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Surveyors at War: A.O. Wheeler's Diary of the North-West Rebellion.

Reminiscences of Dr. Charles McKenzie.

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SURVEYORS AT WAR: A.O. WHEELER'S DIARY OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION .... W.A. Waiser 41
REMINISCENCES OF DR. CHARLES McKENZIE 53
SASKATCHEWAN SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS, 1944-1964 .... Rork Wigmore 66
DOCUMENT OF WESTERN HISTORY. DOUKHOBOR IMMIGRATION: THE POTATO DILEMMA .... Victor O. Buyniak 72
BOOK REVIEWS 77
Spector, *Agriculture on the Prairies, 1870-1940.* By W.J.C. Cherwinski
Taylor, *For Dignity, Equality and Justice: A History of the Saskatchewan Government Employees Union.* By Glen Makahonuk
NOTES ON BOOKS RECEIVED
Martel, *Le Messianisme de Louis Riel; Le Gibet Du Régina par un Homme bien reseigné* with introduction by G. Martel
Giraud, *Le Métis Canadien*

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: Canadian Troops sleeping in the trenches within the zareba formation at Batoche, May 10, 1885. Peters Album. Public Archives of Canada, No. C4522.

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Correspondence should be addressed to: *Saskatchewan History,*
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SURVEYORS AT WAR: A.O. WHEELER'S DIARY OF THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION*

By W.A. Waiser

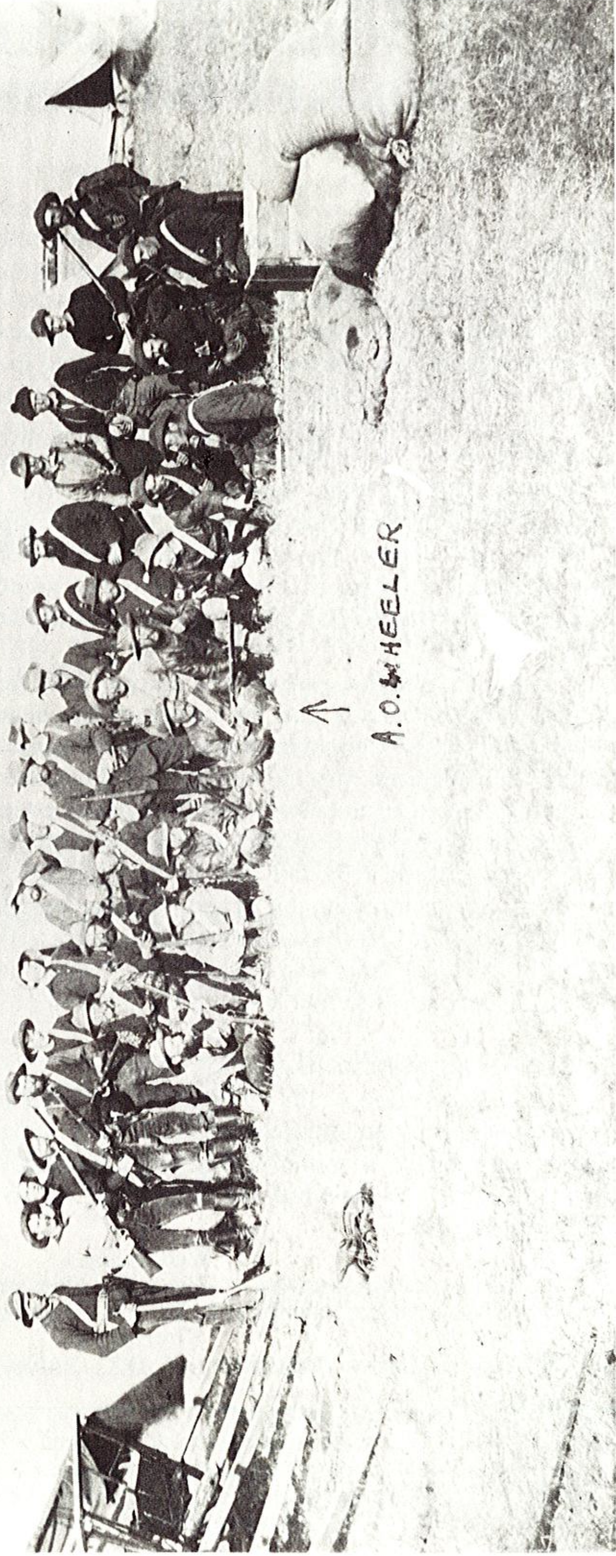
While conducting some research into the activities of the Dominion Land Surveyors (D.L.S.) in western Canada, I came across the unpublished 1885 diary of Arthur O. Wheeler in which he recorded his involvement in the North-West Rebellion as a member of the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps.[1] The diary by itself was not a significant find, particularly when compared to other first hand accounts that have recently been published[2]; Wheeler's daily entries generally consisted of a few lines of point form notation. Secondary accounts of the Surveyors' role in the 1885 troubles[3], however, have been based in part on a largely anecdotal article published by Wheeler in *The Canadian Surveyor* some fifty years later.[4] The 'discovery' of the Wheeler diary consequently presented the ideal opportunity to examine whether Wheeler's perception of the Rebellion and the Surveyors' role had changed over time. In particular, a comparison of the contemporary account with the later article would reveal whether Wheeler had succumbed to the temptation to distort or embellish the story.

Arthur O. Wheeler, perhaps best known today for his role in the creation of the Alpine Club of Canada and his survey of the interprovincial boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland in 1860. At the age of sixteen, he emigrated with his family to Collingwood, Ontario and embarked on a surveying career the following year. His apprenticeship was served largely in Western Canada, first in the Prince Albert area in 1878 laying out Indian reserves and then in western Manitoba in 1881 and 1882 surveying timber berths. Qualifying as a Dominion Lands Surveyor during this period, Wheeler headed a survey of the prairie region south of Moose Jaw in 1883. He then took a party to the Quill Lakes area in 1884. So highly regarded was this field work that the twenty-five-year-old Wheeler moved to Ottawa in January 1885 and assumed the position of third class clerk in the Department of the Interior. Within a few days he moved upstairs to work in the office of Dr. Eduard Deville, Surveyor General of Canada.[5]

The first mention of the outbreak of hostilities in western Canada in the 1885 Wheeler diary is found under the March 29 entry. After briefly outlining his activities that Sunday, he closed with, "News of the Burning of Fort Carleton [sic]." Three days later, Wheeler described the events that led to the formation of the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps:

> Wednesday 1
>
> . . . Surveyors held meeting + decided to offer services to government to go to the front. Signed memorial to Sir John. Nothing decided —
>
> Thursday 2
>
> Worked in Dept. Deputation of D.L. Surveyors called on Sir David

* The author wishes to acknowledge J.O. Wheeler's permission to consult his grandfather's papers. Don Wincherauk prepared a legible transcript of the original 1885 diary. The author also wishes to thank Walter Hildebrandt for making his military analysis of the North-West Rebellion available. Hugh Johnson and Jack Summers made helpful comments on an earlier version of the paper.



Dr. J.O. Wheeler, Vancouver

McPherson [sic] and he gave them strong recommendation to Minister of Militia. Interviewed A.P. Carron [sic] who said he would telegraph Middleton and let us know at 10 a.m. tomorrow.

Friday 3

Saw the Minister of Militia who seems to favour our offer. Will know for certain tomorrow morning—meetings all day—Jack Dennis elected captain—

Saturday 4

All arranged leave early next week. Said goodbye at the office—Asked Burgess for leave of absence granted. Oyster supper given by Drummond and McVittie.[6]

The article, while remaining true to this sequence of events, provides considerably more detail about the organization and nature of the Corps. From the outset, Wheeler was determined to correct the false impression that the force was organized by J.S. Dennis and known as Dennis' Scouts.[7] Wheeler consequently described how a group of Surveyors, anxious to take part in the action, decided to hold a meeting at Ottawa's Russell House and organize a volunteer force. The command of the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps was first offered to Wheeler and then Louis R. Ord; it was only after both men had declined the captaincy that Dennis was offered the position. Wheeler also explained how the Corps was designed "to be used for information purposes as to trails and routes, and generally to act as intelligence men, or as Scouts or as mounted rifles as might be desired."[8] To this end, the proposal that the Surveyors put forward to the Conservative government originally called for a fifty-member corps consisting of ten D.L.S. with first hand experience in western Canada and four of their best assistants. More than ten D.L.S., however, volunteered and ranked as lieutenants[9]: hence the unit was often sarcastically referred to as the "49 officers and the Scout." Wheeler suggests that such criticism was pure jealousy on the part of other units because the Surveyors were responsible only to the commander of the North-West Field Force, General Frederick Middleton, and thus enjoyed a greater amount of freedom.[10] The Intelligence Corps nonetheless was something of a dandy lot. With their slouch hats with red flannel bands, black leather jackets, white canvas haversacks, bandoliers, corduroy riding breeches and top boots and spurs, they cut a distinctive figure. Even Wheeler admitted that "your esteem in the troop was regulated by the length and quality of your spurs."[11]

The Surveyors had good reason to feel that they could play a deciding role in the North-West campaign. During their annual field work in western Canada, they did not simply measure out the land but made extensive notes on the topography and resources of each particular region. They were also experienced travellers on the open plains and rolling parklands, laboured under difficult, at times hazardous, conditions, and had had dealings with both Indians and Métis during the course of their work. The Minister of Militia recognized these qualities and was anxious that the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps join General Middleton as quickly as possible. Thus unlike other units who were sent westward over the uncompleted Canadian Pacific line north of Lake Superior, they travelled to Winnipeg through the United States. The trip, in Wheeler's words, was a "luxurious one"[12]; at Blue Island, just outside Chicago, they boarded a special pullman and "had a jolly good time between this point and Minneapolis. Music and singing."[13] The Corps arrived in Winnipeg at 7:00 a.m., Saturday, April 11, and after taking on a few more volunteers, reached Qu'Appelle three days later.

Given the attention that the Surveyors had initially received, they probably expected, and rightly so, that they would be immediately pressed into service upon their arrival in the West. Yet, Middleton had little confidence in Canadian militia men

let alone irregulars like the Surveyors. From this point forward, then, the Corps' first class treatment came to an abrupt end and their activities were generally characterized by delay, frustration, and finally disillusionment—a change in mood that is reflected in Wheeler's diary but not his lighthearted article. Although they had been rushed to the front, the Surveyors reached Qu'Appelle only to find "no horses for us and expect to have much difficulty in doing so."[14] After waiting a day, Captain Dennis headed for Regina on April 16 to secure suitable transportation. He returned the following day "with a lot of horses and regular dandys" but "no rifles yet."[15] To make matters worse, the weather turned cold and it snowed. Eager to start, Dennis telegraphed Middleton on Saturday evening, April 18, that the Corps was ready. He was subsequently instructed to proceed by train to Swift Current and report to General Laurie. Fortunately, before the Corps left the following afternoon, the rifles finally arrived and were distributed.[16]

At Swift Current, the Corps was put through several sessions of mounted drill on April 20 and 21. Such practice was necessary because many of the unit's horses had never been saddled before and some of the Surveyors were relatively inexperienced riders; indeed, the Corps' first and only mounted parade at Qu'Appelle had resulted in mass confusion.[17] Wheeler's diary also makes a passing reference to a "mock engagement with the 91st"[18] that is recounted in greater detail in his article. Observing the infantry crawling up a long, nearby slope, the Surveyors circled around them and took up a position on the opposite side of the ridge:

> In a moment we were over the top at a gallop and right amongst the crawling infantry, brandishing empty revolvers and yelling like demons. They must have thought that we were a body of half-breeds for, taken utterly unawares, they threw down their rifles and yelled for mercy.[19]

When the Surveyors reached the main body, however, they "were met by a wall of fixed bayonets and drawn swords, which most effectively broke the charge."[20]

On April 21, ten days after their arrival in the West, the Surveyors received their marching orders. Any thoughts that Middleton would use their skills in the march on Louis Riel's headquarters at Batoche were dashed. Half of the Corps was ordered to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan River to escort the steamer *Northcote* with its men, arms and supplies to Clark's Crossing. This party under Lieutenant Walter Beatty left by train for Rush Lake on the morning of April 22. The other half of the Corps, including Wheeler, was to transport supplies by Red River cart to Battleford where they were to join the column of troops under the command of Lieutenant Colonel William Otter.[21] This second group had travelled about three miles on April 22 when new orders were received that night:

> Thursday 23
>
> New orders say to patrol country between Cypress Hills and Old Wives Lakes [sic] as report says that Riel has skipped round Middleton's rear. We are first to join the remainder of corps at the Elbow.[22]

The second group of Surveyors consequently changed direction for the Elbow. Wheeler and Ord were sent ahead "to hold Beatty's division"[23] and after two days' hard ride through wet snow, arrived there in the late afternoon of April 25.

Captain Dennis and the remainder of the second Surveyor party did not reach the Elbow until early Monday morning, April 27. With them they brought word of the rebel ambush of Middleton's column at Fish Creek:

> Monday 27
>
> . . . Brought news that Gen. Middleton had had an engagement on Friday

last and had lost eight men with forty wounded. Rebel loss seven as far as known.[24]

Fish Creek had a sobering effect on the Corps, for Dennis immediately established a line of pickets at fifteen mile intervals between Long Lake and Swift Current. By means of these camps, daily despatches could be relayed by riders back and forth between Swift Current and Corps headquarters at the Elbow. But once the Surveyors had taken up their posts, it quickly became apparent that rebels were nowhere to be found in the vicinity and that the only threat to the *Northcote* was posed by the treacherous sandbars of the South Saskatchewan.

Stationed at the Elbow, Wheeler spent April 28 and 29 watching the steamer laboriously work her way down river. On April 30, he rode south to meet the courier stationed at picket number two. The next day, he and another surveyor provided a temporary escort for a herd of cattle destined for Middleton's column. Upon his return to camp, a somewhat bored Wheeler noted in his diary, "Nothing eventful last night . . . loafed for rest of the day."[25] Finally on May 3, new orders were received:

Sunday 3

About four a.m. this morning a dispatch was brought from Gen. Middleton by a Saskatoon settler ordering us to go to Clark's Crossing and report. I went east and Ord went south to call in pickets.[26]

The assembling of the men and the securing of supplies took several days and it was not until May 6 that they were ready to march. The Surveyors were elated to be going to the front at last. "All were overjoyed," Wheeler wrote in his article, "for ten days we had been camped at the Elbow with nothing doing . . . and the monotony was beginning to tell."[27]

Following the surprise at Fish Creek, General Middleton had become extremely wary of his foe and did not resume his advance on Batoche until May 7, one day after the Intelligence Corps had left the Elbow. The Surveyors, for their part, made relatively rapid progress. On May 7, they camped about six miles beyond Beaver Creek and reached Saskatoon the following evening. Here, the Corps received its first real evidence that the hostilities were close at hand:

Friday 8

. . . Found that the wounded of the Fish Creek fight were quartered there. Rec. news of Otter's engagement with Poundmaker and Big Bear 20 miles west of Battleford. Seventy Indians killed Otter retired on Battleford.[28]

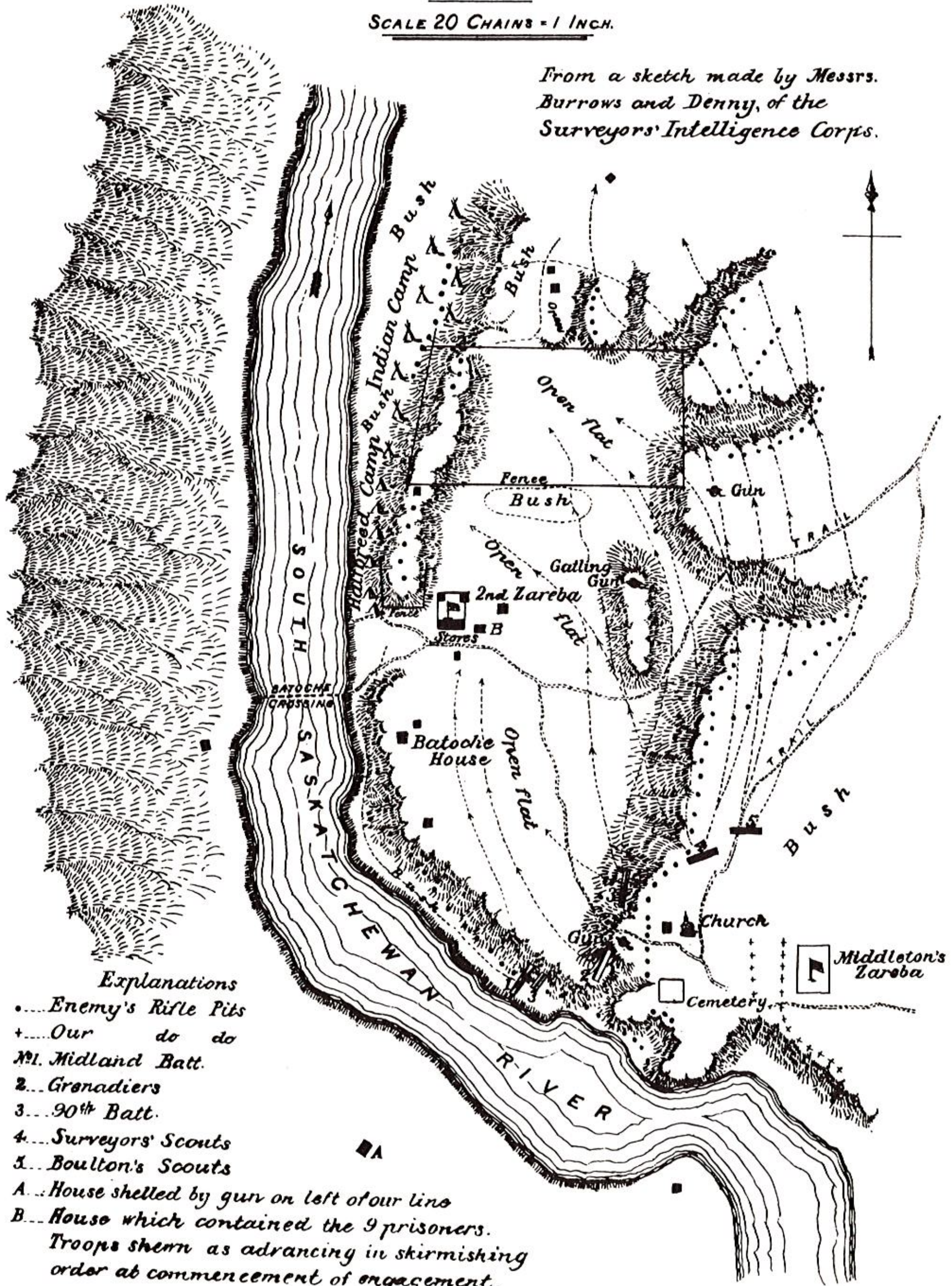
This report probably caused the Intelligence Corps to push on with renewed vigour. It arrived at Clark's Crossing around noon on May 9 and camped about twelve miles from there that night. In his article but not his diary, Wheeler recalled, "We could hear the sound of the guns there [Batoche] and were very keen to be in it."[29]

Middleton's troops attacked Batoche on the morning of May 9 but were able only to get as close as the settlement's church and rectory before they were forced to draw back under heavy rebel fire from well-concealed rifle pits.[30] They took refuge that night in a large, fortified zareba that they constructed on a ploughed field about one quarter mile south of the church.[31] The next day, while both sides were engaged in general skirmishing, the Intelligence Corps reached Batoche:

Sunday 10

. . .Arrived at General's Camp about 4 p.m. . . . Had two horses wounded by rebels fire, right in the camp. Got hit myself in the left shoulder in one of the rifle pits. Slept under a cart.[32]

Wheeler's article provides a fuller explanation of the circumstances surrounding his wounding:


PLAN
OF POSITION AT
BATTLE OF BATOCHE,
May 12th 1885.
SCALE 20 CHAINS = 1 INCH.
From a sketch made by Messrs. Burrows and Denny, of the Surveyors' Intelligence Corps.
Indian Camp
Bush
Open flat
Fence
Gun
Gatling Gun
2nd Zareba
Stores
B
Half-breed Camp
SOUTH
SASKATCHEWAN
RIVER
BATOCHE CROSSING
Batoche House
Open flat
TRAIL
Church
Gun
Middleton's Zareba
Cemetery
A
Explanations
•....Enemy's Rifle Pits
+....Our do do
No.1. Midland Batt.
2...Grenadiers
3...90th Batt.
4...Surveyors' Scouts
5...Boulton's Scouts
A...House shelled by gun on left of our line
B...House which contained the 9 prisoners.
Troops shewn as advancing in skirmishing order at commencement of engagement.

> We spent the afternoon of the 10th examining the position. Louis Ord and the writer had wandered to one of our rifle pits near camp, overlooking the village and occupied by a redcoat militia man [Midlander]. Suddenly, the writer felt a crack in his arm followed by a sharp, distant report and found that a bullet had punctured the fleshy part of his shoulder. . ., The wound was a trifle and I did not want to go to hospital and so lose all the fun. The doctor was a good sport and said, "I should send you down, but if the boys will promise to look after you, I shall not insist."[33]

Wheeler's wound meant that he was effectively confined to the zareba during the remainder of the siege. It was a better fate than that accorded him by the Toronto *Mail;* the newspaper had reported him killed in action.[34]

On Monday, May 11, General Middleton along with Boulton's Scouts, Captain Howard and his Gatling gun[35], and the Surveyors investigated the possibility of attacking the village from the east across "La Jolie Prairie" or "La Belle Prairie"—an open region that French's scouts had discovered the previous day. They became involved in a brief skirmish with the rebel forces and then pulled back. The rest of the troops, meanwhile, resumed their fighting around the church only to retreat to the zareba at day's end.[36] Wheeler's diary account of the day's activities is simply an outline of various troop movements. In his article, however, he relates an anecdote about "Gatling" Howard:

> One day he approached the General in his free and easy Yankee way and said, "Say General, do you want me to take that thar village?" The General smiled and replied, "I should be most happy." "All right General, I want first to put my gattling [sic] in the tower of the Church over thar." "No!" said the General, "You can't do that; it's under the white flag." "All right then General; take it yourself."[37]

The rest of the troops were growing equally restless.

On the morning of May 12, the Surveyors were once again dispatched to the open prairie region. They, together with Boulton's Scouts, French's Scouts and one gun of 'A' Battery, were part of a diversionary force under Middleton designed to draw the enemy to the east and thereby weaken the rebel positions around the church and river bank. The plan failed, however, because the main body did not advance after the Métis had been engaged on the right flank. Middleton was enraged and berated the officers in charge of the infantry. This rebuke in turn led to an impromptu general advance on the village that quickly gained momentum and easily overran the Métis defenders who were anticipating an attack from the east.[38] Wheeler's diary entry for this day once again reflects his limited vantage point:

> Tuesday 12
>
> . . . Had my shoulder dressed . . . Battle of Batoche. Midland Battalion headed by Col. Williams—90th Rifle and 10th Grenadiers took Batoche and drove out rebels. Col. Straubenzie in command.[39]

His article, in contrast, draws quite freely on Louis Ord's account to describe the Surveyors' advance on the village from the right flank:

> Our troop and Boulton's Mounted Infantry were ordered to clear the enemy from the timbered slopes above the village and at it we went, helter-skelter, each man feeling the man on his right and blazing away at anything on two legs seen dodging through the timber and brush ahead of us. It was our moment and was made the most of.[40]

Wheeler did not overlook his own involvement: "Being wounded and not able to carry a rifle, I followed along as best I could in the rear of our charging men."[41]

Following the fall of Batoche, the force moved about twelve miles downriver and camped at Gardepuis Crossing. The mounted men, including the Intelligence Corps,

then spent the next few days sweeping across the countryside in search of fugitives. For Wheeler, the exercise was anti-climatic:

> Friday 15
>
> Out all day with Boulton and French's scouts looking for Riel and Dumont and running in and taking arms from half breeds. Riel surrendered while we were away and is now a prisoner. Half breeds surrendering in all quarters. My new horse is a damn cow—[42]

Satisfied that the area was secure, they struck camp on May 18 and after one day's march, "Made triumphal entry into Prince Albert at 12 p.m. with bands playing martial music."[43] It was a somewhat subdued victory party, for it rained almost steadily and the stores had limited supplies. But the volunteers made the best of the situation and on May 23 celebrated the Queen's birthday "by holding some impromptu athletic sports and horse races."[44]

On Sunday, May 24, the Corps received orders to proceed to Battleford; General Middleton and part of his force had gone ahead two days earlier on the steamer *North-West* to accept Chief Poundmaker's surrender. The five-day trip to Battleford was relatively uneventful, except for passing by the burnt ruins of Fort Carlton. It was revealing, nonetheless, in that the Surveyors travelled part of the distance with the 10th Grenadiers and became quite disenchanted with the infantry's inexperience with western conditions. Colonel Van Staubenzie, who only ten days earlier had been hailed as the hero of Batoche, is ridiculed in Wheeler's diary entry of May 25: "Staubenzie knows as much about travelling in the N.W. as an old fool."[45] The next day, probably to the relief of the Corps, the 10th and all supplies were taken on by the steamer *Marquis.* At the same time, the Surveyors undoubtedly resented their assignment of escorting 173 empty wagons the remaining distance to Battleford.[46]

The Intelligence Corps' stay at Battleford was limited to one day and on Sunday, May 27, it was on its way to Fort Pitt, some ninety miles distant. Just three days earlier, the Alberta Field Force under General Strange had fought an indecisive, three-hour battle with Big Bear's Cree at Frenchman's Butte, just a few miles downstream from Pitt. Following the engagement, the Cree with their white prisoners quickly withdrew northward through the dense forest in a deliberate attempt to discourage any possible pursuit. With Riel and Poundmaker now prisoners, however, Middleton was determined to capture Big Bear and thereby bring the campaign to a successful conclusion, even if it meant tying up hundreds of men for several weeks in a seemingly futile chase. He consequently devised a four-column offensive: Strange from Pitt to Cold Lake; Irvine from Prince Albert to Green Lake; Otter from Battleford to Turtle Lake; and Middleton from Pitt to Loon Lake. In the meantime, Superintendent Sam Steele of the North-West Mounted Police with sixty-two men had pursued the fleeing Cree from Frenchman's Butte and briefly engaged them in two skirmishes near Loon Lake.[47]

The Surveyors were part of the Middleton column which included all the mounted men (Boulton's and French's Scouts), Captain Howard and his Gatling, and one company of the Grenadiers, Midlanders and 90th. This aspect of the campaign has usually been given only brief mention in existing literature on the Rebellion. For the Intelligence Corps, however, it regarded the pursuit of Big Bear as a chance to draw upon its skills and readily took up the challenge; it was convinced that the Cree chief could be overtaken. This sense of purpose is reflected in Wheeler's diary where the diary entries become longer and more detailed. They also reveal a growing bitterness and frustration that is lacking in Wheeler's description of events in his article.

Departing from Fort Pitt on June 3, the Middleton column made slow progress, travelling just seventeen miles in two days. Along the way, Wheeler and another Corps member Maddock "inspected the scene of Strange's encounter with Big Bear also his camp which had been left in a hurry."[48] They also came across "the grave of the Indian killed by the shell at Bear's [sic] Butte."[49] On Friday, June 5, the column halted while Middleton assessed the situation. The day before, according to Wheeler's diary, news had been received that Steele's men had skirmished with the retreating Cree at Loon Lake:

> Thursday 4
>
> . . . News of Steel's [sic] fight arrived about 2:30 a.m. he only had three men wounded. Says he killed 15 indians.[50]

The trail, however, had become swampy and broken, preventing the column from pressing ahead; it was too difficult for heavily loaded wagons and guns let alone travel on foot. Middleton therefore ordered the infantry back to Pitt while the mounted men spent a day fashioning crude pack saddles and travois. It did not seem to dawn on the General that such contraptions were unnecessary if the Surveyors were simply given free rein. Wheeler and Maddock used part of the delay to search for war trophies.

Resuming its advance northward on the morning of June 5, the column "picked up Steel [sic] and his command at the point 6 miles from Travoy Camp to which being short of guns and ammunition they had retreated."[51] Steele's recent skirmish with the Cree probably strengthened the advancing column's resolve. It was also clear, however, that Big Bear and his followers were trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and Middleton's force. "Sign of Big Bear's camp all along the road," Wheeler noted in his diary. "Carts and all kinds of rubbish thrown away at each stopping place."[52] On June 7, then, at the urging of Captain Dennis, the General finally called upon the Surveyors' expertise for the first time during the entire campaign. With the Corps now leading the way, the column made rapid progress as elaborate bridge work and careful road building were abandoned in favour of practical methods of travel through the bush. It reached Loon Lake early the next day:

> Moved over scene of Steel's [sic] engagement and saw dead indian lying on side of trail, had apparently been carried some distance and then left on side of road. Crossed ford on Loon Lake and traversed island passing grave with three indians (one a half breed) in it by little lake. Crossed second narrows by help of two rafts and canoe swimming horses. Camped in pines on North side of Narrows—Here found squaw who had hanged herself.[53]

That night, the men were jolted awake by the explosion of two cartridges in a belt that a policeman had left too close to the campfire. They were to be the only shots fired. The next morning, the scouts reported that although Big Bear's trail was no more than two days' old, the muskeg north of the lakes was impassable for horses.[54] Middleton mulled over this information for several hours and finally elected to return to Fort Pitt. Wheeler's article suggests that the General's decision was a sound one: "It now became apparent that he [Big Bear] could not be overtaken."[55] His diary entry reveals a much different reaction:

> Tuesday 9
>
> . . . Middleton finds his mighty brain unable to form any plan whatever. Last thing at night H.deH. Hague [sic] informs us that at last "High-Muck-a-Muck" has come to a decision and is going back leaving prisoners in the hands of the indians.[56]

It is interesting to note that there was a major development in Big Bear's camp on the same day. Tired, starving and despondent, the Cree split into two groups: Wandering Spirit and the Woods Cree headed west and were soon to surrender at Pitt; Big Bear

and the Plains Cree moved off to the east towards Batoche. By the time Big Bear surrendered at Carlton on July 4, he was virtually alone.[57]

On Wednesday, June 10, the Middleton column broke camp and returned to Fort Pitt two days later. At this point in his article, Wheeler evidently ran out of anecdotes and brings his account of the Surveyors' activities to an end. His diary entries, however, continue for well over another month and are full of disappointment, sarcasm and suppressed hostility. Wheeler greatly resented Middleton's decision to abandon the chase of Big Bear and considered his actions nothing less than an ignominious retreat:

> Wednesday 10
>
> . . . The D.L.S. Corps defended the retreat and destroyed bridge rafts and canoe as imminent hazard the enemy being only two or three days behind and going the other way.[58]

Further scorn was forthcoming when the General left Pitt on June 13 with all the mounted men, including the Intelligence Corps, to investigate the rumour that Big Bear was heading west along the Beaver River, just north of Frog Lake. Middleton's force arrived to find the situation secure under General Strange; the only Indians there were a group of about fifty Chipewyans "who were with Big Bear but left him and have tendered their allegiance. Needless to say they are treated as the prodigal son."[59] For the next few days, while Middleton went fishing, the Surveyors waited in vain for Big Bear at Strange's Camp:

> Tuesday 16
>
> Still no orders and no word of Big Bear . . . Slept nearly all day.
>
> Wednesday 17
>
> Still no orders—Middleton gone a fishing . . . Every body mad—
>
> Thursday 18
>
> No orders yet. Fred returned last night with two fish . . . Middleton damn fool anyhow — News came in that Big Bear and Wood Crees have had a split and that Big Bear is at Turtle Lake with Col. Otter in pursuit. That Wood Crees are sending prisoners 21 in number to Fort Pitt — We are ordered to return there in the morning anyway —[60]

The situation did not improve after the Corps had returned to Fort Pitt on June 20. Again, they were forced to remain in camp, awaiting further orders. The sense of futility and irritation in Wheeler's diary entry for June 24 is typical:

> Wednesday 24
>
> Still camped at Pitt — Doing nothing all day. No orders — no nothing. General damn idiot.[61]

On the evening of June 28, Middleton finally summoned Captain Dennis and advised him that "he was not going to keep Corps any longer but that we might start for home."[62] Ironically, before setting off for Battleford the next morning, Wheeler forgot about his contempt for Middleton and "copied the orders of the night before in which the Gen. is very complimentary to the troop."[63]

The trip back to Winnipeg took a little more than three weeks. From Fort Pitt, the Intelligence Corps rode to Battleford, where Wheeler bought some new clothes and was treated to a "glass of whiskey + water + oh lordy a chunk of ice in it."[64] They then made for Saskatoon, meeting along the way a small party of Cree going to Battleford to surrender. The Surveyors also nearly came to blows with their Captain who insisted on maintaining military discipline and observing rank. From Saskatoon, the Corps turned south to the Elbow—"Had a delicious bath"[65]—and then onto Moose Jaw. After handing in their weapons and ammunition on July 12, the Corps rode in a baggage car to Qu'Appelle and then switched to a 2nd class sleeper for the

remaining distance to Winnipeg. They celebrated here for two days with the other troops and then boarded an eastbound train. At Owen Sound, Wheeler bid farewell to the rest of the boys and headed for his family's home in Collingwood. The returning veteran arrived in the early evening of Sunday, July 19 to an empty house: "Surprised to see me home so soon, all at Church. Mother came home in hurry. No breath left."[66]

Once back home, Wheeler was anxious to resume his survey duties in Ottawa and did not record any final thoughts about the rebellion in his diary, except that friends were making too much fuss over him. In his article, a mellower Wheeler mused that the Rebellion was overblown and the Surveyors' role trifling. Gone was any sense that the Corps had taken part in a great patriotic cause and that the rebels deserved their fate:

> Looked back upon through the vista of years the whole episode seems inglorious . . . a vastly superior force with the best of, then, modern fighting equipment against a scattered rabble of half breeds and Indians with a few antique rifles and ancient shot-guns.[67]

The only hint of any remaining sense of frustration is found in his comment that men accustomed to the country and its inhabitants "could have handled the situation more practically, more efficiently and at a minimum of cost."[68] Yet in Wheeler's final assessment, some fifty years later, the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps was a lark: "we had the fun of the excitement."[69]

Even though Wheeler had kept a diary for 1885, then, his later account is an inaccurate reflection of how he perceived the Rebellion and the Surveyors' role at the time of the troubles. In fact, the 1934 article serves to demonstrate the historical unreliability of first-hand military accounts written several years after the event. The diary, on the other hand, suggests that the Surveyors anticipated playing a fundamental role in suppressing the Rebellion but became increasingly disgruntled as General Middleton failed to take advantage of their skills and experience and thereby, in their opinion, bring the hostilities to an earlier conclusion. Wheeler shared Louis Ord's sentiment that the North-West campaign was a great bungle.

FOOTNOTES

[1] A.O. Wheeler diaries, Dr. J.O. Wheeler, Vancouver, British Columbia.

[2] See R. Macleod, ed., *Reminiscences of a Bungle* (Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 1984).

[3] For example, D.W. Thomson, *Men and Meridians, v. 2.* (Ottawa: Information Canada, 1972); J.G. MacGregor, *Vision of an Ordered Land. The Story of the Dominion Land Survey* (Saskatoon: Western Producer Prairie Books, 1981).

[4] A.O. Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps and the Riel Rebellion, 1885," *The Canadian Surveyor,* April 1934, pp. 3-8.

[5] E. Fraser, *Wheeler* (Banff: Summerthought Ltd., 1978), pp. 9-23.

[6] Wheeler diary, April 1-4, 1885.

[7] In April, 1929, J.S. Dennis had published his own account of the D.L.S. Intelligence Corps ("Reminiscences of the Riel Rebellion 1885") in *The Canadian Surveyor* (pp. 22-23).

[8] Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 3; These words are almost identical to Ord's description of the rationale behind the Corps in Anonymous (L.R. Ord), *Reminiscences of a Bungle* (Toronto: Grip, 1887), p. 9.

[9] The men who made up the Corps are listed in Thomson, *Men and Meridians, v. 2.*, pp. 48-49. Captain Dennis also provided the Deputy Minister of the Militia with a list of Corps members upon his arrival in Winnipeg (Public Archives of Canada, Public Records Division, Surveys and Mapping Branch, RG 88, v.2, f. 0992, J.S. Dennis to Deputy Minister of Militia, April 2, 1885). Not only does the Dennis list conflict with the Thomson one, but the date of Dennis' Winnipeg letter to the Deputy Minister of Militia is April 2, 1885—the Corps did not reach Winnipeg until the morning of April 11! According to Major C.A. Boulton's *Reminiscences of the North-West Rebellions,* (appendix), the total strength of the Corps was 54: Captains 1; Lieutenants 17; Assistant Surgeons 1; Privates 35.

[10] Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 3.

[11] *Ibid.*, p. 4.

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 3.
[13] Wheeler diary, April 9, 1885.
[14] *Ibid.*, April 14, 1885.
[15] *Ibid.*, April 16, 1885.
[16] *Ibid.*, April 19, 1885. In his article, Wheeler states that the Corps' equipment was complete before Dennis wired Middleton. Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 4.
[17] Wheeler's diary suggests that the Corps' first mounted parade took place at Swift Current, whereas his article, Ord's *Reminiscences* and Dennis' account all state that it took place at Qu'Appelle.
[18] Wheeler diary, April 21, 1885. The 91st Light Infantry was raised in Winnipeg and was in Calgary at the time. The unit in question was probably the 9th Voltigeurs from Quebec City.
[19] Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . , p. 4.
[20] *Ibid.*
[21] In his article, Wheeler mistakenly reports that "the Battleford half left by train for Rush Lake." Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 4.
[22] Wheeler diary, April 23, 1885.
[23] *Ibid.*, April 24, 1885.
[24] *Ibid.*, April 27, 1885. The exact casualty figures for Fish Creek were six dead and forty-nine wounded, four of whom died later. D. Morton, *The Last War Drum* (Toronto: Samuel-Stevens, 1972), p. 68.
[25] Wheeler diary, May 2, 1885.
[26] "Left the Elbow about 1:30 p.m. Seventeen carts and three teamsters. Forty-nine mounted and armed men." *Ibid.*, May 6, 1885.
[27] Wheeler, "The D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 4.
[28] Wheeler diary, May 8, 1885. This information about Otter's battle with the Cree at Cut Knife Hill on May 2 was totally erroneous. Not only was Big Bear not there, but Otter's force sustained most of the casualties and eventually had to *retreat* to Battleford. Wheeler's article contains the same errors.
[29] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 5.
[30] Macleod, ed., *Reminiscences of a Bungle*, p. xxxiv (introduction).
[31] See W. Hildebrandt, "The Zareba of the Northwest Field Force," unpublished paper in author's possession.
[32] Wheeler diary, May 10, 1885.
[33] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 5.
[34] Toronto *Mail*, April 14, 1885, p.
[35] A member of the New Jersey National Guard, Captain Howard had been sent along on the campaign to demonstrate the prowess of the gatling gun. He and Wheeler became close friends.
[36] Macleod, ed., *Reminiscences of a Bungle*, p. xl (introduction).
[37] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 5.
[38] Macleod, ed., *Reminiscences of a Bungle*, pp. xl-xli (introduction).
[39] Wheeler diary, May 12, 1885.
[40] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 6. Compare with Anonymous (Ord), *Reminiscences of a Bungle*, p. 30.
[41] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 6.
[42] Wheeler diary, May 15, 1885.
[43] Ibid., May 19, 1885.
[44] *Ibid.*, May 23, 1885.
[45] Ibid., May 25, 1885.
[46] *Ibid.*, May 26, 1885.
[47] H. Dempsey, *Big Bear The End of Freedom* (Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 1984), pp. 176-179. Dempsey suggests that the leader of the Cree at this point was Wandering Spirit, not Big Bear.
[48] Wheeler diary, June 3, 1885.
[49] Wheeler diary, June 4, 1885. The Indian was Man Who Speaks Our Language, the only Cree killed at Frenchman's Butte. Dempsey, *Big Bear*, p. 176.
[50] Wheeler diary, June 4, 1885. The Cree actually lost four warriors. Dempsey, *Big Bear*, p. 178.
[51] Wheeler diary, June 6, 1885.
[52] *Ibid.*
[53] *Ibid.*, June 8, 1885. The Indian woman was Sitting in the Doorway. Dempsey, *Big Bear*, p. 178.
[54] Wheeler diary, June 9, 1885.
[55] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps," p. 7.
[56] Wheeler diary, June 9, 1885.
[57] Dempsey, *Big Bear*, pp. 178-179.
[58] Wheeler diary, June 10, 1885.
[59] *Ibid.*, June 15, 1885.
[60] *Ibid.*, June 16-18, 1885.
[61] *Ibid.*, June 24, 1885. Ord is equally contemptuous of Middleton in his account, *Reminiscences of a Bungle* and refers to the General as the mighty warrior (p. 20), our great Mogul (p. 24), the Great I Am (p. 32) and the Great Bungler (p. 62).
[62] Wheeler dairy, June 28, 1885.
[63] *Ibid.*, June 29, 1885.
[64] *Ibid.*, July 1, 1885.
[65] *Ibid.*, July 9, 1885.
[66] *Ibid.*, July 19, 1885.
[67] Wheeler, "D.L.S. Intelligence Corps . . . ," p. 7.
[68] *Ibid.*
[69] *Ibid.*, p. 8.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. CHARLES McKENZIE

Edited by
Diane McKenzie

Charles McKenzie was born in Watford, Ontario in 1897 and moved to the Okotoks-High River area in 1907 where he grew up. He received his medical degree in 1927, one of fourteen students in the second class of medical students to graduate from the University of Alberta. After graduation he took a *locum tenens* on the Coal Branch, a string of mining communities and collieries west of Edmonton. When this work closed down in the spring of 1928 he filled in briefly for other doctors in Athabasca and Edmonton. Then he applied for, and was accepted, as municipal doctor in the municipality of Ituna Bon Accord in Saskatchewan with headquarters at Ituna. He worked in the municipality until December 31, 1931 when he left to take further medical training in the United States becoming a member of the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology and a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He practiced for thirty years in Minneapolis. He died in February 1980.

The account published here describes Dr. McKenzie's experiences in Ituna and surrounding district.

The first part of Dr. McKenzie's reminiscences dealing with his experiences working as a doctor in the Coal Branch in Alberta were published recently under the title of "Doctor in the Coal Branch" in *Alberta History* Volume 33, Number 2, Spring 1985. We are pleased to share with our neighbor in the publication of these reminiscences. Anyone wishing a copy of the issue of *Alberta History* containing the first part of Dr. McKenzie's story should write to: Historical Society of Alberta, Box 4035, Station C, Calgary, Alberta, T2T 5M9 and enclose $4 to cover the cost of the magazine.

The Editor

. . . Angus McGugan had been teaching in Ituna, Saskatchewan, before returning to medical school and told me the Municipality there was looking for a doctor at a salary of about $300 a month plus a small visiting fee. I applied and was accepted for the job beginning June 1, 1928. Before leaving, I had an important matter to tend to. I asked Jen, my best girl, the important question, and she gave the right answer. We blew the last bit of money I had on a ring and a big dinner at the Mac[donald Hotel]. Then I set out for Ituna, Saskatchewan.

Ituna is on the main line of the Canadian National Railroad, about 400 miles west of Winnipeg, fifty miles west of Melville, 200 miles east of Saskatoon; it is the center for the Municipality of Ituna Bon Accord. In 1928, there were only about 300 people in the town, but the surrounding farm land was heavily populated relative to other areas of Saskatchewan, so I would be responsible for the medical care of about 3,000 souls. The majority were Ruthenians or Ukrainians from the northern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains in eastern Europe. There were also a large number of Poles, a few Germans, fewer English and Scots, and two or three Jewish merchants. Most

people were either Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic. The older immigrants spoke German, Ukrainian or Polish, but the generation growing up preferred to speak English and wanted as much education as possible.

The town had one main street. Along the east side from north to south were the Greek Catholic Church, the municipal office, Joe Goldberg's store, Arndt's Ford Garage, Zadworny's Hardware, the pool hall, my office, Caswell's Drugstore, the town clerk's office, Mrs. Burney's Boardinghouse, Rabinowitz's Mercantile, and the lumber yard next to the railway track. Across the street on the west side were the train station, the lawyer's office, McCullough's Drugstore, Gallant's Chevrolet Garage, the liquor store, and the bank. South of the railway tracks were residences, grain elevators, the Polish Catholic Church, the Anglican Church, and the school. It looked just like hundreds of other small towns in Western Canada, but Ituna also had a small lake on the edge of town, and I was going to live there.

I arrived in Ituna June 1, 1928, and was met by Jack Watson, the dynamic secretary-treasurer of the municipality. Shortly thereafter I met with the Municipal Council—the six members were nearly all Ukrainian farmers—and signed the contract with them. The medical services rendered by the town physician had apparently been degenerating over the past several years, chiefly due to his alcoholism. Finally, the Council had decided to avail themselves of the act passed by the Saskatchewan Legislature which allowed municipalities to hire a doctor at a fixed salary to give medical services to all the people of the community. As municipal physician I would be paid $3,600 a year from money raised by taxes levied against land at a rate of $3 per quarter section (160 acres). All patients were to be treated free of charge in my office. I would also act as the school doctor and as the public health officer for the community. For a house call I was allowed to charge a $3 fee—this was mainly to deter unnecessary house calls for minor problems. The only other charges that patients had to pay were for medicine; hence, the municipal physicians were specifically enjoined from owning any drug store or part thereof. Had I known all the situation entailed, I doubt I would have taken the job, but young and ignorant, I was determined to do my best . . . .

The Rabinowitz brothers, Leo and Sam, who owned the biggest store and considerable property besides, rented me a small three room shack on the main street for $15 per month as my office. I sent for furniture and supplies. Mrs. Burney had the only boardinghouse, so I got my meals there. I arranged to buy a Chev coupe from Dan Gallant across the street (and thereby incurred the displeasure of the German sector of the community, whose leaders were the Arndt brothers of the Ford Garage).

There was no waiting for practice. I was swamped immediately. The office was busy day and night, and I was busy on calls in the countryside, calls here, there, everywhere.

Fortunately, Jack Watson befriended me. Jack was about 6'3" tall, weighed about 250 pounds, was completely bald, and had twinkling blue eyes and an active manner and speech. He was the secretary-treasurer of the municipality, but in actuality, he ran the community, and he ran it well. He was a strong Liberal politician and a Presbyterian. He was married and had three children. Jack could do anything from keeping books to running a road grader. In any other community a person with his aggressive personality and devotion to civic affairs would have been not less than mayor and probably a member of Parliament. He was one of the most dynamic personalities I have ever met. There are too few men of his stamp.

Jack made a large map of the municipality for me and noted on it the location of every farmhouse, the condition of the roads and the main routes. Before I left on a

call I checked the map. Jack also made sure I had copies of the health laws of Saskatchewan. For a number of months he kept close track of my whereabouts and pointedly told people looking for me at my office exactly where I was on house calls. This was important for my reputation in a town accustomed to the doctor's absences being due to drinking bouts. It was a rough summer getting acquainted and learning how to practice medicine, and Jack's advice saved me from many foolish mistakes.

There were a lot of pediatric cases, both well-child care and childhood diseases. We had no medication then for these diseases; nothing for infectious diseases, scarlet fever, mumps, measles, or chickenpox, and I was only provided with antitoxin for diphtheria. Babies and infants also died year after year of "summer complaint" which we now know is infectious diarrhea. And, of course, there was pneumonia and no treatment except strychnine.

I had been in Ituna less than a month when an epidemic of diphtheria struck the community. I saw so many cases that the moment I stepped into a home I knew if there was diphtheria by the smell. There aren't many doctors today who know diphtheria by its smell, thank goodness. I had a supply of antitoxin from the Provincial Health Department, but it was not very effective. When two children in one family died in one night after heroic doses of antitoxin, I drove 100 miles to Regina to see the Provincial Health Officer. I requested, actually I demanded, and got all the diphtheria toxoid and smallpox vacine I could use and the services of a Public Health Nurse to help administer the toxoid. I met with the Municipal Council and requested that they allow me to administer toxoid and vaccine to all school children at the nine schools in the district; this meant three doses of diphtheria toxoid and one smallpox vaccination per child. They encouraged the procedure, so during July I gave toxoid and vaccine to about 400 children. After that I felt easier when I got a call about a child with a sore throat; probably it was not dip.

I found I was in a prolific community; still, I was rarely summoned on a baby case, as obstetrical cases were called, until several midwives decided the delivery was too difficult. The first year I only handled about 100 deliveries, all of them tough cases. I did develop a certain reputation for dealing with tough deliveries. When called to a baby case, I first put my instruments on the stove to boil and then put them in a bi-chloride of mercury solution. I always took off my coat, washed my hands and arms, and put on a short-sleeved gown and a pair of rubber gloves. I learned that my colleague Dr. Whitmore in Kelliher prepared for deliveries by sticking his fingers, one after the other into a bottle of iodine, coloring the tip of each finger. His method was definitely more colorful than mine.

In the spring of 1931, I was called on a baby case about twenty miles southwest of town. The roads were almost impassable, so I put chains on all four wheels of the Chev, took a good set of pliers with me and set out. In several places the water was over the road, so I had to cut the fence, drive through, patch the fence, drive around the mudhole, and then cut and patch the fence on the other side. The drive took five hours. I found a woman in her fourth pregnancy who had been in labor about three days. By this time the ladies of the neighborhood had nearly worn out the rocking chairs. A third midwife had been called that morning and being more daring than the rest, had explored the vagina and knew something was wrong. That is when I was called.

After my usual preparations, I examined the patient and found myself shaking hands with the baby. I put the third midwife in charge of the anesthesia, and as I counted, she dropped the chloroform. When the woman was down in the third state

of anesthesia, I pushed up the baby's head, turned him around, and brought him out feet first. He cried almost immediately, and was fine and healthy, except that his left arm, which had been pushed into the birth canal for three days, was paralyzed. I showed the father how to fasten the arm in a natural position across the chest in a sling. The mother awoke and was fine. In six months the baby's arm appeared normal.

That was a typical experience, but unfortunately not all of them had such happy endings. One woman I saw was a thirty-nine year old primapara (first pregnancy) in Jasmin. I told her she must go to the city for her delivery because of high risks. The next time I saw here, one midwife had left, and the second one was standing holding a wash basin into which was pouring the blood from a total placenta praevia. I did a Braxton-Hicks version and extraction, hoping to save the baby, but both mother and baby died.

I saw a young girl who had taken gopher poison, because she thought she was pregnant. She died almost immediately on my arrival. I demanded an autopsy, and we found she was not pregnant. Another woman aborted herself at four months. I first saw her two weeks later, and she was literally nothing but a living sac of pus. Of course, she soon died.

Another time a baby needed an operation in the city to relieve an intussusception. The father refused to send the child because it would cost $150. "No," he told me, "If baby die, I can have another next year for nothing."

There were, as Bobbie Burns says, "More so horrible and awful that een to name would be unlawful."

That winter I wrote to Angus McGugan to see if he could find a warm coat for me. Soon along came a beautiful buffalo coat with huge mitts to match and a plucked beaver collar. It cost $150 and weighed fifteen pounds, but I could drive all night in 50° below zero weather without getting cold. On my feet I wore cotton socks with heavy woolen socks over them and then a pair of soft moccasins. Over these I pulled heavy, rubber overshoes. If one wears shoes under overshoes, the feet perspire and soon get cold, but with moccasins the feet do not perspire. As soon as I entered a house I took off the overshoes and walked in my moccasins. Around the town I wore only moccasins, for in that country it doesn't thaw in the winter months, and snow doesn't stick to your clothes or feet. For a month at a time the thermometer would only occasionally warm to 10° above zero in the middle of the day.

In southern Alberta, we were always able to drive a car all winter, but by Christmas in Ituna my only transportation was by a team and cutter. I had a driver named Eldie Smith, a young man about fifteen years old. He was a great boy and could really handle horses. In all the miles we drove over three winters, we were only upset twice, and neither time with any damages. During the long drives I had a habit of bringing books with me, and memorized poems and passages from my favorite authors. Many poems were those I had first heard at the Literary Society back at Tongue Creek. I learned *The Cremation of Sam McGee,* which seemed appropriate for the winter landscape, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew,* many passages from Shakespeare, and poems from Tennyson, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Kipling.

In the winter of 1930-31 we had more than the usual amount of snow, and Eldie and I kept two teams busy. One night in mid-February a call came in at five minutes to nine. It was always a relief when 9:00 p.m. passed, because then the telephone exchange closed down, and the only calls were by personal messenger. Well, that night the magic hour had not yet come, and I was needed to care for a three-day-old baby. I

called Eldie, and away we went eighteen miles northeast. It was so cold that even the full moon looked shrunken in size, trying to pull into itself for warmth. The night was very still, and we could hear noises resounding for miles. I am sure the sounds we heard were the sounds of the aurora borealis. The northern lights came crackling and swishing and whispering, across the sky, sometimes only a picket fence of color in the north, then suddenly covering the sky completely with all the colors of the rainbow. It was so cold that we frequently had to get out and hold our hands over the horses' noses to melt the long icicles which formed from their breath. Finally, about midnight we reached the house. Eldie took care of his horses. I went inside to look after the baby. The baby was crying piteously. He had been rolled in a dirty blanket and his skin was red and blotchy. He seemed to me to be cold and hungry.

"Did you bathe the baby this morning?" I asked.

"No bath. Too cold," the father replied.

"Has the baby eaten tonight?" I asked.

"No milk yet," was the reply.

I sent the father outside to bring in snow which I melted in the washtub. When I had enough snow, and it was warm enough, I bathed the little fellow. Then I went out to the barn and found the cow and got a little milk to feed the baby. The child fell asleep. I left strict orders on baby care before going home.

The team had been fed, watered and rested, so Eldie and I started home. The aurora borealis show was still on, and the moon was still shrinking in the cold. We reached home at 5:00 a.m., just as the Transcontinental Flyer rushed through the station. I stopped to read the temperature: 55° below zero.

Soon I began to make friends among the people of the town. At the boarding-house was a very unusual gentleman named Captain Guy Waterfield. The Captain, as he preferred to be called, because he had been a Captain of Infantry in the British Army in Egypt and France during World War I, was one of the remittance men, younger sons of English nobility, sent away from home because they did not behave properly in England, often because of alcoholism. They were called remittance men because they were given a monthly allowance or remittance, just enough to live on and keep them out of England. Twenty-five years earlier there had been many remittance men in Southern Alberta; they had even had their own polo club. Most of them joined the armed forces during the War, and by the late twenties there were only a few left. The Captain was very talented. I have listened to him play classical music from memory for two or three hours at a time, but he refused to play "jazz or any such trash." He also gave music lessons on the piano. He was an artist and some of his paintings of the Himalayas were masterpieces. He played tennis expertly. He read teacups and palms. One day he read my palm; but refused to go beyond the age of forty years in the reading. He said something unusual would happen to me. He was right: my daughter, Diane, was born, and I joined the United States Navy. The Captain had a wonderful fund of stories about England, France, Switzerland, India and Kasmir. We became good friends and he occasionally would drive out with me on calls.

The Captain rarely did any work. Once he was asked to come to the next town to paint, but when he arrived he found that they wanted him to paint a house and barn. He laughed at the joke on himself, but must have needed money for he did the job. Subsequently, he did house painting jobs whenever his money ran low.

I also met Frank and Nita Cooksley, who ran the lumber yard. The Cooksleys were English and had immigrated to Canada to get away from the carpenter trade.

They became farmers, but soon they gave up farming and became lumber merchants in Ituna. They had two children: Kathleen, who became an R.N.; and Lou, who followed his father into the lumber business. Frank and Nita lived in a small apartment behind the lumber office. Soon I was a regular visitor at their place and got into the habit of having afternoon tea with them. That summer Frank bought a Chev sedan, and nearly every evening the Cooksleys, the Captain, and sometimes I, would take a short drive. There was one corner about three miles north of town where the Captain always remarked, "This place makes me feel ill. It smells like France in 1918."

Another new friend was Corporal Jack Metcalf, Royal Canadian Mounted Police (R.C.M.P.). The corporal made regular trips throughout his district with headquarters at Melville, fifty miles east. He was a typical Mountie, always on the job, always looking for trouble, always perfectly groomed. (There are, for me, only two uniforms that present perfect discipline even when on independent duty, the R.C.M.P. and the United States Marines.) Often that summer Jack would scour the countryside during the night for bootleggers, but he always arrived promptly for 7:30 breakfast and reported for work at 8:00 a.m. sharp. He could also play the saxophone, and sometimes he would play for our dances. Everyone respected him highly.

My next door neighbor was the druggist, Henry Caswell. Henry believed in the white (read English) man's burden and strove to indoctrinate the new European immigrants in the law of the land. He was a Justice of the Peace and tried petty law cases. . . . Henry was always good to me, possibly because I had a lot to do with his livelihood, and we got along fine. He smoked a pipe, but never carried matches; instead he rolled up pieces of newspaper which he ignited at the heater to light his pipe. The result was a constant case of burned fingers and singed mustache.

On the afternoon of December 5, 1928, one of the Ukrainian farmers came to see Henry. The night before, when his boys were looking for cows on the Hudson's Bay Company open quarter three miles north of town, they had found a dead man in a clump of willows. At first they had been too frightened to say anything, but finally they told their father. The old man thought for a long time and then decided to ride into town and tell Henry Caswell. Henry had no phone, so at about 3:00 p.m. he rushed into my office and called Corporal Jack Metcalf at Melville. Jack arrived in less than two hours, and by that time everybody in town knew about the dead man.

Jack took the farmer and the deputy, Ted Arndt, and went out to look at the body. They found the dead man in a slough as the farmer had described, bones scattered all around, some as far as thirty feet away. The body had obviously been there for some time. Jack picked up the skull and saw a bullet hole. The deputy was left to watch the body, and Jack drove over to see Billy Charanduk. Some time earlier Billy had told Jack that he kept getting letters from the old country for one of the immigrants, Dmytro Bodak, but that he hadn't seen Dmytro for a long time. Billy had expected Dmytro to spend the last winter working on the farm and it was strange that Dmytro had never shown up, since he was known as a responsible man. When pressed, Billy was able to remember that he had last seen Dmytro the day of the big storm, Armistice Day 1927, going down the road towards Ituna with Sam Kohutz.

Jack then went to Sam Kohutz and asked him about Dmytro. Sam reported that Dmytro had gone to the bush to cut ties and that he had last seen him on the day of the big snowstorm. The Corporal took Sam back to the site where they body had been found.

"Do you have any idea whose body this is?" asked Jack Metcalf.

"If I say that Dmytro, what you do to me?" answered Sam.

By December 8, Jack had accumulated enough evidence to arrest Sam Kohutz for the murder of Dmytro Bodak.

I now got in on the action. Jack got permission to use the warming house at the skating rink to perform an autopsy, and I was called in. The body was lying on an old door, supported by two boxes, in front of a roaring fire. There wasn't much I could do on the spot. I only determined that it was a young, adult male, well built, with no marks of violence on his trunk. There were no papers or special marks of identification of any kind except a unique piece of homemade underwear worn under the shirt to cover the chest. The other clothing was typical for a Ukrainian immigrant: short jacket, trousers, cotton shirt, and thin cotton underwear. For further study I took the skull, a femur, and a radius and ulna home with me.

The next morning the Captain came calling, "There, you see," he said, "that's why that corner always smelled like France in 1918 last summer."

I got out *Cunningham's Anatomy* and proceeded to study the bones with the Captain's help. We measured and measured. We studied and deduced. Then we came up with the following picture:

1. The man was about 5'8" to 5'9" tall, based on the length of the long bones.

2. The man was a recent immigrant. His teeth were all present and showed just the beginning of caries along the gum margins. All the new immigrants had good, sound teeth, but after several months they all began to get pyorrhea, and in the course of a few years most of the Ukrainians developed such bad caries and gums that they became edentulous.

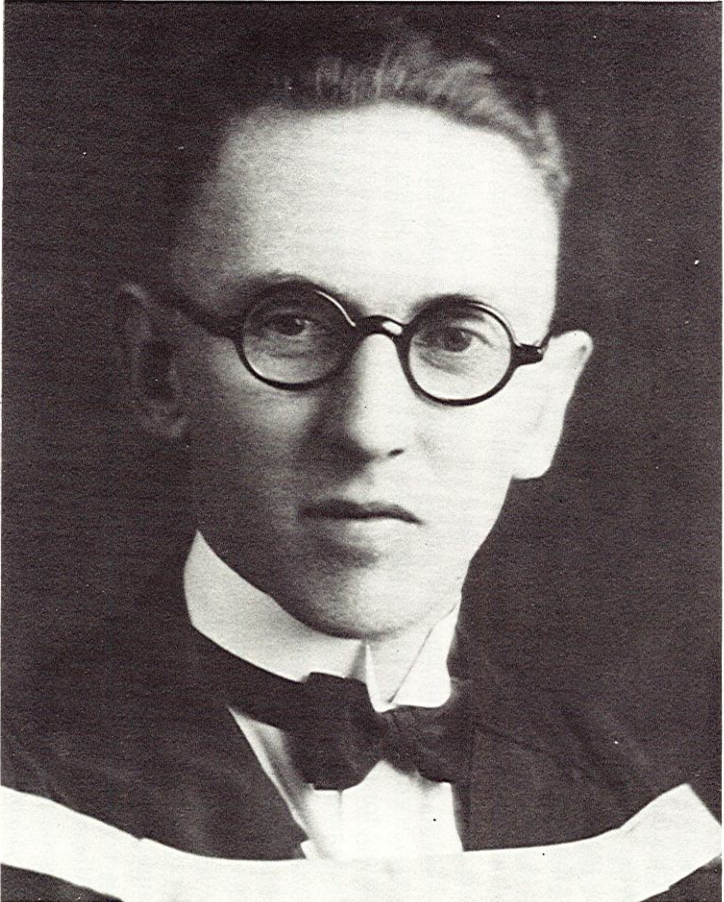
3. The man had been shot from behind and at close range, based on the placement of the bullet hole.

4. The man died immediately. We could see the spot in the base of the skull where the bullet entered, and by sighting through the hole we figured the course of the bullet directly through the medulla oblongata.

After making our deductions, we decided to clean up the skull inside and out, since it would be at the trial as Exhibit A. I borrowed a hacksaw from Bernie Gallant across the road and neatly sawed off the top of the skull, so I could clean and pack it. There in a hole in the base of the skull, I found a bullet. In those days I hadn't read enough detective stories to know that I should leave the bullet for the armorer to remove, but I ignorantly dug it out and put some scratches on it. Fortunately, the scratches had no bearing on the final identification. I called Jack Metcalf. Now, all that was needed was the gun. We placed our precious exhibits in Henry Caswell's safe and waited for the preliminary trial.

In January, Jen came down to visit for a weekend and have a look at the town and the countryside. That same Saturday was the day the Yorkton magistrate selected for the preliminary trial of Sam Kohutz, so Jen was able to see Ituna at its worst, or at least at its busiest. It was a cold, clear day about 10° above zero, and the sleighing was good. Everybody and his kids and dogs came to town that day to talk about the murder. The town was full of Ukrainians in their flapping earlug fur caps, long dogskin and calfskin black coats and big rubber-soled winter boots. They crowded into the stores and offices and gesticulated and harrangued. Jen had grown up in Vegreville, Alberta, in a large Ukrainian community, so she was used to the sights and sounds and smells. It was the biggest crowd I ever saw in town; although, some of the religious celebrations in the summer drew crowds almost as large.

The trial was held in the town hall, packed solid with people. Sam was ushered



Charles H. McKenzie. *Diane McKenzie*
Taken on the occasion of his graduation in medicine June 1927.

Diane McKenzie
Jen McKenzie (née Winifred Jennings), 1928

into the court to give his story before the magistrate: He and Dmytro had come to town on November 11, 1927; then Dmytro had gone on by train to cut ties in the bush; Sam had gone as far as the next town, Hubbard, had stayed overnight with relatives and returned the next day.

I gave my evidence, including a dramatic scene in which I whisked off the cover from the skull just in front of Sam. Jack gave his evidence and had some new clues. He had investigated the unclaimed baggage at the railroad station and had found a woven straw suitcase containing the passport and papers of Dmytro Bodak. He also told about Sam's defensive statement on first seeing the body. At this the magistrate remanded Sam Kohutz for trial at the Fall Assizes in Melville and adjourned the court.

Jen had a chance to see the town and the people, to see my office and to meet some of my friends. The Cooksleys and the Captain were charmed by her. We discussed whether we should stay in Ituna or look elsewhere after our marriage. We finally agreed, that if I could find a decent house, we would give Ituna a try. She then returned to her job at the Royal Alex in Edmonton.

There was only one really nice house in town, and no possibility of renting it. I kept inquiring around, and finally my landlords, the Rabinowitz brothers, said they would build a two-storey building with a bath and everything fixed up real nice on the site of my present office. That way I could keep the office in the same spot and live above it. When spring came they hired carpenters and went to work.

The wedding was set for June 26, 1929, and what an exciting year it was to start a new life. It was the grand finale of the Golden Twenties. The market was wilder every day, people bought shares on margin and millions of bushels of grain were bought and sold on margin. Wheat was pegged at $2.21 a bushel, and farmers claimed that we would never see $1 wheat again.

Angus McGugan was graduating from medical school, and I persuaded him to come down to Ituna for a six-week *locum tenens* as soon as he finished his Council exams. I wanted a nice, long honeymoon. General Motors had started a Chevrolet Assembly plant in Regina, bringing out their first six-in-line motor; I was one of the first to buy a new Chevrolet coupe, a dark blue one with a red stripe. And so I arrived in Edmonton in style in my shiny new car a few days before the wedding.

Jen and I went down to Vegreville on June 25. The weather was beautiful. My old minister from High River, Reverend William McNichol, was to marry us. He would arrive the next day with Father, Mother, and George, who were driving up from Huxley, about 100 miles south. Jen's bridesmaid was Norma Russell; my best man was George Haworth.

On the 26th, we were up at 5:00 a.m. to find the sky cloudy and rain pouring down. It continued to pour rain all morning and most of the afternoon. The roads were almost impassable. The wedding was scheduled for 3:00 p.m., and the church was crowded, but Father, Mother, George, and Reverend McNichol had not yet arrived. Jen and I waited and waited, but when they had not yet arrived by 5:00 p.m., we decided that we had waited long enough, and the wedding march started. Jen was beautiful. Dad Jennings was pleased and proud. The Reverend Irving, minister of the Vegreville church, performed the ceremony. I'm afraid I didn't listen too closely, and one time the minister paused and looked at me, so I promptly kissed Jen. He said, "No no, the ring." George handed me the ring and the wedding proceeded. I needed no prompting when the time really came to kiss the bride.

The reception was at the Jennings' farm. Dad Jennings gave us a beautiful set of hand-painted dishes and fine glassware. As a special memento, he also gave me a

pocket knife with two blades and a scissors. I carried that knife in my pocket for years. Jen was overwhelmed by an eight-place setting of sterling flatware, a present from the staff of Royal Alex.

After a while, Father, Mother, George and Reverend McNichol drove up. They had been repeatedly stuck in the mud and tried to phone, but no one had been home to receive their calls.

Jen and I left for Edmonton with chains and bells and old shoes on our car. We had to go six miles in the mud to reach gravel road, but the little Chev pushed right along to the gravel where it was good traveling. Our honeymoon took us from Edmonton to Calgary to Lake Louise to Radium Springs to Spokane to Seattle to Vancouver and back over the same route. We ran out of money on our second stay in Spokane and had to wait two days while I wired the bank. We visited my folks in Huxley, our friends in Edmonton, Jen's folks in Vegreville and then went on to Ituna.

Angus had been busy and had enjoyed his stay. That was his only experience in private practice for he went into Public Health work and then became the superintendent of the University of Alberta Hospital.

Our home and office left much to be desired, but Jen fixed the place up in a hurry. She had brought her Orthophonic, so we had music. Rudy Vallee and the "Maine Stein Song" was my favourite at the moment. We had a dining-sitting room with some comfortable chairs and a table, plus a small kitchen with a big stove and a sink that drained into a hole in the back yard. We also had a chemical toilet and a bath tub, the only one in town. All the water came from the town pump—the only well on main street. My first job every morning was to carry several pails of water to fill the reservoir on the stove and for washing and drinking. On laundry days I made quite a few trips with water. I also had to carry water from the town pump to fill the bath tub, but we had a two-inch pipe outlet from the tub to the hole in the back yard, so I didn't need to carry the water out—just pull the plug and, since there was no trap, swoosh, all the water was gone. There was no refrigerator and no ice, but there was partially-dug well in the back yard; Jen had the brilliant idea to rig up a dumb waiter in the hole to keep butter and milk and other things cool. That worked fine all summer.

It wasn't long before we were good friends with the Cooksleys and the Captain. We had tea nearly every afternoon at 4:00 p.m. with the Cooksleys, and in the evenings the Cooksleys came up to our place for a snack before bed. Over the years we have continued to have a spot of tea in the afternoon and a snack before bed.

That fall the market crashed, but no one in Ituna really noticed since nobody had enough money to play the stock market. The effects were not felt in Ituna until later on. What did affect Ituna was the trial of Sam Kohutz. Justice E. Taylor of the District Court was to be the judge at the Fall Assizes in Melville. The trial began in November. Nick Boykovich was sworn in as an interpreter, because many of the witnesses and the defendant were not fluent in English. It came out in the trial that Sam Kohutz and Dmytro Bodak had been buddies in a threshing crew in the Semans district further west and that Dmytro had been paid $180 in cash at the end of the season. Sam, known as a spendthrift, had only enough money left in his account to pay his fare back to Ituna. The two men had returned to Sam's farm and had started off to town in the forenoon of the day of the big storm, November 11, 1927. That day, the station agent in Ituna had sold only one ticket and that was to Hubbard, the next station east. Sam had spent the evening in Hubbard with relatives and had purchased a team of horses there for $150, which he paid in cash. Relatives expressed surprise at his having so much cash on hand. Further testimony revealed the immigrant bag with

Dmytro's passport, the finding of the bones and Sam's reaction to the body. Jack Metcalf then described how he had searched for weeks for the murder weapon, draining wells, searching all the sloughs and tall roadside grass, and finally finding a pearl-handled revolver over the door in Sam's stable. The gun was identified as Sam's and the armorer confirmed that the bullet in the skull came from the gun; additionally, a cartridge in Sam's pocket matched the bullet from the skull.

My evidence was poorly given, and I can only excuse myself because once again I tried to appear too smart. When my name was called, I walked up the aisle of the courtroom carrying three large volumes of forensic medicine. Maybe it impressed the jury, but I didn't fool Judge Taylor. I told of the condition of the body, of the clothing we found on the body, and I identified the dead person as a young male adult. I also told of finding the bullet in the base of the skull, and of all our deductions. The defendant's lawyer, Mr. F.B. Bagshaw, let me down easy, but by the time Judge Taylor had finished with me, all that I could be sure of was that the trunk of a dead man had been found and that the owner of the skull had died immediately when a bullet passed through the medulla oblongata. I wasn't even sure if the skull belonged to the trunk.

At this point Mr. Bagshaw requested that charges be dismissed, because there was no evidence that the corpus delecti was in fact Dmytro Bodak. There was murmuring all over the courtroom and the Judge had to restore order.

Then Mr. Sampson, the Crown Prosecutor, produced a surprise witness. A thin, small woman in the dress typical of a European immigrant was brought in. She was severely plain with hair combed straight back into a bun at the nape of her neck. It was ascertained that she knew no English, so she was questioned through the interpreter:

"What is your name?"

"I am Mrs. Dmytro Bodak."

"Where is your home?"

"I live in southern Poland, near Tarnopol."

"Where is your husband?"

At this question she burst into tears. "I don't know. I have not heard from him for more than a year. He used to write often. Then he said he was going to earn some money in the bush and would send for us in the springtime. He did not write again."

"Would you know Dmytro's clothing if you saw it?"

"Of course, I would know it. Before he left for Canada I made new clothes for him. I sewed all his clothes, his shirts, trousers, jackets and underclothes."

Mrs. Bodak was taken to a table on which was piled the clothes found on the corpse and in the suitcase. With a scream she grabbed piece after piece, sobbing and weeping.

"I sewed this. This is my work. See here where I used heavier thread to make it strong. See, here," she cried, picking up the unique piece of underwear we had found on the corpse, "I made this special for my husband. He had just had a bad cold, and the winter would be bad. I made this to protect his chest from the wind."

Mrs. Bodak was led weeping from the courtroom. It was the most moving and dramatic scene I have ever witnessed, far surpassing anything stage, movies, TV or mystery book has to offer. I don't believe there was a dry eye in the courtroom. Even Judge Taylor removed his glasses.

The defense lawyer said nothing more and did not call Sam to the stand. The Crown Prosecutor summed up the case and turned the decision over to the jury. After one hour and twenty-five minutes the jury had reached the unanimous verdict of

guilty of murder in the first degree.

Then Judge Taylor put on his black hat and pronounced the sentence: "Sam Kohutz, you have been found guilty of the murder of Dmytro Bodak. I sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead. And may God have mercy on your soul. Gentlemen of the jury, you are dismissed."

Sam jumped up and shouted, "There's been a lot of lies . . . " He was hanged on January 16, 1930, in the jail in Regina, never having said another word about the case.

The trial occupied much of the thought and time of the community, but in our private lives we were settling into life in Ituna and enjoyed the day-to-day things of a newly married couple. For us a major event was our first Christmas dinner. Jen invited the Cooksleys and the Captain. She bought a turkey and all the trimmings and was up early on Christmas morning to prepare dinner. The table was beautiful with our wonderful sterling and the fine china and glassware we had received as wedding gifts. We even had wine in the wine glasses. Everything was ready and on the table at 2:00 p.m. The guests had arrived, and I had just pulled the turkey from the oven and was beginning to carve it. Then the telephone rang.

"Come quickly. Donnie has broken his leg sleighing."

What could I do? The Chipperfields were in my municipality, albeit on the very edge.

"I must go," I said. "I can't wait for dinner. Go ahead without me."

I looked outside. The snow was coming down hard, nearly a blizzard. I called my driver, Eldie Smith, but the weather was too bad for the team. Of course, no car could get through. It looked like a six-mile walk into the storm. I decided to check and see if I could borrow a handcar from the section gang at the railroad. I bundled up well and sought the section house. Only one man was there, and he could barely understand English. However, he was willing to lend me a car because he knew I was a doctor. We wheeled a handcar onto the mainline, and away I went into the storm all by myself on my first Christmas as a married man. I got to Hubbard and set the fractured tibia as best as I could and put on a good splint. Then I arranged for Donnie to be sent to Saskatoon that night for an x-ray and plaster cast. As I started back on the handcar, I spied a man running out of the blizzard breathing hard. It was my section hand friend. The foreman had come back and had been angry that the handcar had been lent. The poor man had been sent off to bring it back. Fortunately for me, the foreman had not arrived sooner. My non-English-speaking friend and I pumped the handcar back to Ituna, arriving about 7:00 p.m. I was tired and hungry, but smiled to remember the man in Mother's famous recitation; I, too, had "done my duty, whatever may come."

Jen was disappointed; I don't think I had ever seen her so disappointed. But she had carried on, and everyone else had eaten a delicious dinner. Jen said the dinner was no longer any good, because it was old and reheated, but I thought it was the finest Christmas dinner I ever tasted. To this day, I still think it was the finest Christmas dinner I ever ate.

One of my medical duties was the yearly physical examination of all 400 children in the nine schools of the district. Jen acted as my assistant and kept the records. We found that we could only do examinations after the 15th of May and before the 1st of October; in the intervening months many of the children were literally sewed into their long underwear for the winter. We gave the new pupils in Grades 1 and 2 and any others who had been missed the diphtheria toxoid and smallpox vaccine coincidentally with the physical exams. We always had a big box of candy at the end of the line, and every child who didn't cry got a piece of candy. Nobody ever cried, but I am sure some

of those needles must have been pretty dull.

We had a standard eye chart to test vision and for some reason that chart had the letters D E F on the 20/100 line. I asked one little fellow in Grade 1 if he could see the chart. He spoke little English and could not understand me, so I pointed and said, "Can you see here, where it says D E F?"

Now he knew what I wanted, and quick as a flash he started, DEFGHIJKLM..." all the way to Z. Jen looked the other way to avoid my eyes and marked down 20/20.

Many of the youngsters couldn't speak or understand English when they started school, but they were coached by older brothers and sisters as to what to say and do at the physical examination. I had a standard routine of questions that started with, "What is your name?" Jen would find the chart or start a new one. Then I would ask, "How old are you?" and Jen would record the answer. One day the little fellow next in line was cleaned and scrubbed to perfection and I couldn't help saying, "My, but aren't you cleaned up bright and shiny today?"

To my surprise he answered, "Sammy Kowalchuck."

Then I asked him, "And where do you live?"

He answered, "Six years old."

Then I caught on and I asked the right questions while Jen studied the ceiling to keep from laughing. . . .

The depression began to reach Ituna in the winter of 1930-31. I found it hard to collect $3 for a home visit, because people just didn't have any money. We were often paid in produce or work. I said, I would take a load of wood, delivered, in lieu of pay. Before spring, I had a beautiful pile of split poplar in the back yard, about 50 cords altogether! One farmer gave me six lovely turkeys, plucked and drawn. We put them in a box in our back wood shed and let them freeze solid. We had eaten three of them when a sudden freak thaw in March spoiled the others. Oh, well, we never used up all the wood either.

Times got worse. Wheat was selling for 40 cents a bushel, and it looked like we would indeed never see dollar wheat again. I couldn't collect even the smallest fee. No one had any money. My salary was on loan from a bank that was closing. We made the difficult decision to leave. I decided to apply for an internship, but it was a popular idea among young doctors at that time. Out of 200 applications, I received only one reply, from Asbury Hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota. This meant leaving your home, friends and families and moving to the United States to a new life that neither of us could have ever believed when we left Ituna on December 1, 1931.

SASKATCHEWAN SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS, 1944-1964

By Rork Wigmore

The superintendents of schools who were employed by the Government of Saskatchewan, Department of Education, were a professionally competent, hardworking, well paid group of civil servants. In 1983 the Honourable Gordon Currie, Minister of Education, stated that the last of these employees would be phased out by the end of that year, but the policy was later changed to accommodate the wish of a few boards, such as those of the Humboldt and Wood River school divisions and of the Humboldt town division, which wished to retain the services of the departmental superintendent. This article refers particularly to the government employed superintendents of the transition period of 1944 to 1964.

In England in 1840 the right of inspection of schools was made a necessary condition towards a school qualifying for a grant. The appointment of inspectors was a government function and, although those appointed were not necessarily teachers, the government tried to ensure that they would be competent. As examples, Matthew Arnold, the poet, and his brother Thomas Arnold, sons of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby School, were employed for many years as Her Majesty's Inspectors.

The British system of inspection of schools was adopted in Ontario and was brought from Ontario to the North-West Territories, where Roman Catholic inspectors were appointed for Roman Catholic schools and Protestants for the public schools. The first inspectors for the area which is now the province of Saskatchewan were: Protestant—Thomas Grover (West Assiniboia), John Hewgill (East Assiniboia), P.G. Laurie (Battleford District) and Rev. Canon James Flett (Prince Albert District), while the Roman Catholic inspectors were Father Lebret (East and West Assiniboia), E.E. Richard (Battleford District), and Father Alexis André (Prince Albert District). School Ordinance 28 of 1891-92 provided that the inspection of schools should no longer have any religious basis, although succeeding governments before and after the province was formed ensured that a representative proportion of the inspectors appointed were of the Roman Catholic faith.

By 1940 there were forty-three school inspectors in Saskatchewan who visited all schools, including high schools and collegiate institutes, which received provincial government grants. Only in the cities of Regina and Saskatoon were the inspectors employed by the school boards. The rural inspector spent most of his time travelling from one small school district to another inspecting the work of teachers, the progress of pupils, and reporting his findings to the school boards and to the department. Occasionally he conferred with the school trustees before he left the area. At these conferences, which took place not more often than once or twice a year, the inspector presented his estimate of the learning situation in each classroom and perhaps offered his recommendations relative to the school building and its equipment. The inspector might, on request, assist boards in obtaining teachers, but in general, after he had

reported to the trustees and made certain suggestions to them, his obligation to a school board had been fulfilled.

All this changed after 1944 when Saskatchewan had a new government and the Honourable W.S. Lloyd, Minister of Education, introduced The Larger School Units Act. By the fall of 1945 there were established twenty-nine larger units containing a total of 2,331 rural and village school districts—approximately half the total number of rural and village school districts in the province. The superintendents of schools, no longer called inspectors, were the supervisors of all aspects of education in the units. A superintendent was to work closely with his unit board and its secretary-treasurer, attend all board meetings, exercise supervision over the unit office, visit the schools, and in general assist the board in its operation of the eighty or more school districts in the unit.

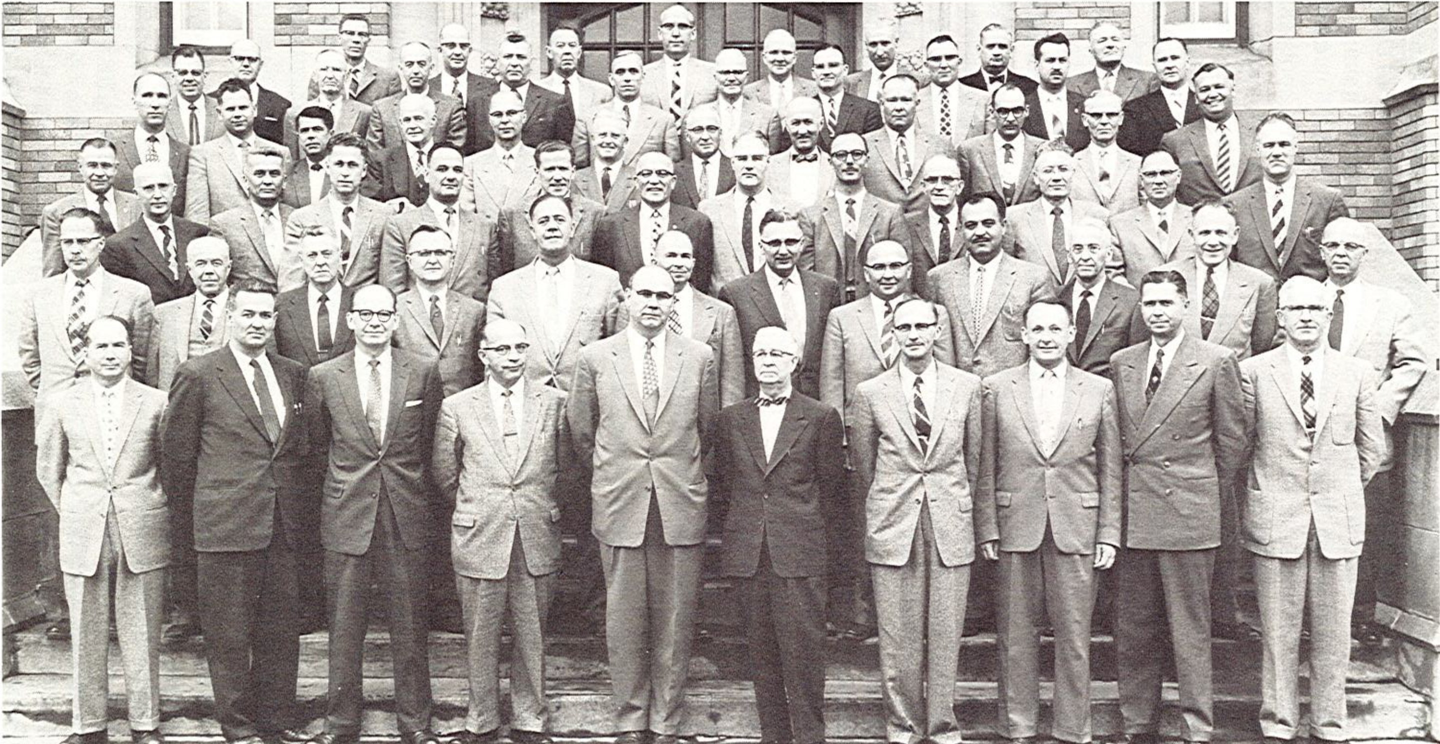
During much of the period 1944-64 pupil enrollment in Saskatchewan schools was soaring and there were too few qualified teachers, so teachers were recruited from Britain and elsewhere and the Normal School course was reduced to only twelve weeks for many teachers. Maintaining high standards of work in the schools at such a time required leadership, and for this the unit boards and the public looked to the superintendent. At the same time the superintendent and the unit board were solving the accommodation problems of the unit, accentuated by centralization of schools and the inadequacy of existing buildings; this involved many meetings with the board's architect, building contractor, banker, and the finance people in the Department of Education. Most school buildings in use in the province today date from the period 1954-1964.

The new schools were attractive to the residents of both town and country and the period was one of transition in the way in which children went to school. In 1944 most rural children attended the nearby one-classroom school; by 1964 the rural school was a nostalgic reminder of the past.

As the number of superintendents of schools was increased at the end of the second World War, the new appointees were for the greater part veterans who had held commissions, some of field rank, in the Canadian army or air force. Ten superintendents were appointed in 1945; eight of them had been officers. In 1946, four of the nine new superintendents were ex-officers; in 1947, three of four; in 1948, two of four; and in 1949, as the appointees became younger, of the three superintendents appointed one had been an officer and one an enlisted man. Of the thirty World War II veterans on the staff of superintendents of schools, 1944-64, twenty-one had been commissioned officers and nine had served in other ranks. The vitality of the augmented staff of superintendents of schools, along with the acceptance of each superintendent's method of working with the board to which he had been assigned by the Department of Education, helped to create an *esprit de corps* not always found in government service.

In 1953 the first of many three-week courses in educational leadership was held at the University of Alberta. Initially sponsored by the W.K. Kellogg Foundation and operated by the Canadian Education Association and the University of Alberta, the courses provided for the first time an opportunity for superintendents of schools to meet, on a professional basis, with their counterparts from the rest of Canada. Perhaps as a result of the Kellogg courses, six Saskatchewan superintendents of schools proceeded to qualify for doctor's degrees in education and a larger number for other graduate degrees.

During the 1944-64 era the Department of Education offices in Regina received a



Conference of Saskatchewan School Superintendents, Saskatoon, April 1958 — Front row: D.M. McLeod, D.F. Mader, J.E. Webb, J.A. Malach, Hon. W.S. Lloyd, L.F. Titus, N.W. Scott, H.L. Howell, C.A. Beaudreau, H.L. Blakely. Second row: H.T.B. Jolson, T.W.H. Williams, D.C. MacFadyen, P.J. Worobetz, T.N. Bick, E.J. Brandt, J. Estok, S.J. Ewaniuk, J. Belan, F.R. Bolton, J. MacLeod, R.J. Penny. Third row: J. Wooff, R.H. Hunter, G. Newfeld, C. Amundrud, A.E. Lynch, J.J. Giesbrecht, J.R. Fraser, A.O. Smith, C.D. Peters, D.J. Sheehan, W.E.C. Tallant, G.D. Robertson, H.A. Smith. Fourth row: D.E. Hill, R.F.E. Harvey, E.O. Chappell, J.R. McMonagle, L. Thordarson, C.I. Thacker, F.M. Glazier, H.O. Derby, E.E. McCallum, I.J. Church, C.G. Kruger, C.L. Teal. Fifth row: R.E. Lovgren, R.R. Wigmore, D.L. Hicks, K.H. Bentley, J.P. Gorchynski, D.G. Bishop, A.C. Bowes, B. Fleming, L.M. Ready, L.A. Riederer, K.C. Hendsbee. Sixth row: W.H. Broley, J.E. Ingram, H.J. Bestvater, G.J. Thiessen, J.T. Geddes, S.M.M. Thompson, W.W. Harris, J. Samson.

number of superintendents of schools who had been promoted to internal administrative positions. This had not happened before; there was a reaction against it after 1964, and it has now ceased. The following table shows the department officials who had previously been with the department as superintendents of schools for each of the years 1942, 1964, and 1984.

Former superintendents of schools in the Saskatchewan Department of Education

1942	1964	1984
Registrar	Deputy minister	Executive director, regional services
Director, dominion-provincial war emergency programs	Assistant to the deputy minister	Associate executive director, regional services
	Director, school administration	Chief, teacher services
	Chief superintendent	Chief, student services
	Director of examinations and registrar	Directors, regional offices (6)
	Director of teacher training and research	Negotiation officer
	Director, provincial educational services	
	Assistant to director of curricula	
	Supervisors of school administration (2)	
	Superintendents of high schools (5)	

Ten superintendents of schools joined the staffs of the provincial teachers' colleges, but since the salaries of both classes of employees were the same, this was regarded as a lateral transfer rather than as a promotion.

In 1964 the government had changed and there was doubt about the continuing role of the superintendents of schools, who were now called superintendents of education. The Saskatchewan School Trustees Association believed that the unit trustees were sufficiently responsible to employ their superintendents, as city trustees did, but wanted the province to assist in paying the superintendents' salaries. The conflict of roles played by the superintendent was explained by Collins:

> A superintendent of a larger unit is looked upon by the Department of Education and the Minister as the educational administrator in his particular area. He is held responsible for the general supervision of all public school education in the unit as well as of all schools in the superintendency which are

> not a part of the large unit. He is expected to exercise the administrative, supervisory, and advisory functions of his office in ways that will result in a high degree of effectiveness and efficiency in the operation of the uniform program of education for the province. He is expected to act as a line officer for the Department of Education and to administer the laws of the province relating to education with impersonal regard for the common good. At the same time he is expected to advise the trustees on matters that come within their jurisdiction. The sources of authority that are expected to determine the official actions and behavior of the superintendent of schools, then, are the Department of Education as the superordinate and the Board of Trustees as the subordinate authority. In brief, the superintendent of schools is expected to act as a line officer for the Department of Education and as a staff officer for the Board of Trustees.[1]

In the Quance Lecture of 1959, W.S. Lloyd considered the implications of local employment of the superintendent:

> It can be argued that the transfer of employment of superintendent from provincial to local authority is a necessary step in fully encouraging local initiative and decision-making. A purposeful transfer could enlarge the horizon rather than contract the function of the provincial department of education. It could mean more emphasis on research and planning to meet total needs of local and provincial authorities. It could emphasize the leadership and coordination role of the provincial authority without which education in a province can become fragmented. It could more adequately challenge and provide opportunity for local educational leadership. It might add to the total of creative leadership and more closely relate this to the special needs of areas and individuals. It may well be a significant future development and, if so, will mean a break with our tradition of strong central authority.[2]

Without discrediting the work of the provincially-employed superintendents of schools, but in accordance with a trend across all Canada, the legislature in 1970 amended section 124 of The Larger School Units Act to read:

> (a) A unit board may, with the approval of the minister, appoint a superintendent of schools for the unit and, subject to the regulations of the department, assign to him his duties.
>
> (b) Where a unit board does not appoint a superintendent the minister shall appoint a superintendent of schools for the unit and shall assign to him his duties.

The boards took advantage of this provision. By 1983 only six division boards used the services of superintendents assigned by the Minister, who announced that after the end of the year his department would no longer give such a service. The department continues to employ regional directors of education, who replaced the superintendents of high schools but unlike them are interested in budgets and rarely visit classrooms. The superintendents of high schools, who ceased to work as such after 1968, were members of the Saskatchewan Government Employees' Association, had little involvement in financing of the schools, and visited and reported on the work of many classrooms.

There were 134 superintendents of schools and superintendents of high schools employed by the Saskatchewan Department of Education in the period of 1944 to 1964. Their dates of birth range from 1881 to 1931 and, at May 1983, sixty-one are deceased. As would be expected, the great majority of superintendents with birthdates 1881 to 1908 were natives of eastern Canada while natives of Saskatchewan predominate among those born from 1909 to 1931. Average age on appointment to the staff of inspectors or superintendents was thirty-eight. Of the 134 superintendents, thirty-six were before appointment teachers in city schools; the remainder previously taught in

town or village schools. The 134 men and one woman were of different ethnic and religious backgrounds and, as indicated, from a variety of teaching positions. Eighty-six superintendents were appointed in the years 1944 to 1963; seven percent of these, or a total of six, were from the staff of the Nipawin High School. Only the city of Regina with eleven appointees during the same period exceeds the Nipawin record. It is interesting to find that during 1944 to 1963 there was no superintendent appointed from any school in the city of Saskatoon. Presumably the Saskatoon teachers who might have become superintendents of schools had spent time in smaller communities and did not wish to leave a university city to return to them. But for all appointees, and particularly for those from small towns, it was considered to be an honour and a tribute to fine teaching to be selected for the staff of superintendents of schools.

FOOTNOTES

1 Collins, C.P., "The Provincially Appointed Superintendent of Schools," *Education, Vol. 3* (Toronto: W.J. Gage Limited, 1960), page 38.

2 Lloyd, Woodrow S., *The Role of Government in Canadian Education.* (Toronto: W.J. Gage Limited, 1959), page 60.

DOCUMENTS OF WESTERN HISTORY
DOUKHOBOR IMMIGRATION: THE POTATO DILEMMA

By Victor O. Buyniak

Studying and understanding the past is to a large extent dependent on the availability and use of historical documents from which investigation and analysis can be made. The following article deals with one aspect of the settlement of the Doukhobors on the prairies: the exigency of providing foodstuffs, namely potatoes, for the vegetarian settlers arriving in large numbers during the winter of 1898-1899. It is indicative of the rich variety of data contained in the correspondence files of the Immigration Branch records, federal Department of the Interior, documenting the many tasks in which immigration officials were engaged as they worked with group and individual settlers and the need for cooperative effort over very long distances, as well as reflecting the inner workings of an important government department. The article is based on information found in the Public Archives of Cañada, Record Group 76, Volume 183, file 65101, Part 1, 1898.

The Editor

The 1890's was a decade of accelerated settlement of the Canadian North-West by new immigrants arriving in groups or on an individual basis. Many came from eastern Europe. The mass migration of the Doukhobors occurred at the very end of the decade. Plans to transport and settle some 7,500 Doukhobors on the Prairies were finalized in 1898. The very first train carrying Doukhobor settlers was expected in Winnipeg late in 1898 or early in 1899. In preparation for their arrival, provisions had to be purchased and stored. Since the Doukhobors were vegetarians, most of the provisions were from field, garden and orchard produce. A very sizeable amount of potatoes had to be obtained and stored to last the new immigrants over the first winter and spring, including reserves for spring planting.

This paper deals with the problems encountered by Canadian officials on various levels and in various localities whose duty it was to buy potatoes beforehand at the lowest price and to arrange for their transport to future central points of Doukhobor settlement. They were also responsible for safe storage of the potatoes during the winter of 1898-99. In those years the process of obtaining, transporting and storing vegetables was much more complicated than it is now. An additional factor made the whole procedure even more difficult to carry out: the officials did not yet know for sure in which regions of the North-West Territories the Doukhobors would eventually settle. Yet sufficient stocks of provisions, situated in places easily accessible to the new immigrants, meant the physical well-being, if not the very survival, of the settlers during their first winter on the prairies. The story is reconstructed in chronological order from correspondence in the records of the Immigration Branch of the Depart-

ment of the Interior of Canada, (Volume 183, file 65101, part 1, 1898) available on microfilm at the Saskatchewan Archives.

As early as 5 October, 1898, Aylmer Maude, an English Tolstoyan and friend of the Doukhobors, who headed a Doukhobor delegation during the preceding summer and fall to visit and select the localities for their future settlement in Canada, raised the matter of food supplies in a letter to the Honourable Clifford Sifton, the Minister of the Interior.

> May I further request you to give instructions to the Immigration Department, as soon as the location for the Doukhobors is definitely settled, to buy such a stock of potatoes, other vegetables & rye flour as will be required to feed 2000 people through the winter. We will pay for these things but we have neither the organization nor the information to enable us to procure them in good time and at the lowest prices.

James A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior wrote William F. McCreary, the Commissioner of Immigration, who was then located in Winnipeg, on 8 October, 1898, regarding the expected arrival of the Doukhobors and the purchasing of food supplies.

> Some time ago you wrote me with reference to the purchase of vegetables in view of the likelihood of the Doukhobors emigrating to Canada before the winter, and in answer to this I advised you to purchase in the meantime a considerable quantity, leaving the quantity to your judgment.
>
> I now have to say that since arrangements have been made with Mr. Maude he has written me asking that the Department should arrange for a stock of vegetables and rye flour to be purchased, such a quantity as would feed say 2,000 people during the winter. Mr. Maude agrees to pay whatever this supply costs, but I am very anxious that you should purchase the potatoes, as well as other supplies required, at the very lowest possible price, as I promised Mr. Maude we would assist him in this matter. It may be possible that you can purchase some of these at Brandon and also at Regina and other points where they should be stored in the meantime, but I think it well to at once arrange as these supplies will certainly be needed. As I have already intimated to you some 2,200 of these people are likely to leave Batoum, on the Black Sea, for Winnipeg in a few days so that we may expect them to arrive about the middle of November. It will therefore be necessary to arrange about the vegetables at once, but as to the rye flour I think they can arrange that themselves just as well later on.

In the meantime there arose a likelihood of a second transport of some 2,000 Doukhobors arriving in the west that same winter. In addition to making the necessary travel accommodation and settlement arrangements for this group, Smart and his officials were responsible for supplying them with food provisions. Regarding this second transport, Smart wrote Maude on 11 October, 1898:

> It appears to me to be very important that you should be fully advised before leaving as to whether sufficient quantities of vegetables have been purchased to meet the requirements of these people. I do not know whether it is your intention to return to Winnipeg or not. . . . I have sent full instructions to Mr. McCreary in consequence of your request that the officers of the Department should proceed to purchase supplies, so that purchases will be made in this connection at Winnipeg, Brandon and Regina.

On 14 October, 1898, McCreary notified Smart from Winnipeg with regard to the arrangements being made in view of the possible arrival of this additional group of Doukhobors:

> Some time ago potatoes could have been secured more cheaply but owing to the very heavy rains a great many of them have been lost, and difficulty is going to be experienced in getting the others out of the ground as

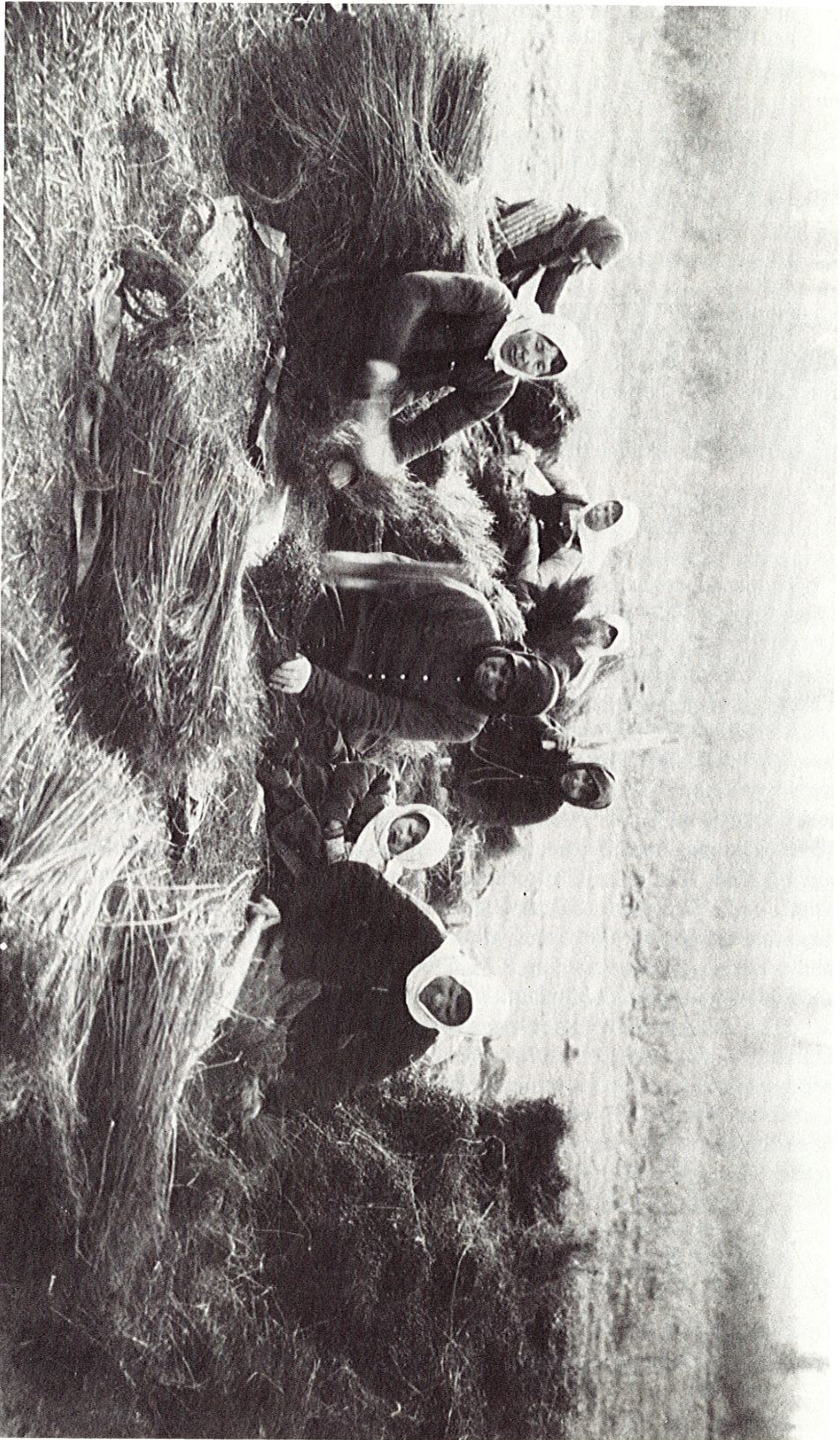
National Doukhobor Heritage Village, Veregin

Makeshift building housing Community Doukhobors the first winter after their arrival in Canada.

> the ground is so wet and it is costing from four to six cents a bushel to dig them and put them on the ground. I also believe as there is quite a scarcity, potatoes will be dear later on, and especially so next spring, so that these people ought to secure sufficient vegetables now and have them stored to last them as food till next July, and sufficient for seed next spring.

There is further correspondence regarding the matter of purchasing potatoes for the Doukhobors as McCreary wrote to Smart on 21 October, 1898:

> I made strong endeavours to purchase potatoes here: secured one load at 32½ and one at 30 cents, but there was so much mud attached to them and they were so wet that I felt that they would not keep. Then again, the price commenced to run up, and this morning I cannot buy at less than 45. Quite a large quantity of potatoes here will never be taken out of the ground—in fact, one man who had agreed to let me have a thousand bushels at 35, but on going to his field found five inches of water over his potatoes—so he gave them up.
>
> However, I have now made arrangements with two men, one James Flanaghan to purchase me potatoes at Portage la Prairie and McGregor at 30 cents, and another, Pace, to purchase them at that point at 28. I have got half rate on these from the C.P.R. from these points to Winnipeg, and will make arrangements here for storing them, so that they can be shipped to any point, if necessary. I shall probably get five cars, about three thousand bushels, from these two sources.
>
> I wrote Braun to try and purchase two or three thousand bushels at Brandon. He says they can be got there for 25 cents, but I rather imagine the quantity is limited. However, I intend running up there next week to look over the shed and the accommodations for cooking and will discuss the purchase of vegetables with him at that time. In the meantime, his instructions



Doukhobor women at work in the fields.

National Doukhobor Heritage Village, Veregin.

> are to go on and purchase two or three thousand bushels at 25 cents, if he can get them, and put them in the Post Office cellar, and any other place he can get.
>
> There is no money lost in purchasing potatoes at this price, as I am quite willing, if the Government will allow me, to take them off their hands at these figures, in fact, I could turn them over today and make money. The great point to be considered however is to get them in such places as they will keep till next spring, because there is no doubt that potatoes will then reach to $1 to $1.50 per bushel, and other vegetables in proportion.
>
> What quantity of potatoes do you think should be purchased for food for these people till, say, next August, with sufficient for seed for the entire colony? . . . I was thinking it would require about ten thousand bushels for food and about six hundred to a thousand for seed. The latter would have to be kept in some cool place till next June.

Commissioner McCreary informed his superior Frank Pedley, Superintendent of Immigration on 4 November 1898 that it was possible to arrange with the Canadian Pacific Railway officials to transport the vegetables at half price but he could not make the same arrangements with another company. Writing to Pedley again on 16 November 1898 he outlined developments.

> You are probably aware that I was instructed to buy a large quantity of vegetables for the Doukhobortsi who, as I was informed, would arrive here about the 15th November. I have already purchased between eight and ten thousand bushels of potatoes at Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Yorkton and Dauphin . . . also about 15 tons of cabbage. These potatoes average probably 30 to 40 cents delivered in the warehouse here. . . . The potatoes, however, I think we shall be able to save, though it will cost a little more for warehousing than I anticipated. However, from the present outlook potatoes are going to be worth from sixty cents to $1 next March, and I think I could easily place all the potatoes I have on hand at profit.

While all these solicitations were being made by all these officials on behalf of the arriving Doukhobors, it was learned that their departure from the port of Batoum had been postponed for six weeks. As a result the first trainload of Doukhobors did not reach Winnipeg until 27 January 1899. An unexpected turn of events occurred in December 1898, when the Customs Inspector in Brandon, George H. Young, cabled Smart on 21 December: "Quantity potatoes stored in cellar public building here think require attention decaying smell through offices very bad most unhealthy for officers and presume potatoes spoiling." McCreary was ordered to investigate and apparently the matter was taken in hand and resolved as nothing more was said about the matter.

The importance of potatoes as part of the diet of an agrarian population like the Doukhobors can be seen from continuous efforts by immigration officials to secure enough of this produce during the first year of the Doukhobors' settlement on the Canadian prairies. On 16 May, 1899, Harley wrote to Smart from Swan River: "I have bought 50 bushels of splendid potatoes for seed here at $1.25 per bushel . . ." And McCreary wrote to Smart on 4 November, 1899:

> I have already bought at Yorkton about a thousand bushels of potatoes, and I am sending to-day another carload to Swan River . . . and as they will likely use most of the potatoes which they are buying now, seed potatoes, probably 2500 to 3000 bushels, should be got there before the 5th of April . . .

Once firmly established on Canadian soil, the Doukhobors produced enough crops, among them potatoes, not only for their own consumption and seed reserves, but also for marketing.

BOOK REVIEWS

AGRICULTURE ON THE PRAIRIES, 1870-1940. By David Spector. Hull, Quebec: Supply and Services Canada. 1983. Pp. 260. Illustrations. $13.95.

Historical writing in the post-1945 period has reflected the generally held belief of historians that all things great and good have happened in cities despite the fact that the majority of Canadians were no more than two generations removed from the farm. By comparison rural Canada was portrayed as a cultural backwater, fixed in time, and populated by reactionary, awkward, crudely-dressed hicks struggling to assert a status they did not deserve. Within the last half-decade, however, sincere efforts have been made to right the balance. The appearance of the excellent annual periodical, *Canadian Papers in Rural History* out of Queen's University signalled the beginning. Some superior graduate work at places like the University of Guelph helped as well. Consequently recent conferences like the one at the University of Victoria on the "Forgotten Majority: Rural Life in Canada" could bring together scholars interested in just this subject for the first time.

It was more by accident than design that the Federal Government has appeared in the forefront of historical research on agricultural history in Canada. The decision some time ago by the National Historic Sites and Monuments Board to designate Lanark Place, the farm owned by the prominent provincial and federal Liberal, W.R. Motherwell, as worthy of restoration resulted in the funding of a great deal of background research to assist in the restoration process. David Spector's exhaustive report, *Agriculture on the Prairies, 1870-1940* is one of the happy consequences of these endeavours and reflects the positive approach taken by the National Historic Parks and Sites Branch of Parks Canada to problems which are often politically motivated.

Spector's book consists of three separate reports completed in 1978. The first two "Animal Husbandry on the Canadian Prairies, 1880-1925" and "Field Agriculture on the Canadian Prairies, 1870-1940" attempt to explain the two principal farming activities of the region. The first concludes that despite efforts from various governments to diversify agriculture, outside of horse rearing the practice of animal husbandry was haphazard at best and thus took a back seat to wheat production. The second emphasizes the technological and scientific advancements made in farming and the speed and effectiveness of these changes. In both pieces, however, the emphasis is on comprehensiveness rather than cohesion. The resulting product appears to be an eclectic collection of pure information gathered at the whim of the author with little attempt at interpretation. Even the last essay, "W.R. Motherwell's Farming Operations", fails to pass judgement on his contribution to the industry outside of the conclusion that Lanark Place, with its landscaping, orchards and gardens, while an oasis on the Prairies, was a throwback to its creator's Eastern Ontario experience.

While Spector's work in this volume appears to be more of a chronicle than a serious historical study it probably meets the needs of his supervisors at Parks Canada as background for their work. Meanwhile, one must laud whoever taught the author the use of footnotes. Not only are they extensive but they are invaluable to other researchers in leading them to obscure periodicals and government reports which cast light on other aspects of Prairie rural development in a period when farming dominated that region's economy and society.

W.J.C. Cherwinski

FOR DIGNITY, EQUALITY AND JUSTICE. A HISTORY OF THE SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES' UNION. By Doug Taylor. Regina: Saskatchewan Government Employees' Union, 1984. Pp. V-100. Illustrations. Paper. $5.00.

Even with the recent outpouring of labour history publications very few, if any, institutional histories of Saskatchewan trade unions have been written. Taylor, a member of SGEU, however, has attempted to rectify this problem by outlining the development and transformation of the Saskatchewan Government Employees' Union, the largest union in the province.

He points out that on 12 February 1913 the Saskatchewan Civil Service Association, the predecessor of SGEU, came into being as a social club rather than a trade union. The Association did not gain union status until 1945 when it negotiated the first public service agreement, which included union recognition and an improvement in wages and working conditions. The Association, however, remained very conservative under the old leadership until the late 1960s and early 1970s when it accepted "the legitimacy of militant action." The 1975 strike demonstrated that the Saskatchewan Government Employees' Association (after its name change in 1962) was no longer "a weak-kneed civil service association," while the 1979 strike transformed it from "a schizophrenic organization" into a militant labour organization. SGEU, however, did not become a trade union until it cancelled its constitution under the Societies Act and gained certification under the Trade Union Act with the name the Saskatchewan Government Employees' Union.

Taylor's history, unfortunately, is somewhat superficial and scanty. The actual text is only a mere 82 pages and a significant portion of them are filled with photographs or illustrations. Because research is minimal, the study lacks historical context, analysis and explanations of various events or issues. No mention, for instance, is made of the type of industrial relations system that unions had to operate under before the passage of both PC1003 (Wartime Labour Relations Regulations) and the Saskatchewan Trade Union Act in 1944. Was a new industrial relations system, which was more conducive for trade union growth, created after 1944?

Another criticism is the fact that little reference is made to the rank and file in terms of their class interests, their working and living conditions, and their union activities on the shop floor.

Despite these shortcomings the book will still have a certain appeal to members of the union and those interested in Saskatchewan labour history.

Glen Makahonuk

NOTES ON BOOKS RECEIVED

LE MESSIANISME DE LOUIS RIEL (1844-1885). By Gilles Martel. Wilfred Laurier University Press, Waterloo: Canadian Corporation for Studies in Religion, 1984. Pp. 482. Map. $11.95.

Riel believed that he was divinely chosen to lead the Métis people and to help them establish a new nation in the West. Gilles Martel, who teaches sociology of religions in the Faculty of Theology at the University of Sherbrooke, sets out to examine three main questions in regard to Riel's messianic views. The questions are:

What social and psychological factors led Riel to these beliefs? How did Riel's messianic ideas develop during his life? What role did Riel's messianic ideology play in Riel's political actions between 1869 and 1885?

This well documented study begins with a sociological analysis of the Métis of the Red River colony. It then examines the development of Riel's messianism and his religious experiences. The final section examines the origin and development of the uprising, ending in the defeat of the Métis at Batoche. It then follows Riel from his surrender to his death, examining the developments of his religious and messianic views. Martel concludes that Riel's faith was so strong in his mission that not even the final events leading to his death could demoralize or empty him of his spiritual energy.

LE GIBET DE RÉGINA PAR UN HOMME BIEN RESEIGNÉ. Introduction by Gilles Martel. Saint Boniface, Manitoba: Les Editions du Blé, 1985. Pp. 196. Illustrations.

Le Gibet de Rêgina, published in French and written by an anonymous author, was published in New York in 1886. This new edition has an excellent introduction by Professor Gilles Martel.

Basically, *Le Gibet de Rêgina* reviews the Riel story including the two uprisings associated with his name. The unknown author is clearly convinced and presents evidence to justify his conclusions that Riel was a victim particularly of Orangist machinations and that he died on the gallows for political crimes which other nations would not have punished by death. The execution of Riel, according to the unknown author, was largely in response to Riel's execution of Thomas Scott. As Martel points out, this was an attractive thesis at the time particularly for the Métis people.

LE MÉTIS CANADIEN. By Marcel Giraud with introduction by J.E. Foster and Louise Zuk. Saint Boniface, Manitoba: Les Editions du Blé, 1984. 2 volumes. Pp. 1316. Maps and illustrations. $35.00.

Originally published in 1945 *Le Mêtis Canadien* was immediately recognized as an outstanding contribution to the history of the Métis people. For example, Gontran Laviolette reviewing Giraud's book for *Saskatchewan History* (see Vol. II, No. 1, pp. 35-37) wrote in part:

> Giraud's work may be highly recommended to every historian, ethnologist and social worker interested in the métis of Western Canada. His monumental and scholarly contribution to history and sociology is remarkable for strength and clarity of argumentation, lucidity of style, and extensive documentation.

Giraud's study has long been unavailable outside of libraries and rarely appears on the list of used book dealers. Republication is, therefore, welcome and warranted because Giraud's work still remains a basic source for anyone studying the history of the Métis people.

The new edition has a short introduction by Professor J.E. Foster and Louise Zuk of the University of Alberta. The original plates appear to have been used which would have made it difficult to correct minor errors in the original which were noted in some of the reviews (for example Anthony Hendey for Anthony Henday). The one regret that remains is that an English translation has not as yet appeared.

CONTRIBUTORS

W.A. Waiser is Assistant Professor of History, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Diane McKenzie who edited her father's reminiscences lives in Moscow, Idaho, United States of America.

Rork Wigmore, now retired and living in Regina was for some years a school superintendent in Saskatchewan.

Victor O. Buyniak is Professor of Slavic Studies, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

W.J.C. Cherwinski is Associate Professor of History, Memorial University, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Glen Makahonuk is a member of the staff of Special Collections, Library, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

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