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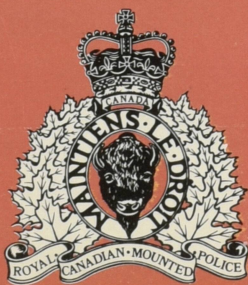
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REVUE

TRIMESTRIELLE

de la

GRC

FALL/AUTOMNE 1976

# R C M P QUARTERLY

VOL. 41, No. 4



# REVUE TRIMESTRIELLE de la GRC

FALL/AUTOMNE 1976

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## Our Cover

Photographed by Cpl. Larry Olafson in the fall of 1971, this scene portrays the rugged beauty of the Canadian Rockies along the Bow River near Banff, Alberta.

## La couverture

La photographie, prise par le caporal Larry Olafson à l'automne de 1971, nous fait voir la beauté saisissante des Rocheuses surplombant la rivière Bow, près de Banff (Alb.).



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## Editor's Notes...

Every once in a while it is necessary to look back. Every so often it is beneficial to see what we have been, in order to gain perspective on what we are, and what we are becoming. For these reasons it was decided to depart from the regular format and take a backward glance at the Quarterly, to take an over-the-shoulder view at what the RCMP used to be. On top of this, many fine articles and stories have been published in the early issues of the Quarterly. It would be a shame to have them forgotten or even missed entirely.

The stories and articles have been chosen from a general interest point of view, showing many facets of the Force. Some speak of the bravery of its members, some give inside glimpses of its lighter sides. In almost all cases, the material has been written and submitted by serving members, telling their stories the way they have seen them. It is unfortunate we could not have printed all the stories we would have liked to. There were many. Space limited us to those which follow. We only hope you enjoy reading them as much as we did.

## Notes du rédacteur...

Il est parfois nécessaire de regarder en arrière, de jeter un coup d'œil sur le passé afin de mieux voir où nous en sommes et ce que nous devenons. Ces considérations nous ont amené à délaisser un instant l'actualité pour glaner dans nos vieilles *Revue*s, et nous rendre compte de ce qu'était la GRC d'autrefois. D'ailleurs, la Revue trimestrielle des débuts a publié d'excellents articles et reportages et nous aurions tort de les reléguer aux oubliettes.

Nous avons choisi des textes d'intérêt général, qui montrent diverses facettes de la Gendarmerie. Certains relatent des actes de bravoure de ses membres, d'autres nous laissent entrevoir leurs côtés amusants. Dans la plupart des cas, les articles provenaient de membres réguliers qui racontaient les faits tels qu'ils les avaient vécus. Malheureusement, il nous a été impossible de tout publier ce qui nous paraissait intéressant. Il y en avait tant! Le manque d'espace nous a limité dans notre choix. Espérons que leur lecture vous causera autant de plaisir qu'à nous.



# Please Help this Lady



Betty Fortier bravely tackles the task of trying to find new addresses for the magazines stacked on the desk behind her.

It's incredible, that's what it is — incredible! Every time an issue of the *Quarterly* hits the street, the girls are swamped for the next two weeks when literally hundreds of *Quarterlys* are returned to us marked: "Moved — New Address Unknown." Now that boggles my mind. You have paid for goods, in this case a subscription, and then you can't seem to mind whether you receive it or not! Make no mistake, our serving members are the worst offenders. I'll wager that if you went into a store, and paid for an item you wouldn't walk out without that item or at least some idea when you might expect delivery.

But with the *Quarterly*, somehow it doesn't seem to matter. After all — "the *Quarterly's* distribution staff will look up the new address," or "Old Sam" back at Pumphandle Detachment knows where I am and he'll send it on." The trouble is that the *Quarterly's* distribution staff has a load of other things to do besides having to take care of someone else's negligence — and that's what it is, there is no other name for it. In the second instance, what happens when "Old Sam" is transferred or is away on holidays when the *Quarterly* arrives, and no one remaining there knows your address. Or what happens when you are transferred into another section or a new office two floors up and the girl opening the mail back at your old office who just started her job last week doesn't know you, and neither does the constable just transferred in from "K" Division.

In some cases it was very obvious that the people residing at your old address read the *Quarterly* before returning it to us. Enclosed in some magazines we have found unpaid bills, paid bills, panty-hose (!), an income tax return, a loan application and a marriage licence. Now then, we try to be obliging, but we'll not be a part of an attempted marital breakup. We sent it back.

Let's look at it from another angle — economics. Each time we send out a *Quarterly* it costs us 16 cents postage; when it is returned, another 16 cents, and still another after we have the correct address. That comes to 48 cents, leaving us 2 cents to pay the printer for printing. I'm sure not even the most generous organization could long withstand that kind of financial management. Neither can we.

From here on in, when magazines are returned to us, we are going to keep them until we hear from you. Nevertheless we are prepared to make it easy for you. On the last page of each *Quarterly* will be printed a change of address form. Feel free to use it. Or better yet, send us one of the Post Office cards, they're free! But please, please print — or write so we can read it. There isn't much use changing an address when we can't figure out whose address is being changed. We have 24 thousand subscribers and it's quite a chore trying to find one address out of that many. One thing more — the *Quarterly* is NOT advised of transfers — you must do it.

We are not being hard to get along with. All we are asking is that you give us the same consideration you give your friends — letting them know where you are. After all, we like to think we are your friends too.

# Venez à notre aide



Armée de tout son courage, M<sup>lle</sup> Betty Fortier s'efforce de retrouver les nouvelles adresses des revues em-  
pilées derrière elle.

C'est incroyable! oui, c'est ça... incroyable! Chaque fois qu'un numéro de la Revue trimestrielle voit le jour, nos secrétaires sont littéralement submergées pendant deux semaines par le flot des centaines de *Revues* qui nous reviennent avec l'étiquette « Déménagé — Adresse inconnue ». Ça, ça me dépasse. Vous avez payé une marchandise, en l'occurrence un abonnement, et vous ne semblez pas vous soucier de savoir si vous la recevrez ou non! Ne vous méprenez pas, les pires contrevenants sont nos membres réguliers. Je parie que vous ne quittez jamais le magasin sans emporter la marchandise que vous avez payée ou, du moins, sans avoir une petite idée de la date de la livraison.

Dans le cas de la *Revue*, ça ne semble déranger personne. Après tout, les expéditeurs de la *Revue* trouveront ma nouvelle adresse», ou bien, « le vieux Sam du détachement des Courants-d'air sait où je demeure et il fera suivre ». L'ennui, c'est que les préposés à l'expédition de la *Revue* ont suffisamment de chose à faire, sans avoir à s'occuper de la négligence des autres — je dis bien « négligence », car il n'y a pas d'autre mot pour ça. Puis, il peut arriver que votre « vieux Sam » ait été muté ou qu'il soit en vacances, alors il n'y a plus personne qui connaisse votre adresse. Ou bien, vous avez été transféré ailleurs ou même deux étages plus haut; la préposée au courrier, qui n'est là que depuis une semaine, ne vous connaît pas, et le gendarme, qui arrive tout juste de la division « K », ignore tout de vos allées et venues.

Dans certains cas, il était clair qu'à votre ancienne adresse on avait parcouru la *Revue trimestrielle* avant de nous la retourner. Certains numéros contenaient des factures, des reçus, des bas-culottes (!), un retour d'impôt, une demande d'emprunt et un permis de mariage. Il nous arrive d'être serviable, mais nous ne voulons pas être complice d'un divorce. Nous avons retourné le document.

Considérons le problème sous un autre angle — celui de la dépense. Chaque exemplaire de la *Revue*, exige 16 cents de timbres à l'envoi, 16 cents au retour, et un autre 16 cents une fois que nous avons la bonne adresse. Ce qui fait 48 cents et 2 cents pour défrayer l'imprimeur. Je doute fort qu'aucun organisme si riche soit-il puisse soutenir longtemps ce genre de gestion. Pas plus que nous d'ailleurs.

À partir de maintenant, nous garderons les revues retournées jusqu'à ce que nous ayons de vos nouvelles. Toutefois, nous allons vous faciliter les choses. La dernière page de la revue comprendra une formule de changement d'adresse. Utilisez-la. Ou mieux encore, envoyez-nous une carte de Bureau de poste; elles sont gratuites. S'il vous plaît, écrivez en lettres moulées — ou, au moins lisiblement. Il ne sert à rien de vous faire parvenir la formule si nous ne pouvons pas en déchiffrer d'adresse. Encore un mot: la *Revue* n'est pas tenue au courant des mutations qui ont lieu dans la GRC — c'est à vous de le faire.

C'est facile de s'entendre avec nous. Tout ce que nous vous demandons, c'est de nous considérer comme des amis et de nous faire savoir où vous êtes. Après tout, nous osons croire que nous sommes de vos amis.



# Editorial

*(reprinted from July 1933)*

The first issue of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly comes to you on the occasion of an important landmark in the history of the Force.

Sixty years have faded into a misty back-ground since the first groups of hurriedly recruited young farmers, clerks, mechanics and soldiers, left their homes in Eastern Canada to do service for their country in the far-flung spaces of the North West.

Out of the hardships of the first few years came the first stirring of pride in accomplishment in the face of difficulties, the consciousness that a tradition had been established, a high standard set for future deeds.

During the intervening years that tradition has been mightily strengthened, the heritage left by the first men, upheld, and splendidly added to.

Throughout the years the activities and accomplishments of the Force have been inextricably interwoven with the development of the country it serves. The expansion of Canada's interests, whether in the Yukon, along the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean, on Hudson Bay, or in remote islands of the Eastern Arctic, has been preceded by the Force's presence, a presence which, unfailingly, established the principles of British justice at each new frontier, and ensured its unwavering application for all who followed behind.

For sixty years, aside from the annual report, an official reticence has been one of the cardinal rules of the Force. It was sufficient to know that a job had been satisfactorily done. But the compact little family of Regina Headquarters' days has grown into a large organization whose activities are only limited by the confines of Dominion jurisdiction on land and sea, or in the air. Today, a recruit may receive his training at Regina, go from there to another part of the country and not for years, if ever, resume contact with his first comrades. Also, we have recently welcomed to our ranks hundreds of members of other organizations, some of whom knew little of the traditions of the Force.

That is why the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly has come into being. It is hoped to make it the channel through which information of interest and value will be available to all ranks; to make it a link for the activities of all Divisions; to convey through its columns to new members the heritage of tradition and accomplishment that is their's.

With the wealth of tradition, history and story that is ours, there is no reason why this aim should not be attained. But the measure of our success will depend on the extent of the assistance and co-operation of all ranks.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE R. B. BENNETT, P.C., L.B., M.P.  
Prime Minister



# To the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

*reprinted from July 1933*

To the Royal Canadian Mounted Police: —

The Sixtieth Anniversary of the founding of what is now the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will be a celebration in which members of the Force, their fellow Canadians, and those of the British Empire will have every reason to rejoice. The reputation of fearless determination of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the cause of Justice is admired throughout the civilized world.

Originally founded to police territories acquired by the Dominion from the Hudson's Bay Company, your activities have expanded from that of mounted patrol to many activities in the nine provinces and on land, sea and air, in co-operation with various departments of the government. In the lonely Arctic, in the turmoil of the city, in the woods and on the plains, your presence assures that peace and order shall prevail. Dispatched to sea and into the air, duties marvelously strange to the constable of fifty years ago, you have met new and more complex problems with traditional distinction.

The honour of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is large, yet contains only the most outstanding examples of heroism and sacrifice in the execution of duty. Many continue unswerving in their duty, rewarded in the satisfaction of work well done.

"The Mounties," as they are familiarly known, have been an important factor in the development of Canada. Their absolute integrity, high sense of duty and their persistent and rigid enforcement of the law have given to them a reputation which has greatly enhanced respect for the institutions upon which the preservation of British law and order depend.

The history of that part played in the administration of justice by the Mounted Police proves that they are as intent on conciliation as on accusation; their efforts have been almost as much devoted to the prevention of disputes and of crime as to the apprehension of those who have broken the law.

Many times in the history of the Mounted Police has one lone constable adjusted difficulties between Indian and Indian, White man and Red man, and served as guide, philosopher and friend to those who desired the advice of one whose honour was beyond reproach.

It is not my purpose even to make reference to the many outstanding and historical feats of the Force, but merely to express, on behalf of the people of Canada, their continued faith and admiration in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. Bennett.

# The Final Last Post

*reprinted from January, 1946*

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 NWMP 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 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.

---

## Not His Day

by P. C. K. CHRISTOPHERSON, O.P.P.

A routine patrol to Kingston Penitentiary to return a prisoner turned into a case of "Johnny on the Spot" for two members of Mississauga Detachment on a sunny June morning.

Cst. Bob Sherren, RCMP, and Cst. Ken Christopherson, O.P.P. Special Services Branch, were travelling East on Hwy. 401 in an unmarked police car. Near Napanee, a glance in the rear view mirror caught a glimpse of a black Cadillac approaching and passing at a very high speed. A short distance ahead the Cadillac went out of control, removed seventy-five feet of guard rail and came to rest facing the police car.

Fearing deaths or injuries to the occupants, the policemen approached the

car to be greeted by one of the occupants shouting, "He's got a knife. He's trying to rob me." These utterances by the driver brought the immediate arrest of the passenger and the seizure of a substantial hunting knife. Neither the driver nor the passenger was injured.

The robber, after gaining some composure, explained it took him twenty miles after he had been picked up hitchhiking to summon courage to pull the knife and try to rob the good samaritan, only to have the car immediately tear into a guard rail. While the dust was settling and he was trying to decide if he had been severely injured, or hurt at all, he found himself arrested. The real irony of the whole situation: he was arrested at the exit ramp to Millhaven Penitentiary.

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

*reprinted from October, 1945*

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 the 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 it's 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 April 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 NCO 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





A halt during the early stages of the march to cut hay. Henri Julien, well-known French Canadian artist and newspaper man, accompanied the NWMP 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 another which follows, are fair examples.

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 NCO'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 a-plenty 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.

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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 cable 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 wild 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 runaways. 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 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.

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When the revolvers on order from England arrived at the end of the first week of 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, NCO'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 the 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. Courts 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 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 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 Percée (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



Crossing the Dirt Hills, August 6, 1874.

practicable they were held as often as possible.

At this point, it was decided that Inspr. W. D. Jarvis and Sub-Inspir. 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 Percée 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 impediments.

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.

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Having disposed of Jarvis' detachment and most of the farm stock, the Commissioner with the main column left La Roche Percée 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 subconstables, 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 Sipteton 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 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 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 bush, except for the odd gooseberry bush. The only scenery had been a monotony of un-

dulating 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 *pièce de résistance*.

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, 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 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 oc-

cupied 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.

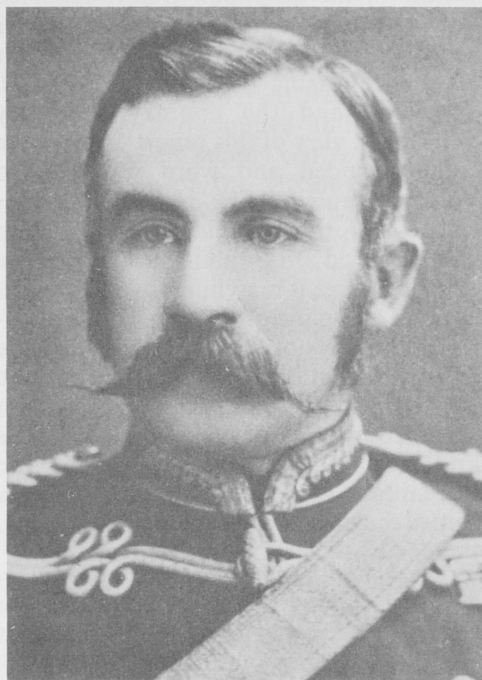
The greatest hardship was scarcity of good water. At times the men were so parched that they sought relief by flopping down spreadeagle around water holes and pressing their lips against the cool moist mud. And when water did come to them on September 8, it was in the guise of a chilly rain accompanied 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 for them to grasp.

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



Commr. G. A. French.



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 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 snowfall. 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 foothills. The strongest horses and oxen were turned over to the home-bound detachments which, late in the afternoon under the Commissioner accompanied by the assis-



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

tant 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 calvacade 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 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 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 NWMP, 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.

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



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 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.



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 NWMP.

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 his 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 unrelenting 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 Percée 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 the buildings, 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 NWMP were brimful of action and 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 of NWMP detachments.

Next morning, escorted by Commissioner French, a half dozen officers including Inspector Crozier, Bagley and 37 other NCO'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 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 NWMP 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



Blackfoot 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 Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin, an Indian murderer.

The facts of this unusual case are worthy of mention. In the words of Sgt. Major Bagley:

\* The whole thing started in the spring of 1879. I remember the facts well.

Word came to Supt. W. D. Jarvis, who was in command of the North West Mounted Police stockaded post at Fort Saskatchewan, that a Cree Indian known as Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin would bear watching. The previous year he had departed from Athabasca with his wife and five children, his brother-in-law and mother-in-law, ostensibly bound for the usual autumn-winter hunting and trapping; in the spring he had appeared at the small half-breed settlement and Catholic mission at Big Lake (now St. Albert, Alta.) without these relatives. He had come alone. And, what then seemed more to the point, he had tried to entice some of the mission's school children — Indians made orphans by a devastating small-pox epidemic of

former years to visit his "fine" camp.

When questioned by the priests at the mission the Indian stated that his wife, children, brother-in-law and mother-in-law had all died in the woods from starvation.

The priests appraised Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin thoughtfully. He was sleek, well-fed looking. In no way did he resemble one who had suffered and watched his dear ones die in torture. The pangs of hunger had apparently overlooked him.

The mission fathers passed on their suspicions to Superintendent Jarvis.

Sergeant "Dick" Steele was promptly sent from Fort Saskatchewan to interview the Indian. The sergeant also doubted the starvation story, put irons on the suspect and took him back to the fort. He was a brother of the late Major General Sir Samuel B. Steele, K. C. M. G., C.B., M.V.O., at that time sub-inspector in the Force.

Upon his arrival there the Indian told Superintendent Jarvis that during the hunting season he had found little or no game and that the death of one of his sons had so affected the boy's mother that she had shot and killed herself. Later, starvation had claimed all the others. He himself had managed to keep alive only by, as a last resort, boiling and eating his tepee from which he gained enough strength to carry him to Big Lake.

Two days later a party comprised of Sub-Inspr. S. Gagnon, Staff Sergeant (Doctor) Herchmer, some mounted constables, Brazeau the half-breed scout and interpreter, and a Red River cart in which the prisoner rode, left the fort in quest of the "starvation" camp.

During the preliminary stages of the journey all efforts of the police were frustrated by false leads given by their prisoner. Through miles and

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\***Editor's Note:** This insert is a reprint of "The Last of Canada's Cannibals" written by then ex-Sgt. Major F. A. Bagley. The story appeared originally in the July, 1942, issue of the Quarterly.

miles of bush, swamp and muskeg that was fortunately still partly frozen he directed them. Finally, Sub-Inspector Gagnon, realizing that drastic action was necessary, consulted with Brazeau. The interpreter understood perfectly what Father P. J. de Smet, the famous Catholic missionary, meant when he spoke of the "riddle of the Indian stomach."

"Well, mon capitaine," Brazeau advised, "I tell you. Give heem the strong muss-kee-kee-wash-bwee, an' he well tell you everything."

This "strong medicine," looked upon by many Indian braves as the very elixir of life, consisted of a strong brew of tea to which a generous quantity of plug tobacco was added and allowed to soak. In Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin's case the toxicity of the concoction was even more effective than the modern truth serum, scopolamine, might have been. Under its influence the Indian became very talkative, and Sub-Inspector Gagnon brought what might be called psychology into play.

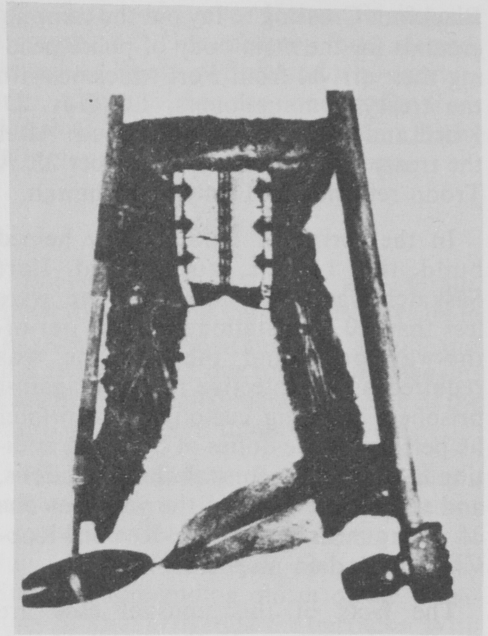
When the prisoner was properly "lit up," the sub-inspector asked, "What did you do with the bodies after your family died from starvation? The ground was frozen, so you couldn't dig graves."

"I piled them in a heap and covered them with branches and leaves of trees."

"But," said the officer, "that would be no protection against bears and wolves."

The doped-up Indian swallowed the bait and fairly shouted "Tapway! Tapway! Ekoosee Mahgah! (True! True! That's the way it is, but) Wahhankee Keezikow (Tomorrow I show you)."

The next morning while still under the "influence," true to his promise,



**Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin's *Tap-lse-Kah-Gan*, pipe and stone war club.**

the prisoner led the police party towards the thickest part of the bush. As he drew near the edge of it he stopped short, threw back his head and gave vent to a long wolf-like howl.

Sub-Inspector Gagnon looked at him sharply and murmured, "Ha, we're getting warm."

He gave orders to search the immediate vicinity, and in a short time the abandoned camp was located in a small clearing on an island in the middle of a large muskeg easily accessible as it was still partly frozen. The searchers found the Indian's traps hanging on the limb of a tree and his moose-hide tepee, not boiled and eaten as he had claimed, but very much in evidence, neatly folded and stowed away in the branches of the tree that held the traps.

The police party stared aghast. Gradually the truth came to them.

Human skulls and bones scattered around the dead camp-fire and tripod, and greasy finger-marks on the trunks of the surrounding trees provided hideous evidence of the prisoner's cannibalistic orgies.

"There," he yelled. "I told you the bears had eaten them."

But there were no signs of claw marks, and the teeth that had bitten into the flesh on the scattered bones had been human teeth. Knife and axe had been used to dismember the bodies.

"Ye gods!" one of the troopers exclaimed, his features indicating that his stomach felt like being sick, "just try to visualize this camp during the cracking cold nights of last winter. Imagine that — that monster sitting here with the cadavers about him, stirring only to throw wood on the fire or to crawl into his tepee to sleep, or to — to use the axe or knife when he got hungry. Ugh!"

"Yes," said another with a thoughtful shudder, "What a scene for the brush of Gustave Doré. It would rival his macabre portrayals in Dante's Inferno."

Grim-faced and solemn the police continued to search. One man felt his stomach muscles tighten when he came across a baby's skull into which some needlework had been stuffed. Evidently the mother had been making some small article of dress for the baby when the lives of both were suddenly snuffed out.

They found other things — things so gruesome and nauseating that they are unfit to be recorded here.

Sub-Inspector Gagnon and his men took with them the skulls and some of the bones; the other remains were buried.

Back at the fort a preliminary examination was held. The prisoner identified his wife's skull by callously sticking his finger into the eye-socket of one of eight lying on Superintendent Jarvis's table.

"This," he remarked with a merry laugh, "is my wife."

Eventually he confessed that none of his family had died of starvation. He had killed and eaten them, or, as he put it, "made beef of them." He also stated that one of his sons was alive and had assisted him until a few days before he (the prisoner) left his camp to go to Big Lake when the boy suffered the same fate as the others.

As an excuse for his crime he said that some years previously when he and a young boy were on a hunting trip in the far north his companion had died of starvation, and he, Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin, in order to save his own life, ate the boy and had thus acquired a not-to-be-denied taste for human flesh.

Later the prisoner was brought to trial before stipendiary Magistrate Hugh Richardson and sentenced to death.

After the trial the condemned man, in accordance with his express wish, was received into the Catholic church by the Reverend Father Hippolyte Leduc at a special service held within the fort. During the days that followed he seemed supremely happy and frequently laughed and jested with his guards. Neither remorse for his crime nor fear of the gallows troubled him. He apparently treated the whole affair as a good joke.

"Frenchy," a huge and particularly well-nourished member of our troop, was a constant source of merriment to the prisoner. Each time the constable entered the guard-room the Indian's saucer-like eyes gloated over the corpulent form, his lips parted in a broad grin.

\* \* \*



"Wah! Wah! You would make fine eating; there must be that much (holding up three fingers) fat on your ribs."

"Sapristi," Frenchy snorted in reply each time. "Cochon! You too will make good eats pour les coyotes. But they all poisoned weel be."

Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin took a great fancy to me, either because I could talk to him in Cree or, horrid thought, because I was then young and tender. I was one of the death watch, and the night before he was hanged he presented me with his beaded and furred Tap-Ise-Kah-Gan and his smoking pipe. I still have them.

\* \* \*

Early in the morning of Dec. 20, 1879, Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin was hanged. In the biting forty-two-degrees-below-zero weather his surviving relatives and a number of specially-invited chiefs sat in a circle within the fort furiously drumming and singing the death song to speed their departing brother on his way to the happy hunting grounds.

As he stood on the scaffold, the murderer expressed his thanks to the Mounted Police and the priests for their kindness to him and urged his own people to take warning from his fate. He was a big man, well over six feet and weighed more than two hundred pounds. Accordingly a comparatively short drop was required.

Afterwards Jim Reid an old "forty-niner" sat on the edge of the barrack-room table swinging his legs and puffing clouds of smoke from his Irish dhudeen pipe.

"Byes, oh byes," he commented. "The purtiest hanging I iver saw, an' I've seen thirty wan iv thim."

Jim had pinioned the condemned man and felt a justifiable pride in his

accomplishment. And once launched on the subject he gave us some gruesome descriptions of the many lynchings by vigilantes he had witnessed during the "days of old, the days of gold" in California.

"Well, Jim," said a sergeant, "you may have seen thirty-one or 131 in the old days, but never before did you see a man and his whole family, not to mention a brother-in-law and a mother-in-law, drop all together at the end of a single rope."

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 here, 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. Sleigh 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 attempt 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 Inspr. 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 his 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 follow-



ing 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.

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 NCO'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 Blackfoot 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.

Later that autumn Indian Commissioner Reed made his pacification visits to the various reservations and



**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 bandsmen 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 bandsmen 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.**

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 NCO, 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 proceeding settlement to remote places, the NWMP 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 NCO'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. Everyplace 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 quarter-

master, and with 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 bands-man, 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 beginning when he and ex-members of the NWMP 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 RNWMP 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.

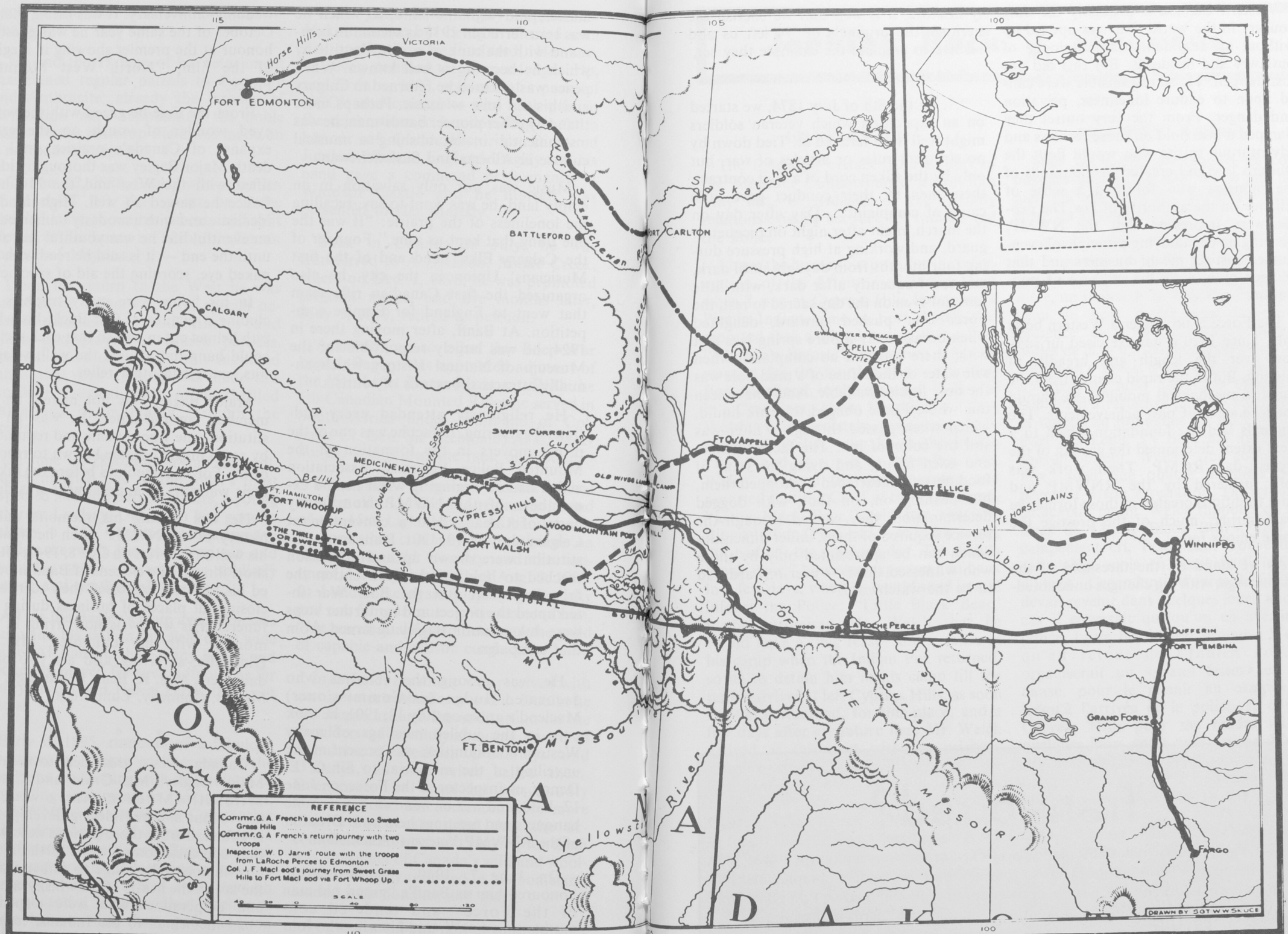
In his home were many trophies including a picture of Old Buck; his white pith helmet cut in half so that each section could hang flat against the wall; swords, bits, spurs and other relics.

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 NWMP 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 outlawry 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 NWMP, 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 RCMP. Their work was ably furthered by the RNWMP 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 undoubted-

ly 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."

## Transferred?

The *Quarterly* is **not** automatically notified of transfers within the Force and if a friend forwards your magazine to your new post, our addressograph plates remain unchanged. But it is a simple procedure to visit your nearest Post Office, fill out one of their free Change of Address Announcement cards and send it to us.

## looking back / revenons

### 100 YEARS AGO

The following extract from Report of the Assistant Commissioner, dated 30th May last, is evidence of the friendly relations existing between the Indians and the Police.

I have the honor to report, for the information of the Minister of Justice, that when I was at Cypress Hills last week, a Piegan Indian came to Fort Walsh, and reported that a Blood Indian ("Pox," or "Woman's Breast,") for whom I have a warrant for the murder of his wife near Fort MacLeod, in the spring of 1875, was in a Cree Camp about 30 miles from Fort Walsh. I immediately dispatched Sub-Inspector Welch, who knew the Indian "Pox," and four men to arrest him. Mr. Welch returned the next morning and reported that the Chief of the Cree Camp, "Little Black Bear," told him that the Blood Indian (Pox) had been in his camp, but had left the previous day. The "Little Black Bear," however, expected him back in a few days, when he would send in and inform the Police. "Little Black Bear" further promised Mr. Welch that he would have a "big feast" and a dance in his camp when the Indian Pox returned, so as to detain him in his camp till the police arrived. I left Cypress Hills, as soon as Welch returned, for this place, and a few days after my return here Mr. Welch arrived at this post with the prisoner "Pox" in charge. "Little Black Bear," the Cree Indian Chief, kept his promise. Inspector Crozier, now in command at Cypress, writes to me: —"I have the honor to report that the Cree Chief "Little Black Bear" sent information by his son on the morning of the 14th instant, that the Blood Indian "Pox, Woman's Breast," whom we sent after when you were at this post, was again in his camp, twenty-five miles from here.

### 100 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

Voici un extrait du rapport du commissaire adjoint, en date du 30 mai dernier, qui témoigne des relations amicales entre les Indiens et la police.

«J'ai l'honneur d'informer le Ministère de la justice qu'au moment où je me trouvais à Cypress Hills, la semaine dernière, un Indien de la tribu des Piégans est venu au Fort Walsh pour signaler la présence, dans un campement cri à 30 milles de là, d'un Indien appelé « Pox » ou « Woman's Breast », de la tribu des Gens du sang, au nom duquel je détiens un mandat d'arrestation pour le meurtre de sa femme au printemps de 1875, près du Fort MacLeod. J'y dépêchai aussitôt le sous-inspecteur Welch, qui connaissait Pox, ainsi que quatre hommes pour procéder à son arrestation. De retour le lendemain matin, Welch rapporta qu'aux dires de « Little Black Bear », chef du campement cri, Pox s'était trouvé dans son camp, mais en étant parti le jour d'avant. Cependant, d'après le chef, il devait revenir dans quelques jours, auquel cas il enverrait quelqu'un en avertir la police. Little Black Bear promit à Welch qu'au retour de l'Indien Pox, il organiserait un « grand festin » et une danse, pour le retenir au campement jusqu'à l'arrivée de la police. Je quittai Cypress Hills pour me rendre ici, et quelques jours après mon arrivée, Welch m'y rejoignit avec Pox, qu'il avait fait prisonnier. Le chef cri Little Black Bear avait tenu parole. Voici ce que vient de m'écrire l'inspecteur Crozier, commandant à Cypress Hills: J'ai l'honneur de vous informer qu'au matin du 14 courant, le chef cri Little Black Bear a envoyé son fils nous avertir que l'Indien Pox ou Woman's Breast, de la tribu des Gens du sang, était de retour dans son campement, à vingt-cinq milles d'ici.

I at once sent Sub-Inspector Welch, and a detachment of a constable and four men to arrest him. I am glad to be able to report that Mr. Welch was successful, and brought the prisoner to the Fort the same evening.

"The Little Black Bear" rendered Mr. Welch every assistance, and even had a dance given, in order to detain the prisoner until the arrival of the Police. Apparently none of the people in his large camp knew what we were after. The prisoner was completely taken by surprise.

**From Commissioner J. F. MacLeod's annual report of the NWMP, 1876.**

### 75 YEARS AGO

As it would take a good size volume to deal thoroughly with the northern country, moreover reports have been submitted to you from time to time dealing with all the features of the north, I would beg to conclude my report of this particular connection with the following observations and suggestions. In my opinion the time is rapidly approaching when the north should be more closely looked after, and the number of men and stations increased, and facilities for better communication improved. With the railroad approaching this point, and the available land taken up by new settlers, fresh fields will be sought after, which will naturally lead towards the country north of here, where thousands of acres of fertile land is awaiting the advent of the agriculturist.

The existing conditions in the north are somewhat similar to those formerly prevalent in our organized portions of the territories, means of communication are hard, mail service being almost unknown, except for the Hudson Bay Co., who now, as in the early days, carry the packet to and from the north, two or three times at the outside during the year. As is generally known by those who have travelled through the unorganized parts of the territories, vast stretches of good land can

J'envoyai aussitôt le sous-inspecteur Welch, et un détachement composé d'un gendarme et de quatre hommes, pour l'arrêter. Je suis content de pouvoir vous informer de la réussite de M. Welch, qui ramena le prisonnier au Fort le soir même.

Little Black Bear a fourni à M. Welch toute l'aide qu'il a pu; il a même organisé une danse pour retenir le prisonnier jusqu'à l'arrivée de la police. Apparemment, personne dans le grand campement n'était au courant de l'affaire et Pox a été pris totalement par surprise. »

**Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire J. F. MacLeod de la P.C.N.-O. (1876)**

### 75 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

Une étude exhaustive du Nord canadien ferait l'objet d'une publication volumineuse; des comptes rendus vous ont d'ailleurs été transmis de temps à autre sur la question; aussi, j'aimerais conclure mon rapport portant sur ce sujet précis par les observations et les suggestions suivantes. Je suis d'avis qu'il serait grand temps que l'on s'occupe du Nord, que l'on augmente le nombre d'hommes et de postes, et que l'on améliore les moyens de communication. Avec la venue du chemin de fer, les nouveaux colons s'approprient les terres disponibles; on cherchera de nouveaux espaces, ce qui nous conduira inévitablement plus au nord, où des milliers d'acres de sol fertile attendent la venue de l'agriculteur.

Les conditions actuelles dans le Nord sont sensiblement les mêmes que celles qui existaient auparavant dans nos régions organisées des Territoires: les moyens de communication sont difficiles, le service postal pratiquement ignoré, sauf pour la Compagnie de la Baie d'Hudson, qui, aujourd'hui, comme au début, transporte les dépêches arrivantes et partantes deux ou trois fois par an tout au plus. Ceux qui ont parcouru les régions inoccupées des Territoires savent qu'on peut y trouver de



be found at such places as Grand Prairie, Vermilion, Lesser Slave Lake, and other places along the Peace River and right down to Lake Athabasca where the banks are low, and the soil adapted for the growth of almost anything. Lack of regular mail service and the many difficulties attending transportation, together with the lack of police protection, hinders in a great measure, the settlement of the country. By having police at all points likely to be settled, and possible commercial centres, a step in the right direction will have been made for the advancement of the country.

**From Commissioner A. Bowen Perry's annual report of the NWMP, 1901.**

### 50 YEARS AGO

The dangers of life in the Far North are further illustrated by the fate of W. V. Haverson, a young American, who for two years worked as a trapper on the Arctic coast in the general vicinity of Baillie island. He made use of an old and unsafe whale-boat; he was last seen on September 7, 1925. Eskimos living on the other side of Langdon bay could see the smoke from his cabin, and on several occasions noticed him out in the whale boat sealing, but after freeze-up they saw him no more; also there was no smoke from his camp. Thinking that he might be ill, they visited the camp, taking some meat with them, and found no sign of him or the whale boat; his dogs were tied up, nearly dead from starvation. Word was sent to the police detachment at Baillie island, and Corporal Pasley visited the camp. On a calendar were notes as to fish and seal taken; these ended on September 17, 1925, a date on which a northwest gale occurred. Corporal Pasley expressed the opinion that the missing man met with some accident while out in the boat and was carried out to sea.

A feature of the case was the disappearance of a canoe, which Haverson had in addition to the whale-boat; it is believed that the wind blew it clear off the

grandes étendues de bonne terre autour de Grande-Prairie, de Vermilion, du Petit Lac des Esclaves et ailleurs le long de la rivière La Paix jusqu'au lac Athabasca; les bords y sont plats et le sol est propice à presque toutes les cultures. L'absence de service postal régulier et les nombreuses difficultés de transport, de même que le manque de protection policière, freinent considérablement la colonisation de cette région. Le fait d'affecter des policiers à tous les points de peuplement éventuels et dans les futurs centres commerciaux marquerait un pas vers le progrès du pays.

**Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire A. Bowen Perry de la G.C.N.-O. (1901)**

### 50 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

La vie dans le Grand Nord comporte des dangers, comme en témoigne le sort d'un jeune Américain du nom de W. V. Haverson, qui trappa pendant deux ans sur la côte Arctique, dans les environs de l'île Baillie. Il se servait d'une vieille baleinière peu sûre, et on le vit pour la dernière fois le 7 septembre 1925. De l'autre côté de la baie de Langdon, les Esquimaux pouvaient voir la fumée de sa cabane; à plusieurs reprises, ils l'aperçurent dans son embarcation en train de chasser le phoque, mais ne le virent plus après le gel. Pensant qu'il pouvait être malade, ils allèrent chez lui en emportant un peu de viande; mais, aucune trace de lui ni de sa baleinière. Ses chiens étaient attachés et presque morts de faim. Les Esquimaux avertirent le détachement de police de l'île Baillie, et le caporal Pasley se rendit sur les lieux.

Des notes relatant la quantité de poissons et de phoques capturés figuraient sur un calendrier et se terminaient le 17 septembre 1925; or, un grand vent du Nord-Ouest avait soufflé ce jour-là. Le caporal exprima l'hypothèse que l'homme avait dû connaître quelque difficulté à bord de l'embarcation et qu'il avait été emporté au large.

L'une des particularités de l'affaire fut la disparition d'un canot qu'Haverson

beach and out to sea; such incidents frequently happen in that region.

**From Commissioner Cartland Starne's annual report of the RCMP, 1926.**

## 25 YEARS AGO

### Schooner "St. Roch"

The R.C.M. Police floating detachment Schooner "St. Roch" arrived in Halifax from the west coast on May 29. Her voyage was by way of the Panama Canal, and she thus became the first ship to circumnavigate the North American Continent. During the summer and fall the "St. Roch" operated out of Argentia, Newfoundland, and was used extensively on various duties, her patrols sometimes extending as far north as Cartwright, Labrador, until her return to Halifax in November to undergo refit.

Aircraft are based at the most advantageous points throughout the Provinces. The kinds of aircraft in use are two Beechcrafts, one Stinson, one Grumman Goose, one Cornell (trainer), one Norseman, and two Beavers (bush type). The Stinson was involved in two mishaps during the year, one when it landed in a field of summer fallow and turned over on its back, the other during a gale at Fort Walsh, Saskatchewan, when a similar accident occurred. No injuries to personnel resulted. The operations of the aircraft extended to all parts of Canada, carrying out such duties as emergency flights; northern and regional inspection patrols; preventive service work; transporting prisoners, personnel, and northern supplies; and tracking. In conjunction with the land force its work has in all instances proven very effective.

**From Commissioner S. T. Wood's annual report of the RCMP, 1951.**

possédait en plus de sa baleinière; on suppose que le vent l'a emporté de la plage, et l'a poussé au large, comme cela se produit souvent dans cette région.

**Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire Cartland Starne de la R.G.C.C. (1926)**

## 25 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

La goélette Saint-Roch, portant à son bord un détachement de la Gendarmerie, est arrivée le 29 mai à Halifax en provenance du littoral occidental. Elle a effectué son voyage en passant par le canal de Panama, devenant ainsi le premier navire à circumnaviguer l'Amérique du Nord. Au cours de l'été et de l'automne, le Saint-Roch avait pour port d'attache Argentia (Terre-Neuve). Il a été affecté à de nombreuses opérations et ses patrouilles l'ont amené quelques fois aussi loin que Cartwright, dans le Labrador. En novembre, on le ramenait à Halifax pour l'entrer en radoub.

Dans chacune des provinces, les bases d'aviation sont avantageusement situées. Les appareils utilisés sont les suivants: deux Beechcraft, un Stinson, un Grumman Goose, un Cornell (affecté à la formation), un Norseman et deux Beaver (de brousse). Le Stinson a connu deux mésaventures durant l'année: la première, lorsqu'il atterrit dans un champ en jachère et qu'il capota; la seconde, dont le dénouement fut le même, eut lieu lors d'une tempête à Fort Walsh (Sask.). L'équipage en est sorti indemne. Les avions ont été en service dans tous les coins du pays et ont participé à des opérations telles que les vols d'urgence, les patrouilles d'inspection régionale et septentrionale, le travail de prévention, le transport des prisonniers et du personnel, le ravitaillement du Nord et le dépistage des malfaiteurs. Utilisé conjointement aux forces terrestres, ce service s'est toujours révélé d'une grande efficacité.

**Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire S. T. Wood de la R.G.C.C. (1951)**

# Mess-Catering

by Constable A. L. ALSVOLD

*reprinted from April, 1936*

"The Sergeant-Major wants you." The Assistant Division Orderly pokes his head in through the barrack room door.

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you."

There seems to be no doubt that I am wanted. I hasten into the august presence, wondering what I have done now.

"You sent for me, Sir?"

"Yes," the Sergeant-Major looks up. "You will take over the job as Mess-Caterer right away."

My startled sensibilities fail to immediately grasp the full portent of this significant information.

"I beg your pardon, Sir."

The Sergeant-Major looks pained, but eventually succeeds in conveying to me the idea that I am henceforth to do the mess catering.

"But, Sir," I suggest, "there must be some mistake. I don't know the difference between lamb stew and roast beef."

"That will do, Constable." By the raised eyebrows of my superior I gather that my remark has been classified as undue verbosity.

The scene thereupon shifts abruptly to the mess room, where a slightly bald-headed Constable with a strained facial expression may be seen sitting at a vacant table surrounded by a large number of journals, ledgers, cashbooks, and a vast heap of invoices. However, the difficulties of bookkeeping necessitous to my new vocation are mastered in due course, and now remains only the simple matter of providing an attractive, well balanced and

varied menu which will keep within the allowance laid down by the powers that be, and at the same time, will satisfy:

- (a) the medical officer (who insists that soup made from stock be provided at every noonmeal).
- (b) the cook (who insists that he cannot provide soup made from stock at every noonmeal).
- (c) the clerical section (which refuses to eat if not fed on pâté de foie gras and asparagus tips).
- (d) the mounted section (with a preference for steak and onions).
- (e) the recruits (who have appetites like horses).

The painful discovery is soon made that this requires putting a number of hitherto latent braincells to work, as well as sharply reducing the number of hours spent in a horizontal position.

However, as was said by some visionary or other in the early ages of history (presumably another Mess Caterer): — "Nothing is impossible," and when I glance over the following extracts from my diary, the sacrifice of a few pet hobbies pales into insignificance when compared with the satisfaction of knowing that I have been able not only to serve my fellow men, but also to serve them at the rate of so much per meal, as per Rules and Regulations, paragraph so and so — and, of course, the necessary amendments.

*Thursday* — Messwaiter complains that there is no hot water and why don't I do something about it.

Listen for 15 minutes to member with culinary knowledge explaining proper manner of preparing white sauce.

*Friday* — Get frantic report from cook



that the stove has broken down and it's only an hour to supper time and what'll he do.

Save situation by serving cold meat. At supper abused by members who threaten to register complaint if they have to eat cold meat every acidulous day of the week.

*Monday* — While doing up books for the day discover that allowance is overdrawn. Decide to serve prunes and beans more frequently.

*Tuesday* — Informed by Messwaiter that kitchen orderly has broken plate and two saucers and if this kind of thing is going to continue I had better get some tinplate.

Watch recruit consume half bottle of "H.P." sauce at dinner. Decide not to furnish "H.P." in future.

*Wednesday* — While shaving, hear signs of tumult in mess where breakfast is just starting. Hasten to investigate. Discover cause of uproar to be pot on serving table apparently containing boiled sawdust. Sample same. Tastes like boiled sawdust. Interview cook. And told that this is the edible bran I bought in a fit of economy the other day. Recall that I forgot to tell cook to mix bran half and half with rolled oats.

Find it necessary to keep out of sight for remainder of day.

*Thursday* — Receive present of measure of soft feed and neatly tied bundle of hay as reminder of yesterday's breakfast.

*Saturday* — Am waited on by deputation from clerical section and presented with carefully worked out plan for menu of somewhat lighter calibre. Meeting interrupted by member of mounted section with complaint that he is losing weight rapidly, and can't I do something about getting a little more substantial food on the table.

Suddenly remember that I have to phone a dealer right away.

*Sunday* — Notified by member that there was a cockroach in his soup. Tried the old gag about there being no extra charge for meat in the soup (no success).

*Monday* — Obtained fly-tox from Quartermaster Sergeant, and put kitchen staff to work. Informed by kitchen staff that cockroaches sit up and laugh when treated with fly-tox.

*Wednesday* — Off night guard this morning. To bed at 7 a.m. At 10 o'clock awakened by married member who wants to buy 3 pounds of butter on repayment. Lie awake rest of forenoon trying to figure out scheme for getting even with married member.

*Thursday* — Receive demands for shrimp salad and molasses. Promise to see what can be done. Decide that nothing can be done.

*Friday* — Work to 11 p.m. balancing mess books. Had figured on surplus of 40 dollars. Discover surplus is only 14 cents. Take 2 aspirins and go to bed.

## Vous avez été muté?

Les mutations à l'intérieur de la Gendarmerie **ne sont pas** automatiquement communiquées à la *Revue Trimestrielle*. Alors, pourquoi ne pas épargner à un ami l'effort de vous envoyer lui-même la revue, en nous faisant parvenir une formule de changement d'adresse.

# A Snowplane in Saskatchewan

by Constable D. G. ROSS

*reprinted from January, 1937*

It was a cold miserable day at a certain Northern Saskatchewan Detachment, when a complaint came in over the telephone that a farmer out in the district had lost some money. Twenty-five miles from the detachment and no teams available. But, yes, there was that new snowplane in town which was supposed to do forty miles an hour. The very thing, so all members of the detachment volunteered to do the trip before the Corporal in charge could even detail anyone!

The two men who were finally detailed were the two largest at the detachment for which the owner of the snowplane was truly thankful before the trip was over. Because, although these machines are supposed to develop fifty or sixty horsepower, they seem to have a great deal of trouble negotiating the hills they encounter on their trips. In fact, from the difficulty they cause, one would be led to believe that the fifty horses, whose power they are supposed to emulate, are extremely sick quadrupeds!

The first two miles out from the detachment were down hill, so the machine covered these in good time, but, after crossing the Saskatchewan River, the patrol had to be continued up the southern bank, which was a gentle slope perhaps a quarter of a mile long. The machine started up this like a bird, but unfortunately about half way up its fifty horses became very tired and refused altogether, so it just slid down the icy slope to the bottom again. The two large Constables looked at each other and squeezed through the door to help the diminutive owner push his infernal machine to the top. After an hour and a half of sliding and straining and, I am sorry to say, a certain amount of vituperation, they managed to drag and

shove this marvellous machine to the top of the rise.

The owner then comforted them by saying that it would be alright after that as the motor was nicely warmed up. It was unnecessary for the Constables to mention that they were in the same condition as the motor! However, the machine did go up the hard-packed hill from the Battle River bridge just as if it were on a race track, so the passengers took heart. Their ease was short-lived, however, as a slight bump in the ground loomed up on the icy highway, and once more their vehicle balked. The driver only needed one of the Constable's help this time, so the other just sat in the machine and wondered what had ever induced him to join the Mounted Police!

The appointment with the complainant was for ten o'clock in the morning, so when one o'clock rolled around and the travellers had gone just twelve miles of the twenty-five to their destination, it was decided to abandon this machine for the slower but surer means of transportation, namely — "Old Dobbin." It was not with regret that they left the snowplane in a farmer's yard, for had they not nursed it onward for twelve long miles? Each little knoll they had come to, the two perspiring policemen had got out and gently carried or pushed it up to the top and then had aimed it at the next one so that they could have a little ride as it coasted to the bottom. Then, out they got again to carry it up to the top of the next small bump. Finally the driver had mentioned that, even if his machine would not travel on the hard sleigh trail, it was absolutely unbeatable across stubble fields. This was where they really became closely acquainted with the lovely piece of machinery. It certainly preferred a soft resting place, because as soon as it had left

a suitable distance between itself and the highway, it seemed to pick out a nice big fluffy snowdrift and just leap into the middle of it. And nine hundred pounds of steel and canvas tends to make a philosopher of a man, especially after carrying this slight weight a distance of a quarter of a mile. The only real advantage this machine had was to keep its owner silent; this was done in two ways. The first was that the two Constables were airing their views on snowplanes in general and this one in particular in such a loud and vigorous manner that it was impossible for the owner to make himself heard. And in the second place, after attempting to excuse some of the vagaries of his brainchild, the expressions on the faces of the said Constables decided him that it were a better thing to suffer in silence. So, dear reader, it is needless to say with what regret they left the machine and owner behind.

With horrible threats of assault and even slight hints of justifiable homicide, they left the owner and begged him to either find out the trouble or set a match to the fuel tank before their return in the evening. It was almost with joy in their hearts that they continued their patrol behind the swinging tails of the farmer's team.

Their investigations taking longer than they had first thought, it was not until the next day that the two Constables arrived back at the snowplane. When they were still some distance down the road, the small man who was responsible for this atrocity humorously referred to as a snowplane, ran out to meet them and to assure them that now at last he had found the trouble and had rectified it. So the world seemed a very nice place indeed for a mile or two as the landscape rushed past the mica windows of their plane. Even the noise of the motor was music in their ears, so it was with sinking hearts that they listened to a few preliminary sputters, and then — silence. In fact, the silence was absolute as the driver climbed out and looked at his beloved motor. Then the final blow was struck at these two innocent and

long-suffering policemen, when he very sheepishly informed them that the vacuum tank had gone on strike for better gas. But by using the gas line for a siphon and by dint of much sucking and swallowing of the foul liquid, they managed to get the snowplane down all the hills on the road until they reached the next farmhouse. What about the other sides of these hills, the reader asks? The same old method, lots of "push."

At this farmhouse, the members of the patrol were able to purchase another and more concentrated form of gasoline, and after getting receipts in triplicate for this expenditure, along with a bottle to carry the gasoline in, they set out once again for their detachment. And, as if to say, "Why didn't you think of feeding me from a bottle before this?" the good old snowplane went like a swallow, up hill and down dale!

So they finally arrived back at the bank of the Saskatchewan River, having travelled the twelve miles in the amazing time of two hours and a half. It was then that the snowplane evidently decided that the Constables were living in a "Fool's Paradise," while sitting there in the back seat with pleased grins on their unshaven faces thinking of the long overdue lunches they would be eating in another half hour. So it just flew down the bank of the river and approached the sharp turn at the bottom at the tremendous speed of — say — twenty-five miles an hour. That might be a slight exaggeration, but taking into consideration the steep downhill slope and the different grade of fuel it was then burning, it is safe to say that it was doing twenty anyway!

Naturally, at this excessive speed, the strain on the driver, especially as he was a very good man with horses, was terrific. In order to make the turn, he steered away from the sleigh road in a large circle, as he busily explained that it was impossible to upset this offspring of his brain. Just as the contraption reached the point where even the average driver of a car would have swung out to make as broad a turn

as possible, this speed merchant pulled back into the trail and then swung around the bend, so the broad swing into the deep snow was utterly useless as a means of broadening the curve. At any rate, the rear of this infernal machine evidently was in as much of a hurry as the passengers, for it endeavoured to get around the bend ahead of the blunt nose of the plane, and if it had not been for a very inconveniently placed stump of a tree, no doubt the rear end would have won that particular race; but, as it was, the stump took a hand in the proceedings and brought the rear end up with a bang. Well, what could the poor machine do but make a liar out of its owner by tipping over in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Then the oil, the anti-freeze, and the gas all attempted to be first down the passengers' necks, and from the appearance of the Constables, it seems that the oil won by a goodly margin!

The hysterical laughter of the two "Cops" finally brought a couple of farmers to the scene of the accident, and after calming their horses, these worthy individuals finally extricated the two passengers. They all strained and pushed until they got the snowplane back on its three "untippable" runners, but the long-suffering police very politely but coldly refused the invitation to finish the journey across the river. They both agreed that it would be shorter and easier to walk back the quarter mile to the hotel in the Old Town, where they could phone for the police car to be sent out to get them.

So it is easy to understand, bearing in mind the old story of the Hare and the Tortoise, why the men stationed at our detachment prefer doing their patrols by team and cutter no matter what the weather or the distance to be covered, instead of by snowplane.

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## A Lost Hunter

by Corporal M. A. CHIASSON

*reprinted from July, 1937*

It frequently happens that our assistance is requested to take charge of a search party when a hunter or other person has been lost in the woods, and, as a member of the Force who has no previous experience may find himself stationed at a Detachment where a situation of such nature might develop, the following incident may prove useful.

This story refers to an employee of the Fraser Companies, Ltd., who decided to go deer hunting on an afternoon in November, 1932.

Leaving at noon on Friday, the place chosen for the hunt was along the Madawaska River, New Brunswick, on the eastern side near the Quebec boundary, and on Fraser Company limits.

The hunter was suitably dressed in woollen underwear, heavy shirt and breeches and wearing gum rubbers. His equipment consisted of a .35 Winchester rifle, a small axe, and a sheath knife.

About four inches of snow covered the ground in the woods and the thermometer was about 6 to 10 degrees above zero. The weather was cloudy with a strong north-west wind.

Not long after he had entered the forest, he tracked a deer and followed it closely, forgetting, as almost every enthusiast does, that the time was gliding by while he was getting deeper and deeper into the dense woods. Meanwhile snow was falling heavily, the wind was blowing strongly, dusk was setting in; suddenly he realized



the situation, and thought of his return. His empty stomach reminded him of a few biscuits, mixed up with ten rounds of ammunition in his knapsack. Sitting on a windfall, he soon devoured his little lunch, and, being so restored, tried to take a course which would bring him back to his starting point.

The storm was getting worse; the snow was falling more heavily; the wind was raging and darkness was coming on, but the hunter tried persistently to find his way out of the forest. He had not intended spending a night in the woods, yet he had to admit that he was astray. To stop and light a fire would have been the solution of an experienced woodsman, which he was not. However, after thinking it over, he decided that a fire certainly would be a warm and suitable friend for the night.

The question was then to start one. In his wet clothes, his matches had become dampened. The poor man was confronted with another problem; — no matches, no fire. What was then the course to follow? Only one, keep walking to try and keep himself warm and protect his limbs against the severe cold, during the long night. In the early hours of the morning the storm became fierce. Trees were falling here and there, while the lost hunter was gradually failing on account of exhaustion.

At last day broke, the storm eased, but the sky remained cloudy. The sun very likely would have been of no avail to him, as his mind was rather confused in regard to the cardinal points; yet gathering the rest of his courage he decided to take a course and began walking.

Throughout the night, to signal his location, he had fired all his ammunition but one round which came in very handy for his breakfast, as after he had walked for a few yards, he spied a nice rabbit. A quick move and shot, and the rabbit was his. To skin it was the work of a minute. But again came the question of fire. Wet matches gave the same result — no fire.

This fresh reverse burned out the rest of his courage. Noticing a fallen tree under which the ground was dry, he decided to take shelter there, as, on account of his exhaustion, he did not feel like travelling any further. With the aid of his axe he gathered a few limbs of fir and made himself a bed. Blocking the entrance of this rustic cavern with branches, he lay down and waited for assistance or death.

In spite of the tragic situation, fatigue soon brought him sleep. When he awoke and crept out of his cavern, to his great surprise it was morning again; that is to say, Sunday morning. This time the sun was shining, bright and warm. He tried to walk, but could not do so, his legs being almost helpless. After a few efforts he had to go back to his den, hungry and thirsty.

Early on Saturday morning his wife had given the alarm that she believed her husband was lost, and eight men gathered to begin the search. There was then about eight inches of snow on the ground, and the men were divided into crews of two and given orders to return not later than 5 p.m. to the starting point. Signal orders were also given as follows — if the man was found — three rapid shots, and if he was alive, to follow the first signal by two rapid shots after a one minute interval, so that assistance could be given with the shortest possible delay.

All efforts were in vain on Saturday, and at five o'clock the search party returned tired and discouraged.

On my return I notified the President of the Fraser Companies Ltd., and the principal officials, and asked for all available men to meet me at seven o'clock the next morning. The manager of the woods department gave me a map of the area where the man was lost, and the night was spent in studying it.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, ninety-eight willing and able men were gathered at the edge of the woods where the search was to be launched. Ample food was supplied for the men, and each

one given an axe. Five crews of three men were formed, of the best woodsman in the locality, and each crew given a rifle; the same signals as arranged for the previous day were to be used. Directions were given so that the forest, in a radius of eight miles, would be fully covered that day. They were also told to study all tracks or footprints which they might detect in their journey. The centre of this radius, which was a dense cedar swamp, was closely covered by the remaining eighty-three men, walking about ten yards apart, in case the lost man had met with an accidental death. Orders were given that these eighty-three men were to meet at a given point for lunch.

At one o'clock, all the men searching the cedar swamp had returned, but no sign had been found of the lost hunter. While resting and eating their lunch, every man had his version and story of the case, but no suggestion which would seem to offer much chance of success.

At one forty-five, while other steps were being planned to start the crews out again on a different angle, three rapid shots were heard, and after the agreed expiration of one minute, to our great joy, two more shots came. The lost hunter had been found, and was alive.

The excitement was intense and great relief was experienced by every member of the crew. Everyone wanted to start at once in the direction of the shots, but it was considered wiser to follow orders to the end, by rather detailing the men to go with the two who were bringing the news of the

finding, while the third remained to take care of the helpless man until further assistance could be given him.

Awaiting the messengers' return, twenty men were detailed to open a trail; these the best axemen available. Two men were sent to the nearest farm which could be reached by car, to call a doctor. Four men were also sent to pole a boat up the river to a point where we could meet them, approximately a mile distant from the farm.

At 2:45 p.m. the messengers arrived with the good news that the man was alive, and though almost helpless, there was still hope of saving his life.

Sixteen men were hurried to the spot where he had been found. Two by two, the men carried the patient until we came to the trail, and then the stretcher was used to where we reached the camp. Although the distance to the camp was two and a half miles, it was made in very good time. Upon arriving at the camp, it was thought wise to apply first aid to the patient and a few sips of strong tea were given him. His gum rubbers, which were frozen to his feet, were removed, and after rubbing his numbed feet and legs for twenty minutes the circulation returned, and he seemed fairly comfortable. The journey was then continued to the nearest farm. The doctor was waiting, and after a brief examination decided that it was a hospital case.

At 8 p.m. the lost hunter was in the hospital resting comfortably, and every member of the searching party returned home, satisfied and happy with their day's work.

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## DRIVE WITH CARE

The life you save may be your own.

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# When Sitting Bull Came to Canada

by George SHEPHERD

*reprinted from April, 1942*

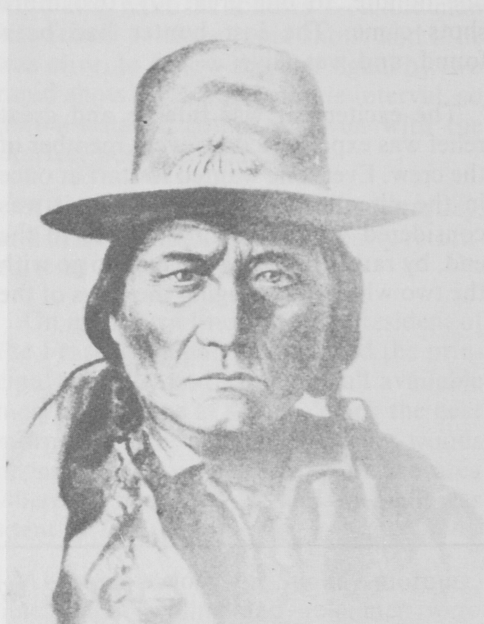
*When the Sioux nation began its migration to Canada in 1876 bloodshed seemed inevitable. Sitting Bull was a power not to be ignored. Yet a few North West Mounted Policemen marched into his camp, and before he realized it, his power was gone — supplanted by British law.*

Sitting Bull, the Sioux, Cypress Hills, Wood Mountain, Fort Walsh — what a wealth of memory these names stir in the historian's breast! How vividly they recall that never in the history of the Mounted Police was there a more gruelling task than that of policing the Cypress Hills-Wood Mountain region when the Sioux sojourned there from 1876 to 1881.

The onerous duty of maintaining surveillance over approximately four thousand warlike Sioux, more than seven hundred of whom were warriors, was undertaken and accomplished by a mere handful of Mounted Police. That not a single life was lost on either side ranks this as one of the outstanding achievements in Canadian history. Perhaps the secret of success was in the manner Insp. James Morrow Walsh and his men won the Indians' respect and esteem. The story is full of interest.

Late in May, 1876, Asst. Commr. Scheson Gosford Irvine of the North West Mounted Police, who was then stationed at Fort Macleod, received word from the Department of Justice, Ottawa, that owing to United States operations against hostile Indians of Dakota and Montana near the Canadian boundary there was a strong possibility the Indians would seek refuge in Canada. The Wood Mountain area was mentioned as the likely point of entry, and instructions were given to keep a sharp look-out for indications of such an undesirable influx.

In June, Inspector Walsh, the officer commanding the Cypress Hills district, was at Hot Springs, Arkansas, taking health treatments. From Ottawa he received a telegram advising him of the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn River in the United States, and requesting that he return to his post. He left immediately for Ottawa where he conferred with departmental officials, then proceeded by way of Chicago and the Missouri River to Fort Walsh, arriving early in August. His first act was to order two scouts (one was the well-known and trustworthy Louis Lavielle) to watch the boundary country to the south-east. He also instructed them to shadow the movements of the Sioux, and to learn if possible their intentions and approximate strength.



**Sitting Bull, famous medicine man and overlord of the combined Sioux bands.**



The information in Lavielle's report enabled Walsh to warn trading posts and Indian agencies south of the international line along the Missouri and Milk Rivers of impending assault. As a result these traders and agents forestalled the Indians and saved themselves from attack.

Meanwhile a large band of Sioux had assembled on Rock Creek, ninety miles east of Fort Walsh and several miles south of the United States boundary. In October Insp. Walsh proceeded with a Mounted Police patrol to the Wood Mountain country, and from a point where Rock Creek crossed the boundary, kept about one thousand Sioux under close observation. The band was still south of the line, and in due course the inspector was convinced that the expected raids on the milk River and Missouri posts would not materialize, for the time being at least. He accordingly retired to Fort Walsh, leaving scouts to keep an eye on the Indians.

The Sioux occupied their time hunting the buffalo between the boundary and the Missouri River, and it was not until November that their advance line entered Canada. Sub-Insp. Edmund Frechette with a small party of police and scouts immediately set out to visit the camp which consisted of fifty-seven lodges. During the trip the patrol suffered frequent delays and great hardship from storms and cold.

Inspector Walsh became uneasy at Frechette's continued absence and, taking along twelve policemen and three scouts, set forth to investigate. On the way to Legaré's trading post at Wood Mountain, which he reached on December 21, he met Frechette and his party weary from exposure and hours in the saddle. At Wood Mountain he learned that Black Moon of the Uncapapa Sioux, who was Sitting Bull's uncle and the hereditary high chief of the entire Sioux nation, had arrived there two days previously with fifty-two lodges, increasing to 109 the lodges that had crossed the boundary. The Indians of these lodges with their 3500 horses and thirty U.S. army mules, represented various division of the Sioux,

numbering about five hundred people. This number was eventually to increase to between four and five thousand by additions from the south.

About four miles east of the old Wood Mountain boundary commission buildings was a small settlement of half-breeds that had been established some years earlier. There also was the camp of White Eagle of the Santee band who with some 150 lodges composed of refugees from the Minnesota Massacre of 1862 had occupied that neighbourhood for years. The new arrivals from the United States had joined White Eagle who since crossing the border had been peaceful and law-abiding and resented the intrusion of other Indians, even though they were of his own nation, unless they were prepared to abide by the orders of the Mounted Police.

Among the newcomers, most of whom had participated in the annihilation of Custer and his command six months previously, the most important were Black Moon, Little Knife, Low Dog and the Man Who Crawls — all Uncapapas —, a formidable array of savage war-lords compared to the single police officer and handful of men who had come to face them. A council was held during which Walsh laid down hard and fast rules that were to govern the Indians' conduct while they remained in Canada; he then inquired regarding their intentions. They answered that they had been driven from their own country and were seeking peace. They begged for pity from the White Mother. They were starving and, other than lassoes, spears and arrows, had no means with which to hunt the buffalo. Like the Indians who had preceded them they pleaded for ammunition, and Walsh authorized Legaré to give them limited supplies. Thenceforth the Sioux were kept under constant observation by the red-coated representative of law and order.

Early in March, 1877, the inspector again set out, this time to visit a camp of newly-arrived Sioux on the White Mud Creek near the boundary. Hastening to

meet them, he travelled with three half-breed scouts in advance of his party. As he pressed onward he sent Scouts Lavielle and Daniels in one direction, choosing another for himself and Joe Morin, the third scout. Soon he came upon a fresh Indian trail. After some reconnoitring he followed it, speedily out-distancing Morin. Presently he saw an Indian on a hill-top; a few minutes later as he raced on he saw another, then another and within a matter of minutes he was in the midst of a camp in the course of erection by the main body of the Sioux.

The sudden appearance of Walsh caused a wild commotion. Because the lone policeman had ridden in from the south they at once supposed him to be the advance guard of attacking Americans. Women and children became panic stricken; screaming and yelling they started to pull down the partly-erected lodges. Horses stampeded, and a wild rush of fear-crazed Indians ensued. Medicine Bear of the Yankton band and Four Horns of the Tetons were the chiefs in charge. With their warriors they assembled on the opposite side of the White Mud Creek. Meanwhile Walsh was trying to explain the situation to them; but at the wrong moment Lavielle and Daniels, who were searching for Walsh, dashed out at break-neck speed from behind a hill. The shocked and bewildered Sioux trained their guns on the inspector and warned him not to advance across the creek. Lavielle there-upon grew angry and drew his gun to protect his superior officer.

The situation grew tense. Inspector Walsh realized he was in a precarious position. Calmly however he instructed Lavielle to put up his gun; firmly and patiently he stood his ground. After a lengthy discussion he and his scouts were permitted to cross the creek; the Indians were reassured, and began again to erect their lodges. Walsh learned that this particular band had suffered so much from treachery and raids on their camps, that the women and children had been denied even the merest semblance of comfortable

sleep for a year. Eventually he was conducted to Four Horns, the leader, who said, "We are Tetons and followers of my adopted son, Sitting Bull, who is yet south but looking this way."

A council was then held in the usual manner, and the chief made pleas similar to those made by his brethren who had preceded him — pleas that were granted as the others had been.

In mid-May, Sitting Bull, the renowned commander-in-chief of all the Sioux, crossed the boundary with 135 lodges and moved northward up the White Mud. Inspector Walsh immediately departed from Fort Walsh with four constables and two scouts, picked up the trail south of Pinto Horse Butte about fifteen miles east of the White Mud and soon came upon the main camp. There were then in Canada about eight hundred lodges of American Sioux, representing some four thousand Indians. The police were given a hearty welcome and requested by Spotted Eagle, the war chief, to come among them. Such was the climax of months of faithful watching and scouting. At last the Mounted Police were in the camp of the redoubtable Sitting Bull. A dramatic moment of Western history had arrived. It was said to be the first time in Sitting Bull's career that white men, soldiers or scouts, had marched into his camp and pitched their tents beside his own.

Afterwards Sitting Bull said in effect, "This is the most wonderful day in my life. Yesterday I was fleeing from white men, cursing and reviling them. Today they enter my camp and pitch their lodges beside mine. Boldly and fearlessly they enter my camp. Their White Forehead Chief (Walsh) walks to my lodge alone and unarmed. Alone and apart from his soldiers he quietly sits himself down cross-legged beside my lodge, giving me presents of tobacco and the hand of peace. It is a different world. What has happened? Is my reign at an end?"

These thoughts obviously confused Sitting Bull, and, though he knew it not, he had surrendered his power forever.

Upon being invited to speak to the camp, Walsh told the Indians about the laws of the Great White Mother and warned them there was to be no bloodshed, no fighting. Canada was not to be used as a base from which to carry war across the boundary.

Spotted Eagle, chief of one of the many bands — the Sans Arcs or No Bows — replied first. He voiced his people's grievances: they had been driven this way and that by American troops, and in order to save their women and children had been forced to cross the boundary.

Inspector Walsh was struck by the fine physique and bearing of Spotted Eagle. Immaculate in dress, handsome of face, his voice deep and resonant, this war chief was one of the most impressive savages on the plains. He carried a frightful weapon — three blades of steel in a long shaft —

which Walsh eventually obtained. Before guns had been procurable, the Sans Arcs had used lances to hunt and fight with instead of bows and arrows — hence their name. Later, Spotted Eagle together with Stone Dog and Broad Tail by their influence helped Walsh defeat in council Sitting Bull who wished to go south of the boundary line and attack General Nelson A. Miles of the United States Army.

After Spotted Eagle had spoken other chiefs told of tribulations suffered by their bands.

That night Walsh and his escort slept in the Indian camp. The next morning Sitting Bull and his followers were given an opportunity to witness how the law they had just promised to respect was enforced.

Three Indians leading five horses had just ridden into camp. Solomon, one of the half-breed police scouts, recognized the new-comers as aliens belonging to the Assiniboine branch of the Sioux. One, named White Dog, a notorious character on the plains, was considered a great warrior. The previous year Sitting Bull had tried to bribe him with three hundred horses into joining the camp for the summer.

Upon looking over the horses White Dog and his companions had brought in, Solomon discovered that three of them belonged to Father DeCorby, a Roman Catholic priest of the Cypress Hills. The scout passed the information on to Walsh, stating that Lavielle agreed with him that the horses had been stolen.

Inspector Walsh made sure of his ground before proceeding. He sent Solomon and Lavielle to examine the horses again. When they returned and assured him that they had not been mistaken — that the animals truly belonged to the priest — the inspector decided to make an example of the three horse thieves. He accordingly instructed Sgt. 'Bob' McCutcheon to make the arrest.

White Dog was standing with his companions among a group of fifty or sixty



**Spotted Eagle, war chief of the Sioux under Sitting Bull. His diabolical weapon — three buffalo knives in a long, hardwood shaft, is now in the RCMP Museum, Regina.**



warriors, telling them of his trip across the plains. Sergeant McCutcheon took two or three men and arrested the Indian trio. White Dog hotly demanded the reason; when the sergeant told him, the indignant warrior retorted that the horses were his and that he would neither give them up nor submit to arrest.

The inspector, realizing that if McCutcheon gave ground or retired for further orders police authority would be jeopardized, joined the group.

By this time the whole Sioux camp was in an uproar; hundreds of excited savages pressed around in an attempt to witness the outcome, and White Dog, apparently under the impression that the entire camp would stand by him, was more than arrogant.

Walsh stood before him and queried curtly, "You say you will neither be arrested nor surrender these horses?" — the scouts had caught the animals and brought them close. Putting his hand on the Indian's shoulder the inspector said, "I arrest you for theft." He then ordered McCutcheon to seize White Dog's weapons, and before the Indian or his friends had time to resist he was disarmed.

The camp grew silent and tense. Walsh called for leg irons to be brought, then standing in front of White Dog, he held them up and said, "White Dog, tell me where you got those horses, how you got them and what you intend to do with them or I shall put these irons on you and take you to Fort Walsh for trial."

For a moment no-one spoke; the camp was still as a grave.

White Dog's confidence suddenly deserted him. With evident reluctance he made a statement to the effect that he had been crossing the plains east of the Cypress Mountains when he found the horses wandering unattended over the prairie. He claimed he did not know it was a criminal act to take them, as it was the custom on Milk River below the boundary to assume ownership of stray animals until claimed by the owner.

Walsh, although he knew the Indian was lying, accepted the statement, and warned him never again to molest other people's property in Canada.

White Dog realized only too well that he had been disgraced before the entire Sioux nation. It was a bitter pill to swallow. As he was about to turn away he sneered at Walsh and muttered threateningly in his own language, "I shall meet you again."

The inspector immediately halted him and called an interpreter, then ordered White Dog to repeat his words. The Indian stood silent and sullen, refusing to speak, and when Walsh put into words his own interpretation of what had been said White Dog remained stubbornly silent. Walsh again lifted the leg irons. "White Dog," he said, "withdraw those words, or I shall put you in irons and take you to Fort Walsh for threatening a police officer."

The Indian was completely subdued, and said he had not meant the words as a threat. Walsh knew that this statement also was a lie, but, having won his point, accepted it as true. He had humiliated White Dog in the presence of the whole Sioux camp, had made him show fear of the law.

The lesson was long remembered by Sitting Bull. Within twenty-four hours of their arrival in Canada the Indians had witnessed British law in operation. Nine or ten men in a hostile camp of six or seven hundred warriors had brought to submission one of the most feared and desperate chiefs of the plains.

Upon his return to Fort Walsh the inspector made a full report to Assistant Commissioner Irvine, who had arrived from Fort Macleod, and it was decided to strengthen the detachment at Wood Mountain. Preparations were made for this undertaking, but before the expedition got under way six fine-looking warriors arrived with word that three Americans had been detained in the Sioux camp. Sitting Bull, realizing that the

prisoners' lives would be in grave danger should any of his young braves decide to take vengeance, had sent the warriors to the police for instructions. He did not know the white man's procedure regarding prisoners.

The envoys carried American cavalry carbines and belts full of ammunition, which they had taken from Custer's men during the battle for the Little Big Horn. They also carried coup sticks — strong, slender shafts of wood with round stones attached to the striking ends; Sitting Bull's nephew, who was in the party, had dispatched twenty-three of the enemy with his coup stick and proved it by the notches in its handle.

The next morning at six o'clock Assistant Commissioner Irvine started out for Sitting Bull's camp at Pinto Horse Butte. With him were Inspector Walsh, Insp. Edmund Dalrymple Clark, Sub-Insp. Edwin Allen, a few constables and scouts and the six Sioux Warriors. The journey was accomplished in two days of hard riding. The police were greeted by a long line of savages, each of whom insisted upon shaking hands with the white visitors. Walsh had succeeded beyond all expectations in gaining the respect of these "tigers of the plains."

Afterwards the police discussed the three American prisoners with Sitting Bull. One, the Reverend Martin Marty a Roman Catholic priest, was apostolic missionary of Dakota territory, another, John Howard, was General Miles' chief scout and the third was an interpreter. They had been sent by General Miles to ask the Sioux to return to the States — an ironical request, as Miles had been pursuing and fighting these Indians for years. The priest said he had been a prisoner for eight days. All three were immediately given their release.

Later the assistant commissioner and his men noticed some American horses among the Indian ponies.

Late that night Sitting Bull went into the lodge especially set aside for the assistant commissioner and told Irvine how Custer and his command had ridden blindly into the Indians; how the soldiers and Indians had fought in utmost confusion, with Custer's men using the butts of their rifles.

"The soldiers could not load their carbines," Sitting Bull said, "and the Indians pulled them off their horses killing them with knives and coup sticks. The horsemen were not even armed with swords."

Before the police patrol's return to Fort Walsh, the wily old chief expressed his pleasure at being in Canada and told of his intention to obey the laws of the Great White Mother.

In spite of his peaceful intentions, however, Sitting Bull found it hard to relinquish the power that once was his, and when a number of Nez Percés who were pursued by U.S. troopers to the border joined the refugee Sioux with tales of woe, it was the Mounted Police who prevented another blood purge of American soldiers south of the line.

With the swift destruction of the last buffalo herds and the consequent poverty of the Sioux refugees, many dejected bands reluctantly turned southward to accept rations from the U.S. authorities. Those who clung to Sitting Bull remained in Canada until July 1881. The period of their stay was fraught with peril and hazard, like a keg of gun-powder ready at any moment to burst into unpredictable destruction. But the Mounted Police sat tightly on the lid.

# Pilots of the North

by Acting Corporal J. H. BILTON

*reprinted from January, 1942*

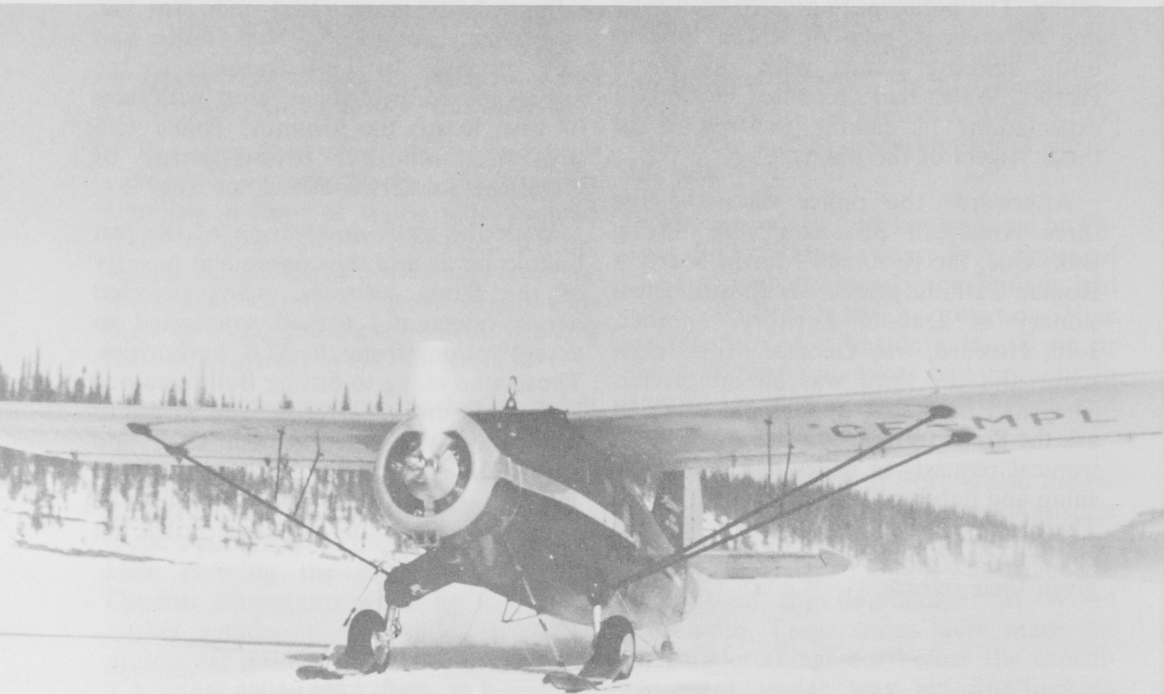
*The far north unfolds a tale of courage and daring in a game whose only stakes are life and death.*

On Oct. 21, 1933, the Northern Waterways power schooner *Speed II*, towing a scow loaded with thirty-five tons of freight and supplies for Port Radium from Fort Franklin, pushed its nose into the quickly-chilling waters of Great Bear Lake. A trip of nearly four hundred miles, it was the last one before freezeup.

Engine trouble and poor sailing weather caused much delay, and on October 26, a terrific storm arose. The

schooner's crew — Captain Victor Ingraham, engineer Potts, and two deck hands, S. Currie and Harry Jebb — struggled frantically to navigate the ship and save the precious cargo. The captain glanced backwards towards the cumbersome scow. He grew anxious about the seven freight handlers aboard her, men who were looking forward to jobs in the mines that winter at Port Radium, twelve hundred miles north-west of Edmonton. He knew that the barge's small engine was powerless in such stormy waters. He heard faintly the barks of the four sleigh dogs owned by one of the freight handlers.

**Norseman** aircraft, such as CF-MPL pictured here, were veritable "Angels of the North". Sturdy but light, they were the favourite of many a northern bush pilot.





The storm's fury increased. The waves, as if sensing a victim within reach, leaped and struck out like the tentacles of an octopus. The skipper realized there would be no let-up. He must take precautions quickly for the safety of the scow. Only drastic measures, he knew, would save the two vessels and prevent them crashing together. Taking advantage of a favourable onshore wind, he changed his course, skirted perilously close to land and cut the scow loose.

The barge ploughed through the lashing waves and eventually ran aground; the men with the dogs waded ashore. On the schooner, Captain Ingraham fought against time. He steered into deeper waters and the teeth of the gale. Night was coming on. With luck he would maintain steerage until the storm abated.

The floundering *Speed II* fared badly. Seasickness set in among the crew and Harry Jebb grew so weak he was unable to stand. His companions carried him past the cargo in the hold and made him as comfortable as possible in the fore-castle. For two days the ship drifted, driven like a cork before relentless wind.

Down below it was no easy task to refill the fuel tanks as they emptied. Engineer Protts took every precaution, but just before midnight of the third day after cutting the barge loose, an explosion thundered inside the engine room.

Guessing what must have happened, the captain rushed to investigate. Probably while the engineer was filling the tanks a sudden backfire had ignited the gasoline and — yes, that was undoubtedly what had occurred. The skipper opened the engine-room door. Flames and smoke enveloped him. He called to Currie on deck to lash the wheel and lend a hand.

Together they fought their way into the fire, but were driven back. Again and again they attempted to rescue their trapped comrades. Jebb in the fore-castle, Potts somewhere in the engine room, no doubt knocked unconscious by the force of the blast. But they fought a losing bat-

tle; smoke, flames, heat, formed an impregnable barrier which they could not pass. The struggle lasted for what seemed hours. Finally the skipper realized it was no use and that it was only a matter of minutes before the whole ship would blow up.

He and Currie retreated to the deck. Their eyes smarted, their throats were parched and their bodies ached with utter exhaustion. Reluctantly they lowered a rubber life-boat. There was no paddles. Quickly they drifted away from the blazing funeral pyre. And several seconds later when the life-boat was about a hundred yards distant the captain's surmise came true. With a thunderous boom the *Speed II* became so much debris — bits of twisted metal and scorched pieces of wood. Engineer Potts and Harry Jebb were never seen again; their bodies are entombed in the depths of Great Bear Lake.

That night was one of agony for the survivors. Their clothes and foot-wear, almost totally ruined in their fight with the fire, were poor protection against the sub-zero weather and spray from the waves as it spattered over them and froze; their small craft was half full of water; they were tired and hungry and haunted by the awesome memory of their experience on the schooner and their failure to save Potts and Jebb. Now and then a groan escaped the skipper as the pain in his badly-burned feet and hands intensified.

Time dragged on until the life-boat drifted ashore with its two ice-coated figures of misery. For a long time neither man could move; their limbs were cramped and numb. Finally, however, they managed to scramble to land and gain the shelter of a stand of timber about three hundred yards from the water's edge. Currie broke the ice on the remnants of his outer clothes, produced matches and laboriously built a fire.

The life-giving heat from the flames seeped in through frozen garments, partially drying them, and warmed the cold bodies underneath.

Presently the men slept — for how long neither knew. The fire was out when they awoke, and snow had fallen.

Somewhat refreshed, they struggled to their feet and followed the shore line hoping to locate the scow and its crew. The skipper had no respite from his burns; in addition, he was tortured with frost-bite. Later he was afflicted with temporary blindness, and for two days Currie was the “eyes” for both.

About noon of the third day after abandoning ship the blind captain and his guiding companion came upon the scow party. A bright fire burned on the beach near the water, a beacon for search parties. The new arrivals were made as comfortable as possible, but there was no medical equipment to render first aid and relieve the captain of his suffering.

The two days that followed were drawn-out stretches of hardship for the marooned men. They lived on a diet of dried potatoes and other foods that had not been ruined by water. They went hunting. The single caribou they got helped sustain the captain’s strength. Two of the men set out with the sleigh dogs in an attempt to reach the RCMP detachment at Port Radium. While crossing a bay the ice cracked open. The men saved only two dogs of the team of four and lost their sleigh. They returned to the camp, rested a day or two and started out again.

But none of the party suffered as much as the captain. He lay in the camp besieged by ceaseless aches and intense pain. There was no relief, no let-up, and as hour succeeded hour, hope of rescue dwindled.

Then on the third day a tiny speck appeared away off up in the blue. As it drew nearer there was a faint hum. The men on the ground looked up. Joy surged through them. It was a plane.

The machine circled carefully and presently landed upon the frozen surface of a small lake about three or four miles from the camp site. The scow crew hastened through the bush and soon met up with

the intrepid pilot, Harry Hayter, and his mechanic, a man named Mills. Hayter and the scow crew exchanged stories as they walked back to camp.

For two weeks at intervals Hayter of the Mackenzie Air Services Ltd. had cruised over the lake and along the shoreline in a ski-equipped plane. With the lake still open, engine failure would have meant disaster to him. It was the off-season for northern flying, the time of year when northern pilots are awaiting hard surfaces to form on the rivers and lakes. Pontoons then are impractical and dangerous for landing on the open water. Ice forms on them and weighs the machine down as soon as it lands.

Hayter had known “Vic” Ingraham a long time, and was worried at his non-appearance. He decided to take a chance and go out to see if he could locate him. With Mills he set out from Port Radium on the afternoon of October 29. The bay was frozen over; with the exception of a few small bays at widely-spaced distances there was nothing but open water.

Heavy fog the first day of his flight had forced him to return to Port Radium. It was not until November 8 that he spotted the barge about four miles from Caribou Point. Incidentally while he was searching for the crew of the *Speed II* he located five other encampments of prospectors who had been delayed by the storm and early freeze-up and were overdue at Port Radium.

Hayter’s search set a new all-time record for off-season flying in the north. His machine was out of the air only twelve days.

A stretcher was speedily improvised and the helpless skipper carried through the tundra and bush to the waiting plane. Mills, the mechanic, remained with the scow party as there was only room in the machine for the pilot and the sick captain.

Meanwhile two human icicles and two dogs had walked into Port Radium. They were Stan Hooker and Bill Parker, the two men who had set out with the dogs six

days before. They had travelled on foot the 125 miles from the wreck to the mining town. When they related what had happened, Sgt. E. G. Baker in charge of the RCMP detachment lost no time in sending out a second plane to the stranded men. In short order the entire scow crew were safe in Port Radium.

Dr. Byrnes, the local physician, treated them, but he realized that an operation was necessary to save the captain's life. The small mining town did not have suitable equipment or accommodation for such a case.

It was impossible to fly south as freeze-up was not complete and landing was dangerous. Aklavik, 600 miles north, had by this time been frozen over for a month. It was therefore selected.

All was made ready. The patient was carried into the cabin of the plane. Dr. Byrnes followed and pilot Walter Bythell opened the throttle. They were away for Fort Norman *en route* to Aklavik.

Late that afternoon the flying ambulance swept down into Fort Norman to spend the night. Dr. Byrnes received medical supplies for his patient from the police stores. Captain Ingraham seemed to be his old cheerful self, but his drawn face indicated that his bandaged hands and feet gave him great pain.

Early the next morning the wireless operator got in touch with Aklavik. Un-

favourable flying weather was reported. Aklavik was thereupon asked to direct Dr. Urghart to have everything in readiness at the hospital and to keep Fort Norman advised concerning the changing visibility.

At nine o'clock the weather showed signs of clearing. Bythell decided to go aloft and look things over. The RCMP personnel were standing by at the lake. The suffering man was already made comfortable in the plane when the pilot arrived from the wireless station with word that things did not look promising farther north. He resolved however to chance it. In a moment the machine soared into the skies.

A few hours later the trip was accomplished. Captain Ingraham was rushed to the hospital where Dr. Urghart performed several major operations to save the injured man's limbs. Gangrene had reached an advanced stage, but the surgeon checked it successfully. Amputation at the ankles was necessary and portions of the captain's fingers had to be removed.

Today in Yellowknife, not far from Port Radium, the local postmaster and proprietor of a small store faces the rigours of the north. His feet are artificial, his fingers are mutilated, tangible reminders of an incident in his past when pilots of the air fought successfully against time and the formidable elements of the north to save a pilot of ships from death.

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# An Arctic Tale



by W. H. B. HOARE

*reprinted from January, 1941*

*The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold.*

— Service.

It was a rather weird experience, and though it was years ago I still recall the details vividly. It happened one winter while I was travelling alone the 70 miles from the mouth of the Coppermine river on the Canadian Arctic coast to Bernard Harbour where I was to spend Christmas. Broken ice and pressure ridges were piled high against the sheer rugged cliff that skirts Cape Krusenstern, and I decided to cut across the low ten-mile portage behind the cape and save my five weary dogs a tough pull.

Fine weather had held for several days, a rare phenomenon in that district at that season; but now there was a portentous calm, and I felt that a blizzard was about to strike. If one did, travelling would be next to impossible, for all landmarks

would be obliterated and my compass was practically useless so close to the magnetic pole.

Halfway across the portage, I came to a deserted Eskimo village of nine igloos. It was a good camping place, and something inside me — prudence or that so-called sixth sense, call it what you will — seemed to be clamouring for attention, warning me not to go any further until the weather was less threatening. However, being anxious to get to Bernard Harbour without delay, I pushed on.

I had gone no more than three miles when it started. A light puff of air sent up a spiral of snow, and within ten minutes howling winds were blowing the ground drift of loose snow to a height of at least 20 feet. The blizzard was becoming more severe with each passing moment, and I was headed right into it. Soon the lead dog was obscured from my view. I clung



tightly to the tail line of the sled as I ran, aware that if it slipped from my grasp I would be stranded.

Realizing presently the futility of trying to buck such weather. I wheeled the dogs and let them race at top speed before the storm back to the deserted village.

I chose the only igloo whose walls had not been breached by the village's late inhabitants, and after unhitching and feeding the dogs, I cut away the block that filled the door-way of the snow porch. Next I put fresh snow on the bed platform, carried in my sleeping sack and grub box, then from the inside sealed up the door-way for the night.

After I had quickly cooked and eaten a meal, I placed my single deerskin on the snow bed, my sleeping sack on top of it and crawled in. A long odd-shaped bundle lashed securely in deerskins lay on the other side of the bed, and drowsily I wondered what it was. It belonged to the Eskimos who had camped here, and they would call for it later. That much I knew. For when Eskimos leave a place in a hurry they frequently cache some of their belongings in sealed igloos. I had often noticed this in my travels. The bundle beside me, however, was much longer and narrower than others I had seen; but I was too tired to satisfy my curiosity and before long fell fast asleep.

The storm was one of those freaks of nature that begin in very mild weather, then in a few hours the temperature drops to 35 below while the wind increases in velocity to 50 miles an hour or more. During the night, I awakened chilled to the bone, got up, lit a candle and undid the raw-hide thongs of the mysterious bundle sufficiently to allow me to pull out three deerskins of many that were neatly folded on top. One of these I placed under my sleeping sack, hair side up; the other two I used as covers. In the darkness again and now quite warm I tried to sleep.

But a haunting presence seemed to be near me, seemed to fill the igloo. As the wind howled wildly outside this presence

seemed to chant in accompaniment, "It is wrong — it is-s wrong — it is wro-o-o-n-n-ng to take those skins — to take those skin-n-n-n-s. Put them back — put them-m-m back — put them ba-a-a-ck."

This is foolish superstition, I upbraided myself. I tried to sleep but the unearthly lament persisted, kept me awake. Finally I got up again, put the kettle on the primus stove and brewed a good strong pot of tea.

While waiting for the tea to steep I approached the bundle, candle in hand. With my free hand I turned down layer after layer of deerskin. When I reached the last one, a finely-tanned fawn skin, the light flickered and threw weird shadows on the wall, and I had a premonition I was in for a shock.

Trembling, I lifted this skin. To my amazement, there before me was my old Eskimo friend, Ha-la-lak. He was dead of course. His wide eyes stared up at me; in the wavering light they seemed to be very much alive, to be dancing with amusement. His mouth was twisted into what looked like a grin of welcome, as though he were glad to see me.

I drew back with a shiver, then suddenly recalled an Eskimo custom I had all but forgotten. When an Eskimo of this region dies, his relatives wrap up his remains and leave them in the place of death because his spirit is supposed to hover there for awhile; after the spirit departs, the body is removed to the burial ground. It was a practice of which I was well aware; yet I had never actually encountered it, and this unexpected introduction to it through the discovery of my old friend startled me greatly.

By now the tea was ready, and I gulped down a cupful. Remembering that Ha-la-lak had shared many a pot of tea with me, I gravely bowed to his remains and said, "Wish you could join me, old man."

I wasn't being flippant. I really meant what I said, for I had always enjoyed his company. After that the turmoil inside me ceased. Tranquility was restored to the igloo.

Murmuring, "Friend Ha-la-lak, my need is greater than thine," I once again crawled into my sack, pulled the skins over me and settled back comfortably. The wind now sang a different refrain.

"You're welcome, you ar-r-re welcome — you are welcom-m-me. Sleep gently — slee-ee-p gently — sleep gentle-e-e-y."

For three days and nights I remained storm-bound. But during them I rested

more peacefully than ever before or since in bad weather. Even though dead, Ha-la-lak somehow was good company and I was glad to have him there with me. When the storm cleared I lashed him in his deerskins again, re-sealed the door of his Taj Mahal and, bowing reverently in front of it, said under my breath, "Good-bye, old man. Sleep well."

With a shout to my dogs, I was away.

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## The King's Men

by Corporal W. G. KERR

*reprinted from January, 1941*

And it came to pass that on the eve of Christmas in the year 1921 and in the City of Lethbridge, a multitude of the King's men, wearing red garments of parts, gathered to feast and commune with the Spirit, notwithstanding that the Scriptures of the King's men held the Spirits to be likened unto the fifth column in these days. And at the going down of the Sun did they gather at the festive board and unto them came the Lord of the King's men who spake thusly "Behold, I have come among you as is fitting, but Lo, I goeth from you which to you is more fitting." And none said him Nay!

And they all waxed merry for perchance the fowl, having legs well muscled, had caused much "Kick." And the Deputy of the Lord of the King's Men, known in his own presence as the Sergeant Major but, in the tents of the fatigue men, as one much cursed, did converse as one who too had a Mother and likewise did hold from Men's gaze the sneer of his Office, even unto the lowest of the Pariah, he that was orderly of the King's table. For through the miracle of "Kick" none did see the badges of servility or greatness upon each other, and all did leave the Spirit prevail.

And music was made and all did sing the songs that are not of the Temple. The King's Men, being of much Modesty, spake not of the deeds they had done but spoke long and much of One who travels in the Bazaars and a Maid who tendeth the Kine.

And when many of the King's Men had swathed their bodies with the coverings of the Festive Board and lay each by their fellow beneath it, the Sergeant Major spake thus: "Get you gone to your couches and be you there when day breaketh" and all men had knowledge of which he spake.

And it came to pass that among those who had not fallen by the wayside was one who held the rank of Corporal, and Lo this Corporal liketh not the way the Sergeant Major spake unto the King's Men. And he waxed wroth, and called unto him others, who knew naught whereof he spoke, but careth not a whit, and to them held forth on the fate of Tyrants.

And on the land, by the houses of the King's Men, were Cannons that had been used in the War across the Sea, such as the

Rulers had caused to be placed in all Cities. And these Cannon had among them not one breech and rust lay heavy upon them. But the Corporal had, in the War beyond the Sea, been one of those who had caused these Cannons to confound the Foes, and did see by them a weapon to wreak vengeance on the head of the Sergeant Major. And the King's Men he had called unto him praised him when he spoke thusly.

"Behold! We shall point the Cannon at the dwelling place of the Sergeant Major and shall bury him in the ruins of his abode." And all that were there were made merry at the words of the Corporal.

Toiling mightily, the Corporal and the King's Men girded their loins and caused the Trial piece of the Cannon to be raised and moved so that the Cannon would point at the house of the Sergeant Major. And the things that had been of the Cannon were not, so that the Corporal caused stones and wood to be placed that the Cannon did truly point to where he had willeth. And when all was seemly the Corporal spake unto his Company.

"Now will we blow the Sergeant Major unto the land of his Fathers."

But the Corporal, slave to a mind that now was not as other minds, thought not that the Cannon had left unto it naught but its fame from the time of its greatness, and thus cast his eye along it and waited for the sound of a great noise that would cause wailing and gnashing of teeth in the house of the Sergeant Major.

Yea Verily! The Corporal was of great Faith, but likewise was the Sergeant Major, for he had cast himself down behind his Coal Box so that he could not be within when the Corporal would wreak vengeance upon his abode.

When the dawn cameth the Sergeant Major and the Corporal did come unto the house of the Cattle, and the Sergeant Major did look as the Sheep of the Fields, and the Corporal as one whose lower garments had droppeth, but all the King's Men did cast down their eyes and say "Woe unto us for there is much pain in our heads."

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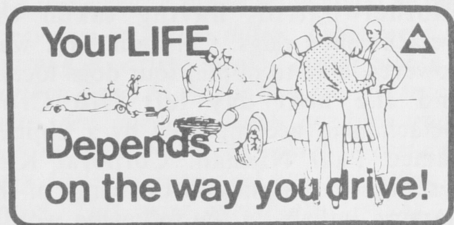
## Application for Position

Dear Sir: —

Finish my course two years ago, my experience detection crime first to cover the shadow, second tracing man on property, third remembering faces, fourth forgery and counterfeit money, fifth murder cases, sixth every kind in investigation and heavy criminal case, it doesn't make me no difference white, yellow, or black people its all in my had, this is my trade.

I had wrote you two letters and you didn't give me no position, if you except

my this letter and give me a good position for my living, so I will bring you some good news from here. If you want a good prove about myself so I got two High Officials to prove that.



# A Yukon Patrol

*reprinted from July, 1938*

On Saturday, February 12th, 1938, late at night, a certain Charles Linklater, a Yukon trapper, arrived at Old Crow Detachment and reported that an Indian named John Thomas — or alternatively, John Porcupine — and his family were starving in their tents on the Bluefish Lakes, approximately 70 miles south of Rampart House, Y.T.

Linklater's story was to the effect that he and an Indian named Paul George and his 14-year-old son, had been camped with the Thomas family and had been in the same predicament. Their state had in fact been so bad that all their dogs had died, leaving them without any means of transportation. Fortunately they were able to get in touch with a white trapper, named Harold Ostrude, living approximately 30 miles distant from their camp. Ostrude gave the starving persons all his supplies and then with his dogs brought Linklater, Paul George and his son, and Charles Thomas — eldest son of John Thomas — to Rampart House to obtain assistance for the remaining members at the Thomas camp whom he was forced to leave behind. Obtaining a fresh team of dogs at Rampart House, Linklater then proceeded to Old Crow Detachment to obtain help and further supplies.

The only member of the R.C.M. Police at Old Crow at the time of Linklater's arrival was Corporal E. A. Kirk, the other member of the Detachment and the Special Constable being absent on another patrol, having taken the Detachment's dogs. Corporal Kirk was, however, able to obtain four dogs locally and the next day left Old Crow Detachment, accompanied by a trapper, named Paul Nieman. Corporal Kirk describes his journey to the camp of the starving Indians in the following words:

*I left Old Crow detachment and accompanied by H. P. Nieman, driving his own train, started for the Bluefish Lakes which are some 70 miles south of Rampart House near the International Boundary and across the Black River divide. We were heavily loaded, carrying provisions for ourselves for ten days, dog feed for three dog teams for ten days, and sufficient relief rations to allow us to bring in the remaining nine members of the starving family to Old Crow.*

*On February 15th, we arrived at Rampart House. We found Harold Ostrude, Charles Thomas, Paul George and his son, awaiting us. Upon conversing with Ostrude, it appeared that the Thomas family were in every bit as serious a predicament as that painted by Linklater; that we would have to transport the family to Old Crow, and that at least five, and possibly seven members of the family would have to ride the sleds at all times. Consequently a team of five dogs belonging to Mrs. Rachel Cadzow was also hired for the trip. These were driven by Charles Thomas, who had accompanied Ostrude to Rampart House.*

*On February 16th, we proceeded on from Rampart House, accompanied now by Ostrude, returning to his trap line, and Charles Thomas, driving the Cadzow dogs. Just as dark fell on February 17th, we reached the Thomas camp.*

*About ten miles before we reached this camp, we met John Thomas and his 16-year-old son, Ben. They had a small fire at a point where, some months before, a moose had been killed by wolves. All that remained of the moose was the undigested contents of the stomach and some blood-soaked snow. The former was propped up against the fire thawing, and the latter was gathered into a little heap. John and Ben were trying to eat the remains of the stomach upon our*



arrival. The blood was being taken home for the small children, John said. It was the work of a few moments to thaw out a can of soup and make some broth for them. After they had eaten a little of their broth, John was loaded into the sled driven by his son Charles, and Ben was loaded into my toboggan and we went on. About halfway to the camp we had to stop and feed them a little more broth, then proceeded, and, as mentioned before, arrived at the camp on the 17th, as darkness fell.

Immediately upon our arrival all the starving persons were given a little hot milk, followed throughout most of the night, with broth at hourly intervals. The smaller children were just getting into a pitiful condition; we could hear them crying some hundreds of yards before we arrived at the camp, through the still air. One of the boys, Henry, aged about eight, was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, both eyes being swollen shut. However, what few provisions had been left with the family had been rationed out very carefully by the father, and together with a few muskrats which had been secured from the lake, kept the children from being in quite as bad shape as the older members, but nevertheless they were haggard and emaciated and had noticeably swollen stomachs.

One member of this family, Elijah Thomas, aged 18, had died at the commencement of February. He became unwell from some undiagnosed ailment just about the time the family found themselves getting in a serious predicament and was apparently in no condition to withstand the situation. Apparently he was only semi-conscious for three days before his death, at times raving and suffering great agony. There can be no doubt but that his death was caused indirectly by hunger, and directly by the articles of diet all were reduced to eating, viz, rawhide of caribou and moose.

The Patrol remained at the camp over February 18th; while Harold Ostrude continued his journey to his trapping cabin some thirty miles to the eastward. The day was spent in attending the needs of the

Thomas family, feeding them as carefully as possible but endeavouring to get them in good enough condition to enable us at least to start our return the next day. The loads we had been able to bring out of supplies and dog feed, made it imperative that we start our return as soon as possible, and it was quite apparent that we would have to take the family with us for we had not seen any sign of living game on the way out.

On the 19th, our return to Old Crow was commenced. Our sixteen dogs were divided into four trains of four dogs each. This made for less bulky loads. Most of the equipment the Thomas family had at their camp was also brought in. It included their big tent, which was necessary on the journey, their blankets, clothing, rifles and ammunition, etc., all of which were of vital importance to them. Five children, Abraham, Henry, Jacob, Joram and Phares, aged one, eight, five, three and one years of age, had to be carried in the sleds at all times. Mary Jane, aged thirteen, and the mother, Mary Thomas, were given an occasional lift when conditions permitted, all the others had to walk at all times.

Travelling in this manner, progress was quite slow, and frequent stops had to be made for nourishment. However, we finally reached Old Crow, without mishap, about 4 p.m. of February 23rd. By this time the whole family were showing improvement, getting much stronger and losing some of their haggardness, the children recovering good spirits. The boy, Henry, who had been suffering from badly inflamed eyes, had almost recovered due to frequent daily washings with boracic acid and the application of an opthalmic ointment.

The most striking thing about the territory covered was the absolute absence of game signs. A rabbit track might be seen every ten or fifteen miles. There were no ptarmigan or signs thereof, and no moose or caribou signs. In the fur line, two fox tracks were seen, one mink track, one lynx track, and two marten tracks, which is certainly very little in over two hundred miles of travel. This quite effectively explains the

predicament in which these Indians found themselves.

It appears that the Indians concerned, just after New Year, decided that they would move from Rampart House to the Black River side of the divide to hunt marten and moose, the animals concerned being usually found in the region — moose especially — in January and February, and the occasional caribou. Of the marten they trapped a half dozen. Of moose or caribou they did not even see signs. They did not turn back then when their supplies ran low for they had nothing to turn back to, as the game situation throughout the whole district was the same during December and January. It is not hard to realize what would eventually happen in an encampment of fourteen natives and twenty dogs when, day after day, their hunting resulted in nothing.

In this case it resulted in the death of Elijah Thomas, and the death of their twenty dogs, and, but for the fact that Harold Ostrude came to their assistance, there is no doubt but that more fatalities would have resulted. For these people had been reduced to eating, and had eaten, all the caribou skins they used in their bedding, all the raw moose skins of which their toboggan baskets were constructed, all their babiche excepting that which remained in the snowshoes they were using, and, upon the arrival of assistance, were eating the contents of the stomach of a wolf-killed moose.

It is felt that the actions of Harold Ostrude in this matter, should be remarked upon and have especial attention drawn to the. Ostrude is an American citizen of Scandinavian stock. He is not robust and is about 50 years of age. For some eight or ten years he has resided here engaged in trapping; for the past two or three years on a tributary creek of the Black River, about ninety miles south of Rampart House. What supplies of provisions he took to his location during last fall he packed in, on his own back and the backs of his dogs. That region is not easy of access during the summer months. During January, just before he was reached by the Indians con-

cerned, he calculated that he had about six weeks meat and provisions left and would have to go to his cache at Rampart House, in early March, for more.

Upon being reached by these starving Indians, he gave them of his meagre supplies, and realized that in their condition he had better try to get them back to Rampart House. This he tried, but soon discovered that the daily mileage made with only five dogs was so small that his supplies would not last and that soon he would be in the same state as the Indians. For the reasons referred to he established John Thomas in a camp on Bluefish Lake and told him to wait there with his family until assistance arrived giving the family the bulk of his remaining provisions and dog feed to use as long as possible. Then on February 9th, he left for Rampart House taking with him Charlie, the eldest Thomas boy, Charles Linklater, Paul George and son. They made Rampart House in three days. And according to the Indians — as well as to what admissions I was able to get from Ostrude — Ostrude travelled those three days on no other nourishment than tea, nor did his dogs have a thing to eat. What provisions he had not left with the Thomas family were fed to the Indians accompanying him. During these three days it was necessary for Ostrude to go ahead of his dogs breaking trail for the entire party to follow through the deep snow and over a route where no trail had been opened this year. To add to his difficulties during these three days the thermometer ranged between 30 and 56 degrees below zero.

In bringing his report to a conclusion, Corporal Kirk pays tribute to the courage and endurance displayed by Ostrude in his efforts to bring the starving Indians to a place of safety under conditions of a most arduous nature. In this tribute we must certainly join. While Ostrude undoubtedly felt that he was only performing a duty under the Northern Code to fellow humans in distress, it is not every individual who would have carried out his mission with such selfless determination as that displayed by him in this instance.

It is pleasing to know that both he and Corporal Kirk have since been the subjects of official commendation and con-

gratulation for the action taken which resulted in the saving of the lives of the Thomas family of Indians.

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## The Forgotten Woman

by One of Them  
*reprinted from April, 1946*

"Many and varied are the experiences of the man on detachment. So, too, are those of the unpaid and patient members in the Force, though not of it, who maintain the men who maintiens le droit."

Though an assiduous reader of the Quarterly, I look in vain through each number for any mention of the mainstay of the Force — my colleagues will know well enough that I refer to the detachment man's wife. You smile and ask, what do we do. What, gentle reader, don't we do?

We mow the lawn; we scrub out the office and keep it clean; we answer the phone; we never dare ignore a knock on the office door — the first cake I ever attempted was a charred ruin by the time I

got back from answering that door; we are the matrons, unpaid until some kind soul warns us, and we refresh the memories of our masters when they enquire with bewildered look, "What the devil did I do last Thursday afternoon?" What do we do? What don't we do?

When I left my home in the East, my sister Emily, who thought I should take along a six-shooter and a saddle, called in farewell, "See if you can't catch yourself a real 'Mountie'!"

I never thought of her words again until I was at the little county hospital on the prairies, which was my destination. There were two Mounted Policemen in the town, but the badges of orthodoxy — the red

"My very first guests."



coats and the horses — were missing. But, horse or no horse, one of them came in handy when a fine old gentleman patient in the ward upstairs suddenly cried out that he had succumbed to the lure of the South Seas and wanted to bask on the surf-pounded sands outside the hospital — that at 4 o'clock on a December morning with the temperature about 40 below zero.

And so my "Mountie" and I were married. I lent him \$5 to make up the \$500 necessary as stipulated in Rules and Regulations, section 222, and he went into a frenzy over something he called "permission" which he had overlooked until after the invitations were out.

My mother and sister Emily came West for the wedding. The bridegroom and best man wore such beautiful red coats. They were really gorgeous. Emily spent most of her time ogling (unsuccessfully) a young man from the next detachment, and thought that the wives should wear some kind of uniform too. My mother said if she were 20 years younger she'd set her cap for a redcoat herself, but a Mrs. (Corporal) Smith who was present declared, "You can't eat them."

Off we went to what was his, and of course my, first detachment. I received a long harangue on what could be called "Keeping Your Nose Out of the Office." The office, I discovered was a place of greater sanctity than the something or other in Mecca, not to be entered except to answer the phone or the door during his lordship's absence to say that he was away. And, oh yes, for the purifying cause of washing the place out.

"Wild horses," I said to myself one morning after he had gone, "wouldn't drag me into his old office."

The door swung open at the first tentative touch of my hand on the knob. "I suppose," I sneered, still to myself, "I should take off my shoes and make an obeisance."

There in the corner was a cell. I took the

only practical way of learning if anyone was inside — I pulled the door open and looked in. The ghost of Pandora must have giggled over my shoulder when I wondered how a felon must feel. Slip went my heels on the metal floor and clang behind me went the treacherous door which I clutched for support.

"Serves me right," I breathed. I pushed on the door, but it refused to budge.

"It must be stuck a little," I said, aloud this time. I pushed harder.

By 11 o'clock that morning I was quite worn out, what with shouting and trying to reach the door handle. It was 8.30 in the evening before the lord of the manor, the wretch, came home and released me. That was over four years ago, but last week when he came in singing, off key of course, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" I toyed with the idea of letting him have some rice pudding smack between the ears.

A few days after my cell experience I began to get lonesome. I had painted the kitchen cupboard twice and was trying to think of something else to do. Finally I settled down to write a letter to mother and Emily. They had made me promise to write every three days so that they would know I hadn't been scalped.

I wished some neighbour would call, if only to try the first doughnuts I had ever made. He had gone out that morning muttering something about a tennis court — at least that's what I thought it was — and that he would be back at 2 o'clock.

At 1:30 p.m. I looked up from the letter I was writing, and there they were — visitors at last. Coming up the walk was an elderly woman, and believe me, the green coat she wore did nothing for her figure. She had on a black straw sailor with a blue feather which lurched precariously with every step she took. Bringing up the rear were two small boys.

I had the door open before they reached the front step. "I'm so glad you came," I



gushed, almost yanking them in. Though I did think they might have taken off their overshoes, I pretended not to notice and rattled on, "You're my very first visitors."

They seemed a little taken aback by the eagerness of my welcome, but there was no time for questions. Before I got them settled, an Indian in a bright green shirt who chewed snuff and a gentleman with a beard appeared at the door. Wait until I tell Emily I have entertained a real Indian, I gloated as I ushered them in.

These five were only the vanguard. Soon visitors overflowed into the kitchen. "My very first guests" and I had to use the cups from my dinner-set.

While pouring I tried to make conversation with the Indian. "You heap big chief gottum lots wampum?" I asked archly.

His grunts made me wish for my Girl Guide Manual, though I was sure one grunt meant "yes."

"You catchum plenty scalps at Frog Lake massacre?" I went on desperately.

He gave me a look which was a dead ringer for one that a doctor in the hospital where I had trained once gave an intern who recommended amputation of the head for a patient suffering from a troublesome scalp ailment.

"Hardly, madam," he replied in dignified tones. "My paternal grand-parent was a mere youth at the time."

The man with the beard asked me twice when court would start, but rather than betray my ignorance I affected not to hear him.

Then the office door slammed, signaling the master's return. He came through to the pantry where I was cutting up the last of the bread. Incidentally there were only two trains a week — no more bread until Monday. But what was bread where my very first tea party in my own home was concerned?

"What the hell are you doing?" he screamed. "You've filled the house with

an assorted gang of hen-roost robbers and wife beaters."

I feebly waved my hands in explanation.

"Send them around to the office," he snarled. "To the office door at the side. And in future, anyone who comes to the front door, send them around to the office door at the side."

Three days afterwards I sent the minister's wife and his maiden sister from Toronto around to the office door at the side. They didn't speak to me for months.

"What," I asked one peaceful evening, "are those things I sign at the end of the month after I've been matron?"

My devoted one was reading and kept his nose buried in the book. "Something to do with rules and regulations," he grunted.

"Well," I persisted, "what is a moiety cheque?"

"It's a contribution we make each Christmas for distressed members of the Force," he growled. "Can't you see I'm reading?"

The next day the officer commanding the sub-division came, and stopped long enough in the living-room to exchange a word or two with me. I took the bull by the horns.

"Inspector, do matrons get paid?" I ventured.

"My dear lady, of course they do. They get —"

"Sir, I want you to see the basement," my lord interrupted.

"In a moment," said the inspector. "As I was saying, they get —"

"Sir, I have a case pending that I'd like to get your opinion on. It raises some very interesting points," fairly howled the master in desperation.

The inspector's tone grew frosty. "Be patient, man." And turning to me. "As I

started out to say, matrons are entitled to..."

After the inspector had gone I did some figuring, then stalked into the office. "Fork over \$37.80," I ordered. "Prisoners' meals, matron's fees and my share of the moiety."

He paid.

\* \* \*

And in case this should catch the eye of some policeman's wife who is ignorant of such things, it's nothing but blackest deception that we have to clean their buttons and shine their boots — that isn't in the Rules and Regulations at all. I looked.

As one who has had five years' experience, let me advise my detachment sisters that there's nothing like a visit to the next detachment to compare notes. Believe me, as husbands the Mounted Police are all alike. One bride was in tears when she told me about the time she tried to surprise her husband by forcing herself to buy a new muskrat coat — when she went down to make sure that the joint account would stand the strain, what do you think she found? He had spent \$100 on a camera.

I myself once had to put up with a retriever pup (during the winter, too) in place of an adorable blue-figured jersey dress with shirred waist and front pockets.

Another girl's husband went scientific on her. She told me it was bad enough to have to throw biological specimens out of the ice box, but she finally balked when he wanted her to swallow a tube so that he could do a gastric analysis. That was after the time the garden plot, in which she had carefully put \$2 worth of gladioli bulbs, was littered with plaster-filled footprints — she always blamed the class at Regina for that. As a peace offering, he volunteered to make a dress form for her. You know how it's done, of course. You wear a sweater, then cover it with plasterfilled wet tape. They had to get a doctor to cut her free, and now she buys

her clothes through the mail order catalogue like the rest of us do.

Another detachment wife told me that her father gave them a dining-room suite for a wedding present. In three moves they never managed to get a house with a dining-room, so they sold the suite. You guessed it, the next move was to a house which had a huge dining-room.

But even moving from place to place can be fun. The only time I regretted a transfer was when I had just been appointed to the chair of a local women's club — I had patiently attended the meetings for three years. However, in the next place we went to, even though it was a foreign-language settlement, I had the satisfaction of organizing a company of Canadian Girl Guides.

I now can smile at incidents I once thought grim. Who among us hasn't had the experience of seeing the bread-winner get up in the small hours of the morning in response to a call which eventually takes him 30 miles or so away? Have you while he is away settled down with a newspaper and gazed in horror at a head-line such as, "Policeman Murdered by Bandit?"

\* \* \*

I showed this effusion to Mrs. (Corporal) Smith and she looked wistful. "My child," she said gently, "I reached my first detachment by driving 30 miles in a cutter. It was a log house, and I still shudder when I think about the bedbugs. I could tell you a story. One, did I say? Hundreds of them. Wait until you have been in for 30 years."

I happened to leave this manuscript where it caught the eye of the constable in charge, and only quick action prevented it from becoming fuel.

"I will," he threatened, "be fired, canned, discharged, kicked out, and probably get a term in the guard-room in the bargain."

Later I heard him asking the magistrate if offences under the Royal Canadian

Mounted Police Act were extraditable. Then I caught sight of a letter addressed to "The Recruiting Officer, French Foreign Legion, Sidi Bel Abbes, French North Africa."

The deeds of the sons of the Force are chronicled. But what of the Force's daughters? The patient, self-immolated, obscure daughters? The watchers, the waiters, the hewers of wood, the drawers of water (I'll fill the water pails as soon as

I get back)? Ah, Investigation! How many water pails and wood boxes have been left as barren as the Sahara in thy name!

Yet we are not altogether forgotten. Superintendent K. used to sum up our virtues, and kindle a glow of self-satisfaction in every bride by assuring them sagely, "We know, we know. You see, we depend on the wives."

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## No. 1 Provost Company (RCMP) Canadian Army

*reprinted from July, 1941*

Blasted by three torpedoes fired in the night from a Nazi submarine on April 30, the S.S. *Nerissa* sank within five minutes of the first attack, taking all but thirty-five of the ship's complement to the bottom. Among the personnel were seven members of the RCMP Provost Company *en route* to England as reinforcements.

Of the seven, one was lost; two sustained leg injuries, all suffered exposure and discomfort. They were:

A/Cpl. L. A. Denton (leg injuries); Cst. R. V. Currie (exposure); Cst. J. H. F. Mara (sprained ankle); Cst. G. F. Keelan (presumed unharmed); Cst. A. R. Nichols (exposure); 3/Cst. J. E. MacPhee (unharmed); Cst. C. J. Johnstone (missing-assumed dead).

Indirectly the *Quarterly* has received a letter written by Pte. John Mara in which he describes the terrible experiences of that night on the Atlantic:

Military Hospital,  
Londonderry, N. Ireland,  
Friday, May 9, 1941.

We finally got our two feet on land although not at the place we were meant to arrive. I am in A1 condition again except for a slightly sprained left ankle.

We were rushed off from Camp Borden in quite a hurry. We had a miserable train journey, sitting up two nights in filthy coaches. We had a morning in Montreal, and I managed to get a few final things which I now regret buying, as it was just a waste of money.

### The Voyage Begins

We reached the eastern Canadian port on Saturday night and when we awoke the following Monday, the ship was out at sea. It was only a small ship of about 5,000 tons and we travelled alone. We reached Newfoundland in a couple of days and spent one day there. As it was St. George's Day and Newfoundland, being a Crown Colony, had a holiday, there was not much doing... In this city we had our first encounter with cars driven on the left-hand side of the road. It seemed very silly, too, since most of the cars were American-made.

At this point we got rid of a stowaway — a wire-haired terrier that had come aboard the last trip and had been over to England and back. He was a very affectionate little pooch and when our whistle blew he came running down to the dock and tried to get aboard. Two stowaways did manage to get on, both soldiers, and stayed for the rest of the trip.

### **Life Aboard Ship**

I was a little seasick the first day out but I think it was probably the tail-end of the "flu." Our quarters were good and as it was a troopship, we were travelling as passengers. The crew were all English and I'd like to bet the cook had never tasted a decent cup of coffee, let alone made one.

We had the days free and had to amuse ourselves as best we could. There was a canteen aboard at which you could buy beer, soft drinks and cigarettes, and which was open at various hours during the day. Cigarettes were 15¢ for twenty-five or 15¢ for twenty if they were American. I had several hundred stowed away and I sure wish I had them now. The beer was rotten and I didn't touch it; ginger ale was my favourite beverage until it ran out and then a weak, orange-coloured liquid had to do.

The food was good but nothing like the food on ships during peace-time. We had two sittings for meals, troops eating first. Walking the deck, sleeping, eating, playing cards and reading was all there was to do until we reached the danger zone when we had various watches to do. This usually amounted to about six hours a day, and we were glad of it as it helped pass the time away.

The weather was fairly good all the time and the sea was always calm but the ship must have been rather flat-bottomed as she pitched and rolled continually. There were four in our cabin, the last in the stern of the ship; consequently it was very noisy as the propeller could be heard plainly. Compared to the beds on the train and at Camp Borden, our bunks were quite comfortable, and I slept like a log most of the

way. The last two days we slept with our clothes on and had to carry our life-belts with us or wear them all the time. We sighted one or two ships going the other way.

### **Torpedoed !**

On the morning of April 30, we were told that we were about two days out. A British plane picked us up; all that day we had a plane flying about the ship. About 11.30 (British time) that night, we had just finished playing cards. I had just put my life-jacket in my cabin and gone into the wash-room about four yards away.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion on the starboard side. We guessed it was a torpedo, and we were right. All the lights went out; I was thrown against the steel partition of the wash-room and dazed a bit. I had to strike a match to find my way out. Already there was water in the corridor; men were rushing past my cabin so I couldn't get in to get my life-belt. There was absolutely no panic and we got to our boat stations all right, mine being on the port side. Luckily the list of the ship was not great; it did not prevent launching the boat. But all did not go well and down went the stern first with me in it. I got my first sea bath right then and there. As luck would have it, I was holding tight as I had a hunch something would happen. Eventually the bow came down but the boat was swamped. Some of the boys got out and swam for it; two of them were RCMP lads and they got hold of a raft. The remainder of us, nineteen in all, stayed put because the air-tight drums in the bow and stern kept us afloat. With any more in the boat though, they wouldn't have.

### **The Killer Strikes Again**

The sub came around to our side of the ship and passed within fifty feet of us. They let go another torpedo and it passed under our boat blasting into the stern of the ship, just opposite our cabin. The third charge struck just before the boilers blew up; the whole middle portion of the ship exploded leaving the stern and the



bow afloat for a few seconds. It was just luck that we weren't hit by bits of the ship flying about; we picked up pieces of it in the boat next morning. There was absolutely no suction when the ship went down, as I came across a negro the next day who had been swimming when the bow went down, narrowly missing him.

The sub came to the surface about half a mile away, showing all its lights; I'm glad to say we didn't drift near it. It came to the surface again about three hours later and signalled to other subs with flares. Not knowing at first what it was, we tried to signal to it with our flashlight.

### **All Night in Icy Water**

We had only two of the ship's crew with us — one a steward who went mad and died within an hour, the other the ship's doctor, who didn't speak all night; apparently he didn't know much, if anything, about life-boats. They are fitted to carry a lot of equipment but we didn't know where anything was and because the boat was awash, the floor boards were loose and made it difficult to find things. The plug was out of the bottom so we had to stand in water up to our waists the whole night until we were picked up — eight and a half hours later. All the time we bailed water out with our hands and thus managed to keep about two inches of the gunwale in view most of the time. It didn't do much good but the exercise helped to keep us warm and the big waves only came up to our chests instead of going clean over us. Most of the night it rained, but there was little wind.

### **Seven Of Nineteen Die**

After a few hours some of the men started to go, and by the time we were rescued we had lost seven of the nineteen. Our feet were so stiff we could hardly move. We managed to get only two bodies overboard, the rest were floating about in the boat. It wasn't a pleasant sight. There were three of us RCMP chaps in the boat, all standing side by side. We kept in touch with the other boats and rafts by flash-light, and it was certainly comforting

to know that someone else was about even though we were nowhere near enough to them if anything happened. The signalling sub was an encouraging sight too as all we could see was the flares and we thought possibly it might be a rescue ship. We started to sing for a while but decided it was a waste of energy, and we needed all of that we had.

### **Rescue**

I hardly stopped bailing at all from 11:30 p.m. until 7:30 a.m., when the rescuing destroyer was first sighted. About 6 a.m. our would-be escort plane spotted us and gave our exact position to the destroyer; we learned later that it had been sent the night before, after our ship's SOS had been picked up. At dawn we could see the other life-boats and rafts; we were all bunched together pretty well, within about a half-mile radius.

We were the first bunch the destroyer came upon, about 8 a.m. but they passed by us, much to our disgust, and came back later; most of us had to be hauled aboard with ropes. Never have I seen such a welcome sight as that destroyer! And the treatment they gave us when we got aboard — it was wonderful; something I will never forget. My fingers were so numb being in the water, I had to be undressed. After a good rub-down, they put dry clothes on us, gave us breakfast, hot tea and a good shot of rum — and so to bed. All our clothes were taken away, dried, and given back in the afternoon.

### **Loss of Constable Johnstone**

We lost Charlie Johnstone. He was with us up on the boat deck where the life-boats were, but no-one saw him after that. Only a very small number of all the people aboard the ship (including the crew) survived.

I sprained my ankle sometime during the night; but it was not till the following afternoon, when I started to get some feeling in my legs and feet, that I noticed it. We reached port late in the afternoon and transferred to a corvette which brought us

here. We were admitted about 10 p.m. I didn't feel too bad as I had a good sleep in a hammock on the destroyer. I think it was one of the most comfortable things I've ever slept in.

### Hospital Life

There are four of us RCMP men in hospital, two with colds and the other with badly cut-up legs and feet. I was wearing my battle dress and canvas shoes at the time, but the shoes came off somehow. All my personal kit went down. It was quite an experience but not as bad as it sounds as we knew we'd be picked up next day when the escort plane came out to meet the ship.

The food here in hospital is ten times as good as it was at Camp Borden. Apparently it is not so scarce here as we

thought; or perhaps in hospital, one gets better rations. I've had afternoon tea twice in Londonderry and had all I could eat with lots of sugar and butter. Cigarettes are hard to get though and all the shops have signs up to that effect.

The Force will be very sorry to hear about Charlie Johnstone. He is the first casualty of our unit. However, we had the highest percentage saved of any unit by a long way and we are all extremely lucky to be alive. We were told that the next night they got the sub that did us in. It deserved the worst fate possible, for if there had been only one torpedo, which was sufficient to sink the ship, I think most of the people would have been saved. But using three made the ship go down in about five minutes.

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## That Shrinking Feeling

by A/Cpl. D. G. CHATER  
*reprinted from October, 1942*

*I'd often heard about the rough and ready West. I learned how rough it could get when, fourteen years ago, I donned my first issue of long woollens.*

What policeman, old or young, does not remember the burning itch, the bristly scrape of his first issue "shirts under and drawers long"? Those dainty little bits of fluff that cling to the flesh with all the loving tenderness of porcupine quills? I was in the Force several months before I got my taste of them.

It was the beginning of summer when I came from the mild climate of the old country signed on the dotted line and became a member of the RCMP. I was forthwith introduced to the intricacies of the Q.M. stores at barracks, and made several trips to and from this department with armfuls of kit and accoutrements. It

was in the "good old days" when there was only one choice. Two suits of two-piece, thick, double-breasted woollen underwear were issued to me after the chap in the store had cast his eagle eye over my five feet eight inches and, allowing for shrinkage, *guessed* the size I would require.

I took the neatly-folded garments gingerly, and just as gingerly placed them among the moth balls in the bottom of my trunk. After several months' strenuous training I was transferred to detachment duty under a competent NCO who was well acquainted with the rigorous and changeable prairie weather.

Autumn came, and with it the cold. One dark, windy evening I received instructions to make a night patrol. The man in charge was by this time well aware that I

was a greenhorn and suggested that I don warmed underclothing. I deemed this sound advice, for I had already felt slight touches of frost — a new experience to me. So I delved deep into my trunk and brought to light a complete suit of the treasured underwear. Its weight gave assurance of delightful warmth. However a dubious thought entered my mind when I unfurled the “shirts under one and drawers pairs one”; they appeared large enough to cloak the whole detachment. Upon draping the under-shirt over my shoulders it looked like a bell tent on a centre pole, waiting to have its sides pulled taut.

Somewhat abashed but with determination, I pulled on its team mate and gazed with awe at my reflection in the mirror. The last-drawn-on garment covered my slim frame from arm-pits to ankles with plenty of extra room for my midriff. Ruefully I reflected it was lucky the chap in the Q.M. stores didn’t bet the

horses. I put on my uniform, and after warming up with a cup of coffee we started by car on the tour of duty.

A few miles later I began to itch. It got worse and worse and before the night was over I felt as if all the lice in Japan were having a convention on my body. Contortions, monkey-like motions, twists and turns didn’t help much. Relief came only when, exhausted, I tore off those blasted “shirts under and drawers long” I promptly fell into a well-earned slumber.

I had been advised, of course, that once winter woollens are donned they cannot be taken off until the spring without risk of colds. Personally I think I prefer the colds; but rules are rules, and for a long time I suffered in my shroud of “carpet tacks,” especially in warm rooms. When I complained to the NCO, he assured me that after several washings the garments would fit like a glove. He was partly right. Each week those duds shrank and shrank and shrank; they went past the fitting

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stage, turned grey like thick oatmeal porridge, and squeezed me in as if I were encased in a plaster cast.

Spring and warm weather eventually arrived; the troublesome garb was dis-

carded and was subsequently used in my quarters and the detachment office on the business end of "handles mop one." I often wonder it didn't brush the floor paint off!

Aux membres retraités  
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