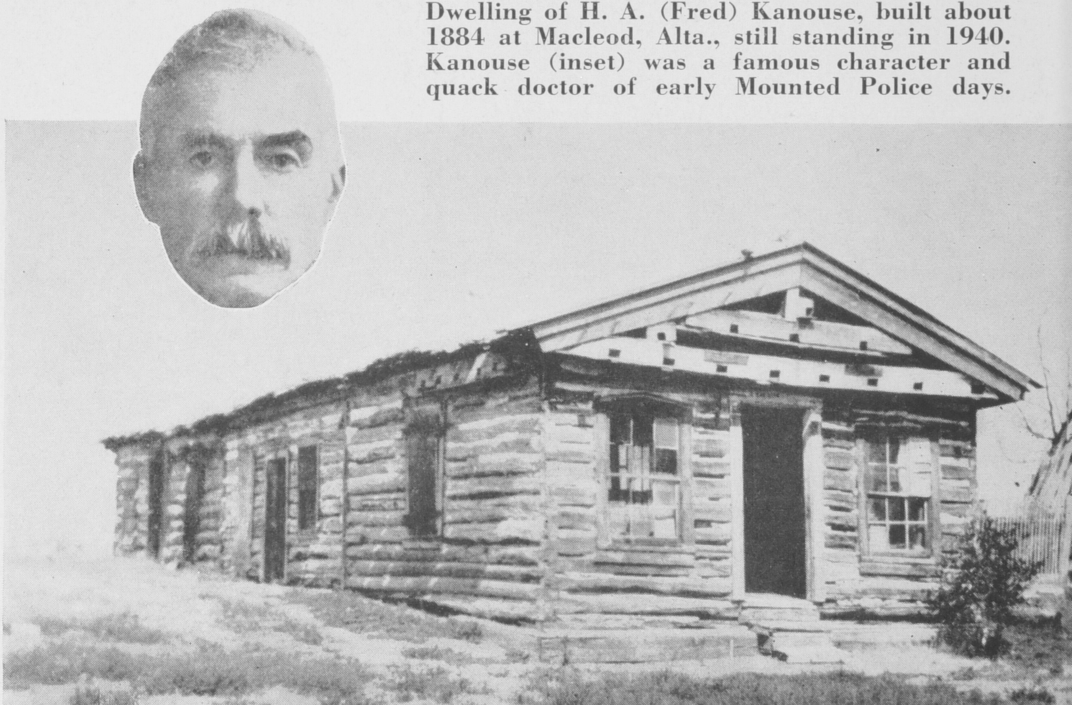
Reg. No. 380, Sub-Cst. Edward H. Maunsell, who became the owner of the largest individual holdings in the Macleod district, was one of the very first to change from policeman to rancher. He had enlisted in the N.W.M.P. at St. Paul, U.S.A., on June 11, 1874, and spent the following year with "D" Troop at Swan River, Man., then headquarters of the Force. He arrived at Fort Macleod on Oct. 22, 1876, when headquarters was transferred to that point, after the epic march of his troop southward across

the plains during which the very important treaty No. 6 with the Plain and Wood Crees was signed.

When his time expired on June 25, 1877, Maunsell received the usual free grant of 160 acres of land for good conduct service and with his brother, George, started building up a name and reputation that became famous in Western cattle centres. The brothers never forgot that experience in trailing their initial stock of 103 head. Being "green" they took a long time to "cut out" the cattle they had purchased and to drive them across open country to their newly-founded range. George was never a Mounted Policeman but he knew the country, having been a member of Her Majesty's North American Boundary Commission in 1873.

The first real round-up in the foot-hills occurred in August, 1879. Sixteen men shared in the undertaking including Insprs. Albert Shurtliff and William Winder; Reg. No. 20, Sgt. William Fred Parker; Reg. No. 200, Cst. Robert M. Patterson who subsequently took up ranching near Slideout; Reg. No. 188, ex-Cst. John Miller who had taken his discharge from the Force on July 16, 1879, and ex-Constable Maunsell.

Dwelling of H. A. (Fred) Kanouse, built about 1884 at Macleod, Alta., still standing in 1940. Kanouse (inset) was a famous character and quack doctor of early Mounted Police days.



Despite inadequate equipment, between 500 and 600 head were gathered in, but the round-up revealed that many cattle had been lost. It was a disconcerting blow to these pioneers of Alberta's great stock-raising industry; however, most of them recovered from their losses and in later years became men of wealth.

Sergeant Parker, who was the captain of that first round-up, had for some time been considering a change and on Nov. 3, 1879, the date his time in the N.W.M.P. expired, he took the plunge and settled down on a farm near Macleod with a few head of cattle which he bought from J. J. Healey of Whoop-Up. He had joined the Force on Nov. 3, 1873. In 1888 he captained the eastern Pincher Creek autumn round-up and was presented with a pair of silver-mounted spurs from his fellow-members as a token of their appreciation for his able handling of the arrangements; the same year he was appointed to the branding committee for the Pincher Creek district.

No review of the cattle kingdom history would be complete without some mention of Reg. No. 22, ex-Sgt. David J. Cochrane. The dates of his N.W.M.P. engagement and discharge coincide exactly with those of Parker. Both men had three years' service and both belonged to "C" Troop. But there the similarity ended. Parker was steady and dependable, while Cochrane was devil-may-care by nature. In the course of his "business" as a rancher-farmer, he had many varied encounters with his whilom brothers-in-arms. Story has it that just before the Blood Indians were moved to the reservation which had been set aside for them Cochrane had squatted on it and though he had no legal claim to the holding succeeded in laughing the embryo Indian Department into paying him \$3,500 before he consented to vacate.

Of all the names of policemen which are perpetuated in ranch annals none is better known than that of Captain William Winder. Appointed superintendent and sub-inspector in the N.W.M.P. on



J. G. "Kooteni" Brown, claimed to be the first settler in the Alberta foot-hills country.

Sept. 25, 1873, he commanded "C" Troop during the historic westward march of the Mounted Police and held that post until he retired on Apr. 1, 1880, with the rank of superintendent. Most of the men at Macleod who left the Force to become ranchers during that period were at one time or another under his command.

In 1876 his wife and family followed him to the West, and when he returned to civilian life he decided to make his home in this new land. Going to Montreal, he formed the Winder Ranch Company, secured a lease, returned to the West and purchased some 1,200 head of mixed cattle. His primary objective, however, was to breed choice remounts for the police. As ranch manager he proved to be most progressive, but his untimely death in 1885 cut short a career that presaged future success and an enviable reputation.



Front Street, Fort Macleod, 1878.

Tales about the Winder Ranch abound. Early in the '90's some Winder horses, pending sale to the police, were placed in a corral at Macleod. The corral was beside the livery stable and enclosed on all sides except the north where a cut bank on the Old Man river, between 30 and 40 feet high, seemed "barricade" enough. The officer commanding arrived to make selection of the most suitable horses for remounts, and all went well until Charles Sharples, the rider, mounted a horse which apparently didn't like the proceedings and started acting up. Near the cut bank he balked, and Sharples drove the spurs in up to the rowels. The animal exploded in a dynamic whirl, rushed at the cut bank and leaped straight out into space. On-lookers, who had come to witness the demonstration of bronco busting, raced to the river's edge; all were surprised and delighted to behold the rider still in the saddle and the horse swimming to the opposite shore, none the worse for his crazy leap. Winder horses were good horses.

During a general reshuffle of officers which took place in the N.W.M.P. in 1880, Supt. James Walker was transferred from Battleford to Fort Walsh where he arrived in September to take

command. He had completed six very strenuous years among the Crees and half-breeds in the Carlton and Fort Pitt district on the Saskatchewan.

Tall, erect, with square shoulders, searching eyes, a kindly smile and a firm hand clasp, he was a medallist of the second (1870) Fenian Raid. When "D", "E" and "F" Troops were being recruited in 1874, he was taking a gunnery course at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., and there met Col. G. A. French first Commissioner of the Force.

Walker was appointed superintendent and sub-inspector on Mar. 30, 1874. On the march to the West that summer he was a member of "D" Troop and performed notable service by sketching the route taken. Commissioner French afterwards reported that "the greatest reliance may be placed in him".

A few days after Walker's arrival at Fort Walsh in 1880, Supt. E. Dalrymple Clark, adjutant and paymaster of the Force, died, and in mid-October Asst. Commr. A. G. Irvine instructed Walker to accompany Mrs. Clark, the widow, to Ottawa.

While in the capital city Walker was offered the position of local manager of a large cattle ranch which Senator M. H.

Cochrane of Hillhurst, Que., proposed to establish. At this time there were probably close to 10,000 head of live-stock in the country and the Canadian stage was set for expansion.

Previously the senator, deciding to look things over, had driven up by way of Fort Benton, Mont., then the best route by which to enter the Calgary district. He had met up with Kooteni Brown who convinced him that cattle could thrive in that area.

Major Walker accepted Senator Cochrane's offer and resigned from the N.W. M.P. on Feb. 1, 1881. He went to Benton from which point a Cochrane herd of 3,000 head—the first of the big herds to enter Canada—was that summer driven in to graze just west of where Calgary, Alta., now stands.

Soldier, policeman, rancher and business pioneer, Major Walker was born at Carlake, Wentworth County, Ont., in April, 1846, and died at Calgary on Apr. 1, 1936.

When the first Great War broke out he enlisted as a forestry expert, serving in England and Scotland, and Sir Arthur Currie said of him, "He was a man who broke out every 50 years and went to war". His death occasioned an expression of personal regrets from His Majesty King George V and ended a period of

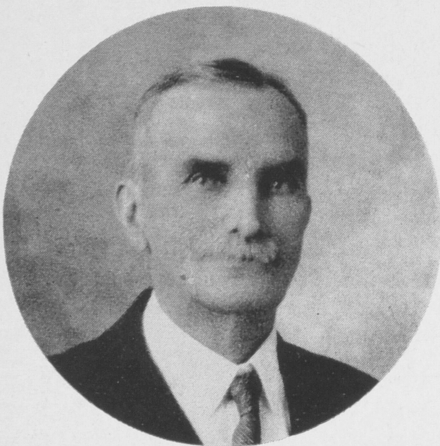
service longer than that of any other militia officer in Canada.

In that year of 1881, the next of the big outfits, The North West Cattle Company better known as the Bar U, was organized, and in '82 a 3,000-head herd was trailed from Montana in its name. Two years later, this company placed an order in Montana for the best cattleman available and to fill the order, which carried the munificent salary of \$35 a month, George Lane came to the foot-hills. A long, lean and awkward-looking cowboy, he became one of the most prominent stockmen on the continent, friend of the Prince of Wales, friend of the Indians, friend of everybody. It was under his ownership and direction that the Bar U became famous.

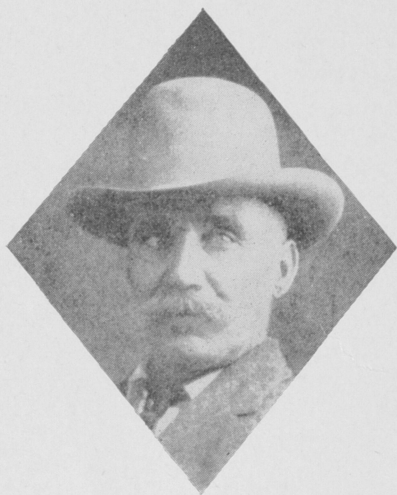
Ranching expanded at a phenomenal rate until 1886, and then came the first major set-back; it was the bad winter of 1886-87 when 30 to 40 per cent of all the cattle between the Red Deer river and Wyoming perished. A lot of the cattlemen quit—some because they were discouraged, others because they had to; for those who remained it was a good lesson, one that demonstrated the need for more careful organization and for reserves of winter feed.

Actually, there were herds on the inter-mountain ranges of British Columbia before there were any in the Chinook belt. The first cattle in the British Columbia interior which today has a valuable ranching industry were driven in from Oregon as food for the gold miners who rushed into the Cariboo in the '60's. Beef at the mines was bringing 50 cents a pound and Harper Brothers, Jerome and Thaddeus, were among the first to turn cattle off the trail to breed. The brand JH, for the initials of Jerome Harper, is still in use and must be the oldest recorded brand in Canada.

The mines up the Fraser gradually failed; but the cattle left to roam the range multiplied and some cattlemen found themselves with big herds and no markets. The Harpers, however, refused



Col. James Walker in 1934, famous ex-officer of the N.W.M.P. and first manager of the Cochrane Ranch.



Reg. No. 20, ex-Sgt. W. F. Parker,
captain of the first round-up in the
Alberta foot-hills.

to acknowledge defeat, and Thaddeus in 1876 embarked upon a daring plan. He rounded up 600 steers, three to eight years of age, and started them southward over the Okanagan Trail. Buying more along the way, he reached the State of Washington with 1,200 cattle, swung eastward and, after more months of driving, loaded them at Billings, Mont., for shipment to Chicago, Ill.

Joe Greaves, founder of the famous Douglas Lake Cattle Company—today Canada's largest cattle outfit—, whose herd had become top-heavy, said, "If Harper can do it, so can Joe Greaves". And what he succeeded in doing is one of the epics of North American history. There was no railroad in British Colum-



SUMMER ROUND-UP GROUP, MAPLE CREEK, 1890. Seated extreme left, Dave Burgess; standing extreme left, John Small; standing at back extreme left, Marshall Cutting; seated in front of Cutting, a hand to his face, Jules Laurent; seated beside Laurent with elbows on his knees, Reg. No. 637, ex-Cst. Aime Chartrand; seated on his heels in front of Laurent, "Scotty" Williams; seated beside Williams with hands clasped, "Dutchy", a bronco rider; seated with his back to portmanteau with kerchief around his neck, "Charlie"; in black hat standing nearest chuck wagon, "Gooch" St. Denis; standing between St. Denis and Chartrand, Levec; four men reclining in front of chuck wagon, left to right, (1) Unidentified, (2) John Cobbler, (3) Bob Breedan, (4) William Douglas; kneeling extreme right, Colin Sinclair.



Photo Dept. of Agriculture

Herefords on a Western range.

bia but Joe gathered up 4,000 head and drove them across the border into Washington, through Oregon, Idaho and most of Wyoming to Cheyenne where he finally loaded them into box cars and billed them to Chicago. It was like starting out from Calgary and driving 4,000 cattle to North Bay, Ont., except that it was over unmarked country inhabited at some places by hostile Indians. There is no record of the nature of the celebration which the Greaves cowboys held in Cheyenne on the night that the last steer was loaded and the months of trailing were ended, but it may be assumed that for a long time afterwards that frontier town didn't want for red paint.

It is lamentable that more has not been written about the drives made by those stout-hearted Canadian pioneers. What Joe Greaves accomplished must have called for more of skill and daring than anything credited to Chris. Columbus who simply set sail in a westerly direction and couldn't help bumping into land.

Trailing didn't stop with the big prairie drives. Came '98, year of the Gold Rush to the Klondike. Beef was worth \$1 a pound at wild and primitive Dawson City, and the farming country of the new West had men big enough to deliver beef over the nigh-impassable trails to this market.

Pat Burns pioneered the Klondike trade and qualified for the "dollar a pound" reward. Some men failed, that's

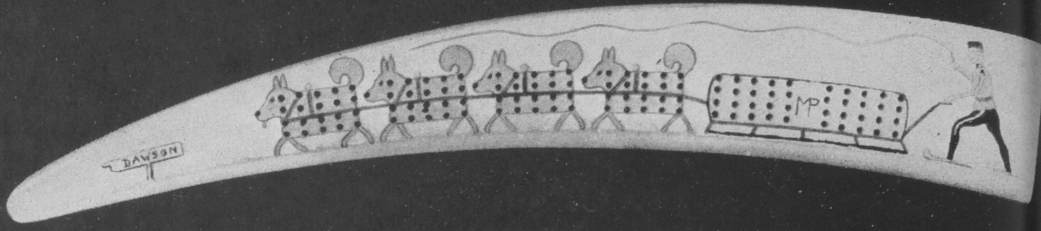
true, but the efforts were spectacular and daring. Norman Lee of Chilcotin, for instance, started north from the interior of British Columbia with a big herd which he drove for five months in the general direction of Dawson. At Teslin Lake he slaughtered the cattle and piled the carcasses on rafts to be floated the remainder of the way, but during his second day on the lake a storm blew up and he lost his cargo. There was only one thing left for him to do; he started off on foot for the coast. When he reached Vancouver, B.C., after the best part of a year's absence, he had only "a blanket, a dog and a dollar", but he went right back to his beloved Chilcotin and started all over again.

The Tuxfords of Moose Jaw, N.W.T. (now Sask.), loaded 70 head of cattle on the cars at Moose Jaw on May 24, 1898, taking them to the Pacific, then up the coast to Skagway, Alaska, and over the long and dangerous Dalton Trail. Five months to the day after starting, they arrived at Dawson with the carcasses of all but four of the cattle—one steer died from eating poison plants, one strayed away and two had to be shot on the trail when their feet wore out.

Such were the men who founded our great and exciting kingdom of cattle, pioneers whose adventures and triumphs and disappointments compose one of the most romantic chapters in Canadian history.

"And he looked at the work he had done
With his own hands,
And he saw that the work was good,
And peace filled his soul."

Unknown 1700



Hobbies in the North

BY ASST. COMMR. T. V. SANDYS-WUNSCH

THERE are times in the North when travel is impossible, the office work is up to date, all equipment is repaired and there is nothing to do. If reading and similar diversions have lost their appeal, time is apt to hang heavy on the hands of civilized men who live remote from the society of their fellows—a dull stretch lies ahead of the young constable without a hobby, and for the first time he realizes his isolation and misses the daily distractions of civilization.

Happy is he who in such circumstances has a hobby—any kind of a hobby that will keep his hands and mind occupied. And there is no reason to be without one, for there are many interesting things a man can do which he never attempted before merely because his leisure hours had been otherwise taken up. He may of course devote his spare time toward improving his education, by studying languages, shorthand, literature and so on, but such tasks as these should not be classed as hobbies. A hobby is a favourite occupation that is useful and not one's main work, and what is wanted is a pastime that will bring results fairly easily, one that will awaken the creative

urge and promote a desire for continuous improvement.

In selecting a hobby for a Northern detachment consideration must be given to local conditions. Naturally hobbies that require frequent contact with the outside world or the use of power tools and machinery are not appropriate; but there are many others, and all that is necessary to follow them are a few simple preparations before the person goes North.

I personally consider that music is out. The only case on record of a man deserting from a Northern post is where the other member of the detachment was learning to play a saxophone—which may have had a bearing on the matter. But if one plays an instrument well, that of course is different.

Let us then discuss some suggestions:

Block-Printing and Clay Modelling

Block-printing, a form of printing from wooden blocks, is a fascinating hobby, especially if three or four colours are used. Many people use it to make their own Christmas cards.

For clay modelling, there is now available a wet clay which dries hard in a

few hours. Coloured or varnished, the result will be a permanent *objet d'art* (perhaps).

Drawing and Painting and Photography

Not everyone has the gift to draw and paint well, but everyone should make sure he lacks ability along these lines before rejecting this hobby. A trial may bring pleasant and astonishing results. I have seen coloured sketches of Northern scenes by untrained artists which really were works of art.

Photography of course is the old standby. Nearly everyone takes a camera North, but how many learn to use it properly before they leave civilization?

Wood-craft

This field includes carving, fretwork, whittling, toy making. Certain tools and material are needed, but its scope is boundless. Get some practical instruction and some good books on the subject. After two years in the Eastern Arctic, one man brought out a huge box of toys

which he had made in his spare time. He gave them to the Red Cross and was thereby "twice happy".

Leathercraft

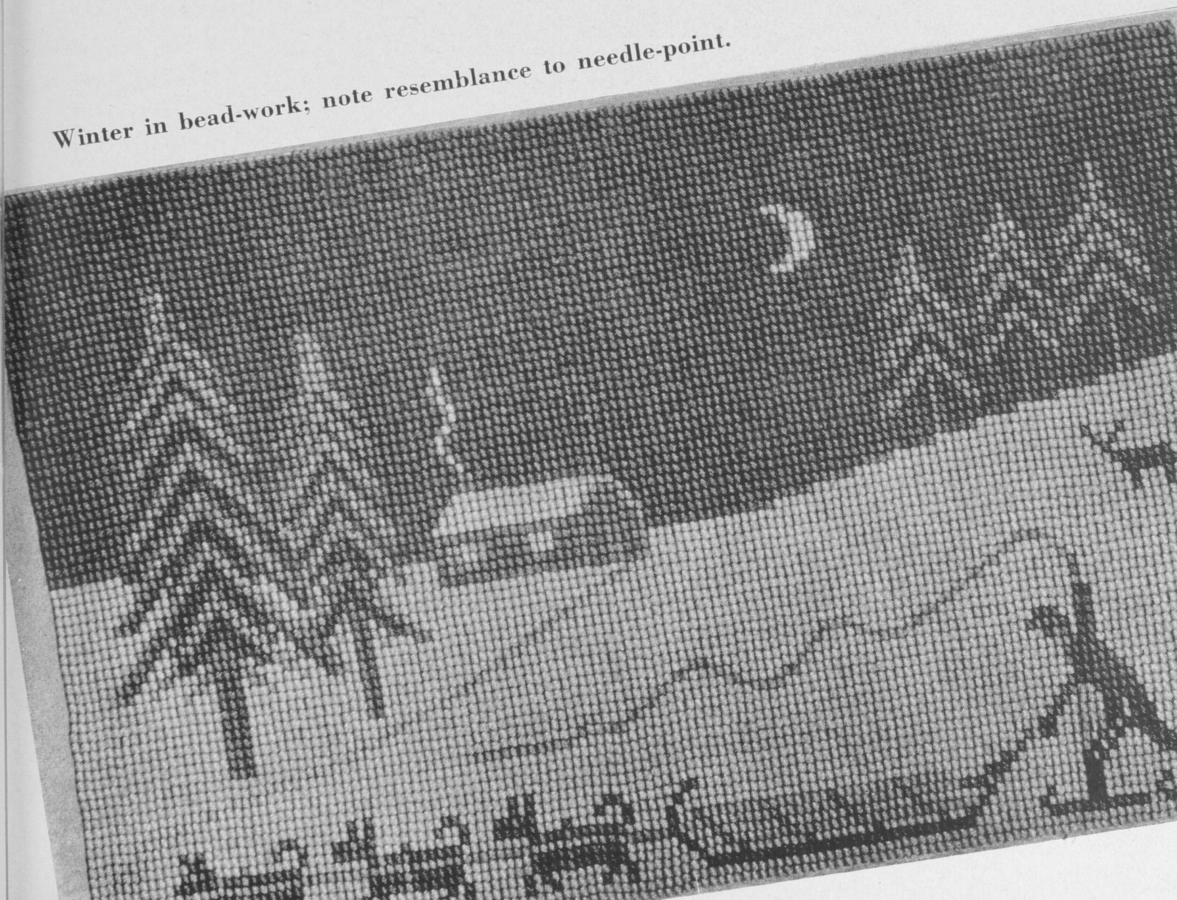
This is a most useful hobby. It is easy to learn how to make small purses, hand-bags, pocket-books, cigarette cases, wrist and wrist-watch bands, gloves and many other articles. When one becomes more skilful he can go in for colouring.

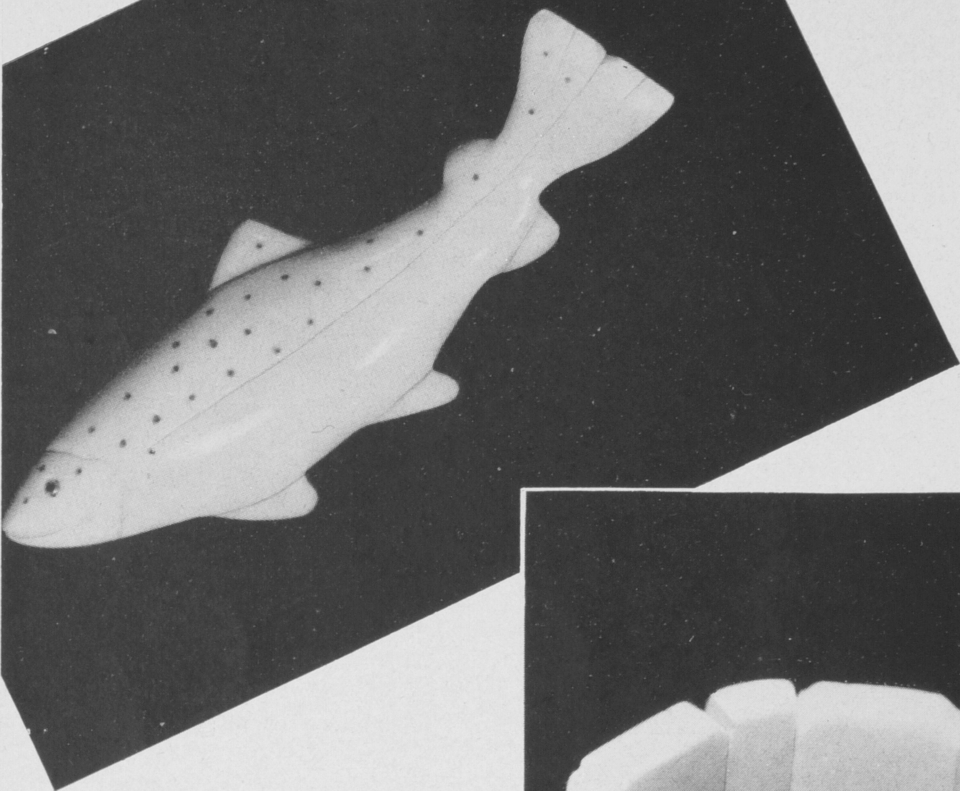
Plant and Animal Life

The study of local flora and fauna and the collecting of specimens is not only interesting but instructive. Persons in the Far North can render a service to science by carefully investigating their territory and recording what they find. Their reports add to the sum of knowledge already available and are always welcomed by the Department of Mines and Resources. Some members of the Force have contributed valuable information of this nature to the government.

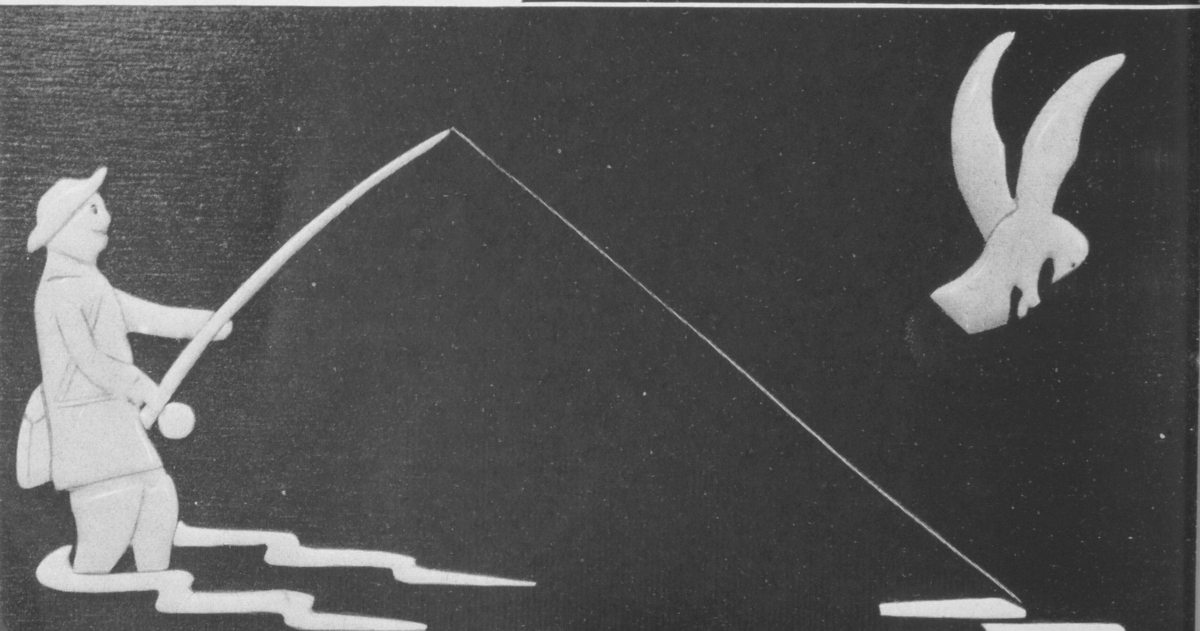
To say that there is a considerable amount of plant life in the North is

Winter in bead-work; note resemblance to needle-point.





Top: Speckled trout made of walrus ivory. Centre: Bracelet made of mastodon ivory. Bottom: Plaque made of walrus ivory.



simply to state an elementary fact; for animals of which the North has its own variety in abundance, live on it—the herbivora, directly, and the carnivora, indirectly.

The great bed-rock surfaces naturally are bare of vegetation but other surfaces support grasses and plants, hundreds of species of which have been identified by botanists.

Bird life is well represented too. Wide-spread low swamp regions in the Eastern Arctic are the nesting grounds of wild fowl and as many as 74 species have been noted there in one summer including various song birds, ptarmigan, loons, cranes, plovers, sandpipers, jaegers, gulls, murre, guillemots and owls.

Text-books on the subject can be obtained for study purposes and for checking your own observations. How gratifying to have a rare species of porpoise named for you!

I remember one constable who longed to stuff a polar bear skin in a "reared up" attitude and place it in the store house to greet the inspecting officer; on another occasion he intended to make a life size copy of his favourite dog on moose skin with beads. Both were laudable ambitions, but he lacked the energy to carry them out. Don't be like him; good intentions alone bring no results.

District Mapping and Languages

Originally the coast lines of the Arctic Islands were charted by early British expeditions. Then, in the 19th century during the wide search for Sir John Franklin and his men, geographic information was added. In the last two decades the sketches of these coasts have been improved, but certain parts of this archipelago still are poorly and only partially mapped while data on the interior areas are comparatively meagre. The opportunity to carry out survey work in this broad sense becomes narrower every year as the unknown in common with the known parts of the world is shrinking steadily under the encroachments of civilization, of the

aeroplane in particular. Due to the fact, however, that it is often difficult to tell where the shore line ends and sea ice or snow begins, to distinguish lakes and rivers from the surrounding topography, there is still much to be done.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police has helped in this direction. Cape Stallworthy on the northern tip of Axel Heiberg Island and Makinson Inlet on the south-east coast of Ellesmere Island are both named for members of the Force. The former was discovered by Reg. No. 6316, Sgt. Major H. W. Stallworthy, now stationed at Toronto, Ont., and the latter was found by Reg. No. 9994, ex-Sgt. G. T. Makinson to be an inlet and not a bay, as previously charted; there is also the excellent work of the late Insp. A. H. Joy, and more recently of course there are the achievements of Sub-Insp. H. A. Larsen on his voyages through the North-west Passage.

Those who have delved into the languages and dialects of Northern aborigines have in many instances been gripped by a fascination that leads to further inquiry, and what began as a mere pastime becomes an absorbing pursuit.

The mapping of a district and the learning of the local native tongue are more involved tasks than the others I list, and, though sometimes done as a labour of love, they perhaps should not be classed as hobbies. The border-line, which is fine and not always easy to determine, may depend on the individual's training and ability or lack of them.

In any case, both pursuits are worth while, and the North affords unique opportunities to follow them and to acquire knowledge available to only a few.

Knitting

Before you go North get someone to show you how to knit, then attempt to carry on by yourself and if any difficulties crop up, as no doubt they will, your teacher can help you out—an impossibility if you are hundreds of miles from nowhere. At first you will have quite a



Bead plaque of the Force's crest.

time, you and your instructor (or instructress), but eventually if you stick to it you are bound to become skilled. You will learn to decode such symbols as "K2, S1, K2 tog. PSSO"—a thing I defy even a graduate of the Canadian Police College without knitting experience to do.

Practise by making a sweater for yourself—sleeveless ones are really quite easy. Then try socks; you will in time be able to manipulate four needles instead of two, and "turning the heel" will give you many hours of pleasure (I hope). Incidentally, socks without heels feel the same as the regular kind, and are much easier to make.

When you have progressed this far you have learned something of value, something to occupy your spare time. Should it turn out that you have a flair for knitting, go on to higher branches and try your hand at sweaters with designs on them—swagger ones with skiers or deer. I never saw any with wolves or polar bears, but why not? Even the northern lights in colours would be rather striking.

Sewing

Every man on Northern duty should know how to darn his socks and mend

his clothes neatly, but how many do? Sewing has many ramifications and is a favourite avocation. There are numerous kinds of fancy stitches, and the opportunities in sewing of using the imagination are unlimited. The handiwork of one N.C.O. in the North I know is truly wonderful, and the ladies simply raved about it. His eyelet embroidery, referred to disparagingly by one on-looker as "cutting little holes in linen and sewing them up", was always especially well done.

But you must learn the rudiments of sewing *before* you go North.

Weaving

There are various types of small looms available with which all kinds of scarves, table runners and the like can be woven. Wool, linen, silk or string can be used, and if you favour this hobby you doubtless will graduate to a larger loom and eventually make cloth, even tapestry. "Finger weaving" is a new mode for which no equipment is needed. It sounds intriguing. (Particulars can be obtained from Handicrafts Division, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.)

Rug Making

There are various ways of making wool rugs. One is to punch the wool through a canvas background with a special kind of needle. Another involves the tying of short pieces of wool into knots of specified varieties. Some very good rugs have come out of the North.

Bead-work

I am on familiar ground when discussing this hobby. The big problem is to get the beads. Some are still obtainable and, now that the war is over, there should soon be a larger supply. (China beads are manufactured in Czechoslovakia and metal beads in France). There are many shapes, sizes and colours to choose from. A catalogue from a reputable firm of importers will give all the information necessary, and some of it may astonish the beginner.

Beads can be used in many ways, principally: knitting; crocheting; sewing on prepared canvas; sewing on moose skin or cloth, and weaving.

Knitting with beads is possible. I've seen it done, but it's beyond my ability. First of all one must know how to knit well. The beads are strung according to pattern—which by the way courts extra mistakes—before the actual knitting is started. To the unskilled it's like trying to catch a trout jumping in a whirlpool.

The same remarks hold good for crocheting with beads. One has to be familiar with the basic principles of crocheting. Presuming that you are starting from scratch as I did and want immediate results, I suggest that this form of bead-work be ignored. When all is said and done, we're speaking of hobbies not work.

I have always regarded as cheating the practice of sewing on a prepared canvas. After all it is merely a form of copying. It is done on canvas already stamped with a coloured design, and each bead is sewn into a cell, using a special stitch. Kindergarten stuff, and besides getting beads of the correct size may be difficult.

Indians usually do their bead-work on moose skin or cloth. This is the simplest kind of bead-work and therefore a good one to start out on. Only don't imitate the Indians; they sew from the inside of the design, which explains why the roses on Indian-made moccasins rarely match. The best way is to draw the chosen design on paper (two copies if the articles to be made are a pair), baste the paper on the moose skin or cloth and sew the beads on the outline. Then tear the paper off and fill in the design. Weaving produces the nicest bead-work. Instruction books and small looms can be obtained at reasonable prices. Though anyone can weave after a fashion, it takes practice and experiment to achieve smooth results, the mark of good weaving. First efforts are invariably bumpy like badly cooked porridge, due to the

difficulty of getting the right tension—"Pull tightly but not too tightly" says the instruction book—, but this comes only with practice.

However, even crude work has a charm of its own. All kinds of useful articles can be made, and the creating of your own design is a step in the right direction. My advice is to use the brightest colours obtainable.

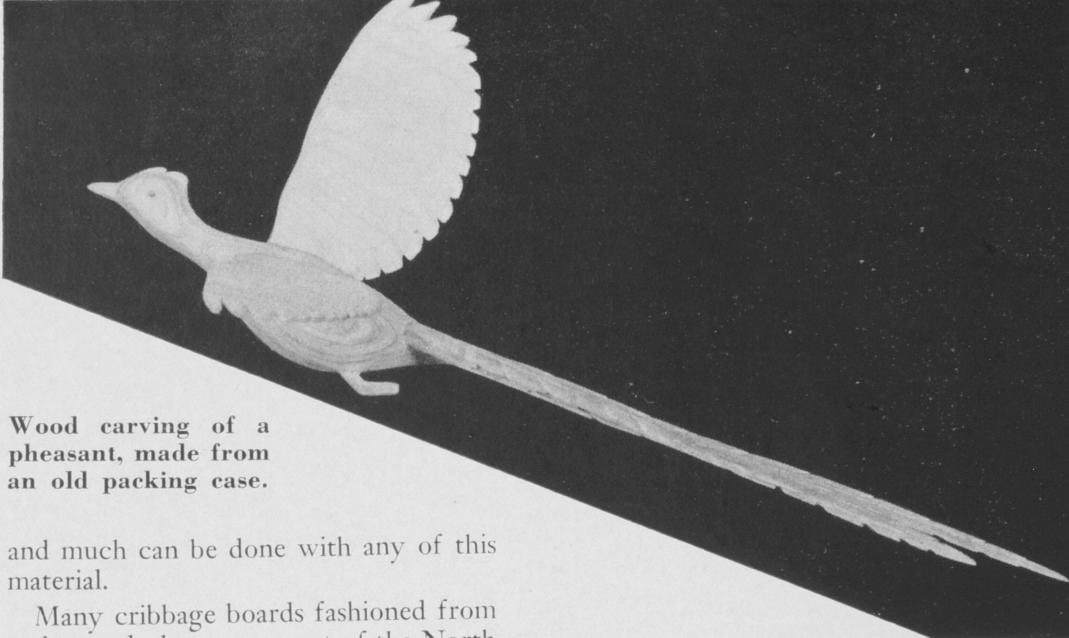
The Bohemian weave is quite tricky to do. It is done on the fingers (no loom is required), and so far as I know is used exclusively for making necklaces that resemble daisy chains. A balanced colour combination gives it a very pleasing effect.

Ivory Work

In discussing ivory work, too, I am on familiar ground. Walrus tusks are available in the Eastern Arctic, moose horn and caribou horn in the Mackenzie district and mastodon ivory in the Yukon,



Owl made of moose horn.



Wood carving of a pheasant, made from an old packing case.

and much can be done with any of this material.

Many cribbage boards fashioned from walrus tusks have come out of the North—some of them works of art, but most of them poorly made. To make one, reduce the tusk to a flat surface, free of cracks, decide where the holes are to be and drill them neatly. Now sketch in a design and either paint or etch it. If paints are used, clear varnish or lacquer should be applied afterwards. Etching is done by scratching the lines with an awl or a sharp nail (if a nail is used, fit it with some kind of handle) and rubbing coloured chalks into them. Or another idea is to carve out little figures such as walrus, seals and kyacks and peg them down. Use your imagination and take your time. Walrus ivory warps considerably, so any figures made of it should be “chunky” and solid.

Bracelets, necklaces, brooches and plaques make attractive ivory pieces. For this sort of work, the tusk should first be sawn into quarter-inch-thick strips. The ivory can be cut into the likeness of a cardboard pattern with a Floyd saw or sharp knife, rounded off with different size files, smoothed with sand-paper, then polished with tooth paste. If moose horn is used, polish with oil—or stain with India ink, then varnish. For plaques, the ivory need not be thick, as the pieces will be glued to a board and thus not warp.

The butt ends of tusks can be made into attractive ash trays, and a coloured

design on one side, or better still a little ivory figure pegged on, gives one of these a final artistic touch. Inability to draw should be no handicap; books and magazines are packed with fascinating little sketches which can be copied.

Bead dealers also carry coloured glass stones in various sizes and shapes, and these can be mortised into the ivory to represent eyes, or for general decorative effects. Coloured beads also can be used for this purpose, but be sure to bore each hole the exact size required and use a good grade of cement.

The requisites for ivory work are several files each of a different size, plenty of sand-paper and saw blades—and imagination. I forgot elbow grease. It, too, will be needed, and patience.

* * *

ONE of these hobbies is a “sissy” occupation, and all have much to recommend them. The main thing to keep in mind is that you must prepare thoroughly for the hobby you choose *before* you go North. Do some actual work on it while you have the opportunity to get advice and instruction. There is, I am sure, a hobby to interest everyone, for the creative instinct is strong in all of us, though in many cases it lies dormant.

by SUB-INSPR. L. BINGHAM

Psychological Slants in Questioning

A MOST fascinating aspect of law enforcement is the unlimited field it affords for the study of human behaviour and mental processes. This study, in addition to its purely abstract interest for the student of human nature, is invaluable when applied to specific cases of criminality. The words "psychology" and "psychiatry" are usually reserved for the specialist who deals with mental disorders sufficiently marked to bring the patient into relief against the background of normal society, and less frequently do we hear of them in connection with every-day police work though investigators in the course of their duties constantly use the sciences these words represent.

Each witness and each suspect while being interviewed is a challenge to the mind of the investigator who, though he may not know it, views the crime against a background of normal human behaviour, noting abnormalities and weighing them against the subject's mental processes as these are gradually unfolded during the interview. In other words, the interrogation should deter-

mine whether the subject's thoughts are compatible with those which, according to the motive, must have been in the mind of the author of the crime. When the motive is unknown, if the investigator can get close enough to a suspect's mind he may be able to discern its reaction to a set of known circumstances and conclude from it with reasonable certainty what that motive is. Some people are more adept than others at "sensing" what goes on in another's mind, for ability of this sort varies greatly among individuals.

* * *

LET us examine the thoughts of the average, non-habitual criminal as they develop during an interview. (For convenience sake, we shall ignore that phase of questioning having to do with dates, places, alibis, etc., except as it may have psychological significance.) His history is similar to those of many others of his type who have had financial difficulties. His character is not very strong, nor do the pangs of his conscience run deeply—maybe because he has not experienced the personal satisfaction derived

Forensic psychology will help the examiner to obtain a full and coherent statement of fact from either a witness or suspect—seldom an easy achievement—and to evaluate the importance of his material in relation to the investigation. The beauty of it is that the psychologist's equipment is inexpensive and always near at hand—just above the eyebrows.

from a self-established moral code. But through his instinct for public approval arises an inherent desire to live on a higher plane among persons of integrity whom he envies. Thus prompted, and encouraged perhaps by immediate temptation, he has taken the path to quick wealth by breaking into a house and stealing some money.

What are his thoughts as he sees the policeman coming toward him? Well, characteristically he feels inferior to some extent in the presence of any policeman but, considering his guilt, this feeling is now intensified. His mind naturally reverts to his misdeeds and, regardless of how convincing his alibi may be, he wonders how much is known involving him. The policeman's neat, clean, well-cut uniform, his firm step and business-like, alert, sincere attitude—all these "little things" bespeak a personality of unshakeable purpose which is at once apparent.

So far, the criminal's inspection is not reassuring. Instead of the uncertainty he had looked for, he beholds the exact opposite. His composure begins to ebb, and he tries to suppress signs of nervousness and guilt. In spite of himself he finds that he is respectful of the strength of character confronting him. Already the policeman has won the first round—though it may not occur to him that this advantage stems from his home environment, education, training, the prestige of the police force of which he is a member; is a product of his character which has been built up on all these things.

The policeman opens the interview politely, earnestly and directly, and notes the suspect's reactions to his questions. His sincerity, the intonation of his voice, and other factors all have a very definite effect on the mind of the suspect who is suddenly assailed by doubts. Will his explanation sound logical to the investigator? As the interview gets under way the weak spots in his alibi take on exaggerated importance. At the very time when confidence is most needed it be-

comes undermined. The suspect begins to think defensively, to question the wisdom of adhering to his story, and his hesitation lifts the curtain which obscures his thoughts from the investigator. Gradually a mental picture evolves for the latter to see. He has uncovered some of the inhibitions, prejudices and weaknesses which, to a degree, are harboured by every living person.

Having thus armed himself, the investigator frames his questions so as to reap the most from the suspect's mood. Methodically he exploits the mental processes which must have activated the criminal before, during and after the offence, with the result that the latter believes his guilt has been exposed. If he doesn't realize that the investigator's deductions alone are valueless as evidence, he may disclose some details of the crime in an attempt to justify its commission.

During such an interview the criminal has no choice but to think of his crime, and this hypothetical case illustrates how intelligent questioning can produce, through the suspect's speech and actions, at least a partial betrayal of his thoughts. It is not suggested that psychological reasoning will invariably meet with success, or that the conclusions it helps to form will be always right. In the first place, the suspect's mental reaction will depend upon his moral history and, if he be guilty, it may vary according to the nature of his crime and the *modus operandi* employed in its commission. Hardened criminals obviously are more difficult than others to study; nevertheless there is always a way to question a witness or suspect, if it can be ascertained, which will bring better results than any other.

The investigator is well advised to take a few minutes before the interview to analyse his own conception of the crime. He may find himself dwelling on one point, and pinning his hopes on it to get a confession. Such an outlook is dangerous, for it tends to rush him into asking that all-important question prematurely.

WATCHES

"For active men"

- Stainless Steel Case
- Water Proof
- Shock Proof
- Dust Proof
- Non-Magnetic
- Luminous Dials
- Sweep Second Hands

\$25.00
taxes extra

Perfect precision and styling has made these watches a possession you will be proud of for many years.

\$33.00
taxes extra

\$42.50
(Automatic Winding)
taxes extra

MAPPIN'S

JEWELLERS

1000 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUE.

If the result is negative the interview quite often falls through, for the suspect, once having made a denial, grows more confident each time the investigator returns to the question. The investigator should always try to divest himself of any preconceived ideas before he enters upon his appointed task.

Generally speaking, it is unwise to ask a suspect accusingly, "Did you steal Mrs. Smith's turkeys?" But even more damaging are such negative questions as "I don't suppose you stole Mrs. Smith's turkeys?", for they put the answer in the suspect's mouth and demonstrate a lack of confidence on the part of the interviewer. The investigator should be in a position to put his questions something like this, "Did your wife not ask you where you obtained the extra money?" or "What did John do to provoke you into hitting him?" Sincerity and quiet self-confidence are vital, and it need hardly be said that resort to force, abusive language or reckless, un-

fair accusation has no place in police interviews. Any form of abuse or third degree is, of course, strictly forbidden by enlightened police practice.

* * *

THE investigator's chief concern when interviewing witnesses, as distinct from suspects, is to get an accurate account of what the witness knows. Most witnesses, except where they are themselves involved or are deliberately shielding friends, relatives or accomplices, can be said to believe their own statements to be true.

An interview with a witness must rest on a firm foundation. It should take place in as comfortable surroundings as possible, and through quiet, intelligent conversation the investigator should try to put the witness at his ease. Once relaxed, the latter is more likely to tell his story from beginning to end with absolute confidence in his interlocutor. He should be allowed to take his time answering questions. Even so, it is to be

remembered that man is the product of his own environment, and that everything he sees, hears and feels is interpreted by him in the light of prejudices which he has been acquiring since birth. Seldom does even the most conscientious witness unassisted give an entirely true picture of what happened. The interpretation of a set of facts varies among individuals according to their basic influences, which include education, health, specialized training, experience, and the emotions such as fear, hate, love, loyalty, desire for public approval, inferiority, conceit.

Patience and tact must be exercised before a true account of what actually occurred can be obtained from a witness whose statements are unintentionally misleading but who genuinely believes he has said nothing but the whole truth. There are psychological reasons why inaccuracies, additions, omissions and distortions often creep into *bona fide* statements, and these reasons are worthy of earnest consideration. Here the investigator is obliged to go to great pains to find out how the witness arrived at his conclusions. He must discover the witness' prejudices before he can iron out the discrepancies they caused in his testimony. Inquiry into the habits, character and mind of an untruthful witness usually will disclose why he lied, and from then on it is simply a matter of convincing him that the logical thing for him to do is to tell the truth as nearly as he remembers it.

A witness may have been influenced too by suggestions from other sources, and it is wrong for an investigator to jump at conclusions and then make exhortations by which he hopes to verify them. Rather the investigator should discuss the facts closely related to the incident which he wishes to have clarified, such as what happened before and after it. Don't open an interview by asking a witness, "What do you know about this case?" or "Where were you on June 24?" You might just as well say to him, "Where were you on June

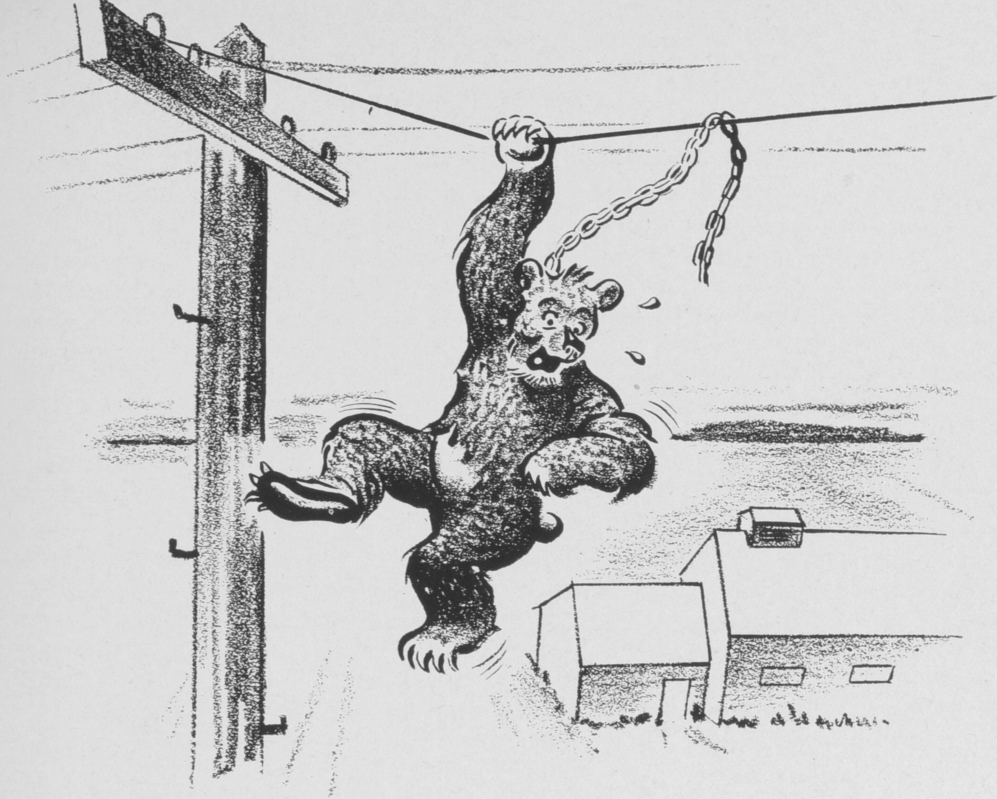
24—where you shouldn't have been?" A timid witness will think that's what you want to know anyway.

Possibly the most important psychological factor for the investigator to remember during an interview is that the facts of the case should come from the witness, and not from himself, and that all conversation should be directed with that in view. Statements which may create new prejudices or intensify those already in the witness' mind are detrimental to the fulfilment of this end. Everything possible should be done to assess the governing factors of the witness' mind so that it can be calculated whether sympathy, silence, encouragement or some other element is best designed to help him recall the facts.

"From times immemorial", said Norbert Savay, "the external appearance has been considered to be an index to the inner man." Whether dealing with a suspect or a witness, the policeman should realize that his appearance and a mature personality are of tremendous value. He should be dominant without being domineering, for if he lacks the self-assurance and resolution to keep the interview "rolling" he may well find himself being interviewed.

* * *

No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down on this subject. But the surest and simplest way to become skilful as an interrogator is through self-study. Strong individual traits of character should be recognized and the fullest advantage taken of them. Weaknesses, too, must be recognized and overcome. Ask yourself, "How many of my interviews have failed because I wondered what the suspect or witness thought of me?" or, "Have I ever tried to impress someone during an interview and allowed my mind to wander into uncertainty?" or, "How many times has sarcasm or listlessness in my voice ruined an interview?" The answers may cost you a certain amount of self-esteem.



The Scandalous Behaviour of Blackie the Bear

TEN years ago while I was stationed at Leader (Sask.) Detachment a member of the *Ursus Americanus Pallas Carnivora* family was the central figure in an exciting case that pursued a merry course and concluded only with her demise. She was a wild mischievous young thing sporting a black fur coat when she came as a gift to Frank Bean at Prelate, Sask., from friends in the northern part of the province.

It was inevitable from the beginning that Bean's clumsy and lovable protege should appeal to him for he was of a pleasant and jovial nature. But he was shrewd, too, and realizing her potentialities as a drawing card for his garage-and-filling station business, he installed her as a partner.

All went well for several months. The playful little cub wandered about the

BY CPL. D. G. CHATER

A friendly bear romps about in an amusing drama and indulges in anti-social antics that present a difficult problem to the law and to the residents of a Western community.

Cartoons by SGT. F. S. SPALDING

place and made friends with everybody; she was a general favourite among passing motorists who upon seeing her suddenly remembered they needed gas. The partnership thrived; Bean's business seemed to grow as the cub expanded and developed into hale robust "Blackie".

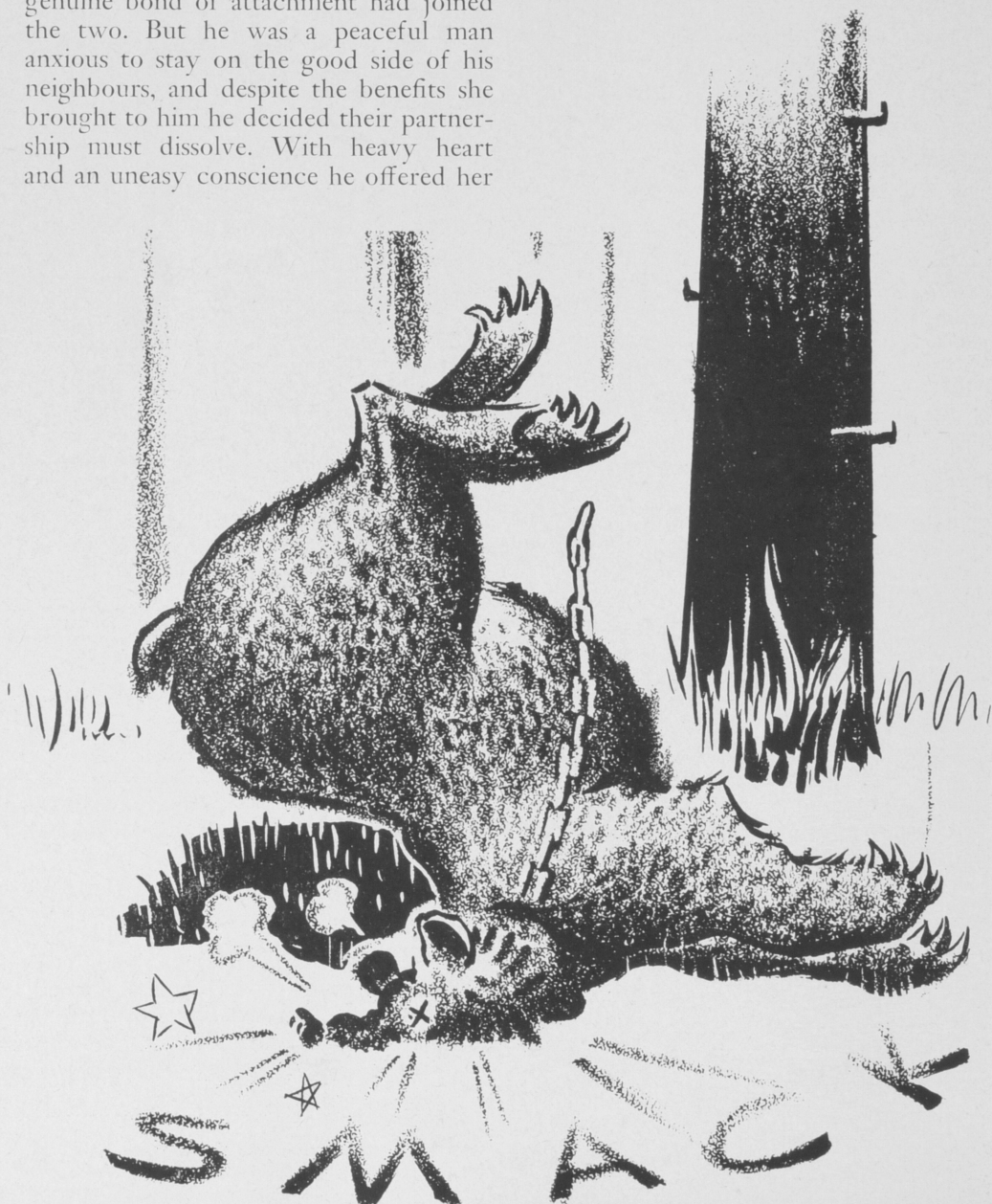
But every rose has its thorn. The village fathers grew apprehensive of 200 lbs. of unpredictable bear meat free to

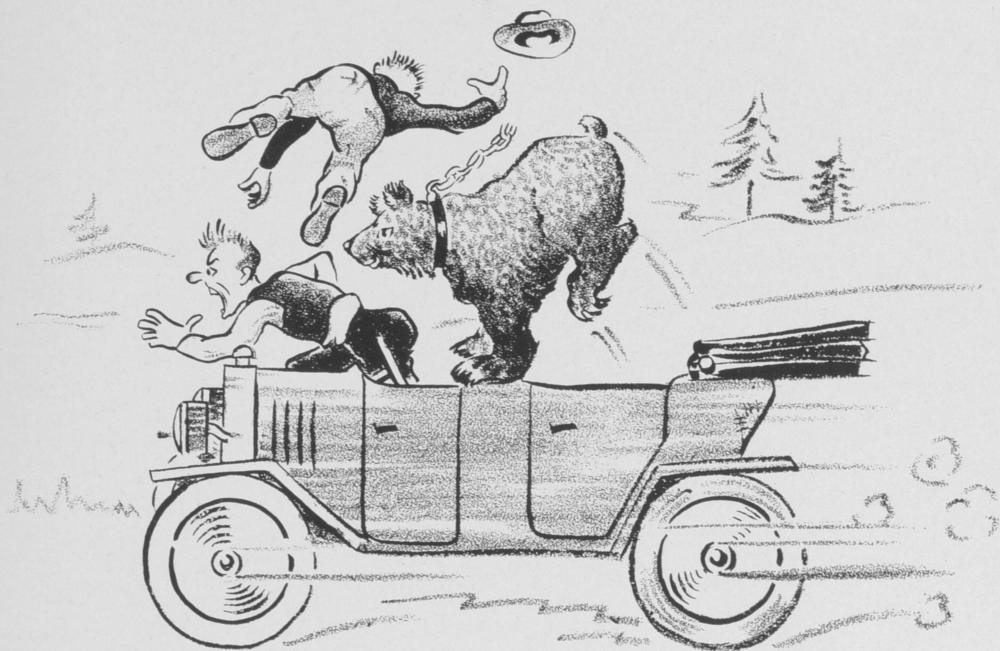
roam at will. They lodged a complaint and Bean was penalized under the Fur Act for keeping Blackie in captivity without authority. The Department of Natural Resources asserted strongly that they had no desire to own the animal but signified their willingness to issue Bean a licence. The local council however refused to grant the ancillary by-law permit required to keep a wild animal within the village limits, even if a cage were provided.

Bean was loath to part with Blackie much less destroy her. By this time a genuine bond of attachment had joined the two. But he was a peaceful man anxious to stay on the good side of his neighbours, and despite the benefits she brought to him he decided their partnership must dissolve. With heavy heart and an uneasy conscience he offered her

to the wild animal park at Moose Jaw, Sask., but like the Dept. of N.R., they didn't want her either—no bear being needed.

Desperate and now really up against it, the garage owner sought out Frank Mikal, who owned the livery, and persuaded him to give Blackie sanctuary. The livery stable was within the village limits and, though the council did not wholly approve, they seemed to prefer having the bear there than at Bean's garage and decided that so long as she behaved herself they would wink at this less flagrant





violation of one of their by-laws. As for Blackie, she was quite content to be left in the seclusion of a pasture behind the lively stable.

Like all bears Blackie was fond of sweets and after school the village youngsters usually gathered there to give her *bon-bons* and marvel as she begged for more. She was tethered to a big stake. For diversion, the kids sometimes teased her. Often on these occasions she became cross and tugged to get free from her yoke.

One day, when nobody was around she managed to break loose. With dangling chain she ambled out onto the street and climbed a telephone pole. In joyful mood at her new-found freedom she proceeded to show off from the top of this perch and venturing out on the wires gave an exhibition that surpassed by far the gymnastics of the Man on the Flying Trapeze. Somersaults and near falls thrilled most of the townsfolk who had assembled to watch, and evidently aware that she was the cynosure of all eyes she excelled herself with each fresh stunt.

But calamity was near at hand; the performance was swiftly drawing to a

close. All this time the loose chain had been wrapping itself around the telegraph wires. Shorter and shorter it got until the gymnast found herself hanging by the neck some distance from the pole. Excitement by now was at fever pitch. As the noose tightened about her neck she pawed the air as if to grab some for her lungs, but each jerk only sewed her up tighter. Her struggles became weaker until finally they stopped altogether. It looked like Blackie had joined her forbears.

She was still suspended precariously about 30 feet above the crowd, a helpless prisoner, when Mikal with most of the fire brigade and equipment rushed to the scene. A long ladder was quickly hoisted and the on-lookers held their breath as men mounted to its swaying summit. Advice came gratuitously from all sides as the rescuers unwound the entangled chain. For weeks some of them had striven to get rid of Blackie, and now they were risking their necks to save hers. Man indeed is a complex creature.

Our star came to life for a moment in this final act, but was given no opportunity to take her curtain call. She dropped to the ground like a sack of oats

and was knocked out cold. Once again her trials and tribulations appeared to be over for all time. But alas, they weren't. In about 15 minutes she stirred, came to, regained her feet unsteadily, and except for an apparent dizziness seemed none the worse for her experience.

At her old post in the livery yard, she resumed her less-dramatic role of entertaining juveniles. As time wore on and the torments of her audience increased she began to show signs of viciousness to such an extent that Mikal decided he couldn't keep her any longer. One evening he entered into a conspiracy with two friends from across the South Saskatchewan who consented to spirit Blackie away in a car while he, himself, for the benefit of the owner, spread the sad tidings that she had escaped.

Up to a point everything went according to plan. Bean played his part like a trouper, a willing prey to the conspirators who plied him with drinks until, like an innocent babe, his head bowed on his chest and he slept. Unfortunately Blackie didn't know her lines so well. In the still of the night her chain was broken as pre-arranged. Quietly she submitted to being herded into the back seat of the waiting vehicle behind a makeshift barrier of lumber. But when the car started moving, like the sociable creature she was, she "ad libbed" by leaping over the obstruction into the front seat. With words that weren't in the script the kidnappers made a hasty exit, their unmanned transport plunged on and crashed into the fence of a nearby lumber yard, and Blackie, unscarred and undismayed, was returned once again to her post.

After that Mikal flatly refused to retain his holding equity in Blackie and took her back to her owner at the garage. Here she entered into domesticity readily and became quite friendly with the mechanic. Either to satisfy her curiosity or her desire for company she always joined him beneath any automobile he was fixing and grunted her approval of his dexterity. When she got in the way,

as frequently happened, a persuasive dig in the ribs invariably caused her to move over.

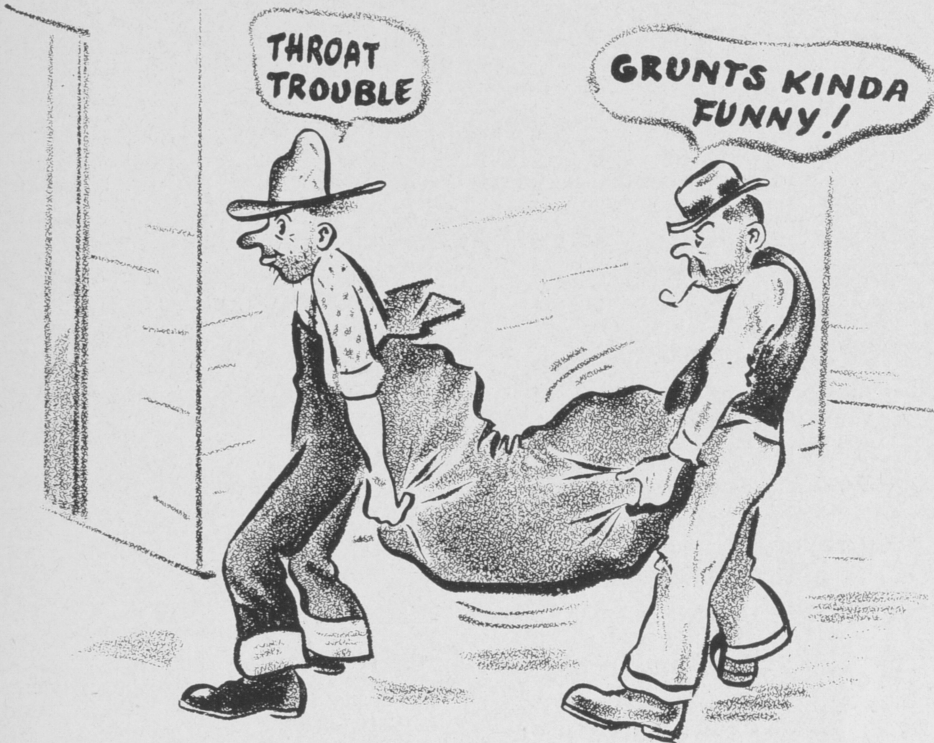
Then one balmy day a farmer named Joe appeared and took a shine to her. In response to inquiries, Bean talked like a radio announcer selling soap and the upshot was that Blackie was exchanged for a dilapidated car that could be junked for spare parts.

Joe led his new love away and installed her in his barn for the night. Next morning when Joe's kids went out to do their chores they found that the horses had broken loose and that they refused with indignant snorts to return to the stable. Unaware that the farm live-stock had been added to, they were wide-eyed to find a big black bear where the team belonged. The place was a wreck—stalls had been damaged, hay pulled out of the mow, and amid a tanglefoot of broken halter shanks and other harness the shaggy new-comer was foraging about in complete possession. Dad was summoned.

Doubtful, when he viewed the destruction, that he had acted wisely, Joe dispossessed Blackie and moved her to new quarters. But when the Mounted Police visited him and pointed out that a permit to keep the bear would be necessary he was certain that he had been rash. He told his callers he would think the matter over.

Meanwhile Bean had been fined for trading in fur without a licence. He told me later that for awhile every time he saw a policeman he expected to receive another summons.

Joe, who disliked red tape and government formalities, didn't relish his position. Fearing that Blackie might involve him, too, in a snag with the courts, he pondered the problem deeply. One evening he drove to the Bean garage and explained that he had brought along a hog but was unable to locate the butcher. Would Bean mind keeping the pig which was in a sack until such time as Joe could transact a business deal? Bean



was glad to oblige and being courteous helped Joe carry the heavy bundle into the garage.

"Grunts kinda funny, don't it?" he remarked as they deposited it in a corner. "More like a growl."

"Throat trouble", Joe said blandly.

He climbed back into his seat, offered his thanks and as he started off shouted, "You was right about them growls. It's that dang bear. She's all yours and don't bother about returnin' the Chev."

After that, Bean and his friends discussed the parlous question many times. One proposal was that Blackie be crated and presented on the first dark night to

the R.C.M.P. detachment. Fortunately, this idea was not acted upon. Instead, she was taken south to the sand hills and turned loose. Some concern arose over the safety of stock in the vicinity, but no complaints were received.

I often wondered what became of her. In later years I learned that actually she had been taken to a farmer who was willing to try his hand at keeping her. Due to an ever-increasing tendency to answer the call of the wild, however, she was doomed. The farmer shot her. All that now remain of poor Blackie are ten retractable claws which he removed from her carcass before consigning it to the good earth.

Policeman's Lot

*I*F he's neat, he's conceited. If he's careless, he's a bum. If he's pleasant, he's a flirt. If he's brief, he's a grouch. If he hurries, he overlooks things. If he takes his time, he's lazy. If you get pinched, he had it in for you. If he's energetic, he's trying to make a record. If he's deliberate, he's too slow to catch a cold. If you strike him, he's a coward. If he strikes you back, he's a bully. If he outwits you, he's a sneak. If you see him first, he's a bone-head. If he makes a good catch, he's lucky. If he misses it he's a simp. If he gets promoted, he's got pull. If he doesn't, ah, what's the use?

—Canadian Police Gazette.

Understand that *Juvenile Delinquent*

by CST. E. R. MOORE

TODAY in Canada we have a generation now in its teens which can remember little but a war atmosphere. In many instances, the parents of these growing children were separated for the duration of the tremendous conflict and thus a great burden of responsibility was thrown upon the mother. For she was left to raise these children who in a few years will be faced with the problems of their own start in life.

Most children receive a certain amount of discipline at home, but frequently there is the case of the so-called "problem child", with whom, it seems, no one can deal successfully. As a last resort the parents ask the police to have at least a talk with the child in an effort to solve the problem.

It is at this juncture that a policeman can do inestimable good or irreparable harm. A child should never be brow-beaten; if he is scared into admitting that he took part in an offence he may, by such an admission, be merely trying to avoid further questioning regardless of whether he has any knowledge of the matter under discussion or not. The policeman can be firm and yet not lose his temper.

Another aspect to be considered is that, while in a few days the investigator will probably have forgotten his heated interview with the delinquent, the latter will remember every word of it. The youth will try to "get even" with policemen in general. His mind smarts with the thought that he will always be worthless, an idea implanted by someone

who should have done the very opposite, and in many cases a future criminal results from the policeman's *gaucherie*.

Frightening a boy or girl into behaving properly only gives him or her a fresh impetus on the way to a life of crime. But if the peace officer deals with the problem psychologically, in nine cases out of ten it will become a thing of the past.

There is, for instance, the problem of runaway children who sometimes are too young to realize the mistake they are making. Sooner or later most policemen are faced with it. Suppose a runaway boy of 15 years old sits before you in your office. He has been found in a distant city, or hiding out in the bush like a wild animal, and you are about to question him.

What is the correct procedure?

Before asking an explanation of the boy or even broaching the subject you must have his confidence. Unhappily, too many parents still bring up their youngsters in fear and awe of policemen, so in order to overcome this handicap you must first of all convince the boy that the police are trying, not to send him to jail or reform school but rather to help him. His views of the law, his likes and dislikes, his ideas of what he wants to be when he is older should be discussed until such time as he begins to look upon you as a friend instead of the person likeliest to do him harm. Winning his confidence is not accomplished in a matter of minutes; it may take a few

Concomitant of the war is a rise in juvenile delinquency throughout the world. Solution of the problem is part of the job of winning the peace and keeping it, and "understanding" is the main ingredient of the antidote prescribed here.

PARKE STETHEM LIMITED

Insurance

MARINE AUTOMOBILE CASUALTY FIRE

MAXIMUM PROTECTION — MINIMUM COST

Cable Address: "PHILPARKE"

Montreal, HA. 2101*

Saint John, 3-2379

249 ST. JAMES STREET WEST, MONTREAL, P.Q.

PARKE STETHEM (N.B.) LIMITED, 94 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

hours, but surely that is a low price to pay if it helps him to become a future asset to the country.

Listen to the boy's side of the story, and if, besides running away from home, he has committed an offence try to get his exact reasons for doing so. Perhaps the fault isn't his alone; sometimes the parents are not wholly blameless. It is important to feed, clothe and provide shelter for children, but if the training of their character in the home, church and school is neglected can we in justice condemn them for misbehaving?

The policeman on detachment can undoubtedly decrease the amount of juvenile delinquency in his area; especially is this true of centres where they reside and thus are able to take regular interest in the local youth. In nearly all districts where members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are stationed, there are organizations devoted to aiding the boys and girls of today to become

upright citizens of the Canada of tomorrow. These organizations are well known, and they welcome the assistance given to them by members of the Force. In coaching boys in sports, in assisting the scout master, or in helping out in the church, the policeman will find that the resultant benefits will repay him over and over again. Winning the whole-hearted respect of children is, after all, a natural step toward gaining the goodwill of their parents. As a consequence the latter will, whenever they can, help you in your investigations—and the co-operation of the public is invaluable to the policeman.

To send a child to reform school is not to solve the problem of his delinquency. Far from it. That is why I cannot stress too strongly the need of making a juvenile offender see the error of his ways before such a course must be taken. No child is born a criminal; it is the environment in which he is

reared that tends to govern his development.

Doubtless many persons will disagree with this statement and refer to instances where a child had everything he desired with which to start his life but still ended up serving a prison term before he was old enough to vote. We often wonder why boys and girls whose parents have provided for them exceedingly well in material things commit serious offences. The answer is simply that they have never known the meaning of the word "responsibility", have never learned the value of a dollar bill, have never had to do anything for themselves.

Great sympathy is due to children whose fathers are criminals and whose mothers are little better; but very sad indeed is the plight of those unfortunates who live in wealth and luxury and seem to have so much, yet who lack understanding parents and in reality have so little—children without proper guidance whose parents seem to be concerned only with the next day's business or entertainment and to think that their responsibilities as parents begin and end with providing their children with tutors and governesses. There are character-building organizations in every province of the Dominion to guide and teach the first group; but no one can help the children of the second, for in their case it is not

they who need counsel—it is their parents.

Most juvenile delinquents are not stupid or backward. They merely have an abundance of energy which took the wrong outlet to express itself simply because there was too little else for them to do. Today more than ever before, Canada's cities are awakening to the need for teen-age centres of recreation—places more conducive to the young person's well-being and more enticing than juke joints and cheap cafes and dance halls—where our young people are given the opportunity not only to associate with others of their own age but to develop their talents along lines in which they have aptitude.

Nevertheless, children will slip occasionally. And when they do, these salient points should be remembered by the policeman: children even though delinquent should be treated as children, not as hardened criminals; if a child has made a mistake point it out to him kindly, without making it appear to be the worst offence imaginable; try to win the child's respect and trust, for in so doing the policeman improves not only the child, but the community by lessening the likelihood of juvenile delinquency being committed. Boiled down, the results will make up that ounce of prevention which is worth so much.

The Brutal "Bobbie"

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, British M.P.: A little time ago an American friend of mine said to me: "Now, I am really convinced you English believe in liberty of speech. I was driving my car through Hyde Park today when I heard an orator vigorously denouncing the brutal and corrupt Metropolitan Police. I stopped my car to listen, but without stopping the engine.

"Just then I saw a mountain of a man, a member of the brutal and corrupt force, stalking in our direction. I thought: Now there will be some fun! I suppose he'll seize the speaker by the scruff of the neck and rush him off to jail. But when he got nearer, to my surprise he turned, not to the speaker, but to me, and said, quite politely, 'Would you mind stopping your engine, sir; people can't hear what the gentleman is saying'."

—Brantford *Expositor*.



Jean Pierre Roy at work.

BASKING under a tropical sun while thousands of his admirers up in Canada shiver to the initial thrusts of King Winter, Jean Pierre Roy, former Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman and sensation of the minor baseball world, siestas these days under swaying Havana palms waiting for his chance.

Not too unlike his police days with "C" Division in Montreal, Roy has a tough case on his hands. Bronzed by the torrid Cuban climate, he is standing by trying for a place on the Brooklyn Dodgers National League baseball team.

Crashing the senior circuit with the select Dodgers, which will represent the culmination of an impressive sports career, means strict devotion to the unwritten laws of baseball and a necessary development of control over his sometimes erratic throwing arm. Roy knows this. That's why at this moment he is in Havana playing in the winter league, and reports from south of the border indicate that he is really sticking to his post.

The dark-skinned Montrealer's buddies who followed his record-breaking career

Ex-member Prepares for His Biggest Case

by LARRY O'BRIEN

Sports Writer of the *Montreal Daily Star*

the past season are firm in the belief that he will succeed in this, his most important task to date. His comrades in the R.C.M.P. have come to know him as a credit to the Force just as much as they have the others who left the R.C.M.P. ranks to venture forth into a sports career; Frank Boucher, Lionel Hitchman, Lorne Chabot—all of hockey fame—, to mention only a few*.

The amiable Roy becomes the first Mounted Policeman to approach stardom in big-time baseball competition. He has created a precedent. That he never leaves a job half done is confirmed by his record with the R.C.M.P. and the Montreal Royals Baseball Club.

The regimental number of ex-Sub-Cst. Joseph Henri Gustave Jean Pierre Roy is 13991. Three weeks after his honourable discharge from the Force on Feb. 24, 1941, he wrote to his former O.C. at Rockcliffe, Ont.:

"I am still carrying on with my physical training for the benefit of a good ball season. Every time I start training I go back to Rockcliffe! I did not forget anything about that 'Great Life' at your training camp and

*Reg. No. 7759, ex-Cst. Lorne Edward Chabot served in the Force from May 27, 1919, to May 11, 1921; Reg. No. 7684, ex-Cst. Francis Boucher served from May 16, 1919, to Sept. 6, 1921, and Reg. No. 9812, ex-Cst. Frederick Lionel Hitchman from Aug. 5, 1921, to June 5, 1922.

think I shall always remember the hours I spent down there. I can speak well of your Force now and I can admiringly speak of the Mounted Police. About baseball now. I am going back with the team I played for last year, the Three Rivers Baseball Club. I was to be bought by Cleveland Indians but Three Rivers did not want to sell me, so I could not go training down South."

Fond of police work he re-engaged as a special constable on Jan. 25, 1944, but again his physical record ousted him. He never quite forgot his failure to land a perpetual post with the R.C.M.P.—his "first love", he describes it.

The fault wasn't his own. The same physical disabilities which barred him from the R.C.M.P. barred him from the Canadian armed services when he applied for enlistment. His total rejection later proved to be a godsend to Montreal's International League team.

Undoubtedly this ex-Mounted Policeman is Montreal's greatest gift to the diamond in history. In fact, he helped to establish an all-time record the past season by becoming the only pitcher in Montreal ever to win 25 games. Actually, he chalked up 28 wins—three of them in the league play-offs.

He led all minor-league baseball in the number of contests won during the 1945 semester; local boy, a reject from the R.C.M.P., became nationally famous in sports. Montreal sport fans loved "Jean Pierre" and unanimously voted him the most valuable player on his team.

Reason for all the admiration can be traced to his role in the current campaign. A right-hander, he led Montreal to its first championship in ten years. In fact, he almost spearheaded the Royals to a Governor's Cup—losing out only in the seventh and deciding game of the crucial league finals.

Pete, as he is called by his team mates, is instilled in the hearts of Montreal fandom. His "showboat" antics on the mound drew attention, and he played for the stands on several occasions. Though he denies this, he will admit that he may have done so "unconsciously". But whatever way he did it, Jean Pierre spelt box office, a merry tune on the cash registers, and an all-time record in attendance at the Royals stadium.

He capitalized on his success by predicting during spring training at least a 20-game winning season, and challenged Branch Rickey and Lt. Col. Romeo Gauvreau, respective heads of the Brooklyn and Montreal organizations, to wager on his predictions. Sure enough, Pete won 25 games; the club had to pay off with a \$2,000 bonus, plus another later for reaching No. 25. All that besides a big salary for a season's play.

To top it all Jeanne Pierre was purchased a short time ago by the Brooklyn Dodgers. This was it. A chance to crash the big time. He was ordered to report for spring training in February. But, because he wanted to be well prepared for the coming all-important test, he left Montreal in September and headed south to balmy Havana. At this moment he is limbering up on the mound, playing in the Havana Winter League. By the time spring training comes, he should be more than ready to make a big impression on officials of the mighty Brooklyn Dodger baseball empire.

This Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman has gone a long way from his investigation days at "C" Division. Yet, despite his terrific successes and the hero-worshipping of a Canadian sports world, Jean Pierre Roy to this day maintains that he would sooner be a member of the R.C.M.P. than a national sports figure.

"ONE, two, three, four; one, two, three, four—" yelled the drill sergeant.
"My goodness me", said the sweet little thing, "do they really have to teach those ignorant recruits how to count?"

A NARRATIVE ON

Small-Arms Ammunition

Centre Fire Metallic Cartridges

by D. N. ATKINS

THIS category assumes overwhelming predominance in wartime; in it are classified the numerous types of small-arms ammunition required for military combat purposes. It includes calibres ranging all the way from the smallest revolver and pistol cartridges up to and beyond the upper limit set by definition of the term, small-arms. Its versatility makes difficult any attempt to select outstanding characteristics, but using modern rimfire types as a basis for comparison, it might be observed that in general centre fire metallics are designed to give longer range accuracy and increased hitting power at the expense of simplicity and economy.

Production of self-contained centre fire metallic cartridges of the modern type was preceded not only by the rimfire but by the pinfire cartridge. In a pinfire cartridge, whose principle is illustrated in Fig. 3, a pin protruded through the side of the case head and was struck by a hammer coming down vertically on its protruding end unlike centre fire and rimfire cartridges which are struck horizontally from the rear. The pinfire enjoyed fairly general use after its introduction around the year 1836, but even before that the percussion cap had begun to replace the flintlocks. In its final form the muzzle-loading percussion cap consisted of a small copper cup containing priming composition and fitted over a pierced nipple with the hole leading into the gun barrel. When the cap was struck by the hammer the

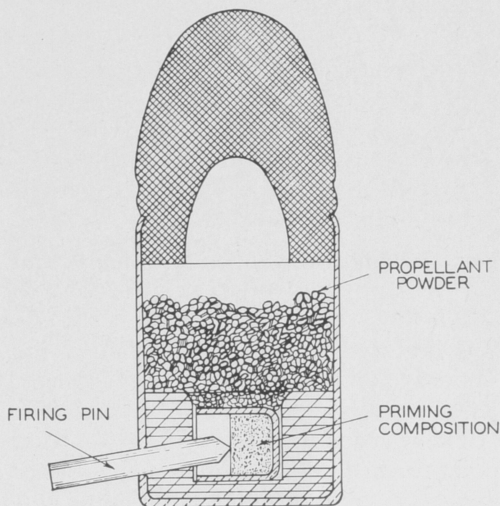


Fig. 3. Pin fire type primer.

resultant flash was communicated through the hole to the main powder charge. The percussion cap principle is of course the basis not only for the pinfire cartridge, but for all modern metallic cartridge primers.

The first extensive use of a self-contained separate primer, centre fire cartridge was developed by Colonel Boxer of the English Ordnance Department. His "Boxer-type" primer with self-contained "anvil" and cylindrical flat-bottomed "cup" (Fig. 4) has become the standard primer for nearly all United States and Canadian sporting cartridges manufactured during the past 50 years. By a curious coincidence the other type of primer, the "Berdan", now in most common use in most European countries,

This is the concluding instalment of the article by D. N. Atkins, assistant ballistic engineer, Canadian Industries Ltd., "Dominion" Ammunition Division, Brownsburg, Que., which commenced in the July Quarterly.

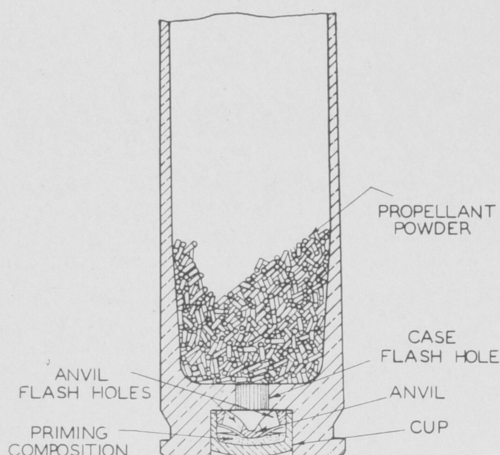


Fig. 4. Separate or disc type anvil and primer.

was invented by Colonel Berdan of the United States Ordnance Department. The essential difference is that the "Berdan" type utilizes as an anvil a solid point formed in the bottom of the primer pocket in the cartridge-case head as illustrated diagrammatically in Fig. 5. With either type, final assembly leaves the bottom of the primer cup exposed to the blow of the firing pin of the gun. When the firing pin strikes, it indents the cup against the domed point of the anvil, crushing and detonating the layer of priming composition. The resultant flash and hot gases gain access to the propellant powder inside the cartridge case through "flash holes" in the anvil, case, or both.

Colonel Berdan is also credited with the development of the solid-drawn brass cartridge case which gives a stronger and thicker brass section near the head where needed and thinner toward the mouth. This type of case has been the common standard of manufacture since the early 1870's. With the advent of stronger breech-loading actions and the desire for increasingly powerful loads it soon became apparent that some form of tapered cartridge case was necessary, in order to provide sufficient propellant-powder capacity without unduly increasing cartridge-case length or bullet

diameter. The result was the appearance of the familiar bottle-neck shape which characterizes the majority of modern centre fire metallic cartridges, known today as necked cases.

Metal-jacketed bullets were first introduced in 1880 in Switzerland, and reduced the necessity of providing an independent means of lubricating the bullet in order to prevent the build-up of lead in the rifling of the gun barrel—lead alloy bullets cannot be driven much over 1,400 feet per second without the lead stripping off in the rifling. The jacket also served to maintain the original shape of the bullet or to control its distortion after reaching the target. It has made possible many of the variations in bullet type that are now common and allowed the velocity to be increased up to and over 3,000 feet per second. Generally speaking, copper or copper alloys are used in its manufacture although in recent years copper-coated steel has been successfully employed.

Perhaps the most far-reaching contribution to the general improvement of all types of ammunition originated at a French government powder factory in 1885 when the first smokeless powder was demonstrated. Progressive-burning, non-fouling, non-erosive propellant powders since developed in great variety, each with its specific application, have

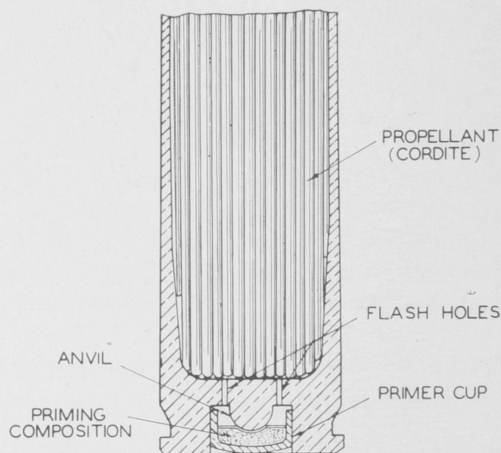


Fig. 5. Berdan type anvil and primer.

almost completely replaced the traditional universal explosive, black powder.

In recent years the most outstanding single improvement to ammunition performance, non-corrosive priming, was introduced to the shooting public in 1926. Previous standard types of priming composition had a common fault—the residue, after firing, encouraged corrosion and rusting of the gun barrel, and unless removed immediately reduced the life of the weapon.

The most popular centre fire rifle cartridge in Canada is the .30-30 (Fig. 6), whose calibre is approximately the same as both United States and British standard military rifle ammunition (.30 calibre and .303 calibre, respectively). However it has a somewhat smaller case capacity and consequent lower bullet energy than either of these types. The .30-30 cartridge is fairly typical of all modern centre fire calibres and may, therefore, be considered as representative of the whole group of centre fire metallics.

The manufacture of .30-30 cartridge cases follows the same basic steps as that of rimfire cases—cupping, drawing, heading, etc.—, but is considerably more involved owing to increased size and complexity of design. From Fig. 7 it will be seen that no less than ten major operations are required on the case before it reaches a stage corresponding to that attained after only five operations in the production of .22 long rimfire cases. The number of intermediate annealing, washing and drying operations is increased proportionally. The most significant differences in procedure, however, are the operations necessitated by the central location of the primer. As previously indicated (Fig. 4) the primer is comprised of a small brass cup, a layer of highly sensitive explosive and a disc-shaped anvil which somewhat resembles a common dome fastener. The primer cup and anvil are blanked out of sheet metal strip and shaped in much the same way as is done in the first operations of

case manufacture. The minute charge of priming mixture is measured so accurately that control samples must be weighed to one one-hundredth of a grain. After assembly of cup, priming composition and anvil the unit is ready for insertion into the pocket which was formed in the case head at the indenting operation.

The most popular .30-30 calibre bullet for ordinary hunting purposes is the "soft point" (as illustrated in Fig. 6), so named because the lead bullet core protrudes slightly from the forward end of the bullet jacket which otherwise completely encloses it. Bullet design is a somewhat controversial subject, and a

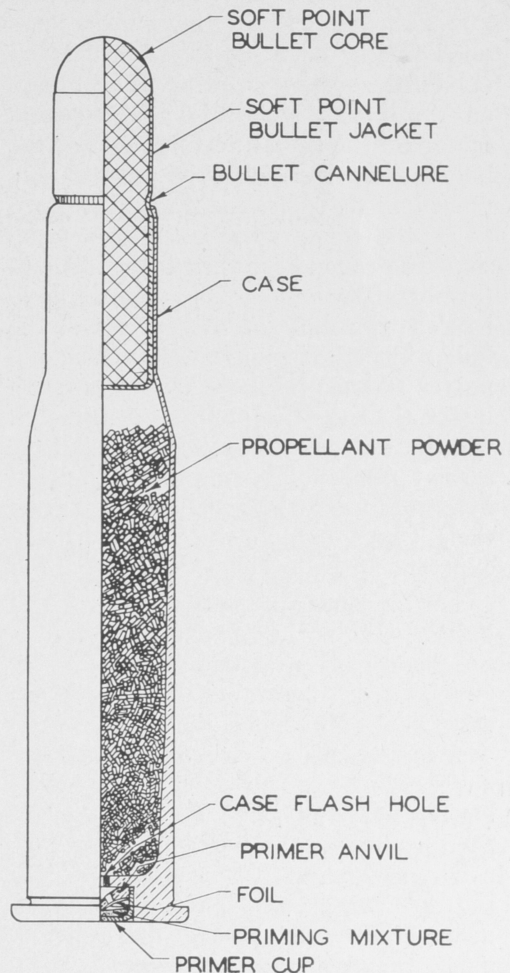


Fig. 6. Centre fire sporting cartridge.

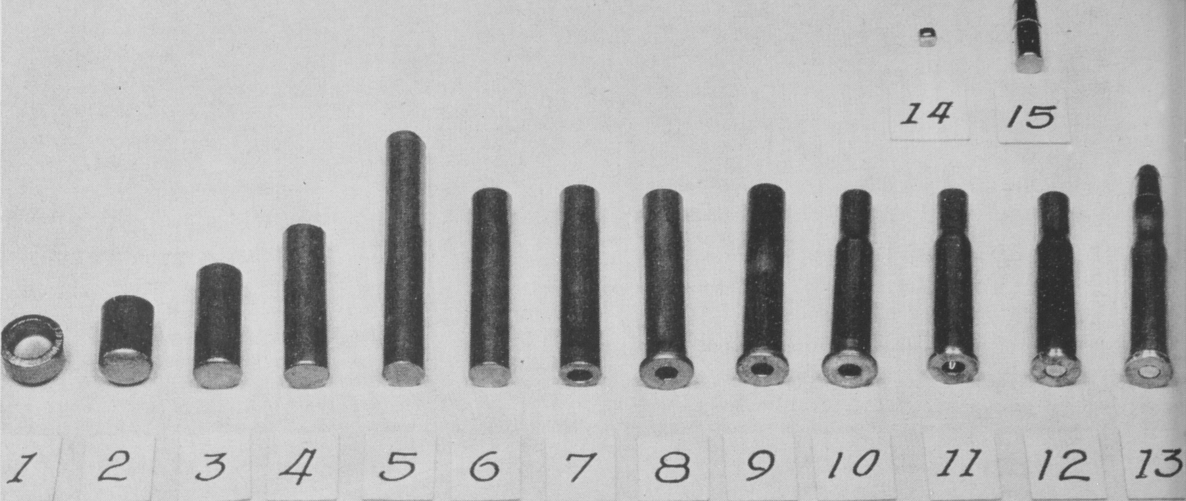


Fig. 7. Various stages of process in manufacturing a .30-30 cartridge: 1, cup; 2, first draw; 3, second draw; 4, third draw; 5, fourth draw; 6, first trim; 7, indent; 8, head; 9, taper; 10, neck; 11, second trim; 12, prime; 13, load. The primer is shown in 14, and the bullet in 15.

wide variety of types have been developed for specific purposes. The design of the bullet jacket is a controlling factor on the actual performance of the bullet after it reaches its target. Soft point bullets, typical of the type known as expanding or mushrooming, are designed to expand symmetrically and uniformly after impact with animal flesh. In this way most of the energy of the bullet in flight is converted to shocking power and the resultant wound is much larger than the original bullet diameter. On the other hand, bullets which have a solid sharp point completely enclosed in a hard metallic jacket tend to penetrate their target completely without being appreciably deformed.

The manufacture of metal-jacketed bullets involves two separate sets of operations. Copper alloy jackets are cupped from sheet metal strip, drawn and trimmed in much the same way as the cartridge case is produced. Lead cores are made from extruded lead wire by methods similar to those applied in the production of .22 calibre bullets. Core and jacket are then swaged tightly together and a circular groove or "cannelure" is formed around the bullet at a point corresponding to the ultimate position of the cartridge-case mouth

(Fig. 6). A final operation on the bullet forces it through a sizing die to ensure correct bullet diameter, i.e. corresponding with the groove diameter of the firearm in which it is to be used.

Since nearly all modern rifle cartridges use metal-jacketed bullets the old problem of metallic fouling of rifle barrels has been practically eliminated. Certain revolver cartridges, however, are still produced with solid lead bullets that are provided with one or more additional grooves between the cannelure and the base of the bullet. These grooves are filled with a special lubricating compound before the bullet is inserted into the case.

Cartridge loading of centre fire metallic ammunition is not essentially different from the corresponding rimfire operation except that propellant powder charges are in general considerably greater and therefore more readily charged with the required degree of precision. After assembly of propellant, cartridge case and bullet, the mouth of the cartridge case is crimped tightly into the bullet cannelure and the finished round is ready for polishing, inspection, packing and shipping.

Quality control of centre fire metallic ammunition also closely parallels the

methods previously outlined for .22 calibre rimfire, but, here again, the complexity of design increases the number of dimensions that must be controlled, and over 100 separate gauging operations are performed on representative samples in the production of .30-30 calibre ammunition. In addition, each cartridge case and finished cartridge is individually examined for visible defects which would cause mal-functioning or misfires. This quality control is extended down to the ballistic testing which includes such items as velocity, breech pressure, time for bullet to leave the barrel, known as barrel time, accuracy, recoil, penetration, bullet mushrooming and break-up, and actual shooting in all types and makes of sporting rifles.

* * *

Shotgun Cartridges or Shot Shells

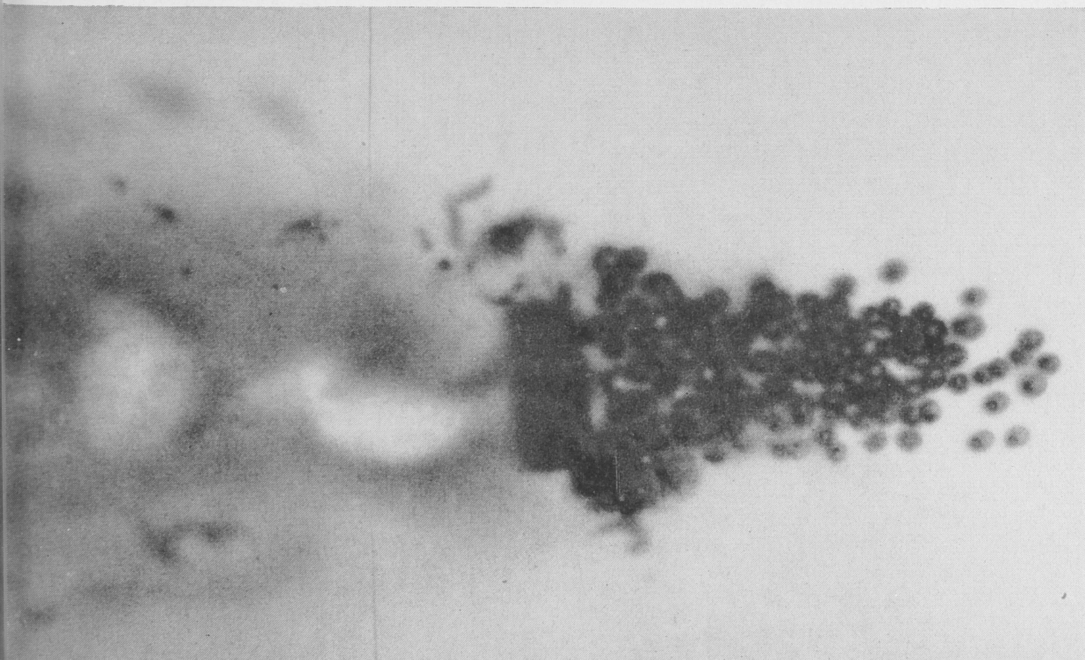
By actual definition, a shot shell is a cartridge in which a single ball or bullet is replaced by a number of smaller projectiles collectively termed shot. When a shot shell is fired, each of the shot pellets travels independently of the rest and all become more widely dispersed the further they travel. The fundamental advantage of shot shell over ball ammunition is its increased chance

of hitting the target, and the major disadvantage is reduced striking energy.

Shotgun cartridges are designed for smoothbore firearms. Nearly all other types of modern ammunition are used in arms having rifling in the bore of the barrel which imparts a spinning motion to the projectile. The earliest firearms were of course smoothbore, and consequently the cartridges used in them may reasonably be mentioned in a discussion of modern shot-gun ammunition.

The paper cartridge, first and simplest form of small-arms cartridge, came into use in Europe during the last quarter of the 16th century. It is not necessary to go further back than this, as the components then wrapped in paper to facilitate transportation and gun loading were the same as had been used from the beginning of the firearms era. In its early forms the paper cartridge consisted simply of one or more balls and a charge of powder wrapped in paper held together with string or paste. The paper was usually greased for purposes of lubricating and water-proofing. Typical of this type of load is the standard English cartridge used during most of the 18th century in a flintlock smoothbore musket familiarly known as the

Photograph of shot charge in flight six inches from the muzzle of a gun.



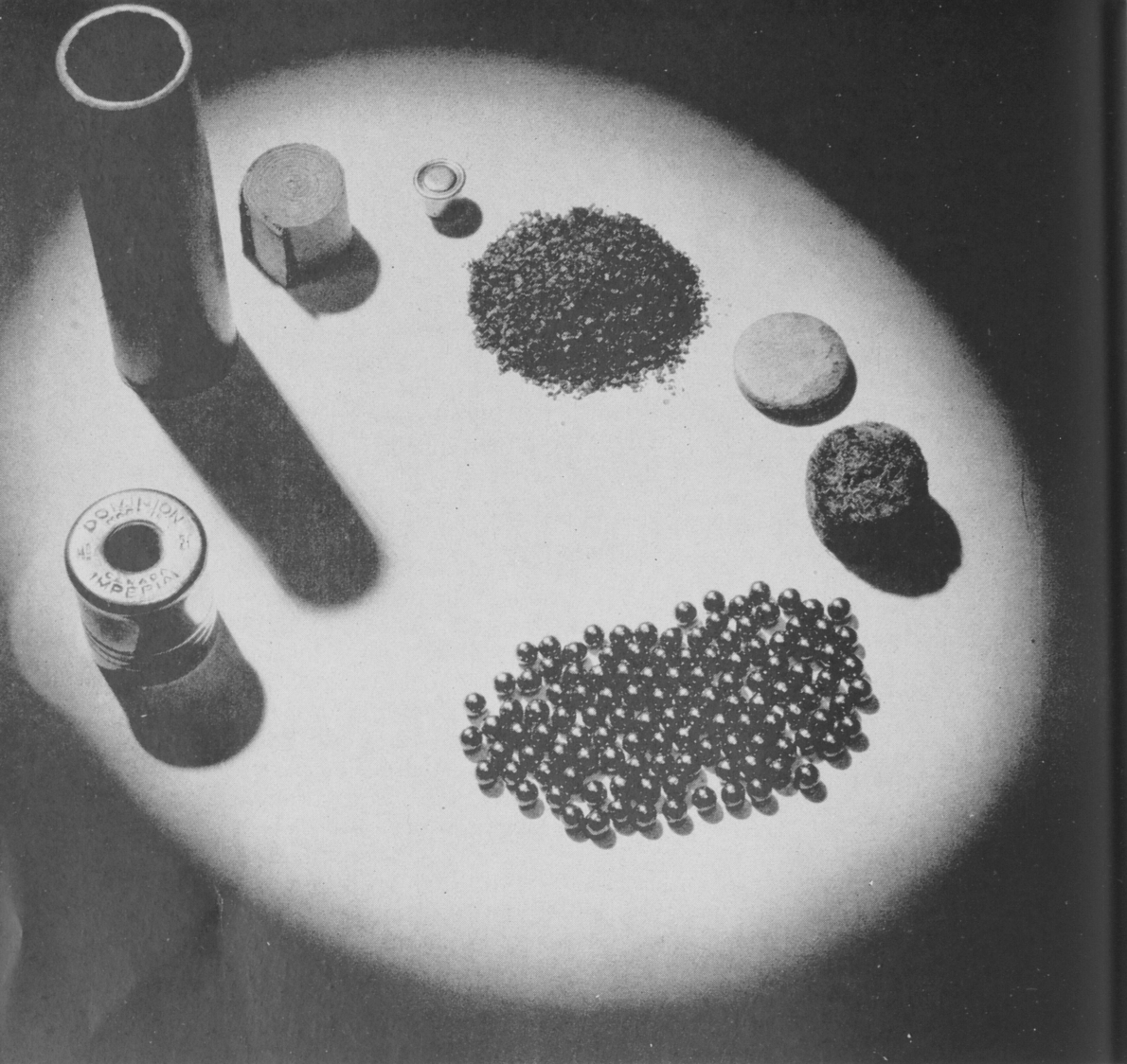


Fig. 9. Major parts of a shot shell: brass head, paper tube, base wad, primer, powder, wads and shot.

Brown Bess. The accuracy of this combination was so uncertain that, at 100 yards, only four hits out of ten shots at a man-size target could be expected, and when fired from shoulder level the load struck the ground about 125 yards away.

Shot loads of various types have been used since early in the 17th century. The first shotguns were relatively small in bore; some of .35 or .40 calibre have been preserved in collections of old weapons. Later, the trend was toward bore diameters larger than are in common use today. In the days of muzzle loading, 2-, 4- and 8-gauge shotguns were not uncommon, but today 10-gauge is the largest standard size used and it is

much less popular than 12-, 16- and 20-gauge.

The development of the shot shell proceeded along much the same lines as that of centre fire metallic cartridges. In fact, many of the improvements in methods, of ignition for example, were introduced and successfully demonstrated in shotgun cartridges a considerable time before they were accepted for military use. This is logical because the shot shell, essentially a sporting cartridge, may be used as a proving ground for new ideas and developments without the risk that might be entailed by partial or complete failure of military ammunition in the field.

Shot shells acquired their approximate present form around the year 1870, and considerably greater resemblance is to be noted between those of that date and of the present than between rifle cartridges of corresponding periods. This is probably due to the fact that shot shell efficiency reaches a maximum at relatively low velocities and pressures, with the result that requirements for physical strength of the cartridge case are not as rigid as for high velocity rifle cartridges. There are various reasons for this maximum efficiency. In the first place since the shot shell is designed to be effective over a considerable area of the target rather than at one point, both the gauge and weight of the shot load usually are comparatively great. The larger the gauge of the shot shell the greater is the strength and weight of the gun required to withstand the breech pressure, but the size of the gun is of course definitely limited by the ability of the average person to carry and manipulate it. The greater the shot load the greater is the kick or recoil of the gun when the cartridge is fired, and this is limited by the shooter's respect for his physical comfort. Perhaps the most important factor limiting the power of shot shell loads will be more readily understood after consideration of the intrinsic design of the standard shell. It is a fact however, that each shot shell load has its own critical velocity range in which the most uniform distribution of shot pellets is produced. If the target is beyond this range, the resultant shot pattern will tend to be scattered or blown and the shot becomes relatively ineffective.

Fig. 9 shows some of the major components of a shot shell, and Fig. 8, a diagrammatical cross section of a typical shot shell, shows their ultimate relationship. It will be seen that the brass head, pierced to take the primer and partially lined with steel reinforcing, is secured to the rolled paper tube by means of a compressed-paper base wad. The load,

consisting of propellant powder, over-powder card wad, felt wads and shot, is held in place by a card top wad and a turn-in of the tube mouth known as crimp. In some shells the tube is folded over the shot to eliminate the top wad and give better shot distribution. This type is gaining in popularity. The primer is of the separate-cup-and-anvil type, but is inserted into an additional brass pocket before assembly as a unit into the shell head.

Shot shell functioning at firing is not unlike that of other types of ammunition. The firing pin strikes the base of the primer cup, detonates the priming composition, and the resultant flash spurts through a flash hole in the base of the primer pocket to ignite the propellant

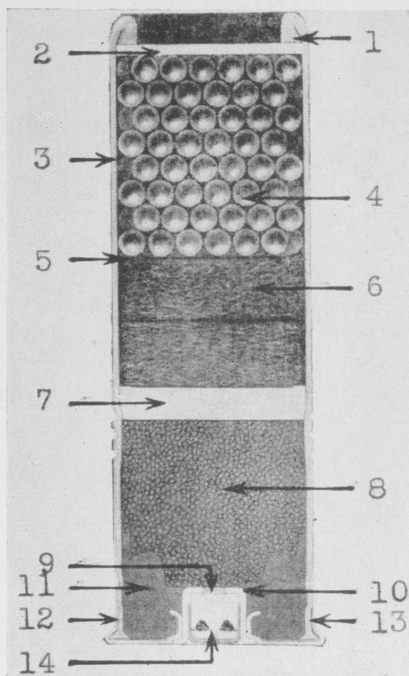


Fig. 8. Cross-section view of an "Imperial" Special Long Range Shot Shell: 1, compression crimp; 2, top wad; 3, impregnated tube; 4, double-chilled shot; 5, cupped wad; 6, lubricated felt wad; 7, wad made of special binding board; 8, smokeless powder; 9, self-centring anvil; 10, primer pocket; 11, locked base wad; 12, steel reinforcement; 13, brass head; 14, non-corrosive priming composition.

powder charge. The large volume of gas created sets up a high pressure that forces the felt wads with the shot ahead of them up the barrel. The porous nature of the felt wads allows them to expand under pressure so that they fit tightly in the gun barrel. In addition they are impregnated on the circumference with lubricant to reduce friction and to leave a lubricated surface for the shot load of each successive shell. Technically speaking the felt wads act as obturators, that is, they seal off the burning powder from the shot load to prevent gas leakage which would result in loss of power and fusion of the lead shot. The felt wad is to the shell what a piston ring is to a gasoline engine piston.

The nature and variety of modern shot shell loads and the wide range of gun types and gauges in which they are expected to function demand more elaborate methods of manufacturing control than are necessary for even the most complicated rifle ammunition. For example, in spite of the fact that most shot shell tubes are made of paper their finished diameter and strength must be such that each tube will not only expand without rupture to fit the chamber of a worn gun, but will enter a chamber of minimum dimensions and fire even after prolonged exposure in a wet hunting coat or the bottom of a boat.

Fabrication of each shot shell involves well over 100 operations exclusive of the production of such "raw materials" as paper, lead shot, sheet metal, propellant powder and priming ingredients. Approximately one per cent of all finished production is usually consumed in rou-

tine functional testing before shipping. Velocity and pressure are controlled by means similar to those used for other types of ammunition. Accuracy or patterns are recorded from the percentage of total pellets which strike within a circle 30 inches in diameter at a distance of 40 yards when fired in a full choke gun. Recoil is actually measured by means of a special 50-lb. pendulum gun which is suspended freely on five-foot wires; the extent of the gun's swing, which is recorded when the shell is fired, gives the measurement.

The modern moisture-proof shot shell with non-corrosive priming, matched load of smokeless powder, chilled shot, and carefully selected lubricated wadding has gained the respect and confidence of the shooting public. It is the culmination of centuries of cartridge development, ballistic research, modern engineering skill and technical precision. The war has developed new electronic devices that indicate the speed of a projectile to within one hundred thousandth of a second, and the results are printed by an electric typewriter.

These and other items combine to give the shooter shells for every purpose which are safe, accurate, uniform, moderate in recoil and made to suit his gun, his fancy, and his pocket book. The only thing the shells will not do is aim his gun.

At this point let us warn our readers that *all firearms are dangerous*, and every person, regardless of his experience, should always look upon every firearm as though it were loaded.

Girl Solved It

*A*n excited gentleman scurried into the New York office of the FBI, waving a little black notebook.

"I found it in the subway", he panted. "It's in code!"

An agent examined it, read "K1, P2, Co8", etc. He gave it a routine code check, but he couldn't break it; so off it went to the experts in Washington.

The breakdown was finally supplied by a young lady employed in the decoding department: "Knit one, Purl two, Cast on eight", etc., etc.

—*This Week.*

They Opened the Way for the Peaceful Development of Canada's Broad Plains

IN reckoning the history of a country 71 years are but a fleeting moment, yet in that time the Canadian prairies were transformed from an unknown wilderness into the fourth greatest wheat-producing area of the world. The history of this vast region really dates from 1874 when the North West Mounted Police set forth on their march from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains.

James B. Mitchell was destined to outlive all the other participants of that epochal march. Though the intervening years are few in the life of a country they represent eons in that of a human being. But incredible as it may seem Mitchell's military activities began eight years before then.

Born at Gananoque, Ont., on Oct. 14, 1852, of a young immigrant couple from Edinburgh, Scotland, he served as bugler in his home town and at Prescott, Ont., during the Fenian Raids of 1866. In the raids four years later he helped to guard the canal at Cornwall, Ont., from where as a promising young corporal he went to "A" Battery, Royal School of Gunnery, Kingston, Ont., to take a course that would qualify him in the duties of a sergeant major. Here he drew the attention and approval of the commandant, Col. G. A. French, who perceived in the keen, well-set-up youth good material for the military.

When the Fenian raid scare subsided Mitchell attended the Art Institute in Montreal to study architecture; to build useful and beautiful things was a passion with him.

Then the startling developments on the Red River in 1871 focused his attention on Fort Garry and some three years later when it was decided to bring the North West Mounted Police up to its full authorized strength of 300 he resolved to enlist. Since October, 1873, Colonel French his erstwhile commandant had been Commissioner of the new Force. This fact dispelled any indecision that Mitchell might have entertained and he engaged at Kingston on Apr. 1, 1874, as sub-constable with regimental number 156. (During the subsequent re-allotment of

regimental numbers his was changed to 50.) Posted to "E" Troop he was in the following month promoted to the senior N.C.O. rank of staff constable (equivalent to today's sergeant major).

The recruits were quartered in what was called the New Fort barracks on the site of the present Toronto Exhibition Grounds and their average age did not exceed 25. The only one of them under 21 was Trumpeter Frederick Augustus Bagley, formerly a bugler in A Battery, Kingston, whose father, R. Bagley, late sergeant of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, Toronto, had known Colonel French in the Imperial Army. Born in St. Lucia, B.W.I., on Sept. 22, 1858, the younger Bagley came to Canada when ten years old and was but 15 years and nine months old when on May 1, 1874, he joined the Force as a sub-constable with regimental number 247.

To avoid the rainy season on the prairies, Commissioner French decided not to start out from Toronto until June. The two-month interval, April and May, was used to advantage. Extra men were engaged to fill vacancies which had occurred among the originals in Manitoba who were awaiting his arrival with the reinforcements; horses were bought, and the men were put through a series of mounted, foot and gun drills—hard work but pleasant, as Mitchell described it.

Young Bagley meanwhile probably had more than his share of room orderly which entailed keeping the barrack rooms neat and clean. In addition to his duties as trumpeter and attending regular drills, he had to draw supplies for the cook's ration call, set the mess tables, bring the cooked grub from the cook-house and apportion it to the men, then help wash the dishes and scrub the tables and benches.

* * *

ON June 6 the three troops embarked from Toronto on two special Grand Trunk Railway trains amid the cheers of well-wishers and the blare of several military bands. The marching-out state was 16

officers, 201 N.C.O.'s and men and 244 horses. At Sarnia nine cars filled with wagons and agricultural implements were attached to the train and at Detroit two more cars containing 34 horses were taken on.

By special permission the expedition travelled through the United States, the arrangements stipulating that the men wear civilian clothes and that their arms consisting of carbines and officers' swords, also ammunition, be packed in boxes.

At 5 p.m. next day they stopped at the stock-yards, Chicago, Ill., where thousands of pigs wallowed in sties and raised a stench that was rendered doubly offensive by rain and mud. The horses, little the worse for their ride, were unloaded, fed and watered, then tied up in open corrals that had feed troughs along the sides. Two officers and 30 men did picket duty all night in rain that continued without let up.

On the evening of July 8 the Force left for St. Paul and after travelling all night arrived at 4 a.m. of the 9th. Here, in accordance with the policy that each troop was to be self-sustaining, the Commissioner authorized Sub-Inspr. J. Walker in command of D Troop to buy mowing machines and farm implements, also a year's supply of oats, flour, bacon, pork, biscuits and other provisions—the best that could be had.

While in the United States Mitchell paid for his troop's meals with cash given him by the paymaster; the ten per cent premium he collected on the Canadian funds yielded extra delicacies that otherwise would have been impossible.

A dozen more men were recruited at Chicago and St. Paul; the Commissioner anticipated that some members might refuse to venture beyond Dufferin.

After a whole day and a night in St. Paul, they entrained once more and on the morning of the 12th reached Fargo, N.D., where the narrow strip of station planking marked the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad and the beginning of the horse-and-saddle trail with the Force using its own transport.

Camping out was new to most of the men and here, on the outskirts of civilization, the work began in earnest. For various reasons haste was imperative and the Commissioner was anxious to reach Canadian territory. Horses and equipment erupted from

the cars and soon all hands were busy. The knock-down transport wagons had to be assembled, harness and saddles were a kaleidoscopic jumble of straps and leather which had to be sorted and put together.

In the confusion which followed, amusing incidents happened aplenty and many a laugh was produced by some of the office workers who got their outfits in a hopeless muddle and hardly knew when the head stalls were right side up or whether they belonged on the front or rear ends of their mounts. But the experienced hands gave assistance whenever necessary and, with the troops working in shifts throughout the night, everything was straightened out in surprisingly short time.

Government advertisements had specified riding horses, and some of the animals had never before been hitched up, even to a buggy. This occasioned slight delay, for they started pitching and bucking with provoking obstinacy and refused to pull the wagons. The difficulty finally was overcome when willing shoulders heaved on the wheels, and with many a yank, push and comradely quip the column was on its way.

The initial 160 miles of prairie travel between Fargo and Camp Dufferin (now Emerson), Man., gave the men a foretaste of what was to come. At the town of Grand Forks, N.D., they were met by Reg. No. 55, Staff Cst. J. Weir in charge of a detachment of men and 25 fresh horses sent from Dufferin by Asst. Commr. J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., who was already in camp there with A, B and C Troops, having come down from the Stone Fort 20 miles north of Winnipeg where the troops had spent the winter.

Marching along the ancient trail from St. Louis which had been in use for a century, the Canadian-bound column passed the U.S. army post of Fort Pembina and on June 19 just as the sun was going down at the close of a beautiful day came to the wide space in the road where the Boundary Commission buildings, a few half-breed shanties and an equal number of saloons comprised the settlement of Dufferin.

Waiting to welcome it were the officers and men of A, B and C Troops with additional supplies, half-breed guides and herders to drive the extra stock. The camp was splendidly located on the north side of the Boundary Commission grounds, and the new

arrivals made good use of the commission's buildings.

* * *

AND here in B Troop was Reg. No. 289 (later changed to 52), Sub-Cst. William Grain. He had been engaged at Fort Garry on May 10, substituting for Reg. No. 93, Sub-Cst. H. Moffatt who resigned in disgust after being reduced in rank from acting constable and acting hospital sergeant. Born at Wingham, Ont., on Jan. 20, 1850, the son of John Thomas Grain a British army officer who had come to Canada with General Pilkington, he had received his education at Rochford Military Academy and upon graduating had eventually turned up at the Red River.

On the night of the day following the union of the '73 and '74 men a storm broke over the camp. High winds lashed hail and rain down with stinging velocity, forked lightning streaked across the sky and thunder shook the earth.

About 10 o'clock everyone was ordered to turn out. The horses were corralled in an enclosure of stakes and cables beyond which the wagons were arranged in a circle. The storm worsened until it reached cyclonic proportions, and the lightning seemed closer. The canvas coverings on the wagons were ripped open by the first strong gusts. Terrific claps of thunder, the driving rain, howling wind and flapping canvases frightened the horses into a frenzy. Rearing and plunging, they battered the makeshift barrier with frantic hoofs until it finally gave way, and screaming wildly the maddened animals broke free.

Straight toward the camp they raced, and human efforts to stop that living avalanche of terror-stricken horses availed nothing. Fortunately a flash of lightning revealed the main body of the camp directly in the way, and the stampede shied off past the shouting men. But it had already wreaked havoc; wagons were overturned, tents flattened and several men had been knocked down and injured. Reg. No. 190, Act. Cst. W. Latimer's scalp was partially shorn and pulled down over his forehead, but luckily there were no other serious casualties.

In the general uproar some of the men, including Mitchell, had vaulted to the backs of a few animals as the horde dashed by, and Bagley coming across one that had been unable to break away quickly saddled it and

joined the others to help recover the run-aways. For the next 24 hours he was without rest or food and when his mount walked into camp at midnight of June 21 fatigue had exacted its toll—fast asleep in the saddle, he was so used up that he had to be lifted off and put to bed.

Though this renowned stampede caused delay at the time, it may actually have been a blessing in disguise for it impressed on all the necessity of taking greater precautions against a similar happening later on. Had it occurred on the plains, leaving the men stranded in an unknown territory, the history of the Force undoubtedly would have run a different course.

But conditions still were unfavorable. The rain had left the heavy loam in such a sticky and boggy state that it would have been sheer folly to start out before the ground dried. In the days that followed, last-minute preparations kept everyone busy. Many adjustments were made: men were transferred to bring up the strength of A, B and C Troops; transport packed and arranged, and beef cattle bought, some for slaughter and others for breeding purposes at the police posts to be built in the West; about 100 oxen, purchased from an American cattle dealer, were to prove indispensable as substitutes for played-out transport horses on the trail.

At Dufferin Bagley acquired "Old Buck", the mustang of his dreams. Of traditional buckskin colour with a black streak along its back it answered to the requirement of D Troop in which all the horses were grey or buckskin. It had been chosen by another man, but Bagley, who had coveted it for some time, managed to be "guarding" it when the horses were assigned, and Insp. J. M. Walsh, commanding D Troop, appointed him its master—an artful manoeuvre on Bagley's part which earned him the reputation of being a "danged hoss thief". Known far and wide as the "Bagley pony", Old Buck lived 32 years, being mercifully destroyed in 1898. When pensioned off to roam the range at will, it paid regular visits to Lethbridge and Pincher Creek Detachments to be petted by members of the Force.

Supplies were slow in arriving and disquieting rumours began circulating. The greatest problem was to preserve the morale of the men. Desertions occurred daily, and the Commissioner, dismayed at the possibility that the undertaking might fail before



A halt during the early stages of the march to cut hay.

Henri Julien, well-known French Canadian artist and newspaper man, accompanied the N.W.M.P. expedition as artist and correspondent of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Many of his black and white sketches appeared in the *News*, of which the one shown here, and that on the opposite page are fair samples.

it really began, brought the situation to a head by putting it squarely up to the men. He called a full-dress parade and tactfully advised all who feared the unknown dangers that lay ahead to take their discharge. He wanted no dissatisfied or timid men. If need be, all might leave now of their own free will. He told of the discomforts which those who didn't would probably have to endure. A few malcontents took advantage of the offer, but most of the weaklings had already gone.

* * *

WHEN the revolvers on order from England arrived at the end of the first week in July all was ready, and on July 8 Commissioner French and his troops started for the Blackfoot country 800 miles away. There was no official ceremony as they marched out of Dufferin into the setting sun, a colourful cavalcade of 274 officers, N.C.O.'s and men, prancing horses, creaking Red River carts and plodding oxen.

Never before had such a display of pomp and military circumstance been seen in those parts. Resplendent in gold-embroidered belts and facings, their swords gleaming in the rays of the dying sun, the officers wore white helmets from which fluttered plumes coloured according to rank. The scarlet Norfolk jackets and scarlet-lined cavalry cloaks of the ranks lent the body of the long procession a crimson hue as it filed across the prairie.

Easy stages was the order until the men got the feel of the trail, though Bagley sounded reveille sometimes at 3 a.m. For some days the travellers were favoured with good weather, and the healthful outdoor life moulded them into a hardy lot as they trudged monotonously along to the accompaniment of thudding hoofs, clattering accoutrements and equipment, and wailing, grease-hungry Red River carts.

At first, mowing machines and rakes formed part of the advance guard and at

selected camp locations were used to garner grass as feed for the animals. Each night the horses were carefully secured to pickets in the ground, but later when they got accustomed to the prairie they were turned loose with hobbles.

Progress generally was slow: the cumbersome equipment including two mortars—"horse killers" they were called—which had been brought from Toronto, the inability of the Eastern horses to adapt themselves to prairie grass, the slow-moving oxen, and sickness which later afflicted men and cattle, all contributed to the sluggish pace.

The second day from Dufferin they struck out for the Boundary Commission trail which was to be their future guide. On this beaten track speed and ease of travel were greatly facilitated because the necessity of searching for water was eliminated; the line of march was so arranged that camp was made each night at a site previously occupied by the commission engineers where a water supply was assured.

The surveyors, owing to the aridity of the plains, had been obliged to deviate from

their intended straight line, and the course weaved back and forth in many places. The miles-long police column formed a picturesque procession as the various troops threaded their way in slow, zigzagging fashion across the prairie.

Beyond the border of Manitoba the country was more primitive, the going tougher, and stragglers began to lag further and further behind. On July 11, Reg. No. 252, Sub-Cst. P. Coutts was engaged to replace a deserter who that week had taken leg bail and joined his faint-hearted fellows across the frontier. Soon all contact with Canada, as the East was called, was broken. At first there was an occasional courier with dispatches, but this service too ceased and the expedition was on its own with no means of communicating with civilization until Fort Benton, Mont., was reached.

On July 18 camp was made on the banks of the Souris river and for two days the men indulged in an orgy of bathing and washing clothes. Damaged carts were repaired and equipment was redistributed; the portable forges were brought into play and

Crossing the Dirt Hills, Aug. 6, 1874.



several horses shod, and preparations generally for continuing the march were made. Though much work was done, the stop in that small valley where wood, water and grass were plentiful did much for men and animals and when the march was resumed on July 21 the spirits of all were visibly improved.

Since leaving Dufferin, the men had conscientiously pitched their tents every night, but from now on they generally denied themselves this doubtful protection except on Sundays. It was doubtful for several reasons. As the march progressed the horses and oxen tired more easily with the result that camp sites were seldom reached before dark and the men were too weary to struggle with the tents. Another discouraging feature was the frequent occurrence of strong gales against which it was often quite impossible to keep the unstable shelters erect.

Perhaps the most deciding factor was the presence of company, much-too sociable, in the form of the minute pests that invariably infest those who are deprived of the amenities of civilization. In other words the men were lousy. With the heedlessness of inexperience they had stopped at an abandoned Indian camp, eager to take advantage of such a favourable spot. But the Indians had left more than an empty camp site and soon a series of private battles occurred. "The fugitive pests", Grain later claimed, "were obviously Indian in origin for they were actually reddish brown in colour."

Under canvas they became unbearable, so the men slept under the stars as far from each other as possible hoping thus to discourage the migratory and social tendencies of their tormentors. Each man felt he had enough of his own without acquiring any from his neighbour.

With no opportunity to undress or change clothes the men patiently bore their pediculous associates for three months then went to war on them in earnest. Even the hardest insect succumbed when the garments were boiled in salt water and hung outside to freeze.

The next important stopping place was Short Creek on the bank of the Souris just beyond La Roche Percee (near Estevan, Sask.), where, after pitching camp on July 24, the men again rejoiced in the luxury of bathing and clothes washing. July 26, being the Sabbath, there was a church parade, with each religious denomination under its

senior officer, and though regular Sunday church parades were not practicable they were held as often as possible.

At this point it was decided that Insp. W. D. Jarvis and Sub-Insp. S. Gagnon, father of the present D.C.I., Ottawa, Ont., Asst. Commr. H. A. R. Gagnon, should take part of A Troop to Edmonton, principal Hudson's Bay Co. post on the North Saskatchewan. The best horses of the troop were exchanged for the 55 weakest of the other troops, and leaving La Roche Percee on July 29 Jarvis with his command started north to Fort Ellice whence they struck the well-travelled cart trails to the north-west. With them also went five disabled men who were unfit to keep up with the main body, some oxen, cows with calves, agricultural implements, general stores and provisions, wagons, carts and other impedimenta.

The way led north of the Qu'Appelle river, and nine days saw them at Fort Carlton. There was a bitterly cold wind and the cattle and horses were so weak that it took four days to cross the Saskatchewan river. Then came execrable roads, often through swamp, and several animals died from sickness and exhaustion.

Slowly, laboriously, the column continued over the frozen morasses and lonely marshlands, arriving at Victoria on October 19, and at Horse Hill nine days later where some of the horses, overcome by stiffness and fatigue, were barely able to keep upright on the frost-laden ground.

On November 1, the last cart pulled into Fort Edmonton.

* * *

HAVING disposed of Jarvis' detachment and most of the farm stock the Commissioner with the main column left La Roche Percee the same evening, July 29, for Wood End, nine miles distant. Up to this point, which was on the border-line of the timber limit, the water supply had been good. But here the boundary road deviated from its westerly course and led into the United States, so the Commissioner, appointing Macleod as his emissary, arranged for the purchase of pemmican from the Boundary Commission commissariat at Wood Mountain depot further on, and with the Force pressed north-west.

Blazing their own trail as they went, they traversed the rough undulating terrain that lies between Long river which they crossed

and recrossed in several places and the Coteau of the Missouri. The heat of the prairie mid-summer was intensified by high head winds and the arid atmosphere caused cracked lips which rendered shouting or laughing painful. Bagley's lips were so parched and swollen from thirst and the sun that when ordered to sound a call he couldn't produce a note. Crossing Long river, the column passed the Dirt Hills and went on to Old Wives' Lakes, and on August 12 at Old Wives' Creek, where good grass and wood were available, halted for the first rest of any length in two weeks. It had taken nearly two days to go through the Dirt Hills which though small had rough lumpy surfaces separated occasionally by pools of water. Sometimes a wagon would lumber down one hill while the horses hauling it would be plodding up the next, and others were so steep and rough that it was necessary to skirt them.

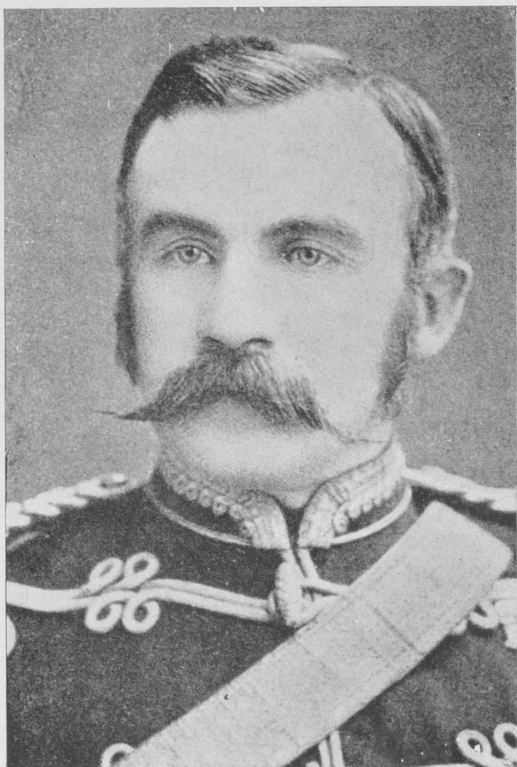
At Old Wives' Lakes alkaline water had caused dysentery among the men and, as many of the horses were thin and worn out, the Commissioner found it necessary to form a convalescent depot which was officially dubbed "Cripple Camp", where Reg. No. 229, Cst. (Sgt.) J. A. Sutherland was detailed to remain with seven sub-constables, five of them invalids, some footsore cattle and 28 spent horses.

Planning carefully for what might well be a more arduous and perilous enterprise than their westward trek, the Commissioner also stored here several wagon-loads of provisions for the troops that would be returning.

While at Old Wives' Creek, the Force was visited by a band of Sioux Indians of the Sipe-ton tribe who chanced to be nearby. At an official powwow they named the Commissioner "*Wachasta Sota*" (Man with Power), and later in their encampment of 50 lodges, Surgeon J. Kittson, the Force's chief medical officer, held a sick parade and treated seven women, nine men and several children.

In the afternoon of August 19, the procession of ox-carts, wagons, wheeled kitchens and other rolling equipment bade a cacophonous farewell to Cripple Camp as the riders pushed 12 miles onward into a treeless inhospitable region.

The Boundary Commission survey party was nearing the completion of its work and



Commr. G. A. French.

in its White Mud depot was a stock of oats and provisions which they no longer needed. On August 22, Commissioner French sent a train of Red River carts to that point to pick up what rations and oats they could.

Three days later, on August 25, they made a difficult crossing of Swift Current Creek within sight of the Cypress Hills. Crossing streams was always hazardous, but to assure a dry passage each wagon had been supplied with a tarpaulin which could be drawn under the floor boards, completely covering them and preventing the water from gushing into the wagon box. On the trail the heavy-duty canvas was used to protect the freight against the sun and rain.

That evening the Force camped at a small lake to await the supplies from White Mud. The sojourn enabled the stragglers to catch up and the entire command to recuperate from its recent exertions. Sprawled on the ground the trail-weary men rested. For days they hadn't seen a vestige of shrubbery or green brush, except for the odd gooseberry bush. The only scenery had been a monotony of undulating plains

dotted with the bleached bones and skulls of buffalo.

Over all was dust, a mixture of ashes, earth and coal powder—the accumulation of perennial prairie fires—that got into the nostrils, mouth, eyes and hair, sifted down the neck-bands of tunics and lodged in cakes in the men's boots; within a few minutes of being washed the men's faces would be streaked with grime.

Hostile mosquitoes had pestered man and beast, assaulting exposed flesh with a vehemence that permitted little repose at nights; the spongy soil of the water holes detonated swarms of them as the horses stamped about.

While they waited for the supplies from White Mud, the men busied themselves repairing the equipment, shoeing oxen and so on. The trysting place was in the midst of buffalo country, evident from the closely-cropped grass, a contingency that daily necessitated the moving of camp to provide forage for the horses and stock. Itinerant half-breeds brought tales of the whisky traders at Whoop-Up; one account alleged that 500 of these ruffians had spent most of the summer fortifying the blockhouses in which they held forth and building underground magazines and galleries into which they could retire if hard pressed.

The pleasant waiting had to end, and on August 31, Assistant Commissioner Macleod appeared with the supplies amid cheers and hearty shouts of welcome.

About 9 o'clock two mornings later as the Commissioner was riding up to the advance guard he noticed some moving objects to the left. Putting spurs to his horse he rode further out and saw that what had attracted his attention were buffalo. When the news spread there was great excitement and that night buffalo steaks were the *piece de resistance*.

The shaggy quadrupeds, however, proved to be a menace, for their countless hoofs trampled into wallows of muddy paste the little swamps which often were the only source of water and feed available to the expedition as it pushed across the pathless barrens.

In this local, Mitchell had an experience which he never forgot. With a companion he had ridden ahead and come upon two grazing buffalo. Advancing stealthily each man selected a target and fired together. Mitchell's animal fell but the second though

badly wounded raced away closely pursued by the other hunter. Mitchell dismounted and walked leisurely toward his prize.

As he knelt on one knee beside the huge head, the beast suddenly came to life, reared up and lunged at him. Fortunately, Mitchell still held onto his horse, by means of a 20-foot lariat one end of which was wrapped around his left wrist, and the terrified animal dragged him to safety from that first mad onrush. Mitchell regained his feet in time to dodge succeeding charges; working his way hand over hand and jumping from side to side he regained the saddle. Finally, drawing his pistol, he shot the charging buffalo between the eyes, thereby settling an old argument among the men as to whether a bullet in the forehead would prove fatal to one of the great beasts.

Forging ahead the men more than ever showed signs of strain in the gruelling task they had set out to accomplish. On September 4, camp was in a ravine so deep that drag ropes had to be attached to the wagons, whose wheels were locked, so that the men could control them during the descent. In the morning at 5 o'clock all hands were called and the guys came into play again, this time to aid the horses in pulling the wagons up the other side, while a fatigue squad of one officer and 25 men with pick-axes and shovels hacked a passage through obstacles that barred the way. The heavy guns were also handled in this way—held in check on the way down by the men pulling back on the ropes, and hoisted up the opposite side by the men adding their weight to that of the horses.

The route led north of the Cypress Hills, then down through Seven Persons' Coulee to the banks of the Belly river where camp was made on a site now occupied by the city of Medicine Hat.

The only map of these uninhabited spaces was that by Hector and Palliser and though the points visited up to now were correctly marked, most of the chart had been filled in with information volunteered by traders, half-breeds and other nomads, and consequently was unreliable. Aided by Inspector Walker, the Commissioner regularly checked his position and compared it with that on the map by taking observations for latitude and noting the variations on a prismatic compass. It was fortunate that he did so, for further along the trail Morreau the

guide lost his bearings and, refusing to admit it, was leading the column miles out of its way. By asking a few questions the Commissioner soon satisfied himself that the guide was bluffing and from then on himself selected their route.

The greatest hardship was scarcity of good water. At times the men were so parched that they sought relief by flopping down spread-eagle around water holes and pressing their lips against the cool moist mud. And when water did come to them on September 8 it was in the guise of a chilly rain accompanied by a strong north wind that presaged cold weather. Next day five horses, paralyzed from cold and hunger, died; three others were on the verge of collapse but somehow managed to keep going.

The situation was grave. There was no indication that forage conditions would improve. For weeks they had travelled through herds of buffalo, once or twice had been forced to turn the backs of their transport wagons toward the stampeding animals to veer them off. The ever-moving ruminants had been a destroying force that left scarcely a blade of grass in its wake. To turn weakened horses out to graze was sheer optimism for the cropped grass was not high enough above the ground to permit of prehension.

On the night of September 10, the Commissioner introduced drastic measures by instructing each officer and man to give up one of his blankets to shield the horses against the cold and rain. The men, to keep warm, doubled up with each other. The weather grew colder and a feel of snow was in the air, the half-starved horses had nothing but oats for fodder, and about this time the Commissioner noted in his diary, "I begin to feel very much alarmed for the safety of the Force".

On September 11, camp was made at the junction of the Bow and Belly rivers near three roofless and deserted log huts. That day two reconnaissance parties, one under Sub-Insp. V. Welch, the other under Sub-Insp. C. E. Denny, were sent out and preparations made for sending Inspector Walsh with B Troop and some horses to Edmonton. Next day, however, the Commissioner in conference with Macleod and other officers concluded that it would be impossible to take the stores to Edmonton with the horses in such wretched condition.

Moreover it was unanimously agreed that those troops not scheduled to remain in the West should start eastward at once with all possible speed if they were to win through in the race against the encroaching winter.

Sub-Inspector Welch and his party brought back word on September 13 that no trail or grass lay within 30 miles to westward and that the buffalo were approaching in thousands. The camp was moved two miles to a new feeding ground, if, as the Commissioner noted, "nibbling on a barren plain can be called feeding" and the men settled down to await Denny's return.

In the morning they awoke to find the water crusted with ice. Before noon, Inspector Walsh with 70 men and 58 horses crossed the Belly river and started for Edmonton in accordance with the previously-conceived plan. Grain, who while on a buffalo hunt the day before with Reg. No. 8, Staff Cst. J. Francis got lost and had to spend the night on the prairie, came into camp after the troop had departed. Concerned at being separated from his troop, he waded the river and hurried to overtake it.

Late in the afternoon Denny reported back at camp; he had reconnoitred as far as 80 miles away and his news was far from encouraging—there was no grass, no wood and the country was very difficult. In view of this report orders were countermanded and word was sent to Walsh instructing him to return. Grain who had not yet caught up to his troop was surprised after walking a considerable distance to see it marching toward him instead of going the other way. They followed on the heels of the main column to the Sweet Grass Hills which consisted of three elevations in line with each other and with about four miles of intervening levelness and about 32 miles separating the extremities—the Three Buttes, or Trois Buttes they were called by the half-breeds.

These landmarks were near the international boundary and, according to reports, offered plenty of good feed. Next day the Commissioner dispatched a half-breed and a sub-constable to Cripple Camp with orders for Sutherland to get together all the oats and hay he could draw and take them across the Boundary Commission road where he would meet the returning part of the Force.

Walsh recrossed the river and followed one day's march to the rear of the main column; on the way to the oasis that loomed in the distance he herded together the played-out horses and starving oxen that fell behind. The Force proper stopped at an unnamed lake which was christened "Commissioner Lake" by the half-breeds who erected a pile of stones on the bank then fired a salute of 14 rounds, shouting at each discharge, "Hurrah pour le Colonel".

The weather turned frosty and a wind-driven drizzle pelted the jaded horses unmercifully; each day some of them died from want of grass, each morning some were left behind. The buffalo, which since being sighted were seen almost daily, had transformed the entire area into a waste land and the few water holes the Force stopped at had been trampled into a muddy gumbo.

Antelope and other game were plentiful, consequently there was no scarcity of fresh meat. But the other provisions were dwindling rapidly. Flour rations were reduced to 14 oz. per man and the dried sliced potatoes, the only vegetable, though well cooked were tough and tasteless.

On windy days the quota was even less, for in the open, some of the precious flour escaped and swirled around like a miniature snow-storm. One man, Grain tells us, found a can of machine oil left behind by the boundary surveyors. Grease in any form was a godsend, and the machine oil seemed like a delicacy. The finder was suddenly very popular with his companions, but no amount of wheedling induced him to part with any of the precious liquid, and the others gazed on hungrily as he doled it out to himself drop by drop at every meal.

Cold and lack of food continued to sap the strength of the animals. More oxen played out as the gaunt creatures struggled mechanically southward through barren pastures toward the Sweet Grass Hills.

Becoming more alarmed, the Commissioner, to save the horses, instructed the men to proceed on foot every alternate hour. The burden of walking brought extra hardships of its own for the morning dew wet the men's worn boots which, later in the hot sun, hardened on their wearer's feet.

ON September 18 they rested briefly at Milk river ridge. Off to westward, could be seen the snow-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains. The tatterdemalian assemblage, unshaven, grimy, their ragged clothing fluttering in the breeze—some, whose boots had fallen to pieces, had wrapped their feet in gunny sacks and old underwear—, gazed in awe at the magnificent splendour before them, a truly arresting spectacle the glory of which was enhanced by the dazzling whiteness of a recent snow-fall. One hundred miles lay between, yet the clear air made distances deceptive and to many of the men those towering giants seemed within easy walking distance.

When nearing their proposed camping grounds, a protected coulee in the lee of the West Butte, young Bagley pulled off his boots to relieve his aching and blistered feet. Near him, Inspector Walker smiled, then strolling over hoisted the gangly youth to his huge shoulders and carried him pick-a-back the remainder of the way.

At this point Grain in the rear guard under Walsh re-joined his comrades and Bagley was transferred from D to E Troop of which Mitchell was a member.

On September 21 arrangements were made for the parting of the ways. D and E Troops were to return home, B, C and F to continue toward the foot-hills. The strongest horses and oxen were turned over to the home-bound detachments which, late in the afternoon under the Commissioner accompanied by the assistant commissioner, struck southward seven miles to the boundary road along which they moved for a mile and camped. Back in the Sweet Grass Hills Insp. W. Winder had been left in charge of B, C and F Troops pending Macleod's return.

Next morning the Commissioner and Macleod with eight men and a collection of empty carts departed from the coulee where they had camped and started for Benton, the big supply centre at the head of navigation on the Missouri river. Left in charge of the two troops was the officer commanding E Troop, Insp. J. Carvell, an able militarist who had fought with the South during the civil war in the United States. The Commissioner had directed him to proceed slowly, halting wherever good feed was to be found, and upon reaching Wild Horse Lake, eight

miles north-east of Milk river crossing, to await the supply carts from Benton.

At Benton the Commissioner telegraphed Ottawa and learned that the original plans had been changed: the forks of Swan and Snake rivers near the Hudson's Bay Co. post of Fort Pelly, rather than Fort Ellice to the south, had been chosen as the site for the Force's headquarters. Here also it was learned that the main assembling point of the whisky traders, concerning whom information was very limited, was at Whoop-Up situated where the Belly and St. Mary rivers meet.

Several busy days followed. On September 25 the Commissioner contracted for oats, corn and other provisions and bought stockings, gloves and moccasins which were sent to his camp on the outskirts of the town. The moccasins, especially, their pliable softness a welcome change from worn-out, hardened boots, were a priceless boon.

Next day French and Macleod parted company, the former to re-join D and E Troops. With three half-breeds, a guide, a drover and two sub-constables to help him with the supplies, the Commissioner crossed the Milk river, met up with Carvell on September 29 and a day later with the reduced cavalcade including Bagley and Mitchell commenced the long trek to Swan river.

* * *

IN Benton, Jerry Potts a half-Peigan plainsman, who in succeeding years earned the reputation of being the greatest police scout and interpreter in the West, was added to the strength of the Force. With him as guide, the assistant commissioner returned to the Sweet Grass Hills to take over the command of B, C, and F Troops and to resume the march.

At the junction of the Belly and St. Mary rivers they came upon the much-talked-of Forts Whoop-Up and Hamilton. At last! The main base of operations of the outlaws and desperadoes who for years had ruthlessly and systematically exploited Canadian Indians.

Here according to rumour several hundred whisky runners had entrenched themselves, had openly boasted that they were prepared to resist any coercion the government might bring to bear on their activities. Reputedly they had enough guns, provisions and men to withstand a long siege; indeed



Asst. Commr. J. F. Macleod, C.M.G.

the stockade of ten-inch poles three feet in the ground and 15 feet high looked formidable enough to the law bringers exploring the fort's secrets, a strong bulwark against the puny police-carbines.

Many nights around the camp fires Grain and his companions had discussed these forts, had visualized them and waited impatiently to storm them. In their hearts they little doubted their ability to break through any fortification with the assistance of the heavy artillery they had freighted for so many miles; despite the dreadful rumours that had come to them they were confident they could capture the complete garrison of despots.

Great was their disappointment to find that the quarry had decamped with all his portable plunder. No volley of gun-fire challenged their approach. The strongholds were deserted except for a gray-haired old man who stood in the gateway of Fort Whoop-Up and greeted Macleod and his three troops. "Walk in, gentlemen", he said. "You're welcome."

Inside were strongly-built store houses in which the thugs had kept their vile stock-in-trade. But there were no underground galleries, no hidden magazines. Doubtless the rumours creating these fanciful fortresses had been circulated in an attempt to frighten and discourage anyone from daring to enforce the Queen's writ in that wild region.

Resuming the march next day, the men crossed the St. Mary and Belly rivers, pushed on to Old Man river and proceeded along its south bank. No buffalo were seen though before reaching Whoop-Up the column passed through huge herds every day.

One herd in particular had been so great its number was incalculable. In every direction the prairie had been covered by a large, black, moving swarm surpassing in size anything the men had yet seen. Cautiously the caravan began picking its way through, a thin wedge in a gigantic mass of unpredictable power. The grazing animals ignored the intruders with calm indifference at first, then one old bull abruptly stopped eating and raised his head.

After one look, he snorted and with head lowered started running. The presence of the police had so rattled him that he failed to note his direction, and heading straight for the caravan crashed into a cook wagon that lay directly in his path. The wagon collapsed, but Mr. Buffalo thundered on.

That berserk animal started something; others in his vicinity had become aroused and soon there was a full-scale stampede. The police were forced to halt, hemmed in by the thousands of buffalo that raced past, their pounding hoofs sending up cloying dust clouds and beating a rumble that rolled across the plains. For two hours the police were held prisoner and though they suffered no casualties there was considerable arguing afterwards regarding the approximate number of bison in the herd. Estimates ran from 30,000 to 100,000.

The stop-over that night, October 12, was a bleak one—there was no fuel of any kind. Next morning the way led along the river, on the other side of which was plenty of wood. At 10 o'clock a halt was called and the men set about making camp on an island wondering why such an early stop at such a spot had been ordered. They were not left long in doubt and listened with mingled emotions to the announcement, "If you want to write home, now is your chance.

Your address is c/o N.W.M.P., Camp Macleod, Northwest Territories".

* * *

SOON Grain and his companions were chopping cottonwoods and preparing them for construction purposes. Though only mid-October, winter had swooped down on them and the first few days were cold and marked with blizzards. But afterwards fine weather lightened their task and just before Christmas the buildings were sufficiently ready for occupancy. First to go up were makeshift accommodations for the sick men, then stables for the horses, then the men's quarters and finally shelter for the officers.

This cluster of ramshackle huts, the first outpost of constituted authority in the Far West, was formally christened Fort Macleod in honour of the assistant commissioner, a name officially accepted by the authorities in Ottawa.

But construction work wasn't all that engaged the attention of the police. Within two weeks of their arrival, a ten-man patrol under Insp. L. N. F. Crozier arrested a Negro named William Bond and four accomplices who, some 45 miles distant, were trading fire-water to the Indians for their horses; the patrol confiscated a wagon-load of 166 buffalo hides, 50 of which were to provide warmth and comfort to the shivering policemen; some not suitable for anything else were cut up and made into mitts and caps.

The coming of the police brought a desirable metamorphosis to the district. Depredations by the trading riff-raff ceased, and decent people on both sides of the line were pleased and relieved when by Christmas the whisky trade in that part of the country was completely checked. That the red men, too, were grateful was clear from the remarks of one Indian chief who told the assistant commissioner: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect".

The year 1874 closed on a note of tranquility such as the district had never known.

On May 25, 1875, Inspector Walsh while in Fort Benton heard that whisky traders were selling liquor to the Indians in the Cypress Hills. To curb the activities of these gentry Grain and the other members of B Troop, 30 in all, under Inspector Walsh were selected. A few weeks previously

some traders came along selling among other things some condemned American Army uniforms. Still wearing the clothes that had been issued to them in 1874 three members of Grain's troop thought this a good opportunity to replenish their wardrobe and bought what they wanted.

On June 7 the troop reached the east bank of Battle Creek, 170 miles from Fort Macleod. Tents were pitched, guards posted and plans commenced for laying another police post, Fort Walsh. Two days later the party was surprised by a band of Sioux in full flight from American cavalry across the border. Seeing some of the police in American uniforms they believed all were "Long Knives" in disguise and threatened to wipe them out.

Calm and unmoved, Walsh seated in front of his tent at a small table over which floated the British flag gravely faced the truculent visitors. "You may clean us out but you will lose a good few of yourselves and before two moons have passed there will be more redcoats on these prairies than there are buffalo, and there will not be one of you left alive", he warned.

The timely appearance some distance away of a superior number of friendly Crees decided the issue and the Sioux took to their heels.

At the end of six weeks the fort was almost completed, though improvements to buildings and stockades continued to be made throughout the summer.

There was other than construction work to attend to, and the police when not driving out whisky traders had to deal with horse thieves and other law-breakers who frequented the frontier at that time. In July, 20 recruits from the East were sent to fill up the depleted ranks of B Troop, bringing with them new uniforms that were gratefully received.

Every year 150 families of half-breed buffalo hunters wintered in the Cypress Hills, taking advantage of the water, fuel, and shelter that area afforded and the fort had plenty of neighbours. They lived in small log shacks of one or two rooms with mud floors and one window and spent the winter going from one house to another, dancing and playing cards day and night as the spirit moved them. The dirt floors, dampened to keep the dust down, soon became smooth and hard as cement under



Reg. No. 52, ex-Sub-Cst. W. Grain.

the continuous tramping of dancing, moccasined feet. Happy and carefree these families hunted only in fair weather and indulged in their dancing and card playing the remainder of the time.

They attended two or three dances at the fort and were greatly taken with the board floor in the mess. The modern dances of the day, the waltz and schottische, delighted them and they quickly showed a willingness to learn. When the young men became bathed in perspiration they used their coat tails to wipe it off their faces. Luncheon time always pleased them, as sandwiches and cakes were rarely on their own bill of fare. Several half-breed girls wanted to be shown how to make a cake. About daylight they departed, thoroughly pleased and thoroughly tired.

But there was little time for relaxation. Before 1876 ended, the Fort Walsh district became the hub of a menace which threatened the security of the Canadian West. In June Major Gen. G. A. Custer and his company of the 7th United States cavalry had, in the valley of the Little Big Horn river 300 miles south of the Cypress Hills, been annihilated by Sioux under the leadership of Sitting Bull.

As the year drew to a close some of them fleeing from avenging United States troops crossed the border and set up their lodges 100 miles east of Fort Walsh in the vicinity of Wood Mountain where in October Grain had been detailed as permanent herder of some police horses. A few months later several thousand more Sioux refugees led by Sitting Bull himself arrived *en masse* in that area, and soon every effort of the Mounted Police was bent toward placating these unwelcome guests and prevailing upon them to maintain the peace and return quietly to their own country.

On May 31, 1877, his time having expired, Grain took his discharge from the Force. He went to Ontario intending to live in Elora, but settled in Bellwood instead. The next year he married Elizabeth Broadfoot of Fergus, Ont., and, returning to the West, established himself at Nelson (near Morden) Man., where he farmed until 1906.

From Nelson he went to Calgary, Alta., where he dabbled in real estate until 1911 when he and his family moved to Kerrobert, Sask. Here he operated a hardware and implement business from which he retired in 1920.

After his wife's death in August, 1929, Grain's eyesight failed steadily. In the summer of 1935, then totally blind, he accepted an invitation of the old-timers' association at Calgary and attended their reunion.

During his last years he lived with his daughter, Miss Nellie Grain, Kerrobert, who still survives along with another daughter, Mrs. A. K. Anderson, Vancouver, B.C., a son, J. R. Grain, Regina, Sask., six grandchildren and one great grandchild. With his death the Force lost its second last survivor of the '74 originals.

* * *

WHEN Commissioner French left Wild Horse Lake with D and E Troops he proceeded by way of White Mud river and the southern slopes of the Cypress Hills in an arduous but mainly uneventful trip. Near the second crossing of the Milk river they happened upon 29 lodges of friendly Sioux, and several of the red men were so fascinated by Bagley's bugle that they offered him some ponies for it.

On Oct. 4, 1874, Constable Sutherland with about 5,000 lbs. of oats and 22 horses joined the cavalcade, and four days later

Cripple Camp was reached. The human derelicts and run-down horses that had been left there were rejuvenated and in fine fettle after their six-weeks' rest.

Fodder shortage again began to dog the footsteps of the column; prairie fires were burning over large areas and the only feed available was frozen grass which fringed the small lakes. The Benton oats, supplemented by those Sutherland brought, saved the situation, though the horses' stamina was so low in the final stages of the march that most of the men had to walk in order to save the horses for the transport.

Severe weather accompanied the troops to Old Wives' Lakes which they reached on October 10. Good progress was made in the next few days and on the 15th they camped at the Hudson's Bay Co. post on the Qu'Appelle river. From there the Commissioner, after detailing Carvell to follow with the men to Fort Pelly and there await further instructions, went on ahead to learn how things stood at Swan river.

He had his first view of the new barracks, which were on the south bank of Swan river near its confluence with the Snake river, on October 21. The buildings were uncompleted and he learned with dismay that there was neither accommodation nor supplies enough for all his men. Fire which had burned half the hay reserve raged in the woods not far away and Hugh Sutherland, in charge of building operations for the Dominion Board of Works, was busy with his labourers trying to save the saw-mill. The Commissioner immediately ordered the handful of Mounted Police with him to help the fire fighters.

Upon learning that the Hudson's Bay Co. had no more than enough hay for their own requirements, the Commissioner sent a courier to Carvell instructing him to leave the troops at Fort Pelly where there was good grass and to come ahead himself to Swan river with the other two senior officers, the surgeon and the veterinary surgeon, so that together they could form a board of inquiry.

At the conference which followed it was decided that as winter had set in the Commissioner should proceed post-haste to Winnipeg with his staff and D Troop, and that Carvell should remain with E Troop, the sick and all the weak animals.

Acting on this decision, the Commissioner returned to Fort Pelly on October 23, picked up D Troop and staff, selected the best horses and strongest oxen, and that evening crossed the Assiniboine river. From Fort Ellice he proceeded to Winnipeg by way of the White Horse Plains and arrived there on November 7. He reached Dufferin a week later.

So ended the longest march of any expedition away from its base carrying its own supplies through almost unknown territory—1,959 miles, as measured by an odometer, in the face of every obstacle Nature seemingly could provide.

* * *

BACK at Fort Pelly E Troop moved northward and established "Harvest Camp", so called because the men's chief occupation was cutting and reaping grass for feed.

On November 15 they moved into an abandoned shanty on Snake river, which served as temporary quarters until the new buildings were completed. Mitchell's penchant for carpentry was given full sway in assisting to finish the buildings at Swan river and he was made E Troop carpenter.

On July 6, 1875, Commissioner French arrived at Swan River with his staff and D Troop from Dufferin where they had spent the winter.

In after years Mitchell delighted in recalling the case of an Indian who had undergone a one-month's sentence at Swan River barracks for wife beating. Clothed in one of six parti-coloured convict suits that had been brought from Toronto, the prisoner was employed clearing away stones from the rock-strewn parade-ground. Came time for his release and he anxiously asked if he had to give up the prison garb. Receiving an affirmative answer he complied with evident reluctance but promised to be back soon. Instead of deterring crime, as had been intended, the harlequin suits rather engendered it, for they appealed to the Indian's love of colour, and as a result of this incident were discarded.

On July 20, 1876, Assistant Commissioner Macleod succeeded French to the commissionership. The government, doubtless prompted by the international situation created by the presence in the Cypress Hills of the arrogant Sioux fresh from their victory over Custer, directed that greater

strength be concentrated along the boundary, and for various reasons that headquarters of the Force be moved to Fort Macleod.

Early in the bright sunny morning of August 6, in compliance with this edict, the new Commissioner, his staff and men set out from Swan River on the 1,150-mile trek to Fort Macleod. They were present during the negotiations at Fort Carlton when the Wood Crees signed Treaty No. 6 on August 23 and at Fort Pitt where the Plain Crees signed on September 9. Mitchell, of all the signatories to that great treaty, was the last to die.

Turning southward D and E Troops came to the South Saskatchewan just below its confluence with Red Deer river. The water was very deep and about a quarter of a mile wide. Much difficulty was experienced getting across. First, the men tried to plunge their reluctant mounts into the ice-cold water, but each time the current drove them back. An attempted stampede also failed, and the two guides swore that nothing short of a miracle would induce the animals to cross.

But Staff Constable Mitchell and Reg. No. 176, Sub-Cst. C. Daly, loth to give up, performed the miracle. Stripping off their clothes and mounting two of the more docile steeds they rode into the water and a few yards from shore slipped off their backs. Swimming close to his horse's head each man kept the animal going in the right direction and coaxed him to the opposite shore. Piloting the nervous animals across in this manner was a cold risky undertaking, but by example and words of encouragement the two men conquered the current, and when each won through to his objective he was clinging to his horse's tail. Apparently assured that it could be done, the other horses followed without a great deal of persuasion.

Getting the supplies and equipment over presented problems of its own. A float was improvised by lashing two wagon-beds together to form a raft underneath which wagon sheets were drawn to prevent leakage. At each crossing this transport drifted down stream a mile or so and had to be towed up to the selected landing-place before it could be unloaded. Three days of unremitting toil were used getting everything over.

Before the march was resumed, hospital comforts were administered to the men needing them. Toward the end of September the two troops arrived at Fort Walsh from where after a brief rest the Commissioner and D Troop pushed on to Fort Macleod.

Spring of 1877 marked the expiration of the enlistment period of the '74 recruits and on May 31 Mitchell took his discharge at Fort Walsh. His intentions were to return and live in his home town, Gananoque. But at Winnipeg on his way East he consented to take charge of freighting some police ammunition disguised as ordinary merchandise through the United States to Bismark, up the Missouri to Cow Island and on to Fort Walsh. It escaped falling into the hands of some hostile Nez Percee Indians by the close margin of 24 hours.

On his return Mitchell settled in Winnipeg where his architectival talent soon attracted attention. Elected to the city school board in 1888 he was four years later appointed Commissioner of Schools. For 40 years his work entailed designing modern schools and supervising their construction. The thorough knowledge he had acquired during his association with the school board together with his natural aptitude as an architect stood him in good stead. Known as the "father" of the splendid public schools in that city, he saw the project grow from about a dozen buildings valued at less than a quarter of a million dollars to a collection of 60 worth eight millions.

His artistic learnings and practical experience went into the designing of Kelvin Technical High School, a magnificent structure which attracted wide attention. Of the entrance, Sir Gilbert Parker was moved to write, "Thank heaven there is something thus added to the daily life of the young that will stimulate them to an understanding of what beauty may mean".

But Mitchell's interest didn't stop with planning edifices of beauty; he was primarily concerned in the health of the teachers and children who made use of them, and among other things introduced "washed air" ventilation, forerunner of the process known today as "air conditioning".

In 1912 Mitchell, then a lieutenant colonel, headed the 100th Winnipeg Grenadiers, a regiment which had been formed as a city corps in 1910.

The outbreak of the First Great War found Mitchell, then at an age when most men contemplate retirement, very active.

Organizing his command into full battalion strength he took it East where it was renamed the 11th battalion, C.E.F. Subsequently it went to England and through its ranks poured a steady stream of replacements for units in France. Mitchell accompanied it to France and becoming attached to the 26th battalion of Nova Scotia served with distinction at St. Eloi and Vimy, for which he was mentioned in dispatches.

His last days saw Mitchell still clear-eyed, and alert as becomes one who has maintained a keen interest in current events and the doings of "tomorrow". When eventually he did retire he received the homage of many friends and admirers at his beautiful home in Winnipeg; each year he exchanged birthday greetings with his old comrade, Major Bagley.

On Empire Day, 1939, Colonel and Mrs. Mitchell were among the select few to be presented to Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Winnipeg during the Royal Visit.

Colonel Mitchell was twice married. His first wife was Helen Richmond Brough of Gananoque; his second, Margaret Booth of Scotland who survives him. Also surviving are one son, Dr. Ross Mitchell, and two daughters, Mrs. Digby Wheeler and Mrs. J. R. Davidson.

* * *

BAGLEY, unlike Mitchell and Grain, made the Force his career. His 25 years in the N.W.M.P. were brimful of action and romance, but due to limited space this account is restricted merely to some of the more exciting and important events.

His travels were far from over when as a sub-constable in E Troop he wintered at Swan River in 1874-75. On the morning of July 27, 1875, Major Gen. E. Selby Smyth, commanding officer of the Canadian Militia, arrived at the barracks. With his staff he was about to make an inspection tour of the Northwest Territories, particularly the N.W.M.P. detachments.

Next morning, escorted by Commissioner French, a half dozen officers including Inspector Crozier, Bagley and 37 other N.C.O.'s and men from D and E Troops, also 60 horses, the general and his staff set out for Fort Carlton to investigate a report

Col. and Mrs. J. B. Mitchell are shown being presented to Their Majesties at Winnipeg, May 24, 1939. Colonel Mitchell, whose regimental number is 50, was the last surviving member of the 1874 N.W.M.P.



of alleged sedition among the Metis there under the fire-brand, Gabriel Dumont.

In less than nine days the party covered the 250 miles, first leg of a trip that was to take the general along the Saskatchewan river to Fort Pitt, Victoria and Fort Edmonton, south to Fort Calgary on the Bow river, thence to Fort Macleod and through the mountains to the coast. The various N.W. M.P. escorts involved travelled in all some 1,500 miles.

At Fort Saskatchewan, established by the police earlier in the summer 18 miles north of Edmonton, Bagley was transferred to A Troop with Inspector Crozier as his new officer commanding.

In 1877 he was among those who left Fort Saskatchewan under Crozier for Black-foot Crossing to lay out the camping grounds for the main body of police pending their arrival from Fort Macleod with the treaty commissioners, Lt. Gov. D. Laird and Commissioner Macleod. After the treaty was signed on September 22, A Troop returned to Fort Saskatchewan.

In the spring of 1879 Bagley helped build the 11-foot stockade at Fort Saskatchewan.

At that time there were less than 20 men stationed at this out-of-the-way post, and the addition was required as a protective measure against prisoners escaping custody. That winter he performed the duties of bugler in addition to his regular constabulary functions, and toward the close of the year was one of the guards over *Ka-ki-si-kut-chin* (phonetic Cree for Swift Runner), an Indian murderer.

The facts of this unusual case are worthy of mention. Early in May a young Indian boy named Alexis reported to the Officer Commanding A Division at Fort Saskatchewan that his father, *Ka-ki-si-kut-chin*, had killed and eaten his (*Ka-ki-si-kut-chin's*) wife, five of his children, his brother-in-law and his mother-in-law. Only Alexis had escaped. On May 7 the suspect was arrested at Big Lake by Reg. No. 18, Sgt. R. E. Steele and taken to Fort Saskatchewan. (In that year the terms sub-constable, acting constable, constable and staff constable became constable, corporal, sergeant and sergeant major respectively.)

Two days later Insp. S. Gagnon, Reg. No. 14, S/Sgt. G. F. Herchmer, hospital

steward at the fort, and a party of mounted constables guided by a half-breed interpreter named Brazeau set out to find *Ka-ki-si-kut-chin's* camp. Inspector Gagnon showed marked ability in the search which revealed unmistakable evidence that the prisoner was a cannibal. Confronted with the chewed bones, the suspect confessed his guilt, saying that he had acquired a taste for human flesh several years before, when to save his own life he was forced to eat the body of a companion who had died of starvation.

The accused was condemned to death by Stipendiary Magistrate Hugh Richardson on August 8 following a jury trial. It was while awaiting execution that he and Bagley became acquainted. He took a great fancy to the youthful constable (Bagley in the evening of his life often mused whether the cannibal's interest in him could be attributed to the fact that he was young and tender). The night before the Indian was launched into eternity he presented Bagley with a pipe and fur-beaded pouch—mementos of the first legal hanging in the Northwest Territories, which are still among Bagley's private collection of early-West keepsakes.

The corpulent form of Reg. No. 254, Cst. J. D'Artigue, who also guarded the cannibal, brought a hungry look to *Ka-ki-si-kut-chin's* saucer-like eyes every time it entered the guard-room. D'Artigue was the author of *Six Years in the Canadian North-west*, published in 1882, the first book written on the Force. He and his sister, Marie, were great friends of Major and Mrs. Bagley in later years.

Ka-ki-si-kut-chin was hanged early in the morning of Dec. 20, 1879.

The following summer, Bagley escorted two murderers and a lunatic from Fort Saskatchewan to Stony Mountain Penitentiary near Winnipeg. He spent the winter at Fort Qu'Appelle attached to B Division. Upon arriving there he promptly became a member of the band under Reg. No. 990, Cpl. W. Davis. Now an able musician, Bagley was a welcome addition to the group which, except for a few changes in personnel, was the Fort Walsh band that had dissolved two years previously.

Spring saw Bagley on his way to Battleford, a rising town at the junction of the Upper Saskatchewan and Battle rivers, which had become the capital of the North-

west Territories after the seat of government had been moved from Swan River. Now a member of D Division, he served as far as Macleod in the escort that accompanied the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, on his summer tour of the West.

When the winter of 1881-82 settled down on Battleford, two or three dances a week provided about the only diversion in the capital. Bagley was much in demand. At these picturesque if somewhat fervid demonstrations, he drew a melodious bow across a fiddle and picked harmony from the strings of a banjo with equal facility. Naturally, he became exceedingly popular with the local belles and their swains as they swept around the hall lost in the Terpsichorean art.

He was promoted corporal on May 1, 1883, and nine months later, Feb. 1, 1884, was made sergeant.

* * *

NEARLY a year before the Rebellion of 1885 broke out he figured in an affair with the Indians which called for the utmost in coolness and steadiness.

In June, 1884, Big Bear and his following, very much against the Indian Department's wishes, in response to an invitation visited the reservations of Chiefs Poundmaker and Little Pine. These reservations adjoined each other and were situated some 35 miles south of Battleford. It was an unwholesome alliance, and perhaps inevitably trouble resulted.

A few days after Big Bear's arrival a member of his band entered the Indian Department store house on Little Pine's reservation and wanted some flour for a sick child. John Craig, the farm instructor in charge, refused to accede to the request. The stranger angrily departed, but returned shortly with his brother and repeated the demand. Not being a member of that reservation the Indian was not entitled to receive any rations there, and upon being refused a second time, an altercation took place. In the excitement Craig "shoved" the troublemaker aside and was in turn struck on the shoulder with a helve.

Craig complained to Reg. No. 565, Cpl. R. B. Sleight who, upon going to Little Pine's reservation to look into the matter, found the annual thirst dance in progress. The Indians were in a very tempestuous mood and, accounting it foolhardy to at-

tempt to make the arrest alone, the corporal withdrew and dispatched a message to Superintendent Crozier, officer commanding at Battleford, asking for instructions.

Crozier received the report shortly after midnight and at 9 o'clock in the morning, June 19, with Insp. W. D. Antrobus, the resident Indian Agent, J. M. Rae, Louis Laronde the half-breed police interpreter and 25 men, one of whom was Sergeant Bagley, hastened to the scene of the fracas. On Poundmaker's reservation they were joined by Farm Instructor R. Jefferson.

Ordering his men to remain behind, the superintendent accompanied by Antrobus, Rae, Jefferson and Laronde, none of whom knew the culprits by sight, continued on to Little Pine's reservation. Their appearance at the medicine lodge, where after the manner of their ancestors the Indian youths were striving to qualify as braves, was the signal for a wild commotion. They stood their ground in the face of considerable provocation but, despite the officer's exhortations, the Indians and their chiefs steadfastly refused to give up Craig's assailants or even to say who they were. Temporarily checkmated by the impasse thus created, Crozier and his party had no alternative but to retire.

Back on Poundmaker's reservation Crozier pondered the situation deeply and decided to postpone direct action until morning by which time the thirst dance would be over.

His thoughts next turned to the safety of the store house, three miles westward, where the trouble had originated. Would the supplies there attract a pillaging mob? Resolved to take steps against such a contretemps, he instructed that they be brought to the old agency building which he had appropriated as temporary quarters for his men.

It was an all-night chore and, though the police detoured with the loaded wagons so as not to pass through the Indian camp, the topography of the region made it impracticable for them to avoid the medicine lodge. As they approached this danger zone a pack of painted young bucks broke away from the dance festivities and, mounted on their horses which were daubed with ocre and paint like themselves, circled wildly about the police renting the air with war-whoops and firing shots into the sky. Realizing that this bold demonstration represented wrath

barely suppressed, savagery ready to unleash its ferocity at the slightest excuse, the police stoically ignored the carousing red men and maintained a steady advance to their goal. Their perseverance was rewarded, for in the light of dawn the wagons were unloaded and all the supplies stored away.

With this task behind him, Crozier sent to Battleford for reinforcements, and after breakfast started making preparations to withstand an assault should one occur. Under his directions two bastions were hastily thrown up, one at each end of the old warehouse. Logs from a hut which they tore down were used for the purpose and by noon the work was finished.

That evening the thirst dance ended and early next morning, June 21, Reg. No. 27, Sgt. Major M. J. Kirk arrived from Battleford with about 60 Mounted Police and a number of civilian volunteers. The Indians were silent, resting after the exhausting exercises of the night before. In the police bivouac the forenoon was spent making final preparations for the trouble that seemed certain.

By mid-afternoon the Indians were stirring about so Crozier, after appointing ten men one of whom was Bagley to each bastion and stationing others at strategic points, reopened negotiations. With him were Reg. No. 864, Cst. C. Young, Laronde, Rae and Jefferson.

The palaver took place in Big Bear's tent where during a prolonged session of speeches and debates the chief proposed that Crozier return to his quarters and await the Indians who would follow in a few minutes—to give the officer an opportunity to pick out the wanted man, if he could.

The plan was satisfactory up to a certain point only, for when the Indians got within half a mile of the warehouse they would not go any closer. Anxious to arrange an amicable settlement, Poundmaker and Big Bear at this stage entered the police fort. Both, however, lacked the authority and influence necessary to control their tribesmen, and when their deliberations terminated in a deadlock the two chiefs returned to their tribes without having accomplished anything. Crozier, realizing that nothing was to be gained by further parleying and now thoroughly out of patience with the way things had gone, determined to capture the

guilty Indian without more ado by stricter measures.

Instructing Antrobus to bring forward all available men in about ten minutes, he strode out to meet the assembled Indians. With him were Laronde and Craig, the complainant. Up to now Crozier, hoping to effect the arrest peaceably, had refrained from taking Craig along, believing that his appearance among the Indians might incite them to violence. But, all other means having failed, there clearly was now only one course open—identify the miscreant and take him prisoner by main force. And Craig was needed to make the identification.

The Indians looked on in wonder as the three officials approached them. Then they began to deploy as they saw Inspector Antrobus in the background advance with his men, a grim assembly determined to fulfil its duty. The atmosphere was tense and, as the police drew nearer, the older chiefs including Big Bear sensing that the situation might at any moment get out of hand cried out, "Peace! Peace!"

"Bring me the prisoner", Crozier shouted back, "or I shall arrest you all, if we have to fight for it."

These words seemed to incense the hitherto conciliatory Poundmaker. Bagley saw him raise his awesome war club in a threatening attitude to Inspector Antrobus who happened to be standing nearby. But when Reg. No. 863, Cst. F. E. Prior looked down the sights of his carbine into Poundmaker's swarthy face the chief lowered his war club.

In another direction Bagley saw Chief Wandering Spirit, instigator in the following year of the Frog Lake massacre, raise his rifle several times and point it at the sergeant major who sat his horse like a graven image in front of the line. Bagley waited hardly daring to breathe. If Kirk were aware of his danger he didn't show it. Continuing immobile he kept looking stonily straight ahead, without so much as batting an eyelash. For some unaccountable reason the war chief didn't shoot and the bad moment passed.

At first, owing to the war paint and grotesque markings on the faces and bodies of the Indians, Craig was unable to locate his assailant. Then suddenly he detected him. At this critical moment Chief Lucky Man, believing that he was acting for the good of all, brought the wanted man, whose name

turned out to be *Cow-itch-it-e-wanat*, to Crozier. But as the superintendent stepped forward the suspect recoiled and yelled, "Don't touch me".

"I shall not touch you", Crozier answered, "if you come with me quietly."

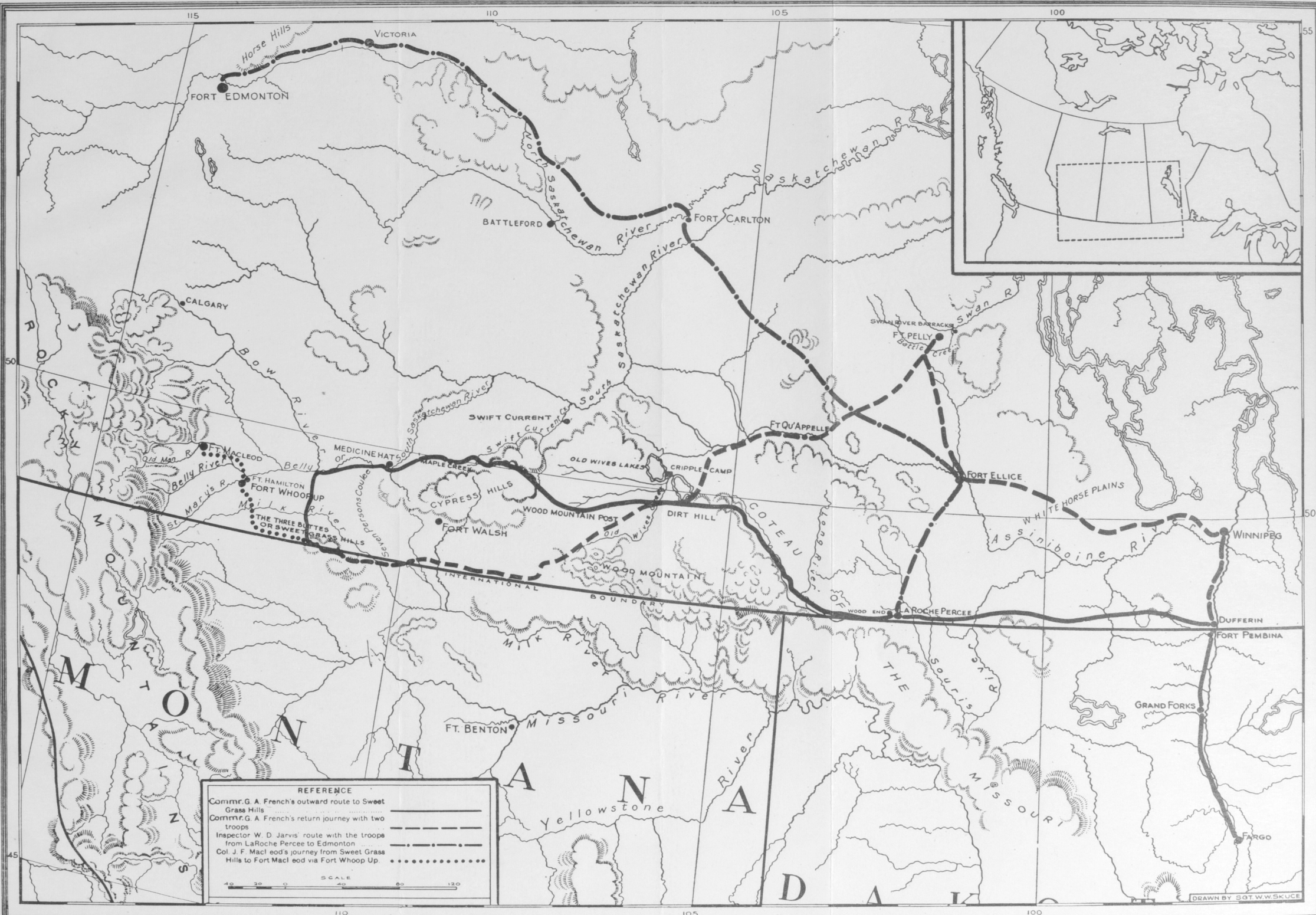
Cow-itch-it-e-wanat, however, had no intention of surrendering and continued obdurate. Suddenly two constables, one of whom was Reg. No. 887, Cst. W. "Sligo" Kerr who a year later on July 2 was credited with placing Big Bear under arrest, broke ranks and seized him. The Indian struggled furiously but he could not shake his captors. In a flash a protective ring of policemen, mounted and on foot (for there were not enough horses to go round), formed about him and slowly the entire group began to retire.

Bedlam broke loose. Some of the younger savages were spoiling for a fight and for several minutes bloodshed seemed imminent. They charged forward and tried in every way to fluster the police. Shots were fired but though close these went harmlessly overhead. During the pandemonium the prisoner's brother tried to rescue him but was himself identified as the other assailant and captured.

With their prisoners firmly held, the police, trailed all the way by the irate and baffled savages, eventually reached the fortified agency building without injury. The frustrated throng milled about but, when the store house was thrown open and provisions doled out, *Cow-itch-it-e-wanat* and his plight were quickly forgotten. During the diversion caused by the food, the prisoners were bundled off to Battleford.

Cow-itch-it-e-wanat appeared before Judge C. B. Rouleau at Battleford on Aug. 29, 1884, charged with assault, and was sentenced to one week's imprisonment at hard labour.

A few weeks after the foregoing episode, Hayter Reed, assistant Indian commissioner, arrived at Battleford and ordered that all ponies belonging to the Indians of Poundmaker's and Little Pine's bands be branded with the large ID iron. Bagley was detailed to take a detachment of ten men to Poundmaker's reservation and see this work through. There he established a camp near the corral and as the branding started the Indians gathered to watch the operations in sullen silence.



REFERENCE

Commr. G. A. French's outward route to Sweet Grass Hills ————●———

Commr. G. A. French's return journey with two troops - - - - -

Inspector W. D. Jarvis' route with the troops from LaRoche Percee to Edmonton

Col. J. F. Macleod's journey from Sweet Grass Hills to Fort Macleod via Fort Whoop Up ————x———

SCALE 0 20 40 60 80 100 120

DRAWN BY SGT W.W. SKUCE

THE year 1885 was a stirring one in the West. During the Rebellion Bagley served with courage and initiative from beginning to end. Battleford was isolated and undefended when hostilities commenced in that area with the murder of Farm Instructor James Payne on the reservation of Chiefs Red Pheasant and Mosquito. Poundmaker's Indians committed the crime when the official resisted their attempt to steal rations.

On March 27, the day after the Duck Lake fight, Bagley was in charge of 25 N.C.O.'s and men sent with ammunition and other supplies to reinforce Commr. A. G. Irvine at Fort Carlton. Within a few miles of his destination he received orders from the Commissioner to return to Battleford. The Saskatchewan river at this time was breaking up which made the crossing risky, but the men negotiated it without mishap and eventually arrived back safely at Battleford.

During the preparations for the defence of the capital, Bagley was in charge of the west face and though he took no part in any general engagements in the Rebellion campaign was actually under fire on at least one occasion. This occurred when a band of Indians, two of whom were killed, attempted to seize the police water-carts. Many times the sergeant made scouting forays, a line of duty fraught with the ever-present risk of being shot from ambush by a wily enemy who specialized in picking off sentries and pickets rather than attacking main columns.

Having tasted blood the aroused savages began pillaging and terrorizing the settlers in the surrounding district and soon the distraught people, nearly 400 in number, fled to the police enclosure for protection.

At this time Poundmaker's whereabouts was a mystery; some believed he and his following had gone south to join the Black-foot and Blood Indians, but his exact movements were unknown. In response to a call for volunteers by Insp. W. S. Morris, Bagley ventured out to see if he could ascertain where the Indians were and what they were doing. Though offered the assistance of 50 or more men he took with him only three constables, Reg. Nos. 747, 776 and 995, W. H. Potter, H. Storer and J. Hynes. After three days the party located the Indians camped at Cut Knife Creek and hastened back to the fort. The information was passed on to Colonel Otter who with his column, Supt. W. Herchmer and a troop

of Mounted Police was at Swift Current 200 miles away.

Hurrying northward Otter reached Battleford on April 24; his coming lifted the siege, as it has been called, of the settlement. Meanwhile additional killings had occurred. Barney Tremont, a stock raiser, had been murdered in his home and during the night of April 22 Frank A. Smart, a trader, ventured beyond the protective limits of the fort while on patrol and was fatally shot.

Bagley participated in several other scouting excursions: he was with the party that recovered Smart's body; another time with seven men he pursued Chief Little Poplar and his Indian and half-breed following, but losing the trail five days after his provisions gave out was forced to return empty-handed.

Acting on the information Bagley had obtained regarding the location of Poundmaker, Colonel Otter moved out of Battleford on the afternoon of May 1, 1885, and next day the historic battle of Cut Knife Hill was fought.

Days of anxious waiting followed and excitement was at fever pitch on May 14 when Scout J. A. Killough, raced madly into Battleford, threw his reins to Bagley and announced that Reg. No. 973, Cst. F. O. Elliott had been slain in the Eagle Hills.

Bagley led the band (organized by himself at the fort in 1882) that marched out on May 21 to welcome Insp. F. J. Dickens and his party after their retreat from beleaguered Fort Pitt.

Ten days later he was in Superintendent Herchmer's column which left Battleford for Frog Lake, Cold Lake, Fort Pitt (where they joined Gen. T. B. Strange) and Frenchman's Butte.

He made several important arrests, one being the recapture of an alleged rebel named Bremner who had escaped custody, another being the apprehension of Icka or Ikla (Crooked Leg) who confessed to having murdered Payne and Tremont—two crimes which the prisoner expiated on the gallows on Nov. 27, 1885.

On September 29, after the insurrection had been suppressed, Bagley while patrolling the Onion, Frog and Saddle Lakes districts assisted in arresting four Stony Indians guilty of murder, theft of cattle and other offences.



N.W.M.P. Band parading at Battleford to play in the garrison of Fort Pitt, taken from the *Illustrated War News*, Toronto, May 2, 1885, drawn from an actual picture of D Division Band taken in 1884. Left to right the bandmen are: Reg. No. 720, Cst. M. H. Meredith; Reg. No. 841, Cst W. Williams; Reg. No. 747, Cst. W. H. Potter; Reg. No. 768, Cst. J. A. Simons; Reg. No. 776, Cst. H. Storer; Reg. No. 247, Sgt. F. A. Bagley (bandmaster); Reg. No. 813, Cst. J. C. DeGear; Reg. No. 1016, Cst. C. A. Lavoie; Reg. No. 672, Cst. F. H. Garton; Reg. No. 1003, Cst. W. Gibson; Reg. No. 402, Cst. P. Burke (bugler); Reg. No. 990, Cst. J. Davis; Reg. No. 679, Cst. C. Grogan, Reg. No. 682, Cst. W. T. Halbhaus (bugler). The bandmen were wearing fur hats when the picture was taken but the artist replaced them with pill-boxes and drew in the civilian bystanders to meet the occasion.

LATER that autumn Indian Commissioner Reed made his pacification visits to the various reservations and Bagley was among those who accompanied him. The young musician's departure from Battleford was the final stroke that caused the D Division band's disintegration which had started with the loss of Reg. No. 1003, Cst. W. Gibson who had been shot through the heart at Duck Lake on March 26 and Reg. No. 402, Cst. P. Burke who had died of bullet wounds received at Cut Knife Hill.

At the conclusion of the Indian Commissioner's tour of the reservations Bagley was transferred to G Division at Fort Saskatchewan under command of Supt. A. H. Griesbach. Next year, 1886, he went to E Division, Calgary, where though his time was largely employed in patrol duties, he organized a Scottish pipe band, the first in the West.

Another year passed and 1887 saw him at Regina with a brother N.C.O., Reg. No. 333, Reg. W. Fury, in a party of a dozen men under Inspr. C. Constantine preparing to open a detachment at Banff, Alta. Since the Rebellion, the Banff area had been police-controlled in accordance with an act of Parliament, but when the Banff Springs Hotel, on which construction commenced in 1886 and which was a forerunner of Banff's present-day elaborate chateau, was opened to tourists special supervision was necessary. The first musical aggregation to play at this famous holiday resort was a regimental band under the direction of Sergeant Bagley.

He and the 18 men of his detachment maintained regular patrols to Canmore and Anthracite; already the inroads of civilization were supplanting the noble horse for

the patrol to Field was made on a railroad velocipede.

On Jan. 12, 1888, Bagley who was then at Macleod left that point on three months' leave to see his parents and visit friends at his home in Toronto after an absence of 14 years.

Upon his return to the West he was stationed at Calgary and on special occasions entertained at Banff with his band which also played at church parades. Believed to be one of the only mounted bands that this country has had, this excellent musical unit often thrilled Calgarians by marching through the streets.

On June 11, 1890, then a staff sergeant, Bagley married one of the town's most respected and admired daughters, a young girl from Lindsay, Ont., who had gone to Calgary in 1885. They made an attractive couple, she with her charming air and hospitable grace, he with his soldierly bearing and gentlemanly conduct.

All his life Bagley's main avocation was music and his skill in this field drew wide praise. At Banff he had many bands and frequently played for such notables as Sir Henry Irving and Helen Terry, the great actress.

Early in 1895 rumours of a fabulous gold discovery began to filter out of the North and, in keeping with its tradition of preceding settlement to remote places, the N.W. M.P. sent Inspector Constantine with a detachment of 20 men to open a detachment in the Yukon. Bagley and the band paraded to the station when the voyagers were on their way through Calgary, and a large number of citizens assembled to wish them god-speed on their long arduous journey.

Two years later Bagley applied for Yukon service but being a married man his application was refused. He was, however, destined to go on a longer trip, and in June, 1897, was one of a party of N.C.O.'s and constables who took part in the celebrations in London, Eng., held in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. While in England Bagley and his band gave a command performance at Windsor Castle and he himself was presented to Her Majesty.

Back in Canada in July he was transferred to A Division, Maple Creek, where on Dec. 1, 1898, he was promoted sergeant major, and five months later, May 1, 1899, retired to pension.

A MONTH or so after the Boer War began, Bagley was appointed adjutant of the 15th Light Horse Regiment. With the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles he served in South Africa under command of Col. (later Lt. Gen. Sir Archibald) A. C. Macdonell, and gained the rank of captain.

Returning to Calgary it was but natural that he should head the regimental band of the 15th Light Horse. As bandmaster he took this company of musicians on tour to the Old Country and the continent, leaving for England Aug. 2, 1907. In London he again played for Royalty and one famous music critic wrote of him, "He is well qualified to belong to the guild of capable and artistic conductors".

In Ireland his music was received with even greater enthusiasm and in Dublin he was borne around the auditorium on the shoulders of a wildly-shouting crowd of impulsive O'Reillys, O'Malleys and O'Kellys, as one writer called them. Everywhere he went he was loudly acclaimed and his audiences were more than a little astounded that the accomplished musical unit playing for them was a product of Canada's wild and woolly West. Bagley returned to his homeland loaded with honours and glory.

In the First Great War he served with the 82nd Battalion as captain and quartermaster also the 92nd, to which he was transferred in 1915 as second in command with the rank of major, the title by which he became so well known. When peace was restored he returned to Calgary and his old love—music. Perhaps more than any other pioneer bandsman, he was instrumental in establishing a musical culture in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Music was our only salvation in an empty land, he was wont to say, recalling the loneliness of the prairie: "It was the one thing that kept us sane". Founder of the Calgary Elks' band and of the first Musicians' Union in the city, he also organized the first Canadian rifle team that went to England for Empire competition. At Banff after moving there in 1924 he was largely responsible for the Museum of Natural History which annually attracts thousands of tourists.

He religiously attended every old-timers' gathering. In fact he was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Mounted Police Veterans' Association which had its

**Reg. No. 247,
ex-Sgt. Major
F. A. Bagley.**



beginning when he and ex-members of the N.W.M.P. from many parts of Canada held a convention at Calgary, July 11-13, 1901. Plans for a constitution were drawn up and a decision reached to hold another convention the following year. But the Boer War interrupted the project and no further steps were taken until Bagley returned from that campaign.

He was among the veterans who decorated Judge (ex-Commissioner) Macleod's grave on July 12, 1901; he took part in the jubilee meetings of many Western communities; was present at the unveiling of the memorial to Sir C. E. Denny, ex-inspector of the Force, on June 12, 1938, and was on hand at innumerable banquets and meetings held by E Division of the R.N. W.M.P. Veterans' Association.

On June 7, 1940, the association honoured him as Banff's "grand old man of the Force" and tendered congratulations to him and his wife who four days later celebrated their golden wedding-anniversary. It was fitting

that in October of the same year he was guest of honour at the premier showing in Regina of the film, "North West Mounted Police".

From the time he gazed with the wide-eyed wonder of youth on the great expanse of Canada's prairies until his death Major Bagley was thoroughly identified with the West and the Mounted Police he served so well. High-minded, idealistic and with a modesty unmarred by an eventful life, he was youthful and alert until the end—it is said he read with the naked eye, scorning the aid of spectacles.

In his home were many trophies including a picture of Old Buck; his white pith helmet cut in half so that each section could hang flat against the wall; swords, bits, spurs and other relics.

Major Bagley was not merely an ex-member, an old-timer; he was an institution, one whose name and reputation by some magic became known to recruits of the

Force, sometimes before the ink on their warrants of appointment was dry.

He was writing his memoirs and a history of the N.W.M.P. when he went to his well-earned rest on Oct. 8, 1945, after a short illness. The citizens of Banff mourned his loss and expressed their sorrow by closing all places of business during the funeral. His widow is now living in Edmonton with her daughter, Mrs. B. Hinchliffe; surviving also are two other daughters, Mrs. R. Bent, Lethbridge, and Mrs. B. Connelly, Lundbreck.

* * *

CANADA owes a great deal to men like Major Bagley, Mr. Grain and Colonel Mitchell. Modern time, with its marvellous and bewildering development, is a far call from those parlous days when they and their comrades set forth on their now-famous pilgrimage to infuse fear of the law in the hearts of the whisky runners and desperadoes who were dispensing "bad medicine" to the Indians, to plant civilization in an untamed realm.

Western Canada is probably the only country in the world that was opened up without an attendant long catalogue of out-lawry and misdeeds. But this did not just

happen. Those responsible were called upon to endure loneliness, privation and danger. From the very outset they clamped a firm hold on those reckless and adventurous spirits who would flout the Queen's law and created in the minds of the pioneers who followed a sense of reliance on the authority of law. The people were impressed that the N.W.M.P., working on the undying principle of even-handed justice, meant business and that reliance grew with the increase of population.

The Force is no longer a Western body only. Since 1920 it has exercised jurisdiction over the length and breadth of Canada. But in the rapid change from the horse to mechanical mobility, we should not lose sight of past achievements. The originals laid the foundation which to a great extent determined the growth of the present-day R.C.M.P. Their work was ably furthered by the R.N.W.M.P. and from traditions created in those formative years springs much of the prestige the Force enjoys today.

As we stand on the threshold of the Atomic Age, with big changes undoubtedly in store, it is well that we cherish the heritage the originals of '74 left us and resolve to emulate the example they set.

Said Commissioner French

"... on the 8th of July [1874, we] started on an expedition which veteran soldiers might well have faltered at. Tied down by no stringent rules or articles of war, but only by the silken cord of a civil contract, these men by their conduct gave little cause of complaint. . . . Day after day on the march, night after night on picquet or guard, and working at high pressure during four months from daylight until dark, and too frequently after dark, with little rest, not even on the day sacred to rest, the Force ever pushed onward, delighted when occasionally a pure spring was met with; there was still no complaint, when salt water or the refuse of a mud-hole was the only liquid available. And I have seen this whole Force obliged to drink liquid, which when passed through a filter was still the color of ink. The fact of horses and oxen failing and dying for want of food never disheartened or stopped them, but pushing on, on foot, with dogged determination, they carried through the service required of them, under difficulties which can be appreciated only by those who witnessed them — ever onward had to be the watchword."

—From the N.W.M.P. Annual Report, 1874.

Book Reviews

NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK: The Exciting Adventures of a Federal Narcotic Agent, by William J. Spillard as told to Pence James. Embassy Book Co. Ltd. Pp. 193. \$3.25.

In 1918, three years after the passing of the Harrison Narcotic Law, the author of this book became a federal agent engaged in the drive to eradicate the drug traffic in the United States and these adventures of his make absorbing reading. They are a reminder of the many difficulties with which, to this day, an investigator is confronted in his efforts to apprehend drug pedlars who are notorious for the unusual and carefully-thought-out precautions they frequently employ to evade detection and arrest. Securing adequate evidence to convict this type of criminal is an extremely complex undertaking; in fact, says Spillard, it requires "the patience of a saint, the sympathy of a minister, and the will power of a marathon runner".

Narcotic investigations are for the most part of an undercover nature but speaking very generally one of them is much the same as another; it is, therefore, perhaps inevitable that frequent repetition should creep into these reminiscences. A greater fault, in this reviewer's opinion, is Spillard's obvious misapprehension that the drug problem of today is a minor one compared to what it was when he was an active narcotic agent. Granted, the war brought some diminution in this nefarious traffic; but if recent press releases can be relied upon the problem never has been more menacing than it is at present. The superintendent of the City of Washington police, as recently as Nov. 3, 1945, reported the rounding up of more than 100 persons in one of the largest narcotic raids in the history of the District of Columbia. Compared with those of 25 years ago, today's traffickers are every bit as active and unscrupulous—are indeed more elusive, due mainly to the advantages of modern travel and communication. With the resumption of normal peacetime shipping, increased activity in the illicit drug market on this continent seems inevitable.

However, *Needle in a Haystack* is well worth the attention of every adult interested in knowing what steps have been taken in

the past to combat this all-too-prevalent evil. This realistic narrative, with its sordid recital of mental and physical destruction of persons in all walks of life who have been ensnared by the tentacles of narcotic addiction, packs a solemn warning and a powerful moral for the reader. M.P.

THREE MILE BEND, by Kerry Wood. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 170. \$2.50.

This is a collection of sketches written by a nature-lover for nature-lovers; there seems always to be a place for such a book. Some years ago there was an outcry against what were called "nature-fakers", but there is no nature-faking here. Mr. Wood's humour is ever-ready, yet when he tells a tall tale, he tells it so that it may be known for what it is. It is plain too that he is no mere hobbyist, for he has packed a good deal of love into his book, and he conveys his information with such sincerity that the reader feels at once that it is authentic. Some of the sketches, especially "Music in the Sky", which deals with wild geese, attain a high degree of literary merit. The book is further enlivened by a number of humorous illustrations from the pen of Hugh Weatherby.

The author has dedicated the collection "To the Boys", without indicating what boys he has in mind. In any case the dedication is appropriate; the book will be of interest to nature-lovers of all ages, but it is likely that its strongest appeal will be to growing boys. It would appear to be a "must" for a Boy Scout library. J.C.M.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF CANADIAN HISTORY, volumes 1 and 2, by C. W. Jefferys, R.C.A., LL.D. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 268 (Vol. 1), pp. 271 (Vol. 2). \$2 per volume.

Some Canadians who are getting a bit gray about the temples can remember when Canadian history was taught as if it were a not very interesting out-crop of British history. If the student knew a few dates and something about the Constitutional Act, 1791, Lord Durham's Report, and the Act of Union, 1841, he could be reasonably sure of a "pass". Certainly the emphasis was

Marconi

F. M.

FREQUENCY MODULATION

POLICE RADIO EQUIPMENT

ARMSTRONG SYSTEM

Provides a more reliable communication service and possesses many desirable advantages over the A.M. (Amplitude Modulation) system. Because Marconi F.M. is noise-free, a more uniform service area is obtained, with reduced operating costs. Full details concerning Marconi police apparatus will be supplied upon request.

CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY

Established—1903

MARCONI BUILDING - - MONTREAL

Vancouver

Winnipeg

Toronto

Halifax

St. John's, Nfld.

MARCONI—“The Greatest Name in Radio”

strongly on the political side of the country's development.

These books are a notable departure from such a method. It is interesting that they should appear just at a time when some educators are expressing alarm at the extent to which visual aids are being used in education. The danger, they say, is that these aids will become a substitute for thinking. There need be no such apprehension concerning these books. Even if the political method is still in use—if so, no doubt it has been modified—they supplement it by showing graphically and with a minimum of text how the people of Canada built their houses, what they wore, how they fought, worshipped, worked and played, while all the time they pushed back the frontier before them.

Volume 1 carries the story to the end of the French regime, volume 2 brings it to about 1830. Undoubtedly Dr. Jefferys has done a tremendous amount of painstaking research, not only for the material which is reproduced—many of the pictures are reproductions of paintings of his own—but

also in gathering the details for the maps and drawings which he has made. The result is a valuable contribution to a subject which, too often in the past, has been treated perfunctorily. J.C.M.

NEW YORK MURDERS, edited by Ted Collins. Wm. Collins Sons and Co. Ltd., Toronto. 242 pp. with calendar of New York murders and bibliography. \$3.

First of several books in the Regional Murder Series, this work gives the details of seven notorious New York homicides, most of which occurred about or before the turn of the century when brawn and “hunches” were considered more important as police attributes than brains and science. Contributions by five well-known authors, Angelica Gibbs, Baynard Kendrick, Edward D. Radin, Kurt Steel and Lawrence Treat are included and the whole makes up a worth-while anthology that will please murder-mystery addicts and students of criminology alike.

The book emphasizes the value of scientific crime detection and tells how in one

instance its application solved a case and saved an innocent man from the electric chair. As the editor points out in the preface, it was an era which makes us wonder "how criminals were ever brought to justice in the days before finger-prints, ballistics, the microscope and modern medical science".

Readers will be interested to know that other volumes in the series—San Francisco Murders, Chicago Murders, etc.—are in course of preparation. M.P.

HOMICIDE SQUAD: Adventures of a Headquarters Old-timer, by Frederick L. Collins. Thomas Allen Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 247. \$3.50.

This is a stack of 17 murder cases carefully chosen to illustrate the technique (or lack of it) of a homicide squad in action, rather than a literary document. Most of these murders, head-lined in the tabloids during the past 50 years, are well known to the public because of the celebrities involved in them.

Until recently homicides were usually haphazardly investigated by unskilled persons and as a result some of those recorded here have never been solved. Application of scientific crime-detection methods has produced a sharp change for the better, and this book unquestionably points up the decided impetus given to the solution of modern crime by scientific findings. Y.L.T.

THE MODERN APPROACH TO CRIMINAL LAW, edited by L. Radzinowicz and J. W. C. Turner. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 511. \$6.25.

This book is one in a series which exhibits on the part of its compilers a far-sighted appreciation of the need for the scientific study of criminality. That those concerned in the administration of justice in this country are aware of this need is borne out by a recent speech made by Justice Minister St. Laurent in the House of Commons at Ottawa, Ont. Among other things he said, "I think it would be desirable to have a graded system of punishments proportionate to the seriousness of the offences being dealt with in the various sections . . .".

The Modern Approach to Criminal Law consists of a preface by Prof. P. H. Winfield of Cambridge University and 22 essays by eight authors which elucidate major principles of criminal law, indicate the steps taken in the development of our penal system and demonstrate the importance of comparative study. The editors divided the treatise into four sections: section one deals with the modern approach to criminal law with careful regard for the steps already taken by others in the study of this science; section two explains present trends, problems and policies; section three illuminates some regions of the law which for many years have been rather obscure, and with section four the book concludes with a comparative study in the matter.

Students of criminal science will appreciate the high quality of this compilation, will be vastly interested in the points raised relating to the connection between English law and the society responsible for it. The difficult subject has been expertly handled, and definite direction toward future amendments in criminal law has been furnished.

The aim of these English Studies in Criminal Science is to stimulate interest in criminality and to promote research. In the solution of the problems created by post-war reconstruction work, problems of this nature are being anticipated in an ever-increasing degree. To meet these problems profound knowledge and judicious administration will be required, and the subject matter of this series is so designed that it will be of use not only to the medical and legal professions but to all those who realize that social stability depends largely upon competent treatment of, and a proper attitude toward, our crime problems. E.J.D.

A TOUCH OF GREATNESS, by C. W. Anderson. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 96. \$2.75.

Of especial interest to the horse lover this book gives the story of some of the turf's favourites, "not great horses, but of what they had they gave generously". Set among attractive pencil sketches drawn by the author, the text, briefly, deals with ten winners that made a name for themselves in handicap races. Y.L.T.

Obituary

Reg. No. 247, ex-Sgt. Major Frederick Augustus Bagley, 87, died at Banff, Alta., Oct. 8, 1945. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 1, 1874, to Apr. 30, 1899. For further particulars see article that starts on p. 141 of this magazine.

Reg. No. 6186, ex-Cst. William Thomson Calderwood, 64, died at Turner Valley, Alta., Nov. 17, 1945. He served in the R.N.W.M.P. from Sept. 9, 1914, to Sept. 8, 1916, during which time he was stationed at Regina and Strasbourg in Saskatchewan and Edmonton and Stettler in Alberta.

Reg. No. 1343, ex-Cst. William Frederick Wallace Carstairs, 85, died at Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 9, 1945. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 13, 1885, to May 12, 1890, during which time he was stationed at Regina and Forts Battleford, Saskatchewan and Macleod in the N.W.T.

Reg. No. 2850, ex-S/Sgt. Matthew White Fyffe, 74, died at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 3, 1945. He served in the Force from Dec. 12, 1892, to Oct. 17, 1899, and from May 22, 1900, until his discharge to pension on May 21, 1919, and was stationed at many points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and was in the Yukon during the Gold Rush.

Reg. No. 10891, ex-Cst. Ellis Reginald Graham, 48, died at Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 25, 1945. He served overseas in the C.E.F. during the First Great War being awarded the military medal, until demobilized May 1, 1919; in the R.C.M.P. from Dec. 3, 1930, to Apr. 30, 1938, and from Oct. 10, 1939, to July 6, 1943, being stationed at different points in Manitoba and Ontario.

Reg. No. 52, ex-Sub-Cst. William Grain, 95, died at Kerrobert, Sask., Oct. 25, 1945. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 10, 1874, to May 31, 1877. For further particulars see article that starts on p. 141 of this magazine.

Reg. No. 2628, ex-Sgt. Henry George Mapley, 76, died at Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 11, 1945. Stationed at Saskatoon and Prince Albert, before the province of Saskatchewan was formed, and for many years in the Yukon Territory, he served in the Force from Mar. 4, 1891, to Mar. 31, 1909, and from May 22, 1911, until his discharge to pension at Dawson, Y.T., on May 21, 1920, with exemplary conduct.

Reg. No. 12109, Cpl. John Phillip McIsaac, 47, died at Windsor, N.S., Oct. 18, 1945. He served in the R.C.M.P. as special constable at Halifax, N.S., from Mar. 1, 1933, until Jan. 1, 1934, when he was engaged as a constable and later transferred to Windsor.

Reg. No. 11366, ex-Cst. John Sydney McLean, 60, died at Port Hood, N.S., Nov. 3, 1945. After spending five years in the Preventive Service, he served in the R.C.M.P. from Apr. 1, 1932, to May 31, 1945, when he was invalided to pension.

Reg. No. 50, ex-Staff Cst. James B. Mitchell, 93, died at Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 14, 1945. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Apr. 1, 1874, to May 31, 1877. For further particulars see article that starts on p. 141 of this magazine.

Reg. No. 12923, ex-Cst. Raymond Franklin Thompson, 31, whose death when his Lancaster bomber was reported down 75 miles from Berlin on Mar. 15, 1945, was officially confirmed on September 27. He served in the R.C.M.P. from Sept. 4, 1937, to Oct. 15, 1940, during which time he was stationed at Regina and Pelly in Saskatchewan.

Reg. No. 10430, ex-Cpl. James Garrett Tynan, 60, died at Montreal, P.Q., Sept. 27, 1945. After serving 13 years with the Saskatchewan Provincial Police, he was engaged in the R.C.M.P. upon the amalgamation of the two forces on June 1, 1928. Stationed at many points in Saskatchewan, including Carnduff, Val Marie, Strasburg, Broadview and Regina, he was invalided to pension on June 30, 1931.

Reg. No. 11319, ex-Cst. Percy Alfred Valder, 64, died at Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 16, 1935. He served in the C.E.F. from Sept. 1, 1914, to May 7, 1919, in the Manitoba Provincial Police from Aug. 9, 1920, to Mar. 31, 1932, and in the R.C.M.P. from Apr. 1, 1932, until invalided to pension on Aug. 4, 1936.

Reg. No. 12654, ex-Cst. William Edwin Woodrow, 32, now presumed dead after a bombing raid over Belgium in October, 1943. He served in the R.C.M.P. from June 27, 1935, to June 26, 1940, during which time he was stationed at Regina, Watrous, Saskatoon, Melfort, Prince Albert (in Saskatchewan), Rockcliffe, Ottawa (in Ontario).

Reg. No. 4790, ex-Cst. Charles Frederick Gordon Yorke, 62, died at Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 11, 1945. He served in the Saskatchewan Provincial Police from Aug. 20, 1917, to May 31, 1928, and in the R.C.M.P. from Nov. 11, 1908, to Apr. 30, 1910, from Aug. 20, 1914, to Aug. 19, 1917, and from Dec. 8, 1932, until he was pensioned on Apr. 30, 1944. During the course of his service with the Force he was stationed at Macleod, Alta., Regina and Prince Albert in Saskatchewan and Ottawa, Ont.

RE-



FOR WINTER HEALTH

Prepared from PRIME, RICH BEEF!

Preferred Throughout Canada!

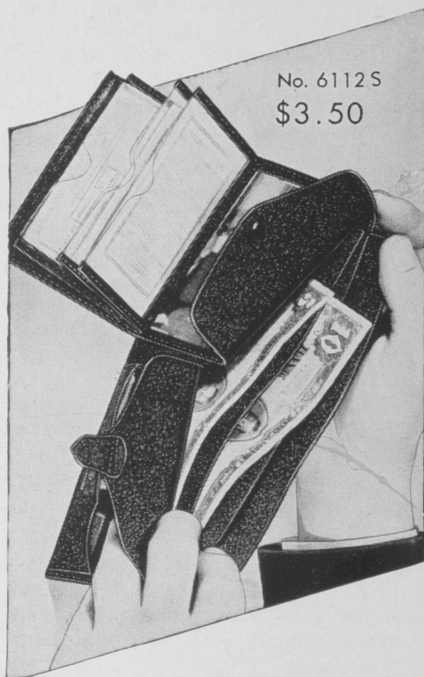
*Henry Perkins
Billfolds*

Pictured here is a popular member of the Perkins Billfold family. Smartly designed in genuine "morocco-grain" leather—Black or Brown—it gives you the exclusive Perkins "Billguard", a safety device for your protection, *plus* the "Cashette", the secret hideaway for emergency funds. Also other regular Perkins features and ten transparent windows for photographs, passes and identification cards.

For colourful illustrated catalogue write H. Perkins & Sons (Canada) Limited, 1191 University Street, Montreal, Que. Prices range up to \$8.25.

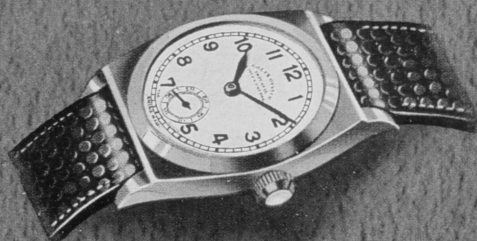


A PRODUCT OF HENRY PERKINS





ROLEX
Oysters



*The Leading Military Watch
of the British Empire*

●
One of the World's Most Accurate Wrist Watches



YOUR NEAREST STORE

WHEREVER you live in Canada . . . in the teeming ports on the east and west coasts, in the industrial centres of Ontario and Quebec, in the wide agricultural reaches of our prairie provinces or in the silent miles of our Northern Territories . . . your Simpson catalogue is your nearest store. Every issue is complete with a wide range of quality merchandise at low prices. You, too, will find shopping by mail both convenient and time-saving at

Simpson's

HALIFAX

MONTREAL

TORONTO

LONDON

REGINA