

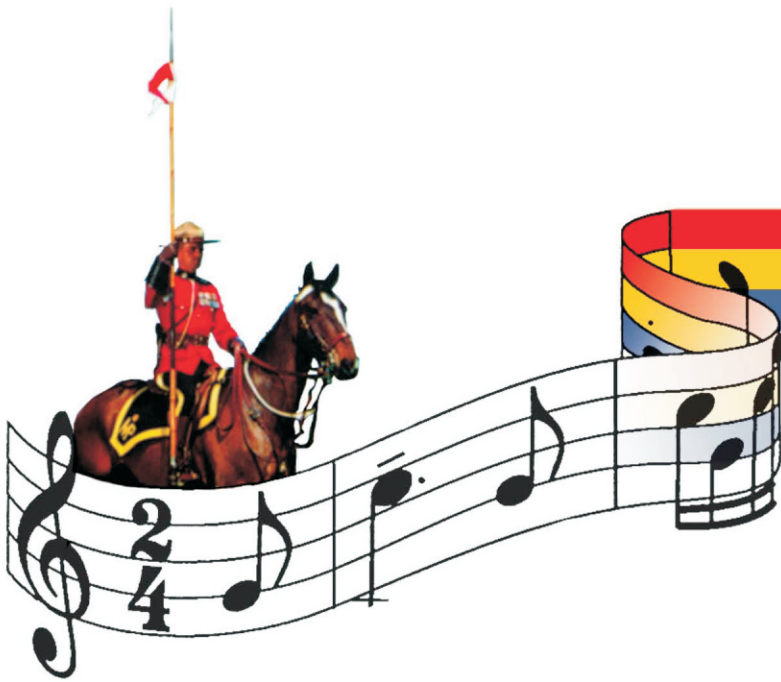
FRIENDLY NOTES

Friends Of The Mounted Police Heritage Centre

Les Amis Du Centre Du Patrimoine De La GRC

NOTES AMICALES

VOLUME 18
ISSUE 4 FALL 2008



PROUD
SUPPORTERS
OF/FIERS
D'APPUYER

RCMP
HERITAGE
CENTRE



LE CENTRE
DU PATRIMOINE
DE LA GRC

RCMP
HISTORICAL
COLLECTIONS
UNIT



GROUPE DES
COLLECTIONS
HISTORIQUES

MEET CLIFF BAYLAK, NEW INTERIM PRESIDENT AND CEO OF THE RCMP HERITAGE CENTRE

On August 18, 2008, Cliff Baylak joined the RCMP Heritage Centre as the Interim President and CEO, replacing Vic Huard who left the Centre in July. Cliff will be with the Centre while a national search for a permanent replacement is conducted over the next few months.

After graduating from the University of Saskatchewan with a Bachelor of Commerce degree, Cliff moved to Regina and obtained his Chartered Accountant designation. Since then, he has held various senior finance and management positions in both the private sector and government. Most recently, he was the Managing Director of Investment Saskatchewan, a provincial Crown corporation that manages the provincial government's venture capital investments with the private sector.

Cliff has experience on a number of Boards of both non-profit and profit oriented enterprises as well as a lecturer both at the University of Regina's Faculty of Business Administration and with the Institute of Chartered Accounts of Saskatchewan.



On August 28, 2008 some members of the *Friends'* Board held an informal meet and greet session with Cliff Baylak, the Interim President and CEO of the Heritage Centre. Left to right: Ron Ostrum, Bill Greenslade, Mac MacGillivray, Cliff Baylak, Kenn Barker and Bob Cocks.
Photo by Deb Frigon



Cliff Baylak, Interim President
and CEO
Photo by Kenn Barker

PRESENTATIONS AND EVENTS



On June 26, 2008, Past President Kenn Barker presented Vic Huard a Life Membership plaque, on behalf of the *Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre*, in recognition of all the help that Vic extended the *Friends* during his tenure as President and CEO of the Centre.
Photo by Cecile Kayijuka



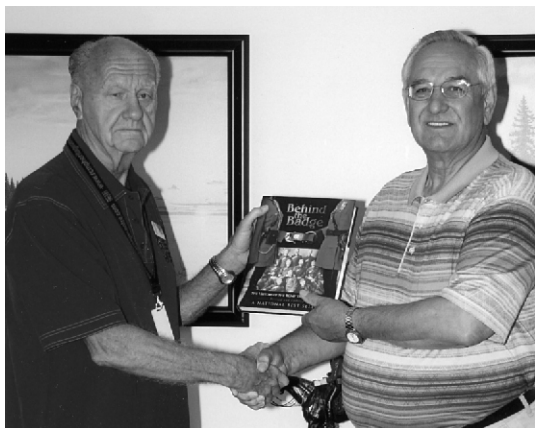
At a retirement luncheon on July 30, 2008 in Regina, SK, *Friends'* President Bill Greenslade presented retiring Curator of the RCMP Historical Collections Unit, Carmen Harry, with a plaque of appreciation. Here Carmen proudly displays her plaque.
Photo by Kenn Barker



On September 14, 2008 the RCMP Heritage Centre held its second annual Speaker Series event, *A Community Tribute to the RCMP's Fallen* with guest speaker the Honourable Christine Tell, Minister of Tourism, Parks, Culture and Sport and a former Sergeant with the Regina Police Service. Approximately 100 guests were on hand to hear an emotional tribute to the RCMP and the RCMP's fallen members. The event corresponded with the RCMP's yearly memorial service held at the RCMP Academy, "Depot" Division. Here Cliff Baylak thanks Minister Tell.
Photo by Kenn Barker



On behalf of the *Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre*, on September 3, 2008, Don DeFehr, (right), Past President of the Kamloops Division of the RCMP Veterans' Association, presented a life membership plaque to Bill Doak, at his home in Kamloops, BC. Unfortunately, Bill's wife, Betty, was not available for the photo.
Photo by Jeff DeFehr



Bob Cojocar of Regina, SK was the lucky winner of the *Friends'* July 1st (Canada Day) Draw. Mr. Cojocar's name was drawn from the names of all members of the *Friends* and he received a copy of the book *Behind the Badge - History of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police "Depot" Division*. The book was presented to Bob by *Friends'* Board Member Mac MacGillivray. Every year, around July 1st, a random draw is made from all paid up members of the *Friends*, and the winner is presented with a gift.

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DAYS GONE BY – NOSTALGIC MEMORIES

F. Howard Fullerton, #16043, S/Sgt. (Rtd.), Scarborough, ON, sent in a notice identifying members of No. 4 (“C: Squad) dated October 26, 1950 which was published in the Spring 2008 issue of the Friendly Notes. Howard also sent a poem written by Cst. R. W. Hawkins, Reg. #16052, and distributed at the time to members of “C” Squad. Space did not permit including the poem in the Spring and Summer issues and we’re pleased to publish it now.

“GREAT GUYS

I have chose to write a story,
Of the men who got no glory,
And very little peace of mind,
Save, what they themselves could find.

“Depot” was covered with snow and frost,
And most of them appeared quite lost,
The first little group got jobs running,
But the word for them, was stunned, not stunning.

Little by little they trickled in,
Most were thick, but some were thin,
Some of them had heads of hair,
But they too, were soon quite bare.

For ten weeks they slugged and toiled,
And soon the blood within them boiled.
They wondered when the hell they’d start,
What the training office, called, “First Part”.

All at once they were almost floored,
By the thing that appeared on the notice board,
But there it was for all to see,
“Depot” would soon have a squad called “C”.

It wasn’t long however until,
Their progress once again was nil,
It seems that every other day,
They did fatigues, from March to May.

To Rockcliffe many squads departed,
But “C” remained, where they started.
Three more weeks of cutting grass,
And then they started back to class.

Second Part was more intriguing,
Because they did less fatiguing.
But soon that too, was all complete,
And once again, they had itchy feet.

Then came the news that shocked the nation,
For “C” squad started equitation.
Equitation! They cried in wrath,
That’s a problem in Grade Ten math.

They all lined up in the watering shed,
And were told about horses, and how they were fed.
They listened carefully and shone with pride,
As each was assigned the horse he would ride.

The months wore on, and the boys wore out,
And still they wondered what it was all about.
Along the path, some fell with groans,
With blisters, and bruises, and broken bones.

But now the time is close at hand,
When they will disperse, across the land.
They’ve finished their courses, they’ve rode their horses,
And soon they’ll join the detachment forces.

But now that it’s over, and school is out,
I’m sure they’ll remember without a doubt,
That while “Old Depot” was a bit of a den,
It made them all, much better men.

And if I were asked to give an opinion,
As to who were the best, in the whole dominion - -
“Better men, ne’er lived by God,
Than those of the troop, and old “C” Squad!”

Hawk”



Passport & Visa Fraud Review Team
Chinese Immigration, Ottawa, Ontario
Photo courtesy of Howard Fullerton, RCMP
(Rtd.), Reg. No. 16043, Scarborough, ON



Hong Kong Police Members seconded to Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Front (left to right): Mr. J. V. Boys, Dept. of Citizenship and Immigration; S/Insp. G. N. Jones, Officer i/c Passport & Visa Fraud Section, RCMP; S/Insp. Li Shu Fung, Hong Kong Police; Mr. J. K. Abbott, Dept. of Citizenship and Immigration; and, Mr. J. A. Hunter, Dept. of Citizenship and Immigration.
Back (left to right): Cpl. Ma Kwan Yuk; Cpl. Yu Kam Ching; Cpl. Tsui Cheung; Cpl. Wan Lik; Cpl. Luk Cheuk; Cpl. Chan Yuen; Cpl. Leong Kwok Yin; and, G. C. S. Tse Wai Yip.
Photo courtesy of Howard Fullerton, RCMP (Rtd.), Reg. No. 16043, Scarborough, ON

50 YEARS ON - A RETURN TO THE NORTH

The initiative for this one month journey to Clyde River, located just south of Pond Inlet on Baffin Island, was the brainchild of Ottawa's new Chief of Police, Vern White. Many of your readers will recall Verne's years with the RCMP and more latterly as the CO of 'V' Division out of Iqaluit. It was to serve a two fold purpose. Initially, because Ottawa is now the second largest Inuit community in Canada with a population in excess of 1500, it was to make local Force members aware of Inuit customs, traditions and to understand some of their problems. It was also a big help in the staffing of RCMP Detachments in the north. While most retired Force members head to the sunny south, my son Brad and I flew to Iqaluit and then on to Clyde River at the end of February to begin our adventure. Times change, thank goodness, and for me returning 50 years after my postings in the western Arctic, I soon realized many differences. First off, where I received my Friday night messages on the CBC Northern Messenger (heard by the entire country) there is instant communication with any part of the world whether by phone, computer or TV. In going out on the land we had a device that gave us instant communication through satellite if and when we got lost. When we arrived at our accommodation, a duplex for detachment personnel, I found it a far cry from the building I occupied in Fort Reliance, made of packing cases back in 1927. In Clyde we had a dishwasher, washer and dryer and all the other amenities of outside living. These, among others, are good and important changes. Regrettably the need for having a police presence in these remote communities has not changed. The drugs that are causing young people so much harm in the lower part of Canada are also playing havoc in the north. Their use is contributing to family and community abuse that has an impact in the home, school, church, and nursing station, is a concern to everyone. I recall having people getting high on Aqua Velva

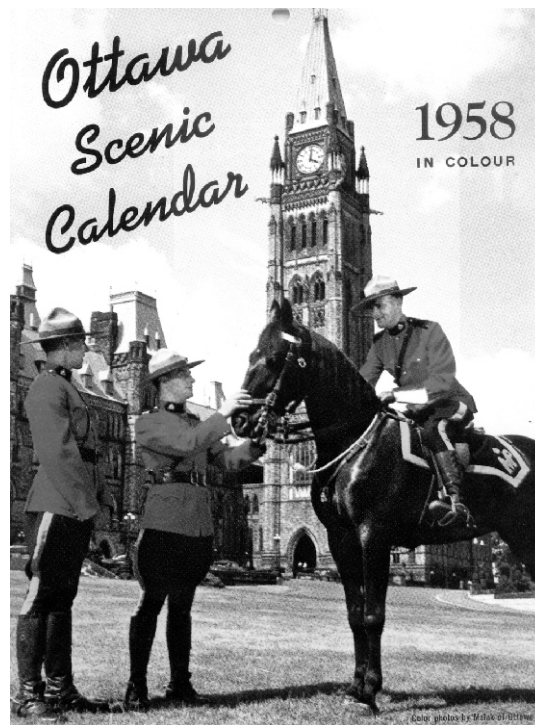
Shaving lotion but while we were north this time the culprit was Hair spray. Going back to be with our wonderful native people we saw many examples of hard working and happy individuals who were content with being out on the land to bring in food for their families, seeing to the needs of others in the community and creating their amazing artistry in carving, designing and other art forms. Clyde River prides itself in being the true location for speaking official Inuktitut and keeping the stories of the past alive.



Garth at 40 below
Photo courtesy of Garth Hampson

Both Brad and I involved ourselves wholeheartedly in community life and we honestly believe it paid off from the reaction we received from young and old alike. March was cold - the temperature never went above minus 30 degrees and we had two major blizzards that we had to dig out from. Life always goes on though and as soon as the new day dawned with brilliant sunshine the people were out on the land once again.

Garth Hampson
Ottawa, ON



From fifty years ago, the cover of a 1958 Ottawa Scenic calendar with (left to right): Csts. A. Matches, R. Linton and M. Torreson.

Photo courtesy of Alex Matches, Reg. No. 18648, Surrey, BC.

WHAT IS IT?

Occasionally the RCMP Historical Collections Unit receives an item that is outside our sphere of expertise. Now we would like to call on readers to help us identify some of our more mysterious items.

This item was received quite recently from a Staff Sergeant Major in Ottawa, and we are unsure as to what it is and if it is related to the history of the Force.

If any reader has an insight as to what this item is, please contact the RCMP Historical Collections Unit at:
Depot_Historical_Collections@rcmp-grc.gc.ca

Your help with this is greatly appreciated.



The RCMP Historical Collections Unit would appreciate the help of readers in identifying this item.

Photo by Tim Hersche, RCMP Historical Collections Unit

REMEMBERING MY LIFE IN THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE – 1941 TO 1970: ITUNA – PART III

by James R. Zavitz, Sergeant –Major (Rtd.)

The Winter 2007 Issue of the *Friendly Notes* invited any retired Members to share their memories about arrival at their first posting or of their first assignment/adventure. In 2002, Retired Sergeant-Major Jim Zavitz, of Ilderton, ON, after years of coaxing from his children, wrote a book of his life and experiences in the Force from 1941 to 1970. Jim then gave his book to family, friends and neighbours. We thank Jim for sharing his memories of his first posting at Ituna, SK and of providing a copy of his book (through a CD) for the library of the RCMP Historical Collections Unit in the new Heritage Centre. Further instalments of the chapter will be in future issues of the *Friendly Notes*.

“Kelliher rivalled Ituna in many ways. Ituna had the greater variety of businesses and a slightly larger population, but Kelliher had the bank and a creamery.

There were seven other smaller towns and the Little Black Bear and the Star Blanket Indian Reserves to the south. We covered everything from murders to kids fighting after school, plus a good deal of “preventive police work” which never shows up in statistics. The fact that, comparatively speaking, our crime rate was quite low was indicative of the corporal's preventive measures. He made a point of being seen at the most unusual places at the most unusual times and in the worst weather. It a storm was brewing, it was certain we would be out on patrol.

The Indians on the reserves did not give us much trouble as long as they stayed among themselves, but every month or so a couple of the young bucks came to town and got roaring drunk in the beer parlour. Then they got ugly and started to fight between themselves, or anyone else who got in their way. Jack and I were always called and sometimes we charged them with Creating a Disturbance and they paid a nominal fine. But that didn't stop them. The next time they started to fight and we got called, we took them to the alley at the back of the beer parlour, Jack and I got on each side of them to keep the spectators back and gave them room to get it out of their system. They battled each other until neither one could stand and quite a fight it was! Finally we let their friends take them home. That was the last time they fought in Ituna.

“Paying Treaty” was always a big deal among the Indians. This was a practice started in 1877 in a Treaty signed in Alberta. Among other things it specified an amount of cash to be paid annually to each chief, sub-chief and member of a Band. The amounts in 1941 were the same as in 1877. The Indians got dressed up in their fancy garbs, Jack and I attended in red tunics, Treaty was paid and celebrations among the Indians lasted several days.

The next detachment up the line, Punnichy, had an even larger Indian population and the corporal there asked that Ituna send some help so Jack let me go for two days there. It made me realize that the days of the old West were not far away.

Ituna and Kelliher had organized badminton teams and there was a lively and good-natured competition between the two communities. Elsie and I were very active on the Ituna team and we played in the community hall, a very challenging place because the ceiling was rather low and there was a pot-bellied stove at the end of the net that we had to avoid, although a few birds did wind up getting singed during the course of our games. After an evening of practising or after a match with Kelliher, we adjourned to someone's home for coffee, sandwiches and sweets. There was not much cash changing hands in the West but no one seemed to be short of food. Everyone had a large garden for their vegetables, they baked their own bread, cookies, cakes and pies and all were able to put on a pretty tasty spread after our games.

Each autumn (when the grain elevators carried a great deal of cash to pay the farmers for their grain) marked the beginning of the “safeblowing season”, which lasted about two months. Safeblowers cruised all through the three prairie provinces, blowing the elevators' safes with nitro-glycerine to take the cash. The RCMP had organized safeblowing patrols so everyone travelling during the hours of darkness would be intercepted and questioned with a view to curtailing this activity. During the two autumns I was at Ituna we did not have a single safeblowing in our area.

There was not a square foot of pavement anywhere in our area; some roads were gravel, some were graded, but most were tracks and trails that “just grew”. Farmers could work off their taxes by spreading gravel (proportionate to the amount of their taxes), a carryover from the Depression. This resulted in a great difference on certain stretches of the same road as farmers were inclined to spread the gravel on the road allowances fronting their own property. Highways 52 (to Yorkton) and 15 (to Melville to the east or Watrous to the west) were good provincially maintained roads.

An elderly farmer near Hubbard had good gravel on his farm and the highways department became aware of this when they were considering re-gravelling Highway 15 from Goodeve to near Ituna. This farmer had only a useless son to help him on the farm so he might as well have been farming it alone. Shortly before they started work on the highway this chap died and the son inherited the farm. This lazy oaf spent the summer sitting in the shade counting the number of trucks carrying gravel off his farm and made more money each week than his father had made in his whole life while slaving on the farm.

None of the roads were plowed in the winter and for about three months during the worst of the winter we used a snowplane. One of the garagemen in Ituna had made what looked like a wingless, pusher airplane on skis. There was an enclosure just big enough for two men. Behind this a Model T engine ran air-cooled without water or radiator, the air was cold enough that it would not overheat, and swung a five-foot propeller to push the machine forward. We provided the push if it was ever necessary to back up. With no shock absorbers, at 35 miles an hour there were some spine crunching jolts as we went flying over drifts.

The majority of the road allowances were the first to drift with snow, as there was no effort made to cut the brush and trees that grew there. The best way to go was cross-country. This had a big advantage at swindle-sheet time because we had to estimate the mileage travelled. The fee was ten cents a mile, and if we overestimated the day's travel by a mere ten miles, that was equal to a day's pay for me. Not intentional though, of course.



The snowplane, with Cpl. Jack Haddon about to start on patrol. The window of Jim's room is above the snowplane's door. Photo courtesy of Jim Zavitz

In spring and autumn where there was not enough snow to depend on for the snowplane, I became very adept at putting on tire chains and taking them off (the junior man's job). The road could be blown clear of snow for a mile and then for about fifty feet it would be drifted too deeply to risk barging through without chains. Each drift meant resorting to the chains as the gravel would soon wear them out. It was next to impossible to get replacement chains with the wartime curtailments.

The other, and much slower, way to travel in the winter was by horsedrawn caboose. This was a box, a four-foot cube mounted on a set of bobsleigh runners, with a piece of glass in front, a door on one side and a plank to sit on. There was room for only two people, the idea being to have less space to keep warm. There was no insulation, we wore our usual buffalo fur coats and it had lots of blankets. Two people could keep it fairly comfortable most of the time.

Some of them had little sheet metal stoves that burned kindling. The trouble with them was that they made it so hot inside it was quite a shock every we got out into the open. With that little stove burning we could roast our feet and freeze our fannies at the same time. Also we had to be careful to keep the blankets from touching the stove or we would have more of a fire than we wanted. The cabooses were usually drawn by one horse, but in a storm or in extremely cold weather a second horse was often tethered behind, much as a car carries a spare tire.

In the winter when we had to go to one of the towns on the railway for an inquiry we often hopped a freight train and rode in the caboose. I always liked that; sitting up in the cupola, the extra height gave a much broader view. Each had a pot-bellied stove that burned the same coal as the locomotive. They all had an individual smell. The crew cooked their own meals and they were pretty good cooks. It was fun to chat with the conductor and tail-end brakie. When our job was done we'd hang around the station and hop a freight back to Ituna. The train crews were most accommodating, I think they viewed our company as a break in the monotony. These freights seldom went very far without having to pull onto a siding to yield the right-of-way to a passenger train barrelling through, a time-consuming practice.”

DONOR WALL OF APPRECIATION

The following changes/additions to the "Donor Wall" have been made since our last issue.

Donor Wall in Memory of:

\$500 Grace Jensen, Calgary - in memory of Sgt. Eric B. Jensen

\$200 Gwen T. Brown - in memory of #14900 S/Sgt. Joseph I. Brown

\$200 Barbara (Bobbie) Lehman and family - in memory of #15794 S/Sgt. David A. Lehman

\$200.00 Mrs. Kathleen Sargalis - in memory of #19467 S/Sgt. James Sargalis

Life Members (\$1,200 to \$2,999)

Ben and Barbara Duncan, Parksville, BC

Al and Susan Mosher, Saskatoon, SK

Josh E. and May Purney, Nanaimo, BC

Friends (\$500 to \$1,199)

Anna Ferguson, Regina, SK

De Jessiman, Donalda, AB

Wayne McConechy, Prince Albert, SK

Alena Pascual, Toronto, ON

Dave and Christine Stewart, Ottawa, ON

Evelyn Thachik, Creston, BC

William J. A. Watson, Beaver Bank, NS

Troop Reunion Donation

Members of Troop 22F (1955/56) made a donation of \$745.00 from their 2007 Reunion

#17133 J. L. Dupont, Troop Leader

#19128 L. C. Sash (D)

#19130 J. R. J. C. Cloutier

#19131 R. A. MacGibbon

#19137 M. A. Ryba

#19138 N. Dech (D)

#19139 L. D. Minion

#19140 R. E. Boughen

#19141 G. R. MacAndrew

#19142 G. F. Phillips (D)

#19143 L. J. Hok

#19144 G. D. Penner

#19145 J. G. deVlaming

#19147 W. L. Goobie

#19148 W. L. Ring

#19149 R. E. Sparks

#19151 J. R. P. Corson

#19152 L. J. Henderson

#19153 T. Kushniruk

#19154 J. L. Power

#19155 H. J. E. Miller

#19156 W. M. MacGregor

#19157 J. B. Heyland

#19158 R. McLaren

#19159 F. R. Graham

#19160 V. R. Dahl (D)

#19161 B. J. Brennan (D)

#19162 G. J. Marino (D)

#19163 D. B. McGinnis

#19164 R. L. Duff

Footnote: The *Friends* sincerely appreciate all donations. The Troop Reunion donation is an excellent way for troop mates to show their support of the *Friends*, and in turn the RCMP Heritage Centre and the RCMP Historical Collections Unit. With the new electronic 50 inch plasma screen in operation, which is located in the lobby of the Heritage Centre, all donors are easily displayed, whether they be individuals, or individual members of a larger group such as a Troop.

FRIENDLY NOTES BY EMAIL

Would you like to receive the *Friendly Notes* electronically? This e-mail delivery allows you to view the *Friendly Notes* online rather than through the mail. If so please provide your email address to bobc@accesscomm.ca and a mail-out list will be created. The *Friendly Notes* will be sent in the Adobe Acrobat pdf format.

The benefits of taking advantage of this include:

- convenience and timely access to the *Friendly Notes* – you receive the *Friendly Notes* a week to ten days earlier,
- environmentally friendly, and
- reduces costs of printing and mailing.

It's easy! All you need is access to the Internet and an electronic mail address.

Thanks to those Members of the *Friends* who have already indicated they would like to receive the *Friendly Notes* electronically.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE REPORT

A warm welcome to the following persons who have become members of the *Friends* during the period from June 28, 2008 to September 22, 2008:

David and Amelia Beiersdorfer, Victoria, BC

Tom and Miriam Bennett, Peterborough, ON

Bob and Susanne Gagne, Carrot River, SK

Terry and Roberta Hluska, Campbell River, BC

Vern and Linda Kawaleski, Regina, SK

Charles Koppang, Winnipeg, SK

Ron E. G. Smith, Prince Albert, SK

James M. and Clare Wilson, Kitchener, ON

FRIENDS BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

President	Bill Greenslade, RCMP (Rtd.)
Immediate Past President (ODS)	Tom Light, RCMP (Rtd.)
Past President	Kenn Barker, RCMP (Rtd.)
Secretary	Ron Ostrum, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Bill McLeod, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Mac MacGillivray, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Clay Turner, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Bob Cocks
Force Observer	Superintendent Dale Erickson
Historical Collections	
Unit Observer.	Rhonda Lamb
Heritage Centre Observer.	Karen Dackiw
<hr/>	
Historian Committee	Kenn Barker, RCMP (Rtd.)
Membership Committee	Ron Ostrum, RCMP (Rtd.)
Newsletter Editor	Bob Cocks

YES! I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER/RENEW MY MEMBERSHIP WITH THE FRIENDS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE HERITAGE CENTRE

Membership One Year (\$35) Three Years (\$90)
 Life Membership \$1,200 single payment or cumulative over several years to \$1,200 level. Existing members will have past membership payments credited towards the \$1,200 level.
 Donation _____ (Any amount is eligible for a Canada Customs and Revenue Agency tax receipt. Canada Only)

American residents please add \$5.00 extra per year and international residents please add \$10.00 extra per year, to cover postage costs.

Enclosed Amount \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov./State _____

Postal Code _____ Country _____

My membership/donation will be paid by:

Cheque/check (payable to the Friends of the Mounted Police Museum)

Credit Card # _____ Expiry _____
 (Visa, Master Card or American Express)

Name on Card _____

Signature _____

Return or Mail:

Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre
 5907 Dewdney Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan
 Canada S4T 0P4