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ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY

JANUARY
NINETEEN THIRTY-FOUR

A CATECHISM

on the

CRIMINAL and PENAL LAW OF CANADA

BY THOMAS W. S. PARSONS, *Assistant Commissioner, B.C. Police*

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Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

VOLUME 1

JANUARY, 1934

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MAJOR GENERAL SIR GEORGE ARTHUR FRENCH, K.C.M.G.
Commissioner, North West Mounted Police,
1873-1876.

Editorial

Christmas, this year, finds us with many things to be grateful for, and the numerous unmistakable signs of improving conditions not only have justified the unconquerable optimism of the Canadian people but let us hope for still greater benefits during the coming year. The many additional duties imposed upon the Force during the past year and a half have been creditably performed, and the corresponding additions to our strength have accepted their share of the burden in the best traditions of our predecessors. For these reasons we say to all our readers, all our friends—"Merry Christmas and the Happiest New Year that you have ever had".

* * *

The interest of former members in the present activities of the Force is shown by the support they are according the *Quarterly*. Letters have been received from pensioners living in all parts of the Empire and in foreign countries: all betraying a keen desire to be kept informed of the present work of their former corps. One such letter seems to us to be worth quoting. It reads, in part, as follows:

"The *Quarterly* is indeed an excellent little publication which must be of great interest to all members of the Force, and even more so perhaps to those who have left the organization after many years of service. To learn of unknown events of the past is a pleasure; to keep in touch with the present still remains a duty, and to anticipate the possibilities of the future is to look forward with pride to greater achievement. The flesh may be absent, but the spirit lingers on".

This same desire of ex-members to keep in touch with one another is to be seen from a letter written to the London (Eng.) *Morning Post*, which is quoted herewith:

To the Editor of the *Morning Post*,

Sir,

May I claim the hospitality of your columns to draw the attention of any ex-member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (formerly the Canadian North West Mounted Police) who may be residing in this country.

I have often thought it a pity that an Association of ex-members of the above Force has never been inaugurated, so that a re-union could take place once a year, in London, the capital of the British Empire.

With this end in view, I would be glad to hear from ex-members residing in Great Britain.

"Gulahek", Chichester-drive,
Saltdean, Brighton.

H. ST. J. MANGAVIN,
Capt.
Reg. No. 3467.

The interest of the ex-members is reciprocated. We have received several suggestions that space in the *Quarterly* be devoted to the whereabouts and present activities of the Force's "Old-Timers". Naturally, the development of a department of this kind depends upon the extent of the information received. With this number we include some interesting references to ex-members now living in Regina. We commend this example set by Depot Division's contribution to all other Divisions, and suggest that they profit by it.

* * *

A correspondent, Jennie Stork Hill, has sent us her poem entitled "R.N.W.M.P." Another correspondent, Mr. H. C. Adams of Battleford, has sent in T. A. Boys' poem "The Riders of the Plains", written around 1878. To our knowledge, a number of poems on the Mounted Police have appeared in print from time to time, and probably many others about which we know nothing. If our readers possess or have access to any of these, and will send them to us, the suitable poems will be included in future numbers of this magazine.

The same consideration will be given to Mounted Police songs. It is really surprising that the Force has never acquired a distinctive song. This is an opportunity for our budding virtuosi and lyrists to show their wares.

* * *

An experienced N.C.O. has written to tell us that "The Law Bringers", by G. B. Lancaster, is well worth inclusion in our list of recommended books on the Force which appeared in the October number. This correspondent adds that the same book has more recently appeared under the title "The Eternal Struggle".

* * *

Ex-Sergeant H. U. Green, who, under the pen name of "Tony Lascelles" has distinguished himself for his writings on ornithological subjects, shows how at least one aspect of the Force's work can become a fascinating hobby. The article on Northern Dogs by Sergeant Grennan is instructive and shows the real dog-lover in every line. It also explains why this N.C.O. has acquired the reputation of being one of the greatest authorities on northern dogs in the history of the Force.

Ex-Sergeant Harry Taylor displays his versatility with contributions of verse, prose and cartoon. Constable Spalding ably seconds him in the last mentioned line of endeavour.

The article on Commissioner French is the introduction to a series which will ultimately take in all the commissioners of the Force. The career of the first commissioner possesses particular interest for us in this, our Diamond Jubilee, year, and cannot fail to impress present members of the Force with the stupendous task undertaken by the young army officer in 1873.

"The Force's Second Patrol" is an account of one accomplishment of the Force which has hitherto received scant attention in the various histories.

Notes on Recent Work

A Patient Vigil Obtains Results

DURING A RECENT investigation into a report that an illicit still was being operated in the district, the member of the Force at Owen Sound displayed good judgment in the tactics he used.

On arrival at the premises of the suspected moonshiner during the early evening he took up a secluded post of observation near the house. Later that evening he saw the suspected man make several trips into the bush across the road from his house and each time carry something back into the house. He then commenced to chop wood and carry it and water into the house.

Satisfied that these were the preliminaries to starting the still, the constable waited for another few hours before making a move. When he entered the house the still was in full operation on the stove and the moonshiner was standing beside it. Some spirits had already been run off.

As this was the second offence for which he had been convicted under the Excise Act, the moonshiner was fined \$500 and sentenced to serve six months in jail.

* * * *

"Mountie Marines"

With the absorption of the Preventive Service the Force entered a new phase of its existence by adding to its other duties that of patrolling the waters washing the shores of the Dominion.

The purpose of a good deal of this work is prevention. This is accomplished in no small proportion by the uncertainty, in so far as the smuggler is concerned, as to when and where our patrol boats will show up. It often happens that a fisherman makes connection with the large freighter of contraband and is nearing his home with a few cans of alcohol which he expects to dispose of at a goodly profit, when out of the horizon looms one of our patrol boats. If the fisherman doesn't want to lose his boat, all that he can do is to slip the cans over the side, quietly, to drop to the bottom of the ocean, and thus lose his capital investment and anticipated profit.

Our patrol boat crews, if they have not the satisfaction of making a seizure in such cases, at least are able to feel that they are compelling those concerned in this unlawful trade to realize that the risk is greater than the possible profit is worth.

With the smuggler on a big scale it is different—and different methods have to be used with him. But that is another story.

Some unusual phases of the work of the Marine Section, work having no reference to law enforcement, are illustrated by the following incidents.

At five p.m. on June 8th, 1933, the Constable in charge of our Shippegan detachment received a telephone message from Cape Bateau, N.B., informing him that a schooner was in distress at that point, her two masts having broken off. The wind was from the East and had been blowing all day. The Constable immediately communicated with the Captain of the Patrol Boat "Neguac" asking him what could be done. The Captain stated that

the "Neguac" could not put her nose out that day, but that he would have a try to get as far as Shippegan Gully Lighthouse and see how things looked.

With the Shippegan Constable aboard, the "Neguac" made down the harbour and anchored inside Shippegan Gully Breakwater. The Captain and Constable then rowed ashore.

With the aid of a telescope they were able to see the disabled schooner diving in the heavy seas. The sea was mighty rough, and it was still blowing a strong easterly wind. To the Constable's remark: "These people are going to drown unless we do something; what do you think?", the Captain replied: "We'll try, anyway".

A few minutes later the "Neguac", with her engine roaring, was away out between two breakwaters, meeting seas 10 and 12 feet high, diving and washing her deck every few minutes. But—making headway.

As they approached the disabled schooner it was apparent that the sea was too rough to attempt to board her. The only chance was to throw a tow line. The attempt succeeded and, slowly but steadily, the schooner was drawn into the shelter of the harbour.

The salvaged vessel was the "Malop", captained by her owner who had with him a crew of three. They had been fishing cod off Miscou Island when an easterly gale struck them and broke off the two masts level with the deck. The captain had cut away the mainsail boom and, making a short mast of it, had set a small piece of sail at the stern to keep the bow head on into the seas. But they had found themselves drifting at the same time, with the sea at times clear over the schooner. Death had stared them in the face until the "Neguac" came to the rescue.

* * * *

While patrolling the Cape Breton coast on October 27th, Patrol Boat No. 4 picked up and rescued three men adrift in an open boat five miles from Glace Bay. The Master of the Patrol Boat had learned from another boat that the men were adrift, and, with the aid of the ship's searchlight finally located them at 9.30 p.m.

The rescued men were saved not a bit too soon as it was raining and their boat was in a half sinking condition, and they had no means of keeping the boat free from water.

* * * *

There is no limit to the variety of the work of the Marine Section.

On October 18th the crew of the Cruiser "Scatarie" while cruising in a northerly direction sighted a large buck deer, apparently almost exhausted, swimming in the sea two and a quarter miles from land.

As it was blowing hard with a choppy sea running, it was not possible for the "Scatarie" to manoeuvre close to the drowning animal. Finally a dory reached the deer and, with considerable difficulty, brought the deer alongside where it was hoisted aboard. The animal was apparently drowned.

Artificial respiration was immediately started and within half an hour the deer showed signs of life and had to be secured. He was covered with

canvas and mats for warmth until the entrance to Big Bras D'Or Lake had been reached.

After the deer had been carried ashore by the crew and his bonds cut, he leaped to his feet and galloped off through the woods apparently none the worse for his terrible experience.

Before liberating the animal the Master of the "Scatarie" had a small metal tag placed on one of the horns, bearing the ship's name and the date of rescue.

* * *

During November the *Baroff* succeeded in rendering appreciated assistance to the Smack *Sea Dream* at sea between Cape Bear and Pictou Island, N.S.

It was soon after mid-day when the *Sea Dream* was sighted about 4½ miles out at sea flying distress signals. Despite the gale which was blowing and the rough sea the *Baroff* soon had the Smack in tow and proceeding toward Pictou.

About one hour later, however, the *Sea Dream's* Captain signalled that he could not keep his craft afloat any longer. Much of the cargo was jettisoned but even with that drastic measure the *Sea Dream's* condition grew steadily more perilous and the Captain reported that the engine room floor was under water. The Captain of the *Baroff* then sent four men aboard and with this additional help in pumping it was possible to renew the tow, finally reaching port safely.

The *Sea Dream*, loaded with produce, had left Murray Harbour, P.E.I., bound for Trenton, N.S. The day before she had lost her rudder and had been in difficulties since then, until sighted by the *Baroff*.

* * *

Hazards in Chasing Rum-Runners

Two recent New Brunswick cases offer good examples of perseverance, courage and resourcefulness on the part of members of this Force.

While on pass one evening, two constables from the Moncton detachment had their suspicions aroused by the sight of a Ford roadster with a United States license plate, apparently heavily loaded in the rear, which passed at a high rate of speed.

In their own car the two constables followed the Ford which, during the next ten mile stretch, attained a speed of sixty miles per hour. Arrived in Moncton the American car was observed at a service station. There were two occupants: one was sitting in the driver's seat; the other was filling the engine with oil.

While one constable asked for the driver's license the other was attempting to see what was in the back of the American car.

The driver immediately started his engine and, without warning, made off at a high rate of speed with his companion on the running board.

Convinced that his suspicions were thoroughly justified, one of the constables jumped for the running board and tried to reach in and turn off the switch. The driver prevented this, however. Meanwhile the car was gathering up speed.

In this emergency the constable acted promptly: seizing the wheel of the car he swung it over to the ditch which, as he described it in his report, was only four feet deep at this point.

The car swerved and turned over on its side. The constable was thrown clear, landing safely in the ditch.

A search of the car revealed eighteen 2½-gallon tins filled with contra-band alcohol, and an opened quart bottle in the front seat.

The car and its alcoholic contents were seized. The driver, a resident of Maine, was arrested and, in due course, received a sentence of six months in jail together with a fine of \$500. It was found that he was wanted for an offence committed in 1929.

A similar incident occurred in the Maugerville district. Two "J" Division constables were on motor patrol when they saw a Ford coach, heavily loaded, pass, going in the opposite direction. The police car was reversed and gave chase. Just outside a small town the police driver blew his horn for the road, at the same time attempting to pass the car ahead.

The fugitive car immediately swerved sharply to the left, colliding with the police car and crowding it off the road. The police car struck a telephone pole, swerved out into the field, turned over twice and landed with the four wheels in the air.

The two constables succeeded in crawling out of the car through the glass in the door. Surprisingly, they were only bruised and scratched, but their car was considerably damaged.

Close by stood a car in a yard. The owner agreed to continue the pursuit. The chase lasted for 13 miles before the Ford coach was finally overtaken. Inside were found seventeen 2½-gallon tins of alcohol. The car and alcohol were seized.

The driver of the car was a notorious bootlegger, having previously been convicted for similar offences. He was regarded as a daring driver and one who would take any chance to avoid being caught with his liquor loads. Eye-witnesses to the collision with the police car agreed that it had been a deliberate attempt on the part of the bootlegger to crowd his pursuers off the road. The bootlegger was sentenced under the Liquor Act to serve one year in jail and pay a fine of \$500.00; a second charge under the Excise Act is pending.

* * * *

An Ancient Ruse Comes to Grief

For the first time in our experience with that hoary old swindle "The Spanish Prisoner Trick", it has been possible to close down on one of the swindlers.

For many years, at irregular intervals, people in Canada have received pathetic letters in copper-plate script, in Spanish, from an address in Spain, in which the writer states that he has been imprisoned for bankruptcy. The "prisoner" confides in his letter that he has an enormous sum of money hidden in his baggage, which is beyond the reach of the law, but that the ticket necessary to release the baggage is in a portmanteau which is under seizure in connection with his imprisonment.

The person to whom he is writing has been recommended to the "prisoner" as an honest man. If he will go to Spain, and pay the costs of the judgment against the "prisoner", it will then be possible to retrieve the baggage with its hidden wealth. For this service the Good (if gullible) Samaritan is to receive one-third of the hoard, helpfully estimated in Canadian dollars at about \$130,000.00.

The swindle has been exposed so often that it is startling to think that anyone can still be misled by advances like this, but the fact remains, to quote Barnum, that "there's one born every minute".

The most recent overtures to Canadian citizens were, as usual, brought to the attention of the Spanish authorities, and it has just been learned that, as a result, the Spanish trickster involved has been located and arrested.

The Crime Barometer

In support of his contention that rum-running and other forms of crime are almost non-existent in his district, a member of the Force has reported in the following terms:—

"(John Doe) is about the last person that I know of who would engage in a legitimate occupation, and the fact that he has done so, indicates, either that there is no opportunity for rum-running and other illegal pursuits, or that these occupations have become too hazardous".

An Off-Duty Episode

The recent prompt and courageous action of an "A" Division constable at Ottawa probably saved the lives of a number of people, but the constable, himself, unfortunately, landed in the hospital, seriously injured.

In the early hours of the morning the constable was awakened by the smell of smoke in his apartment on the first floor of the building. The smoke was trickling through from around the steam pipe at the ceiling. The smoke was much heavier in the front of the apartment and flames were coming from the tops of the window. The drapes were ablaze and the roar of the flames showed that the fire was coming from the walls of the floor above.

Stopping only long enough to extinguish the burning drapes, and still in his night attire, the constable hurried upstairs to warn the other inmates as it was apparent from the lack of noise and excitement that they were unaware of their danger. At the same time he rang the alarm.

Repeated banging on the door of the apartment on the second floor brought no response. The door was locked. As this apartment appeared to be where the fire had started it seemed possible to the constable that the occupants had been overcome by smoke. He looked around for something with which to force an entrance. There was nothing in sight. The upper part of the door was of heavy beveled plate glass. Realizing the danger of the slightest delay in warning the people inside, the constable used his fist to crash through the glass.

The noise aroused the inmates and they immediately realized their danger. Hurrying up to the third floor the constable found that the sound of the breaking glass had awakened the people there also.

By this time the fire brigade was arriving and the constable returned to his own apartment to dress. There was no time to remove his personal effects. The alarm had been given just in time.

In smashing the glass the constable lacerated his arm so badly as to require immediate hospital treatment. Seventeen stitches were used to close his wounds and several small arteries had to be ligatured.

Sixteen people had occupied the two top floors of the building and the constable's action has evoked expressions of deep gratitude on their part.

Alertness Rounds Up Gang of Thieves

Recently, while on duty enforcing the Railway Act in an Ontario town, a member of "A" Division overheard some bystanders talking about a store in a nearby town which had been broken into and robbed of a quantity of clothing.

Later, while removing transients from a freight train, he noticed six men jump off and run to the bush. The freight had arrived from the town where the store had been broken into. At the first opportunity the constable followed the men and observed that they were wearing new clothing and boots. He arrested the six and a search of their clothing revealed a number of unopened packages of tobacco. A further search of the vicinity uncovered a quantity of merchandise: suits of clothes, shoes, tobacco, and other articles.

Positive identification of the clothing worn by the prisoners was later made by the owner of the looted store. The prisoners were escorted back to the scene of their crime to stand trial. They were all convicted: five of them received sentences of six months imprisonment, the sixth was awarded two years in the penitentiary.

Good Judgment Rewarded

The result of intelligent discrimination and restraint was well shown during a recent investigation under the Excise Act in Southern Ontario.

Information had been received that a still was being operated in a thick swamp on the property of a local farmer. The constable from the local detachment of "O" Division proceeded to the swamp and after some difficulty located the still together with a 50-gallon barrel half full of wash. A few yards away several glass containers half filled with illicit spirits had been buried under some moss.

To some investigators the evidence would have been satisfactorily complete, but the constable was not satisfied. He had made earlier inquiries and learned that the farmer who owned the property was regarded as a respectable and law-abiding citizen and not at all the type of man who would lend himself to such practices. The constable decided to interview him.

The farmer was emphatic that he had no knowledge of any still on his property and promised every assistance in bringing the real culprit to justice.

The constable returned to where the still was hidden, supplied with sufficient food to last for three days, and hid in a secluded spot to await the arrival of the operator of the still. Nothing happened the first day and night, but the following afternoon a stranger appeared. After stirring the wash, he went to the cache of spirits and removed one gallon. At this stage the constable stepped out and arrested him. The still operator admitted that he owned and operated the still, and that it was capable of manufacturing nine gallons of whiskey an hour.

He was convicted under the Excise Act and fined \$500.00 with three months imprisonment, and an additional three months in default of payment of the fine.

The farmer was most pleased at the result of the investigation and his complete exoneration from any responsibility in the matter.

Help From the Air

During a seaplane patrol of the south coast of Vancouver Island the constable observer found it necessary to halt his work on humanitarian grounds. A landing had been made at Bamfield and it was learned that a small child had developed all the symptoms of acute appendicitis. As the nearest doctor was at Port Alberni the constable rushed the child and her aunt there in the plane. The child was placed in the hospital and next morning transferred to Vancouver, where she was immediately operated upon.

"Eye Wash"

A resident of Nova Scotia was the victim of a new swindling scheme recently.

The Nova Scotian, a farmer, was visited by a stranger who explained that he was selling eye-glasses and would like to examine his host's eyes. After an examination the eye-glass salesman said that he thought the farmer had a cancer in one eye and that it should be operated on.

He added, helpfully, that he had with him a friend who was an eye specialist, and that he would call him in. The farmer agreed.

The eye specialist friend indulged in another examination and gave it as his opinion that an operation should be performed, adding that there were only two or three hospitals in Canada competent to handle such an operation but that he was willing to perform it at once if secrecy could be assured. Secrecy was essential the alleged eye specialist explained, because if it were ever to leak out that he had performed the operation he would lose his post as specialist in a Montreal hospital.

The farmer agreed to the conditions. He was taken into a room, laid on a couch, the alleged eye specialist injected a few drops from a bottle into the eye three times and then showed the farmer a small piece of skin which he said was from the eye and had caused the trouble.

A bill was then presented, totalling \$987.50. The farmer was driven to the bank by the two men, procured the desired amount in cash, and returned to his home where he paid it over, receiving a receipt signed Dr. A. R. Macumber, Montreal, Canada.

The next day the farmer became suspicious and reported the transaction to the police, now convinced that he had been swindled. Meanwhile the two men who had been travelling in a dark-coloured Sedan car had disappeared. Warrants have been issued for the swindlers and every effort is being made to locate them. An identical scheme, known as the "Eye Doctor" fraud, had previously been operated in several of the American States.

Noting the Unusual

If you observe anything unusual, make a note of it, or, where circumstances permit, investigate: in both cases do it at once. This is a useful police maxim which never fails to be of benefit.

Recently the attention of a constable on motor patrol was attracted to a passing car going in the same direction. The driver of the car was sounding his horn unusually long and often. It was something "unusual" and the constable took mental note of the license number of the car. Soon after, he observed a man running in the centre of the road, and signalling for him to stop. This man explained to the constable that a car had just passed which had struck his friend and fatally injured him.

Instinctively believing that the car whose number he had taken might be responsible, the constable took the man aboard and immediately hurried to the nearest town to obtain medical assistance and also, if possible, to trace the suspected vehicle. As no medical assistance was available he hurried back to the scene of the accident. There he observed a large truck containing several passengers which was parked clearly off the pavement in the intersection of a side road. Behind the truck a man was lying on the ground. He was alive at the time but apparently in considerable pain.

It appeared, from the statements of the occupants of the truck, that their vehicle had been stopped to permit one of the passengers to take over the driving duties from the injured man, who had been struck while attempting to re-enter the truck from the highway.

The injured man was lifted into the police car and rushed to the nearest hospital, the truck following. The circumstances were reported to the Provincial Constable and the license number and description of the suspected car furnished.

The owner of the car, with the license in question, was ascertained and found to be in the district. The car was located at the address given. The son of the owner admitted being in the car at the time of the accident and gave the name of another man as the driver, but stated that he was not aware that they had hit anyone.

The man named as the driver was interviewed and said that he thought he had grazed or slightly touched the truck with his car when passing, but that he had not seen the injured man and therefore did not stop or return.

The injured man expired in the hospital the next morning. A charge under Section 284 of the Code was laid against the driver, and he has since been committed for trial.

Waiting Lists in Jails

In some of Canada's rural districts the rigid administration of justice is dependent on the extent of the local jail accommodation. In one such place the jailer endeavours to do the best he can with the means at his disposal. This is shown in the answer of one of our detachments when asked to report why a man convicted and committed for an infraction of the liquor act was still at large. The answer read:—

"In connection with the above mentioned matter I beg to report that this man has not been committed to jail as there is no room for him at present in the County Jail.

"There was an opening there a few days ago and instead of putting in this man it was filled with a man convicted of theft. The jailer



"The purest
form in
which
tobacco can
be smoked"

Lancet

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

SAVE THE POKER HANDS

informs me that there will be no more room in the Jail for a matter of six weeks."

Careful Searching

A recent flood of smuggled malt in South-western Ontario gave the members of "O" Division considerable worry.

It was extremely difficult to establish the precise method of bringing in the malt, but the investigation soon focused suspicion on a resident of Windsor as being the distributor.

The Windsor man was, however, exceedingly careful, if the police suspicions were justified, and he never openly participated in the distribution. Finally, it was decided to search his home in the hope that some of the smuggled malt might be found there, or at worst, that information would be obtained as to the location of the cache.

When confronted by the police searching party the Windsor man and his wife denied any connection with the Malt business. They were particularly emphatic in this respect after the search had disclosed no malt on the premises.

A further meticulous search revealed nothing suspicious until some receipts for the rental of a garage were discovered where they had been placed under some dishes. These receipts did not show the name of the renting party but an interview with the owner of the garage gave the renter's address as that of the house just searched.

The examination of the garage uncovered a considerable quantity of Malt Syrup which the Windsor man admitted was his property; he was more reticent about the United States source of supply, however.

The Malt Syrup was seized and the smuggler was prosecuted and fined under the Customs Act.

Some of Our Invisible Imports

The extent of commercial smuggling by individuals in some parts of Canada was indicated during a recent investigation in South-western Ontario.

The smuggler, who operated a small store and lived in a nearby cottage on the river front, was suddenly swooped down upon and raided by members of "O" Division. The following list of smuggled goods shows the extent of this particular smuggler's operations, and the resultant loss to Canada's revenues:

- 8—1 pound packages of Margarine.
- 37—100 pound bags of sugar.
- 1—Drum (54 U.S. gallon capacity) of Anti-Freeze Alcohol, 188° Proof.
- 29—Cartons (5800) American cigarettes.
- 4—3 pound bags of coffee.
- 1—Set (3) Stainless Steel Knives.
- 1—Roll of Wrapping Paper.
- 1—Tent.

The smuggler was prosecuted and convicted under the Customs Act and fined \$200.00. The above listed goods were confiscated to the Crown.

R. C. M. P. General Order No. 66

"The Commissioner has approved of a Regimental Blazer for use in connection with Athletic Organizations of this Force and for the use of members of the Force.

The Blazer is made of dark blue flannel bordered with yellow piping or cord. The top of each pocket is trimmed with the same material. The sleeve is trimmed with yellow piping or cord at a distance of 3½ inches from the edge of the cuff. The R. C. M. Police embroidered crest is on the left breast pocket and there are two brass or gilt buttons for buttoning in front."

"(G.O. 148) Referring to G.O. 66 Part 1; with respect to the issue of the R. C. M. Police Blazer; permission is hereby given for the Blazer to be worn by ex-members of the Force who were honourably discharged."

Major General Sir George Arthur French, K.C.M.G. Commissioner, North West Mounted Police, 1873-1876

LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE ARTHUR FRENCH, a young Irish officer from the Imperial service who had been seconded to the Canadian Militia on the withdrawal of the British troops in 1871, was appointed Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police on October 16th, 1873. He assumed active command of the Force exactly two months later.

In a technical sense the new appointee was not the first commissioner of the Force. Lieut.-Col. W. Osborne Smith, District Deputy Adjutant General of Militia in Manitoba, had been appointed Commissioner on September 23rd, 1873, and, although the appointment was temporary, in that capacity he took charge of the men who enlisted in September and October, on their arrival at Fort Garry. It was Lieut.-Col. Smith who swore in these first recruits at Fort Garry on November 3rd, 1873.

Previous to his new appointment Lieut.-Col. French had been Inspector of Warlike Stores and Commandant of the School of Gunnery at Kingston, Ontario, with Imperial Army rank of Captain, Royal Artillery.

Born at Roscommon, Ireland, in 1841, the new commissioner was educated at Sandhurst and Woolwich, receiving his commission in the Royal Artillery in 1860.

In any consideration of Commissioner French's career in the Mounted Police it must be remembered that conditions in Canada at the time were unusual. A severe trade depression had just struck the youthful confederacy and the government of the day was sorely taxed to make both ends meet.

It was the Macdonald Government that authorized and began the organization of the North West Mounted Police. But the Macdonald Government went out of office on November 6th, 1873, and the succeeding MacKenzie administration was faced with the heavy task of balancing revenues and expenditures while, at the same time, continuing the projects, with their heavy financial commitments, initiated by its predecessors.

Many of these commitments, including that of the North West Mounted Police, were the result of responsibilities arising out of the acquisition of the North West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870, and the obligations incurred as a result of the entry of British Columbia into Confederation.

Immediately after his assumption of the duties of his new office, Commissioner French revealed the characteristics which were never to disappear during his association with the Force: his vigour, convictions and courage were as unmistakable as his disregard for expediency or tact.

But the very enthusiasm with which he threw himself into his new work, the forthright nature of his requests and criticisms, were soon made apparent in the results obtained. On his first visit to his new command at Fort Garry he tarried only long enough to measure the magnitude of the task before him and then returned to Ottawa to ask that the strength of the Force be increased from 150 to 300 men.

His recommendation was accepted, probably not without qualms as to where the money would come from; the additional recruits were obtained, equipment and supplies brought from as far as England, and all transported to Dufferin, Manitoba, before the end of June, 1874.

The expedition of the North West Mounted Police to the Rockies is a matter of history. It was the location of the headquarters and the construction of the buildings which brought the first difference with the Ottawa authorities.

The site of the barracks had been unfortunately chosen on a boulder-strewn elevation at the juncture of the Swan and Snake rivers. The buildings were poorly put together and, when Commissioner French with his staff, "D" and "E" divisions arrived around the 1st of November, 1874, they were not sufficiently completed to meet all requirements, nor were they suitably constructed to ensure protection against the severe western winter which was at their heels.

Leaving "E" Division at Swan River, Commissioner French with his staff and "D" Division returned to Winnipeg. In his report to Ottawa the blunt criticisms of the headquarters site and the inadequate accommodation were not welcomed, as he soon learned.

The Commissioner had anticipated this, as is shown in a subsequent report:—

"In conclusion (he wrote) I beg to add that it is with much reluctance that I have brought myself to write this letter as I feel that I may again lay myself open to being charged with not acting heartily in concurrence with the policy of the Government regarding these buildings. I prefer taking the risk of doing so, however, rather than a still larger number of the Force, which I have the honour to command (besides women and children), should have to undergo the exposure and hardship which there is little doubt Insp. Carvell's Division suffered during the past winter."

The Commissioner and his temporarily homeless force passed the winter in the International Boundary Commission buildings at Dufferin, returning to Swan River the following June. The succeeding year saw the Northern District of the Force, as it was called, whipped into shape, with the Divisions emerging as a disciplined, keen body of men.

But at best it was a divided command. The bulk of the remainder of the Force was at Fort MacLeod, headquarters of the Southern District, stretching clear across the prairies to the foot-hills of the Rockies, and, undoubtedly, the centre of the main work of the police for some years to come. Communication between the two places, at least with any degree of regularity, was impossible, and Fort MacLeod and Ottawa corresponded with each other via Benton, Montana, copies of all correspondence being sent in due, if protracted, course to Swan River.

As a result the Commissioner was frequently in ignorance of important decisions and changes regarding the distribution and employment of the Force. In July, 1876, he severed his connection with the North West Mounted Police and returned to the Imperial service, taking with him the consciousness of a great task well started, the knowledge that the germs of

a splendid esprit-de-corps had been implanted in the members of his late command.

His services with the Mounted Police may be estimated from the words of Major General Selby Smyth, G.O.C. Canadian Militia, who made the first inspection of the scattered police organization in 1875. His report reads, in part, as follows:

"His (Lieut.-Col. French's) services to this Dominion have been valuable, his whole desire is concentrated in serving well the Government which employs him, in developing a powerful and useful force and so far, he has been, in my experience of it, very successful."

For his Canadian services Lieut.-Col. French was created a C.M.G.

His subsequent service with the Imperial Army took him from the British Isles to Queensland (1883), to India (1895), to New South Wales (1899), with various appointments and ranks. He was promoted Major-General in May, 1900, and retired in 1902, receiving the honour of K.C.M.G., in the same year.

A short time before the Great War, as Sir George French, he paid a visit to Canada and renewed old friendships in this country, especially among the Mounted Police.

He died on July 7th, 1921.

The following commendatory letter has been received from the Hon. Warren D. Robbins, United States Minister to Canada.

Ottawa, September 29, 1933.

"Sir,

I have the honour to inform you that upon the occasion of his visit last June to Campobello Island, New Brunswick, the President of the United States was deeply impressed with the efficient services rendered by the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Commanding Officer at Fredericton, the Sergeants, Corporals and Constables, in co-operating with the United States Secret Service to ensure the President's comfort and protection.

It is the desire of the President that an expression of his personal appreciation of their very efficient attention and service be conveyed to the Officers on special duty at Campobello at the time of his visit.

I should therefore be grateful if you would be good enough to convey this message to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

I avail myself of the occasion to renew to you, Sir, the assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed) WARREN D. ROBBINS.

The Right Honorable,
The Secretary of State for External Affairs,
Ottawa, Canada.

"Old Timers" in Regina

by SERGEANT D. WALLACE

Inspector J. H. ("Biff") Heffernan

HIS OLD time "Whoof, whoof" mellowed to a disarming geniality, his service and training betrayed by his white hair and the "poker up his back", "Biff" Heffernan of Regina has a personality which is the envy of the newer members privileged to know him.

His steel-blue eyes still have the flash which overawed the delinquents fated to face him in the Regina courts when he held the position of Magistrate after his retirement from the Force.

He has a penchant for white flannels and pale-blue ties, and thoroughly enjoys the opportunity of judging the horse flesh again at the racing during Exhibition Week, with a mild flutter on the Tote.

With his quiet manner and dignified appearance he conveys the impression of an Irish country squire rather than a retired Canadian officer.

Very occasionally he visits the Barracks, and recently parted with a treasured old time group picture, gifting it to the Recreation Room.

He appreciates letters and remembrances from old friends, and is content now to sit back and watch others carry on.

Sergeant Major H. ("Larry") Lett (1897-1918)

Larry tells some rare yarns. Known over the whole continent, he is the admiration and perfect old timer to scores of American young ladies.

He is broad and stocky, with twinkling dark eyes, jet-black hair, fresh red cheeks, and an engaging air of happy humour.

As Sergeant at Arms at the Legislative Buildings at Regina his pleasant duty is chiefly to entertain the many visitors who are fascinated with his gay splash of ribbons and cheery yarns.

Memories of old Regina: Commissioners Herchmer and Perry; a wooden shack covered with morning glories on the Barrack Square; a two plank sidewalk through the town to the Barracks, with "Biff" Heffernan at Town Station; the Guard Room through the window of which Riel walked to be hung; the wooden bunk-houses; the dash with a plate to the cook-house; the good wet canteen with beer 10c a glass; the dances under the kerosene lamps; the old Riding School at 30 below zero; and then many years of service in the provinces with experiences of boundary cattle rustlers, smuggling, the Blackfoot, Cree and Stony Indians, the Idaho Kid, the first Musical Ride to Calgary; all forming a great contrast to his service in South Africa.

He has been written up in the "Riders of the Plains" and "Policing the Plains", and though now due for a third pension is still perky enough to give a lead to the younger set.

Long may he flourish.

Staff Sergeant I. ("Ikey") Forbes
(1878-1913)

Occupying a cottage outside the North Gate of the Barracks, "Ikey" Forbes is available when curiosity and interest become too great for the newer members of the Force.

Tall and slim, white-haired, the gentle stoop to his shoulders suggests a benign Methodist parson rather than the dare-devil recruit who crossed Canada in 1878.

He is best to hear when egged on at a Christmas dinner, his account of the South Country negress who accompanied the treckers in 1878, washing and cooking for them, being a gem of picquancy and wit.

His sense of humour is keen, nicely balanced with a gentle sarcasm, which, combined with his ascetic appearance, gives an impression of a life filled to the full.

He still puts in twelve hours a day at work—and enjoys it.

Staff Sergeant A. ("Jocko") Robinson
(1883-1922)

"Jocko" used to run the Smithy in the Barracks at Regina, smoky and grimy, with his leather apron. Big-eyed recruits used to listen to his histories of man-eating horses, all bad vicious horses, "but I could manage them", said Jocko, sending a shower of sparks from the anvil, and then "Get out".

"Jocko" went berserk one day. His pet poodle had been taken to put in the pound, the result of a general order around the camp. The sight of Jocko coming across the Barrack Square with his hammer in his hand was enough for the Provost, and there was no pound for that poodle.

Many a man blessed the day he met Jocko, for, under his fierce exterior he had a warm heart for his fellow members. Help in a tight corner, a quiet loan in an emergency, and a little wise advice were the usual things to expect from one who knew and understood his fellow creatures.

After he retired he moved his belongings to the West Coast, but it was useless; he pined for his natural surroundings and back he came to his beloved Red Coats. Now he lives quietly with his sister near the Barracks, surrounded with his heirlooms and remembrances, content to watch the progress of the Force with its new ways, and fully convinced that the present day boys are every bit as good as the old.

Not as brisk as he was, but just as alert to grasp a new idea, he interviews the American lady reporters with an aplomb that proves he is not yet a back number.

Staff Sergeant W. M. Phillips
(1885-1922)

Staff Sergeant Phillips is just as brisk as he used to be in the old days.

He is short and stocky, has a white moustache, moves at a rapid gait, and resembles a retired sailor.

"Aw Kid, how are you today?" is his invariable greeting, and then he produces a stock of tickets for whist drives to support the Herchmer School. He is just as keen on the newly built school as he used to be when the school was held in a shack in the Barracks.

Always in a hurry, he breathes benevolence at every turn, tells a yarn in one breath, and then is off to catch the next whist playing victim.

Helping other people, giving a few words of encouragement, hoping things are not so bad as they appear, a quiet pat on the shoulder, leaving a smile behind him, he blesses as he goes.

Sergeant A. Pedley
(1900-1924)

Now rather stout, walking with the aid of a stick, Sergeant Pedley has gone over to the Old Country to look around.

Hardships suffered in the Force have not affected his kindly disposition, and though at times the old paddy comes out, it is only a flash, and he soon relapses into the quiet manner which is the blessing of old age and experience.

When in Regina, he interests himself in his property, being very house proud.

He rarely speaks about his experiences in the Force, but when he does, his humour is irresistible.

Sergeant P. Cutting
(1896-1924)

Blessed with a wife and young family, "Percy" spends his time in the Province where the most of his police service was performed, living in a cottage just outside the Barracks.

Quiet and unassuming, he troubles no man; having put in his service he takes full advantage of the rest provided and makes no man's business his own.

His son carries on the good work as a Trumpeter in the Barracks.

R. C. M. P. General Order No. 65

"The Commissioner has approved of a Regimental Tie for the use of all members and ex-members of the Force.

The tie consists of a Royal Blue Silk fabric with diagonal yellow stripes 3/16 of an inch wide. The intervening blue portion is 11/16 of an inch in width.

The tie is not to be purchased for presentation to any person who is not either a serving member or an ex-member of the Force."

Three Mounties from Bishop's

by CONST. E. BRAKEFIELD-MOORE

Editorial Note: This contribution was never intended for the *Quarterly*; it was written for Const. Brakefield-Moore's university magazine but when we saw it we thought it would be of interest to our readers and persuaded Constable Brakefield-Moore to let us use it.

FROM THE Queen City of the Prairies comes the voice of three Mounties who have found themselves together again after a few years of absence from the halls of dear old Bishop's. They are Constables Gordon Glass (B.A., '32), Don Masson (Class of '33), and Brakefield-Moore (M.A., '30). Gordon has been re-christened "Garibaldi" owing to his bald head, a result of the barber's sense of humor. Don is affectionately known by his many friends as Ed Cantor because of his easy position in a movement of that name on horseback. Brakefield's name has been modified to Mahatma Ghandi owing to the occasional combination of steel-rimmed glasses and cropped head à la Mountie. Each of us has an interesting story to tell of his life since leaving the Alma Mater, and the circumstances under which each entered what we consider to be the finest organization on the American continent.

We find ourselves surrounded by men from every walk in life, many of whom are also college men from U. of N.B., Toronto Varsity, St. John's, and other western universities. D, E, and F Squads each has a representative from Bishop's; Don is in D, Gordon in E, and Brakefield in F. Our training here in "Depot" Division, Regina, we are finding to be a continuation of our life at Bishop's. With over 200 men from all over the Dominion residing together in barracks, the same spirit of co-operation is evident as is the great factor in the residential life of Bishop's. A surprising percentage of the men know or know of Bishop's, and many an interesting hour is spent with them reminiscing over our dealings and escapades with those who like ourselves have gone out into the world to show that "Recti Cultus Pectora Roborant." Likewise our intellects are being further developed here, or should we say our N.C.O's are trying to accomplish this, though they often have occasion to become desperate and use unparliamentary terms to describe our mentality or lack of it. Their's is indeed often a hard lot. But we are happy, and the medical reports show us to be in the "pink of health" even though the training is often arduous.

The main theme of our life here is horses. Two hours and a half per day are spent in grooming, feeding, bedding down, etc.—at 6.30 a.m., 11 a.m., and 4.15 p.m. When a squad is on duty for the day each of us is liable to take charge of a stable in the capacity of stable orderly, and woe betide the unfortunate orderly who does not keep his stable spick and span, ready as for inspection at any hour of the day. Similarly, when on Night Guard we find ourselves responsible for the horses' welfare until Reveille. But the fun really commences with riding under some of the best instructors in the country. Imagine the stupid flatheads we are when we let "our horses ride us" and break up a perfectly good formation, or when our horse decides that a lightning-like gallop over the prairies would increase the sense of humor of a distraught instructor, or further when, in the Riding School, the horse takes a sudden dislike to the jumps ahead and attempts, generally

successfully, to throw us on to the steel beams far overhead. Such are a few of our escapades with or without saddles, but on the whole we love it and are hopeful of becoming expert riders.

Thanks to the C.O.T.C., we had a good start for the military side of our training. Under highly recommendable instructors from Caterham and the Gordon Highlanders we are gradually being evolved from various crouching and stooping postures to erect and supple attitudes. Looking back a little, we realize how heartbreaking must have been the attempts of our Corporals with such a group of duds who walked, limped, strutted and skipped instead of marching together and "swinging stiff arms from the shoulders". Likewise our rifles, which once weighed approximately 75 pounds and were charged with a high frequency current, are becoming light and a part of ourselves in our arms drills. While we never handled revolvers before, they are becoming deadly weapons in our hands, and we hope to excel ourselves at the revolver and rifle ranges.

And, speaking of foot and arms drill, we must not omit to mention the physical training which, while often strenuous, is sure to loosen all joints, take kinks out of cast iron backs, and enliven somewhat sluggish minds. Every organ, muscle and bone in the body is exercised in turn, from the simple deep-breathing exercises to the cartwheels, dives and flips over the wooden horse (alas! yet another horse to distract us), and jiu-jitsu. The P.T., as we affectionately call it, is in addition an appetite teaser, that is judging from the vast quantities of delicious, wholesome food which disappears.

Our intellects are well taken care of with lectures on the various courses appointed for the edification of a 100% member of the R.C.M.P. We are required to have a good knowledge of First Aid as well as the manner in which to maintain law and order; to apprehend offenders of these, and to keep up the Force's reputation for fairness and justice. Our exams on the various subjects are similar to those at the University, and we are pleased to state that so far we are maintaining the standard set by good old Bishop's.

The day is by no means finished with the routine. Two or three uniforms, boots, hats, arms, Sam Brown, bridle, etc., have to be kept clean and shining; tons of brass and leather have to gleam under the polish of various cloths and brushes, ready for inspection by the eagle eyes of N.C.O's who often accuse us of only "going through the motions of shining". They are amply justified in their remarks: we have to learn that the Force has no place for shirkers. So, a bit tired, we gather in our barracks rooms after routine and to the tune of lively songs and reminiscences we polish and shine. After proudly exhibiting our cleaned apparel, we dash into "civies" and become swallowed up in the amusements of the city. However, all the time we are still Mounties and must act as such off duty. Cases of misconduct outside the barracks are very few and are severely dealt with, so as not to damage in any way the good name which the R. C. M. Police has obtained throughout the world.

The period of training is speeding by quickly and we are anticipating our transfer to detachments all over Canada, from the Arctic to southern Ontario, and from Halifax to Vancouver. Our fellow constables and N.C.O's

are scattered as far abroad as the Alumni of our Alma Mater are. We have a wonderful work to do as members of the R.C.M.P. Our work does not cease with the preservation of peace and the capture of criminals; we have, by our personal contacts and untiring sociability, to imbue the citizens of Canada with a love of peace and order. Our Force does not exist solely for catching offenders, but chiefly for preventing their being offenders. So with the foundation Bishop's has given us, we go forth ever holding fast to our motto—"Maintiens le Droit" which is the duty of every Mountie.

Sincere greetings to Bishop's from three of her sons in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

GARIBALDI.
ED CANTOR
MAHATMA GANDHI.

The contribution of "N" Division to the programme of the Canadian Legion Military Display and Tattoo at Ottawa on September 8th and 9th prompted the following letter from the Right Honourable the Prime Minister. As stated elsewhere in this number, Mr. Bennett took the salute at the second evening performance:—

"Dear Superintendent Tupper:

I should like to express to you, and through you to those of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who took part in the Musical Ride of the Scarlet and Gold at the Naval and Military Display and Tattoo on Friday and Saturday last, my congratulations upon their splendid performance. It must be a matter of pride and satisfaction to those who are responsible for the training of the men and to the men themselves that they were able to contribute so much of interest and entertainment. The enthusiastic appreciation of those who were privileged to view the Musical Ride indicated to some extent at least the high regard in which the Police are held.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) R. B. BENNETT.

J. M. Tupper, Esq.,
Superintendent,
"N" Division, R. C. M. P.,
Rockcliffe,
Ottawa, Ontario.

The Romance of Bird Migration

by TONY LASCELLES, (ex-Sergt. H. U. Green)

THE RECENT enactment of Parliament which transfers the responsibility for the enforcement of the Migratory Birds Convention Act to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police brings yet another phase of intensely interesting activity to members of the Force. Seldom can the pursuit of a useful hobby be colorfully embodied with the duties of investigation, a hobby which not only fosters a greater appreciation of the lives and problems of our feathered friends, but also assists immeasurably the application of the regulations for their protection and economic conservation.

When the sons and daughters of the Great White Crane winged their way southward in the fall of the year, clothed in the golden plumage of youth, the Indians of the western plains believed they wintered in a land beside the sun. What else, they said, could explain the transformation from gold to the purest of white, embellished with darkened head and black-tipped wings, for so, attired like their parents, they returned in the spring to the land of their birth, bleached and charred by intense heat.

In our childhood days, as we heard faint twitterings or the swish and whistle of fast beating wings filtering through the darkness of the autumn night, we wondered whither the birds of summer wended their hurried way. And when the garden and shrubbery about our homes became miraculously populated with flocks of feathered songsters, who disappeared when darkness fell, we wondered, too, but without inventive thought, whence they came, and why.

The migration of birds has ever excited the imagination of northern dwelling people. Why do they leave us when autumn frosts the woods and marshland? Why do they return when the verdure of spring appears? And so, myth and legend of a untutored past bring to us the lore of bygone times, seeking to explain what, even to the mind of adult man, was complex and obscure.

To-day, however, we know full well that the reason for the orderly departure of migratory birds is a waning food supply. Nevertheless a few varieties remain, accepting the hazards of a boreal winter while precariously subsisting on seeds, berries, and hibernating forms of insect life.

The motive for their return brings forth many explanations from several schools of thought. Lack of nesting sites about the wintering areas, caused by density of population; special food requirements of nestlings which only the temperate north can supply; and the instinctive love of an ancient home inhabited throughout the year in the dim distant past before the last glacial ice sheet covered the upper reaches of the continent, are among the theories offered.

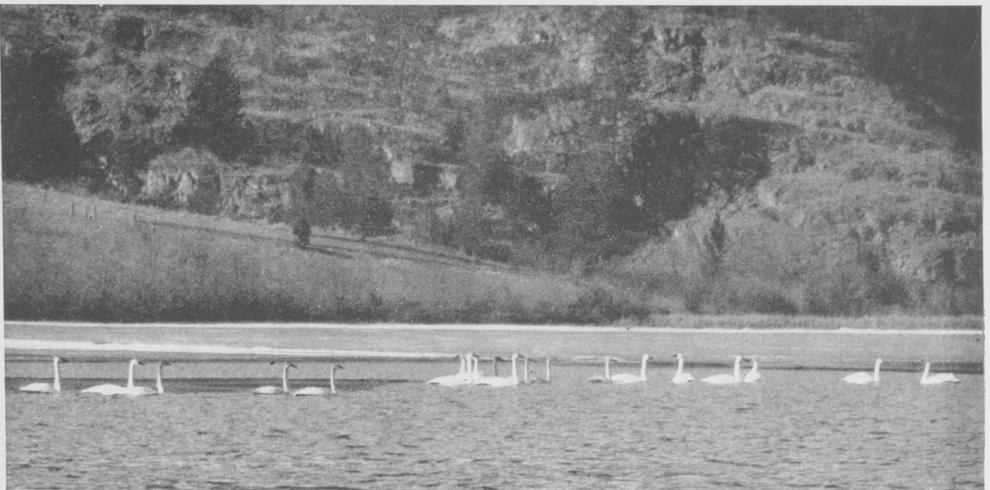
Strangely, the latter theory finds acceptance in the old beliefs of at least one tribe of northern Indians; for a time-honored legend not only suggests why the birds of summer return at the advent of spring, but also the original cause of migration to warmer winter climes. Thousands of years ago, it is related, the ancient forbears of the race were driven south in the van of advancing ice. Birds and beasts shared the long journey, returning

with their people ages hence on the heels of receding cold. The summer months of the homeland again became warm, while the winter, which was previously mild and generous, remained arctic in intensity. In consequence, many feathered inhabitants were compelled to seek more bountiful climes when chill winds blew from the north and hunger threatened with a menacing gesture. A longing for their old home, it is said, excites them to fly northward when the deep carpet of snow melts to the ground and the buds of the aspens are thick and sticky.

It is generally thought, however, that crowded conditions and the increased exertion to procure food in the south, at a time when the northern regions teem with eatable things, would stimulate a migration which, through the ages, has become instinctive, irrespective of actual need. Be that as it may. For, whatever the cause, we welcome their arrival with the same fervour as we wish them bon voyage, not merely because of their beauty and song, but for their economic value as destroyers of harmful insects and the seeds of noxious weeds.

Where our migratory birds sojourn in winter is now a matter of record. The routes which many species travel as they wing a tireless way to and from the breeding areas of the north are even plotted and mapped. The Scarlet tanager, "the bird like a glowing coal, bright enough to set the woods on fire", who summers in the north eastern United States and south eastern Canada, has two known migratory paths which span the Gulf of Mexico, converging in Honduras. From there it proceeds by a single route to the equator. Another path, used entirely by water birds, begins in Nova Scotia, crossing the sea to the north east coast of South America over hundreds of miles of uncharted waves. Other routes criss-cross the continent like the invisible threads of a gigantic web.

This interesting knowledge, and what it teaches us in the interest of conservation and protection, has been greatly enhanced during the recent years through the systematic medium of bird banding operations pursued under



TRUMPETER SWANS

A species that is specially protected because it has been in danger of extinction.

permit in accordance with the provisions of the Migratory Birds Convention Act. Different species of birds are captured in specially designed traps and tagged on the lower end of the leg above the foot with light aluminum bands, and then released unharmed. Each band bears a serial number of which a record is kept at Ottawa and Washington, containing the bander's name, the species of bird banded, and the date the band was attached. Days, weeks, months, and sometimes years later, the identified bird may be killed or captured. The band is removed and forwarded to the authorities as directed thereon, giving us, as it were, a case history of its wandering. History is written on every band. In 1913, a common tern and one hundred unfledged young were banded on Muscungus Bay, Maine. Four years later a native wading in the sea on the west coast of Africa found a strange white bird lying dead on the shore with a metal band about one of its legs. Surprised at the find he took it to a missionary, and thus the band and record came back to the country of origin. The log of this long voyage with its difficulties and final disaster we will never know, but even the bare record is pregnant with romance. In Canada, natives who return bands removed from the legs of birds found dead or killed for food, are rewarded by the department with an enamelled medallion for their interest, a gift responsible for much valuable information which otherwise might be lost to ornithological science.

At the moment bird banding operations are carried on by approximately 2000 scientists and amateur naturalists residing in every part of Canada and the United States, with the result that to date, about 100,000 migratory birds have been tagged, involving nearly 200 different species.

Through bird banding and closely observing their habits we have also learnt that generally the farther north they breed the farther south they spend the winter, skipping over the less mobile species. Thus, birds that summer in areas of the continent which are temperate throughout the year, for the most part move south only a limited distance in the fall. The Fox sparrows who breed about Vancouver only migrate to the states of Washington and Oregon. On the other hand, the Arctic tern breeds as far north as it can find land, and winters as far south as there is water to provide food. The distance travelled annually on this amazing journey from the Arctic to the Antarctic and return is 22,000 miles. Aided by instinct alone and seemingly ill-equipped for such an arduous feat, the accomplishment of this little feathered traveller dwarfs the adventurous undertakings of man.

Birds do not begin their migration en masse. From late summer until the last cold days of fall a stream of different species pass along the sky routes to the south. Certain varieties of waterfowl remain even after ice fringes the marge of the northern lakes and marshes, as if reluctant to leave. Others do not care to linger at a time when the countryside is generous with their needs. The young are full fledged and strong, and they heed the appealing call of the balmy south with the same instinctive impulse that compels their return. Many species fly to and from their winter stations, only when darkness covers the land, resting and feeding from dawn till dusk. Others travel by day, feeding as they flit from covert to covert, in more leisurely fashion. Certain species take off for the long journey in flocks like geese and crows, and some in pairs and family groups. And so, in like manner,

they come back to us when the snows of winter have gone from the ground and insects and seeds and other favored food are exposed for the taking.

It is not possible within the scope of this short article to write other than in general terms or dwell at length upon the many facts which make the study of migratory birds a helpful recreation. Sufficient, it is believed, has been said to create more than an official interest in their welfare, an interest which may blossom and thrive to the benefit of the individual, not only as an enforcer of the act which protects them, but for the satisfaction that a knowledge of wild things so surely brings to all who seek a greater understanding of their devious ways.

TRY THIS CYPHER PROBLEM

Sergeant Major J. Fraser of Headquarters Division has contributed the following problem, as a test of the cipher-solving abilities of the members of the Force. The solution and the names of those who arrived at it, will be given in the next number of the *Quarterly*.

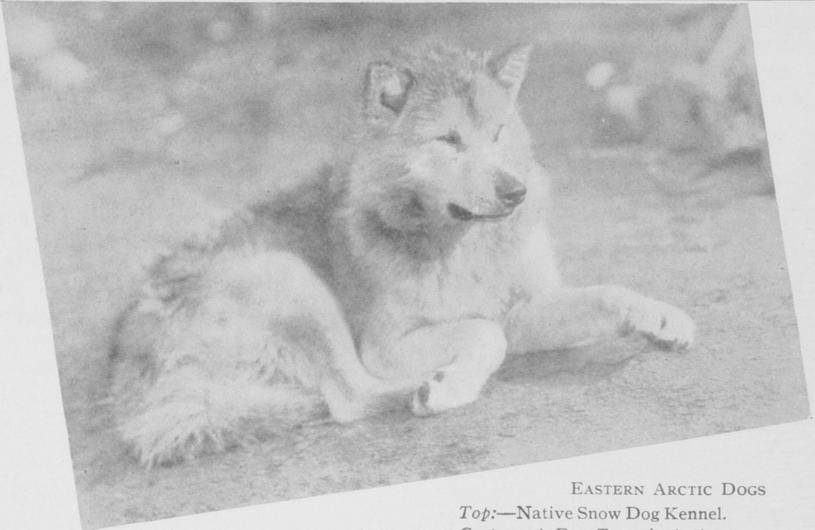
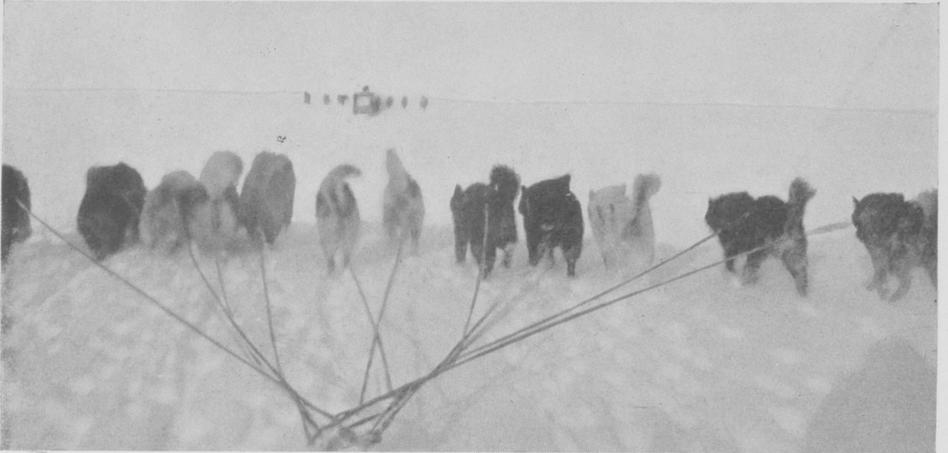
“A robbery had been committed at a large Trust Company in a Canadian city, over the week-end. The only clue discovered by the police, consisted of a crumpled slip of paper, beneath an open fan-light through which entry had evidently been effected. On this slip of paper appeared the following groups of letters:—

ETEKU SUELPBVBUS ZBVK HPXZF LFVBW WTVUP

&

CTVKUP QXFXATFS IPBQTD

“The paper was handed to a cipher expert who returned it in a short time with the remark that it was a simple transposition cipher and that the writer had evidently studied typewriting methods. As a result of the information contained in the deciphered message the criminals were apprehended in due course”.



EASTERN ARCTIC DOGS

Top:—Native Snow Dog Kennel.
Centre:—A Dog Team in Action.
Bottom:—Eskimo Sledge Dog.

Northern Dogs

by STAFF SERGEANT W. C. GRENNAN

OF THE different transport animals found in use today, the northern dog, pulling his sled over ice and snow, is not far from being unique. In proportion to size, his hauling ability is truly remarkable: roughly, it is pound for pound under favourable conditions.

Principal Breeds of Sled Dogs

There are at present several breeds of dogs being used in man's service, chief of which are: the husky, malamute and siberian. The husky is the best all round animal, with the malamute running him a close second. The siberian is a very fine, tough, fast little chap, and is best adapted to those areas where teams of nine and over are driven. On the other hand, where, owing to the conformity of the terrain and the frequency of timbered belts, it is both inconvenient and unnecessary to use many dogs in a team, it is then that the bigger and stronger animals, such as the reliable husky and excellent malamute, are indispensable.

Districts Where Dogs Are Found

The siberian is chiefly found on the west coast of Alaska, where he is used over open country, the malamute is the product of the Mackenzie River and Yukon Territory; while the husky, both large and medium size, is present in all the timbered sections adjacent to the great Hudson Bay. The smaller variety, driven fan style, are also used over the barren lands of the entire Arctic Region.

Females

Females are used less in harness than males, though the native of the country does not discriminate to any extent. They are often the cause of ruinous fights among the other dogs of the team. However, there are many instances on record where females have proved splendid leaders, possessing, in the aggregate, a keener intelligence than the males.

Breaking and Training

The best age to commence breaking pups is around eight months. The process should be gradual for it is of the greatest importance that work dogs take kindly to their duties. No more than two pups at a time should be handled; and it is best, that they be placed with a team of steady, matured dogs, with whom they are already acquainted. The initial run should be made under the most favourable conditions and of only a few miles, and always toward their kennels. This is of primary importance, as the first impressions of harness should be favourable. Tolerant firmness is the keynote of training. Leaders are picked from older dogs and further instructed. With care and decent treatment, a sled dog should be eligible for about eight seasons' work.

Styles of Harness

The question of HITCH has always been a controversial one as so much depends upon the method from which the best results will be secured from a team of dogs. Roughly speaking, there are three styles: tandem, double-alaskan and fan. The tandem is used in bush country and is fairly satisfactory where animals are well matched; it, however, has a tendency to develop a

type of dog which is popularly known as "An Old Soldier", or the sort which believes in "Letting George Do It"; and when a dog through cunning has acquired this trait it is hard to detect his malingering, as he learns to keep his traces tight without pulling an ounce. The single-alaskan or jack-knife hitch is the best antidote for this bad habit; and when used the team improves wonderfully. The nicest tie is the double-alaskan; but, unfortunately, it can only be used on a trail of at least 30 inches in width. It is excellent for either fast tripping or heavy hauling. The fan is employed exclusively on the barren lands. Each dog pulls over his back, on a single trace of his own, attached to a bridle at the head of the sled. Big teams are harnessed with this style of fastening, and it answers the purpose for which it is intended, but it cannot conveniently be used in the bush.

Types of Sleds

Komatiks are used on the barren lands and large loads can be transported with these conveyances. The runners require icing periodically. The driver frequently walks or runs, but occasionally when the going is good enough or the load is light he will squat on the top of his freight, and, with a long whip, expertly used, pick out any defaulting dog. Toboggans, eight or nine feet in length, and about 16 inches wide, are used in bush country. They are attached to a team of from four to seven dogs. The gross weight hauled is about 75 pounds per animal. The alaskan or basket sled can be used in districts where the trails are wide. They are splendid, giving the team every advantage, to which they readily respond.

Stamina and Habits

Northern sled dogs are famed for their stamina under, at times, the worst conditions. When hard and tough in the spring of the year their pace is almost tireless. Three to four miles an hour pace is a fair rate of travel when freighting; but, when travelling light, particularly with the alaskan hitch, five to seven miles per hour can be maintained. A team should never be rushed at the start; dogs settle down gradually to their work; and it pays wonderfully to leave them alone for the first hour at least. They react to the prevailing mental condition of their driver; so that the best teams are invariably found in the hands of firm but cheerful, happy mushers.

Feed

These great, little, transport animals need good food and plenty of it. Meat and fish is the staple diet, though cereals of all sorts may be cooked-up as an alternative and make a welcome change. Dogs should not be fed in the morning but when the day is long and the going hard. A little nourishment may be advantageously given at noon. The main feed is in the evening, when the work is done. It should be generous. The dogs require a sheltered location for the night, so as to rest comfortably and undisturbed.

Intelligence

Sled dogs are very intelligent, particularly the leaders; and instances of their brainwork need to be seen for adequate appreciation.

Conclusion

In closing, a word to my comrades: When patrolling with dogs, remember, they are the smallest of transport animals but honest, game and true; so treat them considerately.

The Force's Second Patrol

by VERNON LACHANCE

IN THE HISTORY of the Force the jewels of spectacular performance too often obscure the duller gold of routine accomplishment.

Much has been written about the expedition of the North West Mounted Police across the prairies in 1874. And deservedly so. But comparatively little is known about the accomplishments of a small detached portion of the Force which made the trek from La Roche Percee to Edmonton at the same time, although it is perhaps, safe to say that without the less glamorous march the trip to the Rockies and return might never have been made.

When the Mounted Police left Dufferin in July it was the intention of Commissioner French to proceed to the Rockies, leave a small detachment of police there, after disposing of the outlaws reported to be infesting the neighbourhood, and then march north to Edmonton. At Edmonton one-half the Force was to be stationed, the remainder to continue on the last leg of the return trip to Fort Ellice, the site originally selected for the future headquarters but subsequently changed to Swan River.

The delayed departure from Dufferin, due to the necessity for awaiting essential equipment, was the first threat to the itinerary as originally planned. The cumbersome equipment and the slow-moving oxen made the rate of progress slow; the inability of the eastern horses to adapt themselves to the prairie grass, the appearance of illness in men and cattle further conspired to retard the advance.

Before La Roche Percee had been reached, Commissioner French knew that drastic action would have to be taken if the round trip were to be completed before the early and severe western winter set in.

The solution arrived at was to send as much of the supplies as could be spared and practically all the farm animals, to Edmonton by the more direct, better known and less hazardous route formed by the traders' cart trails running from Fort Ellice to the north west.

Superintendent William Jarvis volunteered to take charge of the detached force with Inspector Severe Gagnon as second in command. Staff Sergeant Sam Steele and Sergeant Tom Labelle were the two senior non-commissioned officers who were to go along.

The main column of the expedition had arrived at La Roche Percee on July 24th, a distance of 258 miles from Dufferin, but Inspector Jarvis' command did not take off for Edmonton until Saturday, August 1st. The interval was spent in resting up the horses and cattle and dividing the stores and equipment. Inspector Gagnon seized the opportunity to visit the geological freak which gave the stopping-place its name.

It was, he wrote in his diary, "a great block of petrified sandstone nearly twenty-five feet high, about ten feet thick and, on the length, losing itself in a hill to the west. The form is irregular and bizarre; at the middle a great hole from side to side, whence the name of Pierced Rock. There are three of these rocks at a short distance from one another. The second resembles an arch of triumph; the third is flatter and more massive. In the vicinity there are several of these blocks of sandstone. And the cave which must be very large; one can only walk in it with difficulty for a little while;

it is impossible to go very far because of lack of air and light. No one, they say, has been able to go to the very end of the cave”.

At last everything was ready. With the farewells of the main column ringing in their ears the members of the smaller party moved off with their charges at five o'clock in the morning. The parade order was as follows:—

Superintendent Jarvis	
Inspector Gagnon	
Constables and Sub-Constables	20
Horses	60
Wagons	26
Farm cattle:	
Cows	52
Calves	45
Half-breed ox drivers	13
Oxen	63
Ox carts	57

Two other officers and seven constables who were to be stationed at Fort Ellice, accompanied the party.

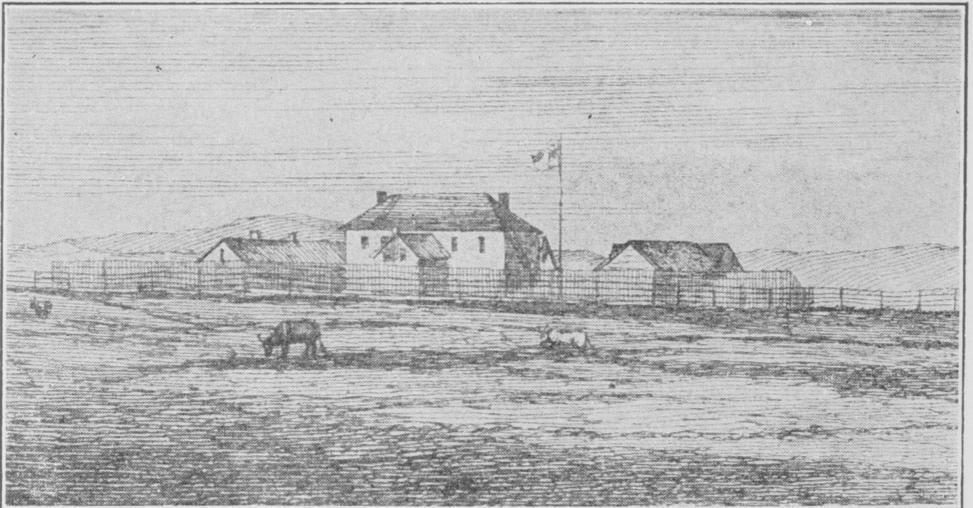
Some of the constables were mirthful over the appearance of the horses, but the officers saw the more serious side of the situation. Inspector Gagnon made another entry in his diary:—

“They have taken all our horses from us”, he wrote, “the best in the Force”.

And of the replacements:—

“Nearly all are sick or the cast-offs of the other Troops. One would laugh to see these poor skin-and-bones carcasses and the heavy loads we have”.

The shortage of men pressed all hands into service to keep the cattle from wandering. Even the officers had to assist. “It’s amusing”, noted Inspector Gagnon.



FORT ELlice, 1874

Violent rainstorms with an accompaniment of thunder and lightning, made travel slow, miserable for the men and exhausting for the horses and cattle during the first four days. A party of Sioux Indians was seen to the right, following a parallel course to that of the Police. That night the guard was doubled, and the men were cautioned to keep their firearms handy. The continuous rain made the trail into a morass and several wagons could not reach camp one night.

It was necessary to call a day's halt in order to retrieve the wagons and to give the horses a chance to recuperate their strength. The poor beasts could not go more than two hours without feed. Their strength was almost gone. Superintendent Jarvis thought, with a rueful smile, of the nearly nine hundred miles yet to go.

August was at its hottest and a fresh start was made in the coolness of four-thirty in the morning of the 7th. The rest, seemingly, had greatly benefitted the horses, and only one wagon remained behind.

A host of grasshoppers filled the heavens next day. They were as "thick as snow", wrote Inspector Gagnon. That night several wagons were again far behind and help had to be sent back after camp was made. Two horses had been abandoned along the trail. Eighteen miles had been covered that day.

The next day, after a few hours' early morning travel, another halt was called to rest the horses, although the oxen had been used to draw the wagons. Five sick horses became stuck in the mud of a creek and had to be dragged out by sheer man-power, and then propped on their feet. It took three more days to cover the few remaining miles to Fort Ellice.

The settlement was unimpressive. Apart from the Hudson's Bay Company buildings only a few Sioux, Salteaux and Cree wigwams were to be seen. A small detachment of Mounted Police was already there and it was the intention to build permanent police quarters on the north side of the Assiniboine, opposite the Hudson's Bay Company's post.

Soon after the arrival of the Police the Indians were swarming about the new camp. Some of the women, wrote Inspector Gagnon, "are almost pretty". Probably anticipating modern fashions "all the girls have their cheeks heavily painted in red", and "the men have their heads painted with the same colour". The Indians appeared to be gay and sociable.

Superintendent Jarvis decided to rest for several days. A man was sent back on the trail to bring in the two abandoned horses; he returned to report that both had died. Another horse had died on arrival at Fort Ellice, while several others were stuck in a river swamp and had to be rescued. The condition of the horses, wrote Inspector Gagnon, "is not very good", but with his unfailing optimism he added, "however, some of them look better than when we left".

While at Fort Ellice the loads were completely overhauled and an inventory taken. During this period, particularly, the Quartermaster was not popular with his fellows. "He annoys us very much", reads an entry in the diary.

Nearly half the horses and three or four farm animals were left at the Fort, but four dogs were added to the caravan for good measure. The march was resumed on Tuesday, August 18th.

The first day's camp was made on the banks of the Qu'Appelle River, close to "a magic sanctuary or holy sweating purgatory of the savages. It consisted of eight wigwams made from branches, twisted into arches; a square hole, very well finished, cut in the centre and laid with stones on all sides, with a piece of wood one foot long from which the bark had been half removed. In front of this hole was a branch three or four feet long, folded in two and attached by both ends to a bunch of hay; the whole surmounted by a small blue pavilion. The hut of the chief was larger and adorned with strips of different colours, under a yellow pavilion about a yard long, with red bands".

The route led north of the Qu'Appelle River, following the course of the traders' cart trails on the south side. The going was fairly easy for the first few days although the ox-drawn carts again began to lag behind.

Game was plentiful and added a welcome variety to the table. Breakfast at Cut Arm Creek, the fourth day's camp, consisted of hot bread, butter, woodcock, prairie chicken, veal steak, bacon, good tea "and a good appetite".

It was more difficult to keep in touch with good drinking water, but a heavy rainfall proved a temporary solution of that difficulty.

The first call on the medicine chest brought the unpleasant discovery that several bottles were cracked and broken.

Once again the oxen and farm cattle took to wandering from camp, usually in the direction of the last stopping-place. This necessitated sending men back to locate the missing animals and delayed progress considerably. It was the Pheasant Hills district.

In between the occasional summer storms the weather continued very warm. It was nearing the end of August, however, and the nights were becoming decidedly cooler.

The camp-site each night and the distance covered each day depended, to a great extent, on the proximity of water. Most of the lakes in the vicinity were saline. On August 25th Inspector Gagnon wrote, "I am tired, having ridden quite a lot to find water".

The same day the first visitor to the camp since leaving Fort Ellice, arrived, in the person of the Reverend Mr. Maisonneuve.

Suddenly the weather changed to rain and thick fog, which lasted for two days, varied only by heavy storms. The trail became so bad that a halt was called to save the horses, but the enforced rest provided an opportunity to lay in a supply of the ducks which abounded in the adjacent sloughs.

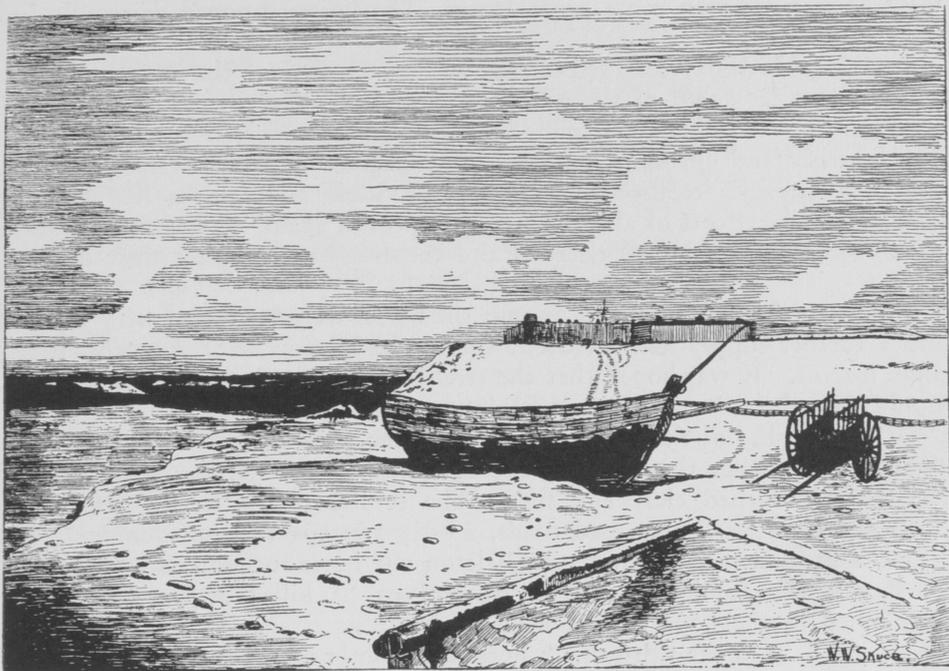
One horse died.

The party had now swung onto a more travelled trail and travellers were encountered more frequently. It was the Touchwood Hills district.

The first day of September was ushered in with a cold rain which left everyone and everything cold and damp. Before leaving the wooded country for the bare prairies a supply of firewood was gathered.

The next morning there was ice in the water pails. After covering twenty miles, about the best travelling done since leaving La Roche Percee, fresh water was encountered. The wild game continued to be abundant: two swans were seen, and, later, a herd of twenty kids.

A strong wind was blowing but it failed to ripple the water in one lake passed. The men immediately named the phenomenon "The Dead Sea".



Fort Edmonton, 1874

The weather improved but scarcity of water again interrupted progress. Rolling country had now been entered, with brush covered hills never far distant.

The Saskatchewan was crossed on the 8th of September. The Half-breeds took over the carts but the entire day was required to get the cattle across and on the way to Fort Carleton. A terrific thunderstorm with spurts of hail and strong winds intensified the difficulties.

The rain continued into the second day, becoming steadily colder. The carts were again sadly far behind, and a pair of oxen had wandered away. No one could cross the river.

Fort Carleton was reached with the equipment on September 11th, in a bitterly cold, driving wind. There was frost every night now, and the horses were suffering acutely from the change. The shelter of the Fort was welcome to all, and the spirits of the little band of police quickened.

The ancient highway of the traders and trappers of the Northwest had been attained. From Fort Carleton to Edmonton was a beaten path, and, reasoned Superintendent Jarvis, to whom some of the territory was familiar, the difficulties of the trail could not be worse than those already encountered.

But he knew that their charges were nearly at the end of their strength, with a distance of more than three hundred miles yet to cover. The shelter of the Fort had come too late for many of the horses that were dying, but a rest, good food and warmer weather might carry the others through. . . .

For two days it grew steadily colder, starting with a chilling rain and working up with a strong wind into snow. Finally the snow stopped, but

the cold became even more penetrating. The horses drooped dejectedly in their stables.

On the third day the Half-breeds refused to continue the journey. This was the first let-down of the morale of the party; the first deviation from the keen but considerate discipline which had been enforced from the start. The patience and optimism of Jarvis and Gagnon had been a tonic to the men; the energy, resource and example of Steele and Labelle had been a stimulus to the efforts of all. And so they proved again. After considerable persuasion the Half-breeds relented and consented to complete their undertaking.

During this halt at Fort Carleton the horses were being fed with wheat, and a further supply had been sent for to the Mission at St. Laurent, fifty miles distant. It was hoped that the strengthening food and the week's rest would keep the animals alive until Edmonton was reached.

The crossing of the Saskatchewan with the weakened cattle and animals took four days, but then, as if to encourage the further efforts of the party, the weather turned clear and fine. The resulting cheerfulness was soon dissipated, however, when bad roads, mostly swamps were encountered.

On the second day out from Carleton one horse succumbed and had to be shot. The following day an ox had to be killed and another was abandoned in the hope that it would recover its strength and could later be retrieved. On the third day a horse and another ox were missing. Each day an increasing number of horses had to be lifted to their feet and urged on to further effort.

Early in October stormy weather swooped down and resulted in the party taking the wrong trail. A day later, with the assistance of some men from Fort Pitt, a return to the Edmonton trail was made.

The horses were finding it difficult to climb the hills, and one of them had to be abandoned. A sick ox was left behind. The travelling continued to be difficult. The route consisted mainly of bad trails, difficult creeks and hills, and the brief rests for the exhausted animals found the men working furiously making corduroy cover for mudholes and constructing bridges to permit the passage of the carts.

But the weather was warm again, and flagging spirits took heart.

On October 8th the cattle were too tired to go any farther and a short halt was called. A sick ox was entrusted to the care of a party proceeding toward Fort Pitt. The daily rate of progress was steadily dropping, and each night more ox-carts arrived at camp late. Another ox dropped dead.

The cattle and horses unmistakably needed rest and better food, but the advancing season made delay impossible. And Edmonton was still more than a hundred miles distant. One bright spot arose when food for the horses, in the form of wild hay, was found.

Victoria was reached on October 19th and, to the infinite relief of every man, arrangements were made to leave eleven oxen and all the farm cattle there for the winter. Three oxen had been abandoned the day before, two of them in a dying condition. The weather had again turned stormy, but a sudden change brought a return of fine, warm days. The ox-carts were increasingly late in arriving each night; the poor beasts drawing them being no longer equal to the effort. Each day found it more necessary for the men to supplement the efforts of the animals with their own strength.

The Sturgeon River was too high to cross with the wagons and a ford had to be selected at the rapids one mile up the river. It had again turned cold and the icy water was almost too much for the horses, one of them dying on reaching the other side. It was the 27th of October, and unmistakable signs of winter were present in the cold nights, stormy weather and the appearance of snow. Two horses had to be abandoned and five others were left behind in charge of some of the men.

Horse Hill was reached on the 28th with the horses barely able to keep erect, so stiffened were they that they could scarcely travel over the frozen ground. The last twenty-five miles were a nightmare to the men, who had to lift several of their charges to their feet every few yards. Coaxing, straining, urging, the gap finally closed in.

It was nearing midnight when the first wagons reached Edmonton. The next morning a supply of barley was sent back for the rest of the convoy, but it was four days later, November 1st, before the last cart had been pulled into the Fort.

The long journey was over. The objective, nine hundred miles distant from La Roche Percee, had been attained. Of the ten ox-drawn wagons which left Carleton, only four had arrived, the other oxen having died on the way.

The difficulties of the journey may best be imagined by a comparison with the progress of the main column to the south. Almost at the same moment that the last carts were entering Fort Edmonton, Commissioner French with his staff and two divisions was entering the barracks at Swan River, having completed a round trip of nearly twelve hundred miles since leaving La Roche Percee. For, even with the advantage of the main column's lightened loads after the Edmonton contingent took off, the Commissioner had been compelled to depart from his original plan and, abandoning the idea of reaching Edmonton, hurry back east to the new headquarters in a race against the encroaching winter.

In his brief report on the journey, Superintendent Jarvis permitted himself but one lapse from his tone of official brevity:—

"In conclusion", he wrote, "I may state that on looking back over our journey I wonder how we ever accomplished it with weak horses, little or no pasture, and for the last five hundred miles with no grain, and the latter part over roads impossible until we made them, that is to say, I kept a party of men in advance with axes, and when practicable felled trees and made corduroy over mud holes, sometimes one hundred yards long, and also made a number of bridges and repaired all the old ones. We must have laid down several miles of corduroy between Fort Pitt and here. Streams which last year, when I crossed them, were mere rivulets are now rivers difficult to ford. And had it not been for the perfect conduct of the men, and real hard work, much of the property must have been destroyed".

But in this "perfect conduct" of the men two names were singled out for special distinction: Staff Sergeant Steele who was "undeviating in his efforts to assist me", and who had "done the manual labour of at least two men", while "the attention paid by Sergeant Labelle to the horses has saved many of them".

The Lighter Side

The Fiction Mountie Still Goes Strong

by EX.-SGT. H. E. TAYLOR

ONE OFTEN pauses to wonder what the films and the cheaper fiction magazines would do without those soul-stirring dramas of the Mounted Police, which are dished up daily with slight—very slight—variations, to be eagerly devoured by the great anthropoid majority.

The hero is always either a sergeant or a corporal. Should a mere constable, by any freak of chance get in at the death, he is immediately promoted by a very grateful officer. Hence a disgruntled buck's definition of the Force as "A small body of constables entirely surrounded by N.C.O's."

It is also imperative that the hero be an Irishman—with a really deep brogue. Half the population of ould Oireland have at some time or other passed through the ranks of the Mounted Police. A Scotch or an English sergeant would be sufficient to ruin the most promising yarn, and it is common knowledge that one prominent editor committed hari-kari when his favourite author submitted a story in which the dare-devil corporal hailed from Llanfygwch in Wales.

The action always takes place in the "frozen" north. It must be very north—and very frozen. A man-hunt at sixty below in southern Manitoba, or a bloody battle at fifty below in the Alberta foothill country is positively taboo. Only genuine Arctic settings receive any consideration. For some mysterious reason, the Arctic brand of cold is the coldest, just as Arctic ice is always the iciest, and Arctic snow the very snowiest. And it is always "unbroken ice and snow"—hundreds of miles of it—thousands if you like—the more unbroken the better.

I had never really understood what was meant by the term "magnetic north", until I realized its strong attraction for those bad hombres who are always busy skedaddling away from the Mounted Police. The chase is always "northward, ever northward." This is necessary in order to work in that sentimental touch about civilization lying behind. "Behind Sergeant Terence O'Blarney, alone in that frozen wilderness, lay civilization and all that it meant—bright lights, happy homes, comfort—and love." Should the bad man by any chance get all balled up in his bearings and hit south, his Nemesis would have civilization in front of him, which would, of course, be quite ridiculous.

All Mounted Police heroes are physical phenomena—a source of continual wonderment to the medical profession. They can mush for days without food or drink, go without rest or sleep for nights on end, and are always ready—nay, eager—for desperate physical combat. Wonderful pugilists these police chaps—even the weakest of pursuing corporals could lick Tunney or Dempsey with one hand tied behind him. So anxious are they to mix it that they always positively disdain to use their six-shooters. I have yet to read of the mounted policeman who, when closing with his quarry, failed to unbuckle his gun, throw it away, and leap in with bare knuckles and a grin of triumph. Just why an exhausted cop should violate rules and regulations to beat up his captive, is something I could never fathom. It

CORPORAL CHASEM, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH CONDUCT TO THE PREJUDICE OF DISCIPLINE, (1) APPEARING IN PUBLIC IMPROPERLY DRESSED, TO WIT, WITH BLEEDING HANDS AND KNEES. (2) WAS ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE IN BORNEO AND THE GOBI DESERT. (3). DID HIRE CAMELS IN BURMAH WITHOUT AUTHORITY FROM H.Q.; WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

A BOY'S BEST BET HIS O.C.

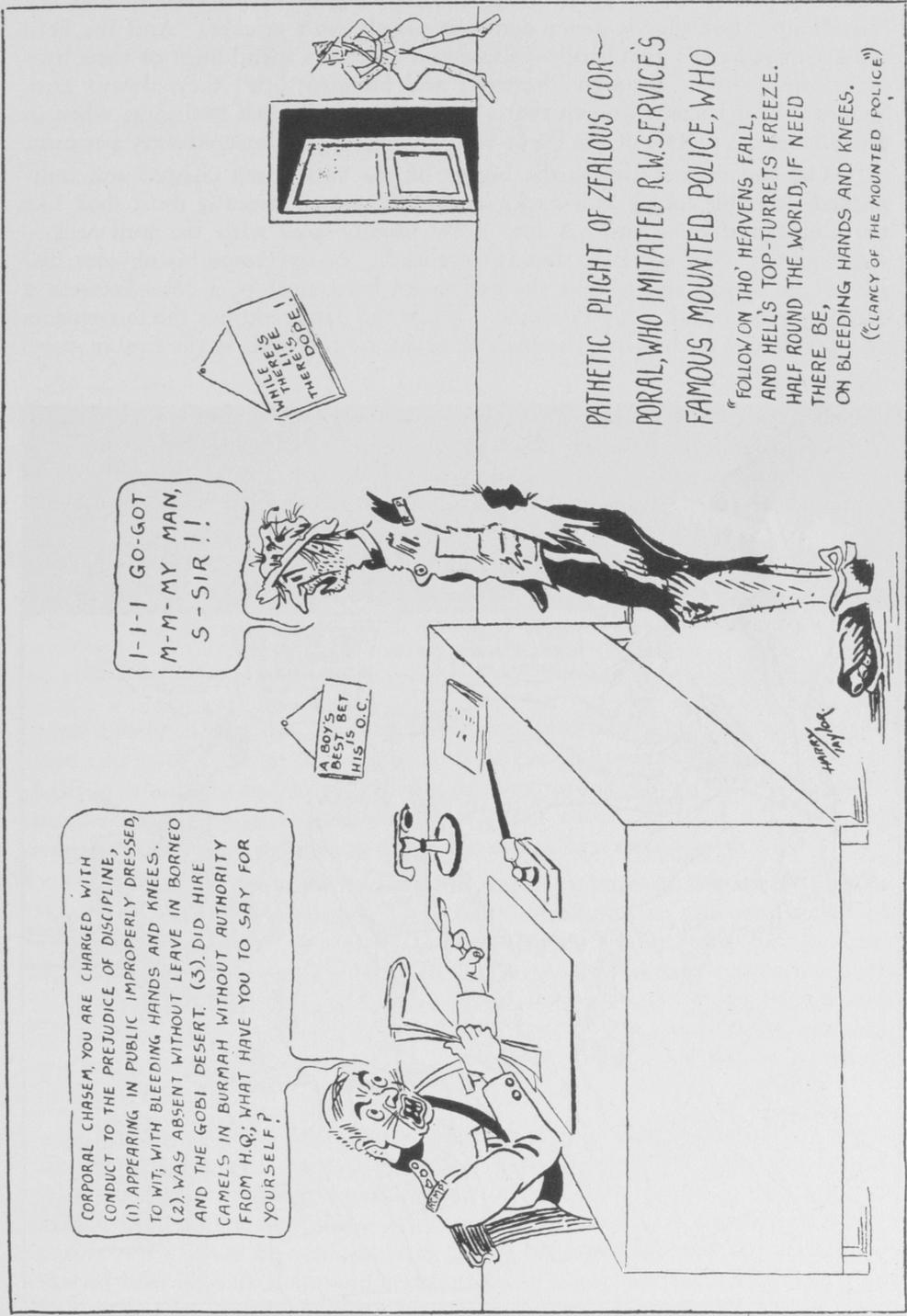
I-I-I GO-GOT M-M-MY MAN, S-S-SIR !!

THERE'S A THING THERE'S A THING THERE'S A THING

PATHETIC PLIGHT OF ZEALOUS CORPORAL, WHO IMITATED R.W.SERVICE'S FAMOUS MOUNTED POLICE, WHO

"FOLLOW ON THO' HEAVENS FALL, AND HELL'S TOP-TURRETS FREEZE. HALF ROUND THE WORLD, IF NEED THERE BE, ON BLEEDING HANDS AND KNEES.

(CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE)



would obviously be so much easier to stick a gun in his tummy and say "hands up", but that is never done—it simply isn't cricket. And the hero must always have a grin handy—successful sergeants spend most of their lives in grinning—even through "battered and bleeding lips" they always grin. Should it ever become known that a scarlet hero had cried with rage when in difficulties, the morale of the Force would be promptly lowered sixty per cent.

The bad man is always the bigger of the two—deep chested and bull-necked—terrible lot of bull-necks in the Arctic—at times it must look like the Chicago stock-yards. A low brow usually goes with the bull-neck—sometimes it is an ape-like, sloping forehead. To overcome his obvious disadvantage in size and weight the policeman hero must be a cross between a dancing master and a trip-hammer. While the desperado has the movements of a ponderous pachyderm the Irish sergeant, or corporal, as the case may be,



Touching Yuletide Scene on the Arctic Trail!

It says much for the resourcefulness of our Northern Men that, even on arduous patrols, they endeavour to observe the amenities of civilization.



Drawing by CONST. F. S. SPALDING

The R. C. M. Police combined detachment and post office at Bache Peninsula, N.W.T., ceased to exist on April 12th, 1933. It was originally opened in the summer of 1926. Bache Peninsula is slightly more than 700 miles from the North Pole.

leaps lightly in and out, raining lightning blows upon his opponent's dazed face and body. Some day a bold and original author will describe an epic fight in which the bad actor does the dancing and jabbing, while the sergeant shuffles heavily around, swinging wild blows which fail to land. But that story will never get into print unless the editor happens to be drunk.

It is always winter time in these Arctic dramas of the mounted men. Despite the untiring propaganda of Herr Stefannsson no one ever picks wild raspberries, wears B.V.D's or goes swimming in the untamed north. And there is always a howling blizzard conveniently waiting just around the corner, ready to discompose further the already harried human bloodhound. A northern yarn without a blizzard is as rare as a lonely wind-swept cabin without an open fireplace—bricklayers and stonemasons must simply swarm in the Arctic.

The use of rifles or revolvers is permitted at long range, or in special circumstances against very overwhelming odds—even the most pugilistic of Irish sergeants obviously could not leap in bare-handed and grinning against fifteen bull-necked criminals. But no matter how low the temperature—and it must never be warmer than thirty below under any consideration—the oil film on rifle bolts and revolver locks never freezes. The hero's gun always works—and when he yanks off his mitts and pulls his gat in eighty below weather, his fingers never stick to the cold metal. But of course flayed hands at eighty below would never be allowed to bother a fiction mountie.

The story always ends with a happy re-union at headquarters, and commanding officers appear to spend all their time in congratulating and promoting returned heroes. After twenty years of northern service the average Irishman would have enough stripes to cover both arms and legs, with enough left over for the girl waiting back there in civilization (and all that it means) to make a crazy quilt with. Poor girls. They have to wait a long time for their little grey home in the east. It is obvious that you cannot have a married hero in a mounted police story. It would never do to have a beautiful half-breed maid risking her life for the father of half a dozen husky Irish youngsters—and if the head of the house insists upon spending his week-ends mushing hundreds of miles across unbroken ice and snow, who is going to chop the wood and take the family to church? No. The cheerful corporals and grinning sergeants must stay single until the very last bad man has been chased, outwitted and beaten up. By the time the heroes leave the ranks of the Force to line up with the Benedicts they must be pretty tough and weather-beaten old birds. Still, I hope they are still young enough to properly appreciate "Bright lights, happy homes, comfort—and love—and all that civilization means."



The arrival of the Christmas Mail at Paraffin Island: a triumph of perseverance for Constable Gloop whose dogs froze and perished beneath him 200 miles from the detachment.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FROM TRAINING HEADQUARTERS**As Gathered by Special Reporter Ex-Sergt. H. E. Taylor****Any Remount**

When from the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 Recalling how I used to rear, and buck and twist and snort,
 And strive to make each rookie's ride his last;

It brings the tears into my eyes, and puts me off my oats.
 It sags my tail, and dulls my coat of gloss.
 Henceforth I'll walk sedately, or canter slow and stately;
 In other words, I'll be a perfect "hoss".

The Riding Instructor, when interviewed, remarked with a befitting blush:—

"I have resolved to buy a bigger and better whip, and to evolve some bigger and better sarcasms, in prospect of a bigger and better merry-go-round than ever."

The Sergeant-Major

No longer will I be the barrack terror, I'm going to cultivate a friendly smile.
 I'll show each poor unfortunate his error, but do it without frown or curse
 or bile.

I'll be the very essence of affection, I'm starting now a new and clean white
 page — 'er —

I'll be happy evermore, if each day the rookies roar,
 "Good morning—how we love you, sergeant-major."

When we hailed the garbage collector, otherwise known as the "O. C. Incinerators", he halted the worn plug that pulled his cart and surveyed us with a jaundiced eye.

"Me? I'm starting the New Year with a fund for the restoration of self respect to bruised and battered ash cans. Our slogan will be 'A lid on the can is worth two in the bush. Catch 'em young but don't treat 'em rough'." Giddap.

Any Recruit

I'm going to quit those poker games by stealthy candle light,
 No more I'll camouflage my beard with pinkish talcum powder.
 I'll kiss the dear room corporal, each blinking bally night,
 And bring his morning tea to bed, with cakes and hot clam chowder.

Division Notes

"N" Division

The results of the First Aid competitions show "N" Division to have given a satisfactory performance in the Shaughnessy Police Trophy tests, the team coming second in Eastern Canada, "A" Division nosing them out of first position by only one point.

In August, for the first time in many years, the Division was able to take part in the Annual Musketry Course. This took place at Connaught Range, just before the D.R.A. meet, and, although short of practice, quite a good percentage of marksmen were found.

Members of "N" and their equine friends have had a very busy and highly successful summer season. July and August found them practicing for a Musical Ride (24 Files) and "The Arrest", a play in one act, based upon the old days in Western Canada when the Indians were still scalp hunting. Both performances were under the direction of Sergt. J. E. Margetts, M.S.M., and were staged at Lansdowne Park on September 8th and 9th as a Mounted Police contribution to the Military Tattoo of the Canadian Legion. His Excellency, the Governor General, was there to take the salute the first night, and was succeeded the following night by the Prime Minister. At both performances admiration was expressed for the showing of horses and men.

Members of the Force educated in England will be interested to hear that members of the Empire School Tour paid us a visit one morning at the express wish of His Excellency, the Governor General. We put on an impromptu show for them, which seemed to please.

"N" Division has been fortunate in having in its midst such an enthusiastic tennis player as Corporal Fenton, M.C., who, during the current season, has superintended the laying down of two hard courts, on which members have spent many happy hours. Incidentally, Corporal Fenton is our Range Officer and has had the greatest success this season, about 60% of the Division qualifying for their "Crossed Revolvers", top score being turned in by the Corporal himself, with 237 points.

October 7th was a memorable day for the Division: a Gymkhana being held in the grounds at Rockcliffe. The guests included His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Bessborough and our Commissioner and Mrs. MacBrien, who were accompanied by Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins, wife of the United States Minister to Canada. First to appear were the twenty-four Files of the Musical Ride, who were to be judged for the cleanest turn-out, a cup having been kindly presented for this purpose by the Officer Commanding, Supt. J. M. Tupper. The second event was a performance of the Musical Ride, followed by jumping, for which our Commissioner had donated a cup. Other prizes were offered for Tent-Pegging, a bending race, Musical Chairs and wrestling on horseback. Excellent refreshments were to be had on the grounds and in the evening a dance was held in the Barracks, during which the prizes were presented by Mrs. J. M. Tupper, wife of the Officer Commanding. An excellent time was had by all.

As an indication of the keenness of the men taking part, and to show how much labour was spent in the preparation of equipment (most of which was done in spare time), the following extract from a letter received from Colonel C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., is worth quoting. Colonel Edwards kindly acted as Judge:—

“there is only one suggestion I would make for the benefit of the person who might act in the capacity of Judge in the coming years, that is that the first item on the programme of the Best Turnout in the Musical Ride should be made less difficult, as I would say without flattery, that over 75% of the members of the Ride were practically perfect so far as any Judge could determine in the short time at his disposal. I considered it a most creditable turnout in every respect, and my choice, I must admit, was made with great difficulty and many misgivings.”

* * *

“Depot” Division

The annual summer sports of Depot and “F” Divisions were held at the Barracks, Regina, on August 23rd, 1933. The twenty mounted and dismounted events were well patronized.

Although rain marred the proceedings the visitors appeared to enjoy the afternoon. Tea was provided.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. J. T. M. Anderson who was accompanied by the Premier, the Hon. J. T. M. Anderson.

The winners in the chief events were:

Eilers Aggregate Cup—“E” Squad.

Cleary Cup—Const. Jarvis’ Section.

Eilers Cup (Individual Jumping)—Sergt. Major Griffin.

S.P.C.A. Cup—Sergt. Major Griffin and Corpl. Walker.

Single Events—Constables C. Forbes, T. Fell and W. W. Gray.

A very successful dance was held in the evening, about 200 couples attending.

* * *

The summer sports season has been most successful, with the majority of the members participating.

A Singles Tennis Tournament was won by Constables D. F. Taylor and D. P. O’Neil Shaw.

The British Rugby Team played some good games, showing keenness and sportsmanship.

The Soft Ball Team gave a good account of themselves, while the Soccer Team deserved better success considering the remarkable amount of energy expended.

* * *

For the Winter Season the following games are started or under way: Ice Hockey, Badminton, Basket Ball, Boxing, Wrestling, Curling and Fencing.

Great keenness is being shown by all members, and even though the events may not make headlines the exercise derived merits commendation and encouragement.

Obituary

Colonel Charles Frederick Hamilton

The sad news of the death of Colonel C. F. Hamilton at Ottawa on December 5th has just reached us.

Colonel Hamilton was appointed to the Ottawa staff of the Mounted Police Department in 1914 and had served with us since then, except for the war period, with distinction in his important duties. At the time of his death he was the Liaison-Intelligence Officer at R. C. M. Police Headquarters. He was 64 years of age.

During the Great War Colonel Hamilton was detached for special service as Deputy Chief Press Censor at Militia Headquarters and served in that capacity until the termination of hostilities. During the same period he was also appointed Director of Cable Censorship for Canada, and it was for these dual services that he received his full Colonelcy.

Previous to his appointment to the Mounted Police Department Colonel Hamilton was one of the best known members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, following a career with the Press which saw him on the staff of the *Toronto World*, the *Toronto Globe*, the *Toronto News* and the *Montreal Gazette*.

While he was with the *Globe* he was selected to cover a number of important assignments, perhaps the most important of which was the Boer War. His South African despatches received much publicity, both on this Continent and in Great Britain. In addition he had the distinction of getting what is known among newspaper men as one of the greatest "Scoops" of that War. It was through his cable to the *Toronto Globe* that the outside world received the news of the battle of Paardeburg. It was an especially valuable piece of work for a Canadian newspaper, as Paardeburg was really a Canadian engagement and a notable victory for the troops from this country. Major Hamilton, as he then was, was present at the battle and his story was particularly vivid.

In addition to his newspaper duties Colonel Hamilton was, for a number of years, the Ottawa correspondent of one of the great English newspapers, the *Morning Post*. And aside from newspaper work he had done a great deal of magazine work, particularly on naval and military affairs, in which his studies had gained him the reputation of being one of the best informed men in this country on such matters.

Charles Frederick Hamilton was born in Picton County, Ontario, of United Empire Loyalist stock. He had graduated in Arts from Queen's University before taking up journalism.

His service with the Mounted Police Department endeared him to everyone with whom he came into contact, and the deep sympathy of everyone will go out to his widow, Mrs. H. Hamilton, and one married daughter living in England.

The Editorial Committee of the *Quarterly* especially mourn him as a valuable colleague whose assistance and advice were unailing.

* * * *

Ex-Inspector H. J. A. Davidson

The death, on September 26th, 1933, of ex-Inspector H. J. A. Davidson at Victoria, B.C., removed a figure whose service in the Force began before the North West Rebellion.

Hugh James Alexander Davidson joined the Force in August, 1883, with military experience gained with the Connaught Rangers. He was the eldest son of Major General A. J. Davidson.

For his service in the Force he was promoted through all the non-commissioned ranks, receiving his commission in 1889. He retired in 1908. During his period of service he was stationed principally at Regina, Pincher Creek and Maple Creek.

Ex-Staff Sergeant John A. Martin

The fast-dwindling number of surviving 1873 men—"The Originals"—was still further reduced on October 17th last by the death of John Alfred Martin at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Mr. Martin had served continuously in the Force, with various non-commissioned ranks, from 1873 to 1898, retiring to pension with the rank of Staff Sergeant. He saw service principally at Macleod, Battleford and Regina.

In the July issue of the *Quarterly* Mr. Martin contributed some interesting reminiscences of his experiences in the West during the early days of the Mounted Police.

Six members of "L" Division, Prince Edward Island, attended ex-Staff Sergeant Martin's funeral as pall-bearers.

* * * *

Ex-Constable Thomas Powers

Thomas Powers, one of the 1874 "Originals", died at his farm home near Grand Forks, B.C., during October last.

Joining the Force on May 2nd, 1874, Thomas Powers was assigned to "E" Troop as a Sub-Constable, and in that capacity accompanied the expedition to the Rockies the same summer.

His service lasted for only three years but during that time he was stationed at Swan River, Carleton and Fort Walsh. After leaving the Force he went to British Columbia and settled at Grand Forks where he remained until his death.

* * * *

Ex-Constable Edward Fearon

The recent death of Edward Fearon at Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, removed still another ex-member of the Force whose service dated back to the '70's.

Edward Fearon joined the North West Mounted Police at Fort Walsh in June, 1878, and served at the same point and at Wood Mountain until 1880.

Previous to joining the Force, Mr. Fearon had served with the School of Gunnery at Kingston, Ontario, and later, in 1885, he returned to military service with Colonel Otter's Scouts during the North West Rebellion.

Press reports of Mr. Fearon's death mention that he was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly of the North West Territories in 1894, also that he went to the Yukon in 1900 but later returned to Maple Creek where he lived until his death.

* * * *

Ex-Constable Robert Stanley

The death occurred on October 19th of Robert Stanley of Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Stanley, originally from Metcalfe, Ontario, served with the North West Mounted Police from 1885 to 1888 when he took his discharge to re-enter private life. His service was principally in the Northern Saskatchewan area, the centre of the Half-breed unrest during this period.

Members of the Force acted as pall-bearers at the funeral.

* * * *

Ex-Sergeant Gilbert Mathewson

Ex-Sergeant Gilbert Mathewson died at Essondale, B.C., on November 8th last. He had been Chief Attendant and Librarian at the Essondale Mental Hospital for many years.

Mr. Mathewson's service with the Force had endured from 1885 to 1892 and had seen him stationed at Regina, Maple Creek and on Manitoba boundary detachment duty. Mr. Mathewson originally came from Montreal.

The Force was represented at the funeral.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Chicago

ON VARIOUS occasions during its history the Force has assisted at important ceremonies in other countries. The first instance of this was during the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, when a squad of police went to London under the command of the then Superintendent, A. B. Perry.

Other detachments of Mounted Police attended the coronation ceremonies of Their Majesties King Edward and King George in 1902 and 1911 respectively.

For two years in a row, in 1924 and 1925, a small detachment was sent to England to act as a guard for the Canadian exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

In 1930, a special detachment was sent to London to give a display of horsemanship before the audiences of the International Horse Show at Olympia.

In 1931, a small detachment was sent to Buenos Aires, Argentine, to act as guard at the British Empire Trade Exhibition there. For this service the Force was the recipient of four pure-blooded South American horses from the Argentine Government.

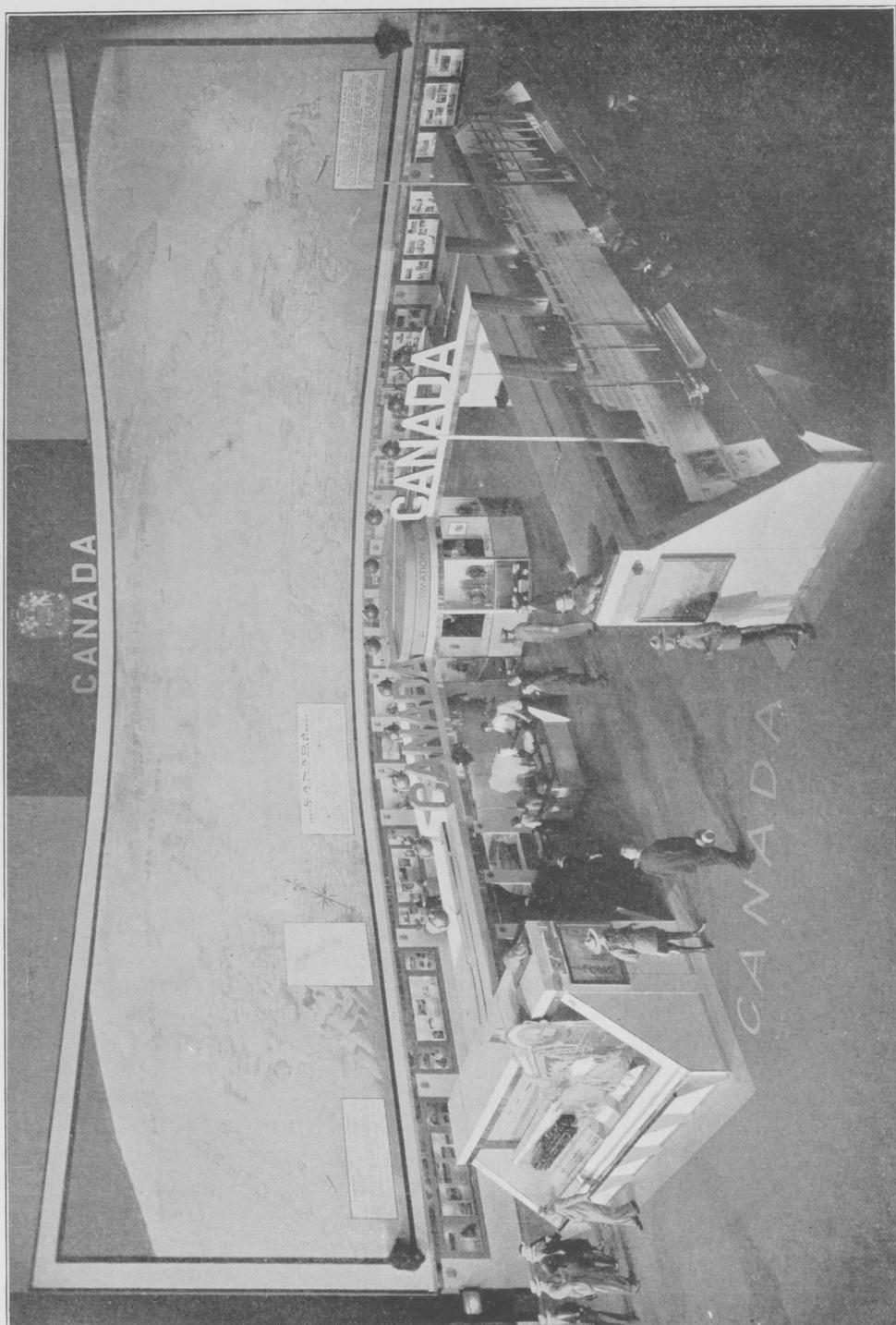
This year, as the result of many requests received, the Force was instructed to supply a guard for the Canadian exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition in the City of Chicago. A Corporal and two Constables were detailed for the duty.

Corporal S. G. Gumm and Constables A. G. Arthur and F. C. Johnes composed this guard, and they were on continual duty from the 27th of May until the 31st of October.

Many favourable comments were passed regarding the presence of the Mounted Police at Chicago. It was estimated that some five million people visited the Canadian exhibit, including people from all parts of the Dominion. Among the visitors were several members of the Force who visited Chicago during their vacation, and greetings were also exchanged with representatives of other police forces from the United States.

The accompanying photograph conveys a good impression of the Canadian exhibit, and in the picture will be seen the members of the Force who were on duty.





THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION

The Chisana Strike

by STAFF SERGEANT R. C. BOWEN

DAWSON WAS in a bustle; Whitehorse in like case. Gold had been struck on that turbulent tributary of the Tanana: the Chisana. Optimists, which included the whole population, said that it was evident from the grass roots down.

Though over the border, the main routes of travel were in Canadian territory. Along these the optimists and opportunists streamed.

The Force was early in the field, and the first boatload of the old "Vidette" carried Corporal Micky Fitzgerald and his pal "Moose", a buckskin, with a black cross on his back.

The next boatload, on the "Nasutlin", was far from select. It is true we had a good percentage of "Pukka" prospectors, but beside the Police boys, we had a selection of Pacific coast card sharks, men who were going to build roadhouses on barrels of whisky, real ladies, and an American family imbued with the hope that they would be a personal example of the N.R.A.

We were a jovial crowd, whose spirits were temporarily dulled by the encounter, at the mouth of the White river, of the body of Micky Fitzgerald, who had been accidentally drowned a day or so before.

The gymnastics of a steamboat on the glacier fed White river are interesting, but I have not space to deal with them. Despite the fact that our very mixed passengers were parked on a cargo, a noticeable percentage of which was hard liquor, "nothing unusual occurred during our tour of duty", and a curt statement from Sergt. Jack Dempster scuttled the hopes of the gamblers. We had impromptu concerts and dances, and as far as working the boat was concerned, the only difference between passengers and crew was that the passengers paid and the crew were paid.

We picked up Moose along the bank somewhere and arrived at Donjek island in the middle of September. This was the point for transshipment to small boats.

Between Donjek and the mouth of Snag creek the mile wide sand-barred river was speckled with small boats painfully being poled and towed up the thirty mile stretch of small boat navigation. Over the autumn manoeuvres of the R.N.W.M.P. on this stretch I think it well to draw a veil, but I still hold a slight resentment against a member of this Force, now a six-foot-four superintendent, whose position at the head of the rope enabled him to playfully attempt to drown a five-foot-six constable. I would also remark that I have kissed softer lips than those of a 6-inch block of ice.

From Snag creek one had perforce to travel overland through bush and muskeg to the "last outpost of empire" on Beaver creek, consequently Snag was a transition camp from river to trail travel, and had a constantly shifting population of from 200 to 400 men, whose main idea was to get rich. Their methods varied. This condition existed from September until late spring.

During the winter the creeks from Ladue to the Upper canyon of the White were thoroughly prospected, with no practical economic results. The diggings on the Chisana, it is true, contained gold from the grass roots down,



AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DAWSON
showing the former Yukon metropolis as it is today.

but the grass roots were too near to bedrock. By late spring the camp, except a few claims, was beginning to die. Prospectors, still cheerful though disillusioned, began to drift down the trails, always with some other spot in view.

In July, 1914, after a few weeks comparative isolation, the Police posts at Beaver, Snag and Donjek were withdrawn, and the treacherous White river gradually regained its former quietude.

So far as I can remember, there was only one case of serious crime—a theft of a dog—and that occurred in Dawson, but came to light in Snag. Trail law was well observed, and the multitude of disputes were generally referred to the Force, whose decisions were loyally abided by. Jolly good job, too, as our nearest J.P. was 170 miles away.

The final fragment of the Force floated down stream in a gasoline launch, the engine of which was overshadowed by Moose, on whose imperturbability our dry shins, if not our lives, depended. Moose, that "Admirable Crichton" of horses, whose fare ranged from the best of hay and oats to bacon and eggs and baked beans, I regret to say, came to an untimely end. He got too fresh with the canteen cow in the goose pasture at Dawson. This benighted bovine, may whose milk ever be sour, horned him in the stomach, and despite day and night care, he had to be shot.

At Stewart we learned of certain ructions in Europe, and on the beach at Dawson were informed by Issac Lusk that The British Fleet was smashed up, and that nearly all the battleships, including H.M.S. Admiral Callaghan, were sunk.

So we immediately started on the road to Berlin.



A Western Touch in New Brunswick

East met West a few days ago in Campbellton, N.B. A bull belonging to a local resident was taken outside the town to be slaughtered. It was duly stunned and the butchers started to cut its throat when the animal revived and broke loose, rushing madly down one of the principal streets, leaving panic in its wake. The Mounted Police were notified and hastened to the scene by car. They had ropes with which they quickly lassoed the frenzied animal, and finally subdued it. The bull was then taken to fulfill the fate earlier decreed for it, while the townspeople gradually recovered their usual calm.