Pages from the Past

VINCE LEAH

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Cover illustration, "St. Peter's Church"
by Jan Kamienski

For more than forty years, Vince Leah has been resident uncle at The Winnipeg Tribune to generations of reporters and battalions of pee-wee hockey teams. Uncle Vince, as a recorder of the passing show, has his feet firmly planted in the present but his big heart cherishes the good things of the past.

Vince Leah was dedicated to nostalgia long before it became trendy. His genuine love of the people, the places, the music and events that fashioned this community into something unique, shines through all his writing.

Much that appears in a daily newspaper is by its very nature transient and ephemeral. The danger is that the rush to oblivion may carry away things of lasting value. And in my view many of the columns and articles written by Vince Leah over the years are works of lasting value.

I hope that this volume will serve as a storehouse of Leahiana for those who treasure Uncle Vince as a folklorist telling great tales of ordinary men and of their songs, sorrows, triumphs and goodness. And surely someone needs to tell of the goodness of ordinary men in these days when the minstrels of sourness are in over-supply.

TOM GREEN

Winnipeg, 1975

Manitoba and its capital city, Winnipeg, share a history rich in the accomplishments of outstanding men and women, of great deeds in all endeavors, of catastrophe and tragedy, heroes and heroines, interesting anecdote.

This collection of nostalgia which generally began to be written in 1965, is not meant to be a formal history, although if the serious student should gain some knowledge of our past from reading it, I shall be pleased.

It was an engaging, if difficult chore to try and pick what I believed to be the most interesting items from several hundred columns. I have not touched upon more recent stories such as the Red River Flood of 1950, nor the great blizzard of 1966, but in a section on memorable fires I have included the 1954 Time building disaster as it was the worst fire in Winnipeg's history. Many exciting happenings in sports had to be passed by and the lives of distinguished Manitoba sportsmen in most cases could only be merely touched upon.

However, I hope you will get as much enjoyment out of reading them as I did in writing them.

VINCE LEAH
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Chapter One

growing up . . .

Pets in the Family

If you were intrigued by the account of the giant white poodle on Matheson Avenue who was so devoted to the postman, I must tell you I have seen this dog faithfully travelling the entire walk with the postie and even escorting him to the bus stop. I do not know if the postman ever paused to wish him goodbye but this poodle was well-known on his street and regularly called on his neighbors for lunch.

Dumb creatures develop a strong affinity for some humans. Our neighbor on Belmont Avenue had a dachshund who came regularly for breakfast, barking loudly at the door to let us know he was calling. Dogs also have long memories. I had not seen Olive Bell's cocker spaniel, Jet, for a long time but when he saw me at Christmas he became almost hysterical, undoubtedly remembering I was the fellow who fed him forbidden pieces of Olive's delicious home-made bread and butter.

Dogs often get the idea they are people. Mrs. Gerry Bay had a cocker named McGregor who firmly believed dog biscuits were a waste of time and always remembered me as the fellow who shared his buttered toast or candies. Gerry now has a basset hound and McGregor, has now gone to where all good dogs go.

Gert Stargardter's little black poodle, Beau, has little time for strangers but Gert thinks I must be a warlock because Beau carries on the most unearthly conversations with me. I am the only outsider who has been favored by his jumping onto my lap. When the tea and cake arrives, he looks hard at the goodies, all the time tapping my wrist with his paw.

All of us have had special pets we shall always remember. We had remarkably good luck with pets when I was a lad, thanks to my Irish mother. First, there was Buster, a mongrel collie, who had a dislike for salesmen who didn't ring the doorbell, Biddy, the pomeranian who died of old age

and the dearest dog of all, Joe, the wire haired terrier. I bought Joe for the sake of the fellow who bred purebred wire hairs because he desperately needed $12 in 1934. She was named Joe because it was the day Joe Louis was engaged in a heavyweight bout. We had her put to sleep in 1952 when her sight and hearing failed. She was with mother the night mum collapsed and died on the street and it was Joe's unearthly howling that alerted the neighbor. It was a long time before Joe got over the loss of her best friend and the day of the funeral Joe was beyond consoling. I finally had to prod her from beneath the nearest bed when the mourners had departed.

Dusty, the cat, who I had rescued in a near-starving condition off the street car tracks, was slow to emerge from beneath the stove where he had retreated upon being brought home. But in time he was greatly devoted to the entire family and did not reveal the usual independent streak of the feline family. Incidentally those television commercials of cats loving cheese are true. Dusty had a marked fondness for cheddar. Blackie, the crow, was a rascally character who was anything but dumb. Found on the prairie with a shattered wing which mother repaired, he decided to join the family. We took him out in the country once to try and pry him free but he met us on the backsteps when we returned home. Unfortunately, he overstepped his capabilities and lost the decision to the neighbor's dog. Bill, the toad, who knew dad's gardening schedule to reap the harvest of cutworms and Whitey, a pet white rat who had taken up squatter's rights beneath the old hen-house and who came regularly at noon for a chunk of bread, were other strange characters that made our home unusual.

There also were zebra finches, assorted singing canaries and fish. One of the finches died so I put a small pocket mirror in the cage and the bird would spend hours snuggled up to the glass, believing it was his mate. Anyway, the bird survived for a long time on his own and finches generally do not when one of a pair dies or is removed.

I remember in the days of Polo Park race track, a fellow who owned one horse and he and his pet dog and the horse shared the same stable space, became ill and was removed to hospital where he passed away. The story is the track people came to the stall and found the horse and dog dead, too. Dad recalled his mother's pet cat and parrot were found dead in a clothes cupboard after his mother passed away in Liverpool. You have read of the little dog who faithfully visited his master's grave daily for many years after the gentleman's death in Edinburgh. I believe there is a monument to mark this unusual devotion of a dog to his master. We had neighbors who were saved by the family dog jumping on the son's bed and barking loudly when their house burst into flame one winter's night many years ago.

There is a saying in the kennel industry that the only time you can buy love is when you buy a dog. I think this to be very true.

Off to School

All of us have memories of going to school, especially the first year when all at once you found you had lost your freedom and on opening day mother dressed you up in your Sunday best and ignored your protests and half-pushed, half-dragged you to the principal's office for the start of what mum and dad fondly hoped would be a worthwhile education.

I was a trifle late getting into school. The aftermath of infantile paralysis had not yet left me when my mother took me to Ralph Brown school on a coaster wagon, as I was not going to walk those long blocks from Atlantic and Arlington street. I was eight years old before I found myself in Principal W. D. N. Denike's office and he shunted me off to Miss Louise Salter's beginner's room. I'm afraid, though, I had the jump on the other kids who were sharing my first day. My mother had taught some school in Waterford, Ireland, and the long days abed had not been wasted. When she wasn't reading to me she was teaching me to read and it did not go down too well with the rest of the beginners when Miss Salter discovered I could handle the old Sweet Pea reader with little difficulty. There was some suggestion that I was teacher's pet although the wonderful Miss Salter, who was obviously born to look after small boys and girls, didn't have too much to do with it, apart from giving me the chance to show my reading skills.

Miss Salter was a wonderful, understanding woman. I remember we had tiny squares of cardboard which were lettered and were designed to help you learn to spell. I was so fond of these tiny cards that she stretched a point and let me spell when I should have been doing something else. There was no regimentation in grade one at Ralph Brown school.

Art has been one of my interests, not that I am over-powerfully-good at it. But it is a fascinating hobby in which you can bury all your troubles and completely forget the world around you as you dabble with paint and brush. I liked drawing and dad, who also shared my interest in art, had encouraged it early. But I did not reckon on Miss Salter inviting me up to the blackboard to exhibit my alleged skill with the chalk. But she was such an understanding woman, who knew what made little children tick in an era before Gesell and Spock. I am sure any of the kids who were in her class in 1921 still share my affection for Miss Salter.

Teaching methods have changed. Teachers and techniques have come under fire, particularly from young people, but the basic idea is to communciate and there were no problems in the teachers getting through to you in those first years at Ralph Brown School.

I was not much of a singer but the visits of Annie Pullar, who was director of music for the Winnipeg school district, were special. I enjoyed

singing, although I had a voice like a bullfrog stricken with laryngitis. But the city's golden jubilee in 1924 had a place for school children's song and we worked very hard to take part in the celebrations of Winnipeg's 50th birthday. Annie Pullar did a grand job, a tiny, frail-looking woman, and I have nothing but admiration for the school music curriculum so ably directed by my friend Glen Pierce. I remember the 1924 celebrations rather vividly because there were two street parades in one day. The first section included marching troops from the Fort Osborne garrison and the militia units and virtually all of the city's fire engines. Even at that tender age I wondered what would happen if a three-alarm fire came smack dab in the middle of the parade of all the brightly-polished fire trucks rolling down Main Street.

Another memory involves the arrival of the school nurse and the health officer, who carried out the regular program of vaccination. For some children it was little to worry about. Some wept in terror at the prospect of being scratched by a needle. We were given red ribbons to wear on our arms so everybody would know we had been vaccinated and should not be bumped. But some rascals would whack you anyway and some of my chums began wearing the red ribbons on the other arm. I didn't need any red ribbon. My arm became swollen from my shoulder to my finger-tips and I had to stay away from school until the swelling subsided.

Days of Depression

The reflection on the grim, dark days of the 1930s is prompted by a chance remark from a local television news commentator who, if my ears were working properly, belittled the union people in an American watch factory for taking a pay cut to keep their jobs and help the company's financial problem.

My young friend from the world of television is not old enough to remember when you felt fortunate to survive with only a reduction in salary and still have your job. With thousands upon thousands of men and women being laid off, it was a difficult period young people now find difficulty in comprehending.

I was one of the lucky younger generation of 40 years ago. I was a fresh-cheeked copy boy earning $7 a week when M. E. Nichols, the publisher of The Tribune, one of Canadian newspapering immortals, called a meeting of all members of The Tribune family in the newsroom and asked if we all would take a 10 per cent pay cut.

He included himself on the list and did not spare any executives or

departmental heads. He said if we would agree he felt the company could carry on. There were no dissenters. He regretted that my pay cheque was cut to $6.30 but he promised to give me every chance to get ahead and was true to his word.

At the age of 16 I was promoted to the rank of a very junior reporter to be schooled by such demanding taskmasters as City Editor Fred O'Malley and Assistant News Editor Norman J. Gillespie. Gillespie did not hesitate to rip your copy to shreds if it did not meet his exacting rules.

Our family was most fortunate in the depression era. Dad lost his job as an assistant shipper in a dry goods warehouse and, within hours, had reopened his shoemaking business in the cellar.

He was an accomplished journeyman who had, fortunately, retained all his tools and machines from his original shop. I painted a sign from shoebox cardboard and nailed it to the maple in our front yard.

Eventually he rented a shop on MacGregor St. and got his name in the papers for flattening a holdup man who stuck a gun in his back one rainy October day at closing time. Dad only had $8 in the till and he did not care to part with it.

The stickup man fought his way out of dad's clutches without his shirt and that gave him away to the newly-acquired police cruiser cars which were quickly patrolling the neighborhood.

Mother had a backyard full of Barred Rocks, both for show and the table. We had lots of fresh eggs and roast chicken. The city rented vacant lots for 50 cents a season for gardening. Dad had three of them, all in potatoes. The succulent strawberries, tomatoes and so on grew within the protection of the backyard. I remember those potato fields as I had the responsibility of battling the potato bugs with paris green.

Thus we lived as well or better than most people. My brother lost his job with a bakery and took off for one of Premier Bennett's relief camps in Whiteshell country where he was an assistant cook for room and board and $5 a month.

We managed to scrap together 25 cents to go to the College Theatre on a Saturday night. Sunday afternoon was the time for wonderful band concerts in the parks. The Tribune's weekly songfests drew thousands of people on warm summer evenings as the citizenry sang its troubles away.

As a junior sports writer I found plenty of entertainment in the games that I covered, especially my beloved soccer football at Carruthers Park and it was no chore to ease dad past gateman Billy Gibson, too.

I think we all found solace and strength in going to church and a most enjoyable pastime was a long sabbath walk across the prairie with the meadowlarks, killdeer and occasional crow for company.

All of us who are in our 50s will have particular memories of the Dirty

Thirties. Generally, we remember only the good things. The bread lines on Higgins Ave. and Princess St. where the authorities maintained soup kitchens, the woodyard where you worked to get a chit to buy groceries, the frightful riots that I watched from a distance, are pushed to one side.

A most poignant memory concerns a young man who knocked on our door one morning. He had travelled via box car and foot from Alberta and had spotted the pile of cordwood in our yard. He offered to split it for his breakfast.

Mother gave him his breakfast anyway and packed a big lunch to help him on his way. He was leaving through the backyard gate when he paused, put down his package, picked up the axe and chopped the wood anyway.

Memories of Dad

This is a rather personal memory and you may skip it if you wish, but it concerns dads. It's always nice to see dads and their small sons playing ball in the park or enjoying an ice cream soda together. Many of the problems of modern youth can be traced to the lack of relationship between father and son. I often think of the late Joe Madden, who taught at Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, and the great bond that existed between him and his fine sons — and I think he had a baker's dozen, most of them sharing their dad's passion for Canadian football. But I've known dads who couldn't find time to go across the street to see their sons play ball or accompany them to church on Sunday morning.

It will be 13 years in September since I lost my dad, and he sleeps with the rest of his old buddies from past wars in the military plot at Brookside.

He really was not a giant in anything but I rarely knew a man so versatile. If I have a fondness for art, books, music and sports I can give him all the credit. His formal education ended at the age of 12, when he was apprenticed to learn the shoemaker's trade.

We always thought he was the best in the neighborhood because he also had the qualifications to make orthopedic footwear. Among his best customers were city firemen, for some strange reason. I wonder how many shoemakers — and they are a vanishing breed — really make hand-made shoes or boots?

He was a first-class carpenter, the possessor of a most talented green thumb. He loved gardening and animals and I remember, as a small boy, seeing him leap on a junkman's wagon when the driver was beating his horse. Dad rarely became angry but he was for that moment. I can never

remember him ever laying a hand to me, although heavens knows there were moments when it was deserved. Mother looked after that department . . . with the broom.

He was an avid reader, often wandering into the classics, although Somerset Maugham always was his favorite. He was not that excited over television, preferring to hear good music on radio if it was available. He could not read a note of music yet he played a reasonably good piano and if there was a better performer on the difficult English concertina with its double maze of buttons, I never heard one. He made beautiful one-string violins. I rarely could avoid piano practice because he preferred to sit and listen, and with his most accurate ear pick out the usual flaws and discordant notes. At a very early age he took me to concerts. Summer after summer, Sunday after Sunday, he'd find a band concert in the park. Otherwise the old Victrola got a generous workout.

He had no formal art training yet he was quite adept with the pencil and even better with pastels.

He had a passion for sports. As an Englishman, soccer was his favorite and he had played for the Street Railway team before the First World War. But he also admired baseballers and enjoyed nothing better than a good ball game — the skill of the fielders always fascinated him. In the era when every church had its own tennis club, he enjoyed watching and playing it.

An Anglican in his boyhood, he threw his weight behind the first union mission on Atlantic Avenue in company with some solid Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists and in those early days when there was no money available for caretaking salaries he and mother swept out the church hall, straightened the chairs and lit the Quebec heaters in the winter days.

But I think his finest feature was his complete lack of bigotry. He was an Englishman first and always but there also was something of the internationalist in his outlook. I can always remember him saying: "You will find there is an awful lot of good in the worst of us . . . and an awful lot of bad in the best of us."

He enlisted for the Boer War but it ended before his regiment was sent to South Africa. The 90th was his favorite outfit here and when war broke out in 1914 he was quick to offer his services to the 8th battalion.

But an army needs footwear and journeymen shoemakers were too valuable to lose in the blood and mud of Flanders, so he found himself transferred to the 18th Reserve Battalion at Shorncliffe, where he mended hundreds of army boots for the duration.

Sunday Dinner

A ritual that is slowly disappearing from family life is Sunday dinner.

My neighbor complained to me the other day that none of the children seem to be around for the Sabbath roast. If they are at home, it is a eat-and-run affair and this seems to be true with other meal hours, too. Sunday dinner in our home still is the weekend highlight for the junior member of the family is a great meat-eater and Sunday without roast beef is like Jack Benny without his violin. Junior strictly is a meat and potatoes man and he has little or no time for desserts. He will occasionally settle for roast turkey. He does not care for fish or chicken and will eat roast pork if he can't find anything else. He has not tackled roast lamb as far as I know and I don't know how he would handle veal. But other delectable items such as beef hearts and tongue which I do not mind, he quickly rejects.

When I was a lad Sunday was very special. We all rose early to get cleaned up for church. Shoes were shined on the Saturday. I cringe when I see a young person in church in blue jeans and windbreaker but I guess I'm strictly a square. I guess the Lord really doesn't care what you wear as long as your heart believes. We would attend 11 o'clock services and the big meal of the day was at noon, a leisurely, enjoyable affair with the whole family sitting down to eat. Dad carved the roast or whatever was on the platter and before you took even the teeniest mouthful you awaited the blessing which began with "O God, bless the four of us" to which I added a rather irreverent "Thank God there's no more of us" and he was not pleased. Dad felt we had a lot to be grateful for in Canada even if your surroundings were humble.

With chickens and rabbits in the backyard Sunday dinner was varied. You do not see rabbit anymore on the table. We also were partial to beef hearts. Occasionally I spot them in the neighborhood supermarket. Wrapped around in roast potatoes with plenty of stuffing and such they were good eating in those distant days.

Mother was a great one to make her own soups and her magnificent pies made the day all the more worthwhile. Dinner on Sunday took all of 90 minutes. Dad would not allow you to bolt down your food and run. He was a great story-teller and I was an equally good listener as he kept us enthralled with his stories of his boyhood in England with help from mother whose yarns about growing up in the Irish countryside should go into a book. I could picture the village green, the fishing boats in the harbor (her twelve brothers were all sailors) and I regretted she never had a snapshot of her pet donkey which was born with six legs. The beast kept getting entangled in the garden vines and the family sold it to a circus. In my mind's eye I pictured great grandmother Walsh who lived to be 102. She

was blind at the end but had gone to mass and returned home for lunch and to light her clay pipe. When the pipe fell out of her mouth they knew she was gone. My uncle Peter was a second officer for an ocean line, came home, went swimming in the local mill pond, caught cramps and drowned. Mother brought his pocket knife to Canada with her and I carried it around for years before it disappeared.

If she told me the story of the railroad disaster she witnessed as a young girl once she told it a hundred times but it always improved in the retelling. She was in service to a rich family in a Lancashire town and was sent to the station with horse and cart to pick up the family son returning from college. Just as she rounded the corner of the street leading to the station, the express from London piled through an open switch into a goods train. The family son fortunately was not aboard.

After dinner in the summer months we headed for the park, depending largely on what band was performing. Mother packed a picnic basket for supper under the trees but we were home again by 7 o'clock for evening church services. It is difficult now to find a church apart from our Pentacostal and Salvation Army friends that holds Sunday evening worship.

Mealtime should be the hour when the family gets together to discuss family plans, mull over any prevailing problems and to hear what news affected any or all. Saturday night also was special in our home. Dad had a great fondness for tripe. I have never tasted it so I settled for something else. Mother always dipped into her housekeeping money for an extra treat such as cream puffs. Dad would inspect his loose change to see if he had enough to take us to the movies. If not, we all sat around and listened to the superhetrodyne which was the latest in radios in those days.

The radio was particularly enjoyable in the winter months and it is remarkable that Jack Benny, who was featured with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra was the big star with his wife Mary and Eddie Anderson, known as Rochester. Do you remember "Jello again!" Sunday was the big night for radio with Joe Penner and Edgar Bergen and sometimes the Cities Service Concert band.

Sunday is a different day now. You can go to movies, buy a cocktail with your dinner, watch sports, do a million things. Small wonder there is so little time for getting together with your mum and dad and brothers and sisters. Or going to church.

When Theatre Was Alive

It seemed more than a coincidence that, after sitting in the darkened Odeon theatre watching Spitfires chase Messerschmitts across the silver screen and remembering what it was like when the theatre belonged to the Walker family, Ralda Perry should bequeath me a copy of Curtain Time, Ruth Harvey's story of growing up in a theatre box seat.

Mrs. Harvey was the daughter of Con and Harriet Walker, who built this famous theatre before the First World War. It brought back a heap of memories, for my mother, being Irish, had a great fondness for the living stage and, as a child, I requently accompanied her to see the best of dramatic offerings.

The Walker theatre, in its day, was the most famous theatre in the West, with its superb acoustics and giant stage. It remained dark for a long time as the depression settled over the land and there was no money for the luxury of entertainment on the scale that Con Walker had offered in the past.

It was remodelled when it became a movie house, but it has lost none of its character and it is one theatre where you can make out every word coming from behind the screen.

It was James Hill, the colorful American railroad magnate, who persuaded the Walkers to extend their small chain of theatres which stretched through Minnesota and North Dakota, into Winnipeg. Eventually the chain extended throughout Western Canada.

The Walkers' contribution to the cultural and entertainment life of the country, was a great one.

In those distant days The Tribune had a full section of theatrical news every Saturday and we would scan it carefully to see the advance notices of all the movies at the Allen (now the Metropolitan) the Lyceum, the vaudeville at the Pantages and the Orpheum and the drama at the Walker and the Winnipeg theatre.

Take a look at the people Walker brought here: George Arliss, William Faversham, May Robson, Sir John Martin Harvey, Otis Skinner, William Farnum, the stormy Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Margaret Anglin, Frances McLennan, Forbes Robertson, Ethyl Barrymore, Seymour Hicks, Ed Wynn, the mighty voices of Chaliapin and Madame Schumann-Heinck, the one and only Harry Lauder, Winston Churchill lecturing, grand opera.

When Mestophiles came through the floor in Faust I just about fell out of my seat. How well I remember Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch, Michael Arlen's The Bat, the melodramatic tear-jerker, East Lynn, Christmas pantomines.

I often wondered how they staged the chariot race in Ben Hur and I

have found out. The horses were on tread-mills while the panoramic background sped past on out-of-sight rollers. The illusion was remarkable.

Some of the old gimmicks for providing thunder and such remain in the property loft. The Walker had three flights of dressing rooms. The last time Dave Robertson took me back stage I gave the thunder machine a whirl just for old time's sake.

The theatre often was used to entertain the troops in the First World War and Con Walker had a standing rule that soldiers home on leave always were welcome.

I remember attending a soldiers' program as the war ended and was distressed by a very loud orator who promised all sorts of good things for the returned men. I am not sure whether he kept them or not. The regimental concert party sounded much better.

One of the beauties of the Walker theatre was a seat in the "Gods"; I guess you would call it the second balcony and all it cost was 25 cents to see superior entertainment.

The old Orpheum on Fort Street also had the "Gods" and you could see the tops in vaudeville: the Hilton sisters, Jack Benny, Singer's Midgets, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx et al for a similar price.

Mother was not much of a vaudeville enthusiast and her spare quarters were saved for stars such as Maude Adams and Elsie Janis.

For my money, nothing matched the mystery of Richards the Magician who packed 'em in night after night. I spent a long time trying to figure out how he could saw a woman in half. Mother thought her fellow-Irishman, John McCormick, was pretty good, too.

The youngsters watching bombers blowing up all over the sky while they choked on their popcorn may have been impressed, but a crash into the channel was no more inspiring than little Eva going to heaven in a tissue-paper cloud.

Mrs. Harvey remembers the days of heavy melodrama. A producer named Stetson had plans to stage The Passion Play. He was selecting a cast for it.

"You haven't got the disciples yet," an assistant reminded him.

"Disciples? How many did they have in Oberammergau?"

"Why, twelve," said the assistant.

"Then, by God," Stetson roared, "I'll have twenty-four."

The Smell of Sawdust

You may not have noticed it but a link with our childhood has disappeared in the passing of the corner woodyard.

You will remember the long piles of tamarac and poplar, high with an aromatic odor that was not unpleasant. The corner woodyard generally was found in the working class neighborhoods and the proprietor had a tiny tin shack for an office. Occasionally, he was the neighborhood shoemaker who could handle the wood business on the side when he wasn't mending shoes.

Dad was a shoemaker and he seemed to have an arragement with the wood man to keep an eye on the cordwood for getting the use of the shoemaker's shack virtually rent-free. I lived in a world of smells — pungent leather and wax on the inside, the forest on the outside.

The woodman always had his partner, the sawyer, whose horsedrawn apparatus always followed the load of wood that arrived in your backyard. It seemed more than a coincidence that, as soon as the wood was dumped in your yard, the sawyer would show up and beg for the business of cutting it into convenient chunks.

Piling it neatly was a Saturday morning chore. a whetstone, driven by a foot pedal, kept the axe honed to a razor's edge and it was big brother's chore to keep a healthy reserve of kindling handy for the kitchen range or the furnace.

The screeching whine of the sawyer's blade on an autumn day was a sure sign of approaching winter.

Occasionally mother preferred slabs for quick-firing. They also made admirable playhouses and, I suppose, if we had owned a tree of suitable dimensions we would have built a tree house, too. Come winter the house of slabs was quickly knocked down and consigned to the wood box.

Youngsters today do not have the chore of keeping the woodbox full or lugging out the ashes. The ashes always had to be sifted in case there was something still to salvage. In slippery weather, the ashes were a wonderful guard against bad falls, even if they did get tramped into the house on dirty shoes.

You do not hear the rumble of coal and coke sliding down coal chutes into basement coal-holes now. There is no more banking the fire at bedtime so they will burn warmly through the long winter's nights.

The old Quebec heater would glow crimson and there was nothing to match the kitchen stove, casting off its wonderful warmth, a tremendous pot of soup simmering on top. The appliance hasn't been invented than can make toast like a kitchen fire.

True, they were not as clean as the fancy ranges of today, but a generous application of stove polish, plus silver polish on the plated parts around the oven gave an impressive look to the old range. Stove pipes had to be taken down and cleaned and you had to put them together just right or you were in trouble.

Nowadays it is oil, natural gas and electricity that heats our homes. Close to 40,000 Winnipeg homes have oil heat and 70,000 more have natural gas. Residences using baseboard electric heating are fewer.

I do not aim to knock progress, but when the oil burner or gas furnace breaks down you are at the mercy of the service-man because rarely can you do anything about repairing these complicated monsters, short of putting in a new fuse if that is the source of the trouble.

If the power goes off — and, fortunately, this rarely happens in Manitoba because we don't get the icing conditions such as hits Southern Ontario and British Columbia on occasion — again you are without heat.

Winnipeg's last joust with icing that pulled down hydro wires was some years ago and it inconvenienced a lot of people. Not in our place, though: We still owned a space heater which gave off a cheering warmth and with a couple of candles to provide illumination, all was well.

Visiting Toronto one February I ran into one of those ice storms. Wires were down all over the place and the hydro and fire department men had a great time sorting out the mess. The papers ran pictures of people huddled together, trying to get warm. And this in the year 1968 when man was setting out for the moon.

When you are at the mercy of the elements, modern thing-a-majigs often let you down. A cozy kitchen stove and coal oil lamp are not dependent on hundreds of miles of transmission lines flapping in the icy gale. All you need is an apple box full of split tamarac and kerosene in the sharp-smelling tin by the kitchen door and you can turn your back on the storm outside.

Yes, the visit of the woodman and the coalman is a thing of the past. The oilman drives up in a monstrous tank truck, puts a line to the tank outlet, which whistles while it is being filled, and then he sticks the the bill in your mailbox. He doesn't even knock on the door to say "hello" or cadge a cup of coffee off ma.

The breadman, milkman and fruitman also are a disappearing breed — but that is another story.

The Good Neighbors

The newspapers are full of talk about civil rights, equality and so on and so forth these days. Everybody wants their neighbors to learn how to get along with them, obviously ignoring the only solution to this problem is the need to depend on people, whether they are black, white, pink, Presbyterians, Chinese or Galician.

We did not know how to spell the word intolerance in the tight little island of our childhood neighborhood which was largely Anglo-Saxon. If people did not feel too keenly about their neighbors there never was any evidence they disliked a person because he was Jewish or Roman Catholic.

Our neighborhood had names such as Smith, Gilchrist, Wilkinson, Kane, McIntosh, Musgrove, Cornthwaite, Paice, Brooks, Morgan . . . and Thibault and Pascal. Thibault was a Frenchman and the kids in the neighborhood always put him a step higher than others who had mundane jobs as clerks and machinists because he was a fireman. His family had been hit hard in the 1918 influenza epidemic and the loss of several members of one family in the matter of days seemed to awe the kids on the street for some strange reason. The younger brother was in the middle of every childish endeavor and we always felt sorry for him because he had such a long way to go to church on Sunday.

Pascal was Jewish, and Sol, if he still is around, will remember our stunts and exploits as boys together that do not seem so hilarious now. He'll forgive me for remembering but I believe he set a world record for playing truant from Hebrew school. He undoubtedly celebrated his bar mitzvah but not on the scale of modern Jewish youngsters who set dad back a few hundred dollars for the reception.

Mrs. Pascal was a typical Jewish momma and occasionally we were invited to sample gefulte fish, blintzes and knishes. I still can remember the pungent odor from a yard full of dill.

The Ukrainians, Poles and Germans lived a few streets further south. Occasionally you heard them referred to as 'bohunks' and 'hunyuks' but these never were people we actually knew. They were nothing but distant strangers as far as we were concerned. Our class room at Ralph Brown school was a mixed bag of names such as Dallinger, Schmeichel, Kalinsky, Thorgeirson, Kerr and Allen. It was the same at St. John's Tech but at Isaac Newton our grade nine class of 42 youngsters included 37 Jews. Come the high holidays, Bob Oliver, Fred Fisher, Bob Morgan and myself had the room to ourselves. The Jews have left this neighborhood now, moving into West Kildonan and South River Heights, but it never dawned upon us they were supposed to be different. We visited their homes and occasionally when we had a dime would journey together to the Colonial or Starland for the Saturday matinee.

This was not the day of the supermarket. Piggly-Wiggly eventually arrived to amaze the housewives, but we depended on the little corner shop, generally referred to as "the Jew store." This was not a slap at the proprietor but it merely identified him, for generally the owner was Jewish.

Actually in our neighborhood the two nearest stores were owned by an

Englishman and a Ukrainian. The latter was a good friend of the family. He was an admirable butcher, who had started out with very little and developed a rather attractive business.

A block away was a tiny factory where a German named Wach made the finest sausage you ever tasted. You could get enough honest-to-goodness wieners for 25 cents for a rousing Friday night cook-out, which was a bonfire on the edge of the crumbling excavations for First World War houses that were never built.

If anyone became ill the entire neighborhood responded. A death was a shocking event. When fire killed three members of one family on our street it was a shattering tragedy as Jew, Ukrainian and Scot stood numbly in the December chill to pay their last respects.

The church, of course, was the dominant influence, for it was both a refuge from the humdrum week and our centre of community activity. Mother was a Roman Catholic, but it never really seemed out of the ordinary that among mother's closest neighbors was a family from Ulster.

My old neighborhood, and a glance at the city directory revealed it has acquired a more diversified ethnic flavor since the second war, only proved that there really aren't such creatures as Jews, Germans, Ukrainians, Baptists, Lutherans . . . just people.

Years to Remember

(Written in November, 1973)

The years like great black oxen tread the world
And God the herdsman goads them on behind
And I am broken by their passing feet.

Yeats

I shall be 60 years old within a few weeks time which is a terrifying thought for it means I am growing old and perhaps I'm slowly crumbling, too, but other people mark 60th birthdays every day and I wonder if they remember the things I remember as I leave my 50's behind.

Walking through a supermarket the other afternoon the prices were astounding. Of course, this is not the 1930's or the 1920's. But I had to pay $11 this summer for a suitable pair of shoes for lawn bowls — when I got married I splurged and spent $5 for a new pair of oxfords.

Do you remember 25-cent movies, 10-cent milk shakes, nickel cones, the advent of the Eskimo Pie and what a sensation it caused in its chocolate covering? I bought an alleged cone the other day in a shopping centre, put down a quarter and got a nickel in change. You can get a dime chocolate

bar now but you can swallow it in one gulp. Who remembers when the Planters' people had a shop on Portage Avenue near Hargrave Street, exclusively selling hot, roasted peanuts. A big bag for a dime! True, you had to shell them. I would bring them back to the office and got told off by the cleaning lady for letting the shells wind up on the floor.

Admission price to major sporting events was a dollar and this generally was the price for a Memorial or Allan cup final or a Blue Bomber game. The best bargain in town was the RKO Orpheum on Fort Street. A movie, a newsreel, a cartoon and the finest Vaudeville from a 25-cent seat in the gallery. Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, Blackstone the Magician, Singer's Midgets, the Hilton Sisters, Eddie Cantor. The Hilton Sisters were talented Siamese twins.

You could watch excellent professional baseball in the Northern league at Sherburn Park from the bleachers for 25 cents. In the winter months you could see a junior hockey double bill at the Olympic on a Saturday night for 35 cents. They also gave away free chinaware to female fans, following the lead of the movie theatres who did likewise in the depression years. I knew women who built up entire sets of china on the stuff they collected at the theatres. We were faithful movie fans in our house and the old College Theatre, now owned by Jehovah's Witnesses, was a second-run house but movies were family affairs in those days.

I noticed some old familiar candy bar names on the stands at the St. Regis the other day. Such names as Eatmore and Jersey Milk and Molly-O and Fat Emma still are with us. Not as big and now selling for 20 cents. My favorite all-time candy was peanut butter kisses. They were three for a penny when I was in school. Eaton's was the best source of these delectable treats. I have not seen them for a long time. A great thrill was raisin pie a la mode in Eaton's for 12 cents. Try to get it now for that price. You won't even get the ice cream, let alone the sumptuous pie.

You could golf at the municipal courses for 50 cents but golf was a rich man's game. Every church had a tennis club, however. Not exactly Wimbledon or Forest Hills, but a legion of young people enjoyed tennis in the old Churches league. The game is returning but there is no space for tennis courts next door to churches.

You went to Winnipeg Beach on the Moonlight for 75 cents, return. At Grand Beach you could dance with your best girl for five cents or sit and listen for free to Jackie Hunter's wonderful band. Do you remember In A Little Spanish Town, Stormy Weather, Sweet and Lovely, Barcelona, The Way You Look Tonight, Good Night Sweetheart and my all-time favorite, Valencia? Or Bye Bye Black Bird or Singing in the Rain or Broadway Melody? Or the D'Oyle Carte Opera Company, Sir John Martin Harvey, the Permanent Players or even good old John Holden who packed 'em in at the

Dominion Theatre? I could go back a few more years to the Pantages or Bill Moore at the Beacon.

The Caterers Picnic every July or Sunday School rallies on New Year's morning in Grace Church, Allan Caron playing during the intermission on the mighty Garrick Theatre organ, the Salvation Army band on Market Square, soup kitchens and working in the city woodyard for food vouchers, the coming of the beer parlor, Pine-to-Palm tours and sing-songs in the parks, Sousa's band at the Amphitheatre, great concerts at the Central Congregational Church.

A bed in a public ward in a local hospital cost two dollars a day. Lindbergh flying the Atlantic in The Spirit of St. Louis. The streets jammed with young men in khaki, slate-grey or navy blue and Eaton's annex supplied a place to get a cup of coffee and a doughnut and a fox trot with a girl you never saw before because your home town was Melbourne, Auckland, Edinburgh, Manchester or Moose Jaw.

Gene Telpner was asking about a local ordinance against spitting on the sidewalks. The law was stencilled on the pavement. Perhaps it has been repealed now. Which reminds me of the two elderly people who went to a band concert.

"I wonder what selection they are playing," one asked.

"I see a sign over there," said the other, "I'll go and look at it." She returned triumphantly to announce "It's Refrain from Spitting."

I don't know if 60 is elderly or not. But I still love band concerts.

The Corner Store

Despite being dwarfed by the super-markets, the corner store remains one link with our childhood.

They are still with us, these small merchants, struggling to keep going in the face of overwhelming competition. They stay open long hours and count on the housewife who has suddenly discovered the refrigerator is empty and unexpected company is sitting in the parlor. The sale of bread and milk on a Sunday when the supermarkets are closed also helps.

My own neighborhood has its share of these shops and how they carry on is something of a mystery. Some are a trifle more pretentious than others and are actually miniature supermarkets, I suppose. The people who own and operate them are virtually prisoners of their efforts to make a living.

My friend, Peter Thompson, who had been on our corner for many years, told me he couldn't stand it any longer and sold out. Peter was keenly interested in the community, especially sports, but rarely did he

have a chance to see his favorite — baseball. Peter had plenty of competition. Within a four-block radius of my home there are 12 corner stores.

The odd one retains the strange charm and fascination of the corner stores of long ago. Many still have the strange smells, not actually unpleasant, but distinctive. Much of the stuff was sold in bulk such as cheese, vinegar and sugar. They did not have the variety of the 1969 supermarket.

Soapflakes were the forerunner of the 100-and-one detergents cluttering up television commercial time. Bread largely came unwrapped. The ice box was just that. Modern refrigeration had not arrived and the fellow who drove the Arctic Ice Company wagon had to man handle massive blocks of ice through the side door.

There still may be the odd butcher shop which covers its floor in sawdust to catch the blood dripping from sides of beef and such. When I worked on Saturdays for Charlie Booth it was a closing hour chore to sweep up the bloodstained sawdust and replace it with new sawdust for Monday morning.

Charlie was an Old Country butcher who had learned his trade in the old custom of a young fellow serving an apprenticeship. He had competition just across the street from Oscar Morrison, but both survived nicely because they did not have to operate in the shadow of the supermarket giant.

Piggly-Wiggly (who remembers the chain store with the unusual name?) was the first hint that the day of the supermarket was approaching.

For longer than I can remember, there was a corner store a block away from the old family home. In our day we referred to it as I have mentioned in other articles as the "Jew" store. This was not an attempt to be antisemetic. Many of these small shops were owned by Jews and if you strolled around the Selkirk Avenue area you'd find more than a few still are.

Actually, I'm not sure the old chap who had the store when I was a toddler was Jewish, but he sold out after the first war to an Englishman named Bevis.

Mother always gave me a penny every morning for candy at recess which provided an opportunity to visit Mr. Bevis, although I often looked in on the other corner stores to see if they had anything more exotic than he had to offer.

The widow who turned the front rooms of her house on Machray Ave. into a grocery across from Ralph Brown school did a brisk trade in penny candy. The variety of penny candy was immense in those days: peanut butter kisses (I still love 'em) honeymoon caramels, batchelor's buttons (you got a mouthful of newsprint along with the candy), jawbreakers, plugs of licorice complete with a chewing tobacco tin heart, O-Pee-Chee gum

(bubble gum hadn't been invented), gooey packets of sherbet powder and so on.

Window displays never were featured in the corner stores. Often, in the less-tidy shops, the fading cardboard signs had to concede room to the family cat. But one day Bevis filled his windows with placards announcing a new candy sensation, Pot O'Gold by name:

All it turned out to be was packets of candy kisses, including a mystery gift of dubious value, but we saved our nickels to try it with mounting excitement. The Eskimo Pie made its appearance at the same time, a great summer treat.

Made locally, the manufacturers included pictures of the Selkirk Fishermen, strong Allan Cup hockey challengers in the mid-20's. If you collected all 10 pictures you could get a Mart Hooper hockey stick, also made locally and by far and away the finest hockey stick ever produced.

However, there was a catch to it. Pictures of Cece Browne always were in short supply and you had to give a Tony Baril, Pete Spiers, Howard Brandow and Cliff O'Meara to get a Cece Browne if your friend was fortunate enough to have one for trading. Later you could collect pictures of the Senior Baseball leaguers for similar prizes.

I wonder if anybody managed to save a set of these old-time pictures. They would be a collector's item.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that some of the candy bars of that era still are on the market and there still is something compelling about a Molly O or a Sweet Marie, even if they have gone up in price. A nickel did buy a lot in the form of a treat in those days, especially in penny candy.

I jumped for joy when I dropped in on my friend, Shapiro, who has a store across from the high school to pick up some milk. Right there in full view were the honeymoon caramels of my childhood. He has wistful memories of them, too.

"They are a penny each now," he said, mournfully.

The Boyhood Chores

My friend Gordon McDermid was talking about chores the other day, the common tasks we did as youngsters without question: chopping wood, taking out the ashes, washing dishes and so on. He remembered he not only delivered the Daily Graphic in his native Portage la Prairie but helped weed a nearby market garden for 25 cents a day. These were chores that put money in his pocket. They had nothing to do with the duties he was required to do such as shovelling snow and so on.

Youngsters today have little or no idea what chores are all about. There is no wood to chop. The odd corner-lot skating shelter may burn wood in its heater but that's about all. Grocery shopping generally is an all-out invasion by mum and dad of the corner supermarket. They may never have had to dig a vegetable garden. If I see a lad cutting the lawn on my street now he is using a power mower. He doesn't know what a woodburning range is all about unless there is one at his family's summer cottage and most of them now burn oil or propane gas.

Everything has changed, maybe for the best, I wouldn't know. I covered the distance between my home and Isaac Newton school, 14 blocks four times a day. I see kids getting on the transit bus to travel half that distance now. The big yellow school buses were unknown in our day but, of course, are absolutely necessary when you have children travelling long distances to consolidated schools. We have youngsters in our neighborhood coming all the way from Rivercrest to high school and not all of them drive automobiles, although I notice one Winnipeg high school student body asking for a parking lot.

Chores were the accepted thing. Mother had her celebrated prize poultry. Cleaning out the hen house was a duty I endeavored to avoid like the plague. That duty fell upon my brother who, being regarded as stronger than I, also had to do his portion of garden digging and we had three 50-foot lots in potatoes alone. I was chief of the anti-potato bug squad. Not a tough job but I always was fearful I might poison myself along with the potato bugs. My 5 p.m. responsibility was to go to Wyatt's dairy for the milk.

Filling the coal scuttle every night also was my task. We burned a combination of coke and Drumheller for we did not have a furnace until the 1930s. It gave a hot, lasting fire on a crisp January night and besides you made the most delightful toast over the crimson coals. The ashes had to be taken out every morning before school and thoroughly shaken through a sifter to retrieve any fuel that had fallen through the grates and could still be used. The tamarack logs, sawed into chunks, were split by my brother and we not only had to shove it through to the celler window but then we had to pile it in regimented rows.

I didn't mind going to the corner store for mother as there was always an odd penny for candy and as I have written before, the assortment of penny candy was immense in those days.

The supermarket had not really arrived. Piggly-Wiggly was the first on the scene. A Saturday visit to Main Street was something special, meat to be bought at Gronbach's market, while mother explored the dry goods shops that abounded in what originally was known as Lincoln Park. Not until Jack Adams opened his drug store on Bannerman and McGregor Street did we have a pharmacy. Before this a trip to Muir's drug store near

the north car barns was necessary.

The one shop I always enjoyed visiting was Foster's bakery, with his wonderful collection of busters, jam rolls, cream puffs, Eccles cakes, gingerbread and such. A buster, I found on my recent Minnesota trip is a Bismark in the United States. There was a Chinese restaurant that sold fish and chips near the Bank of Montreal and this often was another special treat. The day of the elaborate hamburger stand was far distant.

So much has changed. Even the corner shoemaker has disappeared. We were fortunate in West Kildonan to still have two veteran journeymen who learned their trade years ago. It amazes some people how these old-timers will take in your shoes to be repaired, name you a price and put them on a shelf with hundreds of other pieces of footwear. No tickets or tags unless you visit one place on Portage Avenue where they put your shoes in a box by themselves. I have written before about the woodyard and the sweet tang of flying sawdust and the horse-drawn saw.

I approached a young fellow about grass-cutting the other day. My lawn is anything but big but his price was entirely out of line. I wonder if he is the same fellow who had such an exorbitant price for snow shovelling. I imagine he doesn't need the money anyway.

Days of Rivalry

Sit down for a cup of coffee with any old-timer from North Winnipeg who went to school before the First World War and you'll probably get into an argument as to which school turned out the finest athletes, Norquay, Machray or Aberdeen.

Norquay in Point Douglas, is Winnipeg's oldest school. The first school was erected in 1882 and has only a few years to go before celebrating its own centennial. Six rooms were added in 1888 and J. W. Chafe's delightful history of Winnipeg school, An Apple For The Teacher, reveals one 20-below morning in 1890, it caught fire.

There was no panic. The principal told each teacher quietly and the pupils were instructed to get their belongings and march out quietly. Frank Simmonds, who was in what they call standard three, Grade 3 now, I suppose, found the school bell in the ashes and took it home. In 1952 he returned it for the school's 60th anniversary.

I have had no connection with Norquay apart from knowing many men and women who attended the school named for Manitoba's first premier, John Norquay. But the school was renowned for its lacrosse teams — the old 12-man field game still was popular when I was in school.

Ralph Brown was no great shakes at lacrosse. We were fabulous on the soccer field, probably because our proximity to Carruthers Park and the stimulus it offered every boy to take up the game. But we never could handle Norquay in lacrosse.

In the days when military cadet training played the major role in physical training, Mr. Chafe remembers Norquay's fine company went over to the opening of the Aberdeen school in 1893 to put on a display.

It wasn't long, though, before Norquay and Aberdeen became bitter rivals on the lacrosse field and eventually Aberdeen became renowned in the Indian game.

Another pioneer school where I attended, for what was known as manual training, was Machray. In 1884 Alex Polson and Robert McKay, two pioneers with large families, asked the school board for a school near Mountain Avenue. A one-room school was opened in a house on Main Street and named for Archbishop Robert Machray of the Church of England.

Mr. Chafe says the teacher was a Miss Morrison, who obviously had no time for idleness. She always sent a girl to her home at 11:30 a.m. to boil her lunch-time eggs. She kept the boys in after school, three at a time, to split wood, carry water from the pump and shop for her groceries.

By 1899 there were enough people in the neighborhood to build a 10-room school at Charles and Mountain Ave. It has been rebuilt.

The second Machray school was built in 1921 on Mountain and Aikens street to accommodate the growing population in North Winnipeg. Machray, in time, became famous for its musical accomplishments.

Principal J. B. Wallis, who later became assistant superintendent of schools, wanted every child to sing. In the Manitoba Musical festival, Machray entered six school choirs and won five firsts. In the world of public school orchestras, Machray's festival entry, directed by J. S. Rogers, won the John M. King trophy 20 years running. Mr. Rogers started working at Machray as a caretaker, studied constantly to become a teacher and wound up teaching science . . . when he wasn't rehearsing the orchestra.

Charles Laidlaw followed Mr. Wallis whom I did not know. Laidlaw had a great affection for sports, as did the majority of the principals of years ago.

Nobody wanted anything to do with cadet training after the first war because pacificsm was rampant. The wonderful cadet program was allowed to die out and was not revived until the second world war when every junior and senior high school had a cadet battalion.

Col. T. H. Billman, whom many old soldiers will remember, was in charge of the original cadet program. Every year there was an annual dis-

play and competition at Happyland on Portage Avenue West where the travelling circuses put up their tents until they moved to the West Kildonan ground at Enniskillen Avenue. The boys learned the manual of arms with broomsticks. Col. Billman commanded the display as the girls from the schools waved their colors on bamboo canes.

About 3,000 boys would march past the reviewing stand. The winning company received a sword of honor to hang in the school's main corridor, usually near the principal's office for all to see. Often the winning school in musketry drill received a set of rifles which made sloping arms all the more real.

Principal J. J. Wilkinson, an old soldier himself, organized the first school cadet corps at Robert H. Smith Junior High School in 1939. Marching in column of route was popular once more on the school campuses.

Machray, Aberdeen and Norquay still compete on the athletic field in a variety of sports. I don't know if the old exhilaration of invading enemy territory to play lacrosse remains or not. The inter-school rivalry was so intense, even in my day, we occasionally ran for our lives after winning in soccer on the other fellows' school ground. Machray once scored 32 goals in a lacrosse game but it was not a record. I think it was Greenway or Principal Sparling that thrashed Grosvenor, something like 33 to 0.

The Joy of Skating

In this era of the snowmobile, I still see people who enjoy skating, which also gets the family together and is wonderful exercise. Winnipeg has facilities in the major parks and I hope the burgeoning array of new indoor arenas save time for folks who love to skate to the wonderful music of Strauss and Waldteufel, the lovely old waltzes, Gold and Silver, The Skaters, Tres Jolie and Blue Danube. There is something to be said for an afternoon of skating to be followed by steaming cups of hot chocolate and occasional hot-dog.

At one time, skating was the thing to do in Manitoba's winter unless you were a snowshoer. It could be that the first settlers to the Red River must have had the odd skater among them and there is evidence of skating parties on the river in Louis Riel's day.

In 1874, the skaters decided to move indoors from the ponds and creeks that dotted what is now the metropolitan area. Two chaps named Wilson and Brydon built an indoor rink (I am inclined to think it had a canvas roof) on Princess Street.

The grand opening was set for Nov. 30, but a sudden thaw the night

before brought the entire structure tumbling down. Seems the frame was merely erected on the ice which could not hold it once the temperature went up.

Mr. Brydon and Mr. Wilson picked up the pieces and the rink finally opened to a capacity crowd on Dec. 9. I do not know what they used for music but Winnipeg had a city band in those days, comprising many fine bandsmen who came here with the Wolseley expedition and elected to stay.

Old-timers speak of a large open air rink at the foot of Kennedy Street which drew hundreds of skaters and eventually another open air rink was laid out close to what is now St. John's park. With the construction of the McIntyre rink beside the still-existing McIntyre block, skaters were inside again and the new Arena near the General Hospital was highly-popular.

By the time this rink opened, Winnipeg also had a fine band in the 90th Rifle Regiment and with the construction of the Auditorium on York Avenue and the conversion of the Amphitheatre into a rink provided excellent facilities for pleasure skating.

I was not much of a skater due to childhood polio but I enjoyed visiting the Olympic rink when it opened in 1923 to listen to the band which sat snugly in the bandbox on the mezzanine floor. A giant many-sided globe revolved over centre ice to throw off a million colors as it spun through the beam of a spotlight.

With the advent of public address systems music for skating came to the outdoor rinks and on a crisp January night you could hear a Viennese waltz above the bustle of street traffic. Skaters thronged to Main Street Stadium, Drewry's Park, River Park, Sherburn Park, Wesley Park and the Granada rink to skate endless happy miles. Charlie (Pop) Wilkinson promoted and operated several outdoor skating ovals until his death in the 1950's.

The river always was the place to skate once the ice was firm enough, but sewage has made the river unsafe. At one time the youngsters living close to the river only had to shovel off the snow to get a suitable patch of ice. In those occasional winters of long ago when the cold snap came before the snow the rivers were a kaleidoscope of color as skaters of all ages came out in force. Dad rememberd at the turn of the century that he skated from Redwood Avenue to St. Andrew's.

The 1921 Winnipeg Winter Carnival on the Legislative Building grounds featured public skating in a veritable fairyland of ice palaces, flaming torches and gay costumes. The St. John's Ladies Skating Club was an organization that catered to women, most of them housewives, who enjoyed an afternoon of skating at the Olympic rink. No competition or anything like that — just an escape from the pots and pans and to try out the old blades. This club survived until the late 1950's.

In Ontario the people who are concerned with learning disabilities have found skating is a boon for little people who have difficulty co-ordinating. There is something to be said for putting one blade in front of another, especially with a pretty girl on your arm and the loudspeaker blaring forth a tune from old Austria.

The Grasshoppers

Most Manitobans worry about mosquitos. In fact, a literal translation of the name of the town of Komarno means "too many d-mn mosquitos." But the younger generation doesn't know that the major scourage of the province as recently as the 1930's was the grasshopper.

In 1932 grasshoppers were so bad we used the garden hose to wash them off the walls of our house. The 5.20 train to Riverton slithered to a stop near Polson Ave., the massive driving wheels spinning hopelessly on the rails greased by millions of grasshoppers.

The youngsters around Carruthers Avenue, west of the CPR Beach line, formed a sports club under the leadership of that wonderful Londoner, Harry Horox. Naturally they called themselves the West Kildonan Hoppers. In the Manitoba provincial rifle championships at St. Charles ranges, I saw Capt. Hunt, who went on to win the lieutenant-governor's medal, take his finger and sweep the grasshoppers off the barrel of his Lee-Enfield .303 so he could sight on the target.

The grasshoppers first introduced themselves to the settlers in 1818, eating everything that was planted. It was so bad the settlers trekked to Pembina for supplies to see them through the long winter. Again, in 1857-58, they infested the countryside and in the period of 1865-68, the settlers almost starved to death as mounds of dead hoppers cluttered up the streets of Upper Fort Garry.

A day of prayer and penitence was observed July 26, 1875.

You may recall the Mormons doing the same thing in the early days of Utah. To this day they believe the arrival of the gulls which wiped out the insects was divine intervention. It is a serious offence to kill a gull in Utah to this day. The governor of Minnesota also called for a day of prayer and an unexpected heavy frost stopped the plague. Manitobans noticed, too, that a parasite was infecting the grasshoppers and before long none were to be seen.

People who grow things always will be faced with natural hazards such as cutworms, aphids, potato bugs (I had the job of mixing the paris green to combat these pesky critters when I was a wee fellow), Dutch elm disease

and so on. We had a worthy fellow in the form of a friendly toad, believe it or not, who helped keep the cutworms in their place and if this is far-fetched you must believe that the toad, known as Bill, followed dad up and down the garden rows to devour the worms dad knocked from the plant leaves. Bill's favorite hang-out was under the berry bushes. I do not want to hear anyone question the intelligence of Mr. Toad. He stuck around for two summers, holing up under the henhouse during the winter.

Grasshoppers are regarded as food in Africa and are reputed to be good for all manner of physical disorders and the people who eat chocolate-covered ants likely enjoy them. But in the 1930's the taste of grasshopper in fresh eggs was so evident I almost lost my taste for eggs in any form. Mother's prize Barred Rocks did a good job of cleaning out the back end of our yard.

Teachers To Remember

An old friend came across a group photograph in his attic of the graduating class of the Winnipeg Normal School of 1895. Right off the bat, I came across several familar names and faces of old-time teachers and principals but, inasmuch as the picture itself is 75 years old, I would imagine these people, with few exceptions, have all past on.

The wing collars and the ladies' neck pieces are completely out of place with mini-skirts and Cossack coats, but they were a fine looking lot.

In the centre are William A. McIntyre, plain Mr. McIntyre in the picture, who was the superintendent; a Mr. McLean who was the assistant superintendent, Mrs. Thompson who was the singing instructor and a Miss Nimmons who taught art. Initials, for some obscure reason, were ignored.

There is a Miss Calder and a Miss Salter in the group. Is this the Miss Calder who taught me at Ralph Brown in the 1920s? There is no initial given but the Miss Calder I knew was named Annie.

The Miss Salter in the picture has the initial "E." My Miss Salter, and what a wonderful woman she was in the life of a seven-year-old, was Louise. Of all the teachers I had, she stands out in memory for her compassion and teaching skills. I'm sure every kid in the class loved her and I know she loved them.

There is a Miss L. E. Kinley in the group. This has to be Ethel Kinley who was supervisor of school music for many years. Her great contribution to school music, especially in the choral field, is well-remembered.

Do names such as R. Arnett, McVicar, Hooper, Luck, Munroe, Oliver, Greenway, Beath, Hickie, mean anything to any of our readers?

One man who stands out is W. J. Sisler. After the First World War, he was principal of Strathcona School on McGregor St. This was an immense challenge. Much of his student body was "New Canadian." The kids couldn't speak or read English but, when Sisler was finished with them, they could.

Some of the new families could not understand what, football, now better known as soccer, was all about, but he was a great exponent of the game and he hoped every boy would play it.

Dr. Sheppy Hershfield, in his memoirs of life in North Winnipeg, remembers his parents worrying about good shoes that became worn from kicking soccer balls and small boys who missed synagogue on a Saturday morning to play for the school team.

Sisler later moved to Isaac Newton when it was built as a junior high school. I remember him as a stern disciplinarian, but immensely fair. I learned quickly that it was better not to cross him, as did every other youngster in the school. The present generation would have trembled at his approach.

There seems to be several sets of brothers and sisters in this old group photograph. Of much later vintage was the Babb family, Errol, Rita and Ralph. All have passed on now, but Rita taught me in Grade 8.

She loved teaching and she loved young people. When the Winnipeg school district finally told her to stay home she went and got a position in St. Vital and virtually died in harness.

Errol later was principal at Ralph Brown, too, and occasionally invited me back to tell the youngsters the early history of the school.

I am not going to comment on the standard of teaching today but the teachers I had were tremendously dedicated and I realize now how much I owe them.

The old Normal School stood for years at William and Gertie. Now the aspiring high school grads who want to each go to Manitoba Teachers' College. But the old school for many seasons turned out a tremendous list of men and women who gave their lives to the teaching of the young.

Chapter Two

great moments in sport . . .

When Football Came of Age

The superheterodyne radio crackled and sputtered. "Winnipeg has a touchdown. The score is now 5-0."

There was no apology from the announcer, Frank Shaughnessy for being late with the beginning of the 1935 Grey Cup final at Hamilton between Winnipeg and the Tigers Radio networks being what they were it was not uncommon for the broadcast to be a little late cutting in on the local station. The teams already had played several minutes of the first quarter, long enough for Russ Rebholz to throw a pass to Joe Perpich in the end zone after Herb Peschel had recovered the kick-off on the Hamilton 18-yard-line.

But to thousands of Winnipeggers, glued to the radio loudspeakers, it was electrifying news that the Winnipegs (as the team then was known) had taken the lead against the mighty Eastern football champions.

It was the beginning of a memorable afternoon for Canadian football. Before the shadows lengthened over Hamilton Bay, the game had come of age in the West and Western Canada had won its first Grey cup, ending long seasons of frustration and failure.

The date was Dec. 7 . . . six years later it was to become more ignominious . . . and the old guard of Winnipeg football never has forgotten it.

Teams dressed only 15 players in those days and the Winnipeg team included: Fritz, quarterback; Fritz Hanson, Russ Rebholz, Greg Kabat, halfbacks; Eddie James, flying wing (now known as a flanker); Rosy Adelman, centre; Oja and Eddie Kushner, guards; Peschel and Lou Mogul, tackle; Perpich and Bud Marquardt, ends. The team had five reserves, Cliff Roseborough, Jeff Nicklin, Arni Coulter, Kobrinsky and Slush Harris. Fritz, a graduate of Concordia College at Moorhead, Minn., was playing coach.

Nicklin, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the paratroops, was killed in action and Dr. Kobrinsky was drowned while hunting on Lake Winnipeg.

The story of how Winnipeg won the championship has been told a thousand times but it remains sweet music to people such as Joe Ryan, who put the team together in the first place, Ray Keachie, Frank Emma, Les Isard, Barry Bain, Stan Peplar who toiled tirelessly behind the scenes to lay the groundwork for professional football in Winnipeg.

The Winnipeg team had won the West, defeating Regina, 13-6 and Calgary 7-0. In the east, Hamilton had demolished Queen's, the college champions, 44-4 and Sarnia of the Ontario union, 22-3.

Oja scouted the Tigers and uttered the prophetic statement that Hamilton tacklers would have trouble bringing down Hanson and Rebholz.

Idle for almost a month the 'Pegs chose to do their pre-game prepping at Detroit to "escape" the snow back home and to avoid Hamilton spies. Ironically, there was more snow in Detroit than along Osborne Street but the spies saw little when the team played Assumption College of Windsor and struggled to a 17-0 win. The East smugly anticipated another Eastern victory. The Tigers, fore-runners of the modern day Tiger-Cats, were caught off guard when Peschel fell on the kick-off on the Hamilton 18. Perpich, one of the two tall ends from North Dakota State, drifted into the end zone and Rebholz hit him with a forward pass.

Winnipeg led 12-4 at the half but Hamilton managed to score a touchdown when Oja was off serving a unique three-minute penalty for high tackling. (It is no longer in the rules.)

The Winnipeg lead had shrunk to two points when Huck Welch kicked a low bounding ball to Hanson on the Winnipeg 32. A ring of downfield tacklers converged on Hanson, skidding to a stop on the icy gridiron to prevent a no-yards penalty. Before the defence knew what had happened Hanson burst through the middle and raced for a touchdown. Hamilton got another two points on a safety touch but Winnipeg ruled the day with an 18-12 triumph. The best team won, too. Winnipeg made nine first downs to Hamilton's three, outrushed the Tigers, 125 to 48, 87 yards passing on three completed passes by Rebholz, two going for touchdowns, to Tigers' 38. The difference was Hanson, though. He sparked the punt returns to an unbelievable total of 367 yards to Hamilton's 95. Three hundred yards were totalled by Hanson alone who was aptly-named the Golden Ghost.

It should be remembered that the Winnipeg team of 1935 operated on a modest budget of $7,500. It takes over a million dollars now to operate the current squad, but Ryan was a sharp operator and he scoured Minnesota and North Dakota for talent. Good players from the colleges in those precincts were anxious to play for the right to eat. Hanson who had rejected an offer from the New York Giants of the National Football league, signed for

slightly less and a new overcoat from Winnipeg.

All of the imports got jobs of sorts. Marquardt, a tall gentlemanly end, went to work as a clerk with the Hudon's Bay Company and never left. Oja graduated in dentistry from the university of Alberta and practised in Winnipeg until his death a few years ago.

Hanson served in the Canadian army, did some selling and radio work and now is in Calgary. Kabat and Rebholz, along with Carl Cronin of Notre Dame, were the original imports of 1932. When St. John's and Winnipegs of the old Senior group, amalgamated in that season they stayed together, their talents to be augmented in the autumn of 1935 when Manager Ryan brought in Hanson, Marquardt, Perpich and Peschel from North Dakota, Oja, who was a Minnesota graduate and Fritz. Nick Pagones, a New Yorker, also came to camp but did not stay.

After an opening exhibition 26-0 triumph over Concordia College. Sarnia Imperials, the 1934 Grey cup winners, came to town to conclude a Western tour. Thirty-eight hundred fans the largest paid attendance in history, showed up to see the Imperials. A Western team never had beaten an Eastern team before but Winnipeg's 3-1 victory that sunny Saturday was a portent of what was to come in the ice and snow of Hamilton Civic Stadium three months later.

When We Won The Stanley Cup

Eyebrows arch and questions are asked when somebody talks about the time Winnipeg won The Stanley Cup, emblematic of world hockey supremacy.

How did they get into the National Hockey league and when asks the younger set, which only knows that the historic trophy is competed for each spring by the top teams in hockey's major group.

What they do not know unless they peruse old record books or listen to their elders is Lord Stanley's battered gift was hockey's original trophy, a challenge event conducted by trustees in Ottawa to be contended for by any club in Canada that felt it was good enough to win it.

Lord Stanley of Preston arrived in Ottawa in 1888 to represent the Crown as governor-general. Lord Stanley was just one of the vice-regal representatives in Canadian history who was a sports buff.

He loved horse-racing, cricket and soccer but when he had his first look at ice hockey he was sold, hook, line and sinker on the winter pastime. Not only did he support the existing Ottawa club of the day, but he built a large outdoor rink at Rideau Hall and consented to the formation of Government

House hockey team known as The Rideau Rebels.

In 1892, after his return to England, he donated the trophy which remains the most-sought prize in hockey. Lord Stanley never had a chance to see his cup being conntended for, but it appears he never lost his love for the game.

In 1895, the Stanley family introduced the game to Britain on a frozen pond on Buckingham Palace grounds. The palace team included the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and the Duke of York (who became King George V).

Hockey is believed to have had its beginnings in Canada in 1847 where English troops were garrisoned, but there also was evidence that it was played in Montreal 10 years earlier. In 1980, it was firmly established in Winnipeg, and, in 1892, the first Manitoba hockey association was organized. Victorias, named for the Queen who ruled at that time, was the first club formed here, Winnipegs was the second.

By 1896, Winnipeg Victorias were powerful enough to seek Lord Stanley's cup. To the great surprise of Eastern Canada the Victorias defeated their namesakes, Montreal Victorias, 2-0, to win the West its first hockey trophy. This was the era of seven-man hockey, no substitutions, pass onside and two 30-minute halfs. The Winnipeg team included Flett, Campbell, Higginbotham, Howard, Merritt, Armytage and Donald Bain, one of the greatest athletes in Manitoba sporting annals.

The Victorias' first triumph in Montreal caused tremendous excitement in Winnipeg. The Westerners were not conceded too much of a chance in Montreal. The Eastern team also objected to the referee, Alex Martin, Toronto, and asked for a postponement after the local lads were on their way east. The trustees denied both Montreal appeals although after the game The Toronto Globe's representative did not speak too kindly of Martin's officiating.

The Winnipeg club turned in a fine performance from all accounts. After 10 minutes of play, Howard fired the puck out of a corner and his team-mate Armytage rapped it home to open the scoring and a great dash by Armytage down the wing, the newspaper accounts said it even made his opponents applaud, led to the second goal, Campbell cracking home Armytage's pass.

The Winnipeg team ran into a plague of penalties . . . you were even banned for being offside in those days . . . and Bain was ordered off with Henderson of Montreal after a scuffle but the Western challengers were too strong on defence and apparently received superb goalkeeping from Merritt.

There was much joy in Winnipeg. The CPR Telegraphs had set up special wires to the Manitoba and Clarendon hotels and hundreds of people

thronged the lobbies and awaited on the street for a report from Montreal.

Performances in local theatres were interrupted as the result was announced from the stage.

The Victorias were tendered a huge banquet on their return, although The Tribune editorialized that it would be unfair to their plain, ordinary work-a-day fans if as much as $1,50 or $2 was charged for the banquet tickets.

The Victorias were to challenge often for the cup after Montreal won it back in Winnipeg and in 1901 defeated Montreal again in a hectic series in the Eastern city. Henry Roxborough in his excellent book, The Stanley Cup Story writes:

"Winnipeg Victorias (who had lost to The Shamrocks in 1900) did not retire to hockey's wailing wall and mourn their loss. Instead they strengthened their team and just one year later in January, 1901, they again steamed East, determined to upset the Shamrocks."

Roxborough adds:

"The game was rough. Sticks on both sides were cut to razor-like effectiveness and in the slashing ankles were temporarily rendered useless. Players on both teams tried to see how near to the fence a man might be shouldered without being charged with manslaughter."

Winnipeg won this one, 4-3.

The second game was equally bitterly-fought. After a knock-down-drag-out struggle, Winnipeg was in front, 2-1 and took the trophy home.

It is interesting to note, adds Roxborough, that Winnipeg's share of the gate was $5,600, no mean chunk of change in those distant days.

It is significant that The Stanley Cup, despite frequent challenges, came West only three more times after The Victorias won it for the second time.

In January, 1907, Kenora Thistles challenged Montreal Wanderers, the cup defenders, and defeated them in a two-game series in Montreal.

The Thistle line-up included Joe Hall, Tom Hooper, Billy McGimsie, Si Griffis, E. Giroux, Art Ross, R. Phillips, D. R. Beaudro and the legendary Tommy Phillips.

Phillips scored all four goals in the first game and three in the second. However, the indignant Wanderers tossed a challenge right back at the Thistles two months later and regained the cup, defeating the Thistles on Winnipeg ice.

Griffis was to become captain of Vancouver Millionaires of the Pacific Coast league which had its origins in 1912, and lead the Coast champions to the cup in 1915. Seattle Metropolitans won it in 1917, but major league hockey in the West closed shop in 1926 and the players were sold to NHL teams.

Champions of the World

The tremendous excitement created by Canada's hockey triumph in the 1967 World Invitational Centennial Tournament here stirred the imagination of the new generation of hockey buffs. It also reminded the old guard that a Winnipeg team won the first world championship in the 1920 Olympic Games at Antwerp.

That team was the Falcons.

It will be 47 years ago come April that the Icelandic club vanquished Czechoslovakia, the U.S. and Sweden to win the world crown.

Winnipeg teams were to win it twice more, the 1932 Winnipegs at Lake Placid, N.Y., in Olympic competition and the 1935 Monarchs, in Switzerland in a non-Olympic year.

But the Falcons were the first, whose triumph climaxed an unusual and heartening tale of hard work and stick-to-it philosophy. They were the team nobody wanted.

Organized first in 1908 when the Vikings and Icelandic Athletic clubs amalgamated, the club was reinstituted in 1912 by Hebbie Axford and Bill Fridfinnson. Rebuffed by existing leagues, the Falcons played in the Independent and Patriotic leagues during the First World War years, although quite a few of the 1912 team members were wearing a different kind of uniform.

Frank Fredrickson, one of the finest centre-ice players in the history of the game, Harvey Benson, Wally Byron and Connie Johanneson returned to the team at the war's end.

In 1919, the team attempted to enter the Winnipeg league and was rejected.

Undaunted, the Falcons convinced Selkirk and Brandon to form a Manitoba league. Monarchs, Victorias and Winnipegs were franchise-holders in the other circuit. Selkirk gave the Falcons a spirited run, although the Brandon club was not too strong.

The Falcons eliminated Selkirk and took on Winnipegs in the provincial final. The Pegs' were not quite in it with the determined Icelanders who won 5-0 and 10-1.

Fort William provided the opposition in the Western final. Falcons riddled the Lakehead lads 7-2 and 9-1 and qualified for the Allan Cup final in Toronto.

Toronto Granites were Eastern favorites but somehow were sidetracked by an unknown team from Sudbury.

Sudbury, in turn, lost to the University of Toronto, Eastern intercollegiate champions.

Sparked by the brilliant Frederickson who scored four times, the Fal-

cons whipped the students, 8-3 in the first game before 7,500 fans in Toronto's Arena Gardens.

Toronto did much better in the second game but, even the loss of goalkeeper Bryon could not deter The Falcons from their cup bid.

Bryon was hit in the eye with a puck and retired in favor of a youthful sub, "Babe" Elliott. Elliott came through with flying colors and The Falcons held on to win, 3-2.

The Falcons set out for Antwerp aboard the SS Melita and boss of the party was W. A. (Billy) Hewitt, who passed away in Toronto after a lifetime in hockey and newspapering.

The Falcons found they would have to play different rules in Antwerp.

Canadian teams now were playing six-man hockey with two substitutes. European teams still play the original seven-man game in two halves with no substitutes.

Natural ability, however, overcame any lack of familiarity with the rules. Coach Fred (Steamer) Maxwell made a rover out of Huck Woodman and the players busied themselves getting accustomed to Antwerp's small rink.

Other teams in the series included the US., Sweden, Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland. The Falcons drew the Czechs in the first round, but it was no contest.

Slim Holdorson scored seven, Frederickson four, Mike Goodman, two Woodman and Johanneson the others in the 15-0 whitewash.

The Americans were a different matter. The Yanks, with a couple of stars who had played in Eastern Canada, however, could not handle Fredrickson and his corkscrew rushes. Frank raced through the entire U.S. team to open the scoring in the second half and Johanneson, his flying buddy from the war's Royal Flying Corps, burst through for the second and a 2-0 victory.

All the Swedes achieved in the finals was to score a fluke goal past Byron as Falcons won, 12-1. Newspaper accounts of the contest do not say who scored the goals, but it was 5-1 at half-time.

The Swedes had defeated Belgium, 3-0 and France, 4-0 to gain the final. But they persevered at their hockey and, by the 1960s, were a world power at the game.

The Falcons came home to a tremendous reception. Newspapers across the nation hailed the Icelanders for their brilliance and good sportsmanship. The Falcon name was not to die out immediately, however, despite the inroads made on the roster by the pros.

Frederickson had planned to start civil aviation in Iceland but the lure of hockey and Winnipeg were too great. He eventually turned professional with Boston Bruins of the National Hockey league.

The Surprise From Souris

Sports in this province have had many great moments with the achieving of world, international and national crowns in everything from chess to curling.

And, for every assortment of championships won, there was to be an upset or two, an unpredicted result that stunned the countryside.

When the little town of Souris vanquished Winnipeg Falcons in a sudden - death match for the provincial senior hockey championship in the spring of 1923, this had to be a great moment for the sports enthusiasts of south-western Manitoba and it had to rate as the greatest surprise in the annals of hockey within the province.

Falcons, while they had lost a few of the world championship side of 1920, which had swept through the first Olympic hockey tournament at Antwerp, Belgium, still had a formidable squad.

Wally Byron still was in goal. Harry Neil, Harold McMunn, Frank Woodall, Art Somers and Sam McCallum of the 1921 Memorial Cup champions, had joined their big brothers in senior play. Wally Fridfinnson, Connie Johanneson and Huck Woodman remained from the world champions and a useful newcomer was Eddie Stephenson. The fabulous Frank Fredrickson was playing professional hockey with Victoria Cougars and other members of the team that won at Antwerp were scattered across the country. But nobody ever dreamed that Falcons would not represent Manitoba after emerging as the best in local senior competition.

In the Manitoba league, teamed with Port Arthur and Fort William, Selkirk, Brandon and Winnipeg, the Icelanders started playoff competition March 3, losing with three seconds left in the first overtime period.

March 10 and 11, they met Tigers, champions of the Winnipeg Senior league. Tigers had campaigned in a group with Portage la Prairie, U of M and Victorias, and iced a most reasonable team. They battled Falcons to a 2-2 tie in the first game and Falcons won the second 4-2. The following day the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association ordered Falcons to meet Souris in a sudden - death contest for the right to advance in the national playoffs. Connie Neil, Falcon manager, may have had a premonition of what was going to happen. He asked the MAHA for a two-game total goal series, but his request was denied.

The Tribune of March 13 reported Falcons were "fagged out" and skating "with weights in their boots". They took an early lead but the doughty Souris team fought back to tie it up. Sports editor Tim Ching wrote that "two very soft goals" gave Souris victory in the third period.

Buster Frame's shot went off goalkeeper Byron's glove into the net and Earl McDougall added the fourth and final tally with a roller from centre ice.

Alibis were a dime a dozen. Johanneson apparently was too tired to play and only when Souris looked like staging an upset did he get into action. Eddie Stephenson was out with a broken leg. McMunn was home sick in bed. Falcons admittedly had played 14 games in 18 days, but it appeared Souris, conqueror of Virden, Portage la Prairie, Minnedosa and Keewatin along the playoff trail, was a much-better team than anticipated. The rural squad had one exceptional player in Art Townsend, a railroader by profession. Apparently the intermediates also were a big, rugged bunch who pounded the lighter Falcons around.

Local newspapers roasted the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association officials for their haste in ordering the game to be played when ice and playing dates were not the issue. Sports editor Ching, who wrote that what he had feared would happen, did, said: "There is no doubt Falcons are the much better team."

But he couldn't prove it by the scoreboard.

Reg Sanderson, veteran editor of The Souris Plaindealer, recalled that somebody in high places asked the Souris team to quietly withdraw and allow Falcons to take their place. But the rejoicing was great in Souris, who did not share the view of Winnipeg enthusiasts that the result was freakish.

It may be remembered that hockey in those days were played with only two alternates allowed but this should not be allowed to detract from Souris' moment of glory.

Souris played the University of Saskatchewan in the Allan cup semi-finals at Saskatoon in a total-goal series. Souris continued to surprise by defeating the students, 5-3 in the first game but Saskatchewan rebounded to win the second, 4-1 and win the round, 7-6.

Six of the eight Souris players were born in Souris. The other two came from neighboring Reston.

Souris has continued to foster and promote hockey for its young people down through the years. It is a picturesque spot with its unusual swinging bridge and rolling hills, but old-time hockey enthusiasts prefer to remember it for that surprise of 52 years ago.

The First Memorial Cup

Junior hockey always has been big in Manitoba.

Between 1930 and the late 40s, it was a major drawing card on the winter sports scene. Its popularity and success pushed everything else into the background and as a box office money-maker it was in a class by itself.

Prior to The Second World War, Manitoba teams won the Memorial Cup, emblematic of the national championship, eight times. Altogether Manitoba representatives have won the title 11 times, not forgetting seven other clubs that bowed out in the last round.

This province competed for the national crown for the first time in 1919. A good Selkirk Fishermen team lost to Toronto Canoe Club in the Canadian final in 1920, but the juniors still were to have their big moment. One year later, Winnipeg Falcons, little brothers to the great senior team that won Olympic honors in 1920, were to bring the West its first Memorial Cup.

Senior hockey had a firm grasp on the hockey-loving public in those days, but the juniors were making long strides. The Tribune of the day commented on the brilliant play of the juniors and increasing crowd interest. The era would come when tickets for a junior hockey playoff were worth their weight in gold. The 1921 Falcons had a lot to do with creating junior hockey enthusiasm. They were small in stature, but when they went East to win in Toronto newspapers could not quite get over their speed and skating ability.

There were 10 teams in junior hockey here in 1921, a sharp answer to present-day critics who feel six teams, including three from rural points are too many in the modern Manitoba Junior Hockey League.

Falcons, Tigers, Canadiens, Selkirk and Winnipegs campaigned in A Division, Portage la Prairie, Canoe Club, Weston, Crescentwood and Victorias in B group. Falcons stormed through their section undefeated. Portage won the other division but was outclassed by the Icelandic outfit, 10-0 in the sudden-death final for the provincial title. Connie Neil coached Falcons. He had Freddie Comfort in goal, Harry Neil and Sam McCallum on defence, Wally Fridfinnson, Harold and Herb McMunn, Frank Woodall was regarded as the team's No. 1 forward, but it was the diminutive Somers who made his mark as a professional, toiling with New York Rangers in the National Hockey League for many seasons.

Harold McMunn later was chosen to assist Toronto Varsity Grads win the Olympic championship in 1928. Several turned to coaching when their playing days were done. Harry Neil led Monarchs to Memorial Cup finals in 1932, 1935, and 1937, winning in '35 and '37.

The 1921 team repulsed Regina Vics in the Western semi-final, 5-3 and 3-1 here for the right to travel to Fort William. Fort William YMCA was no match, even on slushy ice, for Falcons, going down 9-3 and 11-4. Falcons kept moving East to meet the vaunted Stratford Midgets, champions of the East, led by Howie Morenz, who was to become one of hockey's immortals with Montreal Canadiens.

The Easterners were highly favored on Toronto ice. Perhaps they were too confident. But the smaller Winnipeggers roared all over them to win

the first game of the total-goal series, 9-2. The Toronto papers, full of praise, for Falcons, also were a little distressed with Morenz who kept drawing penalties.

The Stratford goalkeeper, Rushton, also had an unhappy evening for The Falcons kept beating him on long shots from outside of the defence. The Easterners also noted that "body checking had become almost obsolete in the West" and Falcons were uncanny stick checkers.

But in the second game, the Stratford squad pounded the smaller Falcons unmercifully hard. Falcons hung on and only trailed 4-2 at the end of the second period. Morenz sparked the Stratford team which scored three more goals in the final 20 minutes but time ran out for the East and Falcons won the total goal playoff, 11-9.

Sam McCallum remembered there were several peculiarities about the second game.

"I think they tried to steal it off us," he recalled. "They put us on soft ice, so soft we were skating on the concrete or whatever it was beneath the ice, at times. It was Cully Wilson (an old-time player) who saved us. Cully came over to our bench and said to Connie Neil, 'This game should have been over a half-hour ago, Connie.' Connie agreed that it did seem rather long and Cully rushed over to the time keeper and suggested the game had gone into considerable overtime. With that, the timekeeper grabbed his hand-bell and rang it to end the game."

Such distinguished clubs as University of Manitoba, Elmwood Millionaires, Kenora Thistles, Monarchs, Rangers, Portage Terriers, St. Boniface Seals, Braves, Flin Flon, and Brandon were to share junior hockey's glory in the seasons that followed. But first on the list and first in the hearts of old-time junior fans are the Falcons of 1921.

The Tremendous Terriers

It was a great moment for Manitoba sport, but a greater one for the city of Portage la Prairie when that community's Terriers won the Memorial Cup and national junior hockey championship in the war-torn days of 1942.

A quarter-century later, hockey buffs on the Portage plains still talk with sweet nostalgia about the Terriers, who were a most remarkable group.

Not only was Portage the smallest centre ever to win a Memorial Cup ... the town was much smaller than it is now ... but no less than seven of the

team's 11 players were local boys. You must remember that even in 1942 the business of bringing in junior players and paying them salaries already had begun.

But the Terriers had one thing going for them. They were the most prolific scoring machine in the history of junior hockey. There was no defence ever set that could cope with these green-jerseyed sharp-shooters. It was downright frustrating to battle them. A good Fort William Hurricane team scored 11 goals in the third game of the Western semi-final, ample scoring to win in any league, but the pesky Terriers in reply scored 15. Powerful Oshawa Generals who represented the East had the same frustrating experience.

Portage first had its junior hockey club in 1933 in the old north division of the local league at Olympic Rink. One of its outstanding players was Bobby Bend, who later became a provincial cabinet minister and an outstanding authority in the field of education. For a long while it appeared Portage never would represent Manitoba in inter-provincial playdowns. In 1936, the Terriers won the south division and were heavily-favored to defeat Elmwood Maple Leafs, unsung and obscure winner in the north, but were rudely climinated in the greatest upset of all time. The following year they had Monarchs who went on to win the Canadian championship, all but beaten, but the Winnipeg team rallied to win the series. Rebuilding in 1938 they lost out to Monarchs again. In 1939, they ran behind both Brandon Elks and Monarchs and, in 1940, they could not hold of the challenge of Kenora Thistles. In 1941, Winnipeg Rangers overpowered the Thistles on their way to the Canadian title.

But Portagers are long-suffering.

With a good crop of their own players who had learned the game on the Portage Southside AC's open-air rink, they set out to make one more serious effort before all of their young men marched away to the wars. Hometown kids Gordon (Tinkle) Bell and his brother Joe, their chum Lin Bend from Poplar Point, up the road apiece, Jack O'Reilly and Bud Ritchie and Jack McDonald, whose dad is well remembered as a hotel man and another goalkeeper, Lloyd Wiley, formed the nucleus.

Staff-Sgt. Addie Bell, who had enjoyed great success with minor teams and father of Gordon and Joe, was the coach. Defenceman Bill Heindl, who had helped Rangers win the year before, Billy Gooden and Wally Stefaniw from East Kildonan and young Bob Love from Dauphin were brought in to bolster the side. These lads got their room and board and not much else.

The Terriers whipped St James Canadians three straight, 12-1, 9-6 and 5-4 to win the south division. St. Boniface Athletics, winners in the north, were stubborn only in the first game of the provincial final, losing 11-8 and

15-3. Fort William went down, 7-6, 11-4 and 15-11 Edmonton Maple Leafs were highly regarded in The West but in the Western final, were shelled 13-3, 6-4 and 7-6 by the Terriers who had lost Heindl with a knee injury and Joe Bell with a bladder infection.

Oshawa had players from Winnipeg, Montreal and elsewhere in an effort to regain the championship it had last won in 1940 defeating Kenora. The Generals were 7-5 favorites but, if you wagered on the Easterners, you lost your money. With Bell still missing, McDonald rifled in three goals as the Terriers stunned Oshawa, 5-1 in the first game of the best-of-five final at the old Amphitheatre. The excitement in Portage was intense and when the government refused to sanction a special train due to the difficulties of wartime travel, the enthusiastic citizenry, found every means available to get to Winnipeg for the second game.

Oshawa took an early 2-0 lead but defenceman Bill Mortimer, he, too, had been with Rangers the previous season, drew a penalty. In those days you sat out the entire two minutes whether the opposition scored or not. Before he returned to the ice, Portage had scored three goals in 88 seconds. The impish Gooden scored five goals and assisted on two more as Portage won, 8-7

Joe Bell returned to the line-up for the third game but Terriers who had won 24 games in a row ... they hadn't suffered defeat since Jan. 5 ... had to lose one. The Generals won 8-4 to force a fourth game. It was the best thing that ever happened to The Terriers. They completely routed Oshawa 8-2 to win the cup and Portage la Prairie went deliriously mad. Mayor Ireland declared a half-holiday as hundreds milled around historic Saskatchewan Ave., to cheer their heroes upon their return the following day.

Coach Bell since has passed on. His sons Gordon and Joe had long pro careers, Lin Bend was a distinguished New York Ranger as was McDonald, who later became a noted bush pilot, lost his eye in a golfing accident and served recently as recreation direction of the town of Thompson.

Heindl played pro football for Vancouver's first team in the Western Conference. Strangely enough his son Bill, Jr., was to play for another Oshawa General team, which lost out to Edmonton Oil Kings in the Memorial Cup series.

Bill, Sr., is a railroader and lives with his memories in his Kylemore Ave. home. Gooden and Stefaniw also played pro hockey in the American League for many seasons. Love was a member of Western league teams.

O'Reilly became a noted amateur coach and and passed away a few years ago in Kelowna, B.C. If records are correct, Ritchie still is active in his home town.

And what of The Generals?

They had a fine player in Red Tilston, who went to Oshawa from Regina with his friend, Ken Smith. Tilston reached stardom with Toronto Maple Leafs and Smith with Boston Bruins. Tilston was cut down by an enemy bullet in wartime Holland.

Ontario juniors compete for the trophy that perpetuates his memory.

The 1942 Terriers scored 295 goals in 33 games. Present-day teams with longer schedules do not do as well. Portage tried once more to defend its honors the following season but players were difficult to find due to the demands of the war.

The Series To Remember

Soccer in Manitoba marked its own centennary in 1971. Early records show the game may have first been played at Tanner's Crossing, now Minnedosa, 104 years ago. It has persevered down through the years, through two world wars, a depression that killed a few other competitive games and declining interest. It is pleasant to relate that it has regained all of its lost ground, thanks to post-war immigration and a vigorous minor program. Perhaps again it will know the stirring days of 1926 when United Weston defeated Cumberland B.C. Canadian Colleries for the Canadian championship.

Soccer was a major summer pastime in those days. There were numerous teams in assorted leagues, depending on their calibre.

Many factories and offices, churches and fraternal lodges fielded teams. The quality of first division play was extremely high. Heart of the action was Carruthers Park in the city's north end, an enclosure regretably lost through default of tax payments during The Second World War after the game had closed shop for a brief period.

When the Canadian championship series was instituted for the Duke of Connaught's trophy in 1913, it was significant that Norwood Wanderers won it in its first season and repeated the following year. Winnipeg Scottish kept it here in 1915 and, by this time, Canadian soccer players were involved in a much bigger game. Incidentally, there had been a People's Cup played for before 1913, but accounts of this competition are sketchy and it is not known if any Manitoba team ever won it. When the national series resumed in 1919, Winnipeg Great War Veterans carried the local standard into the finals in Montreal, but lost to Grand Trunk Pacific.

Again in 1920 Winnipeg Britannias were to bow in a peculiar three-team final with Fort William and Hamilton Westinghouse. The teams had fin-

ished the original round-robin series all square in Toronto and travelled home. Then they got back on the train and started all over again, Hamilton finally winning it.

But in 1921, United Weston was on the march and in 1922 narrowly lost to Calgary Hillhurst in the Western final on a penalty kick. The triumph of 1924, which saw Weston defeat Montreal Canadian Explosives for the honors and the heartbreak of 1925 when they lost to Nanaimo, B.C., in the Western final after losing a player through injury in the closing moments, served as a prelude to the tremendous days of 1926.

Weston had a tough time getting through local competition for the standard of play here was quite good. Defeating Winnipeg Irish in the local final, the Irishmen protested a 1-0 loss and were soundly threshed 4-0 by Weston in the replay . . . United vanquished Fort William GWVA 4-1 and 5-0 in the semi-final round, marked by a rash of goals from penalty kicks. The Colliers, dour, determined miners from the coalfields of Wales and northern England, had conquered everything in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. They remembered too well losing to Weston in the 1924 playdowns and were set for revenge.

The teams played a scoreless tie in the first game of what was to be a total goal final. The Tribune revealed: "Never in the history of soccer in Manitoba has there been such excitement, such wonderful play."

Seven thousand fans turned up for the second game.

Cumberland took an early lead on a free kick by Monaghan but the Manitoba champions, with a matchless record as cupfighters, stormed around the B.C. net and equalized through centre forward Dunc Watson in the last few minutes. Eight thousand spectators jammed the park for the replay.

The polished, stylish miners scored in the first three minutes through a goal by Heaps, but as the excitement mounted Weston battled to equalize and with seven minutes left to play, Johnny Lang took a pass from his namesake, Scotty Lang, dribbled past Monaghan and crashed the ball into the net. Thirty minutes overtime failed to determine a winner.

When the teams met for the fourth time, the kick-off was set for 6 p.m. There was no Daylight Saving Time, no floodlights . . . but the spectators poured off North Main cars, forgetting their evening meals.

Hundreds arrived in overalls, carrying lunch pails from their jobs. The park gates were opened in late afternoon as early arrivals, who had sneaked out of their offices, clamored for admission. There was hardly room to move by game-time.

As a small boy, I sneaked past the turnstiles. I was too small to be noticed in the mounting line-ups and was carried along by the crowd behind the north goal. After almost 90 minutes of thunderous action, which

saw Eddie Derby in the United net parry shot after shot from the Cumberland attackers, Weston counter-attacked swiftly in one last-minute push. Watson headed against the bar; Scotty Lang cracked the rebound against an upright; Mortimer of the Miners got in the path of a blast from George Hutchinson. Another shot crunched against the cross-bar and the ball came back to Johnny Lang. The slender inside forward swung his foot at the bounding ball. Stan Tate, in Cumberland's goal, hurled himself in desperation but the ball was in the net and Weston had won 1-0.

The roar of the crowd brought people out of their homes to ponder on what had happened. At the final whistle, thousands of spectators rushed onto the pitch. All 22 players were carried off on enthusiastic shoulders. The special heroes were the goalkeepers, Tate and Derby. The God-fearing miners from Vancouver Island who preceded every contest by gathering together in the centre of the dressing room to sing the Doxology, sang it again.

Hundreds of small boys stormed around the pavilion for another glimpse of their heroes.

Weston was to reach the final again in 1929 and 1936 but never again tasted success of the 1920s.

United Weston marked its Diamond Jubilee in 1969 and, unlike other noted sporting sides of the past that have passed out of the picture, their traditional blue and white colors still fly on local soccer fields.

The Most Remarkable Curler

Howard Wood, affectionally known as "Pappy, is curling's legendary figure, a name to be found in Guinness' book of records, the most remarkable man ever to play the roarin' game.

Counting those first years in the backyard on Ellen Street where he first tossed home-made "rocks" from the neighboring woodyard, he has been in the game for 76 seasons. He has won so many prizes he has lost count, twice a national champion as a skip in 1930 and 1940 and a rink mate of Jimmy Congalton when Jim won the Brier in 1932. In 1925 and 1945 he was the Manitoba champion but there was no Canadian playdown. He may have been fortunate in 1945 for the competition had ceased due to war commitments.

Curling always has been in the Wood blood. His dad Daniel, prominent contractor, fuel and building supply man and an early Manitoba Curling Association president, didn't hesitate to encourage his youngsters to curl. Two other sons, Vic and Lionel helped Howard win his first Brier in 1930.

Howard, Jr., at 51 classed as a senior curler, represented Manitoba in the Brier in 1957. Another of Pappy's sons, Lionel, is prominent in Edmonton curling circles.

In 1925 "Pappy" with brothers Lionel and Vic and the tobacco man Johnny Erzinger, won the first Consols event here.

There was no interprovincial event in 1925. It did not start until 1926 but the Wood rink travelled east to play exhibitions in 1925.

In 1947 "Pappy", with son Howie, entered the Nipawin automobile bonspiel. His victory over Dalt Henderson of Saskatoon is one he likes to remember. Trailing 10-7 after 10 ends, he made a nigh-impossible double raise on the 11th for a big five that had the crowd of over 1,000 gasping. The Henderson rink, skipped by Jack Brower, rallied to tie the score in the 12th and the battle went into overtime. Brower had two rocks nestling together in the rings and Wood had to remove them both and stick and he did just that. The Saskatoon stones hadn't stopped moving before the crowd was giving Wood a mighty ovation.

The Wood family did exceptionally well in carspiels. The sons, Howie and Lionel, put together a rink that won the Portage la Prairie event in 1953. Their dad missed one by a measure in 1951 against his club-mate A. Derrett at Portage. Seems when they were measuring the rocks a tipsy spectator decided to help and tripped over the rocks . . .

Let's take a look at his record. He won the Birks in 1928; the Monarch Life in 1950; the Hudson's Bay in 1951; the Free Press in 1929; the Grand Aggregate now the C.N. Harris Memorial Trophy in 1925; 1930; 1933 and 1940; the Consols in 1925, 1930 and 1945; Dingwall in 1918 and 1931; Purity Flour in 1929 and 1933; Shea's in 1930 and 1932; the Jerry Robinson in 1918; the Marlborough in 1925 with Jimmy Congalton; Walker Theatre in 1925; the Ganong in 1930 and in 1932 with Congalton when it was a double rink affair.

The list doesn't include, of course, numerous club championships and other bonspiels.

I'm not sure if the Canadian Curling Association is contemplating a hall of fame to match those of hockey, football et al. If they ever do there'll be many Manitobans eligible, Braden . . . Rochon . . . Cassidy . . . Gordon Hudson . . . Bob Gourley . . . Ken Watson . . . Leo Johnson . . . Congalton, among the old guard. And smack dab in the middle has to be that remarkable sportsman of this or any other age, Howard Wood, Sr. It is unlikely his fabulous record in the roarin' game ever will be equalled.

When We Just Missed The Gold

Another Olympiad opens in Montreal come July which brings back poignant memories of another gathering of the nations in Amsterdam 48 years ago when Jimmy Ball almost won Manitoba's only gold medal on track.

The slender Dauphin pharmacist, now retired in Victoria, B.C. won the silver medal in the final of the 400 metres, losing to Ray Barbutti of the United States in the final.

There were pictures and people who tried to convince you that Ball had the thing won but he looked back to see where his opposition was in the last few yards, breaking his stride and losing at the tape. Jimmy always said this wasn't so. Let's read what the official account of this particular race has to say:

"In the 400 metre event with 78 starters in 32 nations, Canada had four representatives, Ball, Dr. Phil Edwards, Alex Wilson and McBeth. The first three qualified for the semi-final. McBeth had suffered a foot injury in the second stage. In qualifying three for the semi-final round of 12 athletes, Canada made a better showing than any other nation, Germany and the United States being only able to produce two athletes in the final. Wilson and Edwards, who had previously competed in the 800 metres, felt the pinch of a strenuous week and failed to reach the final but Ball carried the Maple Leaf into the final of six starters. Ball finished second but it was admitted he was the better man in the race, and that only his inexperience in running in lanes deprived him of his victory. He drew the fifth lane and because he caught the man in the sixth lane in the first 30 yards, he thought he was setting the pace up the backstretch when it was apparent he was running under restraint. Rounding into the home stretch he was surprised to find himself in fourth place, five yards behind the leader, Barbutti. In spite of this temendous lead, the American just managed to finish a scant inch or two in front of Ball, collapsing at the finish while Ball finished with plenty in reserve. Ball's race down the home stretch was an amazing effort and brought the huge crowd up in wild acclaim. Ball stated after the race that he had thrown victory away by his failure to run all out all the way and realized that the fact he had never run in lanes previous to July of the Olympic year had cost him a world championship."

In the final, which Barbutti won in 47.8 seconds, one-fifth faster than Ball, J. Buchner of Germany was third, J. W. Rinkel of Great Britain fourth, H. Storz of Germany fifth and H. Phillips of the United States sixth.

Track and field was immensely popular here in Ball's era, although the facilities did not compare with the present. Sargent Park's cinder track was well-used by the runners of the Winnipeg North End Club and Winnipeg

Amateur Athletic Club. This was the day, too, of Cyril Coaffee, who equalled the world mark for the 100 yards in a Calgary meet. But, in all the history of local track, only Jimmy Ball came as close to winning his home town a gold medal on an Olympic track.

In 1933, Jimmy was named the winner of the Norton H. Crowe Memorial trophy as Canada's outstanding amateur athlete. For a fellow who only had a minimum of coaching, who could not find the competition to really test him locally, who was on his feet six days a week behind a drug counter, it was a fitting tribute as the late Ralph Allen wrote at that time.

Jimmy still is rather wistful about the medal that came so close and yet was so far away.

"Finishing second is like kissing your sister," he said.

Truly Monarchs

Monarchs may have been the best senior team in Canada never to win the Allan Cup. They had won the provincial senior title in 1934 but somewhere along the line they got sidetracked.

Nevertheless the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association invited the Regals to represent Canada in the 1935 world championships in Davos, Switzerland and to take a lengthy tour of Europe. Take a look at the lineup: Art Rice-Jones, Roy Hinkel, Joe Rivers, Romeo Rivers, Cam Shewan, Archie Creighton, Vic Lindquist, Norm Yellowlees, Albert and Tony Lemay, a good senior club by any measuring stick. Hinkel and Lindquist and Rivers were holdovers from the 1932 Winnipegs which had won the Olympic title at Lake Placid, N.Y. Shewan and Yellowlees and Creighton were with Elmwood Millionaires' Memorial Cup winners in 1931. Winning was not new to them.

Monarchs played 66 games in Europe and lost only one to a British select which included not a few Canadians, 3-1. Two games were tied. It was a backbreaking tour, all of it by bus, boat and train. The hospitality was excellent though as some of the boys recall when they had a little trouble finding their way out of some Czechoslovakian wine-cellars. Lindquist remembers a particular tough game with the Praha Tennis Club in a thick fog which wound up in a scoreless tie. Hockey in Czechoslovakia already had reached a high standard as you can see.

After rattling off 30 games without defeat, the Monarchs opened the world series with a 4-2 win over that tough British side. Latvia, no longer in world hockey but quite keen 40 years ago before a world war tore it apart, went down 14-0 in the second game, and Italy, back in hockey again and

incidentally a world amateur power in basketball now, took a 9-0 lacing in the third game. Sweden put up a game fight, losing 4-2 and Great Britain went down 5-0 as the Winnipeggers were in full steam. Czechoslovakia was determined but the Monarchs were out to avenge that scoreless deadlock and edged the Czechs 2-1.

Switzerland was the opposition in the final. The Swiss, using only one or two alternates in thin alpine air, skated all over Monarchs at times but couldn't put the puck in the net and Monarchs won the world title, 4-2.

Romeo Rivers, who had saved the Winnipegs at Lake Placid with the last-minute goal that tied the United States in the final game of 1932, opened the scoring and the Lemay brothers, what superb skaters they were, and the redoubtable Lindquist scored the others.

With the tournament behind them Monarchs started touring again and played 36 more games and only a French team of Canadians managed a 5-5 tie in Paris to besmirch the record.

Monarchs scored 49 goals in the tournament against seven. Apart from Latvia and Italy the competition was first-class, Switzerland did not regain its old level after the war and who knows what the Czechs would have accomplished if they had been left to their own democratic way.

I would like to suggest that the 1935 Monarchs all were born too soon. Pro opportunities did not exist as bountiful as they are today. We have never had better skaters than Lindquist and the Lemays, unless you include Pete Belanger, Romeo and Lucien Martel and Paul Rheault of two other championship Monarch junior outfits and another Monarch, revered by the old-timers and still admired by the kids, Billy Mosienko.

Hinkel was a tough blue-liner without resorting to clutching and grabbing. The Rivers family produced three fine players, Joe, Romeo and Gus. Shewan was a solid steady journeyman on the back line and Yellowlees was a prolific point-getter.

Monarchs have iced a number of fine teams since the club was first organized in 1903, winning the Allan Cup in 1915, the Memorial Cup in 1935, 1937 and 1946. I guess the years are catching up with me but I always remember the 1935 Monarchs of world championship renown as a rather special outfit.

Good Ones Get Together

For many moons, a group picture hung in the rotunda of the old Amphitheatre that never failed to create interest. It was a gathering of four fine junior hockey teams who through necessity were all gathered together in Winnipeg for the 1924 Memorial Cup playoffs.

The teams were Owen Sound Greys, who were to win the national title that season, Calgary Canadians, Regina Vics and Winnipeg Tigers. When the Amphitheatre was torn down in the 1950's the picture disappeared and I wonder if anybody managed to rescue it. A copy of it also hung for years in The Tribune sports department. It, too, has disappeared. It was a priceless momento of a remarkable season in junior hockey, a link with the days when amateur sport was, well, amateur sport. This was the era when junior teams travelled by day coach and ate box lunches. But please don't belittle the talent. You could have fired a gun and hit a future National Leaguer. Some of them were among pro hockey's best-remembered stars of the early 1930's.

The Amphitheatre was the only arena between Toronto and British Columbia that had artificial ice. Rather than worry about spring thaws, the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association booked the Western semi-final and final and Canadian final into the old Amphitheatre. The series were total-goal affairs; best-of-nine contraptions had not been invented. Tigers had won the Manitoba championship, defeating Dauphin 13-2 in a sudden-death playoff. In fairness to Dauphin, the local rink had collapsed during the winter and they had been handicapped by lack of ice.

Regina was something else again. The team from Next Year Country was led by such future pros as Johnny Gottselig, Eric Pettinger, Ken Doraty and Sil Acaster. Gottselig was with Chicago Black Hawks for many seasons both as a player and executive.

Doraty was the wee fellow who scored the winning goal in Stanley Cup hockey's first overtime marathon when Toronto Maple Leafs defeated Boston Bruins 1-0 in 1933 after 104 minutes, 46 seconds of overtime play.

The Tigers, who were comprised of Johnny McVicar, Norm Pridhan, Dick Davis, Bert White, Tic Garbutt, Bobby Johnstone, Art Chapman, Bun Stephenson and Jimmy Grant with Eddie Wasdell as manager, dropped the first game to Regina 2-0 and were soundly beaten 7-2 in the second. The Tigers were a noted local junior team in the 1920's but never managed to win anything beyond the provincial crown. Chapman was with New York Americans as a player and coached in minor pro hockey for years.

Calgary arrived and promptly dropped the first game of the Western final to the Reginans, 4-2. But the Candians came thundering back and, within the first minutes of the first period, Vic Ripley had the total-goal series all tied up. At the end of regulation time Calgary led 4-2 and after 6:25 of overtime, Stew Adams slammed home the tie-breaker.

Ripley had a long career with Chicago in the NHL but the Canadiens' star who is best-remembered was Herbie Lewis, a stickout with Detroit. The Calgarians also had goalkeeper Johnny Gleason, Johnny Loucks, Berge Irving, Ronnie Martin, Sheldon Buckles and Ian Watson. Adams was a good

pro after leaving junior company.

In the east, Owen Sound — handicapped by lack of home competition and playing all but three games that season on the road — defeated Kitchener to win the Ontario crown and met Kenora Thistles, champions of Thunder Bay. The Greys took a four-goal lead in the first game but the surprisingly-tough Thistles won the second 5-4, losing the round 8-5.

For the sake of the record, Kenora oldtimers will remember Alden Ferguson, Sanderson, Allen, Pittman and the Wards, Jim and Ben. Jim was with Montreal Maroons in the 1930's, and his son, Pete, became a major league ballplayer.

The Greys were led by such future pros as Cooney Weiland, he of the slick pompadour, Teddy Graham, Herbie Cain and Butch Keeling. But their hero in defeating Calgary for the championship was their youthful goalkeeper, Hedley Smith.

Owen Sound defeated Calgary, 5-3, in the first game, coming from behind to win. In the second game, Calgary fought hard to stay in contention and led 2-1 in the third period before Weiland's second goal gave the Easterners a 2-2 tie. Weiland, an NHL scoring champion with Boston Bruins, has coached U.S. college-hockey for umpteen seasons.

To climax the biggest week in local junior hockey history, the four teams sat down to dinner together. It is interesting to note that only two substitutes were allowed in those days. There was no forward passing and few penalties. When Regina was eliminated by Calgary, The Tribune noted: "While obviously disappointed, the Regina players were gripped by a superior feeling of sportsmanship and gathered at centre ice to give three cheers for the Canadians." I wonder if modern junior hockey still harbors that attitude.

Immortal With A Broom

It was, perhaps, the greatest one-man show in the long and wonderful history of the Manitoba bonspiel and the fellow who it it on is remembered as one of the immortals of the sesom and stane business

Gordon Hudson of Strathcona won the headlines and nearly all the trophies in the 1923 classic, winning 31 games out of 32, the Walker Theatre, Dominion Match, Dingwall Grand Challenge, Eaton and the Grand Aggregate. He was a pain in the neck to the curling writer, too, because he had the bonspiel so badly delayed through his winning streak which held up competions until he was available to play.

Hudson, a young fellow in those days when curling was dominated by the boys of the old brigade, finally wrapped it up with tough, great victories

in one day to win the Eaton trophy. He and his rink-mates, Alex Fidler, Cliff Hudson and W. Grant had to hire a truck to lug home all the prizes. They had won 27 games in a row and the lone defeat, which would have annoyed another skip without his gentle, kindly attitude towards the game and other players, was to Mel Low in the Birks. Low, an Elmwood entry, did not wind up in the prizes however and had to settle for the satisfaction of being the only rink that could lick the mighty Scona outfit.

For a while Cam Chisholm of the Granite was battling Hudson for the grand aggregate which carriied the Governor-General's Trophy and gold medals . . . always worth winning . . . but when Gordon edged club-mate Billy Finlay in the final of the Walker Theatre Trophy it assured him of the aggregate crown. Chisholm had no games left and Hudson still was going strong.

On the Wednesday of the last week of the 'spiel he started out by teaming with Cliff Wise in the Dominion Match double rink event, vanquishing W. Adamson of Varsity 15-11. Wise, meanwhile, was ousting D.J. Halliday in the other half. George McDonald of Fort William was the next to go down in the Dingwall and Tom Morton of St. John's couldn't stop Hudson in the final

Finlay, a fine curler and sports writer, gave Hudson all sorts of trouble, but he let Gordon go two up coming home and while Billy tried desperately to prolong the struggle Hudson took out everything Finlay put in the rings and won 10-9.

Early next morning, Hudson still was winning as play resumed in the Eaton competition. Gillespie, obviously anxious to atone for a 15-5 licking in the Walker Theatre event he took from the Strathcona four earlier in the 'spiel, gave Hudson all he could handle before going down 14-13 in the 16's.

Morton faced Hudson again for the second time in two days in the 8's and went down 10-6. Ed Cail of the Thistle faced him in the fours, battled hard but wasn't good enough and lost 9-7. Hudson still had plenty of shots left. Frank Cassidy of Thistle provided the opposition in the final but it was no contest, Hudson winning 13-4.

Chisholm, doing his best for the Granite, captured the Birks with his good rink of Johnny Erzinger, Joe Lemon and C. R. Gibson.

There was no Canadian championship in those days. It would not begin until 1927 but when it did Hudson promptly made his presence. In 1928 and 1929 he brought the Brier Trophy to Manitoba to become the first Winner and first of four Strathcona skips to win it. Since then Manitobans Billy Walsh, Fort Rouge, Howard Wood, Granite, Ab Gowanlock, Glenboro and Dauphin; Ken Watson, Strathcona would join Hudson as multiple winners, Watson winning it three times.

Many of the trophies competed for in Hudson's day have been retired and only the Birks and Eaton's remain among the major awards. And only a few of the giants of the roarin' game of 50 seasons back, including the indestructible Howard Wood, still are throwing the odd rock. Wood incidentally, does not recall the 1923 bonspiel as one of his best, but he was to be heard from.

Rinks have become plush country club operations and you can buy a martini after the last end if you wish. Brooms are different and clothing has the mod look, but in 1923 the idea still was to get more rocks closer to the bottom than the other fellow. Nobody was more successful in that long-gone month of February than Gordon Hudson. His 31 victories in 32 games, his five trophies won in the six events in which he was eligible, his two national titles won in 1923 and 1929, stamped him as truly immortal in the ranks of championship curlers. Manitoba has had a lot of outstanding stonemen, Braden, Cassidy, Wood, Watson, Gourley, Congaltoon, et al. Gordon Hudson has to be near the top of the list.

The One-in-a-Million Shot

It has been over 40 years since Elmwood Millionaires climaxed a remarkable stay in junior hockey with a Memorial Cup victory. The Millionaires of 1931 defeated Ottawa Primrose in a best-of-three series to bring the trophy to Manitoba. The Ottawans were led by Bill Cowley, one of the all-time great centres of the National League and Boston Bruins but the Millionaires, with its matchless defence of Kit Massey and Bill Mackenzie, were not to be denied. Mackenzie had a short but brilliant career in the NHL but the man who sent the Elmwoods to the final was the steady, hard-working Massey.

If you were in the old Amphitheatre that March evening when the Millionaires battled Regina Pats for the Western championship you haven't forgotten the tremendous finish. If it had been lifted from a Hollywood scenario it could not have been improved upon.

The Millionaires had won the junior 'A' league here by defeating Kenora Thistles in a tough series. Elmwood won the first game 2-1, the second was a 2-2 tie and the Dollar Sign outfit won the third 3-0.

Monarchs, revived after long years of non-activity, had won the junior 'B' group at the Olympic rink. They were surprisingly tough, too, in the provincial final, losing 3-1 and 5-0 but not disgraced. One of the Monarchs's stars was a chap named Pinkie Davie whose bid for major league stardom ended tragically when he was injured in a sawmill accident at Black Island

on Lake Winnipeg. He played some intermediate hockey in Dauphin and Flin Flon but the Boston Bruins had lost a potential blue-line giant.

Bill Mackenzie, of the old school of rushing defencemen, fired home three goals in the second game. The Millionaires moved to Fort William where the Westfort Maroons battled the Winnipeggers to a scoreless tie in the first game of a total-goal playoff but in the friendly confines of the Amphitheatre the Millionaires triumphed 4-2, as Mackenzie again led the attack from his blue-line post.

Regina already was a traditional power in Western junior hockey. Formed in the First World War days, the Pats still have one of the honored names in Memorial Cup competition and they were defending the national title when they met Elmwood in 1931. The season previous they had defeated Toronto West Ends on Winnipeg ice to win the Memorial Cup.

In Regina, the Pats scored a 1-0 victory in the first game of the total-goal series, Ralph Redding firing the puck past goalkeeper Art Rice-Jones. When Len Dowie put the Pats ahead in the second game on Winnipeg ice, the Elmwoods were faced with a monumental chore of overcoming a two-goal lead. The unstoppable Mackenzie led the Millionaire counter-attack by opening Elmwood's scoring and to the delight of the jammed rink, George Brown had the series all tied up in short order.

But early in the third period Redding again restored Regina's lead and time was running out. With 15 seconds left and some of the customers heading for the exits, Massey desperately shot the puck from just over his own blue-line. The puck arched up into the lights and Regina goalkeeper Ken Campbell lost track of it. Goal judge Stewart MacPherson tapped him on the shoulder . . . the goal judges were on the ice in those days . . . and pointed to the puck in the net. It had gone over Campbell's shoulder. All at once it was a brand new series. The shaken Campbell regained his composure and kept the Millionaires at bay until 3:25 in the second ten-minute overtime period when Spunk Duncanson, a crafty stickhandling wizard, wriggled through and punched home the winner.

The Millionaires disbanded after that and those players still eligible joined Monarchs who won the West in 1932 but what happened against Sudbury in the Memorial Cup final is another episode from Flashback. Rice-Jones later lost a leg in the Second War after playing a lot of senior hockey here and in Calgary; Mackenzie was involved in another heart-breaking Memorial Cup when he coached Brandon Wheat Kings in that rousing eight-game series with Montreal Royals in 1949. Several Millionaires played in the English National League. Cliff Workman lost his life in a drowning accident near Flin Flon. Rice-Jones and Norm Yellowlees won world medals with Monarchs at Davos, Switzerland in 1935.

Manitoba won many more Memorial Cups after Elmwood's 1931

triumph but there never was a goal to match that one-in-a-million shot by Kit Massey.

The Wildest Finish

It was the zaniest, weirdest, wildest finish in Winnipeg football history, an afternoon Blue Bomber historians prefer to forget.

This chilly day, Nov. 2, 1936, saw 5,200 paying customers jammed into Osborne Stadium for the second game of the total-point series in the Western playdowns between Regina Roughriders and Winnipeg.

The Grey Cup champions of the previous season had beaten Regina 7-4 in the Saskatchewan capital in the first game. That veteran campaigner Eddie James had churned over the goal line with Ralph Pierce' fumble that had hopped capriciously away from Bud Marquardt as the tall end reached for it. Winnipeg came out of the bruising battle with Greg Kabat, Bob Fritz and Bill Ceretti injured. But the 'Pegs still were favored and set out to augment the three-point lead gained in Regina. For if the Blue Bombers of 39 years ago had nothing else it had superior kicking from Norton Freeman, a 20-year-old from Hamilton.

After a scoreless first period in which Winnipeg faced the stiff autumn breeze, Freeman boomed a 68-yard single to open the scoring. Bert Oja booted a 25-yard field goal in the absence of Kabat who generally handled the place-kicking chores and on the last play of the half, Freeman kicked the ball over the fence to make it 5-0.

With 27 minutes left in the second half, the balloon, so to speak, went up. Everything that shouldn't happen to a dog happened to the Big Blue.

Little Arni Coulter funbled a punt out of bounds on his own 24. In those days the other team got the ball where it happened. Two plays later the Roughriders were in front of the Winnipeg goal posts and Paul Kirk banged a 20-yard field goal to start the Regina revival.

Winnipeg scrimmaged on the 40 and elected to punt. Somebody didn't block and the charging Reginans smothered Freeman and the ball bounded wildly towards the Winnipeg goal. End Fritz Falgren scooped it up and ran for a touchdown. Kirk missed the convert but Regina was ahead 8-5.

Winnipeg was not dead yet. Rebholz passed to Joe Perpich who made the catch sitting down on the Regina 25. With a little more than a minute left, Rebholz passed to Freeman on the 12. On the next play Rebholz passed to Marquardt in the end zone. The ball skimmed Bud's outstretched finger-tips into the arms of Chappie O'Connor. O'Connor took off like a

frightened rabbit on a 102-yard dash to the Winnipeg goal. Osborne Stadium's field only was 100 yards between the goal posts, by the way. The gallant Rebholz chased him the length of the field to no avail.

It wasn't until hours later that somebody realized that O'Connor's touchdown should not have counted. The Reginans should have scrimmaged on the 10 instead, after intercepting a pass in the end zone.

There was whispers of a protest that the Winnipeg executive quickly scotched.

Incidentally, I was refereeing high school football in those days for a dollar a game plus carfare, but busy, keeping statistics for football writer Ralph Allen, I should have spotted the rule if I had not been overcome along with 5,000 odd other people over the turn of events.

"Hrumph," said Mr. Allen. "Fine referee you are."

There was a startling anti-climax to the entire business. The Canadian Rugby Union took a long, hard look at the Regina roster and decided that five of its imported players were not eligible under the quaint rules of the era. The Roughriders would not play without them and Coach Al Ritchie and his executive decided to stay home.

It was a heart-breaking afternoon for the Blue Bombers, but they buried their disappointment and set about planning for the future.

The Ruffies had some solid players from the United States such as Ralph Pierce from South Dakota — I'll agree with Jack Wells that he was one of the finest ever to play in the West — quarterback Jim Lander who later played in Winnipeg, Freddie Ray, tough Lou Chumich, Freddie Ray, Falgren, the alert O'Connor, Paul Kirk.

Rebholz went home to Portage, Wisc., and the Bombers went East in 1937 and 1938 and falter in two Grey Cup tries but Art Stevenson, Wayne Sheley and Martin Gainor had joined the team and another Grey Cup victory was due to come West.

Two good Winnipeg kids, Bill Nairn and Denny Konchak, had made their debut in 1936 and were headed for a bright football future.

Freeman and Pete Somers from Minnesota also left the scene. Somers quarterbacked that 20-5 defeat at the hands of the Ruffies. He later was heard from in the South Pacific with the U.S. Marines. The Bombers also were heard from with Grey Cup triumphs in 1939 and 1941.

Money on the Nose!

I am not a confirmed horse racing enthusiast, probably because my wife says I am a bit of a tightwad when it comes to putting a couple of bucks on

some horse's nose. At the same time it is a very exciting business and there is nothing more noble or beautiful than the thoroughbred who runs for a living.

R. James Speers was the man who built Western horse racing to what it is now. In the winters of yesteryear, Charlie Graham's livery stable at Main and Graham was the centre of racing enthusiasm. Local owners hitched their best horses to cutters or light sleighs and competed on Main Street. The local police did not object as long as they stayed away from Portage and Main.

The first track was built in 1878 when the Hon. James McKay, a member of the first Manitoba Legislature built a half-mile oval on land he owned in Deer Lodge. He called it Buffalo Park, a good name, and it was a successful venture. Racing on the frozen Red River also was popular and as recently as the 1930's harness racing on the river was well-established.

Alexander McMiken, once a mayor, the first banker and they have a street named for him, built a driving park on Broadway where the University of Manitoba was built in 1900. McMicken opened his track in 1879. Another half-mile track was built on South Main Street where the Hudson's Bay House now stands.

The Manitoba Turf club was the first attempt at official racing and built a park in 1882 on Logan Avenue and named it Prairie Park. For 32 years it was the centre of racing here David Young of the firm of Higgins and Young, general merchants, was the first president. Two race meetings were held each year until the venture closed in 1914 with the outbreak of the first war. Harness racing shared the track but one running race was held daily during the meets.

In 1914 some racing was held at the Winnipeg Exhibition Association on Dufferin Avenue and then Jim Speers arrived on the scene and horse racing gained in status.

Born in Elmbank, Ont., the son of a blacksmith, Jim Speers came to Winnipeg to try his hand at harvesting when he was 18. He left five years later for Old Battleford in Northern Saskatchewan. With little capital but long on determination and brains, Speers prospered in the grain and livestock business. His cattle business brought him back to Winnipeg in 1920 and he decided to try his hand at horse racing. With two partners he leased River Park in 1922 where professional baseball and football of sorts had flourished. In 1924 he built Whittier Park in St. Boniface. A year later he built Polo Park in Winnipeg's west end and moved to Calgary to build Chinook Park.

In 1931 after trying unsuccessfully to start a breeding farm he set out for Kentucky with $1,500 in his pocket to buy a sire. He wound up with 27 excellent mares for $6,000. The auction secretary trusted him for the rest.

Those 27 mares provided the nucleus of the present thoroughbred population of the Western Canadian and much of Eastern racing. Jim Speers, who had his first horse at the age of nine in Elmbank in Peel County where Malton airport now stands and won his first money all of $5 and then sold the horse for its original price, died of a heart attack July 19, 1955.

A Queen's Plate winner was his fondest dream but in never was realized. The Manitoba Jockey Club, of which he was general manager, was dissolved in 1957 and Polo Park was sold for a shopping centre. Whittier Park, a cozy, friendly place, also disappeared and high-rise apartments stand in its place where the notorious McGonigal gave starter Jim Donovan so much trouble.

Speers was the man who supported Mark Cowell's idea of a starting gate. Easterners laughed at Cowell, a Toronto racing enthusiast, but Speers, with his uncanny vision, had one built. The Cowell gate made its debut at Whittier Park June 2, 1939. Starter Donovan got seven fields away in an elapsed time of eight minutes. The starting gate is commonplace on race tracks now.

Assiniboia Downs carries on local racing's tradition. It was built in 1958 under the direction of J. C. Hardy. It cost $3,000,000.

Old-time enthusiasts will remember great races and great horses at the tracks Speers operated, especially the beloved Joey, perhaps the most popular horse that ever ran here. He had a heart as big as the infield and even if you bet against him you found yourself cheering for him. McGonigal was nastier than ten Chicago gangsters and was known on occasion to chuck his jockey clean into row D and actually snarl at Donovan.

Lady Marnock was one of my favorites, a very dignified gal who would stand at the starting wire and look almost disdainfully at her nervous opponents. I must mention Rainbow II, (I think that was his name) who decided one afternoon at Whittier Park that he had better things to do than run himself ragged for a bunch of two-dollar bettors. He heaved his rider into Jim Donovan's lap and took off through the back door. He eventually was found in the vicinity of Dawson Road serenely munching on the prairie grass.

The Gallant Toilers

The annals of Canadian basketball are brightened by the names, Toilers and Edmonton Grads. Both have passed out of the picture now but in the era when basketball on the national level was struggling for acceptance, the Toilers and Grads, by their brilliance and attitude, made a major contribu-

tion in the building of basketball. The Grads packed it up when they ran out of competition after winning many Canadian and international titles. The Toilers, decimated in that terrible air crash of March, 1932, rebuilt for one more unsuccessful try at the Canadian title and then disbanded.

Toilers were the first Canadian men's champions. The sport was quite popular here despite the ascendancy of hockey and as far back as 1914 city schools had a league and there were competitive leagues at the YMCA. But no until the Toilers arrived did the game here acquire a championship look.

Comprised of YMCA members . . . you had to have a "Y" membership to play in the leagues which used YMCA facilities . . . Toilers were strictly amateur despite efforts of the Amateur Athletic Union to keep them out of the Canadian final in Montreal because they weren't amateur card holders. It was almost laughable. Toilers were forever going into their own pockets to buy uniforms and so on. If there ever was an amateur champion it was this blue-clad brigade.

Local senior teams tried hard to match Toilers with little success. Not until the last week of the season in 1926 did Toilers finally lose a game, Canoe Club scoring a hard-fought 44-43 victory. In a way it may have helped Toilers by bringing them down to earth, if they were ever off it. Toilers met Regina YMCA in the Western semi-final and raced to 45-31 and 49-20 victories. British Columbia had been disqualified by the Canadian association for non-payment of dues but eventually the matter was rectified and New Westminster Adanacs, a name famous in basketball and lacrosse, eventually were allowed to complete. The Adanacs were good, but not good enough, and went down to defeat here, 31-19 and 24-20. One of their better players was Jackie D'Easum and he would return to Winnipeg in a later season with the famous New Westminster Royals of soccer renown.

There was some doubt about the final being played due to financial difficulties, but the CABA appealed to Montreal AAA, pointing out that other cities had rallied to help their representatives. The Montrealers need not have worried. Over 3,5000 turned up for the first game in the Forum. Toilers, sparked by George Wilson, vanquished the Montrealers, 27-22, in the first contest and the Eastern team never looked like winning in the second, going down 30-20. Wilson scored 18 points in the second game, a remarkable total in a basketball period when scores were low, not because of lack of skill but the rules were different and there was a centre jump after every score. Wilson, incidentally, also scored 12 in the first game. If you are selecting a sports hall of fame of outstanding Manitoba individual athletes, you must include George. He had plenty of support from Lynn Sinclair, "Skinny" Clifford, Gordon Cummings, Waddy Ferguson, Henry Schendel, Bill Thorogood and Al Silverthorne. Schendel coached with some success at the University of Manitoba in the 1930's.

Toilers retained the title the following season and won it again in 1932. Returning from an international series with Tulsa Oilers, United States amateur champions, their chartered aircraft plunged into a Kansas wheatfield. Among the dead were two of the team's brightest young stars, Joe Dodds and Mike Shea. The club reorganized later and with the assistance of Joe Perpich and Bud Marquardt, who had come to Winnipeg to play football, and Curt Dennehey, another U.S. college player, made a brave bid for another national title. They failed, however, against Victoria, B.C., and the club later disbanded for good to be replaced by such well-known basketball names as St. Andrew's, Paulins, and University of Manitoba. But when basketball needed a boost in the dear, dim past, Toilers provided it.

Play Ball

Did you know that it is over 100 years ago that baseball was first organized in Winnipeg?

The first meeting was called for March 18, 1874 in the Davis House, owned by one of Manitoba's early premiers A. G. Bannatyne was named president, J. H. Bell, H. C. McMicken and A. Higgins vice presidents, J. B. Cameron secretary and David Young treasurer. There are 30 members at the first meeting and many more would join as playing time approached.

Winnipeg always has been a good baseball town and in the city's early days the game was not long in becoming established. As with the majority of spectator sports, it has had its periods of decline due to war, depression and the encroachment of the summer resort and the automobile.

In the warm days of the summer of 1890 when this newspaper first began, baseball vied with lacrosse, cricket, lawn bowling and soccer for attention and it is significant that local interest in the American major leagues even then demanded a full column of hand-set type.

Local baseball was played at Dufferin Park and the first game of the season between the Athletics, always a good baseball name and the Nationals on the Queen's Birthday occasioned a large display advertisement and it was billed for 10 o'clock in the morning.

In 1891 Winnipeg had three semi-pro teams under the guidance of Ike Cardno, who had played with the Chicago club of the National league. Ike apparently was the Terry Hind of his day for there was great interest in this group.

The game grew in popularity and the Western Canada Professional league was formed in 1909. Despite any transportation problems (every-

body moved by rail in those days) the Winnipeg Maroons, a wonderful old name for local teams, competed with Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Lethbridge and Saskatoon.

This league sent a lot of men into major league baseball such as Tony Kaufman and Oscar Melillo who played later with American league teams after graduating from the Maroons. Beans Reardon was another who later became a distinguished major league umpire.

The First World War hastened the demise of this circuit. Several attempts have been made to revive it but the financial burden is too great. Nate Egan was the Maroons first manager, Clarence (Pants) Rowland who managed for many moons in the majors, also bossed the local club. After closing shop in July 1917, the league revived with four teams in 1919.

In 1919 the Northern league, forerunner of the present circuit of the same name was formed and most of the activity was based in St. Boniface. The old Norwood park housed the local leaguers. In the old Western Canada league, the Maroons were tenants of River Park.

Interest in amateur baseball was mounting. The 1920's were amateur baseball's golden years at old Wesley Park. Teams such as the Zephyrs, Red Stockings, White Stars, Lelands, Unions, Crescents and Shamrocks had been replaced by Arenas, operated by evergreen Tom Casey, who operated his billiards parlor on Portage Ave., Express, Elks, Transcona, Granites, Tammany Tigers and Catholic Club, later to be known as Columbus Club.

Old-time fans looked forward to the visit of such touring sides as the House of David, Gilkerson's Colored Giants, Kansas City Monarchs, St. Paul Northern Pacifics and Toronto Oslers.

The depression and the coming of diamond ball, actually the fastball of today, finished senior ball at Wesley Park in 1932. It was not revived on any large scale until after the war years. However in 1933 Bruno Haas of St. Paul, a former pitcher with the Philadelphia Athletics who held the dubious record of walking 16 batters in one game, decided Winnipeg would be a good place for a ball team as the Northern league reorganized.

The baseball-hungry populace, without the benefit of daylight saving and floodlighting, turned out in great throngs to support the new Maroons who survived under a new owner, C. H. McFadyen who owned Osborne Stadium, until 1942 when young Americans were going to war.

Winnipeg Enterprises built a new stadium for football in 1954, added a ball park in 1955 and in 1956 Winnipeg was back in the Northern league. A competition to find a suitable name hit upon "Goldeyes," a Lake Winnipeg fish.

In 1970, International league ball came here with the Expo farmhands, known as the Whips. The scheme did not survive after 1971 through costs and geographic problems.

On the Target

The record for longevity among Manitoba sporting organizations belongs to the Manitoba Province Rifle Association.

The MPRA was formed in 1872. The Manitoba Gazette of Aug. 10 of that year says "a large and influential meeting was held in the messroom at Fort Garry, Col. Robertson Ross, adjutant general of the militia in the chair, for the purpose of forming a provincial rifle association for the encouragement of rifle shooting among the militia and the inhabitants of Manitoba." Among the early members was a chap named Donald Smith who was to eventually help build the Canadian Pacific Railway across this country and raise a regiment of cavalry known as Strathcona's Horse which exists today as one of Canada's regular armored units.

The forming of rifle association was deemed a necessity. Skill at arms was vitally important. With the Metis disturbed, the Fenians looking longingly at Manitoba and the Indians always uncertain, it was important you know how to shoot. The first rifle meeting was held Sept. 25, 1873 and the first ranges were in St. Boniface, north of where the Basilica now stands. The rifle used was the .577 Snider. In 1877, the ranges were moved to Point Douglas and in 1883, the expanding community forced it to move again. The matches that season were fired at Stony Mountain, which provided a natural butt with the rising ground. This season saw the introduction of the Martini-Henry rifle which I have never fired but our Grenadier cadets in the mid-20s used them for small arms drill. The Stony Mountain range was too far away for regular practise and with trouble brewing on the prairies, the range was moved to north of the former city northern boundary. Again the growing community forced it to close in 1904 and the Sturgeon Creek range was opened, appropriately on Queen Victoria's Birthday in 1905. The present St. Charles range was opened in 1911. My greatest moment occurred on the 800-yard range as a 14-year-old cadet when I scored a bull's eye with the short magazine .303 Lee-Enfield. Our instructor, RSM Johnny Wilson, from the Brigade of Guards and stationed at Fort Osborne, was flabbergasted and to be honest about it, so was I. John was a superb soldier and a tremendous man. I often wonder what happened to him.

A Manitoban never has won the Queen's Prize, Bisley's blue riband event, but the Governor-General's Prize was first won in 1905 by Pvt. Youhill, whose brother Sam was a Tribune printer. It was 52 years before Lt. Neil Colville repeated in 1957. F/L R. Pitcairn won in 1962, Maj. B. E. Besteck in 1963 and Pitcairn again in 1964. Space does not allow recording of all the great marksmen who have competed here. Perhaps the best was A. M. Blackburn. In 1909 at Bisley he came home loaded with silverware, winning the Empire Service Championship, Prince of Wales, Wingrove,

Birmingham Silver cup, Martin's Rapid Fire and the London Financial Times cup. In 1912 four Manitobans were on the Canadian Bisley team which was commanded by that remarkable old soldier, Lt. Col. J. W. de C. O'Grady. In recent seasons names such as Hunt, Worsick, Sangster, Gamble, Morgan, Brereton and Molecey dominated the local prize list. Outstanding in the years following the Second World War was the naming of six Manitobans to the 1958 Bisley team.

There is nothing dishonorable about rifle shooting on the ranges. In 1914, the small but highly-professional British army had no peers in riflery. While the narrow-visioned war office looked upon the machine gun as a "mere toy" and only allotted two to each infantry battalion, the deadly accuracy of the average infantryman atoned for its lack. During the retreat from Mons, especially at LeCateau, the enemy, advancing in close order, was mowed down in the hundreds by the B.E.F. lads, one bullet often accounting for two or three enemy soldiers. The .303 Lee-Enfield was a fine weapon and the Canadian troops found the Ross rifle, the use of which was the brain-child of Sam Hughes, minister of militia, utterly useless as a combat weapon, they threw them away and searched for the Lee-Enfields of fallen British troops. The Ross was a reasonably good target rifle and was used in MPRA meets in the early 1900's. I have fired one. They became increasingly warm with constant firing and eventually seized up.

When Paddling Was Popular

Clougher's restaurant on Main Street disappeared a long time ago. I do not imagine there are many people left who frequented this eating house for their work-a-day lunches. But one February noon 79 years ago three local businessmen, dallying over their roast beef, began to talk about rivers and water sports. Before they had paid their bill, they were mulling over the idea of a club where young people could enjoy the river. The three gentlemen, heading back for their offices with this early enthusiasm, were G. F. R. Jarris, manager of the Canadian Permanent Loan and Saving Co., W. G. Nichols, manager of Molson's Bank and L. A. Nares of Nares and Robinson. These three fellows have gone to their eternal rest and their business firms no longer are in the yellow pages, but the group they formed, the Winnipeg Canoe Club continues to grow and prosper.

When the club charter was put together, men such as Sir William Whyte, Hugh John Macdonald, Judge Robert Whitlaw, Herbert Beck, Charles Palmer, Frank Leggo, Henry Patton, Fred Jones, Charles Kavanaugh and Hugh MacLean put their names to the list. It is significant that these are

names that pop up frequently in the early history of numerous Winnipeg organizations and businesses that have lasted to this day.

The Winnipeg Canoe club, for the first time in its history, hosted the national championships in 1970 because it seems Eastern paddlers never really cared to send crews west. The first time the Winnipeg club sent a team east in 1937 they gave the Easterners such a beating it was a nasty shock to such famous old Eastern paddling groups such as Toronto Balmy Beach and the Grand Trunk club, which, obviously had been formed by railroad people.

The Winnipeg club did not admit the feminine sex until 1930 but the girls turned out to be the equal of their brothers in competitive paddling and frequently brought home trophies from the women's section of the Canadian association championships.

The club's first quarters were built in 1908 near the Redwood Bridge, The clubhouse built in 1913 at Elm Park was destroyed in a spectacular fire in 1954, but a finer building was erected. In its day the Canoe Club has not only encouraged competitive paddling, but has gone in for power boating sailing, tennis, snowshoeing, football, archery, basketball and hockey. The golf course, which has disappeared, was laid out just before the First World War, but tennis is more popular than ever.

When I was a junior sports writer, I covered both the spring and fall regattas faithfully and remember the kindness of people such as George Waight, Bus Muton, Morley Storey, Vic Johnson and the great-hearted Bert Orr, who always went out of his to look after a rookie sports writer who didn't know a paddle from a coal scuttle. In 1952, the club had more than 800 members and I do not know the membership now for I never hear anything more about spring and fall regattas, weekly races for points and so on but this famous old club still is going strong. The enthusiasm for paddling at the Winnipeg club prompted the organization of the Kildonan Canoe Club in the 1930s but it appears it has given up the ghost.

I remember the great paddlers of the Winnipeg club such as Henry Dadson, the Groff boys, McDowell, Jim Nickel and Bill Brigden among others. Jim and Bill represented Canada in Olympic paddling at Helsinki in 1952.

Saturday night, of course, was always a big night at the canoe club with dancing, a leisurely paddle in the moonlight. I wonder how many "questions were popped" in the romantic atmosphere of the old clubhouse verandah?

George Waight remembers in the winter months, the snowshoers not only hiked for pleasure but a stroll to St. Norbert and back was commonplace. When snowshoeing paled, moccasin tramps and dances took their place and hot dogs and cocoa and a rousing sing-song wound up a

large and inexpensive evening. It would hardly appeal to young people now.

It would be a pleasant change of pace to get out and watch the championships. The sight of war canoes charging up the river is something to behold. You can close your eyes and imagine the Cree and Saulteaux of long ago rounding the bend of the river, paying a courtesy call on ill-starred Robert Semple and the brave people of the settlement.

Chapter Three

disasters . . .

The Bug from Spain

Winnipeg has been stricken by blizzard, cyclone, flood, strike and plague since incorporation. It has known the agony and suffering of war, the hunger of depression, great fires and other disasters. But nothing left its mark on the city as did the Spanish influenza epidemic in 1918.

As winter approached in that distant era, Winnipeggers kept their first thoughts for fathers, brothers and sons at the fighting fronts of war-shattered Europe. The enemy was in full retreat and all that mattered was the safe return of the boys.

The drive by the Canadian Corps towards Mons thrilled all Canada and there was little space on the front pages of the newspapers for a mysterious disaster which was sweeping across Spain.

There were reports of out-breaks in Switzerland, France, England Norway, but those countries were far, far away

On Sept. 24 1918, there was news of an outbreak of the strange illness in Boston. Some people believed the germs had been released by German submarines. Dr. A. J. Douglas, city health officer, was more than interested.

He figured if it happened in Boston it could happen here and he suggested if any Winnipeggers came down with chills, headache, rising temperature and sundry pains they should go to bed immediately and call a doctor.

The good doctor was accurate. Two mild cases were reported from Garfield Street. Two days later city newspapers revealed two soldiers out of 15 who had become ill had died in the IODE hospital. Two other Manitobans had died in Quebec.

On Oct. 10 the epidemic struck with all of its fury. Four more people died in Winnipeg including Mrs. A. K. Dysart, whose husband was to be-

come a supreme court justice. Mrs Dysart had contracted pneumonia following a 'flu attack, a shockingly familiar pattern in the days that followed.

City health officials moved quickly. There were now 34 reported cases and a ban on theatres, schools, churches and public meetings was enforced. More deaths, more cases followed.

On Oct. 14 there were 44 new cases, 29 cases and one more death the following day. Three more died Oct. 16 and 48 more cases listed and the Manitoba government declined to ease "dry" liquor laws, even if many people did think a stiff drink was a good preventive measure.

It is significant that, in the trenches where tots of rum were common solace in the horrors of war, the disease had reached only a minor level.

Three inspectors met trains to inspect those getting off in case they had influenza. In the next three days 208 cases were reported and two more died. The death toll jumped to 27 with 1,116 cases reported. The disease was out of control.

Attempts to count the cases faltered. Not until funeral directors arrived at city hall for a burial permit were many deaths known. Whole families, entire city blocks were stricken.

Winnipeggers began wearing gauze masks and many turned to folklore and and hung menthol bags and raw garlic around their necks or chewed Spanish onions. The Jewish community invoked the ancient ritual of the Wedding of Death in their Talbot Avenue graveyard in a panicky grasp at mysticism.

An actual wedding was performed on a grave as less-fortunate Jewish folks were being interred. The modern Jewish church had rejected the ceremony a long time ago but Winnipeggers, Jew and non-Jew, were desperate in 1918.

Soldiers who survived four years of the trenches came home, became ill and died. On November 11, Armistice Day, wild victory celebrations on Main Street and Portage Avenue were interrupted by funeral corteges.

There were 269 deaths by Nov. 11 and 5707 reported cases of the illness. Five days later the death rate hit its peak with 41 deaths.

As Christmas approached the epidemic began to wane and weary officials, doctors, nurses and undertakers paused to count the dreadful toll.

Nine hundred and seventy-one had died, often two or three from one family. They had lost count of those who had sickened and recovered. At the epidemic's peak there were as many as 50 funerals a day.

Leonard Earl, a veteran Winnipeg newspaperman, recalled that his wife was stricken while visiting neighbors. The neighbors just put on their coats and left the house to the Earls.

Dr. A. B. Alexander, medical superintendent at the local municipal hos-

pitals, said: "Before its advent in our city we were aware of what havoc the disease was making in old lands and in Eastern Canada and the United States, but I think few of us in our highest flights of imagination had any real idea of what was about to overwhelm us."

The epidemic led to more medical research and concern for the ill. Dr. Belastav Grezavek, a Polish physician, had so many patients, he opened his own hospital on Salter Street.

Search in the Sky

Canadian aviation history is liberally punctuated with stirring stories of dramatic rescues in our country's northern wilderness. None caught the imagination more than the massive and successful bid to find the passengers of a United States Navy Beechcraft airplane which disappeared on a routine flight from Churchill to The Pas, Sept. 12, 1948.

There was an aura of mystery about the business and it was whispered unofficially that the searchers were more concerned with what was in the military brief cases aboard the aircraft. Over 30 Canadian and U.S. aircraft joined in the search, Dakotas, Cansos, Lancasters, B-17's and a Norseman. The U.S. Navy sent a dirigible but it did not arrive in Winnipeg until just about the time the missing men were found in the wilds of Northern Saskatchewan. It flew over the Winnipeg area as thousands of citizens who had never seen a lighter-than-air ship before craned their necks for a better look at the silvery, almost silent, ship in the sky.

Within minutes of the Beechcraft's failure to reach The Pas, the Royal Canadian Air Force went into action. Co-ordinator of the search was Group Captain Z. L. Leigh, who had bush flying experience to back him up. Jump crews from No. 103 Search and Rescue Squadron at Greenwood, N.S. rushed to The Pas. A helicopter trundled its way north from Rivers and was refuelled by a Dakota making air drops on its flight north.

Who were missing? Capt. Sir R. W. Stirling-Hamilton was the senior British naval officer in Canada.

Capt. Ben. S. Custer was the U.S. naval attache in Ottawa. The pilot was Chief Petty Officer Kastner of the U.S. navy. Lt. Charles Wilcox, attached to the U.S. naval attache's office in Ottawa and Master Sgt. Jerome Scalise, U.S. Army, who was hitching a ride home from Churchill, were the others.

The twin-engine Beechcraft was not equipped with pontoons. Scheduled to refuel in The Pas on its way to Winnipeg, it only had enough gas for four-and-one-half hours of flying time. It left Churchill in bad weather with

a freezing rain at 5,000 feet, to complicate matters. The naval officers aboard had been at Churchill to welcome the Canadian destroyers, HMCS Nootka and Haida, the first to enter the Hudson Bay port. Capt. Stirling-Hamilton had arrived in Churchill aboard the Nootka.

Labelled "Operation Attache," the rescue effort brought planes from as far away as Vancouver, Greenwood, Halifax, New York and Elizabeth City, N.C.; the Canadian National Railways tank cars brought in 5,000 gallons of gas daily to The Pas and a similar amount to Churchill from where more search planes were based.

Fear was expressed for the welfare of the missing men, but the search went on relentlessly.

On Sept. 24, an RCAF Lancaster with Flying Officer Rene Lemieux as pilot and Flying Officer Len Douglas as navigator spotted the downed Beechcraft in almost inaccessible wilderness country.

Flt. Lt. R. V. Virr, flying a Canso, brought his aircraft down on a nearby lake after intercepting the message from the Lancaster that the missing men had been spotted. All hands slept aboard the Canso on the Friday evening and Flt. Lt. Virr brought everybody out to The Pas the following morning.

Bad weather, a faulty radio and a magnetic compass that went astray were blamed for the crash-landing. Believing themselves to be south of Churchill and nearing Lake Winnipeg they actually were 260 miles north-west of The Pas.

An RCAF Dakota, a U.S. Navy Canso and a U.S. Coast Guard Canso met the returning rescue plane and escorted it to The Pas in tight formation.

There was a tense silence as the Canso amphibian rolled to a stop and Capt. Custer led his party out of the aircraft.

"Thanks be to God and the Royal Canadian Air Force. Five men are alive today who wouldn't otherwise be alive," he said.

I suppose the odd service aircraft still lands at The Pas on its excellent airport about 20 miles from town, by Clearwater Lake. The huts built to house U.S. personnel during the Second World War probably have disappeared. It was a busy military airstrip during the war days. And I imagine there are still many air force veterans around who remember those 13 drama-packed days when they flew thousands of miles in Canada's biggest air search.

Death in the North Atlantic

The news that somebody has an idea he can salvage the Titanic from the depths of the North Atlantic will bring back memories to many who lost

friends and relatives in that horrible sea disaster. Six Winnipeggers perished in the grim, chilling darkness on that April morning 63 years ago.

The six victims among the 1,506 passengers who died were Mark Fortune, his 19-year-old son Charles, J. Hugo Ross, Thomson Beattie, J. J. Borebank and George E. Graham.

The 37-year-old Ross was a successful businessman and rowing enthusiast. His father, A. W. Ross, was a realtor and Member of Parliament for Selkirk. Beattie was a partner in another real estate firm with Mayor Waugh. Borebank also had made his money in real estate.

Graham was a buyer for the T. Eaton Co. His body was recovered and he was buried in Toronto. The late Rev. W. C. Graham, principal of United College — now the University of Winnipeg — was a brother.

The other realtor was Fortune, who also had been elected to city council on four occasions after arriving in Winnipeg from Woodstock, Ont., in 1874.

Eventually the city put a bronze plaque in city hall in memory of the six men and the Real Estate Exchange erected a plaque and furnished a 16-bed ward in the Children's Hospital in memory of Fortune, Ross and Beattie.

Mrs. Fortune and her daughters, Lucille, Mabel and Alice, were eventually rescued after being separated from Mr. Fortune and Charles. They were in a boat with a Chinese, an Italian stoker and a man dressed in woman's clothing.

At the time of the collision, most of the passengers did not take the incident too seriously and there were few farewells between family members. However, one of the Fortune girls is reported to have said to her brother, "Look after father." That was the last message between them.

One of the Fortune girls helped with the rowing.

The S.S. Carpathia, which was to become famous in the annals of rescue at sea, arrived at the scene of the disaster at daybreak to find only lifeboats and wreckage. The Carpathia picked up 866 survivors.

The unsinkable Titanic went to the bottom at 2:20 a.m. and 1,635 including crew perished with the White Star liner that was considered the ultimate in passenger vessels.

Titanic was launched in February, 1912, at Belfast. Even now Titanic rates as the fourth largest liner ever built.

The departure from Southampton, April 10, was a gala occasion. Those were pre-war days and Titanic's only enemy was the sea itself. Four-and-one-half days later she was cutting through the icy seas south of the Great Circle route for New York. She was at 41 degrees, 46 minutes north, almost the exact latitude of New York City.

No one thought much about ice fields. The engine room telegraph on the bridge remained at full speed in an all-out bid to set a new crossing speed record. On April 14, a sister ship went on the air to report ice at 5 p.m. but the Titanic rushed on through the calm, cold seas.

At 11:45 p.m., with most of the passengers asleep, an able seaman in the crow's nest notified the bridge that he could see icebergs in the distance. His signal was ignored. In moments a berg had ripped her starboard flank 10 feet below the water line.

Nearly three hours passed before the ship finally sank, which should have provided ample time for the passengers and crew to abandon ship. But the idea that the ship was unsinkable, and the sudden realization of what awaited in the blackness of the ocean itself, worked against it.

There were not enought lifeboats and other safety equipment. There had been no lifeboat drills and the crew had not been instructed in lifeboat duties. There were tales of heroism and cowardice. Her skipper, Capt. E. J. Smith, went down with the ship.

In this tragedy of errors, Capt. Stanley Lord of the Leyland liner, California, was made the scapegoat. The California was reported to be 10 miles away, a distance later changed to 20-odd miles, with the single, overworked radio operator off duty.

Lord was charged with ignoring the distress calls and rockets. The truth was his ship was hopelessly mired in an icefield. To his death, in 1962, Lord did his best to clear his name.

Fury on the Lake

Lake Winnipeg is one of the largest freshwater bodies on the continent. It also is one of the more dangerous. Closely linked with the history of Manitoba as a transportation waterway and commercial fishing source, veteran sailors treat it with respect for its own story is dark with tragedy.

It is difficult for amateurs to comprehend how any good-sized craft cannot ride out a storm on this lake but if you have never seen it whipped to a fearsome fury by rising winds, mountainous seas running before the gale, you have no idea of the terrible power of the lake when the wind begins to rise with the approaching storm. Lake Winnipeg is comparatively shallow despite its size.

One lake captain who had learned his trade in European waters once said if he had his choice between the North Sea and Lake Winnipeg in a storm he would choose the North Sea.

The loss of four lives when a cabin cruiser broke up and sank one Do-

minion Day weekend in the wind and the rain followed the sinking of the 75-ton fish freighter, Suzanne-E, which capsized and sank Sept. 24, 1966, with the loss of nine lives in an autumn storm.

Lake traffic, especially in the passenger business, does not compare with the old days when many good-sized freighters and passenger boats plied the waters.

The first recorded tragedy occurred in September, 1890, when the steamer, Keewatin, foundered and sank and two mounted policemen were drowned.

On Aug. 6, 1906, the Princess, one of the finest boats on the lake with 26 staterooms, sank in a terrible blow off Swampy Point. Six lives were lost including Captain John Hawes of Selkirk, who would not abandon his passengers.

Strangely enough, two years later to the day, the Premier, another leading passenger vessel, was tied up at Warren's Landing. Her passengers and most of her crew were asleep when fire broke out. Eight died in this tragedy.

The Princess, in July, 1885, had brought up the troops from the Riel Rebellion. The Winnipeg and Eastern regiments disembarked at Selkirk and were tendered an enormous banquet by the townspeople before they caught the trains to Winnipeg.

The Glen Devon, owned by the Manitoba Fish Company and eight days out of Selkirk, had tied up for the night at Little Saskatchewan on the evening of Aug. 7, 1891. Boilers were dampened and the crew went to bed. Around 1 a.m., the captain, Hugh Black, and his first engineer, Robert Rennie, were awakened by smoke.

They quickly roused the crew but a fireman, Charles Matthews, elected to try and get his belongings and was trapped below decks in the flames.

The boat was cut loose in order that it could drift free. Efforts to extinguish the flames failed and she burned to the water's edge. One crew member who hadn't reached the dock had to swim for it.

An early account of this tragedy reveals an F. G. Cornish of St. Mary's Avenue, had taken passage on the boat but was persuaded by friends to spend the night ashore. Was this man Francis Evans Cornish, Q.C., Winnipeg's first mayor?

Inexperience can be deadly if you don't know the lake and its whims. George Neil, who grew up around the docks at the foot of Burrows Avenue and grew to know boats and the people who sailed them, recalls the loss of the Breeze, a handsome, two-masted sailing craft which was lost with all hands off Elk Island.

He remembers tales of the Wolverine with the wheelsman lashed to his

post with the crew unable to help him because it would have been suicidal to go above decks. He was carried out of the wheelhouse when the ship limped into Black Island, horribly bruised and beaten.

In August, 1934, a brief but furious squall swept the lake's southern reaches. The Keenora, not long out from the Redwood Avenue dock was packed with passengers on a week's cruise. Her captain battened down her hatches, sent everybody below and turned his bow into the storm to ride it out mercifully free of accident.

Four naval reservists in a whaleboat were not so fortunate. Their craft capsized off Grand Marais and they lost their lives.

With the building of the St. Andrew's locks, first proposed in 1890 with work beginning Jan. 18, 1900, but not finished until 1910, lake traffic boomed until the 1930's when, one by one, the lake steamers disappeared.

Eventually only the Keenora was left and, finally, the Department of Transport no longer would licence this famous old ship, dear to the hearts of thousands who took week-long cruises aboard her for Norway House.

Prior to the construction of the locks, the odd small craft could negotiate the treacherous Lisgar Rapids but the bigger boats were handicapped. Prominent Winnipeg businessman S. G. Harstone lost his life when his yacht foundered on the rapids April 27, 1902.

The Victoria was the first steamer through the locks at the inaugural ceremonies, presided over by the prime minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier.

A visit to Gimli in the 1920's would allow you to see numerous fishing boats and larger craft such as the Wolverine and Keenora.

The Wolverine also was a favorite of Winnipeggers for after-supper cruises and lake trips. A brand-new cruise ship M.S. Lord Selkirk sails the lake, ultra-modern in every respect, in a revival of passenger traffic.

But, apart from fishing boats and the odd tug, the lake remains empty of the bigger ships and their commercial traffic.

Only a few of the old lake captains remain in their retirement. But they still remember when it was difficult to get berthing along the Selkirk dock and the shrill song of steamboat whistles was a familiar sound.

They'll also tell you about terrible days and nights with tremendous waves crashing against the hulls and only first-class seamanship and sturdy ships winning the battle against a lake which always will trap the unwary.

Death Came in the Fog

In May, 1914 Manitobans were stunned at the news of the sinking of the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Ireland in the foggy gulf of the St. Lawrence. Twenty-two people, (21 from Greater Winnipeg) among the many Manitobans aboard, perished in one of the worst disasters in marine history.

The sinking of the S.S. Titanic in 1912 and the torpedoing of the S.S. Lusitania in 1916 during the First World War, always have over-shadowed the loss of the Empress of Ireland. But to local people this was the greatest tragedy of the sea to affect Manitobans.

When the count of the dead and the missing was completed, 1,027 had lost their lives. Fifteen Manitobans were among the rescued.

The Empress of Ireland was built in 1906 on the Clyde for the Transatlantic traffic. Commanded by Capt. H. S. Kendall, who was among those saved, she sailed from Quebec City at 4.20 p.m. on the previous afternoon, bound for Liverpool. Among her passengers were 140 Salvation Army members who were going to London for an international conference. Only 20 Salvationists were saved.

Shortly after 2 a.m., the Empress' lookouts noticed the lights of an approaching steamship in the murky fog. The Empress sounded her whistle to warn the other ship, which remained on its collision course and plunged into the side of Empress. The mystery ship was a Norwegian collier, the Storstad, commanded by a Captain Anderson. The Storstad did not sink. The Empress, torn almost from midship to her screws, began to list and sank in 19 fathoms within 20 minutes. She was 20 miles from Father Point near the mouth of the Rimouski River and 170 miles from Quebec City.

Capt. Kendall shouted at the Storstad's skipper to keep moving ahead to plug the rent in the Empress' hull but Capt. Anderson insisted that it was the Empress' speed which tore open her hull. The official inquiry revealed that the Empress' engines had stopped but the momentum kept the 14,000-ton liner moving.

Entire families were wiped out. Some passengers died from exposure, others from injuries. Mrs. J. Nuttall, her four-year-old son Tom and her infant son, perished but their bodies were recovered and they were buried in Brookside cemetery. Among the local people missing were Capt. Matt McGrath, who was the divisional band instructor for the Salvation Army and Adjutant Nettie Beckstead, who was head nurse at Grace Hospital. Another dozen Salvationists from Winnipeg fortunately had sailed on another ship. Among other survivors were R. A. Cunningham an assistant science professor at the Agricultural College and Walter Erzinger, nephew of John Erzinger, prominent Winnipeg curler and tobacco wholesaler. Ce-

dric Gallagher survived the disaster but lost his mother who was torn from his arms as the ship went down. James Lennon was going home to Ireland to wed. He survived. Among the dead were Sir Laurence Irving and his wife, the distinguished stars of British theatre. They had just finished a Canadian tour. A plaque upon the lobby wall of the Odeon Theatre on Smith Street remembers them. The Odeon was the Walker in those days and the Irvings had captivated Winnipeg audiences with their talent.

The use of wireless at sea, first demonstrated when the Titanic struck an iceberg two years earlier, was credited with saving many lives. The Canadian government steamer, Eureka and the S.S. Lady Evelyn were the first rescue ships to arrive but not early enough to prevent the ghastly death toll. The official inquiry proved, though, that the toll would have been greater if the SOS signal had not been answered so promptly.

One Winnipeg couple thought they had lost each other, only to find they both had been rescued and taken to different river ports by rescue vessels. One Winnipeg Salvation army lassie elected to break her journey to London by visiting in Ottawa and missed the fatal voyage.

There was considerable bitterness and argument for days after the tragedy and it appeared Capt. Kendall could not avoid the limelight. He was skipper of the S.S. Montrose when he became suspicious of two strange passengers, one of whom turned out to be the notorious Dr. Crippen, who was wanted for murder in England. Again the use of the wireless brought police to the gangplank when the Montrose docked and Crippen was arrested.

The Salvation Army annually remembers its dead of the Empress disaster. "Promoted to glory" is the Salvation Army term. There are veteran Salvationists who still remember the horrible morning when the fog enshrouded the calm river waters. Almost 38 years to the day, another CPR steamship and a collier were in collision in the foggy St. Lawrence but the steamship, the S.S. Scythia made it to Quebec City under her own power and for 19 Manitobans aboard their overseas journey was only interrupted.

The Sunday Morning News

Forty-one years have passes since the R-101 hurtled into the ground near Beauvais, France on a voyage to India, killing 48 people of a crew and passenger complement of 54 and ending British enthusiasm for lighter-than-air ships and experiments.

Few people here have ever seen a lighter-than-air crafthip and few remember the R-101 and the Sunday morning that was punctuated by trage-

dy. During the Second World War, a service aircraft carrying important officers disappeared in the northland. An RCAF search plane finally found the downed aircraft and its passengers who had survived the forced landing, but not before our citizens looked up into the late afternoon skies and saw a rare sight, a United States Navy dirigible which had arrived to join in the search. I should point out that this "blimp" (class B-limp classification airship) did yeoman service on anti-submarine patrol in two world wars. I believe the U.S. Navy still has one or two in service.

The crash of the R-101 occurred in the days when radio news was skimpy and newspaper "extras" were common. Sunday newspapers were unheard of, perhaps even illegal. The Saturday afternoon edition of The Tribune carried a news item that the monster airship had left Cardington in Bedfordshire on its ill-fated trip. There was no mention that some authorities looked askance at the journey because they felt the R-101 was not ready and its tests had revealed numerous difficulties. But it was of political importance to make the journey to the Orient. Mooring masts had been built in Montreal at St. Hubert airport in Ishmalla, Egypt and Karachi, then in India. The British government dreamed of an empire-wide airship schedule.

Norman J. Gillespie was telegraph editor of The Tribune at the time. He was a bachelor who loved a game of cards and often visited the firemen at the old No. 2 fire station at York Avenue and Smith Street. On occasion he even went with the lads answering alarms. On this Saturday night he wandered into the newsroom as the telephone rang. It was Canadian Press telling him of the disaster on a faraway French hillside.

If he knew printing a newspaper on Sabbath was illegal, he obviously ignored the thought. He realized he had a wonderful chance to scoop the town because people here still were greatly interested in what Britain accomplished. He chased up Carolyn Cornell, the librarian, the same woman who suggested that Pine Street be exchanged to Valour Road in honor of three Victoria Cross winners who lived on the street.

Miss Cornell dug out old engravings and old clippings of airships and Gillespie put it altogether with the sketchy information from the news agency. He chased the composing room superintendent Buck Walsh and a linotype operator out of bed. Alf Anning, the stereotype foreman, responded to a call as did Allan Samson, the press room boss. Barney Mogul, who was street sales manager, began to round up his boys to sell the extra. The Saturday page formers were still on their turtles in the composing room and it was simple for foreman Walsh to make over Page 1.

Winnipeggers, attending church on Sunday morning, were amazed to hear newsboys shouting "Wuxtree, wuxtree! British airship crashes. " The edition sold out. The management of this newspaper was equally surprised

and secretly delighted. They apologized for breaking the law and gave the proceeds to The Empty Stocking Fund.

At the same time, Norman Gillespie was making a chapter in local newspaper annals. Arthur Christiansen, a youthful newspaperman on night duty with The London Express, stopped the presses on his own authority, roused the staff from their beds and also remade the front page. James Leasor's fascinating story of the tragedy, The Millionth Chance, relates Christiansen's reward was that he was eventually named editor of the Express. Gillespie, who came to The Tribune from Minneapolis, left within a few years and made one brief visit to his old colleagues. I have since lost track of him.

The fire-blackened girders of the R-101 came home to Cardington to be made into pots and pans. Its sister ship, the R-100, which was built by a private organization in contrast to the R-101 which was built by the government, already had crossed the Atlantic to Montreal and returned to stand safely, in its shed. But there were no more funds for airship designs or construction and it was sold for scrap metal.

There is another odd item that somehow lined the disaster to this newspaper. One of the two Royal Navy destroyers that sailed to Boulogne to bring home the coffins was HMS Tribune.

The Black Spring

It is 56 years since Winnipeg experienced the black spring of the general strike which paralyzed the community, terrified the citizenry and wound up in the small-arms fire, bloodshed and death.

In today's period of general unrest there are many Winnipeggers who recall those grim six weeks of 1919, the outcome and how it affected the lives of those concerned.

Local people, at that time, were busy welcoming home their fathers, brothers and sons from the distant war. There was a mild outbreak of scarlet fever which caused some concern and red quarantine signs began to appear over numerous doorsteps. The metal trades workers were asking for more money from the city's three largest iron works. On May 10 the building trades saw 12,000 of its people walking off the job.

The Norris government was prodded by the returning war veterans — who had not anticipated coming home to anything like this — to do something about it. Organized unions were hinting at a general sympathy strike. A Citizens' Committee of One Thousand had been formed and the veterans had organized a Returned Soldiers' Loyalist Group, presumably to stamp

out any alien trouble-makers.

On May 15 the Trades and Labor Council instructed its 67 unions to decide where their sympathies lay in regards to the striking metal workers. In a few hours 27,000 unionists, representing a variety of trades, including essential services and newspaper mechanical departments, walked out.

Contrary to international agreements, the stereotypers and pressmen struck at The Tribune, which did not publish again until May 24 although the compositors remained true to their rules.

Brig.-Gen. H. D. B. Ketchen, officer commanding the military district, raised a citizens' army of 10,000 men and there was a desperate request for special police and firemen to assure the safety of the citizenry. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers offered to mediate but negotiations continually broke down. Premier Norris decided to ignore the strike until the sympathizers went back to their jobs.

City council fired the 179 absent policemen and the strike committee announced on June 4 there would be no more milk or bread but Mayor Charles Gray quickly set up milk depots in local schools. The next day the surging downtown crowds got out of hand and 15 were arrested.

Twenty-four hours later it happened again as 11 more were locked up. A special constable, Thomas Sandall Morrison, was accidentally wounded in a scuffle June 10 after 12 special policemen were injured in Main Street rioting, including Sgt. Fred Coppen, a Victoria Cross winner.

City council dismissed Chief Constable Donald McPherson June 12 and he was replaced by Chris Newton. Only two out of 1,650 civic employees answered council's appeal to come back to work. In Edmonton and Calgary, attempts to call sympathy strikes to support the Winnipeg walk-out failed.

President A. W. McLimont of the Winnipeg Street Railway, made a brave effort to get the street cars operating June 17. At the same time, Ottawa issued orders to arrest the strike leaders on charges of seditious conspiracy.

The list involved reads like a who's who of the community's outstanding labor leaders in city and provincial administration. It included Rev. William Ivens, minister of the Labor Church and noted writer on labor affairs; R. B. (Bob) Russell whose life-long devotion to the cause of labor is remembered by a brand new technical school; Ald. John Queen and Ald. A. A. Heaps of the old Ward Five, now incorporated into ward three; George Armstrong, a street car motorman and five aliens.

J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the CCF and one of Canada's greatest socialists, A. W. Pritchard, who had come from Vancouver, and F. J. Dixon, MLA for Winnipeg Centre, also were arrested later.

There had to be a climax to these trying weeks of argument, head-knock-

ing and tension. Mayor Gray had hoped there would be no parades and demonstrations but, on June 21, an ugly mob attempted to overturn a street car in front of the city hall.

This was too much for the mayor. He read the Riot Act from the city hall steps, grim lipped and resolved that anarchy should not rule his beloved Winnipeg. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the special police charged the mob twice, swinging their clubs.

As the mounted constables charged again down Main Street they were ordered to fire. One rioter, who was all set to throw a rock at a police constable was shot dead. Thirty-six more, including several RNWMP were injured. Another rioter died of his wounds. More than 100 suffered minor injuries.

The crackle of gunfire suddenly shook many in the mob into the realization they had no business there. People fled in all directions as bullets richocheted off the surrounding pavement and brickwork. Soon the street was empty and, as dusk fell, the police and military patrolled the streets as machine-guns swung on their traverse at strategic street corners.

Monday morning, thousands of sympathizing strikers decided they were'nt sympathetic any longer and went back to work. The city decided to reinstate 170 of the policemen it had dismissed. Many of the firms welcomed the strikers back although a few never did get their old jobs back.

Negotiations reached an amicable conclusion between the metal workers and their employers when the Norris government promised to investigate labor unrest with a Royal commission. The strike leaders were released on bail apart from the aliens who faced deportation.

Summer was upon the city. The black spring had ended.

The Warm July

At high noon July 9, 1936, a large crowd gathered in front of The Tribune building at Smith and Graham Avenue.

It was not Election Day or World Series time, or any of the other events that were wont to attract mobs of people to jam the thoroughfare to watch the progress of their favorite candidates or to view the major leaguers on the giant player board. This was the era before television and with radio not that advanced, the newspaper office was the logical place to gather for the latest information in any important event.

In front of the building's main entrance, the crowd watched with mounting curiosity a strange ritual. Vic Murray, this newspaper's well known

V.V.M. or Moss, was going to try to fry bacon and eggs.

It would have been simple to do with a hot plate or charcoal burner or some other contrivance but Vic was going to use the pavement.

Vic, star police reporter and daily writer of the well-read Tribune Trumps on the editorial page, was a puckish, humorous chap who was really going to find out if it was hot enough to cook one's breakfast on the concrete.

With studied care, Vic cracked the eggs and poured their contents into a neat puddle. The rashers of bacon were laid side by side.

In a matter of moments the bacon had melted into a useless mess and the eggs were blackened and dried up.

Vic did not consider the experiment an earth-shaking success, but, as the spectators drifted away to find their own means of combatting the worst heat wave in the history of Winnipeg, a little old lady tugged at Vic's sleeve and asked with marked concern who had fallen off the roof.

Vic's little ceremony provided the light side to five days of killing heat which, before it withered away in a fierce evening storm a few days later, was to cause the deaths of 31 people, hospitalize 40 more and wipe out crops and livestock.

During periods of rain and low temperatures, it is easy to forget summer's burning heat but, when old-timers mention high temperatures, they recall the month of July, 1936.

There was only the usual hint that Winnipeggers were heading for a heat wave in early July. There had been no rain for a long time. Farmers viewed their faltering crops with consternation.

By July 8 the thermometers were high in the 90's and when Vic Murray tried to fry his bacon and eggs, the mercury was flirting with the low 100's.

As the heat grew in intensity, people became ill, collapsed with heat prostration and the emergency wards of Winnipeg's hospitals suddenly became active. It was a particularly trying time for invalids and elderly people.

Everybody tried to find ways and means to escape the heat. On July 11 as thousands tried to find relief at the beaches and in other convenient waters, the death toll from drowning was staggering and on that day alone nine persons lost their lives.

Wading room off Grand Beach was at a premium. Hundreds of small boys plunged into the murky Red River. The city's public swimming pools were crammed to capacity and many were turned away for lack of space.

By mid-afternoon on July 11, the meteorological people announced the official temperature at 108 degrees. On a thousand private thermometers it touched 118.

Sports events were cancelled. Hundreds of offices and shops closed their doors, for air conditioning was not as advanced as it is now. People took to living in their cellars, the coolest places in town.

We remember eating our meals while sharing the pungent tang of wax and new leather in our particular basement where dad had his cobbler's shop.

But it was pleasant down there and we would have cheerfully curled up and slept there, too, but mother thought it was too clammy and booted us all upstairs to try and sleep in the stifling heat.

Many people did not go to bed, however. They sprawled on their lawns, on fire escapes or in the public parks, for the coming of darkness did not alleviate the scorching temperatures.

The heat was particularly trying on deliverymen's horses. Watching from a Dufferin Avenue street car, I remember seeing one valiant animal suddenly slump and die between the shafts of a junkman's rig.

There was a rush to buy cheap hats, especially the straw variety. Holes were made for the horses' ears and hundreds of horses went about their business looking rather quaint and whimsical.

Actually, the sensitive spot for the horse is between his ears. Protect that area and they would survive.

Ice cream and soda pop factories did a land office business.

Thousands of bushels of grain were lost. Farmers dared not move their cattle and lesser animals out of the barns.

On Main Street, near the Higgins Avenue subway the asphalt melted and the odd automobile sank to the rims. The iceman's wagon, a familiar sight in the summers before modern refrigeration, were trailed by legions of small boys and girls, scrambling for ice chips.

There were rumblings of approaching conflict in distant Europe but nobody gave a thought to Adolf Hitler. The greeting, "Is it hot enough for you?" no longer was funny.

Life, of course, went on for essential services could not be curbed although a good many policemen, tram operators and firemen had long abandoned uniform caps, tunics and neck ties. Small boys and girls went into the lemonade business on a large scale. You won undying friendships by keeping a jug of icewater handy for the postman.

The fellow who carried the mail on our street was a veteran of the Indian Army who had had his share of route-marching in the blistering weather of India's northern plains, and even he admitted he hadn't experienced anything quite like this.

Suddenly it ended. Thunderheads rolled up the late-afternoon sky of mid-July. The sun was lost in the purple-black storm cluds and the rain fell in torrents, heat lightning, a common phenomen on previous evenings,

gave way to ragged forked fingers that danced through the billowing darkness.

Not until Aug. 8, 1949, did Winnipeggers again come close to matching those fearful five days. Meteorological instruments recorded a temperature of 104.8 degrees that day. Somehow it didn't compare to what we had experienced before.

When the Trams Didn't Run

The rather warmish spring of 1906 saw the city of Winnipeg burgeoning in all directions.

Frame wooden houses were popping up on the prairie, especially in the West End and North Winnipeg. Automobiles were few and far between and horses still commanded private transportation on the numerous mud roads, especially in the outlying districts.

The city had taken in a portion of the rural municipality of Kildonan, better known as Elmwood, and the ward system now numbered seven.

The Winnipeg Electric Railway had stretched its system to match the expanding city. The first electric cars had operated in 1892 and 18 years later were pretty well taken for granted.

The slow but sure increase in the city's prosperity was not lost upon the men who drove the trams and took the fares. They worked long hours as was the policy in those distant days and they felt the had come to ask for higher wages.

When their request was rejected by the company they walked, literally, off the job on March 29, thus precipitating nine bloody days, highlighted by violence, destruction, blood-letting and some humor.

The motormen and conductors, when they elected to strike, merely left the trams on their routes, scattered throughout the city on the afternoon of March 29.

The stranded cars were fair game for vandals and sympathizers and the company's efforts to get them back into the car barns met with resistance.

After some preliminary rock throwing and head-knocking on the first day, the mob endeavored to set fire to the cars abandoned on Higgins Ave. but the men from No. 3 station on Maple Street quickly responded and doused the flames.

But, as fast as the flames were extinguished, the mob reset the fires. Finally, in exasperation, Captain Code of No. 3 station directed his men to turn their hose lines on the crowd and the impact of a four-inch stream of water drove it to cover.

On the following day the mob got out of hand by the Main Street subway. Street cars were smashed and efforts made to pull them off the rails.

Mayor Thomas Sharpe read the Riot Act and the Canadian Mounted Rifles from Fort Osborne moved in with fixed bayonets. The crowd, mainly hoodlums and idlers in the opinion of authorities, had sought to rescue the trouble-makers arrested by police but found themselves staring at cold steel.

The 90th Regiment and the 13th Battery from the militia also were alerted but the CMR's had the situation well in hand.

Two policemen were badly injured the next day although the company managed to resume some service on every line save Selkirk Avenue and Higgins Avenue.

Maintenance men, sent out to bring in the cars, had a rough time and finally two policemen rode on every car. The police court docket was a lengthy one by the time Magistrate Daly got around to sentencing the culprits who were brought before him.

My father, who was a street railway maintenance man at that time, recalled being ordered to bring in a car that had been abandoned at the end of the line in South Fort Rouge.

He trudged all the way from the Main Street car barns to the idle tram and was in the process of getting it back to its quarters when somebody fired a rifle shot through the vestibule window.

Father cranked on the controls and outran the gunman. In another incident he was pursued down Higgins Ave. when he attempted to bring in another car.

By this time, he felt happier staying close to the barns and the odd car remained scattered throughout the city until the strike ended on April 7.

The Tribune editorially severely criticized the company for declining to arbitrate. The president, Sir William Mackenzie, in Toronto, said the men had received a one-cent-per-hour wage increase a few months earlier.

The authorities reminded the company the strike had better end soon. Prince Arthur of Connaught would arrive in the city April 9 and it would be both awkward and embarassing to have no street car service.

After rowdy mass meetings and more rock-throwing, the Winnipeg Ministerial Association persuaded both sides to get together and a new wage scale agreed upon. The men received another penny an hour and by Saturday evening, April 7, service was back to normal.

The street cars were to continue running for another 13 years until the dreadful strike of 1919 paralyzed the community and the electric employees walked out in sympathy with the metal trades workers who had struck for higher wages.

Intelligent arbitration has prevented a reoccurrence of a cessation of transit facilities due to wage demands. Only during the unforgettable blizzard of March 4, 1966, and in certain areas during the Red River flood of 1950 did the transit people have to abandon their services.

But in 1906, unless you owned a horse and buggy or one of those newfangled automobiles, you rode those picturesque little double-enders to travel through the city.

The "dinkies" as they were colorfully termed, the larger wooden cars which needed a wye for turning purposes and carried a peculiar curved fender which, if you were in collision with the tram, would catch you before you hit the pavement, and the impressive steel giants which could handle any kind of weather and dominated the Park Line, Selkirk Avenue and McGregor Street runs, have given way to the trolley bus, gas and diesel buses.

A Night for Rioting

Thirty six years have gone by since the outbreak of the Second World War, which also signalled the end of the great depression of the 1930's, a remarkable era, which brought out the best in many people and the worst in others.

The unemployed could be totalled in the millions and I considered myself lucky to land a job in the profession that always had held an attraction for me, newspapering.

The pay wasn't much. I remember the publisher, M. E. Nichols, a magnificent personality and one of the giants of Canadian journalism, asking the staff if each member would take 10 per cent wage cut rather than see anybody laid off. From $7 a week I went to $6.30, but it was better than not getting anything at all.

There were many other young men who, hungry and jobless, were becoming bewildered and angry. It was a wonderful time for Communist organizers and demonstrations and head-whacking.

There were riots in Vancouver, a policeman was beaten to death in Saskatoon, a score or more injured in Edmonton.

The Market Square by city hall usually was the gathering spot for those who had nothing to do on a summer's evening. Someone might make a speech or there might be a rally of some kind.

If there was no action on the square, the crowd usually drifted along Main St., listlessly looking into the windows of the pawn shops, the multitudinous clothing stores, the cheap cafes or looking at the garish pictures advertising the movies in the Starland or the Colonial.

In late June, 1935, the On-to-Ottawa trek by 2,000 jobless seeking to demand in proper places the need for something to be done, had been stopped in Regina.

Old-timers still cringe at the memory of the bloody Dominion Day riot which saw one policeman killed, a dozen more seriously injured, a half-dozen civilians wounded by flying bullets and another 100 injured by police billies or rocks thrown by the strikers. Eighty-four people were arrested by the RCMP and Regina city police. Not since the terrible June cyclone of 1912 had Regina experienced such a day.

Some of the marchers had gathered in Winnipeg and unrest filled the air. Arthur Evans, leader of the group westward bound after an unsuccessful attempt to reach a solution with Premier R. B. Bennett, addressed a crowd of 5,000 that jammed the ancient square on the evening of June 25, 1935.

The following night another rally was held on the Legislature grounds, where speakers included Mayor John Queen and Stanley Knowles, a United church clergyman at the time, but, already, a determined socialist.

When Evans moved on to Regina to try and get the trek moving again, those marchers here were having trouble with accommodation. They were scattered all over town, to the dismay of leaders who argued there could be no discipline when their ranks were scattered.

Some set up camp in the open land next to the Midland Railway on Pacific Ave. by Isabel St. The authorities ordered the tents moved to the Exhibition grounds at the end of Dufferin Ave.

My old friend, Jimmy Gray, recalls the events in his excellent book, The Winter Years. Tipped off on the evening of June 30 that there would be a mass meeting on the square, Gray and many other reporters headed in the direction of Market Street.

I remember there was considerable excitement around The Tribune newsroom when city editor Fred O'Malley heard what was happening. In no time the only staffers left were the three members of the sports department, John Buss, Ralph Allen and myself, and Roy Maley, who in those days worried about the night copy string and was making his mark as a music critic.

Gray remembers that the relief-camp paraders had marched from the Ukrainian Labor Temple on McGregor St. and Pritchard Ave. and headed for the CPR station. At Martha and Henry Avenue the marchers suddenly veered into an abandoned warehouse.

Gray said he heard a wild rumor that the RCMP had stationed a machine-gun crew in the building. When nothing happened the parade moved off again, eventually reaching the provincial government soup kitchen at Ross and Princess. The leaders suddenly led the marchers into the build-

ing, a huge three-storey warehouse, and barricaded the doors. Within minutes Princess Street was jammed with spectators.

Gray said he managed to get inside the building, probably because some of the marchers thought he was one of them. He found the heat and air insufferable on a hot, muggy evening. The leaders of the march, Mitch Sago and Harry Binder, both with the Communist Party, were annoyed with Gray and debated holding him hostage with the policemen who were on duty at the time.

Sago told the crowd the RCMP would not storm the building with the police constables inside. When the door was opened to allow Sago and Binder to harangue the crowd outside, Gray escaped.

At the Rupert Street police station, police were concentrating. But if Sago and Binder looked for an assault from the police they were disappointed. Arthur MacNamara, deputy minister of labor, and city authorities went to the soup kitchen and talked to Sago and Binder and their lieutenants. A deal was quickly worked out.

Ald. John Blumberg is remembered as the man who talked the marchers into moving to the Exhibition grounds where tents were erected. Blumberg was acting mayor, as Queen and Premier John Bracken were both out of town and he and the attorney-general, Hon. W. J. Major, had the ticklish job of averting disaster.

As the seizure of the soup kitchen was a lawless act, Gray is correct when he says Blumberg and Major could have ordered the police to try and evict the strickers.

By noon on Dominion Day, the city was calm and holiday picnickers were heading for the beaches if they could afford it and the baseball Maroons had a double header at Sherburn Park.

Most of the marchers wandered back to homes across the west. The relief camps, scattered throughout the country, which during four years of operation housed more than 115,000 young men, eventually closed. They were a poor substitute for the proper answer to the problem of what to do with the thousands of men looking for employment, and a basic cause of the tragic Ottawa march.

When the Bennett government was beaten at the polls, the Liberals kept the camps open for one more year, although they did raise each man's allowance to $15 per month. They made a deal with the railways to put 15,000 men on track maintenance and closed the camps for good.

My brother, an easy-going fellow, spent some time in a camp in the Whiteshell area. All he required were three meals a day, his pipe tobacco and a well-worn deck of cards and he had no quarrel with anyone.

When the camps closed he returned to his beloved militia and went off to Dundurn with the engineers. After all, one tent was no worse than another.

The MacAlpine Story

Wall Street had not yet known its Black Friday. The Second World War was a decade away. Times were fairly good and there was great interest in aviation which was opening Canada's northern frontier.

A mid-summer day in 1929 invariably had one or more aircraft droning through the lazy skies, RCAF flying boats from their Brandon Ave. station on forestry patrol, the occasional DH Moth from the prairie that was Stevenson Field, and lumbering commercial aircraft carrying men and supplies to the province's northerly precincts.

At 10 a.m., on Aug. 24, two aircraft, a Fokker and a Fairchild, took off from the Red River on an ambitious exploration flight in the Canadian Arctic. The sponsoring company was known as Dominion Explorers and the trip was to cover 20,000 miles, up to Hudson Bay, to Baker Lake and thence to Aklavik, with side trips into the Yukon's mountain country.

The return trip was planned via Great Bear Lake, Slave Lake, The Pas and then home to Winnipeg. But, before many moons had passed, the group was to achieve a unique place in the annals of the North, not to mention daily headlines in the newspapers.

The party, led by Col. C. D. H. MacAlpine, president of Dominion Explorers, became lost on the coast of Queen Maude Gulf and was not heard from for seven weeks. They lived on nauseous hunks of rancid fish and caribou and kept alive only through the devotion of their Eskimo friends and their own intelligence and courage.

The two aircraft had bad luck from the start. The Fokker, piloted by G. A. Thompson and the Fairchild by Stan McMillan, had trouble finding Norway House due to the heavy smoke from forest fires. Similar difficulties beset them before they reached Churchill Aug. 26.

The schooner, Morso, chartered by the firm, had caught fire at sea and the crew had abandoned the ship, which went to the bottom with the fuel and supplies planned for Baker Lake and other company bases.

Further misfortune dogged the party. The Fokker, moored off shore, dragged its anchor and a strong rip-tide carried it out to sea. The SS Arcadia spotted the wing still above water, but when an attempt was made to tow the craft, the line broke and the aircraft sank.

When the Arcadia hauled in her anchor, the aircraft was hooked to it, but it was beyond repair. The Fairchild almost met the same fate but was saved in the nick of time. Roy Brown flew another Fokker to Churchill and Thompson and his passengers flew on to Baker Lake to catch up with McMillan and his party.

On the flight to Bathurst Inlet they were forced down by bad weather. As the storm eased they became airborne again and, believing they were

following the coastline of the inlet, they carried on for another half-hour as visibility worsened. Spotting a small Eskimo camp, they landed on the open water and camped for the night.

The Eskimos couldn't tell them where they were but the airmen figured they were near Dease Point on Queen Maude Gulf. It was decided to put most of the gas in one plane and try to make The Hudson's Bay Company post which the natives said was in a northerly direction. When the Fairchild finally took off, McMillan could see no land and, with visibility poor and gas running low, he wisely returned.

The men knew now they were stranded. With no outside communication, they decided to stay where they were with Major Robert Baker who had joined the party at Baker Lake in charge.

With winter coming, the eight stranded men built a sod shack. McMillan traded his field glasses for a tin stove owned by the Eskimos after fashioning a stove from a piece of aircraft cowling. Gathering moss and willow twigs for stove fuel was an immense chore. Dried fish, supplied by the Eskimos, became the staple diet.

The Eskimos left suddenly on Sept. 20 but returned with more dried fish and fur clothing. One Eskimo, who spoke reasonable English, said the distant post was Cambridge Bay. When the sea was frozen they could reach it on foot.

The food supply continued to decline even though ptarmigan and ground squirrels were hunted.

To their dismay they found the gas tank of their Fairchild almost empty and if they had continued their flight of Sept. 12 they would have perished.

Finally, on Oct. 20, the entire party moved out on the Eskimo sleighs for the HBC post. Food was eaten on the trail, cold and uncooked. Time and time again, they were stopped by huge ice hummocks and they were still on the trail when the Eskimos decided to seek Dease Point and find supplies. Five days later they returned with flour, sugar and tobacco.

The party now had been lost seven weeks. After a heartbreaking battle with thin ice, frost-bite, 30-below temperatures, occasionally losing each other in the struggle to get through the ice hummocks and the thin ice, they reached Cambridge Bay.

When the party had not reached Bathurst Inlet as planned, an aerial search began. Two more Fokker aircraft, flown by Brown and that distinguished explorer-pilot, H. Hollick-Kenyon, flew to Stony Rapids where Dominion Explorer's second party in two Fairchilds, piloted by Charlie Sutton and Jim Spence, had arrived to find MacAlpine was not there.

Two more aircraft arrived at Baker Lake Oct. 9 where search headquarters had been set up. On the night of oct. 17 a wild gale lashed the thin

ice of the lake into a pounding mass. The Fokker, flown by Jim Vance of Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations was damaged on the beach where the aircraft had been hauled to receive skis.

It was a week before the remaining four aircraft resumed the search. The rubber ice was a menace. Andy Cruikshank's Fokker, following the other planes down at Burnside River, saw the others scurrying to get away from the thin ice but he went through the ice instead.

Cruickshank escaped through the front hatch. The aircraft eventually was salvaged when the aerial search remained fruitless. Braving bad weather, further flights were made Nov. 3 and 4. On Nov. 5 an Eskimo raced up with his dog team to breathlessly relate the missing were found.

Further misfortune dogged the search party. Two aircraft were down, one at Aylmer Lake with damaged ski fittings and another at Musk Ox Lake with a crumpled wing. Finally, Cruickshank took off from Fort Resolution where the entire group had located and eventually found the missing aircraft. The downed airmen were not lost, nor in danger of starving but it obviously was no picnic to be stranded in the Barrens. By Dec. 4 the group had reached Cranberry Portage on the Hudson Bay Railway.

The grim days of depression dawned and the MacAlpine story vanished from the front pages, but it will be remembered as one of the more amazing sagas of courage, resourcefulness and flying skill in Canadian aviation history.

Chapter Four

fire! fire! fire!

A Fine Building Burns

Winnipeggers were proud of The Manitoba Hotel. Opened with a grand Railway by the original railway depot on Water St., the Manitoba was be the finest hostelry between Montreal and the Pacific Coast. Boasting a fine dining room, spacious ballroom and ample liquor cellar, the Manitoba Hotel was the heart of the city's social life. Built by the Northern Pacific Railway by the original railway depot on Water St., The Manitoba was designed to serve travellers who found this city truly to be the Gateway to the west.

In a report from The Tribune Feb. 9, 1899:

"Within its hospitable walls it has housed the literary lights of the world, it has sheltered earls, princess and dukes as well as providing a convenience to the busy men of the west and the commercial men of the east."

Indeed, the entire front page of the newspaper on that date was given over to the mournful report that one of Canada's finest hotels had been destroyed by fire.

As fires go, it was not the worst in the city's history. But it was a tragedy to a rising young city to see its finest building destroyed. The loss was estimated at $800,000, a tremendous amount in those days.

It was 40 degrees below zero on the night of Feb. 8, 1899. The Manitoba Curling Association's 14th annual bonspiel was under way and the city was full of out-of-town visitors. Many had rooms at the Manitoba.

The hour of midnight slipped by and quiet reigned throughout the ornate structure. But one guest, George Gelley, had not yet gone to bed. A disagreeable odor which he correctly guessed to be smoke bothered him and he went out of his room to investigate. J. T. Johnston, desk clerk, also became aware of the smoke at the same time and, in a few seconds, electric alarm bells were jangling throughout the hotel. Some employees rushed

from the servants' quarters and joined several guests in manning the hotel's fire hose as the flames gained headway at their origin which appeared to be over a fireplace on the fourth floor. Fire Chief E. Rodgers and his wagons responded to the alarm and, when chief Rodgers sized up the fire he had to fight, he lost no time sending in a second alarm to bring Capt. William Code and the balance of the fire apparatus, located in the north end.

It was a losing fight from the start. The weather was just too much. Hose lines froze quickly. Two of the steam pumpers, the Merryweather and the L. M. Jones broke down and lack of water pressure was a severe handicap. But, strangely enough, many hotel guests did not take the fire too seriously. Some of them milled around in corridors, scantily-clad, and not until billowing clouds of black smoke surged through the hallways did the guests make a rush for the street. Fortunately no lives were lost although three spectators had a narrow escape from falling bricks and Capt. Code tried to salvage some hose lines on Water St., and barely made it to safety when the east wing collapsed in a shower of masonry.

Some guests had piled up their belongings in the main lobby and some managed to salvage a few articles. J. E. Ellis, representing a Toronto jewellery firm, paused to put $50,000 in diamonds in his pocket, before retreating before the flames.

Eighty minutes after the first alarm was sounded, the flames roared through the roof of the east wing, swept across the connecting link of the west wing and thundered through the entire south wing. Almost in an instant the entire building was a mass of fire. The Northern Pacific Railway's offices in the hotel and the adjoining depot were completely gutted. By this time the weary firemen turned their efforts to saving the freight sheds and long rows of box cars which stood nearby.

One by one the floors collapsed and the wall of the east wing facing Water St., crashed to the street, spraying bricks in all directions as the thousands of spectators ran for cover. Suddenly, the giant chimney came down in a mass of flying debris.

And heart-breaking it must have been to the people who appreciated the Manitoba's well-stocked bar to hear above the crackle of the flames the popping of bottles stacked neatly in the cellar.

The fire was not without its humorous moments. At the height of the blaze two inebriated gentlemen sought admission to the bar. Another guest rushed to his room, then sprinted into the night in his nightshirt only to discover he had merely saved a carton of soap.

Twelve pianos were lost. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kenny, permanent guests, having just wed, were storing their new furniture in the hotel and they lost their piano too. Twenty-eight bicycles in the hotel loft were merely twisted metal at the fire's end.

Thomas Deegan opened his dry good shop and brought out every pair of mitts he had on the premises for the chilled fingers of the fire-fighters. Among the guests was Frank Fowler, Wawanesa.

Mr. Fowler was in town for the bonspiel. The fire did not discourage him from settling in Winnipeg and 23 years later he was elected mayor.

The Northern Pacific decided not to rebuild. In time, the Union Station was built at Broadway and Main St. and there was no need for a station on Water St., although the freight sheds remain.

But there are a few old-timers and students of architecture who agree the Manitoba Hotel, with its chateau design, built by the firm of Roarke and Cass, would not be out of place even today.

An Autumn Disaster

In 1904, much of Winnipeg's business was transacted in the area immediately north of Notre Dame Ave.

The city's daily newspapers were almost side by side on McDermot Ave. The finest bar-dining room was located in The Mariaggi Hotel on the same street.

Through the years, much of the business activity on the retail level moved to Portage Ave. and this original district has been left to the warehouses, but 70 years ago, heavy construction was in progress.

The Bulman Block, at the corner of Albert and Bannatyne, had just been remodelled.

On the evening of Oct. 11, 1904 the night watchman in the Bulman Block began his appointed rounds. It was a quiet evening. Only a few pedestrians hurried by and shops and factories stood dark.

The watchman entered the base of the elevator shaft and was met by a swirling cloud of smoke which only partly hid the increasing flame. Quickly he ran to the fire station, the old Central Fire Hall across Albert St. — but, before the firemen could get a hose line in action, the flames roared up the elevator shaft and burst through the roof.

The entire centre of the building was one solid mass of fire.

The building's wooden interior — much of the plastering remained to be completed — merely fed the flames.

Adding to the disaster came a southeast wind, which had been only a mild breeze earlier in the evening. Acting Chief Walker and his men were faced with an impending disaster much like the one which destroyed the Time Building and four other business blocks 50 years later.

As fast as the scurrying firefighters could extinguish them, small fires

began to break out in nearby buildings. Burning embers rode the night wind. City Hall and the Leland Hotel, William Ave., drew special attention from the firemen.

Within minutes, the Bulman Block was nothing but an inferno. Fanned by the wind, the flames leaped across Bannatyne Ave. and ignited the J. H. Ashdown hardware establishment, the largest business of its kind in the west.

It was not long before the firemen knew Ashdown's could not be saved. Getting its grip on the southwest corner, the fire advanced swiftly into the rear of the store. Oils, kerosene, gasoline, tar paper, paint and other inflammable items were stored in that section.

The flames swept the rear wall of Ashdown's and, despite firemen's efforts, The Woodbine Hotel, Baker and Dufferin blocks caught fire. Only the heroic work of the brigade and change in the wind saved these buildings from being destroyed.

One nearby newspaper office was threatened and staff members were posted on the roof to put out burning embers that could have ignited the plant. Electric power lines were severed and left that portion of the city in darkness . . . apart from the awful light from the roaring flames.

When the walls of the Bulman Block began to teeter dangerously, firemen withdrew and it was only moments before the wall facing Albert St. collapsed. The Woodbine Hotel, already damaged by the flames, suffered further damage when another wall of the Bulman Block crashed down. Now it was the turn of the Ashdown building's walls to fall. The first to disintegrate was the west wall and the other three caved-in in short order, lacing the immediate neighborhood with flying brick and masonry.

The store's costly stock of merchandise, sporting goods, tools and appliances lay in jumbled, smouldering heaps as firemen slowly began to win the fight.

Old-timers recall the adjoining streets were jammed with debris, fallen wires and stretches of water.

There was one peculiar sidelight ot the fire. Thousands of spectators, naturally turned up to see the spectacular scene. Police and firemen and other volunteers tried to move onlookers out of the danger areas.

The stubborn citizenry refused to move . . . until the rifle shells and shotgun ammunition in Ashdown's began to crackle like machine-gun fire.

The crowd quickly retreated, leaving the streets to the hardpressed firemen.

Within hours after the last smouldering ember was dampened down, workmen began to clean up the mess and the central business district went on with its work.

Ashdown's quickly rebuilt on the same corner where it had been in business practically from the day its founder, James H. Ashdown, opened his first tiny shop.

Death in the Darkness

Charles McPherson and Edmund Molyneux chatted with their comrades at No. 3 Fire Station, relaxing after one brief run to extinguish a burning haystack.

The apparatus had been spruced up again, as is the rule, and the fire wagons stood in their ordered place in the half-light of the hall.

No. 3's fine horses munched quietly on on their hay in the stable-stalls and it seemed as if the rest of the evening would be quiet.

McPherson was a young Scot, who, like many of his countrymen, had settled in Winnipeg and joined either the fire or police department.

Molyneux, despite his French name, was a devote Irish Catholic. He had just joined the Ancient Order of Hibernians and planned to attend mass on the morrow in Immaculate Conception Church, just a few blocks from Maple St., where No. 3 station still stands.

They did not know on that quiet Saturday evening they would be the first members of the Winnipeg Fire Department to die in the line of duty.

Three streets away was Main but it was quiet, too, on this night of March 9, 1912, for the hour was close to 10 p.m. and the Radford-Wright Building on the west side of Main by the CPR subway, stood dark.

Planers and saws which fashioned sash and doors in Radford's were silent.

No one saw the strange figure that emerged from behind a stack of lumber between Higgins Ave. and the CPR tracks.

Flames danced up from a small shack at the rear of the CPR immigration office, and, a few moments later, the stack of hay on Sutherland Ave. burst into flame as the stranger went to work.

Behind the sash factory he paused for awhile by a lean-to and, in moments, smoke curled up from the shed. Two passersby stopped to watch and then rushed to find a policeman who also had been attracted by the smell of smoke.

In short order, McPherson and Molyneux and their mates from stations No. 1 and 3 responded to the alarm.

When firemen arrived, the flames had moved into the factory and were threatening the second floor. Unknown to the firemen, now trying to check

the fire's progress, two naphtha vats stood only a few feet away.

Closer and closer the flames edged toward the vats as Capt. Sanderson and eight firemen mounted ladders to reach the second floor. McPherson and Molyneux were among them.

Across Main, hundreds of persons began to gather with the curiosity only the excitement of a fire can create.

Clarence Walker, who worked for the CPR dining car department, left his office and climbed on the train shed for a better look.

On Main, Walter Rowley, street railway conductor who loved hockey and who would not have been there if he had not found the Auditorium rink sold out for a playoff game, edged closer to see what was going on.

Leo Blute, who worked in The Manor Hotel, wasn't that interested. He paused for a few moments and moved on.

Antonio Novaro, fruit dealer, also stopped to look, and 12-year-old Charlie Chapman with boyish inquisitiveness, struggled through the crowd to see better.

With the abruptness of the bomb the vats exploded. The factory walls were hurled outwards and the sky rained bricks.

Electric light poles were smashed into slivers.

The live wires writhed sparking on the street as the screaming, panic - stricken watchers sought safety. As the roar of the detonation died away, the firemen, stunned for the moment, charged into the debris to seek their missing comrades.

Molyneux still was alive, but died in the ambulance.

McPherson was dead.

Their mates, firemen John N. Gibson, R. G. McDonald, Charles Schram and J. R. McKinnon, were found alive but injured and taken to hospital.

The venturesome Rowley, standing in the factory door for a better look, was thrown against a fire hydrant and instantly killed.

Blute, who had decided to move on, was killed in a hail of falling bricks as was Novaro and little Charlie Chapman. The eager Walker missed his footing, fell from the train shed, struck his head on a coach below, and was killed.

Nine other spectators were taken to hospital, including one man who blundered into the path of a speeding ambulance.

Police later apprehended the suspect who confessed that in a short but deadly career he had set more than 200 fires.

A small section of crumbling foundation north of the CPR subway still stands as a reminder to the night when hell broke loose on North Main St.

And there still are a few oldtimers, retired from the fire department, who remember McPherson and Molyneux.

Fire in the Dawn

The spring breeze in the early hours of May 1, 1892, danced hither and yon, first from the north, than from the south riffling dust and paper scraps along William Ave.

Detective Munroe, city police department, didn't mind the bite in the wind. He hunched up the collar of his overcoat as he headed for police headquarters on routine business.

Like any good law-enforcement officer, Munro had an eye for all that went on around him. He was glancing west on Ross Ave. when he saw a finger of flame brighten the blackness of the sky. He didn't hesitate, hurrying to alarm box 62 and whipping down the lever which sent the signal racing to Central Fire Hall.

Fire Chief William Code and the horse-drawn apparatus responded promptly and the venerable Billy, beloved by all oldtime fire fighters and one of Winnipeg's most respected citizens of his day, found the heart of Winnipeg's live theatre activity — The Princess Opera House — in flames.

Before Code managed to sprawl in his office chair 24 hours later nursing a bad cold acquired in fighting the blaze, city firemen had fought the most spectacular fire in the young city's history.

Nineteen buildings were destroyed or damaged, many of them livery stables, two black-smiths shops, couple of boarding houses and several private residences.

Only heroic work by the firemen, handicapped as they were in finding one hydrant had been turned off by the waterworks people and a breakdown by a steam pumper, confined the fire in an area bounded by Jemima and Ross avenues, Adelaide and Princess streets.

Jemima now is known as Elgin Ave.

Aided by the variable wind, the flames reached out for McGregor's livery stable next door and it soon was burning merrily.

Code tried to surround the fire with a wall of water, but the loss of two lines due to the steam pumper's failure made his task more difficult.

Hard hit was J. Penrose, who lost his warehouse, stable and residence on Ross Ave. as flames roared through the wooden structures. Then the fire reversed direction and swept across Princess St. to ignite T. Green's building which housed Salvation Army offices on its second floor.

For awhile, too, it appeared as if The Grand Union Hotel, Princess and Ross, was doomed but hard-working firemen contained the damage to a badly-scorched exterior. Paulin and Co., pioneer biscuit makers, who still are in business on the same stand as Paulin-Chambers, also had a narrow escape.

The Globe Hotel, Jemima and Princess, was not so lucky and was badly damaged. The proprietor, fearful of his liquor stocks, moved a barrel of the finest brandy into a nearby lane. When he returned to it when the flames were extinguished he found the barrel empty.

Cause of the fire was never proven. W. H. Seach, operahouse owner, said it could have been an exploding oil lamp. He had left the building after the Saturday-night performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Everything had been secure.

The livestock used in the play were lodged in McGregor's livery stable and driven into the street by the firemen. One of three bloodhounds, however, decided to return to the burning stable and perished in the flames. The nearby streets were a confused mass of spectators, lowing cattle and frightened horses. It is said a wee donkey, used by the cast, had to be persuaded to flee the burning livery stable by a fireman who held a burning scantling under its tail. During the excitement the animal munched quietly in nearby patches of grass.

Through the sabbath, firemen had to watch for flying embers. Some landed on the roof of the Leland House, William and Albert, but were doused by a Captain Douglas, who organized a water-pitcher brigade.

Among persons who felt the loss keenly was the firm of Pelkey and Gordon. They had sold $2,705 worth of advertising as was the fashion of the day on a "magnificent" new curtain-drop for The Opera House. The advertisers never received their money's worth.

Mr. Pelkey and Mr. Gordon announced they would not solicit any more advertising but did not say if there would be any refunds.

Money-wise it was not a great fire as you would measure it now. Total loss was $100,000, but this was 1892 when a dollar built more in an age of wood and brick veneer, than it does today.

Fortunately, there were no fatalities. A Mrs. Hunter, who operated a boarding house, was ill abed but was carried to safety. Several firemen suffered from the smoke and heat and a chimney sweep, W. B. Morris, was hit on the head by a falling timber, but survived.

Everybody had a good word for the fire department, which, in time, became one of the finest in Canada. Two passers-by, Abe Smith and Walter Johnston, were praised for not only implementing Munro's first alarm but running around the street awakening neighbors.

Tragedy on the Sabbath

The boys at No. 1 station knew it was going to be a bad one as soon as they wheeled their trucks west on Albert St.

A crimson glow hung over the downtown business section — unreal on this unusually-warm sabbath morning, for it was not yet dawn and the veteran firefighters at the old central fire hall knew what that patch of pink against the night sky meant — trouble.

Sam Cancilla saw it, too.

Sam was walking past the Medway Court, just a few steps away from Portage Ave. when he saw the first fingers of flame dance from the apartment block roof.

There is a rule that when you pull a fire box you stand by to direct firemen to the scene of the fire.

But the Medway Court had its own ghastly beacon that morning of Sept. 1, 1929.

Flames already were roaring out of the windows of the upper floors of the four-storey block when District Chief Charles Stewart, in his fire-red automobile screeched to a stop on a street already jammed with cars in this era before overnight parking was banned.

Charlie, a modest hero at the Winnipeg Theatre fire in 1926 and the Casa Loma disaster in 1928, took one look and galloped to the nearest alarm box to get more men and equipment.

Men and gear from stations 3, 10 and 14 augmented the first arrivals from stations 1 and 2. The screams of tenants trapped on the upper floors greeted the firemen, who quickly unlashed life-nets and implored those at the windows to hang on for just a moment longer.

Directed by Capt. Tom Beech of No. 1 station, who one year earlier had joined District Chief, then captain, Stewart in the most dramatic and heroic rescues in fire department annals at the Casa Loma fire, the firemen caught 12 persons who jumped.

One woman sprained her arm. Others terrified by the flames, did not wait for the life-net.

When the sun arose on the smoking shell of Medway court, eight were dead, 10 injured.

One other person, William Edwards, who did not wait for the life-net, died from injuries the following day.

The Appleby and Edwards families were hard hit. Alfred Appleby and his 11-yer-old daughter Irene perished in the flames.

He had sought desperately to save another daughter, Alice by holding onto her ankles from the window-sill but had to release his grasp and she fell to the pavement, horribly injured.

Mrs. Appleby was among the injured.

Mrs. Marjorie Edwards, apparently no relation to William Edwards, brought her family to Winnipeg to be near her own folks at St. Norbert after her husband had been killed in a traffic accident in Ontario. Mrs. Edwards and her two youngsters, Marjorie, 11, and Gordon, 9, died in the flames.

Fifteen-year-old Charlie Appleby was vacationing at Grand Beach and missed the holocaust that killed his father and sister.

Mrs. Sarah Gaunt and her roomer, Ralph Weighton, were asphyxiated in their beds.

There were several instances of individual bravery.

Two cab drivers, Charlie Greco and Fred Prout and two other passers-by, Duncan McGeachy and George Miner, were cited for their heroism, helping the tenants to safety before the flames forced them to retreat.

Cause of the fire remained something of a mystery.

The block has just been freshly painted and the fire commissioner felt this had helped spread the fire so quickly.

Windows on the Edmonton St. side of the building generally were opened to catch the south-west breeze and this, too, helped move the flames.

An insistent building commissioner, James Smith, had seen a new staircase built in the front of the block. This measure was enforced after the Casa Loma tragedy and many of those who escaped used this stairway. The original two stairways were engulfed in flame.

The Medway Court was rebuilt.

When the College Burned

The cathedral city at of St. Boniface has had its moments of triumph and tragedy, dignity and disaster, but no date is more etched on the memories of many St. Boniface citizens than Nov. 25, 1922.

On that wintry morning 53 years ago fire swept the city's ancient college, killing one serving brother and nine students. Eighteen other persons were injured.

This fire is included in this series because of the large number of Winnipeggers concerned. Many Winnipeg youngsters attended the school. Winnipeg fire department, under Deputy-Chief David Yeddeau, was involved.

Four of the boys who perished — Lawrence Legree, 15; Henry Pellissier, 15; Leopold Tremblay, 9: and John McGlyn, 9 — were Winnipeggers who boarded at St. Boniface College, receiving their education from the Jesuits.

The 195 people in the college, including priests, brothers and students of all ages, had gone to bed in a happy frame of mind.

An excellent concert had been held in the college recreation room. But, shortly after 2 a.m., Rev. Fr. Onesime LaCouture, prefect of discipline and study, heard a muffled explosion.

Leaving his room to investigate, he was greeted by a second blast as flames suddenly erupted through the hall floor. Struggling through the smoke, he managed to sound the school's electric alarm bells and grabbed a small hand bell which he rang vigorously before the flames forced him to retreat.

Brother Emile Lord, in a second-floor room, also awoke when he heard the explosion.

Brother Lord tried to get into the college office to telephone the fire department when he saw the flames, but was unable to do so.

Clad in underwear and cassock, he found an exit still not blocked by flame and smoke, and raced to the St. Boniface fire department to get help. Fire Chief Thos. Gagnon, who was at No. 2 station in Norwood responded with the men from that station. The chief took one look at the holocaust and telephoned Winnipeg for help. Three trucks, including an aerial ladder wagon, under Deputy-Chief Yeddeau, sped across the Red to help.

The college, built in 1882, was destroyed.

There were bitter charges of cowardice and incompetence laid against the St. Boniface firemen.

It appeared, too, that the department lacked ladders to reach the fourth floor where some youngsters were trapped.

Chief Gagnon said at the inquiry that followed the tragedy that his men had rescued "four or five" students. Most bitter was the father of James Duquette, Whitewood, Sask. Mr. Duquette revealed he had lost two other sons on one day in the First World War and the shock had killed his wife. Now he had lost a third son. The inquiry stretched on as dozens of witnesses were cross-examined. The heating system was blamed and later the possibility of an explosion in the college chemical laboratory was probed.

But, as in every tragedy, there was evidence of marked personal courage. Oliva Lafleche, whose mother had died at his birth, was a 16-year-old from St. Charles. He succeeded in reaching safety before he found some of his chums had not been so lucky.

Returning to help them, he died in the flames.

Twenty-one-year-old Herbert Doyle plunged into the smoke to seek out the smaller boys.

He had a 15-year-old in his arms, helping him down a ladder when the youngster fainted.

Father Beaulac was another who carried several smaller boys out of the building before the inferno halted his rescue attempts.

The fire was a personal tragedy for Alderman Taylor of St. Boniface City Council.

He was not aware of the fire until an elder son, Osborne, burst into the family home at 66 Laverendrye St., bruised and cut after leaping from an upper window. Mr. Taylor rushed to the fire for another son, 17-year-old Arthur, also was a boarder.

On the previous evening Arthur had dined with his family and asked to be allowed to sleep at home that night. He had won some trophies at the college and he wanted to bring them home, but his parents told him not to break college rules.

The fire's youngest victims, Trembley and McGlynn, apparently panicked and fled to the college tower which also served as a fire escape. They never were seen alive again.

The saddened city closed its shops and flew its flags at half-mast as a solemn requiem mass was held for the dead in St. Boniface Cathedral.

A seismograph, the only one in Western Canada, relics of the explorer Laverendre and Father Ulneau and the loyal Indians who perished with him in the Fort St. Charles massacre also were lost as well as $40,000 worth of valuable books in the library.

The grieving Jesuits reorganized and continued the work of the institution, founded by Bishop Provencher in 1818.

Holocaust on Portage Ave.

The evening of June 7, 1954, was breezy, to say the least.

Folks coming home from work at the supper hour found the mounting gale difficult to walk against.

Small boys on the Centennial School ground abandoned their baseball game because everytime the ball was hit the wind carried it into the street. It was a time for kite-flying or sailing — if you had something as large as a four-masted schooner — but not much else.

By midnight, the wind had reached 50 m.p.h. or more. At 1.18 a.m., there was a telephone alarm received at fire department headquarters and the first apparatus on the scene found a small fire behind a neon sign above a clothing store on the Time Building, Hargrave and Portage. It was an obstinate little fire.

When firemen turned on hydrants, the wind blew the water from the hose lines into the fire fighters' faces.

When firemen ripped loose the sign, the wind whistled it up Portage Ave.

In moments, the fire was creeping between the floors in the seven-storey building which housed a maze of offices and small businesses and the J. J. H. McLean music store at ground level.

At 1.59 a.m., Chief David Clawson decided more equipment was needed and rang in a second alarm.

At 5.53 a.m. as the raging inferno, riding on the gale, leaped across Hargrave and gutted the Dismorr Block and then jumped north to The Henry Building, Chief Clawson sounded a third alarm and every truck in the department — save one in the north and one in the south that kept lonely vigils protecting the immediate neighborhood — was on the scene.

Off-shift firemen were called to the scene to augment the crews already on the job.

At one stage, the flames, leaping hundreds of feet into the air, threatened the T. Eaton Co. department store.

One small blaze did break out on the sixth floor of the massive store, but was quickly extinguished.

The intense heat shattered every window on Eaton's Portage Ave. side, despite a steady curtain of water poured against the side of the building by Eaton's 50-man fire department.

By 6 a.m., sheets of flame blanketed the width of Hargrave and it was feared the entire Portage Ave. area to Donald St. was doomed.

But firemen battled to block the fire by the Affleck Building.

The Henry Building, ignited by the chunks of fiery debris carried by the wind across the lane from the Dismorr Block lost its two top floors to the flames before firemen checked this new blaze.

As the morning wore on and the wind subsided, weary firemen finally got the fire under control.

They were still, on the job at nightfall, pouring water on the smouldering ruins.

Portage Ave. looked as if it had been hit by an air raid.

The area between Donald and Carlton Streets was closed by police.

Eaton's 4,500 employees arrived for work only to find the store closed.

The fire damage was estimated between $2 million and $3 million. The National Research Council ordered an investigation.

Fortunately, apart from minor scalds caused by the combination of water and heat, nobody was injured.

One fireman was knocked down by the back draft after he pried open an office door, but picked himself up.

At one time, firemen played two high-pressure lines vertically to provide a wall of water on Portage Ave. and a pumper chased after flying embers in the downtown area.

Perhaps the fire's most spectacular moment occurred shortly after 5.30 a.m.

With a whomp and a roar, the entire east side of the Time Building was enveloped in flame. Hargrave St. was a solid mass of fire.

The falling wall, prodded by the wind, collapsed on the Dismorr Building's tar-covered roof and, in the twinkling of an eye, the Dismorr Building was a mass of flame.

The west wall gave away about the same time, destroying a two-storey building housing bowling alleys next door.

More than 100 businesses were destroyed.

It cost the city of Winnipeg $25,200 to clear up the mess. The fire department spent $9,000 replacing equipment lost or damaged.

Six days after the fire; firemen still had crews dampening down the smouldering debris.

It was the worst fire in Winnipeg history and the fire department blamed it on the wind.

During the 30-hour period between 5 p.m. June 7 to late the following day it had answered 91 alarms, mostly concerning fallen power lines.

Between the supper hour and the first call to the Time Building, the big red trucks rolled 53 times.

"There would have been nothing to it if it hadn't been for the wind," said Chief Clawson, as his men picked up their gear.

A handsome new bank stands on the site of The Time Building and the other buildings were reconstructed, but the department remembers June 8, 1954, as the day of its greatest battle.

When the Walls Fell Down

Downtown Winnipeg on the crisp morning of Dec. 23, 1926 had a restive air. Stores were jammed with shoppers for Christmas and the festive season was just a few hours away. The citizenry went about its business, lightheartedly in anticipation of the approaching holiday.

At No. 2 fire station, Smith at York, the day platoon had finished its routine housekeeping when the brassy clang of the alarm bell echoed through the building. No. 2 always was a busy station, being located close to the central business area. The lead truck out to answer the alarm had barely turned north on Smith when firemen noted the growing black

smudge in the December sky.

And, in fire department headquarters, somebody made a note for future reference that the alarm had come in at 9:56 a.m.

For four of the firemen responding on their speeding apparatus it would be the last alarm they would ever answer.

The smoke-cloud, billowing upwards in the chilly northwest breeze, beckoned to many curious, who raced down nearby streets to ascertain its source. They found the Winnipeg Theatre, first opened in 1883, ablaze.

A crew, under Capt. Charles Stewart from No. 2 station, was the first in the building.

Firemen David Williamson and James Brass moved down the main aisle with a hose line when the fire was found to be around the stage. To Stewart's experienced eye this was a fire that needed more fighters and he left the theatre to put more hose into operation. Williamson and Brass and their buddies found the smoke a bit too much inside the building and slowly retreated.

Chief Buchanan had arrived by this time and realized the building was doomed. He ordered his men outside.

A group of firemen paused by the Adelaide St. entrance.

Buchanan was on the pavement, giving orders and Capt. Stewart with Fireman Robert Shearer began to withdraw the lines.

Without warning, the Adelaide St. wall began to buckle outward. Stewart and his men began to scamper to safety but, with a thunderous roar, the wall came down, showering firemen with bricks, plaster and blazing woodwork. Capt. Stewart made it to safety.

His mates were not as fortunate.

Frantically, other firemen, with no heed for their own safety, began to dig in the burning rubble for their missing friends.

One by one a few firemen who had been caught by the falling wall struggled to freedom, all with various injuries.

Chief Buchanan called the roll as police shepherded thousands of curious spectators away and the department's district chiefs and captains coaxed their mates to move to safety as the Notre Dame Ave. wall commenced to sway perilously.

Chief Buchanan found he had three men missing, Shearer, Donald Melville and Robert Stewart.

By this time ambulances had taken the injured men to hospital.

It was after 1 p.m. before Melville's body was found.

The bodies of Shearer and Stewart were found a few hours later.

Arthur Smith, Chief Buchanan's driver, was in hospital, horribly burned.

He died that evening.

Nine other firemen were injured, some seriously. Nearly all the dead and injured were from No. 2 Station where Tribune reporters were prone to drop in on the night shift for a friendly hand of cards.

Winnipeg citizens established a fund to aid the dead firemen's families. All were First World War veterans and were given a civic funeral.

Nobody ever really did find out what caused the fire. The theatre had been "dark" for some time. There was the "man in the beaver coat" who was alleged to have entered the building earlier in the day.

But, when he was located, it was discovered his coat merely had a fur collar.

Evidence concerning his actions was confusing. The night watchman admitted he had allowed three men to enter the theatre around 2 a.m. to a little beer-drinking.

The watchman said he had checked the premises before he left.

Investigation revealed the fire had burned fiercely in one of the dressing rooms and some beer bottles had been found in the debris.

The coroner's jury was not quite satisfied with the evidence, but the cause of the fire was declared unknown, the heating plant being excluded as the reason.

The destruction of the Winnipeg Theatre hastened the end of "live theatre in the late 1920s in Winnipeg.

But Dave Dunnett, now retired as fire chief, trembles a little when anybody mentions the theatre's name.

"I was just a rookie at the time, but, as we came up Notre Dame Ave., we could see it was a bad one."

Dave was a career fireman who did an outstanding job as the department's chief executive.

He answered numerous alarms as he progressed up the ladder of command, but none is more forcibly etched in his memory than the fire that killed four comrades.

One Sunny Saturday

April 14, 1928, was a sunny Saturday in spring. The folks who were at home in their suites in the Casa Loma Block did their chores, dozed, read afternoon newspapers and pondered on what to have for supper. On Sherbrook St. Constable Angus McIvor strolled his beat, nodding to the odd acquaintance.

The sky was only slightly cloud-specked overhead and McIvor chanced to look up. He saw smoke billowing from an upper window.

Quickly, he found a telephone and called the fire department. The men on duty at stations 1, 2, 10 and 14 didn't know it then as their apparatus snaked through the Saturday afternoon traffic but, before the day was out, it would be the Winnipeg fire department's finest hour.

The Casa Loma fire produced enough heroics, tragedy and horror to fill any number of movie scripts.

There are old-timers, retired from the department, who still shudder at the thought of the way in which they fought their way through flames and smoke and the deadly obstacle of overhead wires to rescue persons trapped on the upper floors.

Five perished in the blaze.

The firemen, aided by several courageous spectators, rescued many more.

Six persons were injured including veteran district chief David Yeddeau, knocked down by a wildly-swinging high-pressure line.

The old-timers still talk about Capt. Charlie Stewart's rescue of a woman on the fifth floor. Stewart, who narrowly escaped death in the Winnipeg Theatre fire of 1926, ran up the aerial ladder in an effort to reach the woman.

Overhead power lines were in the way with the danger of electrocution.

Normally, the wires would have been cut but this would have taken 10 to 15 minutes, Stewart later observed, and there just wasn't time. People were perched on window sills as flames licked at them from burning suites, imploring help.

There was a gap between the end of the ladder and the woman but Charlie Stewart reached out and gained the window sill with his finger-tips. Getting onto the ledge he managed to get the woman, Mrs. A. W. Sprague, into the arms of two more firemen who had followed Stewart.

Capt. Tom Beech, No. 1 Station, was another who risked his life to rescue people trapped on window ledges. When he was lauded in Monday's newspapers he shrugged off the entire business as merely being "in the line of duty."

Capt. Beech was a veteran smoke-eater in 1928. He had fought the Radford-Wright fire of 1912 in which two firemen and five spectators were killed.

Mrs. Margaret McNeill found smoke and flame forcing their way into her fifth-floor apartment. She climbed out of the window as firemen bellowed at her to hang on for just a few more moments.

The ladders could not reach her. Firemen scrambled to get the little-used safety net and Mrs. McNeill hanging by her finger-tips let go. Women on the street screamed and looked away.

A sigh of relief echoed across the crowded pavement as firemen helped Mrs. McNeill to the police ambulance with only a broken arm.

Lloyd Brown, university student, sat pecking at his typewriter, when he noticed smoke edging under his room door. Finding the corridor a mass of flame he crawled out of his window and plunged into the safety net, injuring his back slightly.

Others didn't wait for the net. Clayton Heake, a bridegroom of six months, screamed to his wife:

"Follow me, kid, it's our only chance."

They leaped to the pavement. Heake died in the police ambulance and his wife was badly injured.

The dead included Heake, Mrs. E. Hamilton, her daughter Mrs. W. F. Gassler, Walcott MacNeill and George Douglas.

All but Heake were asphyxiated. The unlucky MacNeill had won the Military Cross with the 27th battalion in The First World War.

The fire was believed to have started in a garbage pail by an elevator shaft which carried the flames to the higher floors. One of the block's fire hoses burst when the water was turned on.

Firemen worked so skillfully that portions of the building were undamaged. It was remodelled and still houses tenants, but only those who were there remember that hellish Saturday.

Chapter Five

people and places . . .

The Story of Bridges

I have had a long and ardent love affair with bridges. They are fascinating and challenging, such as the swinging bridges at Souris over the Souris River and the Capilano bridge in Vancouver.

I have stood on the Lion's Gate bridge and watched meticulously-clean navy ships steaming underneath. The ponderous, brooding CPR bridge over the Old Man River outside of Lethbridge also rated a second look.

My favorite bridge, though, always has been the Arlington Street viaduct which appears to be coming to the end of its days. The kids on our street never knew it as a viaduct. It was simply a bridge, to visit on a summer's day when school was out, to lean lazily over the railings and watch the busy railway yards below.

If you were not careful you could get generously sprinkled with soot and cinders when some doughty little yard engine went shunting through underneath, hiding the bridge in a black - brown cloud.

The Arlington Street bridge was supposed to have spanned the Nile but came from the Birmingham, England, firm of Cleveland Iron Works which designed it, to Winnipeg 61 years ago.

This story is occasionally denied. But the Arlington Street bridge has been a faithful servant to the people of North Winnipeg as has Redwood bridge, which during the 1950 flood remained the only link with Elmwood and East Kildonan across the Red.

The Salter Street viaduct was only a few blocks from Arlington but we few kids ignored it. It was a rickety thing with wooden planking for pedestrians and, when it was demolished and rebuilt in 1932, it wasn't before time.

Winnipeg's most historic bridge is the Louise, first built in 1881. It still serves the eastern side of the Red, although the fine Disraeli bridge and

freeway has removed much of the traffic load.

The laying of the corner stone of the Louise Bridge took place Aug.9, 1880, and for 25 years it connected Winnipeg with St. Boniface and the scattered homes northeast of the growing city. In 1906 Winnipeg absorbed a chunk of St. Boniface to be known as Elmwood.

Originally, the bridge was for railway, traffic and pedestrians. It was built by the city but the Canadian Pacific Railway promptly rented it at a rental of $100 per month until 1904. A new bridge was built in 1909 and is in use today.

Before the Louise bridge was built the only means of reaching St. Boniface was by ferry. City council decided to name the bridge after Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the Marquis of Lorne, governor-general of Canada.

The Princess did not make the trip here due to illness but her husband arrived Aug. 1, 1881, and undoubtedly travelled across the bridge, for he visited St. Boniface where he delighted the local citizenry by replying to an address of welcome in French by using the same language.

The bridge was first swung open June 7, 1881, and the first train crossed it June 26. The corner stone ceremonies were unique. Mayor Alexander Logan declared a half-holiday so that everybody could be on hand. A large tent was erected on the east side of the river for members of city council and their guests. Ample supplies of refreshment were ferried over and placed in the tent for the pleasure of the important people of the day.

However, as the speeches droned on, somebody crept into the tent and stole all the booze. A new supply quickly was obtained when the nefarious act was discovered but everybody appeared to be sharing the stolen liquor.

One writer described it: "It seemed as if all the dead-beats and bummers of the city had been waiting and watching for the opportunity to get drunk and they evidently made the most of it. It was a great, glorious and illimitable orgy."

A historical box, containing pictures, papers, cereals, coins, and such was placed within the stone and, as far as it is known, is still there.

It was a rugged bridge. It had not been opened too long when the Broadway bridge at the foot of Broadway Avenue collapsed under pressure from ice floes in the spring thaw and was swept downstream. It crashed into the Louise bridge which stood firm. In 1957 it was closed briefly for repairs. It has not been opened for river traffic since 1963.

Some of our other bridges are in a bad way. Redwood has not been opened since 1964.

The 1930's saw considerable bridge building with the construction of the Provencher, Main Street and Salter Street bridges. The Main Street bridge

officially is known as Bridge of the Forts. The Disraeli, Midtown and Perimeter bridges connecting West and East St. Paul are comparatively new.

Winnipeg has been rather free from bridge disasters. Those that happened hurt no one. A 330-ton concrete counter — balance weight on Osborne Street bridge used to open the bridge many moons ago, crashed down one morning in the 1930s but no one was on the bridge at the time. After all it was 3 a.m.

In November, 1957, a new aqueduct over the Assiniboine River from Waverley to Aubrey Streets, carrying a 36-inch water main on a 280-foot suspension structure, plunged into the river when the water was turned on.

Bridges are historic links with a community's past. Some of our old friends may soon face the acetylene torch and sledge-hammer, for they are outliving their usefulness. Our town is getting bigger and our equally-historic waterways, The Red and Assiniboine and the railway yards, which were so fascinating in one's boyhood, still have to be crossed.

On With The Show!

Sept. 30, 1891, was an exciting morning in Winnipeg's early history.

Those who could get away from the shop or office were making tracks for the city's first industrial exhibition which was to stay open until Oct. 3. It was the first show of its kind in Winnipeg and the promoters, led by President Alexander MacDonald and C. N. Bell, secretary-treasurer, had worked hard to make it a success.

Winnipeg had long dreamed of an exposition, even if only a modest copy of the big fairs and exhibitions in Chicago and St. Louis and a well-attended meeting in city hall, Feb. 25, 1890, discussed the findings of a committee set up to investigate the possibilities.

A motion to ask city council to issue debentures not to exceed $30,000 for land and buildings was approved, but it wasn't until the following year that the exhibition became a reality.

A provincial agricultural exhibition was opened Oct. 4, 1871, but because of the threat of invasion by the Fenians, interest declined among the spectators. The United States army came across the border at Pembina and chased the invaders back onto U.S. soil — but that is another story.

The 1891 exposition attracted entries in agriculture, livestock, mining, manufacturing, horticulture, dairying and other lines. The main event as

far as entertainment was concerned was "The Little World from Australia," billed as the greatest mechanical wonder of the age.

I remember seeing something similar on a smaller scale in a store window on Portage Ave. when I was a youngster.

The exposition included horse racing, pony and dog races for the children, a school drill competition, lacrosse and baseball matches, a dog show "covering the best and most valuable dogs in the country," band competitions, firemen's hose-reel races, military displays, children's races and athletic contests, the inevitable baby show, a printers' type-setting contest and "a magnificent display of fine arts."

The posters proudly proclaimed that the grounds would be lighted with electricity, and telegraph and telephone facilities were available in the event you wanted to let the folks at home know your pet Clydesdale had won the blue ribbon. The railways provided reduced fares.

Despite the unusual time of the year — fairs, generally, are held in the summer months and the promoters may have been risking autumn rains — the people turned out with great enthusiam.

On opening day 65 rigs and 1,650 people were on the grounds by noon hour and, by closing time more than 7,000 had paid admission, a remarkable turn-out when you consider the city's size in those days.

There were more than 4,000 exhibits and the CPR, in a remarkable display of co-operation, had brought them free of charge from as far away as British Columbia. The provincial government had given the exposition a grant of $7,500 and city council had found 70 acres in north Winnipeg.

Civic-minded ratepayers had approved the bylaw for the debentures. Prizes for the exhibits totalled $13,500. Altogether, a stout effort by a rising young community. Winnipeg, you must remember, was less than 20 years old.

In 1892 the exhibition was held in mid-summer and, in 1904, it drew a total of 210,000 persons. The last exhibition was held in 1914 as war shadows gathered over Europe. That exhibition saw some firsts for Winnipeg, such as the first airplane. The big show was not revived until 1927, on the same site despite earlier efforts to change the grounds to West Kildonan.

The name Old Exhibition Grounds, remains. It is one of the better recreation areas in metropolitan Winnipeg with facilities for soccer, baseball, football, softball and hockey and, if there is finer turf anywhere, I have not yet seen it.

The 1927 show was successful. To a band music buff, the highlight was the visit of the Australian National Army band, a solid brass outfit highlighting Thomas Bollen, one of the world's outstanding cornetists.

But one rainy afternoon Bollen slipped on the boardwalk and sustained

a nasty concussion. He spent exhibition week in hospital and did not get out to reveal his virtuosity until the band played two free concerts the following Sunday. I remember clearly the numerous encores whenever he stood up to play.

The depression killed the exhibition until 1934 when it was held at River Park in observance of Winnipeg's 60th birthday. Times were too uncertain to allow it to become an annual event again until 1951, when the enterprising young men of the Kinsmen club decided to sponsor a summer fair at Sherburn Park, the old home of women's softball, lacrosse and the baseball Maroons on Portage Ave. West.

In 1952, the Red River Exhibition was first held at Osborne Stadium, which also has disappeared. In 1954 it held forth at Polo Park, now the site of a shopping centre, and, in 1955, moved into the Winnipeg Stadium and arena. The Winnipeg "Ex" kicks off the schedule for class A fairs in Western Canada.

The Sally Ann

My first contact with the Salvation Army occurred in 1919 under rather grim and trying circumstances. It was Christmas. My dad had returned from the First World War in poor health and was unemployed. It did not look like a happy festive season in our house.

But, on Christmas Eve, there was a knock on the door and, when I ran to open it, a happy-faced young fellow in a Sally Ann uniform thrust two boxes of good things over the threshold, beamed broadly at mother who had trailed after me to the door, hollered "Merry Christmas from the Salvation Army," and disappeared into the night.

Somehow, you do not forget such happenings. Dad always had spoken well of the Salvation Army's good deeds for the troops, a service Second World War soldiers also were to laud.

When I was deemed old enough to walk to Main Street for Saturday night shopping, we always paused for a few moments for the Salvationists were making music on the street corner.

Often it only was two or three brass instruments and an accordion but they appeared to attract a silent audience which was not inclined to move on.

Since the first day the Salvation Army arrived in Winnipeg in December, 1886, music has played an integral role in Army life whether it is the band, singing companies or timbrel brigades.

History reveals that the Vinall family formed the first Salvation Army band in Winnipeg. The quality of Army band music has not declined here

and The Winnipeg Citadel band rates highly among Salvation Army bands on this continent.

On Dec. 8, 1886, the Salvation Army in Toronto said farewell to "The North-West Brigade" on the platform of the old Grand Trunk Depot as the team left for Winnipeg. The Christmas issue of The War Cry styled these brave venturers "Cold weather apostles who have the fire burning in their hearts."

The group consisted of Staff-Capt. Young, Captains Archer, Hackett and Harrison, and Cadets Tierney and Graham. Curious Winnipeggers who met them here were a little dismayed when this dauntless half dozen stepped off the train, knelt in the snow of the CPR station platform, thanked God for a safe journey and committed themselves to selfless service on the great prairies.

Winnipeg had suffered from an economic rebound after a real estate boom and the population had skidded to 20,000. But the Salvationists were not concerned about real estate. They were out to do good works, moving into Victoria Hall, then to the Green Hall and thence to the Opera House which was to be destroyed in a spectacular fire.

The newly-formed band lost all of its instruments and also the corps records. Then they located on Rupert Avenue where the Baptists first built a church.

This old building houses the Army's Harbor Lights centre for the redemption of alcoholics and the Winnipeg Citadel is a handsome building on Colony Street.

There are eight corps in Metropolitan Winnipeg, not forgetting numerous social agencies looking after the sick, the unwed mothers, the aged and so on. Grace hospital on aptly-named Booth Drive in St. James-Assiniboia is the Army's pride. The street was named for the Army's founder who visited Winnipeg to see how work was progressing in 1902.

Army history here is jammed with monumental notes to great deeds and remarkable people. Robert Smith, who was the first cadet from the Winnipeg corps pioneered the Army's work in Alaska.

The first German-born commissioner to command the Army's forces in his own land was Bruno Friedrich who was attracted to Army work here. The League of Mercy which does much for the sick and those in jail also had its beginnings here.

The first Salvation Army band to open the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto was from the Winnipeg Citadel. Music by crack Salvation Army bands are welcome to any collection but how many bandsmen know that some of the Army's better-known selections were written by local Army composers.

Will Carroll, Percy Merritt and Sydney Cox were among these Army

bandsmen with a flair for composition. Merritt's march, Winnipeg Citadel, is usually found on any Salvation Army recording.

As I see it, the Army's great strength lies in its ability to rise to the test in time of personal and community disaster. They always have an officer in police court. Seventy-odd people a year struggle to tell their troubles to the Anti-Suicide bureau when it appears a leap from the bridge is the only answer.

The Icelanders

Some sociologist remarked the other day that a city is merely a collection of smaller cities all huddled together.

I am not sure if Winnipeg qualifies or not but it has a history of particular streets, busy, off-the-track thoroughfares with character all their own.

Osborne, Selkirk, Sargent and McGregor streets are just a few. There is a hint that Osborne may become another Yorkville. This would give it a flavor all of its own.

West End folks for years called Sargent Avenue "Goolie Crescent", in recognition of the strong Icelandic neighborhood that clung to it.

I am not sure where the name "Goolie" comes from. It somehow was not as nasty as "bohunk" or "polack" or "yid" and I am not sure whether those solid expatriates from the little island of the North really appreciated it or not.

They were fine people. Their sons were exceptional hockey players, and all were extremely cultured as evinced by the printing shops and book stores which once lined Sargent Avenue.

Sargent Avenue begins at Edmonton Street and now stretches all the way to the International airport. But, in the old days, you did not meet the Icelanders until you reached McGee Street, with its Icelandic Good Templars hall and Skuli Bjarnason's barber shop.

Fridfinnson and Gislason ran a billiards hall and Oscar Sigurdson had a electrician's shop, all the time sharing space on the avenue with the Hong Sing laundry and the Wonderland Theatre. Mr. Johanason had a shoemaker's shop, in the shadow of No. 10 fire station.

As a youngster with ambitions to become a writer, I once applied for a job at the Viking Press but, not having the slightest idea of what Icelandic was all about, I never got past the front door.

Majority of the neighbors were good Lutherans but the Baptists were at the corner of Furby Street for many moons. Glancing through an old city directory the merchants on the street had such names as Gunne Johann-

son, grocer; Clafur Thorgeirson (and for years a chap named Thorgeirson owned a book shop and printing establishment. I wonder if he still is there); and Mrs. Lily Halldorson, a barber no less, among others.

The Icelanders were great competitors. They discovered hockey early and, by the First World War, were in active competition with the rest of the town.

The Young Lutherans' club became the Falcons, who brought a world championship to Winnipeg with that matchless array of such good Icelandic names as Benson, Johanneson, Goodman, Fredrickson et al.

The youngsters in the community were not far behind. Who remembers the Falcon juniors of 1921, our first national junior champions? A tolerant crowd, the Falcon juniors included such non-Icelandic names as goalkeeper "Scotty" Comfort, who qualified because he grew up in the neighborhood.

Fellows such as Sammy McCallum and Harry Neil qualified on ability. Both were north-enders, sworn foes of the west end in everything that could be played on ice or grass.

Not many of the famous Falcons of yesteryear remain. You do not see an Icelandic name in the hockey rosters nowadays. It wasn't until I had the pleasure of helping present the prizes to the John M. King school playground kids at No. 1 Legion Hall that I caught up with a fine-looking, flaten-thatched lad named Hallgrimson. Frank Fredrickson would have been delighted.

History reveals the first Icelanders came to Winnipeg in 1876, undoubtedly on their way to what was called New Iceland, the beginnings of the Icelandic settlement on the western shore of Lake Winnipeg.

By 1878 they had an Icelandic Society here to help retain old customs and cultures and their first church. The first arrivals lived on the river flats but, eventually, began to buy lots and build in the area around William Avenue.

This was the beginnings of a drift towards the western district of the struggling young city, for the original Icelandic Investment Company began to build on Nena Street, now Sherbrook, and obviously moved further west.

Icelanders form one of Canada's smaller ethnic groups and a good portion of them can be found in Manitoba. You still come across a lot of good Icelandic names around Glenboro in the southwestern corner of the province.

I have often written about the one Icelandic family in our old neighborhood, the remarkable Thorgeirsons. The family appears to be scattered now, although one of the sons still lives in the old family home on Cathedral Avenue. I remember him as an exceptional ball player in his youth. Another son is my next-door neighbor.

My old friend Skuli Anderson, the jewelry engraver and a lacrosse buff of long standing, recalls his youth on "Goolie Crescent" and lacrosse battles at Greenway school on Banning Street.

The Greenway students were always tough with the gutted stick as the scamps at Grosvenor school discovered one Saturday morning long ago. Greenway won 33-0 ... this was the 12-man field game, remember, and gentle Skuli says he and his Greenway chums slunk home embarrassed for scoring so many goals.

The old Icelandic flavor is leaving Sargent Avenue. The Icelandic Good Templars hall now belongs to the Foresters and the German Baptists have a handsome church on the corner of Simcoe.

Only the memories remain, delicious recollections of the day Falcons defeated the United States in Antwerp to become the world's finest amateur hockey team, the strong neighborliness which held these people together in good times and bad.

Picturesque Names

Out of the past have come numerous place-names of native origins. Many of them are melodious and beautiful to pronounce and of course the most prominent is Winnipeg which means "nasty water lake or sea or ocean lake" to the Indians of centuries past. David Thompson, the great mapmaker and explorer of the Canadian West, states more than once in his writings that Lake Winnipeg is called Sea Lake from its size.

The Jesuit Missionary report for 1640 which was sent to the church authorities in France has a reference to the "Ounupigon" or "dirty people," so called because the word "ouinipeg," the name of the unknown sea from the shores of which they came meant "dirty water." Some sources refer to the lake in 1720 as Michinipi or "big water."

The natives did not know about pollution and environmental control when they called the lake "Ouinipeg." I wonder what they would think if they saw our main rivers, the Red and Assiniboine today?

Joseph LaFrance descended the Winnipeg River in 1740 and called it "Ouinipique River." Lake Winnipegosis means "Little Winnipeg" to the natives although the explorer Jeremie in 1720 called it "Ouenipigouchib" and Fidler, the early surveyor, names it "Winnipegassish." The Assiniboia map of 1811 gives it its present spelling.

My favorite Indian place name, although I admire the good people of Manitoba's many villages and towns with these quaint names, is Wawanesa, which is Algonquin Indian for "whip-poor-will" for the birds were once

numerous in this pretty neighborhood. I understand too, that the Cheyenne, driven across the border by U.S. Cavalry after Little Big Horn, gave the countryside the same name. The true Indian Algonquin name is "Wahonesi."another source says the name means "wild geese" and J. B. Rudnyckyj's Manitoba Mosaic of Place Names reveals that according to J. A. Rayburn the name means "wild goose nest." In any event, it is a lovely name for a lovely corner of Manitoba.

Two other towns I always have enjoyed visiting are Neepawa, which means "Abundance" and comes from the Chippewan Indians, Minnedosa once was called Rapid or Little Saskatchewan. In 1879 J. S. Armitage, the first postmaster who came from Newmarket, Ontario suggested the name Minnedosa from the Sioux words, "minne" for water and "duza" for rapids. The Armitages had a daughter, born in 1880, they named Minnedosa. Mrs. Armitage's given name was Minnie.

Rudnyckyj does not list Waskada, another friendly community and the Geographic Board of Canada's Place-Names of Manitoba merely lists it as a village. The name certainly sounds native. Perhaps some of my old friends in Southwestern Manitoba can enlighten me.

Space really does not allow a comprehensive listing of all of the native names. Assiniboine commemorates the Assiniboine Indians. The name comes from "Assine," a stone and "bwan," native name of the Sioux, hence Stony Sioux. Early mappers had different names for the Assiniboine River. Thompson called it the Stone River. In his life of Laverandrye, Prud'homme, in his book published in 1916, says if we accept tradition prevailing among the Indians, it was called the Castor (beaver) River. Wasagaming is a name well-known to folks on holidays and it is the shopping and administrative centre of Riding Mountain National Park. Everyone refers to it by its translation of "Clear Lake."

One name I can't forget is Wekusko, which is given to a lake, falls and brook and also a hamlet in Northern Manitoba. Known to the community as "Herb Lake" for the name is Cree for sweet grass or herb. I crossed it one windy August evening a few years ago in a small boat with the breakers becoming more mountainous by the minute. My friend, Fred Burr, who was in command, knew what he was doing, and we docked safely. This lake has a nasty reputation for coming up rough in a matter of moments and has had its share of tragedies.

Rudnyckyj tells us Manitou, another attractive little town, was known as Manitoba City before the CPR reached it in 1881. I think the present name is more attractive. Manitoba is a name that has brought forth various explanations. Two of which say it means "great spirit" or "lake of the prairie" from the Assiniboine Indians' "mini" and "tobow." Laverendrye was the first white man to see Lake Manitoba who called it Las des Prairies.

You may have heard the yarn about two Western Canadian women who stopped at a roadside cafe in an Eastern state for tea. Two small boys studied the licence plate with interest. When the women came out to the car, one asked where they were from.

"Minnedosa, Manitoba," one woman replied.

"Good heavens, Bill," said the lad to his chum, "they do not even speak English."

I think you'll agree Manitoba's many native names add much to the general attractiveness of our province.

Young Men With Wings

Perhaps it was the flat prairie land which provided a vast area of emergency landing fields or just the natural pioneer spirit of the people, but flying and Manitobans seem to go hand in hand.

It is 65 years since Winnipeggers saw their first airplane. Since then the skies overhead are criss-crossed a hundred times a day with commercial air traffic. An airplane overhead is no longer a novelty but, in the warm summer of 1910, as thousands wended their way to the Winnipeg Industrial Expostion, the forerunner of the Red River Exhibition, on a sprawling exhibition site south of Selkirk Avenue by McPhillips Street, the anticipation of seeing a man really fly was overwhelming.

Eugene Ely was the man. He now is revered as one of America's pioneer airmen. Some Winnipeggers thought he was downright foolish to leave the ground in the flimsy pusher biplane he had brought with him. Small boys admired him greatly and, no doubt, imagined themselves in his place. Actually, Ely had filled in for another American, Whipple Hall, whose name was on the exhibition posters. Hall became ill and did not appear.

The wind was blowing lustily that July afternoon as thousands gathered for the first airplane flight in the city's history. Ely felt he couldn't let these good people down. To rousing cheers he got off the ground, circled the exhibition and landed safely.

But he pressed his luck. A second flight ended in disaster, Ely escaping with a gashed leg. Winnnipeg business men were impressed, however. They quickly raised $6,000 as a prize for Ely if he could fly to Portage la Prairie. He didn't make it.

In 1911 the exposition promoters decided to hire another aviator to thrill the customers, Frank Coffyn, billed as the daring Captain Coffyn, arrived and promptly defeated a motorcycle and an automobile in an unusual race.

On July 22 he gave W.C. Power, a local automobile dealer, a ride. Mr. Power was the first of millions of air passengers who have flown in Manitoba.

Eaton's were impressed by Coffyn. They offered him $1,000 to fly to Portage la Prairie but the Wright Company, which owned the airplane, thought the prize too small and turned down the offer.

Sam Tickell and the legendary Lincoln Beachey's brother Hillery came to Winnipeg the following season. Tickell had a narrow escape from death when he attempted a flight from River Park. The engine failed as Tickell tried to clear the grandstand. The machine plunged 40 feet to the race track but Tickell was uninjured.

Beachey made a successful flight at Portage la Prairie from Island Park and before a crowd of 10,000 he gave another demonstration in Winnipeg on Victoria Day, despite strong winds which heaved the fragile aircraft around like a toy balloon.

George Mestach, another American, came here in 1911 but his plane was badly damaged in a gale when he attempted a flight July 11. His partner, Jimmy Ward, however, was to make aviation history. He made 10 flights between July 12 and 19 and, on his first flight, he flew over the city at an altitude of 4,000 feet. He eventually reached 5,000 and, then, 6,000 feet. It was the first time anybody had flown a mile high in Canada.

Lincoln Beachey came to the exposition in 1914 and gave a wondrous display of stunt flying. He was the first to loop-the-loop and fly upside down.

Many other intrepid aviators thrilled Winnipeggers a half-century ago. Katherine Stinson, an American took off in pitch darkness Aug. 4, 1916, to raise money for the Manitoba Patriciotic Fund. Bonfires, automobile headlights and soldiers with flares lit the field. Miss Stinson had equipped her airplane with flares on the trailing edge of the wings which were ignited when she was airborne. As the flares dwindled she made a perfect landing.

The late Bill Straith was the first Manitoban to fly. He began experimenting with a home-made glider in 1908 at North Keppel, Ont., and made several short hops. In 1912 he built his own airplane at Brandon but it lacked enough power to get off the ground.

He installed a more powerful motor and turned the craft into a seaplane but it still didn't fly, although he churned up and down the Assiniboine River near Osborne Street in a bid to get airborne.

In 1913 Straith built another airplane and a more ambitious craft in 1915. He began making flights over the city but crashed into a high tension line and wound up in hospital.

A lifetime of flying — he was chief pilot for Trans-Canada Airlines in

1937 — ended for Straith when he died in a crash in New Mexico, April 14, 1947.

Straith, Ely, Coffyn, Stinson, Beachey and the unlucky Englishman, F. F. Minchin, who died trying to fly the Atlantic in Sept. 2, 1927, helped pioneer flight in this neighborhood. A long list of enterprising and brave men have followed them to leave Manitoba's place in the world of aeronautics on a high level.

Day of the Crystal Set

Who listens to radio these days? Housewives, people driving to work every morning, folks who patronize open line programs?

In any event, radio still is with us, despite the impact of television. Radio broadcasting in Winnipeg has marked its golden jubilee. While records are scanty radio broadcasting began here in 1922.

Premier John Bracken featured CKY's opening ceremonies as the first station began operations in 1922. Of all the pioneer stations, it has the only call letters that remain. When the present station organized after the Second World War, federal authorities granted it the old call letters which had gone off the air when CBW replaced the original station.

Perhaps you were around then to experience this new miracle in communications. You may even have built a crystal set from plans printed in The Tribune. There were no less than 10 firms selling radios and radio parts in 1922, but it was fun to build one.

The cardboard tubes used for mailing calendars or the centre rolls from toilet tissue were excellent for coils and an old phonograph record made an excellent panel for the dials.

In 1923, Toc H., a group of First World War veterans, presented crystal sets to the patients in local hospitals so they could listen to the local stations — CJNC, owned by The Tribune and utilizing an empty office on the second floor of the present building, CKY and CNRW, among others.

D. R. P. Coats, the well-liked "Darby," who also was an authority of Charles Dickens, was a prime mover behind the scheme.

Coats was one of the true pioneers of commercial broadcasting in Canada. A native of Gravesend, England, his enthusiasm for radio goes back to 1909 when he constructed his first receiver, using his kite as an antenna.

In those days, it was a marked achievement for amateurs around London to pick up Morse signals from the Eiffel tower station in Paris, using the bedspring as an aerial. Significantly enough, we hooked up our shortwave transistor receiver to the bedspring the other night and listened to

such faraway places as Bucharest, Quito and Hilversum without difficulty.

Coats came to Canada in 1911 to work for the Pacific Cable Board, but the call of the sea was too strong and he became a wireless operator for the Marconi company. He sent his first SOS when the SS City of Sydney ran aground on the Sambro rocks.

He escaped with his shirt and his trunk but his trunk tray and his much-prized radio library went to the bottom. Coats sold his trunk to a shipmate who sailed on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland. The trunk, thus, followed its tray to the bottom.

Coats was operator on the Morwenna when she was sunk by shell fire from a German submarine in 1915 and the shirt followed the trunk into the sea. Coats joined the infant CKY station in 1922 and moved to CJRW in Moose Jaw in 1927.

In 1934, he was back at CKY and, during the second war, was a technical officer at No. 3 Wireless school in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. One of his early achievements was a link with a station in Hastings, Neb., with the signal being picked up on a receiver and amplified.

Bill Hay of Amos 'n Andy renown, was one American artist who was heard over CKY in this unusual arrangement.

Herb Roberts, now retired after 4 years in broadcasting, joined CNRW in 1924, which made history to the Royal special program to the Royal Train carrying the Prince of Wales to his ranch at High River, Alberta. In 1932 he participated in the Commonwealth hook-up, broadcasting George V's first Christmas message.

He joined CKY that year and, then the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation put the new CBW on the air in 1948, absorbing the original CKY, he joined its new station, ending his career as CBC's station manager in Regina.

Herb can relate many incidents from radio's early days. The CNR had planned a special two-hour broadcast with a message from the president. Sir Henry Thornton. Everything was going nicely when, suddenly a strange voice broke into the program with some words not found in any dictionary.

Finally, the broadcast engineer found the source of the trouble. A CNR conductor at the Sprague sub-division had put his telephone hooks over what he thought was the dispatcher's line so he could report tieing up his work train for the night. Instead he had one hook over the dispatcher's line and the other on the broadcast line.

Who remembers such old-time local programs as the Manitoba Melody Minstrels, a radio version of the old-time minstrel show, Rueben Spinach, Ebony and White . . . Sunday night organ music by Herbert Sadler from

Westminster United church. A late Mr. Bach would switch on his radio, pick up his cello and play along with Mr. Sadler . . . the Orchid Carol Choir, directed by the late Victor Scott from the Tivoli theatre . . . soap operas, which now have moved to television . . . curling games from the Granite rink.

One particular final is recalled by Mr. Roberts who gave a graphic account of the play. As the final rock edged towards the button, Herb said: "I think he is going to miss it." A loud voice from the gallery cut in with: "Like he-ll he's going to miss it." Both commentaries were clearly heard on the air.

Herb remembers dedicating a solo by Frances James in the 1920s on the CNR broadcast for a passenger on the radio-equipped observation cars. The selection was "Trees." The passenger's name was Sparrow.

Pioneers of the Sky

You get a variety of aircraft engine sounds when you sit in your lawn chair at Sandy Hook: The swoosh of jet-propulsion as bright young fellows and patient instructors in Tutors and T-33's swoop up from nearby Gimli in a constant training grind; the steady hum of multi-gas engines as giant amphibians drone to their destination at Netley airport; and the lesser but unmistakable whine of single-engined floatplanes moving to destinations unknown across sprawling Lake Winnipeg.

It was the sight of a float-plane — seaplane most people would call it — picking its way through the rain-clouds that brought back memories of an earlier era when pioneer air-men were the main link with Manitoba's vast northern frontier.

How many of you remember the "Flying Boxcars" that were such noble servants of those air-minded people who knew that Manitoba's northern forests and lakes held the future of this province?

They were built by the Junkers firm, a name to be dreaded in the Second World War years. They ruled the sky along with the clumsy Vickers flying boats of the Royal Canadian Air Force whose job between the wars was to patrol the teeming forest and watch for fire.

Many of these early airmen, popularly known as "bush" pilots, were trained in the first war's Royal Flying Corps, flying by the seat of their pants, as they pushed Canada's air frontier into the far reaches, of the northern wilderness. They were stout fellows in stout airplanes, who put flying ahead of everything else.

The first flight to the north country was made in 1920 and in 1923 aerial mapping was attempted in the north. Gold was discovered at Red Lake in 1924 and J. E. Hammell rushed a party of prospectors to the site of the find in Ontario Provincial Air Service planes. This was the first large scale movement of mining men by air in Canada.

H. A. Oakes organized Patricia Airways in 1925. An ex-RFC man, "Doc" Oakes was reputed to be the first airman to equip an aircraft with skis, using two toboggans lashed to the undercarriage. In 1926 he coaxed James Richardson into forming Western Canada Airways.

Al Cheeseman, another immortal of the ranks of the bush fliers, joined them. Oakes left the group, however, to join his friend Jake Hammell in forming Northern Aerial Minerals, based at Sioux Lookout.

Western Canada Airways was a bold effort, the first attempt at a major air operation in these parts. If it had nothing else, it had the pilots, Bernt Balchen of Polar exploration fame, Capt. F. J. Stevenson, H. Hollick-Kenyon, who became renowned in Antarctic explorations, Ted Stull, Wop May, Jack Crosby, Punch Dickens, Dave Harding, Buck Buchanan, Pat Reid and Leigh Brintnell.

Stevenson flew the first freight shipment — 23 tons from The Pas to Sherritt-Gordon Mines in 1927. Stevenson, a native of Parry Sound who spent his boyhood in Winnipeg, was Canada's premier commercial pilot of the 1920's. He destroyed 18 enemy aircraft and three observation balloons with the RFC, but his brilliant career ended Jan. 5, 1928, when he crashed in a plane he was testing at The Pas.

Capt. Stevenson was buried in Brookside Cemetery. Stevenson Field was named for him. It is now Winnipeg's International Airport. Stevenson was awarded the Harmon International Trophy for his contribution to commercial aviation.

Many of the early bush fliers branched out for themselves in small operations such as Wings, formed by Roy Brown, Milt Ashton, Ted Stull and Jack Mann; Starratt Airways (Bob Starratt and Dale Atkinson); MacKenzie Air Service (Leigh Brintnell). Canadian Pacific Airlines absorbed Wings and Brown became head of Central Northern Airways.

Western Canada Airways operated air mail and passenger service to Regina, Edmonton and Calgary between 1930 and 1932. Eventually it was killed by the depression and the new Canadian Airways took over this firm and the Canadian Trans-continental Airways, another brave bid to provide inter-provincial air travel in commercial flying's fledging years.

The Manitoba Government Air Service was formed in 1932 and has been most valuable in bringing government services to Northern Manitoba.

Trans-Canada Airlines began to carry mail and freight March 1, 1939, and, a month later, the first passenger bought his ticket. Many of the pio-

neer airmen still were in business as the new government line took over.

When war broke out in 1939, these pioneers were invaluable in teaching a whole new generation of young Canadians how to fly. Among them were Gos Goulding, who had been a partner in the Canadian Aircraft Company, formed after the first war at Kirkfield Park with ex-RFC types, Tommy Thompson, Buster Grant, young Bill Straith and Chris O'Kelly, who had won the Victoria Cross in the mud of Flanders.

Gos commanded No. 18 Service Flying School at Gimli in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Harding, a member of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers' first Grey cup champions of 1935, had been a flight-lieutenant in the tiny Royal Canadian Air Force. He eventually commanded the air station at Hagersville, Ont.

These were the men who opened the north country with their skill in the air. The airplane, more than ever today, still is paramount in northern transportation.

The Wonder of the Telephone

I have always been fascinated by the telephone. At times it has been something of a nuisance when it rings a dozen times during the supper hour with small boys inquiring about hockey or something similar. But, to anybody in community work, it is the greatest invention ever, especially when you install a telephone with one of those thingamajigs which allows you to soften the ring.

Rural party lines, with so many rings for certain people, take some getting accustomed to because, for a city slicker, every time the phone rings you feel an urge to answer it. The farm folk., of course, know the number of rings off-by-heart and ignore every ring but their own.

Telephones now come in assorted designs and colors. Many average homes have two, including extensions to save steps. At last report 261,452 subscribers can be found in Winnipeg and 400,000 within the province. The telephone system couldn't tell me how many get tied up daily by teen-age daughters who get on the phone just when dad is expecting an important call.

Winnipeg had telephones 97 years ago and the telephone will mark its centenary here in 1878, quite a distinction when you consider Alexander Graham Bell did not get his first patent on his new invention until March 7, 1876.

Horace McDougall operated the first phones here as a private concern. He strung wires between the subscribers' offices and homes without any

connection with an exchange and this party-line arrangement involved the installation of as many phones as the circuits could carry. The dry Manitoba atmosphere was credited with allowing as many as 10 phones on a single line.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada bought out McDouglall in 1881. There were 26 subscribers in Winnipeg which had a population of 8,000 at that time. The Bell company operated its first switchboard May 22, 1881, and that pioneer hardwareman and civic figure, James H. Ashdown, joined with Hugh Sutherland as the first two subscribers under the new system.

Within five months, 90 telephones, were in operation and, by 1882, 235 subscribers were enjoying telephone service. The first exchange was located in the Caldwell Building at McDermot and Main, the heart of the young city's business life.

In 1895, the company erected its own building on Portage Ave. East, then known as Thistle St. The provincial government bought the system in 1908 and, between 1909 and 1913, the telephone became more popular, with exchanges being built in Fort Rouge, St. John's, Sherbrook and Garry districts.

It was fascinating to pick up the receiver and hear a sweet voice ask for your number. We did not have a telephone at home until the early 1930's. Like the automobile, they were considered a luxury.

In 1920, Winnipeg had its first automatic exchange, although Brandon had one threee years earlier. Commencing in 1921, there was a changeover to automatic operation and, by 1926, Winnipeg was the first city of its size to have an entirely automatic telephone system.

It would be unfair to leave out Mrs. Robert Steel who, as Miss Ida Cates, was Winnipeg's first woman telephone operator. The male sex originally operated the telephones but were not too satisfactory if early reports can be believed. If a subscriber became annoyed a fight always brewed between operator and customer.

One of the great virtues of the telephone is long distance service. The microwave network across Canada is the world's longest.

Direct distance dialing was introduced to Winnipeg in 1965. Using DDD, and that's not an insecticide, you can call any of the 85,000,000 other people who have telephones in North America. Business data is whisked across the country on high-speed equipment and to call somebody in Montreal is as simple as calling your next-door neighbor.

You take the telephone for granted unless you need one an emergency. When I became ill one summer the wife dialed 999 in the middle of the night and the ambulance was at the door four minutes later. What might have happened if she had to go banging on a neighbor's doors looking for a telephone is a matter of conjecture?

The other day the phone rang in our office.

"Hello Vince, this is Pete," said a voice.

I know a number of Petes. Which one was it?

"Pete McKenzie of The Dailv Mail"

After wasting a few moments trying to figure which city in Canada had a newspaper known as The Daily Mail, it dawned on me Pete McKenzie's call had come right through without any preliminary hemming and hawing from Edinburgh, Scotland.

A great invention is the telephone. Such a far cry from the days when you cranked the magneto generator in the telephone and an annunciator bearing your name and number clattered down to catch the operator's attention.

The operator rang you back and asked what you wanted. As each board only carried 50 phones, if your party wasn't on your board the operator bellowed at her partner to make the connection.

I'll wager it took Pete McKenzie less time to get through to me from distant Edinburgh than it did some fellow calling Ashdown's to inquire as to the price of nails in telephoning's early day.

The Market-Place

The farmers' market at Flora and Main Street has been a unique corner of North Winnipeg since Isaac Zeilag founded it in 1930. I passed by it the other afternoon and it was a busy spot as usual with the brisk spring trade of bedding plants in full swing. Produce and poultry also are sold on this corner, although it is not as large an area as in the 1930s and there was a move to relocate it beyond East Elmwood. The original market, which also existed virtually up to the building of the new city hall was the famous Market Square, where speech-making was prolific, mass meetings commonplace and the Salvation Army Citadel band, operating out of the headquarters on Rupert Avenue, never was far away. Occasionally, you had somebody shouting in protest against capitalism on one corner and the inspiring music of the Sally Ann on another.

The Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada, and what a tremendous history the Jew has in Western Canada, tells the story of Isaac Zeilig, whose son Morrey is an old friend.

Plans were made in 1900 to settle more Jews in the West, this being a particular group from Romania. Eventually, a colony was settled at Lipton, Sask. in 1901. Lipton, if the people still in that community will forgive me for saying so, remains not much more than a whistle-stop. I have a friend

who served the Lutheran parish at Lipton in the early 1960s.

Isaac Zeilig and Esther Faibish left Romania as youngsters to join the new wave of Jewish immigrants seeking to escape the rampant anti-Semitism of the boyars and feudal landlords of Romania. Isaac deserted from the Romanian army to join Baron de Hirsch and his immigration scheme together with his bride-to-be and arrived at Lipton with the original group.

Morrey says they married in 1903 with nothing much more than their faith to sustain them. But they worked hard as homesteaders and farmers, despite mounting difficulties. Esther had five children. On one occasion they lost everything in a fire. Isaac helped build the first Jewish school in the colony.

The Zeiligs left Lipton in 1914 and came to Winnipeg. Isaac had been a cooper by trade since he was 14 and after working as a laborer on various construction jobs he went to work for the Manitoba Cooperage where he evenetually became a foreman. A cooper, incidentally, is a man who makes barrels and kegs. It may be a dying trade. Isaac then tried his hand as a cattle buyer and eventually switched to the produce business at the old "Kive Doovid" market which I remember on the corner of Dufferin and King Street.

In the early 1930s after the Main street market was opened, he bought land in North and Old Kildonan and joined with Herbert Sulkers in the nursery and landscaping business. This business survived for more than 40 years and the Zeiligs had not entirely severed their links with the farmers' market, having taken over the bag and paper distribution for the people who came in daily to sell their goods.

It astounds some people that the Jew was such a good farmer, although not too many may be found on the land now. I think it was the freedom to work and worship as they pleased that provided the incentive. It was not long after the Lipton settlement that Russian-born Jews, also seeking to escape tyranny, came to Kildonan and operated market gardens and dairy farms. No wonder the kibbutz in Israel has succeeded. The Jews has the knack of making things grow where none grew before. Many of the early colonies have thinned out. You'll still find quite a few general stores in Western Canada operated by the sons of Jewish pioneers. I would say it would be unlikely you'll find a fair-sized town without a Jewish merchant. It is believed that Shilo, the Canadian Armed Forces base, was founded by Jewish pedlars for Shilo is a Biblical name. Some research on the American Civil War reveals that Sholoh (spelled with an "H") was the scene of a particularly bloody battle and also got its name from Biblical times. The influence of Bible teaching was strong in this area of the United States.

In my boyhood it was the Italian, Jew and Dutchman who went from

door to door, selling market garden produce from a horse and wagon. But the Italians, who generally were found around Ellice Avenue, sold fruit, which generally was imported and bought from the wholesalers along Fruit Row. Significantly, many of the pioneer wholesale fruit dealers were Jews whose warehouses huddled closely to the Midland Railway trackage just south of Logan Avenue.

The horse and wagon is a curiosity now. The friendly Jewish pedlar with his cabbages, potatoes and such, who often stopped for tea and conversation whether he made a sale or not, has disappeared. I don't know if the produce you find in the supermarkets now is any better than the days when our old friend knocked on the door and intoned: "Potatoes, lady, nice cabbages and carrots," with one wary eye on the family dog. But I do know the prices are considerably higher.

The All-Arounder

If you were looking for one distinguished Manitoban, who excelled in a variety of pursuits in the past century, it would be difficult to surpass Charles Arkall Boulton, senator, soldier and pioneer, who became so deeply involved in the history of Manitoba and the West it is impossible to ignore him.

Born in 1842, the son of Col. D'Arcy Boulton, a United Empire Loyalist from all accounts in what is now Toronto, he graduated from Upper Canada College when he was 16. He was commissioned in the first regular battalion raised in Canada, the 100th Prince of Wales Canadian Dragoons (Royal Leinsters). The unit was intended for service in India in the Mutiny but instead did garrison duty at Malta, Gilbralter and Shorncliffe, England. After eight years service, he sold his commission and returned to Canada but his fondness for the military still was with him and he was gazetted a major in the 46th Durham battalion. He entered the employ of the federal government and came west on a survey party and promptly became involved in Red River affairs. He was imprisoned by Louis Riel in the affair which saw the execution of Scott, but eventually was freed and returned to Ontario.

Trying the milling business at Orillia, Ont., he abandoned it for another trip west, this time to try homesteading at Russell, Man. in 1879. Always the soldier, he was quick to offer his services when his old antagonist, Riel had the Prairies aflame with rebellion. He raised a battalion of mounted scouts which did much of the reconnaissance for General Middleton's expedition and the skill and experience of his troopers who were homes-

teaders like himself from the surrounding district of Russell averted more than one ambush for Middleton, who has been charged in some quarters as being a rather bumbling old soldier who knew nothing of the bluffs and coulees of the western country.

Boulton returned to farming after the rebellion but was repeatedly urged to stand for government. Finally he agreed to run in Marquette against Robert Watson and won by the small margin of seven votes. It was reported in Hansard as early as 1896 that he proposed a world peace conference, what might have been the forerunner of the League of Nations and UNO. A staunch Conservative, he took issue with the party's fiscal policies and advocated free trade. Death ended the career of this remarkable man in 1899.

A reformer and visionary, Boulton had a great belief in Manitoba's future. His account of Riel Rebellion is a classic account of action in the field. This book has long been out of print although several Manitobans have kindly loaned me copies. There has been much error in historical material regarding this campaign but Boulton was very much in the middle of it and his notes can be claimed to be authentic for the researcher.

The old Boulton home in Russell was known as "The Manor". His daughter, Ellen, who edited one of Russell's early newspapers, The Chronicle, organized the first chapter of the Daughters of the Empire founded in Manitoba and naturally named it Batoche chapter after the scene of the fighting where her father's troopers proved their worth.

Three sons saw service in the First World War: Major Lawrence, who practised law in Russell, Major D'Arcy and Lieut. R.N. Boulton, who was killed in action at Amiens.

I am not sure if any author has written a comprehensive history of this remarkable man. Certainly, versatility was the word for him. He was as much at home in the saddle as he was in the Senate. During the Red River colony's struggles in 1869 he marched at the head of a relief force from Portage la Prairie in a snowstorm he was captured in turn by the Metis of Riel.

Boulton's Scouts consisted of two troops, No. 1 from Russell and No. 2 from Birtle, which was commanded by Capt. J.A. Johnston. It appears he had some extraordinary men in his command. His surgeon was a Dr. Rolston who had served with the Royal Navy. H. Gough was lieutenant of the Birtle troop, his uncle being Lord Gough. George Cox, surveyor from Buckinghamshire, England, found himself quartermaster. Captain in the Russell troop was Meopham Gardiner who had come to Manitoba from Brighton in 1880 and was Boulton's neighboring farmer. Arthur Pigott, whose father had been a British general, was another homesteader who found himself commissioned as a lieutenant in the Russell troop. Boulton wrote:

"All my officers and men had been living on their homesteads and now sacrificed the prospects of their season's crop to serve in the campaign".

Two of Boulton's scouts, Hourie and Armstrong, were the men who captured Riel. The unit suffered nine casualities, including two deaths.

Radio's Early Days

Radio survives today largely as a daytime medium of news, talk shows and features aimed at womenfolk. Do you know that many of the major radio stations in the United States' larger cities go off the air at suppertime, declining to compete with evening television?

Marconi's invention is not ignored. Every barber shop seems to have a radio. Show me a kitchen that doesn't? It still is a most useful vehicle for news, weather and every station runs contests. On long drives on the highway they help wheel the hours away. In religious-oriented communities radio is a powerful weapon, and I really enjoy good sacred music and gospel singing. I found a radio was most welcome when I was convalescent in hospital although in some hospitals the television sets were arranged that you could also get four radio stations on TV.

Our first radio was a homemade crystal set, a gift from Uncle Bill. The coil was made from a toilet roll and the panel was cut from an old phonograph recording. Quite a few stores sold parts such as the galena crystal, rheostats and the inevitable cat's whisker which you had to adjust in the right spot on the crystal to get a signal. The first communication I ever heard through earphones was CNRW and that dear old Welshman, Herb Roberts, who lives in retirement with his memories and countless friends in Regina.

Our first tube set, was a great thrill when it arrived. Sunday was the big night with Joe Penner and the Fleischman's Hour ("Ya wanna buy a duck?") Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Eddie Anderson, as Rochester, Phil Harris for Jello, Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, the Cities Service band, which had a particular appeal to me. Ed Wynn, the Texaco Fire Chief. Outstanding dance bands were numerous, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, Guy Lombardo who still is going strong, Ted Fiorito.

Bing Crosby was on the Carol Burnett show recently on television. I can remember him boo-boo-booing through "When the Blue of the Night." Nick Lucas was another favorite. I understand he still is entertaining people, George Jessel is another veteran, still in business. The famous telephone conversation he always had with "Momma" now has been trans-

ferred to television. The Shadow was spooky, especially if you were all alone in a silent, darkened house.

Ted Husing was regarded as the best of sports announcers. I believe he broadcast the 1932 Olympic hockey final from Lake Placid, N.Y. between our Winnipegs, representing Canada, and the United States. The announcing was criticized locally but it must be remembered that hockey announcing was comparitively untried in the United States. In Canada we had the incomparable Foster Hewitt, who made Hockey Night in Canada a electronic institution. You never missed him on a Saturday night.

As I write this, the wife is knitting with one eye on the TV soap operas. Who remembers Big Sister, Road of Life, Pepper Young's Family, Ma Perkins and the rest of the shows that kept you engaged in the afternoon hours? The TV shows are similar with situations that take days of programs to unravel.

The Second World War and radio were closely linked. One awaited daily bulletins and communiques from the fighting fronts. I was listening to a National Football league game Dec. 7, 1941 from Cleveland when the network cut in to tell us the Japanese had bombed Pearl-Harbor. I was just making up my mind to get out of bed on another Sabbath morning Sept. 3, 1939 when dad came into my bedroom, visibly shaken. Every inch the old soldier and an Englishman to the core, he announced: "We (with the emphasis on the 'we') have gone to war with Germany."

The news of Dieppe, the D-Day landings and eventually victory in Europe and the Pacific completely dominated the news on radio. I also remember an excellent Sunday night show "L for Lanky", based on the air war and the incomparable Lancaster heavy-bomber.

To many in isolated communities radio still is invaluable for entertainment and communication. The other night I wired the external antenna to the bedspring and got all the old favorites, WLW, WGN, KMOX, KFYR and many others, booming in as did in the days of yore. It was a pleasant change from gaping at the idiot box which does not have radio's ability to allow the listener to use his imagination such as when Orson Welles had the little green men arriving from Mars and scaring half the United States out of its collective underwear.

An Early Mystery

St John's Park, which has taken on a new and improved look since the fence was removed, is a beautiful spot on North Main Street. It is one of our more attractive small parks, built on land donated by Edward Drewry

to the city parks board. A wading pool for youngsters and a bowling green for their elders do not detract from the park's beauty.

Near the Red River, on the far side of the park, stands a monument that most people usually ignore. It commemorates the achievements of Thomas Simpson, Hudson's Bay Company employee who carried out important explorations in the Arctic. Simpson's body might have rested in nearby St. John's churchyard, but he died under suspicion of having murdered two men and shooting himself. His death, and the tragic events preceeding it, remain one of the unsolved mysteries of our early days.

Born in the Scottish highlands, Simpson attended Aberdeen University from which he graduated with the highest honors. He accepted a position with the Company of which his cousin, Sir George Simpson, was governor. He then came to Fort Garry and worked as a bookkeeper and Sir George's secretary.

Between 1836 and 1839 he was sent to the far north to explore uncharted areas of the Arctic coastline. For his discoveries, the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its gold medal, and the grateful British government extended him a pension of one hundred pounds a year.

There is a tale that his jealous cousin took measures to keep Thomas' mail from reaching him. In 1840 he returned to Fort Garry and set out for England to ask the company head-quarters for permission to return for more exploration.

On the Minnesota plain, a party of five, including Simpson, made camp for the night in the late June twilight. Shots rang out and Simpson was observed standing over the bodies of two of his party. The remaining two fled to a larger camp some miles away. The following morning the two returned with four others. A bullet whistled past them and they returned the fire. Cautiously approaching Simpson's camp they found his body. It was agreed he had died by his own hand and all three bodies were hastily interred in a shallow grave.

Much remains unexplained about the tragedy. Who quarreled with who? Who really did the shooting? Did Simpson die from the gunfire of the morning or was he wounded on the previous evening? A year passed before Simpson's body was brought to Fort Garry. After it was reported wolves had torn open the shallow grave. It obviously was too late for a thorough examination of his body.

Simpson is said to rest outside the wall of St. John's churchyard. Some effort was later made to revise the facts conerning what happened on that summer evening. It is unlikely the true facts ever will be known, but if you are strolling through St. John's park look for the stone that commemorates the exploratory achievements of Thomas Simpson, a builder of the great west who came to such an unseemly end.

Hotels of Yesteryear

Winnipeg has a reputation for fine hotels, built up over the years through good accommodation and service.

My old friend Gordon Smith recalls that 70 years ago the hotels of Winnipeg were the town's most popular places and their proprietors the most popular men.

All of them vied for the honor of having the longest bar in the West and the best free lunch and the more distinguished hostelries operated a free bus service to and from the railroad depots.

In a stentorian voice, the driver would invite the new arrivals to register at his particular house, putting their bagaage on the top of the bus, getting the guests squared away in their seats and with a firm "giddap" the race was on.

The first stop from the CPR station was the Brunswick where the McLaren brothers, Archie and Johnny, each with cigars lighted for the occasion, would greet the newcomers.

The next bus would swing down Market St. to the Seymour, owned by John Baird, a big fellow well-known to horsemen and cattlemen everywhere. The team that pulled the Seymour bus, Mr. Smith remembers, was something to really see.

The Leland bus was drawn by a team of bays, the driver clad in a blue-and-white-striped uniform, Mac Roche, one of Manitoba's champion curlers of those days, owned the Leland.

The commercial travellers frequented the Queen's where the Montgomery brothers held sway. Sam, "the tall one," met all the "drummers" and their sample bags. The Queen's stood at Portage and Notre Dame.

The Clarendon was the posh place, the velvet-chaired home for the financial giants who came from Toronto. Sy Gregory was the proprietor and his handsome team of hackneys, the driver in long coat and top hat, was well-known. Mr. Gregory was a big man in many ways. He stood six feet, six inches.

Mr. Gregory owned the noted harness race horse, "Tom Ogden" which was rated in the same class as the world-famous Dan Patch. Mr. Gregory was a constant winner in the River Park race meets.

Mr. Smith remembers the three leading Main St. hotels were the Winnipeg, Empire and Commercial. Morris Nokes owned the Commercial. Canadian Northern Railwaymen had a special fondness for the Winnipeg. The Empire was owned by the McLarens while Frank Fowlie managed the Brunswick.

Mr. Smith says the processions of horse-drawn buses along Winnipeg's

new cedar block paving was something to see. The proprietor of the Albion at Main and Henry Ave. would hitch a team of trotters to his carriage each Sunday and pass every other vehicle on Main Street.

The taxi cab and airport limousine has replaced the horse-drawn bus of the turn-of-the-century, but some of these old hotels still are with us. The Seymour eventually was razed to make room for the new city hall and the Queen's disappeared from Portage Ave. a long time ago and the Albion later became the Bell.

The McLaren brothers bought the hotel that bears their name at Main and Rupert Ave. There was something tragic about the Royal Alexandra which was not opened until 1906. It stood dark and lonely with the grime of the railroad gathering on its window panes. It was a wonderful old hotel but its location eventually forced it to close and to be razed.

Home of the Pioneers

Travellers through the communities of West and East Kildonan rarely pause and give a thought to what these communities may have looked like more than a century ago. Young Jim McKay has left us, killed in a tragic road accident while on church business for my friend Jim turned his back on the business world to become an ordained churchman and a hospital chaplain, but he has left us the map he drew in 1954 of Lord Selkirk's settlement.

The map now is in the possession of the community of West Kildonan and was reproduced on the place mats used at the Seven Oaks Days' sportsmen's dinner and I wonder how many of the dinner guests realized its historical significance.

Many of the names are familiar, names of men who played a major role in the building of Manitoba. McKay is spelled mackay and these people were the ancestors of the late Douglas McKay, Jim's father who may have been Kildonan's last true pioneer. He was born in Kildonan and spent all of his life in the community. The beautiful woods in Kildonan Park were on his people's land and are known as the McKay Woods. William and John MacKay had their lots side by side and Mrs. James Stewart had the land where the Peguis monument stands as you approach the north field in Kildonan Park. The area north of the monument was the lots owned by Donald and Alex Bannerman. George Bannerman was further south on the edge of the parish of St. John and it may be George who is remembered by Bannerman Avenue.

George Bannerman's lot is next to Hugh Polson's place and Polson Avenue is two streets away from Bannerman. Hugh also owned land on the eastern bank of the river as did Donald Murray and George Tait which gives some credence to the claims of old-timers on the western side of the river that what is now East Kildonan at one time was merely West Kildonan's wood lot. This may not make me any friends along Henderson Highway.

Thomas Smith was between Mary Inkster who was just north of Hugh Polson, sandwiched between the Inksters for James was next in line and John, most celebrated of the early Inksters was next. His lot began somewhere south of the present Smithfield Avenue.

Alex Gunn is next and Donald Gunn and Robert Gunn are across the river. John Gunn school was one of West Kildonan's early schools.

John Matheson, Sr., and Samuel Matheson were holding lots side by side. Janet and John Polson had land in the area of what would be such streets as Hartford and Belmont. John Matheson and John P. Matheson had lots between them. Joseph Finlayson comes next. There appears to be no memorial of any kind to Finlayson, a good Scottish name.

In Thunder Bay, there is a Finlayson Street. Thunder Bay comprises the original cities of Fort William and Port Arthur. Fort William has particularly historical significance in the annals of the Nor'Westers but it is unlikely Finlayson was a Nor'West Company man.

William and John Fraser have their names spelled with a "z" instead of an "s" and this may be an old Scottish spelling. David and Donald Flett who had lots next to John and George Sutherland were virtually where the Kildonan municipal golf course stands. The trustees of Kildonan church had land beyond the Sutherlands. The Presbyterian church survives as a link with the days of the coming of John Black. Donald Murray, who had the next two lots, was one of the settlement's outstanding personalities, vitally concerned with education in particular. The last two lots on the western bank belonged to John Harper. There is a Harper Avenue but it is in Windsor Park. There is nothing to commemorate the Flett family as far as I can ascertain.

On the eastern side of the river, the lots were smaller and may have been generally used for wood-cutting. The first lot north of the parish of St. Boniface and note that until the early 1900s Elmwood was included in St. Boniface, belonged to a gentleman named Hamilton who may have been the Daniel Hamilton who had land further north. Such distinguished names as Robert Munroe and Neil Campbell appear on the eastern bank with Angus Polson who chose to settle in what became East Kildonan while some other family members settled on the west.

I note land owned by John and Sam Mathieson.Note the spelling! This is

another form of spelling, all derived for the very ancient form of Mathew's son. Among the names that do not appear on the western bank are John Bell, Rev. Samuel Pritchard, a well-remembered name from the tragedy of Seven Oaks in 1816, Morrison McBeath, Francis McLeod, Robert and Jeremiah Gunn, Christopher McIntosh, Gilbert Hackland, Catherine Thompson and William Matheson. One family, obviously no Orkneymen, were Peter and Jacob Kauffman, but you must remember that the casualty list of the Seven Oaks massacre included Danes, Irishmen and Englishmen as well as the Scottish settlers.

I would presume that when the word got around that a boat was sailing for the brave new world there were adventurous spirits from other countries who were willing to take a chance. Not all of our original pioneers were from Sutherlandshire or the Orkneys.

I am intrigued with the spelling of McBeath. The name McBeth is prominent in old chronicles of Kildonan. Perhaps my old grade nine teacher Miss Isobel McBeth can explain the history of the McBeth family.

They Were Remembered

Many years have gone by since Winnipeg buried its first war dead, Charles Swinford and Alexander Ferguson.

Your average Winnipegger, unless he takes the time to study the Northwest Rebellion monument on Main Street where the names of local casualties are inscribed beneath the figure of a rifleman in greatcoat and plumed head-piece will find the names of Lieut. Swinford and Private Ferguson are meaningless.

These two Winnipeg volunteers of the 90th regiment, now the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, were killed at Fish Creek.

The Hon. James Cox Aikens, who was lieutenant-governor of Manitoba at the time and father of Sir James Aikens who also represented the queen in Manitoba, said it was the most impressive funeral he had ever witnessed. The Illustrated War News of Toronto, a weekly, wrote "Everybody from the lieutenant-governor down to the newsboys took part in it." The Illustrated War News was the only illustrated publication in Canada at that time and it had pictures of the funeral procession on May 6, 1885.

The solemn pomp appealed to the citizens who turned out en masse, jamming the area around the old Central Congregational church. The rebellion had been a frightening thing to Manitobans who had contributed many of the troops who had served under General Fred Middleton.

The Rev. J. B. Silcox, who I gather was the Congregational minister,

was the Toronto weekly's correspondent for the occasion. He not only preached at the funeral but on the following Sunday evening he again paid tribute to Swinford and Ferguson.

Floral tributes were profuse, among them wreaths of prairie crocus sent by the women of Qu'Appelle.

A great Anglican churchman, Rev. Octave Fortin, later archdeacon and well-remembered for his good works at Holy Trinity church, conducted the service and the Rev. Dr. Hart, a Presbyterian pastor and educator, offered the prayers. It may have been the first attempt at an ecumenical funeral service and perhaps the only one until the tragic Dugald railroad disaster on Labor Day; 1947 when representatives of local denominations gathered at a common service in the Civic Auditorium for those who perished in the flaming coaches.

At St. John's churchyard, the cortege was met by Bishop (later Archbishop) Robert Machray, Canons Coome and O'Meara and other clergymen. His Grace read the burial service of the Church of England and the Masonic Lodge, then conducted its own form of service. Canon O'Meara read the prayers. The street that bears his name runs close to where these young soldiers sleep.

Bishop Machray had set aside space in St. John's as a resting place for those volunteers who had died in the rebellion. Does anyone recall the names of the pallbearers, C. N. Bell, C. M. Clarke, W. C. Cubitt, John McKechnie, who may have been the young foundryman who came from Scotland to begin the Vulcan Iron Works, J. F. Howard, A. A. Jackson, E. Davis, Albert Oliver, R. Thompson, J. R. Steep, T. D. Crowe and W. C. Winks.

The Congregationalists no longer are with us. The Volunteers' monument stood for many years in front of the old City Hall and was moved across the street. Swinford's memory is perpetuated by a plaque in Holy Trinity church. And since that sad Wednesday afternoon of long ago when all ranks of the 90th in their rifle-green, carried their two comrades to the grave, the Rifles have gone forth to fight in three more wars and many more heroes have joined those volunteers who died in 1885.

Red Lake Excitement

Donald F. Parrott has sent me a copy of the third edition of his book, The Red Lake Gold Rush, and this exciting chronicle of the discovery of gold and the activity that followed involves many Manitobans, including Chris O'Kelly, a gallant officer who won the Victoria Cross in the hell of

Passchendaele and who was to lose his life on a lonely lake in Northwestern Ontario.

My dad knew O'Kelly slightly. Chris was a major in the 52nd battalion from the Lakehead when he won his country's highest honor for valour in 1917. He also won the Military Cross. O'Kelly had survived not only Passchendaele but the capture of Vimy Ridge which was accomplished by the Canadian Corps.

O'Kelly had joined some ex-RAF fellows in an aerial barnstorming venture which failed and after the original discovery of silver in the area, Herbert Tyrrell had gone to Winnipeg to raise capital for further staking of claims and he interested O'Kelly and E. L. (Bill) Murray in joining him. They left Winnipeg Oct. 2, 1922 and arrived in Hudson, Ont., where they joined three of Tyrrell's associates, Fred Carroll, Ole Sand, and Ole Gustafson and proceeded to Red Lake, camping on Gustafson's claims on McKenzie Island. O'Kelly and Murray started trenching and stripping the claims and discovered a quartz zone with free gold.

Tyrrell and Carroll went east across the channel to what is now McMarmac Bay and discovered a mineralized quartz porphyry vein where the Couchenour-Williams Gold Mines now operate. Tyrrell named his claimes "Lulu" because it was a "lulu of a find." Carroll, the ex-RAF pilot, named his High Flier.

The following summer season saw much activity staked from where Tyrrell and Carroll had their claims. No one gave a thought to impending tragedy. Tyrrell, Carroll, O'Kelly and Murray were the last known prospectors to leave Red Lake and arrived at Hudson's Bay Pine Ridge post, now known as Gold Pines, Nov. 14, 1922. Tyrrell and Carroll, who had been trapping in the area since 1919, set out for their trap lines on McKenzie Bay the next day. O'Kelly and Murray started out for Bluffy Lake.

Three weeks later, when the ice was firm for walking, an Indian found a small dog on Goose Island. The post manager, Robert Young, recognized it as Murray's pet. A search failed to reveal the whereabouts of the men. It was in May when Murray's canoe was found on a reef, holed in the bottom. A few days later Murray's body was found on the south shore of Goose Island in several feet of water but there was no trace of O'Kelly. Officers of the battalion in Winnipeg, who had served with O'Kelly, donated a memorial cross which J. P. Mooney of the Canadian Geological Survey erected June 10, 1924. The site of the cross on Goose Island was covered by water when the level of Lac Suel was raised by the hydro dam at Lower Ear Falls. The Red Lake branch of the Royal Canadian Legion unveiled a memorial plaque to O'Kelly's memory Nov. 14, 1965 in their clubrooms.

There are dozens of other tales in Mr. Parrott's book which will interest anyone who wants to know more about the romance of mineral discoveries

in Canada. He told me he plans to write another book of anecdotes, but is having trouble finding a publisher, but, he adds, he is quite sure his grandson will enjoy them when he grows older.

Red Lake is one of the few mining areas in Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario I have not had the good fortune to visit, but from all accounts it is a thriving community, particularly since the end of the Second World War. There are over 50 mine shafts in the district and total gold bullion production in Red Lake district mines to the end of 1969 was over $314 million and production in the Red Lake mining division was over $400 million.

A Gentleman of The Press

Country newspaper editors, particularly the old guard from the era of handset newspapers and rumbling old cylinder presses such as the "Country Campbell" are delightful personalities.

My favorite, now in the twilight of his years, but still sharp enough to write you long, rambling, fascinating letters of the old days of hockey and soccer is Ron Tuckwell.

Ronald Wesley Tuckwell, to give him his square name, published the Pilot Mound Sentinel for many moons before he sold out and came to live in Winnipeg. If we had a dime for all the soccer matches we sat through at Alexander Park we could have bought it back again. Ron Tuckwell was a literary giant in his own right and a sparkling conversationalist but he also was a sports buff and soccer was his favorite. He was a member of the Alexander Park Corporation for several seasons.

Ron was born in Aylesbury, Bucks, England, Oct. 17, 1889, the son of David Grieve and Elizabeth Sophia Tuckwell. A much-travelled man, he went to Australia with his parents and spent 10 years in New South Wales, Sydney and Bathurst before returning to England. He was 13 when his family decided to give Canada a try and located in Fort William where Ron got a job in 1906 with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Transferred to Winnipeg, he quit his job to go into partnership in his first newspaper venture, the Lloydminster, Sask. Times.

He sold out in 1915 to enlist in the 232nd battalion but the medical officers rejected him and he decided to return to newspapering, buying the Pilot Mound Sentinel in 1916.

In 1923, it won three prizes in the annual weekly newspaper competitions and Ron's editorials and human interest writing always demanded the attention of his readers. It was said his Pilot Mound shop was a remarkable jigsaw puzzle and only Ron knew where to find the tools of the trade

and the hundred and one items he collected. Modern weekly offices are sterile, orderly operations and they lack the charm of some of these old shops.

Ron married Marietta Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Taylor of Lloydminster and niece of the Hon. Fawcett Taylor, who was provincial leader of the Conservative Party in Manitoba.

Sports were always in his blood. In 1912 he was named the finest soccer player in Western Saskatchewan. In an era when soccer was dominant in communities settled by Anglo-Saxons, he wound up with many outstanding teams such as Fort William Britannias in 1908, Winnipeg 1910, Lloydminster, 1911-15 as well as reviving interest in soccer in rural Manitoba in 1924 when he had settled in Pilot Mound. He also was an enthusiastic hockey fan, but in his declining years his great love was to sit behind the north goal at Alexander Park where I would join him to enjoy his days when soccer was important in every city, town and hamlet in Canada.

Ron also served on Pilot Mound's town council for many terms, probably figuring he had to cover the meetings anyway for The Sentinel. In recent years he wrote a weekly column for Manitoba newspapers on what transpires in the Manitoba legislature. He was a busy author of numerous short stories and juvenile novels.

Ill-health plagued him in recent years but did not lessen his sense of humor and his interest in the world around him. To get a letter from Ron Tuckwell was to get a missile of several pages. He was bound to recount something that happened in the old days at Fort William or Lloydminster, particularly if it concerned soccer.

The ranks of the old-time weekly editors diminish with the passing of the years and many of my old friends, who were publisher, editor, advertising salesman, compositor and pressman, have passed on. There are few weekly newspapers in Manitoba I hve not visited at one time or another. Many of them have thrown out the linotype, except for required setting on job printing, and gone offset to save time and labor. Tom Dobson's Daily Reminder in Flin Flon started on one small offset duplicator with Tom doing everything around his tiny cellar shop when he wasn't working in the mine.

Swing down No. 3 highway and you'll come to many interesting towns with interesting weeklies, the Carman Dufferin Leader, the Morden Times, Manitou Western Canadian to name just a few and I believe the weeklies in Crystal City and Cartwright have given up the ghost or being absorbed by larger newspapers. But strangely enough, the one weekly plant I never visited was the Pilot Mount Sentinel. My friend Harry Franklin of the Manitoba division of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, always felt it had an attraction all of its own.

The Unseated Mayor

David J. Dyson will go down in history as the only man who ever was unseated from his post as mayor of Winnipeg. Mr. Dyson, who was president of the Dyson Vinegar Company in North Winnipeg, was elected Winnipeg's chief magistrate in 1917 but when they counted the ballots all over again they found Frederick Harvey Davidson was mayor instead.

Mr. Dyson was unseated Jan. 5 and Mr. Davidson sworn in three days later. The electors must have liked Mr. Davidson. They re-elected him in 1918. But he managed to miss the turmoil of the 1919 strike when Charles Gray was elected. It was a nerve-wracking time for Mayor Gray who was returned to office in 1920 but the record shows that he and the provincial premier, Tobias Norris, did their best in those turbulent times.

The only mayor to die in office was Edward Parnell, prominent in the baking industry. All old-timers remember Parnell's bread. He had been elected for a second time in 1922 but died June 9. Frank Fowler was elected to finish the term June 30 and he can be remembered as the only mayor to spend half a term in office because Seymour James Farmer, prominent in labor politics, was elected in 1923.

For the sake of the record, Mr. Fowler was no novice in the administrative field. He was elected to the provincial government for South Brandon in 1897 and after six years as an MLA he was elected a city alderman in 1908 and remained in office until he was chosen by acclamation as mayor upon the death of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Fowler, a giant of a man, had been reeve of Oakland before he became a most prominent Liberal member. He spent a lifetime in the grain business and died suddenly in 1945. A short street in a quiet corner of North Winnipeg by St. John's Park remembers him.

These mayoralty facts are interesting. Winnipeg was incorporated Nov. 8, 1873 with four wards of three aldermen but council business under the peppery Francis Evans Cornish, Q.C., did not begin until Jan. 19 on the second floor of Bentley's new building on the northwest corner of Portage and Main Streets.

The ballot system of voting at municipal elections was instituted Dec. 8, 1883. Representation by each ward was reduced to two aldermen in the same year. It is not known if this was an economic measure or if somebody in high places felt the city was becoming over-governed. In 1882, the district known as Fort Rouge, was absorbed into the city boundaries and became known as Ward One, increasing the number of wards to six.

In 1906, a portion of the municipality of Kildonan, which had been originally a part of St. Boniface, chose to join the city, anticipating better public services. This is the community known as Elmwood. It was designated as Ward Seven. In 1906, some land east of McGregor Street in the parish of

Kildonan, also was taken into the city.

The board of control was established in 1907. It survived until Dec. 31, 1918. Some cities still use this plan. The local group had its good men, however, including the fellow who left his name on Cockburn Street. He was one of the prime movers of cheap hydro-electric power for Winnipeggers.

As a native Winnipegger I think one special red letter day was April 5, 1919, when the new water supply from Shoal Lake was turned into local mains. I seem to remember it was a Sunday, a good day for the beginning of such a worthy project. The Pointe du Bois hydro plant was operating in 1911 before I came into the world and it always was Winnipeg's boast that it had the cheapest electric power anywhere.

December 3, 1920 saw the first civic election held under the proportional representation system.

"Lord Gordon"

Manitoba's history has its share of rascals and none was more notorious than "Lord Gordon" who posed as a member of the British aristocracy in 1873, living quietly in the struggling young city of Winnipeg, one step ahead of the American authorities who were looking for him.

This clever confidence man had swindled a number of prominent Americans and had become involved in a lawsuit with the millionaire Jay Gould. For two years he lived here until American authorities found out where he was and two police officers came from Minneapolis with a warrant for his arrest. They seized Gordon, bound him hand and foot and set off to the United States via the Pembina trail. But Winnipeg officials, taking a dim view of such goings-on had alerted J. F. Bradley the customs officer at West Lynne or Pembina as the first post office was called. The two U.S. policemen were arrested and charged with kidnapping and locked up at Fort Garry jail. Gordon was freed and he returned to Winnipeg.

The incident became an international affair with copious correspondence passing between Winnipeg, Ottawa, Washington and Minneapolis over the validity of the warrant as well as the exact location of the international boundary. There was a suggestion Bradley had arrested the Americans on U.S. soil for when the question of the boundary was determined it was found Manitoba's custom house stood a short distance south of the new line. The issue was settled amicably. The Americans agreed to plead guilty and were sentenced to 24 hours in jail. The unhappy Gordon, sensing the law closing in on him, committed suicide.

The custom house was allowed to stand on U.S. soil until 1879 when a new post office was built in Emerson and a customs office opened in the new building. In 1899, George Pocock of Emerson bought the old building and planned to move it to his property and use it for a barn. The Winnipeg Telegram protested loudly, urging the building to be restored as an international and historic landmark. Nobody was interested, apart from the newspaper and Mr. Pocock moved it to his property. In 1953 it was rescued by the Manitoba government and set up in the provincial park close to the bridge that spans the Red River.

Many stories may be told about the old customs house. Said to date back to the 1850s it was built by Paul Laurent on the Red River's west bank in what was known in time as the village of West Lynne or Pembina. The building served as Manitoba's first hotel opened by David Sinclair, who later made his fortune in the South African diamond fields. 'Tis said Louis Riel spent a night there when fleeing from the Red River after Wolseley's troops arrived in 1870. This was the same year the customs house was first opened in Winnipeg and in the following March, J. F. Bradley was sent to establish an office at the border in preparation for spring travel on the river. The log building at West Lynne was chosen for that purpose.

The building, constructed of sturdy oak, shares land with Emerson's first jail. It was built in 1879 when the townspeople decided a jail was necessary. Previously miscreants had been locked up in the local blacksmith's shop. Jack Bell was the local constable and the village wags named the jail "Hotel de Bell." In 1953 it was moved beside the old customs house to remind a younger generation of the exciting days of Manitoba's early years. Incidentally, the customs house was captured in the abortive Fenian raid in 1871 and the invaders scattered its stores. But the United States troops, commanded by Colonel Wheaton, surged over the border and rounded up the Fenians and marched them back to the United States.

The Jitney

Who remembers the jitney?

Winnipeg had them at the beginning of the First World War and again during the 1919 strike. I remember seeing only one but Dad always talked about them for they were highly popular in their brief period before going out of business.

The jitney was a cross between motorbus and a taxi. The word has virtually disappeared from our language as another name for the five-cent piece which inspired the name for the vehicle. It was American slang for a

nickel and only once in awhile do you hear some old-timer speak of a transit bus as a "jitney" or apply the same name to some loose change.

The jitney, around 1915, was in great demand by the commuting public. Taxi fares were too expensive and street car service in many cities inadequate and uncomfortable. The jitney was fast and cheap. Jitney operators, said The Imperial Oil Review, raked in $7 to $10 a day in those times which was a lot of money for the era. The demand for jitney service spread all over America and Winnipeg was not ignored by enterprising men with an automobile big enough to carry a few passengers at five cents a ride.

Jitneys made their first appearance in Los Angeles. Unemployment was acute in the United States in 1914. The war in Europe had not yet made an economic impact on the nation. Cars and gasoline were cheap. You could rent an automobile for $15 a month or buy a good used car for $400. Somebody got the idea of charging people for rides and the sign on the windshield "five cents" put the driver in business.

In some cities as many as 40,000 people rode the jitneys in one day. Any kind of car would do, the bigger the better. The used car lots did a land-office business as everybody tried to get into the act. Author Robert Collins says one Winnipegger attached a two-wheel six-passenger cart to the front of his motorcycle.

A Winnipeg woman, Mrs. M. C. Potts, was charged with speeding but released without a fine because her "engine was out of order, making it necessary to travel fast in order to prevent it stopping entirely."

The jitneys hit public transit lines hard. In San Francisco the street railway lost $5,000 a day. By January, 1915, the British Columbia Electric Railway carried 1,100,000 passengers less than in the same month in 1914. In Winnipeg, street railway employees were laid off.

Collins says the Winnipeg street railway fought back by claiming the city violated the transportation agreements by allowing the jitneys on the streets and suggested that city was disloyal to the crown, inasmuch as much British money was invested in the transit company.

In Savannah, Georgia, the transit operators took a more direct and simple action, sprinkling tacks on the city streets to cause flat tires. It is not known how regular motorists felt about getting their tires punctured.

The jitneys followed some sort of scheduled route, but it must be remembered the majority of Winnipeg streets 60 years ago were unpaved, especially in residential areas and it was no place for an automobile to venture, particularly in inclement weather. Manitoba's famous gumbo already was well-known.

In any event, it was a thrill to ride in an automobile and people who owned one were of a special social status. I remember even after the First World War not too many people in our neighborhood owned a car apart

from Jim Stobie, the grocer and Dr. Irvine. It was a highlight when you were invited for a ride in either gentleman's automobile.

Canadian Motorist reported by 1916 that "tens of thousands" of jitneys were in business. The oil companies and tire manufacturers reportedly were in favor of this mode of transportation. The jitneys were becoming a headache to the police department. Accident rates climbed, thanks to fast cars and inexperienced drivers.

By 1916, the city councils were cracking down. Accident bonds, a passenger limit (hanging from the running board had become commonplace) were ordered. Collins says in Winnipeg jitney operators were required to register all physical features including nationality, pass a driving test, receive a police department certificate of good character and carry an identification card.

In time, city streets had become cluttered with jitneys and it had become too much of a good thing. Again the roads and Canadian winter, especially in Western cities, made jitney travel uncomfortable. In 1919 when the street cars here were idle during the 1919 general strike, the jitney returned briefly. But many places of business were closed and a lot of cautious citizens decided to stay home anyway.

The advent of the motorbus followed the passing of the jitney. Winnipeg got its first bus after the first war and I believe it operated on the Westminster route. Eventually all neighborhood street car lines such as the Bannerman Avenue run of my boyhood became motorized and to the delight of people along Scotia Street the bus ran east of Main on Cathedral where the street car didn't go. It was exciting for a small boy to ride the bus. In some cities, prowling taxis picked up fares at a flat rate.

There is not much you can buy even for a "jitney" these days if you are one that thinks the name really belongs to a five-cent piece.

Martha Street

Gordon Charles Smith, whose aim was to reach 90 on the basis of never touching tobacco, watching your digestion and believing in the Christian faith, wrote me a fascinating piece on old Winnipeg, which somehow got pigeon-holed and didn't turn up until I was doing some spring cleaning.

Mr. Smith points out that one of the more important and historic streets in Winnipeg in his youth was Martha Street which originally crossed Logan Avenue from Henry to Alexander Avenue. Mr. Smith remembers on one end of the street was the Shaarey Zedek synagogue with the district water pump at the front door with a water trough for the horses. I, too, re-

member these troughs along Main Street to accommodate the horses pulling dairy, bread, vegetable and other delivery wagons. One stood in front of St. John's park for many years.

At the other end of Martha Street was the Thistle Curling club. Martha was two blocks long but history was in the making for as he puts it, "that was where the action was around the turn of this century."

At 22 Martha Street, lived the immortal Bob Dunbar, who in those days was regarded as the world's finest curler. At No. 40 lived another immortal of the roarin' game, Frank Cassidy, who succeeded to Dunbar's mantle as the finest in the sport. On the corner of Martha and Logan, E. J. Hutchings who was known to local people apparently as "Lord Leatherhead" lived in the mansion known as Gifford Hall.

Mr. Smith remembers the Hutchings family had two lovely teen-age daughters and two sons, Ernest and Harold, who played hockey with him on the corner under the flickering light which sputtered and showered the kids with sparks. The carbon used in the arcs occasionally fell free and the light would go out and that was the end of the hockey game.

City hall would send a man with horse and sleigh to lower the lamp by a crank on the pole and replace the carbon and the game continued the following night. Mr. Hutchings was in the harness business and owned a farm at Bird's Hill to get the rye straw necessary for stuffing his horse collars, hence the nickname "Leatherhead."

Mr. Hutchings built a castle-type home at Birds Hill, firmly believing there was oil to be found. A drill was shipped in from Texas but the results proved Mr. Hutchings was wrong. Mr. Smith wonders why he ignored the sand and gravel which could have boosted his fortune. Hutchings' farm became the big gravel pit which supplied much of the sand and gravel for construction in the early days. Hutchings also believed well water found on the banks of the Red River in Elmwood had therapeutic qualities for coughs and colds and stiff joints. Mr. Smith says Hutchings built a hospital of sorts at the well which may have become the Winnipeg Sanitorium, later Concordia Hospital.

"Happyland" in West Winnipeg, the original amusement park, was another Hutchings idea, but it was not the moneymaker of harness which was supplied to the military and to settlers plowing the prairie land. When Henry Ford promoted his automobile, Mr. Hutchings sold his harness factory and persuaded his son Ernest to go into the glass bottle business.

Another prominent Winnipegger of the day was Joe Fahey, who was a CPR conductor on the Brandon run until he went into the hotel business. Joe lived on Martha Street, too.

The Occidental hotel joined Smith's backyard. Mr. Smith's dad had a team to bring gravel from Bird's Hill. The Occidental kept chickens which

laid their eggs in Smith's stable. Mrs. Ripstein, who owned the hotel, objected to the Smiths getting free eggs but Mrs. Smith pointed out the hens had been eating their oats which rather evened matters.

One amusing incident involves Mrs. Smith's cat which was named Martha for the street. Mr. Hutchings' hounds were rather hard on cats. They ran Martha up the light pole where she sat for two days and one night and Mr. Hutchings got the hook and ladder outfit to try and coax Martha to come down. She eventually did — in a sack.

The Sewell family had cows on Martha Street. They delivered milk on foot in five-gallon cans. Mr. Smith remembers the Sewells did their delivering in Salvation Army uniforms. Mr. Sewell carried the Army flag on Sunday and Mrs. Sewell took the offering in her tambourine.

Mr. Smith remembers the corner lot was a realtor's dream being sold several times a year.

Mr. Smith says this lot hosted football games, wrestling matches, tent revival meetings, prize fights and the pitchmen sold their wares. This famous old corner remains and plays a prominent part in the social service of the city for the Salvation Army long has used the old building that stands there as its hostel for men who as Mr. Smith says "have missed the boat" or need a new start. I believe the Army is building another centre to expand its work in this field.

Martha may have been named for some pioneer's daughter. Perhaps she was a sister of Lily or Annabella which are close by. This portion of Winnipeg, Point Douglas, is the city's most historic area and its history and old buildings are worth keeping.

Tragedy on the Lake

When the lake steamer Algoma sank in a raging Lake Superior storm Nov. 7, 1885, it stirred poignant memories in the hearts of many Westerners. There are many men and women in the community whose parents and grandparents travelled west from Eastern Canada on this handsome steamer.

The Algoma and her sister ships, Athabasca and Alberta, owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, dominate an entire page of advertising in my cherished 1885 Winnipeg directory. The advertisement says:

"The favorite summer route . . . Alberta, Algoma and Athabasca, surpassing in speed, safety and comfort all other steamers on the Great Lakes will ply between Port Arthur and Owen Sound and in connection with the fast express trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Winnipeg and the West to Port Arthur . . ."

Actually the railway was not complete between the Lakehead and Winnipeg. General Manager William C. Van Horne did miracles to move the troops from Eastern Canada over those sections where the rails were not laid but the rebellion moved the federal government to loan more funds to the CPR to get the railroad completed.

However, by the time the Algoma sailed on its last and tragic voyage, the transcontinental line was complete for, on the same said day, Donald Smith, whose connection with Manitoba history is worth further stories, had driven the last spike at Craigellachie in the Rockies.

It is evident that the CPR boats moved the Eastern troops to Port Arthur from Owen Sound. The Algoma was a Clyde-built ship, 270 feet long, with a beam of 38 feet. The Algoma had crossed the Atlantic under its own steam. It was the first ship on the Great Lakes with a Plimsoll mark, the brain-child of Samuel Plimsoll, which tells easily what load a ship carries.

The Algoma began service in 1884 and it was Nov. 5, 1885 when she cleared Owen Sound for a late trip to Port Arthur. Winter was coming and she only carried 22 passengers but 530 tons of freight.

Dana Thomas Bowen, in his fascinating book, Shipwrecks of the Great Lakes, tells how Capt. John Moore of Owen Sound ordered all sails set and full speed ahead on the engines and she raced across the lake at 16 knots. An icy rain set in and soon turned into snow squalls and the wind increased to gale force.

At 4 a.m. on the 7th, Capt. Moore believed he was 15 miles off the rocky Isle Royale. Once he passed this rocky point he only was 27 miles from Thunder Bay. Capt. Moore lowered his sails and Bowen relates he then decided to stay in the open lake waters rather than run the chance of piling up on the rocky shore.

Bowen says his decision was sound but it was made too late. As the ship came about it was caught by the fury of the storm and her stern was smashed upon a huge rock. Algoma's steel rudder crumpled like a jam-tin, her propeller being badly damaged. The ship was out of control. In an instant the giant waves pounded her upon the rocks.

Capt. Moore opened her sea-cocks and all steam valves to allow her to settle and to avoid a boiler explosion. With a grinding of steel her forward half broke off . . . Algoma had been cut in half to move her from Montreal to Owen Sound after coming from Scotland . . . and Moore did all in his power to save his passengers. He was badly injured when the cabin collapsed and pinned him to the deck.

Some members of the crew and passengers were washed overboard. An attempt to launch a lifeboat saw it capsize. All day those who survived huddled aboard the stern end of the ship and a few were clinging to the

rocks. When the storm lessened, those still on board fashioned a raft and rigged a life-line with the help of those on shore, assisted by several fishermen who had been alerted.

The same fishermen, who had a small tug, set out to get help. It came from none other than her sister ship Athabasca, which was on her return trip to Owen Sound. Bowen says as the Algoma was hard upon the rocks the Alberta was not far off, steaming in the opposite direction. But, with visibility zero, Alberta's lookouts could not see her. The injured captain and 13 others survived and 37 were lost.

The following summer, salvage crews arrived and removed the engines and boilers from the Algoma. They were placed in a brand-new steamer which was built to replace the Algoma. It was a good ship, too, and sailed the lakes until she went to the wreckers in Hamilton, Ont., in 1950. She was the Manitoba.

The Lovely Park

There was a day when approaching winter meant the close of our public parks, but now Kildonan Park, in particular, is just as attractive and as popular with the snow on the ground as it is during the summer months.

Looking at an old map of the parish of Kildonan of the 1800s in the Metropolitan Corporation of Greater Winnipeg staff magazine, I see names such as Sutherland, Flett, Bannerman, Stewart MacKay, Bruce, Fraser, Tait and so on and I am sure that their children made the most of the winter, too, where our young people go skating and sledding with the added advantage of a cozy pavilion.

Kildonan Park and the municipal golf course (and I hear rumors the golf course property will be sold) covers the river lots once owned by John Sutherland, Donald and David Flett, Alex and Donald Bannerman, Mrs. James Stewart, John MacKay, William MacKay, and D. Bruce. The park was opened May 22, 1915 and has thrived ever since. I do not know all the superintendents who have been responsible for the park but few took more pride in it than John Gallacher, who is now retired. John treasured every tree, every flower, every blade of grass on its 98 acres. John was succeeded by Gunnar Albak, a Dane with a remarkable background in every phase of park building and management.

Negotiations for the building of the park began in 1909 and it cost the city of Winnipeg $113,000. It has 2,600 feet of river frontage. Many of the original elms still are there. Mr. Gallacher estimated their age at well past

300 years when some were removed for the construction of Rainbow Stage. There is one story that reveals a Mrs. MacKay gave birth to a male child when the Lord Selkirk party travelled to the Forks of the rivers. He was named Selkirk MacKay and he was one of the original settlers on some of the land which was purchased from his descendants for the park area. Selkirk Douglas McKay (I notice the Gaelic prefix "Mac" has been changed to "Mc" perhaps through general usage) lived on Armstrong Avenue. He recalled skating on the Red, sledding on the river bank and playing cricket in the warm days of summer at the original Kildonan school.

When the park was opened the large field in the north corner where thousands of picnics have been enjoyed, hundreds of youngsters enjoy soccer, softball and even croquet and the Italian folk play bocce, their native bowls game, was to be called Bannerman Field. 'Tis said Janet Bannerman played on this ground with her dolls and her pet dog when she was a small girl. West Kildonan youngsters who know the park well, call it "The north field" but I'd like to see the name Bannerman revived out of respect to the three Bannerman families who lived in Kildonan parish. George Bannerman's lot is approximately where Bannerman Avenue can be found. The massive trees were called the McKay Woods and Lord Selkirk Creek still is there. It ran for two miles through the property but it never has developed as a waterway. In the early days of the settlement one could catch a variety of edible fish within its waters. Another corner of the park in the early days was known as Bruce's Point Outlook (or Lookout) and perhaps this promontory allowed the early settlers to watch for travellers on the river, whether for good or for evil.

Virtually all the pioneers who owned river lots have been remembered in one way or another. But did Joseph Finlayson leave his mark at Thunder Bay instead? There is a Finlayson Street in one area of what was the city of Fort William where the streets have a pronounced Scottish flavor.

The speakers at the park's opening included Colin Inkster, high sheriff of Rupertsland, Edward L. Drewry, Rev. W. J. Hindley, Archbishop Matheson and H. Sandison, parks board chairman.

Ed Drewry was the first parks board chairman from 1893-1897. A man of remarkable vision . . . he went into the brewing business with one helper and one horse at the age of 25 after walking virtually from St. Paul, Minn., he could see the need for parks and community centres 80 years ago. Greater Winnipeg has the finest parks system in North America. The beauty and greenery of our parks, big and little, form the memorial to one of the most astute citizens that ever graced our city.

The Horse-less Carriage

Detroit may be the automobile capital of the world but it may be of interest to know that two local men built a fine, working car in 1899.

Professor Kendrick of St. John's College, who had a flair for engines and such, and August Lion, a candy-maker with an interest in chemistry, formed the unusual duo that designed, built and drove what may have been the first automobile built in Western Canada if not in Canada.

August Lion was a Belgian who came to Winnipeg in 1891. He opened a chocolate factory on Fort St., a simple two-storey frame building long since torn down. A large sign, Lion's Chocolate Factory, stretched across the front of the building and no doubt numerous small boys gathered beneath it, hopeful of getting a hand-out.

But he spent his time away from the shop dabbling in chemistry and it was through this interest he met Prof. Kendrick. Kendrick already had owned a three-wheeler, believed to be the first automobile in Manitoba history.

The two men spent their evenings designing an auto and, later, built a wooden, working model. From there they went to Vulcan Iron Works where the parts were cast for the full-scale car. It obviously worked quite well, too, on Winnipeg's streets of 75 years ago.

The professor may have been a bachelor. He lived on Assiniboine Ave., near Main St., and he may have been the first local man to drive a car to work in the morning for St. John's College was on Church and Main in the north end of town. There is no record of how he made out in the winter months.

The automobile was a marked curiosity. People would stand and stare just as we would look to the heavens in the 1920s when an airplane flew overhead.

People would stand and stare at the professor and Mr. Lion in their home-made automobile, making such remarks: "Want a push?" and "Get a horse?"

In any event these pioneer motorists didn't have to contend with parking meters, traffic lights and so on. They were elated if the motor caught and they managed to get rolling. There is no record of where they procured the gasoline. Filling stations had not yet arrived. Perhaps, as chemistry enthusiasts, they made their own.

This home-built car had the steering gear at the back, much like a rudder, I suppose, on a boat. The tires were solid rubber and, at least, they had no "flats" to worry about. In 1900 Mr. Lion built another car, complete with lamps for night-time driving and also equipped with much fatter tires. One of Mr. Lion's sons, Fernand, later went into the automobile business

in Prince Albert, Sask.

Unfortunately these Manitoba-made cars were not saved for posterity. Down through the years, Manitobans have built boats of all sizes and perhaps an airplane or two. Home-made aircraft were not uncommon in the West in the 1930s.

Magazines such as Popular Mechanics advertised blueprints for ambitious builders. They were powered by converted model T automobile engines and, if they passed federal inspection, they usually flew fairly well.

I can remember only one fatality when a home-built airplane, piloted by a Regina enthusiast, lost a wing over Stevenson Field, now the Winnipeg International Airport.

The spirit of enterprise always was strong in Manitobans.

Journey on a Ferry

Metropolitan Winnipeg can be proud of the new Maryland Street bridge but I wonder how many old-timers recall when they crossed the Assiniboine River by ferry.

James Mulligan operated the ferry in the 1860s, after being brought to the Red River colony to serve as the first police constable in the Village of Fort Garry. He bought property in what is now Fort Rouge and, at one time, owned all the land where Wellington Crescent is now located. On the north side of the river, a fortunate purchase left him owning all the land stretching from Osborne St. to Sherbrooke St. and North to Broadway.

Most of the land was open prairie, with an amusement park, 'Happyland,' facing out on Portage Ave. in the early 1900s. The provincial government built its first agricultural college in this area and, later, moved it to Fort Garry.

The street leading south from Portage Ave. to the ferry landing was named Mulligan Ave. after the operator. At the turn of the century, city council thought the name rather plebian and renamed it Sherbrooke after Sir John Sherbrooke, governor of Upper Canada.

Plebian it well may be, but it is a well-known name in these parts. Dave Mulligan, who I do not think is any relative of the original Andrew, served on city council as an alderman for 18 years. A staunch trades unionist, he came to Winnipeg in 1910 and joined in the Canadian National Railways in 1916. I remember him as supervisor of Grand Beach.

Andrew Mulligan operated a grocery store at the corner of McDermot Ave. and Isabel St. for many years. He was a descendant of the ferry operator. Another member of this family, also known as Andrew, made his mark

in hockey and, until recently, was commissioner of the International Hockey League, with his headquarters in Toledo.

R. Cameron Mulligan is another member of the clan who retired in Manitou. He attended the original Agricultural College in Tuxedo in 1909 and taught school until 1958 in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and is remembered in McCreary, Angusville, Rossburn, Stonewall and Gimli. He resided in Stonewall for 26 years until moving to Manitou.

Little is known of what happened to the original Mulligan. He may have passed on, a wealthy man from his real estate deals. The land he owned is worth a king's ransom today and you could live rather comfortably from the taxes alone.

Perhaps the city could put a plaque on the new bridge to mark the spot where James Mulligan operated his ferry of long ago.

Prior to the building of the first Louise bridge almost 90 years ago, ferries operated in several spots on the Red River and Assiniboine, the most important one linking Winnipeg with St. Boniface.

I would imagine you would have to spend the night on the riverbank if you missed the last one home at night . . . unless you were an exceptional swimmer or could borrow somebody's rowboat.

Some years ago a Chicago consulting firm advised city council the metropolitan area need 13 new bridges. Disraeli, Midtown and the Perimeter bridges have been built and Maryland rebuilt since then but, if traffic continues to increase, we shall have to revive Mr. Mulligan and his ferry.

A Look at Long Ago

One of the most distinctive Christmas cards I received was from Hugh Kennedy, who is the head man of the Winnipeg, Western and Manitoba Mapping organization. The card included a 17th century world map by an unknown artist and the enclosure is a copy of Mr. Kennedy's map of Winnipeg and Fort Garry prior to incorporation in 1873. To those of us who treasure local history is is something to keep. Mr. Kennedy has done an excellent job on the tiny community, even listing all the businesses, government places and so on.

Donald, Smith, Garry, Fort, Main, Assiniboine, Broadway, Water, Notre Dame, Market and James streets all are on the map and there are two Assiniboines. I wonder if the one running into Main Street just north of what is now Portage is the original Ellice Avenue, which gets its name from Fort Ellice. What I gather is Portage Avenue was once named Pelly Street. Fort Pelly was an early fur-trading post in what is now the province

of Saskatchewan. There is a Victoria Street and Thistle Street. Post Office Street ran into Victoria and is now Lombard. Sinclair Street was north of Post Office. Now Sinclair Street is one of the longer thoroughfares in North Winnipeg, running from the CPR yards to Templeton.

There are several steamboat landings along the Red and numerous warehouses on the river's edge to take care of outgoing and incoming freight. There were two ferries across the river to St. Boniface for Louise Bridge was not erected until 1881. One unusual marking is the toll bridge near where the present city hall stands, covering Brown's Creek. Other streets renamed were Lyon, which now can be found in Fort Garry and Louise and Owen.

The old fort, which I feel never should have been torn down, (only the north gateway remains) contained the company office, flour store, powder magazine, armory, inland depot and various residences for officers, men and clerks. Let's not forget the liquor store.

Among early merchants were, W. Chambers, gunsmith, Northgrave the jeweller, William Drever, Tom Lusted, the blacksmith, John Higgins, the general merchant, William Harvey's livery stable, Henry Coutu's butcher shop, Luster Hayward, the auctioneer, Palmer Clarke's general store, Stalker's harness shop, and so on. There was the Red Saloon, Royal Canadian Hotel, the Davis House, Garrat House and I guess the best eating spot in town was Devlin's Cafe. I imagine nobody went short on meals or sleeping space even in those days.

There also is a White saloon but I do not know if the same fellow owned both of them or if there was a social distinction as to what saloon you patronized. Fellow named Manchamp also owned a hotel and there were several newspapers. Dr. John Schultz has his Newsletter as well as his drug store. There was "The Manitoba Liberal" and "The Manitoban" which is listed as the government newspaper of the day.

Mde. Trudel would be interested in knowing her ancestors are not forgotten for Gingras' building is marked on the corner of Main and Lyon. I think Lyon now is McDermot.

It is believed this entire community is built on a maze of underground creeks. Certainly, it has not been the best land for construction unless you put your pilings down deep and some modern buildings, erected since the Second World War have experienced problems. Brown's creek meandered across Main Street to the Red River, hard by McDermot's windmill and branched off to run back to Rorie Street.

I guess in the winter months it would provide a place for skating and as the rivers were not polluted in that era, fishing undoubtedly could be enjoyed in the creek for even in the creeks in the northern sector of the city one could fish, particularly in the spring, at the turn of the century. Dad

remembers catching pickerel, sauger and pike in the original McGregor ditch and also in Inkster Creek when he came out from England 70 odd years ago.

Holy Trinity Anglican church was on what is Portage Avenue between Fort and Garry. It began in 1868.

Heart of a City

The area around city hall has been spruced up in recent times and the Centennial Concert Hall, Planetarium, Museum of Man and Nature, and the Manitoba Theatre Centre have done much to restore the appearance of an extremely historic neighborhood.

In 1880 it was the heart of Winnipeg's commercial world. While there was no paved Main Street and in the spring of the year the Manitoba gumbo played hob with the pedestrians and horse-drawn vehicles, it was a busy corner.

One of the more imposing buildings was Stobart, Eden and Company, wholesale dry goods merchants. The name Stobart is prominent in Winnipeg business life. This building stood at 482. Blair and Lamour, who were dry goods merchants to the retail trade, were next door. Four doors north stood Tom Ryan's boot and shoe business. He had the silhouette of a big black boot hanging over his door.

Tom Ryan, I believe, built the Ryan building on Princess Street which houses a number of firms. Next came the jail and the court house. The Rossin House came next and Wright and Arbuckle, harness dealers, occupied the corner where the Union Bank building stood.

On the opposite side, north of Bannatyne, stood the places of business of E. Maycock, fancy goods; James Chisholm, architect; the Young Men's Christian Association (A.M. Copeland was the secretary), Stewart and Wheeler, surveyors; George Winks, banker and broker; J.M. Yeomans, who sold insurance, Dr. W. J. Neilson; Stephenson and Wells, hardware; Bigney brothers, grocers; McPhillips Brothers, surveyors; Biggs and Wool, lawyers; the Imperial Bank, Robert Gerrie and Co., general merchants; J. Hingston Smith and Co., gunsmiths; Radiger and Co., wholesale liquors and cigars; and Nicholas Bawlf, the pioneer grain merchant. The one firm in the neighborhood that existed until a few years ago was James A. Ashdown's hardware business of the corner of Bannatyne Avenue.

I remember Hingston Smith. This firm existed until the 1920's and also sold sporting goods. The names Chisholm and Bawlf remain in the city's commercial affairs.

Wright and Arbuckle were bound to go under with the advent of the internal combustion engine, but a harness maker was a special trade in those days. Eaton's early catalogues featured harness, aimed at the rural trade of course, and on the third floor stood a copy of a fine-looking dapple grey horse, all decked out in the latest in harness. This horse always caught my eye as did the churns on the third floor which produced Eaton's own brand of butter and buttermilk which sold for a few cents a glass. I never was a buttermilk fan but my brother loved the stuff.

The Daily Times was a popular afternoon paper in 1880. It related one item of the days when a thirst for beer could easily be assuaged. A family living near William Avenue, had an invalid member who had a fondness for ale. His doctor, C. O'Donnell, however, thought the beer cask should be removed if the fellow was to get well and he instructed a friend of the patient to move the keg to a nearby workshop, where others might enjoy it if necessary.

In the meantime, the house where the ale was hidden was undergoing repairs and the plasterer was hard at work. The fellow, responsible for the keg, decided to quench his thirst. To his horror, the keg and beverage had disappeared. The Times said "he is so indignant at the loss sustained that he has almost come to the decision to dispense with the services of the plasterer."

I gather it was dangerous to leave liquor unguarded in those days. When the Opera House was destroyed by fire on Princess Street, the proprietor of the next door hotel, quickly moved his stock of beverages out onto the street for fear the fire would spread. He then stood back to watch the firemen at work. Whe the fire was subdued he turned to his liquor to put it back on the shelves and only had a lot of empty bottles for his troubles. When the governor-general, the Marquis of Lorne came to Winnipeg to officially open the new Louise Bridge, named for his wife, the Princess Louise, city officials put in a generous stock of drinks in a tent. After the speeches, the official party moved to the tent to have a glass or two and were shocked to find somebody in the crowd had beaten them to it.

The moral here is don't leave unguarded beverages around if you are having your house plastered, watching a fire or opening a new bridge.

The Fire Patrol

Some day somebody will write the history of the early forest patrols and recall the memories of the faithful flying boats that droned across Manitoba's wilderness, watching for fire outbreaks. Frank Ellis has written at

length in his Canada's Flying Heritage about these valiant airmen, responsible for patrolling Manitoba's forest lands in the early days of the flying boat.

The main Manitoba base was in Winnipeg on the Red River at the foot of Brandon Avenue, with sub-bases at Victoria Beach, The Pas and Lac du Bonnet. The aircraft were biplane-type flying boats, presumably most uncomfortable in bad weather and prone to engine trouble. But I remember them hauled up on the river bank in Fort Rouge when we went visiting relatives on a Sunday afternoon. Many of the men who commanded air stations in the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme were veterans of the forestry patrols.

I have a marked affection for old-time ships, trains, cars and airplanes: I understand the Museum of Man And Nature has acquired the street car which Gordon Wologrocki bought. Unfortunately, it was not one of my favorite steel monsters on the No. 90 and 96 routes from River Park to North Winnipeg. I have visited Saskatoon's original Pionera if that is what they call it, and it always was a fascinating show. I am sure the horsedrawn hearse on display was the one I remember from my childhood, pulled by two black horses, and heading for one of the Jewish burial grounds in Kildonan. You will see oldtime aircraft on display on the National Museum of Science and Technology in Ottawa and there likely is the odd relic of old-time flying days in some body's backyard.

Getting back to the days of the forestry patrols, Gerry Malaher tells some amusing and interesting anecdotes about his days in the service. He writes:

"I was very interested to read your article on old aircraft a few evenings ago, particularly as I am one of those who flew in the Gypsy Moth you mentioned. I was stationed at Lac du Bonnet 1927-30 with the Dominion Forest Service, before the transfer of Natural Resources, and did much of the fire patrol, flying as observer over the area from the Whiteshell northward to Poplar River on the east side of Lake Winnipeg.

"As I remember it we used an earlier Moth known as the Cirrus Mark 11 before the Gypsy arrived. Later the Vickers Vedette became the standard detection aircraft. We had no radio in those early days and communication from aircraft to base and from fire tower to base was by carrier pigeon. Before any flight left the base the pigeoneer brought down two birds in a wicker basket stowed them in the cockpit. Engine trouble was fairly common in that era and I remember one summer I was in five forced landings which involved staying out overnight. The routine was to locate the trouble and, if it could not be rectified, write a message in duplicate on rice paper, roll up the paper, place it in a small aluminum cylinder with leg clip attached, clip this on one of the birds and release it. The duplicate was treat-

ed in the same way and clipped on the second bird twenty minutes to half an hour later. If released together the birds might dally. Released alone they headed straight for base. Unless there was amble time for the birds to reach base before dark they were not released until daylight next morning, to avoid the risks involved in roosting. In the summer of 1928 I kept a log of all emergency and fire reporting flights. In every instance at least one of the birds arrived — no message lost.

"Whether it was the Gypsy Moth or the earlier Cirrus Mark 11 I do not remember, but one day on patrol the magneto went haywire and the aircraft shook as though it would fall to pieces. We were a few miles south east of Happy Lake. P/O Hickson was the pilot. He tried to glide into Happy Lake but couldn't make it and we had to land in a mucky pond a mile short. It took us an hour to reach shore through the muck and we only did so by pushing on waterlily roots.

"The pigeons were released and the rescue plane advised to land on Happy Lake, where we met it next morning. The O.C. Lac du Bonnet was on board and anxious to get the aircraft out of the mucky little lake. He sent the rescue aircraft back to base with instructions to bring in Sgt. Pilot Elliot, the lightest pilot on station. In the meanwhile a new magneto was fitted and the aircraft roped round into the bottom of a small bay. The plane was stripped of everything movable and the tank emptied except for five gallons of gasoline. The tail was roped back and tied to a small spruce and everything ready for poor Sgt. Elliot. He didn't look too happy when he arrived and was told 'fly it out'. The engine was started, warmed up and then opened full throttle. On a signal from Elliot the tail rope was cut and away he went. We watched with our hearts in our mouths, sure he would pile up in the muskeg the other side. Finally he was airborne but flew a few feet off the water gathering speed until almost in the trees — then a quick pull back on the stick and up the plane jumped to just clear the tallest of the stunted spruce. His reward — free drinks in the Sergeant's mess when he got home.

"Of such things were those early days of bush flying."

History in Our Streets

The very history of Metro Winnipeg is vividly recalled in the names of our streets and avenues. While many North American cities have adopted the plan of numbering their thoroughfares, it seems a cold, impersonal thing without any attachment to a valiant past. The names of the pioneers, outstanding citizens of more modern times and great deeds are remembered.

Mary Hislop, in her invaluable text published in 1912, titled The Streets Of Winnipeg, points out that Main Street is a long trail, not a surveyed street. It was the trail between Selkirk and the Pembina ferry and there was scant attention paid to roads until after 1871 when the villages of Winnipeg and Fort Garry were united in one.

There was quite a struggle before the name Winnipeg was adopted. It passed the first reading of the Legislature as Assiniboia but the voters of the northern or lower end prevailed and Winnipeg was adopted.

Portage Avenue angled off the Main road that followed the Red River, leading from Fort Garry to Fort La Reine or Portage la Prairie and other western outposts. This was the Portage Road as distinguished from the river route and it led to Fort Edmonton in Alberta as the old Carlton or Fort Ellice trail.

Notre Dame, "Our Lady" to the Catholic faithful, was opened up from the river running west. There was a Roman Catholic girls' school on this street east of Main. In 1902 it moved to what was known as Crescentwood in the early days and remains known as St. Mary's Academy.

Now a warehouse district generally, the area west of Main Street, where our new city hall gleams, was a fashionable residential area a half-century ago. These streets are alphabetically named, Albert, Arthur, Adelaide, skipping the B's to Charlotte, Dagmar, Ellen, Francis, Gertie, Harriet, Isabel (who was Isabel Ross, daughter of the first sheriff), Juno, Kate, Lydia, Marguerette, changed to Nena and again to Sherbrook.

McDermot was named for Andrew McDermot, an early merchant who came from Ireland as a youth of 23 in 1815. When he prospered, Andrew and his friend Bannatyne, early legislator, gave the land on which the General Hospital stands as a gift to his adopted city. Bannatyne's farm joined McDermot's hence it is the next avenue north after you turn Portage and Main. Rorie St. was named for Rorie Bannatyne.

William Avenue, Jemima Avenue and Ross Avenue all were connected with Alexander Ross. William was the first law officer. Jemima was another member of the family but the name was changed to Elgin when old St. Andrew's United Church was built although the town of Selkirk has a Jemima Street which may have some connection.

Pacific Avenue once was McWilliam Street but there was too much confusion, as Metro had discovered, when people were looking for somebody on William Avenue.

St. Mary's was named for a Catholic boys' school, which stood on the old site across from the Cathedral. Graham was for James Allan Graham, a Hudson's Bay factor. The Hudson's Bay Company built a warehouse, known as York warehouses, where York Avenue runs. Broadway Avenue once crossed Main Street and the old Broadway bridge into St. Boniface,

but the CNR tracks eventually shortened it. Smith and Donald compliment Sir Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona.

Hargrave, Carlton and Edmonton were Hudson's Bay men. Kennedy was for Col. Kennedy of the 90th Regiment. Vaughan was the city's first surveyor and Spence operated a cooperage. Balmoral was opened in 1887 and commemorates the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Young Street was for Rev. Dr. Young, Methodist pioneer. McMicken was an early mayor, banker and sportsman. Osborne is for Col. Osborne Smith. He gave his name to a street, the bridge and the barracks. Furby and Armstrong's Point were named for Col. Armstrong.

Alexander and Logan are named for Alexander Logan. The old Logan home on the river bank has long since disappeared. The dead from the Seven Oaks massacre were reported to have been buried here. Colony Street was named for Colony Gardens, a social centre of the olden days.

Martha was once known as Mary Street for Mary Logan. Sister Lilly also had a street named for her.

James Street was named for James Ross. Henry Avenue was once Common Street. Gomez is named for the Fonseca family, a Spanish group. Maple Street remembers the maples that grew on Fonseca and Logan's grounds. Higgins and Barber were early traders. Argyle, Louise, Lorne and Princess commemorate the visit of the Marquis of Lorne when he was governor-general. Charles Street was named for a pioneer city clerk, Charles Brown.

Some of the more historic street names in Fort Rouge are Wardlaw, for Wardlaw Taylor, who came from Toronto, Mulvey for Stewart Mulvey, school board chairman, McMillan for Sir Daniel, a lieutenant governor. Norquay recalls John Norquay, premier from 1882 to 1888. Cauchon was for Governor Cauchon. In the northern end of the city, Aikins and Schultz remember early lieutenant-governors.

Rather fascinating is Euclid named because it was the only straight line out from the hodge-podge of irregular holdings in Point Douglas.

Disraeli, Gladstone and Lorne had British connections. Dufferin is for Lord Dufferin and Selkirk, naturally, is just one more memorial to Lord Selkirk. Pritchard is for John Pritchard, who came here in 1805 with the North West Company and went over to the Hudson's Bay people and became an early preacher.

Aberdeen is for Lord Aberdeen and once the city's northern limits. Magnus is for Magnus Brown, who owned the land. Burrows is similarly remembered.

Alfred, Boyd and Redwood honor Hon. Alfred Boyd, the first provincial secretary. He had a store on the riverbank which the native Indians called Redwood due to its color. Mountain, Anderson, McCallum, O'Meara and

Machray remember early giants of the Anglican church. Polson is for Samuel Polson, an original settler. Inkster remembers Sheriff Inkster. Bannerman was another first arrival. Andrews and McKenzie were aldermen in 1890. McGregor was a lieutenant-governor. The Ukrainians had hoped to change it to Taras Shevchenko to honor their immortal poet.

Arthur, Wellington and Rose were named for Arthur Wellington Ross. Rose originally was Ross but again there was too much confusion for the post office and it was changed in 1881.

Great Days of Lacrosse

There was a time in our town, and perhaps in many other Manitoba towns that holidays such as Victoria Day and Dominion Day were celebrated with fireworks, band concerts, torchlight parades and a lacrosse game. With a local committee hard at work setting up a Manitoba Lacrosse Hall of Fame to honor the stars of what the Indians called baggateway, research reveals lacrosse, as a sporting attraction, had the same impact upon the citizenry as a winning Blue Bomber football team of more recent seasons.

The period from 1885 to the First World War was lacrosse's boom period. Writing in 1920, Joe Fahey, who was noted for his work in track and field circles, said: "Of all the sports that have gripped this town, none have gripped it like the great national game of lacrosse did between 1885 and some years afterwards. When the 90th Regiment and the Winnipeg lacrosse teams would battle for supremacy in Dufferin Park the whole city would turn out. I have seen the park and every house, tree and vantage grouped around it, fairly alive with people and there were very few boys around the city who did not have a few shillings bet on the result. I have seen both teams come down Main Street on the afternoon of the game in their four-horse tallyhoes followed by hundreds on their way to the park. Every man on both teams had his personal following and the boys who played on the 90th or Winnipeg lacrosse teams were the heroes of the town."

Ed Drewry, whose foresight, helped bring about metro Winnipeg's wonderful parks system, presented a trophy for competition between the two teams who battled in the beginning on the old driving park on Broadway which later became the University of Manitoba site.

Isaac Pitblado, K.C., one of Winnipeg's most renowned athletes in the early days, remembered the names of some of the old players, Joe Lemon was captain of the Winnipegs and Ed Barrett for the 90th.

Other names, equally prominent in other affairs at a later date, J. G.

Harvey, K. C., Rev. T. J. McCrossin, Dr. R. S. Munn, Alex Dunlop (I believe he was the founder of the Neepawa Press) Abe Code, Oscar McBean, Jim McDonald, Rod McLennan, Dan Bain, A. M. Stowe, Dolph Graham, Ted Wasdale, Frank Morgan, Whitey Merritt, Charlie Redmond, Jack Mulvey, Harry Finch, Bob Moss and Fred Higginbotham. The last-named was an early hockey star of note who was accidentally killed on Joe Hall's property on the Red River in what is now Fort Garry. McCrossin was an early student at old Manitoba College. John W. Dafoe, Canada's distinguished man of letters, was a youthful president of the Winnipeg team.

Teams such as Nationals, Shamrocks, Boilermakers, Argonauts Fort Rouge and Wellingtons came into being as lacrosse enjoyed another period of prosperity at Main Street Stadium on South Main Street. The spirit was so intense the teams began to import stars from British Columbia and Ontario but strangely enough, Winnipeg never won a national lacrosse championship in any division.

Some people say rough play brought about lacrosse's decline of 40 years ago while others blamed a school board decision to take the game out of the schools. It was the big springtime pastime and on a Saturday morning you could see youngsters in any corner of the city marching off to play lacrosse with their sticks over their shoulders. The schools sold lacrosse sticks in those days for 75 cents apiece. Now the cheapest stick you can buy costs around seven dollars.

The 12-man game, still played in England and Australia, was the vogue, but when the game was dropped from the schools' sports program minor lacrosse withered along with it. When the Manitoba Lacrosse association began a brisk program of promotion a few years ago there were many youngsters who had no idea what a lacrosse stick looked like. They kept referring to them as "bats" when the correct name is "lacrosse" and not even 'stick' because the French, who compared the Indians' stick with a bishop's crozier called it a "lacrosse."

Lacrosse also was popular in many other Manitoba communities years ago. As recently as 1932, Rapid City, a quiet Western Manitoba village, which lost its early hope to become a major city when the Canadian Pacific Railway swung its main line further south, challenged for the provincial senior championship. The Rapid City lads were soundly beaten and were not heard from again.

When Walking Was News

Wilhelm Kristjanson's excellent history of the Icelandic people in Manitoba tells about the go-as-you-please walking matches which were a prominent sports activity in Winnipeg in the 1880's. They sound so intriguing I do not know why some modern-day promoter does not revive them. Mr. Kristjanson says these races lasted 24 hours and it seems the winner was the fellow who covered the greatest distance within that time.

There was time-out for a brief rest, refreshments and attention from the trainers and in some events there was a 12-hour interval between two 12-hour grinds on the track. Good runners commonly covered over 100 miles in 24 hours and the best often did over 130, depending on prevailing conditions. Hornsby, a Manitoban, competing against Sullivan of St. Paul, Minn., in 1879, covered 105 miles to Sullivan's 107. The name Sullivan has been prominent in the history of St. Paul sports, especially in the prize ring. Two other consistent fellows were Jourdan and McDermott, who frequently covered 100 miles per race.

The Icelanders injoyed these events apparently. They were accustomed to walking and they had a number of outstanding competitors on the track and the strong competitive spirit, undoubtedly nurtured by the difficulties encountered when they first settled on Lake Winnipeg, is reflected in their fine performance in hockey. The first Icelandic "Walker" was Sigurdur Antonius, who came to New Iceland, the original settlement, in 1876. In 1879 he covered 132 miles in 24 hours and even at the age of 80 enjoyed running. He was well ahead of his time in the business of jogging, which is a popular waist-line reducer for stout businessmen. If the name sounds Latin, all I can tell you that two good friends in West Kildonan are Steve and Wilbur Antonius, both good Icelanders, and I shouldn't be surprised if they are descendants of old Sigurdur.

In one big race in May, 1888, McDermott, who sounds as if he was an Irishman, was first and Ascepinis, an Indian, was second. The Indian seems adapted to long-distance running. He covered 99 miles but the Icelanders' pride, Solvason, dropped out. In the old Victoria Gardens on June 15, 1888, three of the seven entries were Icelanders, 17-year-old John Hordal, Thorarinn Jonsson and Magnus Markusson. They competed for money and the favorite in this race was Hornsby. McDermott did not take part. The race began at 9 p.m. to the music of the School of Infantry band. At 10 p.m., Jonsson and a fellow known as Texas Jack were leading, but at 3 a.m., Hordal had covered 34 miles, Jonsson and Markusson 32 and Texas Jack 31. Heavy rain began to fall, drenching the competitors and the track and eventually only six men still were in the field. By the following afternoon, only the three Icelanders were still going strong. Hordal was the winner, al-

though he failed to match McDermott's 102-mile mark and observers felt the weather conditions were against him. Markusson, a slender chap, took ill but finally finished. Hordal covered 101 miles and one lap, Jonsson 97 miles and one lap, Markusson 85 miles and six laps. When McDermott heard about Hordal's performance he challenged the youngster. They started out on June 30, a Saturday morning, the race being resumed on the following Monday. At the half-time break, McDermott had covered 58 miles and five laps to Hardal's 58 miles and two laps. Rain set in on the second day but over 3,000 spectators ignored the downpour. McDermott dropped out after 87 miles but Hordal kept going and covered 107 miles. Rain and mud did not bother these indomnitable people. On the same day, but commencing at a different hour, another race took place and Jourdan, a husky Metis and Hudson's Bay Company mail carrier, covered 117 miles and three laps. Simpson, a soldier from the School of Infantry, 116 miles, and Markusson 114. Ascepinis was fourth in 95 miles and one lap. The young people who take part in the March For Millions may be interested in these performances.

The Manitoba championship race was held at Dufferin Park that same season and Jourdan again proved his remarkable staying power, covering 111 miles as only three men finished. Hordal was doing well until he became ill at the 70-mile mark and dropped out. There was a protest because Jourdan took to the grass but he said he was merely cleaning his moccasins. A second race to settle the dispute saw the burly Metis in great form and he covered 134 miles and three laps. Hordal and McDermott did 124 miles. Jourdan was the undisputed champion but early accounts say McDermott and Markusson were much more stylish. In an event for lads under 14, Asmundur Olson averaged seven miles an hour, covering 29 miles, one-and-a-half laps. The lad would have a fine future now.

Young Hordal was honored at a banquet in the Icelandic Hall after defeating McDermott, along with the other Icelandic athletes. There were toasts and speeches and in the manner of the ancient Greeks, there were two original poems, hailing these young men. Kristinn Stefansson's poem read: "Little by little they assay the way, and change opinions about us." Indeed, these fine people have left us a splendid tradition of determination to succeed, talent in business, the arts and sports, education, law, medicine, and the church.

The Men in Blue

There have been occasions when Winnipeg's police have had to fight it out with desperate criminals at gun-point and while gun-fights have been few and far between fortunately, most of them were right out of the Untouchables.

The late Chief Constable George Smith, well-remembered as one of the greatest law enforcement officers was in several of them.

In 1908, accompanied by another detective, Jacob Seel, he attempted to apprehend Joseph Lewandowski, a notorious bandit in a house in Weston. Lewandowski escaped in the outburst of gun-fire and continued his life of crime until 1938 when he was shot and killed by Sudbury, Ont., police.

In 1920, the Mecum brothers who had escaped from an Iowa penitentiary, were involved with police in a hectic running gun battle along Sutherland Avenue. The bandits even endeavored to commandeer a street car after a steady fusilade of shots which saw Cst. Traynor wounded and the unarmed policemen matching bullets with rocks. The Mecums tried to escape in a passing buggy but only succeeded in killing the horse when they fired at a rather brave citizen who grabbed the reins. The Mecums got a 10-year stretch in Stony Mountain penitentiary. Cst. Traynor recovered from his wounds but fell ill with a fever and died.

On May 28, 1926, Wilfred Bonin shot and killed Maurice Garvie, a bank teller in a Logan Avenue bank.

Smith and his fellow officers cornered Bonin who shot it out. One slug ripped through Smith's clothing. Bonin was captured, badly wounded, and had to be carried to the gallows when convicted of murder.

McDermot Avenue was a shooting gallery on the evening of Dec. 30, 1928, when police enticed Carl McGee out of hiding. A few days earlier, McGee had shot and killed Digby Poyntz, a Winnipeg druggist, in a holdup. Charles McIver, who later was to be chief constable, was wounded twice by McGee, who was shot to death by McIver's comrades.

Tragedy also has left its mark as police have stood up to gun-toting desperate men. One Saturday night in 1940 police laid a trap for safe-crackers in the Radio Building on Fort Street. Surprised, the criminals opened fire and Cst. John McDonald was shot and killed and Norman Stewart, now chief constable, was wounded. The killers were arrested in short order and one committed suicide when tracked down by police.

Det. Sgt. J. E. Sims also was shot and killed in 1950 when investigating a stabbing on Argyle Street and Det. W. E. Anderson was wounded.

The use of radio cars have helped rush reinforcements and narrow the chances of escape for gun-slinging criminals. In 1936 the use of radio enabled Winnipeg police to catch the killer of St. Boniface police sergeant John Verne within moments of the shooting. In 1940 the use of radio again nailed the killers of Cst. McDonald.

Constable Bernard Snowden was the first member of the department to be killed in the line of duty. He was patrolling Main Street in the early hours of April 6, 1918 and engaged in checking lockfast property. When he failed to make his 12:30 and 1 a.m. calls to headquarters from the police

signal box, another constable was sent to look for him. Constable Snowden was found in the rear of Rosenblatt's store, having been shot in the back, the bullet travelling through his heart. Again superb police work caught three men who had been involved in the breaking and entry.

In spite of a brilliant counsel, the three were found guilty and sentenced to death. Two were subsequently hanged and the sentence of the other commuted to life imprisonment.

Constable Charles Gillis was fatally shot Jan. 24, 1936 during an attempted holdup of a downtown service station and Detective Ronald Houston was fatally stabbed while investigating an incident in Fort Rouge, June 27, 1970. In 1969, Cst. Kenneth Shakespeare also was shot and killed. Cst. Shakespeare was a member of the St. Boniface police department.

In 1874 when the Winnipeg force was organized it only had three members.

The first chief was John S. Ingram with Constables D. B. Murray and William Bruce. It appears Ingram didn't last long. Constable Murray caught him during a raid on a "den" in the west end of the city. Ingram was fired and Murray had the job until 1887 when J. C. McRae was named chief.

Under Chief McRae the force grew rapidly in keeping with the expansion of the city. In 1910 it had 180 men. Constables then worked seven days a week, putting in nine hours of every 12-hour shift on the street. During 1909 and 1910 there were 200 joined the force. Some lasted a day — a week — a month.

Donald McPherson followed McRae as chief constable and he lost his job during the 1919 strike and was replaced by Chris Newton. George Smith, respected and revered by all who knew him, with a brilliant career as a police officer behind him, became chief in 1934 and retired in 1947. Charles MacIver, another veteran Scot, succeeded Smith and was in turn followed by Robert Taft.

The department was the first in Canada to use radio cars in 1930. In 1946 the system adopted frequency-modulation to improve communications. The department began "mugging" criminals in 1900 and set up a fingerprinting bureau in 1905, three years before a national bureau was established in Ottawa.

The Mighty Dumont

They called him the Prince of the Plains, a horseman and hunter without equal, a born general and wise legislator, a philosopher and champion of his people who the Conservative government in Ottawa labelled as "mis-

erable half-breeds." I doubt if few of the people running the country from Eastern Canada had any idea of who they were dealing with in the remarkable Gabriel Dumont.

Dumont was Louis Riel's deputy but if he had had control of the Metis forces in the rebellion of 1885 it might have been a different story for General Middleton and his soldiers.

Married to a girl of Scottish and native parents, Madeliene Welkey, history recalls Dumont as an ideal husband, a giant of physical strength but kind and gentle. He adored children. If he had a weakness it was for whiskey and gambling. It wasn't until he begame grossly overweight did he have to give up the swift horses which made the Metis the "cavalry of the plains."

An outstanding leader, he was prosperous, settled and recognized as the leader of the Metis colony in Batoche, that corner of Northern Saskatchewan where he was unofficially the magistrate and maintained law and order. But Ottawa ignored him. He would have been content to run his ferry over the South Saskatchewan at Batoche, look after his fine horses and generally keep an eye on things if Ottawa had recognized the plight of his people. He was to become Riel's military leader. A mounted police bullet killed his brother Isadore as hostilities broke out at Duck Lake and another shot creased Gabriel's skull. But Riel was squeamish about bloodshed. He would not let Dumont pursue and destroy Inspector Fitzroy Crozier's small force.

The Metis of the Red River knew Dumont well. He was the youngest leader ever chosen for the twice-yearly buffalo hunt. He was 25 then. The Manitoba government now has an honorary order known as the Order of the Buffalo Hunt in which people who give the province distinguished service are enrolled. In the vast and teeming throng of horsemen and carts moving out of Red River country to hunt the buffalo, a man with the qualities of Dumont was needed.

Any military strategist will tell you the Canadian government eventually would have overpowered Dumont and the Metis but if he had had his own way he would have instituted the guerilla tactics of modern warfare, harrying and chopping at Middleton's force. The fight at Fish Creek and the last stand at Batoche where his outnumbered forces showed their skill reveal his leadership qualities. Unfortunately, Riel was his undoing. For four days, Dumont and the Metis, firing from rifle pits, the forerunner of the Second World War fox-hole, held off Middleton. Finally, they ran out of ammunition. Riel was captured by Boulton's Scouts. Dumont leapt to the saddle and disappeared into Montana. It is said he planned to try and rescue Riel from the Regina jail where he was incarcerated, but police discovered the plot and doubled the guards. Riel went to the gallows.

The death of his wife who joined him in Montana greatly saddened him. Eventually he was persuaded to join Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show where the stars were the legendary Col. Cody and the noted markswoman, Annie Oakley. When the Canadian government elected to pardon him in 1886 he returned home. Apoplexy killed him in May, 1906.

History generally has forgotten Dumont. Countless books and pamphlets have been written about Riel but there are no monuments here to remember Dumont. The outcome of the 1885 rebellion would not have been changed. The government would have poured more men and arms into the West to put it down but it undoubtedly would have been prolonged. The partisans of the second war, the hit-and-run guerillas of the modern day could have learned from Gabriel Dumont. Hollywood made one horrible movie of the rebellion in which Gary Cooper as a Texas Ranger pretty well won it single-handed. In the movie, the natives had the Gatling gun. If this had been true there would have been many costly moments for the young men of the 90th regiment, the 10th Grenadiers and the Midland Regiment and the others who served under Middleton. At the finish of his remarkable stand at Batoche which the 90th ended with a bayonet charge (the 10th also feel they deserve the credit) the Metis were shooting pebbles, bits of bone, nails and buttons at the Canadian soldier. In many eyes, Dumont was on the wrong side but his many qualities were genuine.

A Glass of Water

You take a glass of water for granted until you suddenly find you are deprived of this most simple of all pleasures.

When I was sick one July, one arm taped to a splint to keep the intravenous apparatus dripping properly, I found myself ogling not the nurses but the jug of ice water on a fellow-patient's table. Nothing ever tasted so good when the doctors decided the sugar and water solution could end and I might try to do some limited eating.

Metropolitan Winnipeg has had reasonably good drinking water until recently when it seems purification may have killed the bugs but did nothing for the taste. Visitors from other points always enthused over local drinking water in years gone by, although some rural hamlets will let you know they have a better product from their artesian wells.

"AT LAST, SHOAL LAKE SOFT WATER" screamed a headline in The Tribune, April 5, 1919. Folks in the city and suburbs no longer had to struggle with hard water from the city's artesian wells, which may have been pure but was unsuitable for domestic and industrial use.

The soft water was a long time coming to Winnipeg. A commission had been appointed July 23, 1906, to investigate the best source of a water supply. On Oct. 30, 1907, the commission recommended the Winnipeg River but, as a Hydro electric scheme was already underway, the project was dropped until 1912 when the city again studied water sources and elected to try Shoal Lake.

Work started on the project Oct. 1, 1913, and it was due to be finished Oct. 13, 1918. However, the water was not turned into the new McPhillips Reservoir until 10 a.m. March 29, 1919.

Winnipeg's first water works was a privately-owned British-financed group which began pumping Assiniboine River water to local consumers in 1882.

The question of taking over the private firm to improve the service was discussed by city council in 1890, when the company's franchise was due to expire, but it wasn't until 1899 that the utility eventually was purchased by the city.

The Assiniboine River as a source was abandoned in favor of wells. By 1909 seven wells had been dug to depths of 40 to 102 feet, supplying 10,000,000 gallons daily. There were two reservoirs that stored 6,300,000 gallons.

The Greater Winnipeg Water District was incorporated in 1913. Two votes to approve the project and the $13,500,000 money bylaw were quickly passed. The new aqueduct was designated to carry 850,000,000 gallons of water, sufficient for a city of 850,000 according to water usage of that era.

At Deacon, eight miles east of the city, the big aqueduct stopped and water was piped in at the rate of 5,000,000 gallons daily. The overloaded pipeline broke down eventually. In 1958 after water rationing in hot, dry weather, a second aqueduct was built from Deacon to the southwestern edge of the city.

A new, low-lift pumping station at Indian Bay went into operation and a new pumping station opened in 1960 at the McPhillips reservoir. The old water district idea was absorbed by Metro in 1961 and engineers are looking to the future for an entirely new supply line from Natalie Lake on the Winnipeg River which may be necessary by 1980.

The water district's 90-mile railroad line to Indian Bay was a money-maker, not especially from transportation although regular picnic outings were arranged at one time.

During the depression of the 1930's there were fewer families along the railway line on relief than elsewhere, simply because of cordwood. Forty to 50 carloads of wood would arrive thrice weekly to be sold to the city relief department. A settler along the right-of-way wouldn't go hungry if he had an axe and saw.

Algae in the water has been a recent problem. Metro's experts were working hard to alleviate the problem but, if you were to look at a drop of water under a high-powered miscroscope, you might see a few interesting items.

What about the old days? City council passed a bylaw March 14, 1881, licensing water carts to sell water from private wells. Previously, George Rath has gone into the waterworks business in 1873. He had eleven barrels of water with a 40-foot hose to eliminate the need for pails.

Mr. Rath kept his barrels full at all times in case of fire, which was rather thoughtful of him. A year earlier James Irvin also went into the waterworks business. He erected a scaffold over the Red River and let down a pipe connected to a pump. His fellow-citizens could help themselves to river water which may have been much cleaner a century ago than it is now.

The more-recent Hurst reservoir in Fort Garry is a far cry from Mr. Rath's wagon-load of barrels.

So you who treasure a cold glass of water when you are hot and thirsty owe a debt to the people who worry about our water supply, especially the pioneers who planned so well 60-odd years ago.

The Belt Line

Gordon C. Smith, who came to Winnipeg in 1900, remembers when Logan and Main was the corner where things happened.

Logan was named for an early mayor, Alexander Logan, who also gave his name to one of the first steam pumpers of the Winnipeg fire department. This corner now is in a neighborhood that could stand some renewal, a hodgepodge of small stores, second-hand shops, restaurants. (I won't call them cheap because I had a really decent lunch in one not so long ago) and what have you.

Mr. Smith writes:

"I remember the Belt Line from Logan and Main to Nena St. to Notre Dame to Portage and back again . . . The first ice cream cones west of Toronto were sold on this corner from a sidewalk stand . . . The first potato chips from a wagon also were available at Logan and Main and the first automobile in Winnipeg also was on display.

"Goodall's Photo Studio was there too. A son of the founder of the firm still operates the shop on Carlton St. . . . The first popcorn carts with hot buttered popcorn were on the corner . . . Dr. de Alva Sutherland, a handsome man in a long coat and silk hat and handlebar moustache, proclaimed

in a stentorian voice that his concoction would dislodge tapeworms. He had samples in jars to prove his medicine was all that he claimed it to be.

"Mr. Bond, a 300-pounder in cook's coat and cap, made pancakes in a window. Then, with Mr. Berry, put the district to Riverview on the market after cutting down all the bush and naming the streets. They sold all the lots from the railroad to River Park. Berry and Bond became prominent real estate men. Mr. Bond's pancakes were only 15 cents with butter and maple syrup . . . A man named Ripstein returned from the Klondike loaded with nuggets. He had all of his teeth capped with gold, a double watch chain made of nuggets. With an English bulldog showing a mouthful of gold teeth they both stood in the doorway of the Occidental saloon, smiling at the thirsty customers as they passed in and out of the swinging doors.

"A large tent across the street was filled with sober folks listening to a preacher named Horner . . . The Belt Line cars made the round trip on the hour every hour for a five-cent fare . . . I spotted a card in a window of a board shack at Portage and Main where the street cars stopped to change motormen. On the building was the sign of J. Granville Soper, only art dealer, picture framer and carver and glider in Manitoba.

"The card read: 'Boy wanted to learn the trade.' To jump off the street car one would lose the ride back to Logan Avenue, but I got off for jobs were hard to come by in those days.

"Mr. Soper said: 'If you are smart you can go to work at two dollars a week — if not, good bye!' I went to work and have been at the trade ever since."

The Belt Line, the medicine show, the preacher and his tent are long gone. Occasionally a popcorn wagon appears around the corner of Pacific Ave. The Occidental Hotel is now the New Occidental Hotel. Those Main St. hostelries could tell you a million stories.

At one time, of course, this neighborhood was fairly influential, but look what has happened to that wonderful old hotel, the Royal Alexandra?

With the hustle and bustle of the CPR depot, as Mr. Smith notes there was plenty doing around Logan, Higgins, Alexander, Pacific and the other streets that date back to Winnipeg's early days.

The old Market Square was the sounding board for political rallies, the assembly point for parades if you could find your way between the numerous vegetable stands. Even in the 1930s Market Square was a hive of activity as crowds wandered aimlessly on a summer's night to see if anything was doing or anybody orating. It usually made for cheap entertainment.

On the Sabbath, the Citadel Band of the Salvation Army had only a short block or two to march to offer salvation and the chance to worship to the people who frequented the square. I did know of one incident in which a

drunk came out of a nearby saloon on a Saturday night, heard the Sally Ann band and trailed after it to the Rupert Avenue Citadel.

Something happened then and there to the fellow. At last report he had retired from active duty after many years as a Salvation Army officer. Thus, there was some good to be found in the strange, aimless life around the Square and heavens knows how many other men and women felt compelled to attend the old Citadel, too.

Other shiftless drifters still can be found on the street corners around Logan Ave. Police constables patrol in pairs and, on a frosty day, the corners may be vacated for the warmth of the beer parlor. But when spring-time comes they'll be out again to add to the unusual character of the neighborhood.

The Beloved Priest

This piece is about a beloved priest who played such a prominent role in the building of the West and whose ties with Manitoba were most significant.

Only a short street in St. Boniface carries his name but, in Alberta where he spent many of his days with the natives, there are various memorials to the greatness of Rev. Albert Lacombe, O.M.I.

In the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway west of the Great Lakes, he is remembered as a great personality who, as one of the great "railway priests," commanded the friendship of such historical giants as Donald Smith, William Van Horne, Rory McLennan and James Isbister, who put railroad trackage through areas that would have daunted lesser men.

In 1849 Father Lacombe, a young priest of 22, was sent West by his superiors in Montreal. Msgr. Provencher was the first Western bishop. His first task was to accompany the Indians and Metis hunters leaving Pembina for the Plains, a cavalcade of 700 Red River carts and 400 men to provide protection against the marauding Sioux.

In 1852 Msgr. Tache had replaced Provencher and Father Lacombe established a mission at Lake St. Ann, west of Edmonton. He was both priest and carpenter, making the first shingles seen in the far West. Establishing the first agricultural colony at St. Albert, he impressed Lord Milton, an English traveller of the 1860s.

"Undeterred by danger or hardship," wrote Lord Milton, "he gathered the Indians and half-breeds around him and taught with considerable success the elements of civilization as well as of religion."

Father Lacombe devoted himself exclusively to the cause of the Indians. He was struck by a bullet while keeping the Crees and the Blackfeet from warring with each other.

It is conceded that the CPR would not have crossed the Far West without his influence on the natives, who were uneasy about the encroaching steel. Pat Burns, the celebrated packing empire king, gave him a home at Pincher Creek. Lord Aberdeen, as governor-general sought him out.

In 1900 he was sent to Austria to recruit missionaries for the Ruthenians who were settling in Western Canada. The first to admit that he was something of a "beggar," he went to Europe with Msgr. Langevin to bring the cause of his people to the Europeans.

Father Lacombe furthered the spirit of ecumenism well ahead of the times, often riding the trail with his good friend, John McDougall, the noted Western missioner of the Methodist church. He was a diplomat, colonizer, builder, teacher, farmer, preacher.

In July, 1874, Father Lacombe returned from a colonization campaign in Eastern Canada to serve as parish priest of St. Mary's church. He also was instrumental in arranging a loan of $20,000 for the college being built by the Archbishop of St. Boniface in 1879 and, in the same year, work began on a new St. Mary's church and a girls' academy which still flourishes as St. Mary's Academy.

Before this work was completed he was recalled to serve as chaplain to the contruction camps of the Canadian Pacific Railway and it was not until 1900 that he returned to St. Mary's where he took a special interest in the Metis living in the poorer districts of the city.

Father Lacombe was held in such respect by everybody in the West that during the Riel rebellion he was called upon to help pacify the native tribes which had joined the uprising. Always in demand to help in treaty-making he marked his 50th year in the priesthood by journeying to the Far North on a similar errand.

Ten years later, the diamond jubilee of his ordination was marked in St. Albert, the community he founded in Northern Alberta. Advancing years did not stop him from his last undertaking, the establishment of a home at Midnapore, Alberta, for the aged and orphaned.

He spent his latter days there, preaching his last sermon March 13, 1913, in St. Mary's church in Calgary. It was an appeal for universal brotherhood. Three years later he passed on to leave behind a heritage of greatness that time has not dimmed.

A life-sized bronze of Father Lacombe stands in St. Albert. The Blackfeet Indians named him "Arsous - Kitsi - Rarpe" (Man of Good Heart). The Crees "Kamiyo - Atchkew," (The Man of the Beautiful Soul). His humanitarianism was not lost upon the Blackfeet and the Cree.

The Unseen Fear

Nothing is more frightening, even in this day and age, than an epidemic. In recent times Winnipeg and Manitoba have been scourged by outbreaks of influenza and polio and I have written previously about the outbreak of 'flu' which ravaged the continent in 1918-19 and the local polio epidemics of 1929 and 1953.

Improved public health regulations and medical knowledge has reduced the dangers of contagion but there always is the frightening aspect that a carrier of something dreadful such as smallpox could slip into the community. Diptheria is rare and you no longer see the quarantine cards nailed to houses where people had become ill from this dreadful ailment, or from scarlet fever or measles. The King George hospital cared for contagious diseases and the sight of the municipal ambulance struck fear into any neighborhood.

Bernice Fines, when editor of the Winnipeg General hospital staff magazine, tells of the "pest house" operated by the city near Brookside Cemetery, primarily for smallpox patients. Patients were taken there in a horse-drawn ambulance. Mary Shepherd, author of "Our Hospital Through the Years," says the road traversed the graveyard and it is not hard to imagine the feelings of the sick as the wagon rumbled along through the tombstones.

The worst outbreak of smallpox occurred in the Icelandic settlements on Lake Winnipeg in 1876. Before it ended and the quarantine imposed by provincial authorities was lifted more than 100 of these brave people had died. Many Indians, especially in the Sandy River district on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg were also stricken. Wilhelm Kristjanson in his book The Icelandic People in Manitoba records that the disease was unknown to the settlers who believed it to be something akin to chickenpox and attributed to overcrowding on the steamers to Duluth, Minn. The disease was carried to Gimli from Icelandic River by a woman who subsequently died. The disease became worse in November and a small hospital was built at Gimli where Drs. David Young, James S. Lynch and A. Baldwin toiled around the clock to help the sick and prevent the epidemic from spreading.

Winnipeggers feared the pox would spread to the city. A board of health was established for the District of Keewatin and organized under the chairmanship of Lt. Col. Osborne Smith, a distinguished soldier and commander of the 91st battalion of infantry in the Northwest Rebellion. New Iceland was placed in quarantine on Nov. 27 and a quarantine post set up at Netley Creek. Even outbound letters were dipped in a carbolic acid solution. Everybody had to change their clothing which was provided by the govern-

ment. There were 40 deaths alone in the small community during December. It was a black period for the Icelanders. History reveals that the natives have been hit hard by the white man's diseases and the Dog Ribs, Assiniboines and Black Feet suffered terribly from smallpox and other infectious ailments.

Brandon's early history recalls a typhoid epidemic, likely caused by drinking water. The Winnipeg General was founded in the first place to combat an outbreak of typhoid. In 1903 the disease was so prevalent one of the buildings at the old Exhibition grounds on Dufferin Avenue was used as an emergency building. A plumber, likely installing fixtures, upset his torch and set the building afire. The nurses evacuated the sick in rainy, cold weather. An alert orderly rescued two bales of blankets and the patients were made as comfortable as possible as the fire department lost its fight to save the building. Eventually ambulances were on hand. Six patients were transferred to St. Boniface hospital and 37 to the General. The trustees' report says "one escaped and went home."

Winnipeg's biggest scare over smallpox occurred in 1900 when an Australian named Finlayson took ill aboard a train from Vancouver. Dr. Chown also was a passenger and advised Finlayson to go to hospital here. The attending physician diagnosed Finlayson's sickness as "purpura haemorrhagica" and he died within 36 hours. Within a short period, five nurses, a hospital clerk, the seamstress, two orderlies and some of Finlayson's fellow passengers fell ill with smallpox. One of the nurses, a Miss Lynch, and I wonder if she was related to the gallant Dr. Lynch who went to help the stricken Icelanders, died, but everyone else recovered and there was no epidemic. An outbreak of diptheria in 1899 was blamed upon a nurse at the General and led to a clash of words between Dr. Inglis, the city health officer and Dr. Moody, the hospital superintendent. In 1905 a frame building was built at Emily and McDermot avenues with accommodation for 50 and was used for several years for typhoid and tuberculosis patients. In time King George and King Edward Municipal hospitals were built, King Edward hospital handling tubercular cases. With the erection of the Princess Elizabeth hospital after the second war to handle chronic and long-term ailments, the three hospitals form a complex in the Riverview district.

We do not pay too much attention when we hear of outbreaks of cholera in Eastern Europe and Asia. The era of the clanging municipal ambulance bell and the man with his supply of colored quarantine cards and his hammer, has passed, thanks to vigilance, and to facilities available to combat contagions.

First Edition

One hundred and ten years ago the struggling community of Fort Garry had its first newspaper.

William Buckingham and William Coldwell, two journeymen printers, opened their first printing office in what was then the Northwest Territories Dec. 19, 1859. Their posters, presumably hung on the walls of Fort Garry and other convenient locations, read:

"Beg respectively to inform the inhabitants of the Red River Settlement that we have commenced business as printers, booksellers, etc. The printing office is furnished with a Super-Royal Washington press, combining all the latest improvements, together with an excellent assortment of jobbing type. The stock of books is varied and extensive."

I can imagine the excitement in the community. A chance to buy a book must have delighted these settlers who could appreciate one on the long winter's evening, even if one read by oil lamp or candle-light.

Buckingham and Coldwell began publication of the community's first newspaper, The Nor'Wester, Dec. 28, 1859. It continued until trouble brewed on the river when Louis Riel set up his provisional government and seized the printing shop.

Coldwell, at this time, had made preparations to publish another newspaper, The Red River Pioneer. With the printing equipment in his possession, Riel started a new paper, the New Nation, edited by the annexationist Maj. H. M. Robinson.

Thomas Spence took over from the major but publication ceased in August, 1870, when Col. Garnet Wolseley's troops arrived from Eastern Canada and Riel fled the country.

Printing in those days must have been something of a chore. The type and other accessories had to be brought in from the U.S. by Red River cart. If they ran out of printing ink they may have made their own from soot.

The Washington press was a cumbersome, weighty affair. A few still exist in museums and they occasionally are used for proofing of type composition. They had no equal for printing clean, sharp impressions. But they were slow and required two men to operate it at a speed of 200 to 250 impressions an hour.

Coldwell and Robert Cunningham started another newspaper, The Manitoban in November, 1870, and it was the first of a flock of weeklies, edited and published by men who were to leave their mark on the settlement such as Stewart Mulvey, Alexander Begg and William Fisher Luxton.

Luxton was the first school teacher in Winnipeg's first public school. Luxton School and Luxton Avenue are named for him in Winnipeg's north end. Luxton and John Kenny began publishing The Free Press which

marked its centenary in 1972.

Incidentally there was a Tribune published by George H. Ham in 1879 but it did not survive. The Winnipeg Tribune commenced publishing in January, 1890. Names such as the Call, Gazette, Herald, Telegraph, Daily Times, News and Sun marked the newspaper scene along with the odd name of Quiz, published by George H. Kerr. Mr. Kerr, perhaps, was asking questions of people in high places.

The printing press made its way into rural Manitoba. The first newspaper published outside of Winnipeg was The Portage la Prairie Review with Thomas Collins as publisher in 1878.

Other pioneer country editors were C. S. Douglas, Emerson International, an appropriate name for a newspaper published on the international boundary; James Hooper, Morris Herald; Alex Dunlop, Neepawa Press; A. Weidman, Selkirk Inter-Ocean; C. Cliffe, Brandon Mail; J. F. Galbraith, Nelsonville (later renamed Morden) Mountaineer; and W. J. White, Brandon Sun.

The Neepawa Press has continued on down the years and is highly regarded among Manitoba weeklies. The Brandon Sun began publishing Jan. 19, 1882, and will soon mark its 100th birthday.

Galbraith was the man who won a type-setting contest in the Standard office, Nov. 25, 1876. These competitions were not uncommon in those days and tested the speed and skill of the compositor in setting type by hand. Galbraith also won an extra prize for having the cleanest (least errors) proof.

Typesetting by hand is a dying art. Apart from small private journals, few newspapers are set by hand. My friend, Basil Langridge, to the day he gave up the business, set The Somerset News by hand.

You must remember that he not only set every line in eight-point type but, when the paper was printed, he had to return each letter to its proper type-box in the case. Alex Dunlop also was in the contest won by Galbraith and took third money.

The early printing shops always attracted visitors who were fascinated by the emergence of the printed sheets. I still cannot resist visiting country print shops. John Kenny's first press was operated by a crank and he probably had to chase numerous small boys from under his feet as he turned the crank.

The newspapers of a century ago did much to shape opinion along the river. Dr. John Schultz one of the more outspoken advocates of union of the colony with Canada, bought out Coldwell in 1868 and used the Nor'Wester to trumpet his views. No wonder it was quickly suppressed when Riel came into power.

James Ross, an intellectual with an outstanding academic background,

had bought out Buckingham in 1860, but he criticized the governor and council of Assiniboia so severely he was fired as sheriff and postmaster in 1862. Ross agitated for self-government in Assiniboia and union with Canada.

The Gazette was strongly in favor of incorporation of the community as a city but feeling against it by the large property owners who feared taxation was so strong the editor thought twice about printing a special editorial he had written favoring the new city.

It was not unusual for angry readers to storm the newspaper office, break up the equipment and treat the editor rather roughly.

Printing and publishing has come a long way, technically, since Buckingham and Coldwell arrived at the Red River. But the job is as exciting now as it was a century ago.

The Dear Old Hymns

The first thing I do on Sunday morning when I arrive at church is to check the numbers on the hymn board, not that I have an exceptional voice, far from it, but I like to know what we are singing.

At one time I had the job at St. Luke's Lutheran church of selecting the hymns, a chore I relished because I have a number of favorites, but the new pastor has reserved that job for himself. I have discovered he loves to sing, too, and occasionally at Sunday School leads the wee ones in singing with his guitar.

I am sure many of my readers, if they were brought up in the church, will have favorites. My neighbor, Mrs. Les Bell, who was a pretty fair soprano in her day, loves that great Welsh hymn, Cwm Rhonda (Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah) and my dear old aunt, who loved the church so much she would virtually crawl to St. Chrysostom's twice on the Sabbath, was so fond of "Safe in the arms of Jesus" one of Fanny Crosby's numerous hymns, she had it placed on Uncle Joe's tombstone. Fanny Crosby wrote several thousand hymns and you'll find them in every hymnal ever printed. It is all the more significant when you remember that she lost her sight when she was a mere toddler. She lived to the remarkable age of 92.

Another prolific hymn writer was Isaac Watts, who was destined for a life of ill-health. When he was 20 he was one of England's most promising preachers, who turned to hymn-writing when he was a youth because he didn't care for the way the existing church manhandled the psalms. His father, who had been jailed for a year for his nonconformist views, suggested he try writing some hymns of his own.

Many churchmen and church people agree his "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross" is the most beautiful hymn in the English language. The United States and Great Britain lead in the writing of hymns and sacred music. The Welsh people love hymn-singing and it is significant people who have known tough times and persecution such as the Mennonites and Ukrainians join their Welsh neighbors in expressing themselves and the faith they lean on, in music. I love Vaughan Williams' "For All The Saints Who From Their Labors Rest" and Hugh Pritchard's lilting tune, Hyfrydol, to which a number of hymns have been written by contemporary writers. The outstanding hymn writers of the present day, who specializes in gospel music, is John Peterson, who has turned out several hundred airs including the catchy "Heaven Came Down."

Some congregations are poor hymn singers. I delighted in hymn-singing as a small boy at Atlantic United where Walter Carter had a wonderful choir and the minister, Rev. Bob Frayne, owned a magnificent tenor which had helped pay his way through university by singing on the Chautauqua circuit which country folk will remember in the 1920's. Dad could play anything written on his English concertina and we spent many hours with the hymn book, although he found the only scale that matched the piano was A major but that didn't bother him. I have heard Lutheran congregations struggling with German plainsong. The old-timers may have known the selections but they were meaningless to the youngsters. I find a number of hymns by Protestant writers in a new Catholic hymnal. Attending a Catholic funeral recently I could not help but be impressed by the organist's selections of evening hymns known to every non-Catholic, Abide With Me, Rock of Ages and Lead Kindly Light. Actually, the latter hymn was written by John Cardinal Newman.

There are people who find much strength in certain hymns. This may sound stupid in the cynical 70's. The hymns used by Billy Graham's group include a number which are extremely popular such as How Great Thou Art — but my favorites, which bring me close to tears, are John Newton's "Amazing Grace" and "My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less." Newton was a slaver, running his ship between Africa and the United States. In the middle of a terrible electric storm at sea, he lost all of his fervor for the slave trade and returned to England and became one of his country's most noted evangelists. He wrote "Amazing Grace" which a lot of teen-agers have discovered on the popular recordings of the day. The Pentecostal people and the Salvation Army put marked stress on music in the church. They strongly believe in the Biblical admonition "Let us make a joyful noise unto the Lord." The love of hymn music is reflected in the marked popularity of CBC's Hymn Sing. Few television programs received as much mail as Eric Wild's group. A lot of the junk you hear on the air won't last beyond next week but the great music of the church will last unto eternity.

Parish With A History

One of the suburban cities that has been swallowed up by Winnipeg is St. James-Assiniboia, still affectionately known as St. James to oldtimers who knew the neighborhood before it joined with the rural municipality of Assiniboia and later absorbed the town of Brooklands.

Rev. Paul W. L. Smith, rector of St. James Anglican church, forwarded some historical material on his church from which the community derived its name.

The parish of St. James was founded in 1849 on a grant of land from the Hudson's Bay Company, extending seven miles along the Assiniboine River to serve the settlers, military pensioners and retired Hudson's Bay personnel. The first rector, Rev. W. H. Taylor, arrived in September, 1850 and he gets credit for naming the parish "St. James."

The site of the original church is an old Indian burial ground and was chosen because there was a ford nearby and also had enough elevation to convince Bishop David Anderson that it would be a good refuge in time of flood. The settlers already had found out what the rampaging Red could do with the help of the Assiniboine in certain spring seasons. The bishop was a man of vision. In 1852, a terrible flood occurred and some settlers camped on this high ground. There is evidence some even paddled from St. James to Stony Mountain where the entire community retreated eventually. The first timbers of the new church were washed away by the flood waters.

The oak timbers in the old church were rafted down from Baie St. Paul, hewn by hand and put into place by the men of the parish.

When the church first was erected it had a tower at its west end. This was torn down in 1871 because it was felt the foundations were not strong enough. From this tower, men on watch saw the Portage la Prairie volunteers heading for Fort Garry to release the prisoners taken by Louis Riel in February, 1870.

Bishop Anderson consecrated the church May 28, 1855, although it was completed in 1853. By May 30, 1857, there still was an outstanding debt of two pounds, 17 shillings, seven pence but nobody knows if it ever was paid. The church cost 323 pounds, 15 shillings, 1 pence, not very much by present prices but a considerable sum to those brave pioneers who were anxious to have their own house of worship. The old rectory was built in 1852.

The first baptism took place Jan. 9, 1853 and the first marriage Aug. 11, 1855. The churchyard, still in use, was consecrated in 1856 and the first burial was in December of that year. Close to the northeast corner of the church is the headstone of a veteran of Waterloo. What tales his ghost might tell of Wellington and Napoleon on that rainy Sunday of long ago.

In 1860, a parish school was built near the church but replaced by a

larger school in 1869. The master, Mr. Kitson, had to teach music for which he received remuneration of one shilling each Sunday "provided the vocal efforts were pleasing to the ear of the congregation." I believe my friend, Bill Kitson of Portage la Prairie, prominent in curling circles, is a descendant of this pioneer teacher.

The Rev. Cyprian Pinkham arrived in 1868 to become the second rector and he left a profound impression on local education. He was the first superintendent of education for Protestant schools in Manitoba and later became Bishop of Calgary. Pinkham School, at Notre Dame and Sherbrooke streets, is named for him. Influenced no doubt by Pinkham's enthusiasm for education, the vestry in 1877 donated an acre of land for a Protestant public school. This building stood on the approximate location of The Paddock Restaurant.

The old church was replaced in November, 1922, when the present building at 195 Collegiate Street, (College Street in those days) was opened. Christmas and Easter services were held in the old church until 1936 and subsequently an annual service was held in the churchyard to fulfill the agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company that at least one service a year be held.

Brave Men With Wings

Transatlantic air flights leave virtually on the hour now for points overseas and it no longer is a mark of distincion to say you have flown across the ocean. Yet 40 odd years ago Manitoba had a tenuous connection with brave attempts to fly the Atlantic which then was a forbidding, stormy place for aerial crossing. The sea is complete with the bones of brave men and women who ventured unsuccessfully to fly to the Old World and to the New, as well as the rusting metal of countless aircraft.

The name is meaningless to many present-day aviation enthusiasts but there'll be some who remember Von Gronau, a distinguished navigator and airman whose records in the air certainly warrant his inclusion in aviation's hall of fame. The brilliant German airman not only flew the Atlantic once, he did it three times, and on the third occasion he and his crew of G. Roth, Fritz Albrecht and Franc Hack made a memorable trip around the world with two stops in Manitoba.

Von Gronau had conquered the Atlantic in 1930 and in 1032 set out in his faithful Dornier flying boat, the Gronland Wal (Greenland Whale), from the Isle of Sylt on his historic tour. Via Iceland Greenland and Labrador, the Dornier reached Montreal, landing on the St. Lawrence River, July 25.

From Ottawa they flew to Detroit, Michigan, on to Chicago and Minneapolis and on Aug. 9, the residents of Lac du Bonnet saw the flying boat coming out of the southern sky from Minneapolis. The Royal Canadian Air Force lads refuelled the Dornier and the hospitality was so generous Von Gronau and his crew remained as guests of the RCAF until Aug. 11 when they thundered into the summer sky and headed for Cormorant Lake in Northern Manitoba. This was another RCAF foresty patrol base. The RCAF again played the role of a kindly host and Von Gronau did not leave until Aug. 13. Via Northern Alberta, British Columbia, Alaska, the Aleutians, Japan, China, Philipinnes, India, the Middle East, Italy they reached their home base Nov. 9, after mastering all kinds of difficulties. In the second war, Von Gronau served on the Luftwaffe's administration, undoubtedly making sure young German birdmen mastered their navigation as he and his around-the-world crew did.

There are veteran airmen who'll remember Lt. Col. F. C. Minchin. My friend Frank Ellis mentions Minchin in several of his excellent books on Canadian aviation history and in his "Atlantic Air Conquest" he recalls Minchin, an Imperial Airways pilot after a worthy war record. Minchin, who also had done some barnstroming in the United States, was joined by Leslie Hamilton, a test pilot and instructor, and the married daughter of the Earl of Mexborough, Princess Anne Lowenstein-Wertheim, who financed the attempt. They used a Fokker aircraft and were scheduled to leave Upavon on Salisbury Plain, a spot many Canadian soldiers will remember only too well, on Aug. 31, 1927. The airplane was christened St. Raphael and the participants in the venture were blessed by the Bishop of Cardiff. The Fokker had trouble getting airborne with its huge fuel load, but in the nick of time Minchin got the aircraft off the ground. In clear weather, members of an old tanker, Josiah Macy saw the plane in the night sky almost in mid-Atlantic. There was a report that another ship's crew had seen an airplane heading east before dawn after the Josiah Macy's sighting, off the American coast. If true, Minchin and his partners were hopelessly lost, probably due to a faulty compass. In any event, no trace of the St. Raphael and its gallant trio ever was found.

C. A. (Duke) Schiller, an outstanding bush pilot who had flown with Ontario Provincial Air Services and no stranger to the host of oldtime airmen still with us, made an attempt in September of the same year, with Phil Wood of Detroit, to fly from Windsor, Ont., to Windsor, England. The Stinson Detroiter aircraft was named the Royal Windsor. With three other recently attempted flights ending in tragedy, Schiller and Wood were prevailed upon when they reached Harbour Grace to call it off. Instead they set out to look for the Sir John Carling, which had taken off with Tully and Medcalf as the crew, the airplane having been bought by the brewery. They

had left Harbour Grace Sept. 7 but never were seen again. Schiller, an old friend to Medcalf and Tully, flew hundreds of miles across the open sea in a futile attempt to find his friends. In due time, Schiller was to fly the Atlantic many times as a pilot for Ferry Command in the second war, but not before he got his name in the papers again in a rescue mission to aid Fitzmaurice, Koehl and von Huenefeld, the first airmen to fly the Atlantic east to west. They had crash-landed on Greenly Island in the Strait of Belle Isle.

Chapter Six

sound of battle . . .

Soldiers of Long Ago

Recorded military history of the Northwest Rebellion, which set the Western Prairie aflame in 1885, has some inaccuracies and omissions.

Coles Publishing Co. of Toronto has issued a facsimile edition of The History of the North-West Rebellion of 1885 by Charles Pelham Mulvaney, AM, MD. It was originally published by A. H. Hovey and Co., of Toronto in the same year of the rebellion. There are parts of the book which are perplexing.

It lists all the units that parcipipated apart from the 95th Manitoba Grenadiers and the Rocky Mountain Rangers and includes a mystery unit which he lists as the 92nd Winnipeg Light Infantry. Other histories say the Winnipeg Light Infantry were the 91st, but he has a 91st battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Thomas Scott. Nowhere in the other histories at hand is Col. Scott's unit mentioned although the Canadian Northwest Historical Society's account of the Alberta Field Force, commanded by General Strange, mentions a 92nd battalion. The 91st commanded by Lt.-Col. W. Osborne Smith, marched with Strange.

Does anybody have any history of the 92nd? Mulvaney says it comprised largely old soldiers who came with Wolseley's Red River Expedition in 1870 and settled here. D. H. McMillan, who I am sure became Sir Danniel McMillan, and Stuart Mulvey, renowned as a writer, soldier and teacher, where the majors. T. Lusted was a second lieutenant and this must be Thomas Lusted or a member of the family of prominent local merchants. H. W. Chambre who later commanded the 90th also was a second lieutenant.

The Regiments and Corps of The Canadian Army, prepared by the Army Historical Section, nowhere mentions a 92nd battalion. This excellent book says the 91st Winnipeg Battalion of Light Infantry became the 106th Regi-

ment, Winnipeg Light Infantry April 1, 1912. Could the 92nd be the Winnipeg Battalion of Infantry which served on General Middleton's lines of communications? The Dragoons originated with No. 2 company of the Winnipeg battalion and No. 6 company 91st battalion which is listed as Manitoba Light Infantry and this particular company was not authorized until Jan. 4, 1889. They became two independent squadrons, authorized June 1, 1901, became the 12th Manitoba Dragoons July 1, 1903.

The 95th Manitoba Grenadiers also served on General Middleton's lines of communication. Were these fellows in red tunics and pillbox hats the original 92nd? The official history says the 95th Winnipeg battalion of infantry was redesignated April 2, 1886 and were renamed the 95th Battalion, Manitoba Grenadiers, May 21, 1886. Donald Parrott, a Red Lake writer, says he had a relative serve with the 95th. When the 75th anniversary of the rebellion was marked in Winnipeg in 1960, some surviving 95th soldiers attended. The battalion, at the time of the rebellion, enlisted many farm lads from Stonewall, Gunton, and surrounding district. The 95th was removed from the army militia list in 1892 with the exception of No. 1 and No. 2 companies which became independent companies, designated "Brandon" and "Portage la Prairie" infantry companies. The latter company became "B" troop of the Dragoons in 1893.

Other Winnipeg units in the fight were the Winnipeg field artillery battery, commanded by Maj. E. W. Jarvis, which saw considerable action and the Winnipeg troop of cavalry, commanded by Capt. C. Knight. Another Manitoba unit which was in the thick of the action was Boulton's Scouts, led by Maj. James Boulton, who had been imprisoned by Riel in the 1869 trouble. Boulton had moved to Russell, Man., and this mounted unit of superb horsemen who knew every bluff and coulee on the prairie, was comprised of men from Northwestern Manitoba. Boulton wrote an account of the rebellion campaign but copies are rare. The town of Birtle also raised a home guard unit but Manitoba Indians were a peaceful lot and did not join Poundmaker or Big Bear in the West. It was Boulton's men who discovered Gabriel Dumont and the Metis awaiting in ambush at Fish Creek.

The Rocky Mountain Rangers — what a wonderful name for a military unit — were perpetuated by the South Alberta Light Horse which was a reconnaissance battalion in the Second World War. It should also be noted that three independent companies of Rangers was approved as the 102nd Regiment April 1, 1908. The regiment mobilized Jan. 1, 1941 after doing local protective duty in Kamloops, B.C. It saw service in Kiska with the 13th Canadian Light Infantry Brigade Group and in the United Kingdom. Mulvaney doesn't mention them although I did know one oldtimer who served with the Rangers in Alberta in 1885. He does list the Moose Moun-

tain Scouts, who sound colorful enough. These lads are perpetuated by the North Saskatchewan Regiment.

A release by the department of national defence information office in 1960 lists some of the units including the "90th Grenadiers." There was no such animal! The 10th Royal Grenadiers came from Toronto. Later to become the Royal Regiment of Canada, the first battalion suffered terribly at Dieppe. The 90th was our own rifle regiment, now the Royal Winnipeg Rifles. It is generally agreed that the 10th and the 90th broke the back of the rebels at Batoche by charging the Metis rifle pits.

The Valiant

A Stonewall doctor's son thousands of feet above enemy territory climbs out on the wing of his wounded fighter to put out a fire.

A captain from Manitoba, holding up a wounded comrade, blocks the enemy from exploding a bridge.

A St. Vital man in the hills above Hong Kong smothers a grenade with his body to save his buddies.

A major from Manitoba leads his mean against six pillboxes, captures them all and 100 Germans.

A lieutenant of Manitoba's Lord Strathcona Horse mounts and charges machine guns with only three other men, knocks them out and dies of his wounds.

Among the thousands of Canadians who died fighting for this country and the preservation of its way of life are the 19 Manitobans and members Manitoba units who have won the Victoria Cross in the past 75 years.

Here, briefly, is a description of their acts of valor.

Sgt. A. H. L. Richardson, serving with Lord Strathcon's Horse in the South African War, was Manitoba's first Victoria Cross winner.

Sgt. Richardson was born in Liverpool, Eng., in 1873. In 1898 he emigrated to Canada and worked on a ranch before joining the North-West Mounted Police. At the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, he joined the Lord Strathcona's Horse. On July 5, 1900 at Wolve Spruitt, 15 miles north of Standerton, 38 of the Strathconas, clashed with a force of 80 Boers and engaged at close quarters. After being ordered to retire, Sgt. Richardson rode back under heavy cross-fire, picked up a trooper whose horse had been shot and rode him to safety. At the time of the action, Sgt. Richardson was within 300 yards of the enemy and was himself riding a wounded horse.

One of the greatest air aces who ever faced the enemy, Maj. William

George Barker, DSO, MC of Dauphin, better known as Billy, won his VC Oct. 17, 1918.

Flying with No. 201 Squadron of the RAF, he saw an enemy two-seater over the Foret de Mormal which he attacked and shot down. Barker in turn was attacked by a Fokker biplane. He was wounded but destroyed the German. Next a large formation of enemy fighters swarmed around him. Wounded again, he shot down two more. Barker lost consciousness, and his plane, a Sopwith Snipe fell out of control, but he recovered before reaching the ground with the Germans still after him. Barker then singled out one enemy aircraft and shot it down in flames, and with his left elbow shattered, fainted, but recovered and attacked again. He shot down another enemy plane and turned to flee. Another enemy formation attempted to intercept him but he broke through and crash-landed behind the Allied lines. He went back to become President of the Fairchild Corporation of Canada but was killed March 12, 1931 near Ottawa while demonstrating a new two-seater aircraft.

The 90th Regiment produced another Victoria Cross winner in Color-Sgt. Frederick William Hall of the 8th Battalion. He was the first Manitoban to be honored in the 1914-18 war.

On April 24, 1915 in the Ypres sector, Hall attempted to reach a wounded man. His first effort failed as did that of two other soldiers. When he made a second effort and actually was lifting the wounded man up, Hall was mortally wounded in the head.

Sgt. Leo Clark was with the 2nd Battalion near Pozieres, France, Sept. 9, 1916 when he was ordered to clear a newly-captured trench and cover construction of a 'block.' Most of the detail was dead or wounded and he himself wounded when the enemy attacked. Clark advanced and emptied a service revolver at them, then picked up two enemy rifles and continued to fire. A German officer attacked him with a bayonet, wounding Clark in the leg; but Clark shot him dead. The enemy fled pursued by Clark who shot four more and captured a fifth. Ordered to a dressing station, he returned to duty the following day and subsequently was killed.

Capt. Robert Shankland was with the 43rd Battalion, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, near Passchendaele, Oct. 25, 1917, when he led his company to capture a ridge which commanded the entire area. He and his men with two machine guns defended the hill against numerous counter-attacks. He made a dangerous trip twice through enemy fire to seek help, holding on until his superiors were convinced that his position was strategically sound.

Capt. F. M. W. Harvey went overseas with the 13th Canadian Mounted Rifles and saw service with the Lord Strathcona's Horse. In June, 1917, while his unit was attacking a village, the enemy sent a party forward to a

wired trench in front of the village and opened rapid fire from very close range. He leaped over the wire, jumped into the trench, shot the machine gunner and captured the gun. Harvey retired from the army as a lieutenant-colonel.

Capt. Coulson Mitchell led a group from the 4th Battalion, Royal Canadian Engineers, on the night of Oct. 8, 1918 to prevent the demolition of bridges in front of the advancing infantry at the Canal d L'Escaut, northeast of Cambrai. Under a heavy barrage he found one bridge already destroyed but he crossed to another and severed the wires leading to the explosives. Then he dashed to the main bridge across the canal, heavily charged for demolition. While snipping the wires, the enemy attacked and Mitchell ran to the aid of the wounded sentry. Mitchell killed three Germans and captured 12 more, maintaining his position until help arrived. Still under attack he cut the wires and saved the bridge for his infantrymen.

Alan Arnett McLeod was an 18-year-old lieutenant when he won the medal March 27, 1918. Son of a Stonewall doctor, McLeod had joined the Royal Flying Corps.

He was attacked by five enemy aircraft while flying with his observer, a Lt. Hammond. By skilful flying he enabled Hammond, his gunner, to shoot down three of the attackers. Hit five times with his aircraft on fire, the Stonewall youth clambered out on one wing to keep the fire away from Hammond, who was able to continue firing. Hammond was seriously wounded, and later their machine crashed between the lines. McLeod dragged his wounded comrade under enemy machine-gun fire, was wounded again, but did not stop dragging Hammond until they were in the Allied trenches. Invalided home, McLeod returned to a hero's welcome but he, too, had survived the war only to lose his life in the influenza epidemic on Nov. 6, 1918.

Sgt. Robert Spall of the Princess Pats stood alone on a parapet, facing 600 enemy soldiers to cover the withdrawal of his unit near Paareillers, France, Aug. 13, 1918. Opening fire with a Lewis gun, he inflicted heavy casualties on the advancing Germans. Returning to the Canadian trench he mounted the parapet a short distance away and commenced firing at 75 yards range. He held up the enemy advance until his two platoons could withdraw to a new position. Spall was killed during this action.

Maj. Chris O'Kelly was serving with the 52nd Battalion when he won his VC southwest of Passchendaele, Oct. 26, 1917, Leading his command over 1,000 yards, the company stormed and took the enemy positions under heavy fire. He then personally organized and led a series of thrusts against enemy pillboxes, capturing six, 100 prisoners and six machine guns. Later that day his company repulsed an enemy attack, taking more prisoners. A hostile raiding party of 11 men were captured that night. Maj. O'Kelly

survived the war only to be drowned Nov. 15, 1922 while on an exploring expedition in Lac Seul in Northern Ontario.

Alex Brereton, an acting corporal, was with the 8th Battalion east of Amiens in the 1914-18 war when a line of enemy machine guns opened fire on his exposed platoon. Brereton leaped forward and reached one of the enemy posts, killing two enemy soldiers and forcing the balance to surrender. His platoon charged behind him to capture the five remaining gun positions.

Other Canadians, who had a link with Manitoba, earned Victoria Crosses in the First World War.

There still are a few old 78th Battalion veterans around who remember Samuel Honey. A scholarly lad born in the village of Conn, Ont., Honey was teaching school on the Six Nations' Reserve near Brantford before he was 17. After graduating from Walkerton High School, his plans to enrol at Victoria College in Toronto were dashed with the outbreak of war and he enlisted in the 34th battalion. But after going overseas he transferred to the 78th Battalion of the 100th Winnipeg Grenadiers. He won the Military Medal, Jan. 10, 1917 and at Vimy, April 9, he won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. A sergeant by now, he was commissioned.

In the last days of September, 1918 in Bourlon Wood, Lt. Honey braved machine-gun fire to capture the gun and 10 prisoners.

With all of his company officers dead or wounded, Lt. Honey took command and repelled four enemy counter-attacks. When darkness fell he led another assault on the German positions to capture three more enemy guns. On Sept. 29 he again displayed marked daring and leadership but on Sept. 30 he was fatally wounded. Lt. Honey is buried at Queant, France.

Harcus Strachan was a native of Bo'Ness, West Lothian, Scotland. He came to Canada in 1908 and when war commenced, toyed with the idea of joining the London Scottish.

However, he enlisted in the Fort Garry Horse although the point of enlistment is not recorded and was commissioned Sept. 1, 1916. At St. Quentin in 1917 he won the Military Cross for his qualities of leadership and at Masnieres, Nov. 20, 1917, in the Garrys' most celebrated action, he won his Victoria Cross after his squadron commander was killed, by spearing an enemy gun crew with a sabre and penetrating two miles behind the enemy lines before returning with all of his wounded and a host of prisoners. Lt. Strachan settled in Alberta when the war ended and was active in the militia with the Alberta Dragoons, Canadian Light Horse and Alberta Light Horse. He reverted to the rank of major to go on active service with the South Alberta Regiment in 1939 and in 1940 was promoted to lieutenant-colonel to command the Edmonton Fusiliers. He retired from the military July 4, 1946.

George Harry Mullin came to Winnipeg from Moosomin in August, 1914 to enlist in the 32nd battalion, but transferred to the Princess Pats. In action near Vimy in 1915 he won the Military Medal and won his Victoria Cross on Oct. 30, 1917 when he rushed an enemy pillbox that had pinned down the Canadians' advance, killed a part of the crew and took the other 10 prisoner.

Sgt. Mullin, strangely enough, had his uniform pierced by enemy fire but was unhurt. He returned to Canada to serve with the 1st Assiniboia Militia and during the Second World War was with the Veterans' Guard of Canada. He later was sergeant-at-arms in the Saskatchewan Legislature.

There are many old Straths who remember Gordon Muriel Flowerdew. This lieutenant was born in Billingford, Norfolk, Eng., in 1885 and in 1903 came to Canada and settled in Duck Lake, Sask., and moved on to British Columbia to Queensbay and Walhach. He joined the British Columbia Horse in 1914 when war broke out but transferred to the Lord Strathcona's Horse. On March 30, 1918, northeast of Moreuil Wood he led his squadron of four troops of cavalry against two lines of the enemy who were well-armed with machine guns. Sending one troop under Lt. Harvey, who had won his Victoria Cross in 1917, to attack another enemy pocket, Flowerdew charged with his remaining three troops. His men suffered 70 per cent casualties but the enemy fled. After hand-to-hand fighting Harvey's troop linked up with the rest of the squadron to consolidate their position. The unlucky Flowerdew, shot through both thighs, died from his wounds the following day and was buried in Nays-au-Val, a British cemetery near Amiens.

John Robert Osborn was a company sergeant-major with the Winnipeg Grenadiers, fighting the Japanese on the hills of Hong Kong, Dec. 19, 1941. This St. Vital soldier and his company were under heavy enemy fire from machine guns, mortars, small arms and grenades.

Time and again he picked up Jap grenades and hurled them back. When a grenade fell in a position where it was impossible to retrieve it, Osborne threw himself upon it before it exploded in a fatal effort to save the lives of the 10 men who were with him.

P.O. Andrew Mynarski was the middle gunner of a Lancaster bomber going down in flames over France, June 12, 1944.

He was preparing to bail out when he noticed the rear gunner was trapped. With his clothing and parachute in flames, he endeavored to free the man from the jammed turret. At the last moment, on the plea of his gunner friend, he turned away and jumped, but his burning 'chute failed to break his fall.

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria at the close of the Crimean campaign in 1856. The medal, until 1941, was made from metal of guns captured in the siege of Sebastopol.

It is a Maltese Cross with the royal crest in the centre and underneath it an escroll bearing the inscription "For Valour."

It is suspended on a ribbon of dull crimson color.

It is awarded irrespective of rank to members of any branch of Her Majesty's services, either in the Imperial forces or those of any Commonwealth dominion, colony, dependency or protectorate, the Mercantile Marine, hospital personnel or to civilians of either sex while serving in either regular or temporary duty during any military operations. It is awarded only "for most conspicuous bravery or some daring or pre-eminent act of valour or self-sacrifice or extreme devotion to duty in the presence of the enemy."

Queen Victoria gave much thought to this decoration. It was suggested to her that the words inscribed on it should be "For the Brave," but the queen objected that every soldier and sailor might think that only Victoria Cross winners were considered brave, and "all my soldiers are brave," she is reported to have said. She chose instead the simple words "For Valour."

In the first century of its existence the Victoria Cross was won by only 1,347 men throughout the Commonwealth and Empire, 96 of them Canadians.

The Little Black Devils

Probably because it is dad's old regiment, the Royal Winnipeg Rifles remains my favorite militia outfit and I hope this will not bring a spate of nasty letters from my good friends in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

The Rifles, after all, are one of the oldest, if not the oldest infantry unit in the West, and having escaped the realignment of the order of battle in the Canadian forces which eliminated two gallant old regiments, the Winnipeg Light Infantry and the Winnipeg Grenadiers, the militia battalion carries on the old traditions.

The Rifles, without any fanfare, marked their 92nd anniversary this year. Capt. W. N. Kennedy, Winnipeg's second mayor, founded the unit in 1883 when he became disturbed at reports of unrest among the Indians and Metis in Saskatchewan.

Ottawa authorized Kennedy to raise the regiment and designated it the 90th Winnipeg Rifle Regiment. Kennedy was an old frontier soldier. He had commanded a local militia company during the Fenian scare of 1871. The Fenians never got past Col. Wheaton and the United States infantry near Pembina and the scare subsided.

The regiment was authorized on Nov. 9, 1883, and had its first parade in the old Post Office Street (now Lombard St.) skating rink two weeks later.

When Kitchener appealed for colonial troops to assist in the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum where the fanatical Mahdists had him beseiged, 25 men under Kennedy left for Africa. Kennedy died before the small party returned home and Major Alfred McKeand assumed command.

When rebellion broke out on the prairies in March, 1885, the regiment was ready. On March 23, Major C. M. Boswell and Capt. H. N. Ruttan took an advance party of 100 men to Troy, now known as Qu'Appelle. Two days later the balance of the regiment marched west with General Middleton's field force.

The Rifles' participation in the rebellion was the beginning of the great tradition and this is where the regimental motto and nickname was acquired. The Crees, matching shot for shot at Batoche and Fish Creek, said: "The red-coats we know but who are these little black devils?"

The 90th wore the rifle-green uniforms of the Rifle Brigade and they are almost black in color. Thus, the name The Little Black Devils.

The regimental motto, Hosti Acie Nominati, "Named by the enemy in the heat of battle" is found on the regimental badge which is a rampant devil.

When dad was overseas in the first war English troops were intrigued by the odd badge. When told that the regiment had a history of fighting redskins, the Englishmen were always glad to buy the odd ale so they could hear all about it.

Thanks to Col. Boswell, who had succeeded McKeand as commanding officer upon the latter's death in 1887, the regiment's efficiency was such that, on the outbreak of war in South Africa in October, 1899, it had 500 riflemen ready to go.

Lt. Col. Ruttan took 250 men to Boer country as part of the Royal Canadian Regiment. The Rifles again distinguished themselves at Paardeberg.

The 90th mobilized on Aug. 4, 1914, and, two days later, known as the 8th battalion, was under canvas at St. Charles. More than 14,000 men passed through the regimental depot to fill the five battalions, 8th, 90th, 144th, 190th and 203rd, as well as companies for the 27th City of Winnipeg 44th and 61st battalions.

The 8th's valor in the horrible April of 1915 when, as a part of the 3rd Brigade it saved the channel ports despite clouds of enemy chlorine gas and endless artillery fire on the pivotal point of Gravenschal Ridge at Ypres, is well-known. When pulled out of the line only 237 officers and men answered roll call in Wieltj.

The unit became the plain Winnipeg Rifles in 1920 and "Royal" in 1935. The regiment mobilized July 1, 1940, in the second war and took part in the D-Day landings with the 3rd Canadian division June 6, 1944.

The 1st battalion was all but wiped out two days later at Putot where it stood without tank support and fought off the 21st Panzer Division and the 12th S.S. Division. Nineteen riflemen, including Maj. Fred Hodge, were murdered by the Germans after being taken prisoner.

The regiment raised four battalions during the second war and later supplied two companies to the 27th Infantry Brigade in West Germany for NATO.

As usual in peace-time, the battalion is manned by veterans who were not long out of high school when the regiment hit the beaches of Normandy, and a new batch of youngsters who are interested in soldiering. The old headquarters on Main Street was destroyed by fire some years ago and headquarters is now in Minto barracks.

Batoche . . . Fish Creek . . . Paardeberg . . . St. Julien . . . Festubert . . . Normandy . . . Schedlt Estuary . . . mere names in the history of war. But they are a part of regimental history that time cannot erase.

The Battle of Grand Coteau

Most of us have heard of such affairs as Seven Oaks, Little Big Horn, the Minnesota Massacres, Fish Creek and other battles involving the native peoples close at hand in past history, but it wasn't until I went prowling through our local library that I discovered the Battle of Grand Coteau. It was a king-sized fight for the times with the Metis on one side and the Sioux on the other. Dr. W. L. Morton, the distinguished Manitoba historian, tells about it in a paper to the Manitoba Historical Society in 1961. I am surprised this clash is not better-known. It would make an excellent base for a historical movie or novel and it apparently taught the marauding Sioux that the Metis were a foe of remarkable stature.

Dr. Morton points out that by 1851, the year of the battle, the Metis were well-organized on semi-military lines. In the autumn of 1815 when Colin Robertson restored the Red River settlement, the Nor-Westers appointed young Cuthbert Grant, the educated son of a Scottish father and Cree mother, "captain - general of all the half-breeds of the northwest." History recalls Grant at Seven Oaks in 1816 and his further operations against Fort Douglas after its recapture by the Des Meurons regiment in 1817. Rigid discipline prevailed particularly in the running of the buffalo for the Metis were for all purposes a form of cavalry. Dr. Morton says any serious breach

of the hunt rules might be punished by being turned loose on the prairie without horse or bridle.

In June, 1851, a group of buffalo hunters from St. Boniface, "the main river party," travelled south for a rendezvous with the Pembina hunters. On June 16 the combined forces left for a further rendezvous with the hunters from Saint Francois-Xavier, a community founded by Grant. The party now numbered 318 hunters, plus able-bodied women and children too small to be left at home. The women were assigned to make the pemmican and the buffalo hide sacks. On June 15, the White Horse Plain party had left Saint Francois-Xavier, accompanied by its missionary, Rev. Louis Francois Richer Lafleche, grand vicar of Bishop Provencher. This group was small with only 200 carts and 67 hunters. The other group had 1,100 carts and eventually totalled 1,300 people. Father Lacombe was with this party.

The two groups obviously acted independently of each other and the St. Boniface party did not care for Grant's leadership. But there is safety in numbers and they had an agreement to help each other in case of attack. After meeting together and moving out in established order, they separated. The White Horse Plain people encountered some Sioux who were chased away and the other group was promptly alerted. After much travelling and hunting, they reached the headwaters of the Cheyenne River and the big bend of the Souris in what is now Wyoming. The main party was near the Maison du Chien, a prominent landmark on the outlying ridge of the Coteau de Missouri, better known as Grand Coteau. While on the march, the Sioux had tried to cut off some stragglers. Father Lacombe gave his people permission to advance on July 13 which was the Sabbath in order that they could hunt the nearby buffalo on the Monday. On the evening of July 12, the White Horse group had reached the Grand Coteau, believed to be roughly 30 miles northwest of Maison du Chien.

Scouts from the White Horse Plain party had moved up the butte of the Coteau and discovered the Sioux. Pierre Falcon, the party's chief, immediately ordered camp to be set so it could be defended. Five daring scouts moved out to reconnoitre the situation and estimated the Sioux to total 2,000 to 2,500. Twenty Sioux rode out to intercept the scouts and surrounded them and ordered them to come to the Indian camp. James Whiteford, McGillis and Malaterre were taken prisoner but the other two ran for it. When the Metis saw them pounding down the slope, Falcon and Father Lafleche called the hunters together. Even the 12-year-olds picked up their muskets and there were 77 people who could handle arms.

The Sioux, in pursuit, approached the camp and parleyed with the Metis, promising to release the three prisoners and asking for assistance. The Metis were unconvinced. When three Sioux horsemen returned, ob-

viously to scout the Metis defences, they were repulsed. The Metis now were ready for the fight. The carts were formed into a circle, immobilized by the poles used to dry the pemmican and everything available was used for barricades under the carts. Trenches were also dug under the carts to provide shelter for the women and children. In front of the carts more trenches were dug, similar to Second World War fox-holes. The Sioux would have to run a gauntlet of fire to approach the carts and horses. After dark, two riders slipped away to warn the main party.

Father Lafleche celebrated mass on the morning of July 13 as the scouts signalled the approach of the Sioux. The whole Indian camp was moving to assault the Metis, suddenly stopping some distance from the corral. Thirty Metis rode out to warn them not to begin the attack. In the Sioux midst were the three prisoners. McGillis made a successful break for it before the Sioux and the Metis unsuccessfully parleyed, the natives rejecting an offer of gifts. They began to move on the camp. They were too slow to cut off the 30 Metis outside the camp. The accuracy and briskness of Metis gunfire shattered the first assault.

Malaterre and Whiteford now decided to try and reach camp on the suggestion of a white man guarding them for the Sioux. Whiteford had a superb horse but Malaterre knew he would have to fight his way out. He shot three Sioux before being overwhelmed by a fusilade of musket balls and arrows. The Sioux dismembered him, trying to frighten the Metis. Whiteford paused in his flight to shoot down a pursuing brave. Further assaults on the camp faltered in the face of Metis marksmanship. On July 14 the Sioux were expected to attack again, but the audicious Metis decided to break out and join the main body. It was a dangerous move but brilliantly executed. If the war-whooping Sioux came again, the four columns of carts could easily form another barricade. Sure enough, the braves attacked and a barricade was formed.

For five hours, a period climaxed by a summer thunderstorm, the battle raged. As the rain-clouds opened the Sioux made one all-out sortie, firing the heaviest volley of the two-day struggle and then vanished into the storm. The arrival of 318 Metis and as many Saulteaux from the main party was too much for the Sioux. Apart from the unlucky Malaterre, only a few Metis were wounded and some livestock killed. But the prairie was stained with the blood of the Sioux, a grim tribute to the military skills of the Metis, history's "Cavalry of the Plains."

Massacre in June

June 19 marks the anniversary of the Seven Oaks massacre and Herbert Jennings, 174 Leila Ave., West Kildonan, has passed on a most interesting copy of Alexander MacDonell's return of the killed and wounded in the action with Cuthbert Grant and the Nor'Westers on that late afternoon.

Much has been written about the short but brisk encounter in which Governor Robert Semple of the Red River colony and 20 of his officers and men were killed. MacDonell assumed the leadership of the colony after Semple's death.

While the colony was made up of a preponderance of settlers from the parish of Kildonan in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, there were Irish, English and Danish members in the group that left Fort Douglas to intercept the encircling Nor'Westers.

Semple, unfortunately, had some artillery pieces in the fort but was in such a hurry to challenge Grant he did not wait for them. Whether they would have made any difference in a hand-to-hand, close-quarter engagement is doubtful.

The officers slain included Semple, who is listed as governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land; James White, the surgeon; John Rogers from the Royal Engineers; Lawrence O'Wilkinson, secretary to the governor; Einar Holte and Alexander McLean.

Rogers and O'Wilkinson were Englishmen, McLean and White were Scots and Holte, who may have been a lieutenant in some capacity, was a Dane. P. K. Bourke, who left his mark on the future of the colony where St. James-Assiniboia now stands, was wounded.

I am intrigued by the name O'Wilkinson. It sounds a trifle Yorkshire to me. I have met many people named Wilkinson but none named O'Wilkinson.

Men and servants who died included Donald MacNaughton, Donald MacDonell, George MacKenzie, James Moore, Sr., and James Moore, Jr., Donald and Adam Sutherland and Henry Sinclair of the Scottish colony; James Bruin, Daniel Donovan, Bryan Gilligan, John Miheir, James Gardiner and Pat Maroony of the Irish section. Reginald Green, a miner, was the Englishman.

Thirty-two men went out from the fort and 11 struggled back. They apparently lost all of their arms.

The time of that brief encounter has been established at 5 p.m. Not all of Semple's people were killed in the first outburst of firing for, it seems, the Nor'Westers used rifles, knives or bludgeons to despatch their victims. The Nor'Westers lost one man killed and one wounded.

William Douglas, grand historian of the Masonic order, in his account of

the Massacre, says another attack on the settlers, who had taken refuge in Fort Douglas, was threatened that same evening by Grant.

The settlers left June 22 for the northern tip of Lake Winnipeg where they spent the winter of 1816-17. They embarked in seven boats and had further trouble when they were detained by armed men in canoes 20 miles up the Red River.

A Mr. McLeod of the Nor'Westers, ordered every box and desk owned by the colonists to be opened and the documents removed. He then imprisoned five of the colonists. After some indignities they were allowed to proceed. Some of the provisions promised by the Nor'Westers were withheld and the settlers barely existed through the winter.

Retribution arrived Jan. 10, 1817, when a company of the Des Meurons Regiment, commanded by D'Orsonnes or D'Orsonny, marched from Fort William, travelling via the old war road of the Sioux (Warroad, Minn., thus gets its name.)

On a wild and stormy night they placed scaling ladders against the palisades, entered the fort and overpowered the surprised Nor'Westers. Miles MacDonell noted: "We had our flag hoisted at sunrise."

June, 1817, was all but over when the last settler returned to the colony. The 46 soldiers of the Des Meurons Regiment were alloted land on the eastern side of the river in what is now St. Boniface.

Douglas notes they were not very good at farming and prone to brawling but they did achieve what they set out to do, and that was to recapture Fort Douglas. Douglas, incidentally, spells the governor's secretary's name without the "O" and there appears to be some differences in spelling of surnames and place names in the various accounts of Seven Oaks.

Four Battles

Four battles were fought in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, Fish Creek, Batoche, Cut Knife Hill and Frenchmen's Butte.

The first two engagements are well-remembered because of the gallantry of the Winnipeg troops concerned, the field battery and the 90th rifle regiment. The 91st battalion of infantry, later to become the Winnipeg Light Infantry, served under the cautious General Strange in the wearying pursuit of Big Bear and his tribesman. They clashed with the Crees at Frenchman's Butte in the last fight of any importance, although Inspector Sam Steele and 70 troopers attacked the Crees later at Two Lakes, forcing Big Bear's eventual surrender at Fort Carlton. Little has been written about Cut Knife Hill, which was a disaster for the militia and local volunteers.

Lt.-Col. W. D. Otter of Toronto commanded the force that tackled the wise old Poundmaker at Cut Knife Hill, a spot so named for the Sarcee chief who had clashed with Crees on an earlier day. Col. Otter had marched from Swift Current to the relief of Battleford, which was besieged by the natives. Upon reaching Battle River on the morning of May 1, 1885, he decided to surprise Poundmaker who was on his own reserve with his tribesmen, their wives and children. Col. Otter had 300 men from the Northwest Mounted Police, commanded by Superintendent Herchmer and Inspector Neale, volunteer scouts, C company of the School of infantry, the Governor-General's Foot Guards, No. 1 company of the Queen's Own Rifles, the Battleford Rifles, two seven-pound artillery pieces and Lieut. Howard, an American soldier of fortune, with his Gatling gun.

Col. Otter marched briskly on a damp spring day into the Eagle Hills looking for a fight, and he found it. It is not known why Col. Otter attacked Poundmaker, who had succeeded in rounding up his hot-headed young men and confining them to camp 40 miles southwest of Battleford. Poundmaker and his people had not allied themselves with Louis Riel, who had inspired the uprising by Indians and Metis. The impetuous Otter was soundly thrashed and finally had to be rescued by General Middleton's force after retreating to Battleford.

An Indian scout spotted the militiamen of Col. Otter in the deep ravine of Cut Knife Creek and gave the alarm. The Crees were encamped at the base of the hill up which the army was climbing. Col. Otter's advance troops found the Indians, too, but made the error of awaiting reinforcements before charging the Crees.

On the summit of the hill, hopelessly silhouetted against the morning sky, Col. Otter's troops were soon under heavy fire from natives who used every bush, coulee and rock for cover. All that saved the soldiers was the antique arms used by the Crees. Some of the braves peppered the soldiers with arrows. By noon, Col. Otter's position was untenable. One of his seven-pounders, old and obsolete, collapsed and was out of action. Lt. Howard fiercely swung the crank on his Gatling, but he couldn't hit what he couldn't see. The Mounties and the Battleford volunteers repulsed an Indian bid to encircle the column, opening a gap for Col. Otter's shattered force to retreat, lugging the dead and wounded. Poundmaker refused to give his braves permission to pursue sorely tried soldiers. Col. Otter had eight men killed and 14 wounded.

On May 26, Poundmaker and several of his sub-chiefs surrendered to Middleton at Battleford. The chiefs were imprisoned in the trials that followed the rebellion. Poundmaker spent some time in Stony Mountain Penitentiary but eventually was released and, crushed in spirit and health, died in Blackfoot country in Alberta. In the spring of 1967, his people brought

home his remains and re-interred them on Cut Knife Hill, the scene of his most notable day. If you are travelling in Northern Saskatchewan, you reach this historic ground over Saskatchewan Highway No. 40, through the Sweet Grass Indian reserve and the village of Cut Knife. It is breath-taking, scenic country and from the high land, overlooking the great valleys of the North Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, you can see the twin Battlefords in the distance. North Battleford has become one of Saskatchewan's larger towns, located on the railway side of the Saskatchewan River and the original Battleford is not much more than a historic site now. Old Battleford was mooted as Saskatchewan's capital but when the railway tracks were laid on the river's northern bank, it went into decline. The old police fort had sheltered 60 odd policemen and 400 settlers in those tumultuous days of 1885. Some of the original buildings remain and in 1951 it was declared a national historic park. It was abandoned as a Mounted Police base in 1924, but retains a significant place in Western history. Lt. Col. Otter eventually achieved general's rank but little else is heard of him in Canadian military history.

The Unsung Heroes

Most Manitobans have heard of the three Victoria Cross winners of the air wars, William Barker, Alan McLeod and Andrew Mynarski. Barker and McLeod won the highest honor to be won in the 1914-18 war, Mynarski in the Hitler war. Barker and McLeod both were cavalrymen from country towns — Barker from Dauphin and McLeod from Stonewall. Both were pilots. Mynarski was an air gunner when he gave his life for a fellow crewman in a burning bomber. But how many school children have heard of William Gordon Claxton and William S. Stephenson, both high ranking aces of accepted scoring methods?

Claxton came from Gladstone, Manitoba. In the brief period of three months in 1918 he shot down 37 enemy aircraft, introduced a new system of aerial camera gun photographs that became standard with the Royal Air Force and was one of the first combat pilots to use a deflection shot, aiming at an angle towards which the enemy aircraft is moving. With it he destroyed six planes in one day. Arch Whitehouse, that outstanding chronicler of the air wars in his Heroes of the Sunlit Sky, the 33rd book he has written about war, says: "There is no telling how far it might have gone, had not a bullet settled his (Claxton's) last air fight Aug. 17, 1918.

On that day he was flying with Frederick Robert McCall. Both had 34 victories at the time. They became separated from the main force and found themselves engaged by about 40 enemy aircraft. Claxton and McCall,

with rare skill, each shot down three aircraft as they battled towards the Allied lines. With safety in sight, Claxton was grazed in the head by an enemy bullet. He recovered consciousness in time to make a landing behind German lines. He was taken prisoner and German surgeons operated on his head and saved his life. After the war, Claxton went into journalism, writing and publishing in the field of finance. His partner, McCall became ill a few days after the dogfight in which Claxton was wounded and his war flying also ended. He was a native of Vernon, B.C., and like Barker and McLeod was a soldier first before transferring to the Royal Flying Corps.

Bill Stephenson was a mystery man whose daring exploits did not come to light until after the second war when he was knighted by King George VI and awarded the Presidential Medal for Merit by General William J. Donovan. If you read the book, Room 3603 you'll learn of his achievements for the Allied cause in the second war when he set up an anti-sabotage system to protect Lend-Lease shipping to embattled Europe. Not one ship or cargo was damaged in an American port so well did Stephenson's system prevail. Stephenson's scheme eventually was adopted by the Americans. In the words of Churchill, Bill Stephenson "pursued his task with cold and silent passion."

Bill attended Argyle school in his youth and joined the Royal Canadian Engineers and had his commission before he was 19, eventually becoming a captain. He was badly gassed in 1915, but his athletic youth — he was a crack amateur boxer — paid off and upon being returned to England, he transferred to the RFC. In 1917 he returned to France with the 73rd squadron. Despite his ill-health from the enemy gas, he soon ran up 21 victories in his Sopwith Camel. He won the Military Cross, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the grateful French gave him the Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre.

Trying to rescue a French reconnaissance plane that was under attack July 28, 1918, he shot down three out of seven Fokkers before the French observer mistook Stephenson for the enemy and shot him down. He was wounded and a prisoner and after several unsuccessful attempts, managed to escape from the prisoner of war camp at Holzminden on the River Weser. Possessing an inventive mind, Stephenson perfected a system after the war for transmitting photographs via radio and he was a millionaire before he was 30. He went into the steel business and plastics and founded Shepperton Studios in the British movie industry. His many interests took him all over Europe and he was one of the first to suspect Hitler's motives. He provided Churchill with a comprehensive report on the situation in Germany.

The Clatter of Cavalry

The combination of a good horse and a prairie farm boy leaves the military history of Manitoba and the West rich with the annals of mounted troops.

Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians), Fort Garry Horse and the 12th Manitoba Dragoons perpetuated the tradition through the Second World War as armored and reconnaisance units. But how many of you ever heard of Boulton's Mounted Corps, the 20th Border Horse, 14th Canadian Hussars, 19th Alberta Dragoons, Saskatchewan Dragoons, South Alberta Light Horse or the British Columbia Dragoons?

With the exception of the Strathcona's and the Garrys, who maintain a militia regiment, the passing of time has seen these fine, old units absorbed into other regiments, stricken from the order of battle or simply disbanded.

In the beginning, a dragoon was a mounted infantryman, trained to fight on foot. Jealous of the regular cavalry, he, in time, became an accomplished horseman and the British army came to look upon dragoons as light cavalry.

The 12th Manitoba Dragoons originated with No. 2 Company, Winnipeg Battalion of Infantry, April 10, 1885, and No. 6 Company, 91st Battalion Manitoba Light Infantry, Jan. 4, 1889. These two companies became mounted rifles and, with three additional squadrons, became the 12th on June 1, 1901.

The Border Horse, which drew its troopers from South-western Manitoba, was amalgamated with the 12th, Jan. 31, 1935. The Canadian army was eliminating the horse and the unit was redesignated 18th Armored Car Regiment (12th Dragoons) April 1, 1946; 12th Manitoba Dragoons (18th Armored Car Regiment) Feb. 4, 1949, and the word "car" was dropped Oct. 1, 1954, and the old name adopted again May 19, 1958.

The Border Horse was authorized April 1, 1908, as the 20th Mounted Rifles, but became the 20th Border Horse March 1, 1910. The numeral was dropped March 15, 1920.

The Dragoons served with General Middleton's lines of communications in the 1885 Rebellion and contributed volunteers in the South African war. Both the 12th and 20th had impressive First World War records. In the Second World War, the 12th mobilized as the 18th (Manitoba) Reconnaissance Battalion, later changing to armoured car status again. It landed in Normandy, July 9, 1944.

Incidentally, the aforementioned Winnipeg Battalion of Infantry mobilized March 30, 1885, and was renamed the 95th Winnipeg Battalion of Infantry, April 2, 1886, and 49 days later was designated as the 95th Mani-

toba Grenadiers.

It was struck from the militia roll Aug. 19, 1892, with the exception of No. 1 and 2 companies which were retained as independent companies in Brandon and Portage la Prairie. The latter company became "B" troop, Manitoba Dragoons April 7, 1893, and then "D" squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles. This was the nucleus of the 12th.

Until removed from the order of battle, the 12th had its headquarters in Virden. The regimental badge was typically Manitoban, a buffalo charging across the prairie.

The Fort Garry Horse perpetuates Major James Boulton's unit. In his memoirs Boulton refers to the squadron as Boulton's Scouts. They did yeoman service in the 1885 campaign and, generally, were comprised of farm lads from Russell and district. The Garrys also included the Manitoba Horse — authorized April 1, 1912, as the 32nd Light Horse — upon amalgamation Dec. 15, 1936.

The Garrys originally were the 34th Regiment of Cavalry and was authorized April 15, 1912. It became the 34th Fort Garry Horse Jan. 2, 1913, and the numeral was dropped March 15, 1920. Among its more illustrious members was a 14-year-old Stonewall lad, Alan McLeod, who was to win the Victoria Cross with the Royal Flying Corps in 1918.

Lt. H. Strachan, MC., won the Victoria Cross with the Garrys Nov. 20, 1917. Known as the 10th Armored Regiment in the Second World War, Garry tanks were the first Canadian armor over the German border.

Sharpshooter in the Sky

The immortal Billy Bishop called him the greatest fighter pilot who ever engaged in aerial combat, the peer of Richtofen and Voss of Germany, Mannock and McCudden of Britain and Rickenbacker of the United States, an expert in all phases of military aviation.

Yet I wonder how many small boys of today, nurtured on lesser heroes through television and comic books, know of Lt. Col. W. G. Barker, V.C., unless of course, they reside in Dauphin where they have named a school after this First World War ace.

Forty-five years have passed since his tragic death in an air crash while testing a new airplane March 12, 1930, at the early age of 36 and his great skills were denied his country when it went to war nine years later.

Barker did not get into the air until 1916 when he was 21 years old. He was born in Dauphin, Nov. 3, 1894, and as a youngster he developed his uncanny marksmanship as a hunter. Like his compatriot from Stonewall,

Alan McLeod, who was Manitoba's other first war VC winner in the skies, he was very much at home on a horse.

McLeod was a cavalryman with the Fort Garry Horse militia at the age of 14. Bishop, when war broke out, joined the first battalion of the Canadian Mounted Rifles but, when the CMRs became infantrymen, he applied to join the Royal Flying Corps and was accepted for training in the spring of 1916.

He joined No. 9 Squadron as an observer and gained his first victory from the rear cockpit of a lumbering BE2C observation plane. He was commissioned April 2, 1916, qualified as a pilot and was promoted to captain.

After 18 months of action, he was recalled to England as an instructor, a chore he detested. After flying under the bridges along the Thames River he was transferred back to the front.

Barker's No. 28 Squadron was transferred to Italy to help stem the German tide. By Jan. 10, 1918, had shot down 10 airplanes and two balloons and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. After a brilliant performance on the Italian front where he was decorated both by France and Italy, he was named major and commander of the new No. 138 Squadron.

By September, 1918, he had a score of 42 and on Oct. 28 it had reached 47 when he was ordered home to England. Barker, as he gained altitude on his flight home, noticed a lone German observation plane. With a long-range blast from 200 yards Barker destroyed the enemy.

Suddenly he was attacked by a German fighter and wounded in the thigh, but Barker outmanoeuvred the German and shot him down in flames. Barker then found himself surrounded by an entire "jagdgschwader" of enemy fighters. Wounded again in the left leg, he turned upon his opposition and quickly sent two more tumbling to earth.

The loss of blood caused Barker to faint but, as his aircraft hurtled earthward he regained consciousness and he whirled back to attack the enemy, shooting down another Fokker, but not before another bullet pierced his left arm. Flying with matchless skill, Barker used his deadly marksmanship to knock down his sixth victim of the day for his 53rd and final conquest of the war.

He crash-landed his Sopwith Snipe aircraft behind Allied lines, fainting from his wounds. Critically ill, Barker was awarded the Victoria Cross Nov. 20, 1918, but it was not until January, 1919, that he was able to return to England where he was promoted lieutenant-colonel.

After the war he joined his colleague, Bishop, in a business venture that did not prosper and he rejoined the Royal Canadian Air Force. Commercial aviation beckoned to him and he became president of the Fairchild Avia-

tion Corporation. Perhaps presidents of aircraft companies had no business testing aircraft but Barker loved to fly. The new design he tested that March morning stalled and carried him to his death.

Barker was not the highest scorer among British first war aces. Mannock had 73, and James McCudden, 57 victories, the Frenchman Rene Fonck had 66 and the top Canadian was Bishop with 72. Perhaps, somebody will put the story of the Allied First World War aces on film for modern youth to marvel at. If so, it must not ignore William Barker, the most complete winged warrior of them all.

Chapter Seven

45 years in the press box . . .

After spending much of a lifetime doing what you enjoy best . . . writing, especially sports, there are a lot of people and incidents to remember; fine athletes, great games, exciting moments that thrilled the community. The following chapter recalls some of the highlights of 45 seasons in the press box.

One of the more remarkable features of a period in our time that otherwise was submerged in despair, hunger and emptiness is remembered as the golden age of sports in our province.

Despite the lack of jobs, relief camps, vouchers for groceries, the long, uneasy lines at the soup kitchens and nightly orators in Market Square espousing the philosophies of Marxism and Leninism, people in our town, and I might as well add Manitoba, were head over heels in love with sports.

It was a time when men who believed in our sporting future laid the foundation for professional football, gambled on organized professional baseball and our two hockey arenas, the Amphitheatre and Olympic, creaked and groaned from the enthusiastic impact of customers who were watching the finest junior hockey you ever saw.

During the period 1930-40, traditionally known as the Dirty Thirties, we won four Memorial Cups, were runners-up in two other junior finals, captured the Allan Cup and three world hockey championships. Actually junior hockey did not decline with the coming of the second war, for we must not overlook three successive triumphs by Rangers in 1941 and 1943 and Portage Terriers and one final championship kick by Monarchs in 1946.

After Port Arthur Bruins won that community's only Memorial Cup in 1948, Eastern dominance set in. Brandon Wheat Kings, Monarchs and Ca-

nadians tried hard, winning Western titles as the 50s arrived but, apart from the 1949 Wheaties who stumbled and lost the title to Montreal Royals when they had it virtually wrapped up, there always was a haunting suspicion the Eastern invaders, who generally were Barrie Flyers, would be too strong.

The response to watch sports at the professional level in the present era has been described as a form of escapism from worrying about the price of roast beef, the endless wars and dismal news pages which hold nothing but bad news.

It may have been similar in the 1930's, although you did not pay eight dollars for a ticket because a lot of people were not earning much more for a six-day week. A junior hockey playoff game ticket had the odd price of $1.10. Football at Osborne Stadium cost the same. A bleacher seat from which you enjoyed excellent Class D professional baseball at Sherburn Park cost 25 cents.

The advent of pro baseball was rather astounding. The old Wesley Park amateur league, founded after the first war, went broke mid-season of 1932. At the same time, thousands were jamming the venerable Balmoral Street ball yard to watch double bills of what was called diamond ball. It was your present-day fastball with an extra shortstop. The rivalry between Uneedas and YMHA attracted as many as 7,000 to a playoff game, the late arrivals sitting on the outfield grass, or what there was of it. Thus, there was some snickering when it was announced the old Northern league had been reorganized and an ex-Philadelphia Athletic pitcher named Bruno Haas owned the Winnipeg franchise.

Field lacrosse had died in Sherburn park and the park was awaiting a tenant. However, on a cool opening night, the Winnipeg club, which had resurrected the old name of Maroons, thumped Eau Claire 10-4. There would be an added bonus. The Brainerd, Minn., franchise was moved to a community which always has loved baseball — Brandon.

There was no money for floodlights at Sherburn or Brandon and no daylight saving, but who cared? The old rivalry of yesteryear bloomed anew. A 6 p.m. start caused no grumbling. Unfortunately for Maroons, they ran second in both halves of the split-season and Brandon met Superior Blues in the final series. Winnipeg's love affair with Class D baseball would continue until Pearl Harbor, apart from one or two seasons, when the Maroons were mired in the second divison and disenchanted Winnipeggers stayed home.

There were some box office disappointments. Box lacrosse fizzled after one brave bid by our Argonauts for the Mann Cup and did much better in the dusty, open-air setting of Wesley Park. Track and field had many devotees, setting national records and Sargent Park nightly saw dozens of kids training on their own.

The town's particular sweetheart was Judy Moss who went off to the British Empire Games and came home with a gold medal in diving.

Sam Davidson, the Ballymena plumber with the bowler hat and the promotional magic of a Tex Rickard, attracted excellent crowds to his Canadian Soccer playoffs at Carruthers Park and a visit from a touring side had everybody talking. Aubrey Sanford, New Westminster Royals' goalkeeper, gentleman and long-time executive, remarked recently that Sam jammed the visiting players at playoff time six to a room at the McLaren for a dollar a head. But he kept the game alive and the association remained financially stable. It did not matter if the finalists were Montreal Verdun and Prince Albert Reds, the fans turned out in generous numbers.

I guess the series between Montreal CNR and New Westminster was one of the outstanding finals of all time in Canadian soccer. The Montrealers still are trying to figure out what went wrong. If my memory isn't addled, Royals won the first and deciding game 1-0 on penalty kicks. Montreal won the second by the resounding score of 5-0.

There was a sense of pride in local soccer when Scotland's glorious national side of 1935, which defeated the locals 7-2, returned home and confessed to Scottish writers the Manitoba team was the most accomplished it had met. The Scots only defeated a British Columbia select 1-0 but BC played kitty-bar-the-door all afternoon.

Rowing and paddling were extremely competitive. The spring and fall regattas were important events. My first big out-of-town assignment was the Northwestern International rowing regatta for Sir Thomas Lipton's cup in St. Paul in 1934 and it was an immense thrill, even if the newspaper could only afford to send me via Greyhound bus. No money for cabs. I rode the St. Paul trams to the Minnesota boat club, also to Lexington Park to watch the first night ball game in St. Paul baseball history.

Apart from the fact it was sizzling Triple A baseball, I remember it simply because when I left the park I heard a St. Paul policeman chewing out a motorist for driving without lights. The officer walked around to the front of the automobile to write down the licence number.

"H-11, man," he exploded, "you haven't got any lights."

While the motorist was watching the Minneapolis Millers defeat the Saints, somebody had lifted them.

There was a day when the neophyte in the sports department began his winter sports coverage as an enlistee in the Frozen Legion, the name for players and people who were to be found in the Olympic rink. I really didn't mind when I look at some of the puck-chasing garbage foisted on current enthusiasts I suddenly realize the brand of hockey I cut my sports-writing teeth on was lovely stuff indeed.

Despite economic stress, hockey was flourishing all over town. Monarchs, Kenora Thistles, University of Manitoba and the Columbus Club were the giants at the Amphitheatre in junior hockey. Elmwood Millionaires had disbanded after winning the Memorial Cup in Ottawa in 1931 and the players still eligible went to Monarchs, who had resumed operations the year before in what was labelled a junior 'B' league at the Olympic rink.

Monarchs should have won the Memorial Cup. They disposed of all local opposition, including Native Sons from the Olympic, and then swept past Thunder Bay and later Saskatoon, in a total-goal joust to win the west.

The team had no business losing to Sudbury in the Canadian final. They won the first game 4-3, blew the second 2-1 and Nakina Smith scored the only goal in the deciding contest to give Sudbury its first and only Memorial Cup.

The following season saw the advent of the true North Division. Portage la Prairie and Selkirk came into junior hockey, although the Fishermen had been a Memorial Cup challenger in 1919. Winnipegs had a splendid team, a majestic-looking lot of young men in crimson uniforms. They won the North, had little trouble with the South and then came the news, Brandon Native Sons, coached by Bobby Benson, the old Falcon, were challenging for the provincial title.

A two-game total-goal series was scheduled. Winnipegs won the first 3-1 from the surprisingly strong Wheat City fellows, who won the second game, and series, 5-1. Some of Brandon players came to Winnipeg to play, but junior hockey had arrived in Brandon and the Western Manitobans entered the North Division in 1936. I rate the 1937 Brandon side as the finest team that never won a Memorial Cup. The lost the North Division final to St. Boniface Seals who had an unusual quality of playing only as well as was necessary.

The shadows of war were at hand but junior hockey flourished in Kenora, Brandon, Portage and Winnipeg. Depression or no depression, Portage built a new arena and I doubt if any town made such an impact on hockey as the Plains City.

The Terriers, coached by Addie Bell, a wise old senior player whose main asset was that some of the Terriers had played for his minor league Southsides, who always will be remembered for their skill and flair.

They were perennial runners-up in the South, and the province in 1936 when Elmwood Maple Leafs were the sputtering North Division time bomb that erupted in the most remarkable junior upset in local history. But in the 1941-42 season, Portage would not be denied. With speed and finishing power that continually brought the scores to double figures, Portage had no equal in Canadian junior hockey.

I was fortunate to see some grand junior teams from across Canada; Toronto St. Miachael's of 1934 and 1947, Edmonton AC of 1934 and 1939, Saskatoon Wesleys who kept coming close, Barrie Flyers who were extremely talented and stocked with future NHL'ers, Oshawa Generals with Ken Smith and "Red" Tilston from Regina, the massive, swaggering Port Arthur Bruins of 1848 and, of course, our own kids.

"Red" Burnett, who retired from The Toronto Star after 49 years of newspapering, says the best professional hockey line he ever saw included Charlie Conacher, Busher Jackson and Joe Primeau. I would say John McCreedy, Alf Pike and Dick Kowcinak of the 1937 Monarchs hold the same distinction in junior hockey.

Kowcinak and McCreedy stayed together until John turned professional with Toronto. Pike went pro much earlier in the New York Ranger chain. McCreedy spent so much time playing hockey in mining communities that, after jamming a college education into his spare time, he eventually emerged as senior vice-president of International Nickel.

John was the scorer on the line, slithering up and down the right boards, usually under a baseball cap. Pike was the pivot and Kowcinak, the lad who went back to get the puck in his own end. They cut the Copper Cliff Redmen to pieces in the 1937 Memorial Cup final in Maple Leaf Gardens, with McCreedy scoring four out of seven in the victory that wrapped it up, as The Tribune delayed its final edition to salute the new champions. Somebody in the front office obviously knew something.

Our staff artist, Erling Gibson, sketched crowns on the photos of the players' heads and they adorned the front page above the banner. They were too much for Copper Cliff with its expensive, imported talent. However, they have not been heard from in junior "A" hockey since.

The 1934 Memorial Cup final at the Amphitheatre brought together Edmonton and St. Mikes. Edmonton was too strong for the west with Neil, Mac Colville and Bill Carse. The Irish were untouchable in the eastern precincts. The defeated Edmonton 5-0 in the first game, but a chap named Mahoney for Edmonton sent the second game into overtime before "Pep" Kelly sewed it up for St. Mikes, 6-4.

The 1947 Saints stood behind a shield of dignity and strange calm in the face of physical and verbal abuse to win the cup in Regina, defeating Moose Jaw Canucks. It was a cruel disappointment for Moose Jaw fans in the Canucks' first and only Memorial Cup final, but the Easterners with such able performers as "Red" Kelly, Ed Sanford, Ed Harrison and Fleming Mackell, were worthy champions.

The 1938 Seals were rollicking rascals who disdained training rules, but by golly they could play hockey. The Raggedy-Ann Rangers of 1943, not forgetting the same club of 1941 which delayed Montreal Royals' Memorial

Cup triumph until 1949, the 1946 Monarchs who shocked St. Michael's, the superb 1957 Flin Flon Bombers and the 1959 Braves who were very close as friends I had seen grow up, all had fine sides.

I was the odd-job man on the night sports desk when Elmwood Millionaries triumphed in 1931. Another rookie, Ralph Allen, trailed after them. The Millionaires' strength generally rested on the blueline where Bill Mackenzie and Kit Massey invariably were 60-minute men. This is not to belittle old friends such as Dr. Gordon McKenzie, Art Rice-Jones, Norm Yellowlees, Boyd Johnston, George Brown, Archie Creighton, Spunk Duncanson and the late Cliff Workman.

Hockey was a different dish 45 years ago but a most palatable one.

Forty-five years really isn't that long; a mere moment of travel in the universal plan of things. But, still, you can meet a lot of wonderful characters while passing through and they added much to the sports scene here, particularly in the era of depression and trying times of the Second World War.

Sports, particularly the professional type, does not encourage color now. Everything has a flavor of regimentation to it. If you show shades of individualism, though not really hurting people, you are quickly shipped off to a lesser team, which is willing to put up with your talents in a gamble to get on the winning track. Trouble-makers are not colorful, generally. The modern generation has a word for them — flakes. Sadly enough some pro athletes, who have been unloaded for skirmishes with the law and annoying the general public, were extremely talented.

In my day, even amateur sports had colorful personalities who brightened drab, cold days and the world of hockey lost, not only a fine coach who had ideas ahead of his time, but a delightful character in Art Nelson. Naturally, he was called "The Admiral." He never got a chance in higher coaching company but handled numerous senior, intermediate and junior sides in Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario. He had an affinity for mining towns and no doubt enlivened the long winter evenings with his storytelling ability.

I have heard of football coaches who threw up before the opening kick-off. Art may have had gastric problems but his trouble really was nerves. As soon as play began, his old fedora flopped into Row 'A', and his 'coon-skin coat trailed behind him in the breeze he generated as he stormed up and down the boards following the play. I think this was the reason he never really did do much coaching at the Amphitheatre. He was a captive of the players' box and that handcuffed his style. Art moved faster than some of his players at the Olympic, where he had plenty of room to manoeuvre between the first row of seats and the boards.

It was said on occasion, Art would actually chew on the end of his neck-

tie. I do not say this to ridicule him but only to show what a bundle of nerves he was. His old 'coonskin coat was never buttoned, and I suppose a gift of ties at Christmas was always welcomed, but I wonder how many hats he left hind in his foot races along the rail. But he was a grand guy, who loved hockey for all it was worth and when no junior side wanted him he was willing to settle for a midget outfit.

Art was involved in the most exciting hockey league this town ever owned, rated as senior 'B' and played at the Olympic rink. I am convinced this league had fellows who would be at least expansion professionals today. But opportunities in pro hockey were almost neglibible, unless you were a Charlie Conacher or Baldy Northcott.

With three senior 'A' teams of world class standard, it was decided to form a league of Elmwood Millionaires, reviving a famous old name; Vikings, who wore the honored orange and black of the mighty Falcons; Pilgrims, again restoring the name of the athletic club from around Matheson and Main, and Les Canadiens. Ralph Allen called it the most exciting hockey he ever watched. It was go, go, go for 60 minutes and please remember they weren't getting a dime for doing it.

One night, 'Windy' Lyndon, of Vikings, was so anxious to play and angered by being left on the bench, he suddenly threw his stick into the Machray Avenue exit and stormed to the dressing room. 'Windy' was chubby, roly-poly, the most deceiving athlete you ever saw.

He was a marvellous skater, a devastating basketball dribbler long before Marquis Haynes and an outstanding soccer player. None of these skills matched his ability on the dance floor, though. I have seen people drift to the edges of the hardwood of the old Grand Beach pavilion to give him waltzing room. He could select any gal with two left feet out of the crowd and turn her into Ginger Rogers. He won the Caterers Picnic dance trophy so often I think they finally told him to keep it.

But the most colorful character of this early league of the 1930s was Pierre Hamelin of Les Canadiens. Pierre came from St. Norbert. I believe he had several brothers with him on the team which had a superb goalkeeper in 'Buster' Amantea, 'Buster' later took off for England and showed them what goalkeeping was all about. Pierre would wind up in his own end and the customers would await the collision with the other end of the rink. I kept anticipating that he, sooner or later, would wind up among the candy bars and popcorn on the other side of the wall if he didn't keep right on until he finally ran out of gas in the orchestra pit of the College Theatre.

I suppose the most remarkable sports personality of the times was John Petersen. A carpenter by trade who lost his job in the depression, he began umpiring softball games in the Mercantile League at Canada Bread grounds. Somebody must have liked his style because he wound up working

at the Olympic rink, officially as manager, but along with Tony Mundrick, Don McCuaig, Charlie Gilbert and one or two other rink rats, he was there to keep the place operating. Incidentally, I think Tony could have made natural ice on July 1, if necessary. Local hockey teams never played on better ice than Tony's.

A born promoter, who roared at friend and foe alike, but who would give you the roof off his house if you needed it, John Petersen was one of the finest friends I ever had. Space does not allow me to relate the numerous acts of kindness he did for people. Eventually he wound up as the boss of the Olympic, Amphitheatre and Osborne Stadium.

He had a great weakness for kids. I remember when I organized a little NHL program in 1949 but had no place to play, I went to him for help. The rink was conveniently not booked on Saturday mornings. He made me a deal across the kitchen table in his Evanson Street home that I could have the rink on a Saturday morning, but the kids would have to sell tickets for a Booster Night at the Amph and he would take all the proceeds. It sounded most reasonable. The big night came along and I walked into his back office at the Amph and handed him the money. He carefully counted it.

"There's $385 here. You remember the deal we made," he said. "The money is all mine."

I told him he was correct and we were all very happy to play indoors on a Saturday morning.

"Gawdammit, don't be such a stupid fool," he suddenly roared. "Do you think I would take the kids' bloody money. Give them a banquet or sump'n." We did and John Petersen was at the head table. He was named boss of the new Enterprises complex and unhappily was forced to resign, but to me he was gruff but generous, the biggest softie this side of Copenhagen. If they have a stadium in heaven I know who is running it.

Amateur baseball at Wesley Park had its color guys and I guess nobody delighted the crowd more than Charlie Krupp, who caught for YMHA teams in the softball wars. Charlie always could be seen with a see-gar. One evening at one of our kid baseball dinners, one tyke suggested he light it.

"What," he cried "and make myself sick!"

The pros at Sherburn Park had some delightful people such as Wes Griffen, the stormy, highly-talented playing manager of the Maroons, 1935 Northern League champions. His verbal battles with Umpire Amby Moran were worth the price of admission.

Amby, a grand old guy who had some difficulties with the grape but who made a marvellous comeback before his time ran out, stared down more protesting ball players than anybody in history. Ralph Allen wrote that the park hired police not to protect Amby but to protect the ball players. Amby

would tolerate no nonsense and ran more than one complaining lad into Portage Ave. The revival of pro ball after the second war lacked the flavor of the early days. Mickey O'Neill tried hard to put some pepper into the proceedings, but the close link between the customers and the players we knew both at the Osborne Stadium and Sherburn Park was not there.

There is a story, which may be slightly exaggerated, that Bruno Haas, who managed and owned the Maroons in their early years, had sonar ears. He would be shaving in the clubhouse by the Portage Ave. gate during batting practise and somehow he could tell when a baseball soared into Portage Ave. Now, baseballs cost money and this was depression time. Bruno would charge out into the avenue to search for the precious thing. One day he was reported to have dashed out, his face covered in lather and his straight razor in hand, thus frightening half the populace, who, perhaps, thought he was foaming at the mouth.

Football between 1930 and the emergence of the game as a full-blown professional major league, had a lot of exciting performers both here and in the West. The list is a long one and football deserves a chapter of its own.

As far as our town is concerned, the major developments in sports would involve football and hockey, both which are represented locally by professional teams.

The bringing of a World Hockey Association team and the acquisition of Bobby Hull were brave, bold moves that have paid off in spectator enthusiasm. Nobody really thought the WHA would survive. Well, it didn't in some centres in Winnipeg you only have to review the season just ended to know that the WHA appears firmly ensconced in the hearts and pocket books of local buffs. There are all sorts of rumors that eventually you might find an All-Canada league replacing the WHA for the Canadian members of this circuit are the most substantial, but whatever happens I think pro hockey is here to stay unless the economic situation becomes so bad everything else goes under.

I have not had much to do with the Jets. My days as a hockey writer are over. I remember the old Maroons of the Amphitheatre in the late 1920's before I got into the scribbling business and I was an enthusiast for Jack Perrin's Warriors from the very first press conference he held to announce the founding of a Western League team here. The handsome new Arena and the Warriors, at the start, went together like ham and eggs. Perhaps the team was too successful. They won everything in sight in the first season but before many more seasons passed they were out of business which left a gap filled only by the juniors and those gallant young men who revived the Maroon name in senior amateur hockey. They may not have had the finest team in local senior history, but they did win an Allan Cup in 1964

after several narrow misses. They also set a magnificent example of hockey decorum that is sadly disappearing from the game.

Football was a different cup of tea. When I joined The Tribune we had a three-team senior league at Wesley Park and the University of Manitoba still was fielding a team. The collegians would abandon football completely after an unhappy interlude with the American game. A 68-0 loss to South Dakota did nothing for Bison morale.

The Winnipegs really were the original Tigers who had been our first Grey Cup contenders in 1925. Tote Mitchell, who was operating kid teams around Mulvey school in 1914, went off to the war and left an arm in the Flanders' mud but not his enthusiasm for football. He saw the handwriting on the wall early. He foresaw a community-owned team representing Winnipeg and so the new club was formed to compete with St. John's, which had its beginnings with St. John's college alumnae. In 1932 the first two imports, Russ Rebholz from Wisconsin and Carl Cronin of Notre Dame were in town, Russ wearing St. John's colors and Carl with Winnipegs. The dominance of Regina in the West continued, however, and one evening in a Manitoba Wheat Pool board room, representatives of both clubs with Eddie Cass in the chair, elected to have one football club.

The new Winnipegs were in action in 1933. In the snow of Carruthers Park, Regina's rule came to an end. The Canadian Rugby Union decided the West, having never accomplished too much in the Grey Cup contest, ruled the Western challenger would play the Eastern Big Four winner, in this case Toronto Argonauts in a "semi-final," Argos won 13-0 but it was by far the West's best showing, regardless of the outcome. Winnipeg football nuts were ecstatic. But everything went wrong the following season. There may have been a trace of dissension but apart from Russ Rebholz' 68-yard-pass-through-the-air to Lynn Patrick against Concordia College of Moorhead, Minn., on Thanksgiving Day it was a disappointing year.

I have written the story of 1935 a number of times and it is pointless now to repeat it. If you came in late it was the year of the West's Grey Cup, won by Winnipegs, well-stocked with talent from American schools recruited by that most persuasive fellow, Manager Joe Ryan. The new recruits included Fritz Hanson from North Dakota State, who, with a deferring nod in the direction of Leo Lewis of the Bud Grant regime, was the finest running back I ever saw. The availability of good homebrew talent from an excellent junior league gave the Winnipeg team a headstart. What would Coach Bud Riley give now for players of the quality of Bill Ceretti, Chester McCance, Jeff Nicklin, Dr.Jim McPherson, Gerry James, Boom-Boom Benson, Mel Wilson among others.

The new team exploded into view one warm September evening against

North Dakata State, winning 26-0 and after vanquishing the touring Sarnia Imperials for the first victory every by a Western team over one from the East, football was everybody's dish.

It would be dangerous to try and single out particular players for certain accolades. Certainly Rebholz was the most accomplished. Kabat played every position entrusted to him. Hanson was that mercurial, light-hearted lad with the streak of individuality. Coach Reg Threlfall once complained that Hanson's problem was that he forgot to remember and started to think. In one game with Calgary, he took the ball from centre and began retreating into his own half of the park. The Bronks, for that was what they were called in those days, looked at each other, knowing full well that to commit yourself defensively when Hanson had the ball was sweet suicide. However, they could not stand around all afternoon and watch Hanson play by himself and eventually offered pursuit. The Golden Ghost left them clawing at shadows.

Winnipeg football had two bright periods, 1935-41, which produced three Grey Cups, and the Bud Grant dynasty. Grant had been a good National League end when he was coaxed into coming here. In 1957, club president Jim Russell nurtured the idea that Grant was first-class coaching material. It was a one-in-a-million hunch that paid off. The prematurely-silver-thatched young man from Superior, Wisc., led the Bombers to the Grey Cup final, which in itself was virtually unexpected. The next decade was punctuated by five more Grey Cup trips before the tide turned again and Grant departed for the NFL and Minnesota Vikings. Seemingly-unapproachable, weighing every word before he said it, Grant was the complete coach, providing disciplined leadership and teaching genius to the excellent material at hand.

Winnipeg has been blessed with a list of imported players as long as your arm. Some only stayed long enough for a cup of coffee. Some, such as Dr. Bert Oja, Bud Marquardt, Ken Ploen, Buddy Tinsley, Joe Zaleski, Hanson et al, settled among us, although Hanson now hangs his hat in Calgary.

One of the best-loved players of the past quarter-century was Dr. Tom Casey. Tom arrived one spring morning when the rampaging Red River already was lapping at attic windows. The first thing he did when he arrived was to take one look at the growing disaster and ask where he could find a shovel and some rubber boots so he could work on the dykes. Before he retired from football with his medical degree, Tom would be named Citizen-of-the-Year by this newspaper. He protested loudly that he really was a nobody. We who knew him and watched him on and off the field knew better.

I really wouldn't want to name the best team I ever saw. Perhaps it might be the 1958 squad. Jaxon Matheson who knows all about button-hooks and blitzes and screen passes might offer a better assessment.

In 45 years of wending your way through our own particular corner of sport's great realm, one meets a lot of people; some who emerged briefly on the scene and slipped away, others who dominated their own particular interest and many who were builders and led our town into a reasonable facsimile of a big league atmosphere. There were also newspaper people, many of whom added considerable color to the world of deadlines and printer's ink at Graham and Smith Street.

I have served under seven sports editors, starting with Ross Cameron, who later moved to the news desk, and then into advertising and a promotional job with the Liberal Party.

Paul E. Warburg came next. Linked to the Warburgs of Wall Street, he had been yachting editor of the New York World-Telegram, one of several New York dailies that succumbed to the competition and rising production costs. Paul gave me every chance and I think he was a better administrator than a writer, but that merely is my opinion. I know the business office trembled when it got the engraving bills from Rapid Grip and Batten for his sports page illustrations. He went to the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles and then went home to New York to be replaced by Johnny Buss, everybody's friend from north of the tracks.

John had started out as a telegraph messenger, caught on with the Free Press and joined Bruce Boreham at The Tribune. Buss eventually stepped down as department chief to be succeeded by Herb Manning.

Tony Allan, who had made his mark covering the 1939 Royal Tour, preferred being sports editor to city editor and added his brilliant and fearless column to the sports pages. Tony eventually would retire to count his money but he was a wonderful fellow, a little diffident among strangers but easy to work with. He was a fierce individual, sometimes wearing red underwear or dungarees cut off at the knee during July heat waves and riding a bicycle.

Jack Meek followed Tony and the present incumbent, of course, is the one and only Jaxon Matheson who stirs readers' emotions by the mere mention of his name. Don't let him kid you. He's a king-sized softie as evidenced by his Christmas cheer fund-raising.

Our department has been graced by some superb writers such as Ralph Allen and Bill Frayne. Jim Coleman also was a Tribune newsroom rookie who has never lost his boyish enthusiasm, especially when the horses are at the post.

John Robertson, the happy-go-lucky Cocoanut Willie, was one of our lads. Sooner or later, John will write his autobiography or maybe somebody had better do it for him. He could be the country's No. 1 baseball writer with a little application. He may be the last of the color guys scrambling for typewriter space in the nation's press coops.

The men whose personalities flavored the sports pages were impressive. Jim Speers, who always was called R. James Speers in print, was born in Peel County, Ontario in 1882 and as a young man saved his money from selling insurance to come to Battleford, Sask., to try the cattle business, real estate and auctioneering. Jimmy Gray is his fascinating new book, The Roar of the Twenties, tells that by 1908 Speers had a well-established business, $700 in the bank and was hopelessly addicted to poker.

When his wife went home for a holiday, he not only lost the $700 but also the fancy house he had acquired in a card game. He loved to gamble and was a resourceful promoter who always paid his debts and he expected those in his debt to do the same. When they failed him, they never got another chance.

His years before coming here were marked by excursions into the grain elevator business, horse dealing, a business which took him frequently to the United States and critical injury in a train wreck near Spokane. He managed to get $40,000 in damages out of the Northern Pacific Railway and after paying medical bills went into the commission business here.

With Jerry Dohan and W. L. Halpenny, Speers leased old River Park Track, thus commencing a racing career which saw him build Whittier Park in St. Boniface and Polo Park where Eaton's had its employees' recreation grounds in West Winnipeg. Winnipeggers loved the races, so dearly that the city's retail trade took a horrendous beating in 1925.

Premier John Bracken's Progressive government finally passed a law limiting the number of race tracks to one for each major city and the number of racing days per track to 14 a year. He gave Speers a monopoly on horse racing until the day he died. Gray's book tells a rip-roaring story of gambling in Winnipeg in the era before the bottom fell out of everything even though the horses still kept running for Jim Speers.

Sports owe a debt to men like W. J. Holmes, who owned the Amphitheatre and financed some good hockey teams. He preferred to stay in the background and never did attend the dinner he staged annually for the championship midget hockey team that won the trophy he donated for annual competition.

Charlie McFadyen eventually built Osborne Stadium to house his soccer teams, who performed in an unsanctioned league. The league perished early, after considerable excitement created by charges of professionalism in local fitba'. Somebody was finding five-dollar bills in their socks but it was who they were and who put them there which produced a lot of debate as G. Sydney Halter of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada got into the act.

Wise, wonderful Syd! He had fallen in love with sports in his college days at the executive level. He did a number of chores with the football

club with quiet, methodical efficiency. There was no doubt he would become football commissioner for the pro gridders of Canada. In his time, he has been involved with track and field, hockey and horse racing and we share a common team to cheer for . . . Liverpool of the English Soccer League.

There was Charlie Gibson in bowling, who made the alley game and Kelly pool respectable for lady patrons; Ossie Graham, who loved lacrosse with an unending passion; Tom O'Brien, who served the boxla version with equal devotion; W. P. Fillmore and Jim Morkin of amateur baseball; the outstanding men who were chief executive of our football club, Joe (Yussel The Voice) Ryan, Art Chipman and his light-heated chum, Henry Borger; Pat Quinn of the Monarchs; Scotty Oliver, who had a penchant for building hockey champions; energetic Mark Danzker; the curling leaders; Jimmy Dunn, hockey statesman of international renown; Claude Robinson, who founded the CAHA; the Perrins, father and son (I treasure old Mr. Perrin's terse description of lacrosse — "It is not a parlor game") and the builders, spawned by a hundred country towns, which make this a great sporting province. Then there are the aces of the running track, Cyril Coaffee, Jimmy Ball, Lawrie Cohen and Brant Little, who kept us respectable internationally.

Alas, the list is too long and I'm fraught with the fear of leaving somebody out, especially the guys who stood on snowbanks and corner lots, who left lawns unmowed and snow unshovelled, to operate a veritable cavalcade of recreational pursuits and kid sports.

Two fellows who remain very close are Eddie Cass and George Anderson, the first a saintly Irishman from St. Mary's parish via Fordham University and first base, the other a dour imaginative Scot from Aberdeen. I guess nobody loves baseball more than Eddie and nobody loves soccer more than the indestructible George.

Eddie's contribution to the good of our community is immense. The high school football games we sat through, the banquet circuit we toured together, are cherished memories. I was in at the beginning of high school football when Eddie, with peppery, lively 'Shorty' Kennedy, Walter Burman, Charlie Wharton and O. V. Jewett started it all in 1931. I was thrilled to provide some help in getting George into Canada's Sports Hall of Fame. Here he is approaching another birthday and he still is involved in the game he loved on the slagheaps of his native Aberdeenshire.

Can I ignore fine friends from the teaching profession, especially among the Jesuits? The old school on Ellice Avenue and its glorious past deserves a history of its own. Father Cecil Ryan once called me the best practising non-Catholic he ever met, but the spiritual warmth of old St. Paul's was beyond measure and I still think of the great rectors, Fathers Joe Mon-

aghan, Joe McDonald, Cecil Ryan, John Holland, Charlie Kelly, Bill McWalters, Bob Meagher and many, many more, all splendid servants of our Lord and the youth they served.

There always is the inherent danger you have to omit something in wrapping up a series such as this, but there is just so much space, just so much the mind retains. As the days roll by and retirement edges closer, it seems to be a brand new ball game, but there'll always be somebody to watch, somebody to play, somebody like Culver Riley to build for the future.

Culver and I hit it off nicely. We loved to meet in book shops for he had a voracious appetite for military history and I am no stranger to the accounts of Antietam, Ypres and Dieppe myself. Besides, my ma was the Riley family cook 70 years ago. My surgery-scarred tummy looks like the map of an old Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad guide, but I still enjoy grinding out copy on topics dear to my heart. As Johnny Esaw remarked once to me. "Did you ever stop to think how lucky we are to meet people and go places for which other folks have to shell out their money?"

Well, I didn't wash for a month after shaking hands with Jack Dempsey but the biggest thrill was that after 30 years, he still remembered. I hope I have remembered all that made it 45 wonderful seasons.