

## Like Father, Like Son - with a British Twist

Since I starting writing stories for the Vancouver Division's web site, it has always amazed me how stories suddenly appear out of the blue, and that a story leads to another story within the original story. Does that make sense? The following is another one of those examples. This story could have been headed *"The apple doesn't fall far from the tree!"*

All former members and current serving members know that within the Force family legacies continue on dating back to the first days of the NWMP. This is an important part of our history. It is now recognized by members and veterans in being able to wear the Generational Insignia with a maple leaf indicating the number of family generations who have served in the Force.



Recently, I received an e-mail message from Assistant Commissioner Al Macintyre, (Ret'd) Reg # 29201/O.1680, knowing that I enjoyed old photos of the Force, he had sent along a copy of a magazine photograph of an RCMP member in Review Order standing on the streets of Moscow surrounded by, dare I say, admiring or at least inquisitive, Muscovites. The photo, from an unknown magazine, a little worn and crinkled is shown below:



The caption below the photo reads:

***"Only Mountie Russians know was in movie Rose Marie until Frank Brien visited Kremlin"***

Of course, I had to know more of the story behind Frank Brien, an RCMP member in Review Order, being in Moscow. I contacted Al Macintyre who told me that he had been given a copy of the photo by a friend. Al's friend, Bill Kent, is a retired Air Canada pilot, whose wife, Ann, along with her sister, Juhli Farrell, are the daughters of Frank Brien. Doing a little digging on my part I found that Frank was not the only member of the Brien family to have been members of the RCMP. Frank's father Albert was also a member of the Force. Their careers are very similar. Thanks to Bill, Ann and Juhli I am able to tell you some of their story.

### **The Father**



**Albert Henry Brien – Regimental # 5431**

Albert Brien was born in London, England on July 10, 1890 and served in the Royal Field Artillery from July 8, 1909 to July 8, 1912. He joined the RNWMP at Regina on August 12, 1912 and purchased his discharge on April 6, 1914. He rejoined at Calgary a month later and took his discharge on September 22, 1914 to re-join the British Imperial Army on the out break of WWI.

The details are lost in time, but Albert Brien met a nurse, Adelaide Margret Lee, in London while serving overseas during WWI.

Adelaide was born on November 30, 1885, Portobello, Midlothian, Scotland, her father, John, was 57, and her mother Adelaide, was 28. She married Albert on January 11, 1916, in London. Family legend has it that her family was well off and they owned a “castle”. It is unsure when she moved to Canada. Albert and Adelaide had five children in 13 years. Adelaide died on April 21, 1972, at the age of 86 years.

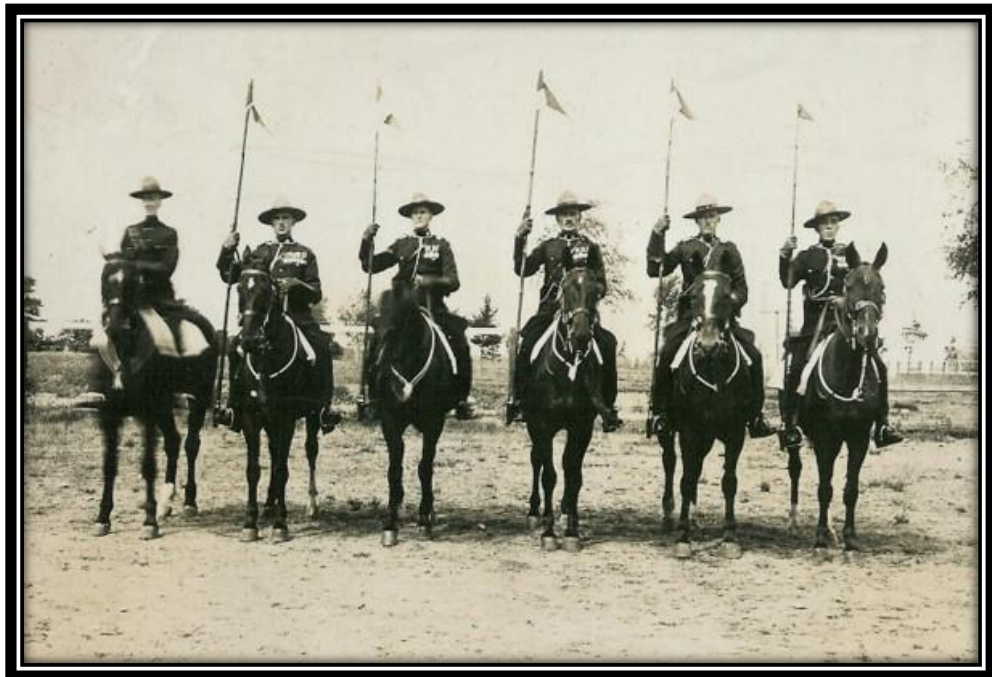


Albert was transferred to the Canadian Army Reserve with the rank of Lieutenant on September 11, 1917. He rejoined the Force at Edmonton on July 3, 1918. He had been stationed at Regina; Calgary, High River and Edmonton; Vancouver, Cumberland, Prince George, Esquimalt, Cranbrook and Winnipeg.



**Albert Brien ready for his patrol...location of the photo unknown!**

**Note: it was love at first sight for the dog and horse.**



**Albert – third from the right – 1929 Alaska-Yukon Power Convention**





**Albert's NCO Training Class**



**Albert on left doing some form of VIP duty.**

Albert purchased his discharge on December 30<sup>th</sup>, 1921, and re-engaged at Vancouver, on August 16, 1923.

He retired to pension on May 31, 1939 as a sergeant. Albert Brien was 74 years of age when he passed away at Victoria, BC, on February 14, 1964.

### The Son



**Frank Norman Brien – Regimental # 12846 – The Moscow Mountie**

Frank Brien was born May 19, 1918, at Edmonton, AB, joining the Force April 3, 1937, at Vancouver. Upon completion of training at “Depot” he was posted to “A” Division, Ottawa, and was transferred to “N” Division where he joined the RCMP No. 1 Provost Company, C# 41979.



**Lieutenant Frank Brien – No. 1 Provost Company**

Following in his father's foot prints he married an English girl, Lorna Litchfield Brien (nee Petty), who he met in 1942. This was before she joined the ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) which was the army part of the Women's Services, serving from September 1942 to August 1945, and Frank departure for Sicily and Italy. They were married in 1945. Frank returned to Canada and Lorna had to wait for a flight to take her to meet up with her new husband in Canada.

Lorna, later in life, documented her transition from England to being a Mountie's wife in Canada: *"Frank returned to Canada in November 1945 and I went back to Ealing to await my turn to follow him. By September, 1945 I realized I was pregnant and discovered I had to get to Canada before March or I would have to wait until June 1946. Those were the rules! I made lots of visits to government offices and finally produced a promise that I could go by air to Canada, provided half the fare was paid privately and I could travel at two days notice. After having been to Prestwick*

*airport in Scotland twice with my mother, I finally boarded a Lancastrian (a converted Lancaster Bomber) which held about eight people and was very uncomfortable.*

*The weather was bad. From Scotland we flew to the Azores (mid Atlantic). There they gave us food and bananas which we had not seen in England in six years! Needless to say, the food did not sit well on anyone's stomach, especially after a stop in Gander, Newfoundland and a meal of fish at the air force station. We were told we were going to stay for several hours in Newfoundland but the skies cleared and after two hours the pilot said he could fly.*

*Finally, after fifteen hours in the air, we arrived over Montreal. The lit-up outdoor skating rinks looked like a fairy land. We had not seen outdoor lights for six whole years! We missed boarding the TransCanada train so the Red Cross found us (me and two other pregnant women) beds for the night, though I can't remember where we slept. At 8 am the next morning I was on a train to Montreal, then to Vancouver. Having sent cables to Frank in Regina he was able to get on the train in Regina and join his very pregnant wife for the rest of the journey. Frank's father met us at the CPR station in Vancouver. Somehow, I got through that exhausting and rather terrifying period.*

*After about a week we returned to Regina. Housing was very scarce and we had to stay in hotel rooms. Frank was not allowed to stay overnight as he was back on an RCMP training course and had to officially stay in barracks. I walked during the day looking for accommodation and finally found the downstairs of a house on Athol Street. It belonged to a Mrs. Carter who became a very good friend and when the baby was almost due, the RCMP allowed us to live together! Mary Frances (changed her name to Juhli Bromley Farrell 30 years later) was born on [June 11, 1946](#).*

*I had no idea how to handle her, or any baby for that matter, but fortunately Frank did. In the fall of 1946, Frank went to Ottawa to complete his training and found a space in a friend's house for us to stay. We were back in Regina by Christmas when Frank got his first posting to North Battleford.*

*We spent two years in North Battleford. Patrick was born on April 7, 1948 and Ann was born on April 14, 1949. We lived in a small wartime house, then moved to a larger one, but we were scarcely settled in when Frank was posted to Hafford, approximately forty miles from North Battleford. Hafford was an interesting and rather difficult experience for me as it was almost entirely a Ukrainian population.*

*Our postings were of fairly short duration. Linda was born on July 30, 1952 in Maidstone. Shortly after her birth we moved to Moosomin and then to Prince Albert where we spent five and half happy years and bought our first house across from the elementary school. Next was Yorkton (1962 – 1964), then finally to Vancouver.”*





**Wedding Day – March 17, 1945**



**Lorna in her Auxiliary  
Territorial Service Uniform**

Little did Frank, and later their children, know of the work Lorna was doing during Britain's war time effort. More in Lorna's own words:

*"When the war started, the government worried about the country's health and pension records, so myself and the other civil servants were evacuated to Blackpool, Lancashire in 1940. We were billeted to boarding houses. Blackpool was a seaside resort so there was plenty of accommodation. Two large seaside hotels were taken over and turned into offices for the Ministry.*

*Us London girls often went home by train for a weekend. This trip was very arduous and quite scary at times as there seemed always to be air raids on the line. We had to change trains at CREWE normally, and this was always in total darkness, with an air raid siren wailing. Sometimes it took hours to get to London and find a tube (underground train) to get to the suburbs. When there was an air raid in Ealing, we tried to sleep under the large dining room table. There was very little enemy activity in Blackpool, only one stray bomber that I remember.*

*After two years I became restless and applied to join the Women's Forces. The Civil Service was allowed to do this and have their pay made up. The difference between army pay and civilian pay*

*was quite substantial. I joined the ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) which was the army part of the Women's Services, serving from September 1942 to August 1945. I trained in various centres and finally qualified as a wireless operator Special 'Y' class which was attached to the Royal Corps of Signals. We worked in groups, mostly in outlying areas, taking code messages (Morse Code) from the German radio stations which we had to pick up from the air using huge radio sets. We did not transmit, just wrote down what we could catch and hope the Signals Special Branch at Station X managed to decipher some of it. I often wondered if I heard and shared something important. I had a chance to go to North Africa, and some of my group did, but I guess I was scared because I didn't go. We 'Y' Signals women were sworn to secrecy and told not to speak of our activities to anyone. I trained at Bletchley Park then was stationed at listening stations in Keddlestone Hall in Derbyshire and Forest Moor in Yorkshire. We were escorted to the wireless stations in convoys, a barren area surrounded by high wire fences. During our 12 hours shifts we took down messages which were whisked away to Station X, later revealed as Bletchley Park."*

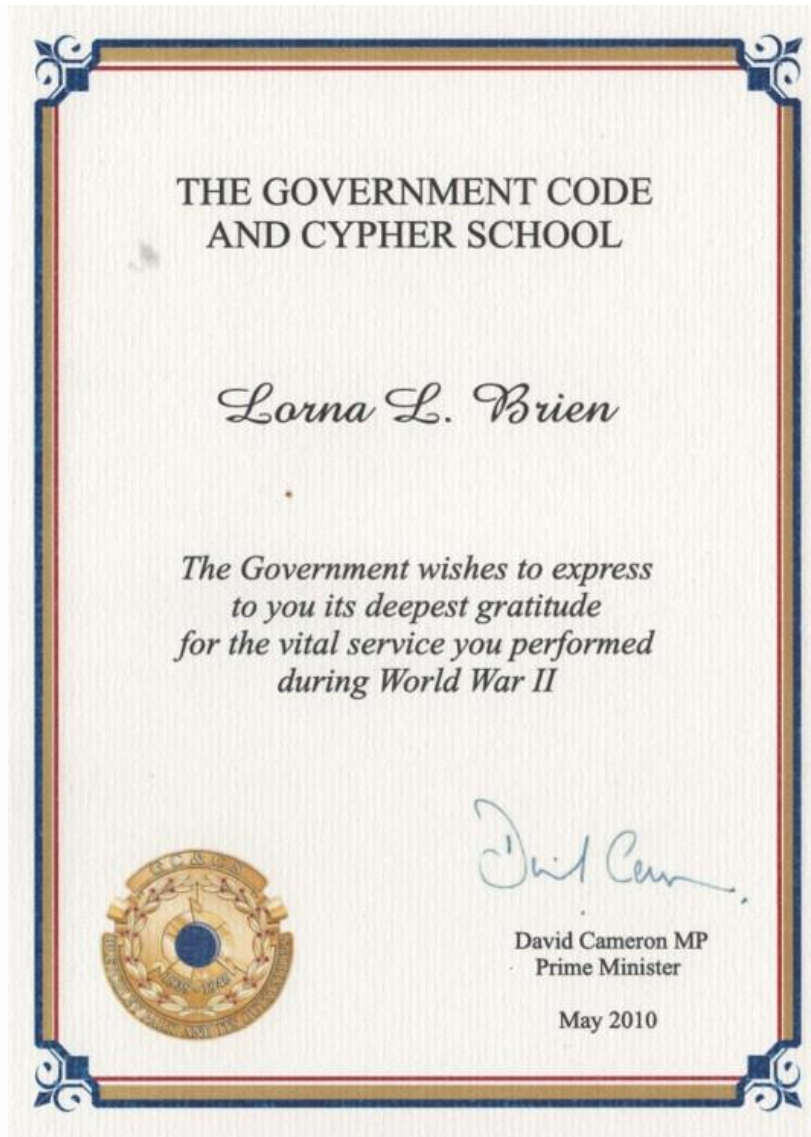
Her secret was kept from her family until 2008 when the work done at Bletchley Park was declassified. In 2010, Lorna received a letter and certificate from British Prime Minister David Cameron thanking her for her vital work during WWII at "The Government Code and Cypher School".

The secret was out, Lorna Brien was a "Bletchley Girl". She may have not actually been working at Bletchley, but her work was definitely connected to the work being carried out at Bletchley.

Daughter Juhli recalls; *"I find it very hard to believe my father did not know what my mother did during the war. They were very close. We had an old Morse Code machine when I was a kid and when I asked Mom what she did with it during the war she would tap out a message and say "that's all I can tell you!!" My Mom was secretive, which led me to believe she was a spy during the war, but I did have a very active imagination."*



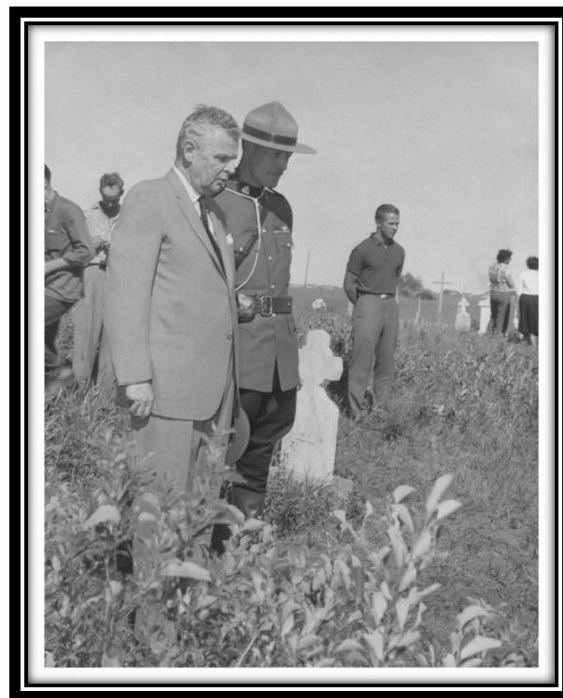
**The women of Y Group signals – Lorna, front row left side.**



Frank Brien reengaged into the Force January 5, 1946, and was posted to the following locations; February 1, 1947, to "F" Division, at North Battleford, Hafford, Maidstone, Moosomin, Prince Albert and Yorkton; April 24, 1964, to "E" Division at Vancouver.



Frank Brien – an excellent example of a RCMP member – this stood him in good stead during his career.



John Diefenbaker in Saskatchewan, it is believed was visiting his mother's grave accompanied by Frank Brien.



In 1955 while serving in "F" Division in 1955 he received an unexpected telephone call from his Officer Commanding telling him he had been selected to be the security escort to the Minister of External Affairs, the Hon. Lester B. Pearson, to Moscow, Singapore and other countries.

How does a Cpl. in "F" Division get a job like that? Usually, those kind duties fall to the Ottawa HQs types. We will never know the answer to that mystery. His duties involved wearing Review Order while in Moscow. Apparently at one-point Lester Pearson asked Frank not to wear his Review Order as he was receiving too much attention. Frank Brien wrote of his adventures while doing his security duty to Moscow in the RCMP Quarterly, January 1956.

**In 1953 Gerald Clark was the first Canadian reporter to enter Russia in the Iron Curtain era. Here he tells how**

## TWO YEARS HAVE

By Gerald Clark

**A**N AMERICAN newspaperman and I were having small talk in my hotel room in Moscow one recent morning when we decided to order a fresh supply of vodka. The shopkeeper for some service was slumped helplessly on his wall behind the old-fashioned washbasin. But I managed to press it, and in due course — 20 minutes — the waiter appeared. He'd be glad to bring us vodka, he said graciously, but since room service was closed for the night and he'd have to go downstairs to the main restaurant he would be unable to do so.

"Money in advance?" asked the American, who rode Moscow. "Thank a merciful preserver!"

"Yes," handed the waiter with a dry grin, "but I still want the money." He was a balding man of about 40, and fairly dimpled in his white spot beard. But he was able to talk sufficiently to see one hand on the table and point with the other to our empty alcohol. Back in China days he must have had a long wait in a plush restaurant in Moscow, and the boss always said he never made a profit from food — it all came from drink.

Once started in the universal fashion of telephone calls, he couldn't stop. For 20 minutes he discussed the profit system, volume in agreement that even a Communist government, which never even thinks in the state puts a valuing mark-up on goods and services. "But look at what our government does with the money," said the waiter in a sweeping motion toward the city's skyscrapers and the new apartment buildings that are everywhere evident.

"Come out of the apartment," he said. "You know the profits go to China and East Germany."

The waiter started to move for the door to bring the vodka. Suddenly he stopped and with another grin said softly, "Shure you're right."

Some of Russia's profits, of course, does go to the "people's democracies" in the form of heavy equipment and automobiles, but the really interesting part about the conversation was the free and easy way in which it was conducted. Two years ago visitors in hotels or restaurants were reluctant to discuss anything beyond the cause of the nation, trade relations with Washington, who were believed in the press as covered eyes or shadows, was officially frowned upon. That's a bit better from those days still, eh?

—FRANK BRIEN (Clark's meeting the post-war visitor and expert an invitation into a Moscow hotel—the man toward overt friendship is at least a noticeable one.

Only Mountain Russian knew was in 1950: Marie until Frank Brien visited Krasnoe.

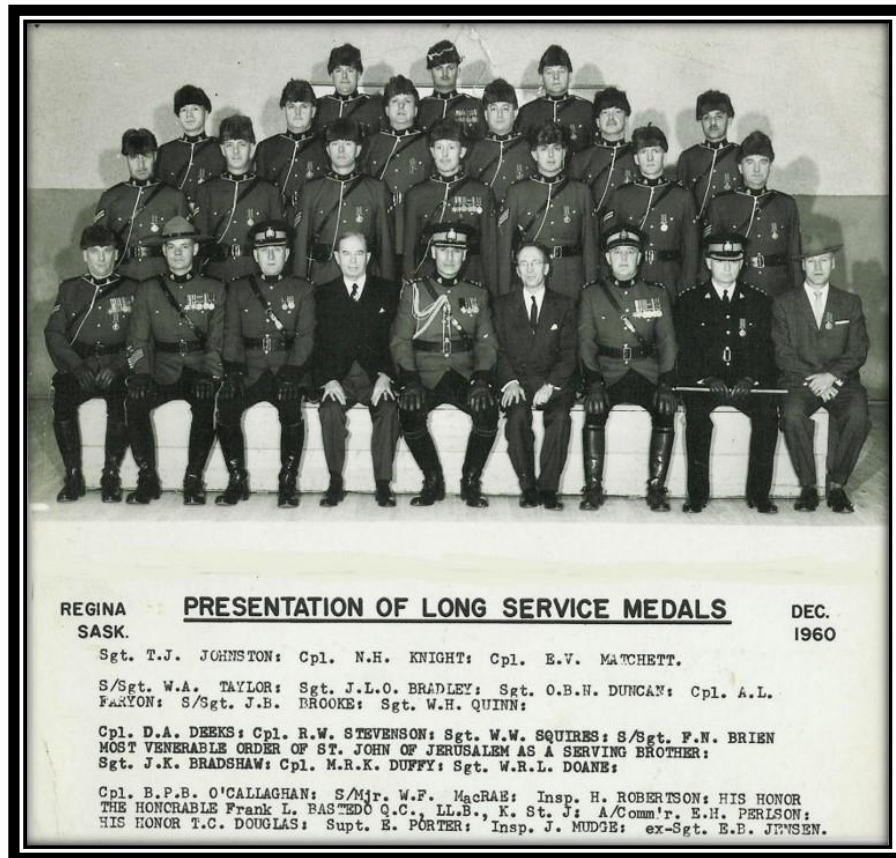
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WEEKEND Magazine Vol. 6 No. 6, 1956

Thanks to Juhli Farrell we now know where the picture of Frank Brien, in Review Order, originally appeared. There was another first tied into the visit, reporter "Gregory Clark was the first Canadian reporter to enter Russia in the Iron Curtain era". His article in the Weekend Magazine Vol 6 No 6 1956, which appeared in many Canadian newspapers, contained the picture of Frank Brien in Moscow.



Frank back to the mundane paper work of a detachment man!



Frank Brien - 2<sup>nd</sup> row center – is presented his Brother of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

For his wartime experience, Frank Brien was awarded the 1939-1945 Star, the Italy Star, the Defence Medal.

He was promoted to corporal October 1, 1949; sergeant May 1 1957; staff sergeant May 1, 1960. He retired to pension February 2, 1966.



**Frank and Lorna**



**Frank Brien with his children and his father Albert Brien.**

When the Brien's moved to Vancouver, Lorna worked for the RCMP's Security and Intelligence Branch out of Brock House, near Jericho Beach. Family story goes: *Frank – “what do you do there Lorna?” Lorna – “Sorry, I can't tell you”.* Bill Kent, wrote of his mother-in-law; *“Lorna was quite modest and I believe she understates her work at Bletchley Park and the intercept stations. PM David Cameron certainly recognized her contribution. She spoke 4 languages including German, French and passable Italian. Quite a woman in a remarkable family.”*

Frank Brien also served as the President of the Vancouver Division of the RCMP Veterans' Association from 1984 to 1987. Both he and Lorna served as President of the Royal Canadian Legion Branch 142 in Vancouver. Frank worked a short stint with the Vegetable Marketing Board chasing potato smugglers. Next, he worked for 15 yrs. with The Council of Forest Industries (log theft division) and loved that job.

Frank Brien was 79 years of age when he passed away at Vancouver March 22, 1998.

Lorna was 97 years of age when she passed away on May 12, 2016.

### **Lorna's Uncle**

#### **Sergeant Oliver George Petty M.M. – Regimental # 5718**

Another family connect to the Force: Oliver Petty M.M., was born November 17, 1891, at London, England, he joined the Royal North West Mounted Police, August 9, 1913, at Regina. He took his discharge when his term expired August 8, 1916 to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force, where he served overseas until demobilized March 13, 1919. He rejoined the Force the following day at Regina and was promoted to corporal September 15, 1919. He was raised to sergeant April 1, 1928. he retired to pension December 31, 1935. During his career in the Force, he served at Regina and Wood Mountain, SK, Calgary, Coutts and Banff, AB, Fort William, Ottawa, Toronto, Rockcliffe and Port Arthur, ON, Chesterfield Inlet, Pangnirtung and Aklavik, NWT, Winnipeg and Bissett, Man.

After retiring to pension December 31, 1935, he returned to London. He passed away May 8, 1970.

Albert Brien knew Oliver Perry from their days in the RNWMP. When Frank arrived in England during WWII, Oliver suggested he visit the Petty family (including young Lorna) the next time he went to London. As they say the rest is history!

After retiring to pension December 31, 1935, he returned to London. He passed away May 8, 1970.



## **An Ongoing Connection**

Frank and Lorna's daughter, Juhli Farrell, has a daughter, Michelle Torvik, who is a serving Staff Sergeant with the Vancouver Police Department. She was married to RCMP Superintendent Randy Marquardt (Ret'd), Reg # 37510/O.2615. Following all the connecting dots? Randy and Michelle's son is in the final stages of his application process to become a member of the RCMP. Perhaps another Regimental # to be added to the story in the near future.

A special thank you to Bill Kent, Ann (Kent) and Juhli (Farrell) the "Brien Girls" for sharing their family story.

**Ric Hall 24394/O.1330**  
**2020-12-05**

If you wish to read Frank Brien's memories of his Moscow trip, I have re-produced the RCMP Quarterly story below.

While searching for more information on Lester B. Pearson's Moscow trip I came across a National Post story from July 1, 2016; *"The night Lester Pearson (and Michael Ignatieff's dad) outdrank the Soviets"*.

*It seems Chairman Khrushchev liked to test his visitors; "The first toast would have been to "zdorovye" (health). Then came a toast for "the dead." Then several toasts for the women. A toast to President Eisenhower. A toast to Prime Minister St. Laurent. A toast to the Canadian wheat surplus.*

*Ounce after ounce of pepper vodka. The Canadian delegation could barely put down their glasses before their host, Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev, ordered that it be refilled."*

I wonder if Frank Brien, as the Security Officer, was in the background watching all this unfold? For more on that story:

<https://nationalpost.com/news/canada/the-night-lester-pearson-and-michael-ignatieffs-dad-outdrank-the-soviets>

**Mission to Moscow by Cpl. F.N. Brien**  
**(January 1956 - RCMP Quarterly)**

The duties of RCMP personnel are many and diversified. From earliest recruit days members of the Force learn that variety is the rule rather than the exception of Mounted Police life. Consequently, surprise is an element which rarely enters into one's reactions to a change of

routine. I confess, however, that a phone call I received in September from my officer commanding (Regina Sub-Division) left my aplomb somewhat rudely shattered. I had been selected, I was told, “to accompany the Minister of External Affairs, the Hon. Lester B. Pearson, to Moscow, Singapore and other countries.”

With a variety of details to attend to before leaving Canada, I arrived in Ottawa on September 12, and was busy until the 30<sup>th</sup> receiving numerous inoculations and vaccinations, as well as meeting Mr. Pearson and officials of the Department of External Affairs. Mr. Ray Crepault, who was to accompany the party, was in charge of the arrangements. He explained my role was to be that of personal escort to the Minister and being in “Review Order” to be representational of Canada. I would also provide Security Liaison where necessary.

Transportation for the mission was to be by air, with departure scheduled for September 30 from the RCAF base at Rockcliffe, near Ottawa. After the usual farewell formalities, the party boarded the big Air Force C-5 at 1 pm and the plane took off for London, England, via Gander, Newfoundland.

The aircraft carried a crew of 17 RCAF personnel under the command of Wing Comdr. W.G.S. Miller, CD, a very efficient and knowledgeable officer who instilled confidence in all who met him. The C-5 is a luxury aircraft, comparing favorably with any of the larger commercial passenger planes. The crew were obliging and efficient and the stewards, Sergeants Roy and Martin, continually amazed us all with the delicious meals they produced from the tiny kitchen.

The aircraft had an imposing passenger list – the Hon. Mr. Pearson’s party included, Mrs. Pearson, Messrs. J. Holmes, G. Ignatieff and R. Crepault of the Department of External Affairs, Miss L.M. McIntosh, the Minister’s Secretary and the writer. There were also five members of the press (Norman McLeod, British United Press; Clyde Blackburn, Canadian Press; Paul Pequegnot,

CBC Television; Lorenzo Pare, *L’Action Catholique*; I. Norman Smith, Ottawa Journal). Aboard the same plane, but heading for NATO Conferences in Greece and Turkey were the Minister of National Defence, the Hon. R.O. Campney and Mrs. Campney, and Gen. C. Foulkes, CB, CBE, DSO, CD, Chairman, Chiefs of Staff.

We left Rockcliffe on a Friday and arrived in Berlin on the following Tuesday. En route the aircraft touched down at Gander, London and Orly Airport, Paris, France, staying two hours at Gander, overnight in London and approximately 48 hours in Paris. Official duties at these places were not too confining and I managed a visit with Insp. L.S. Grayson (RCMP Liaison Officer) and staff in London, and an evening seeing the sights of Paris.

The flight to Berlin took us over the famed Berlin Corridor where the ground is still pock-marked with bomb craters from the allied bombings of over a decade ago. Dr. Walther Klein, German Chief of Protocol, welcomed Mr. Pearson at Berlin’s Tempelhof Airport, and accompanied him and Mr. Ritchie, Canadian Ambassador to Germany, who had joined our party in Paris, to the City Hall. I followed in a police car with Inspector Kahn of the German Federal Criminal Police, who had been assigned as security officer for the Minister. The Federal Criminal Police is not a uniformed force and the duties of its personnel are mainly investigational.

Before leaving for Moscow on October 5, Inspector Kahn introduced me to members of the well drilled and smartly turned out German Traffic Police. I also met the navigator and radio operator of the Soviet Air Force who were to accompany us to Moscow. They could speak some English and were much interested in flying in a Canadian plane. (It was said that the C-5 was the first Western plane to travel over East Germany to Moscow since the war but I was in no position to verify this.)

Our flight to the Russian capital followed a route over Warsaw, Poland and the Ukraine to Vnukova Airport, 27 kilometers from Moscow. The countryside appeared to be much like parts of Canada with large farms, forest belts and numerous lakes and rivers. From the air Moscow, a large city with many shining towers reaching into the sky, appeared to be surrounded by forests.

As Mr. and Mrs. Pearson came down the ramp from the aircraft, the Minister was welcomed by Mr. Molotov and a number of dignitaries. While the more formal ceremonies were taking place, I was besieged by a number of reporters (Tass, Pravda, Reuters) who wanted to know what I was and what my job was. The Russians did not seem familiar with the RCMP uniform, but they did not ask for any leading or embarrassing statements. The arrival of the Canadian mission was televised by both the Russian and Canadian camera men and all members of the press (Canadian, British, Russian) did not appear to be restricted in any way.

At the City Hall the Minister was met by Dr. Otto Suhr, Mayor, and signed the Golden Visitor's Book of Berlin. Later, I accompanied the Minister and Mr. Ritchie on a tour of West Berlin, which included a view through the Brandenburg Gate into East Berlin. To a great extent the bomb damage sustained in World War II is still in evidence.

Large black limousines, similar in style to a 1949 Packard, provided transportation from the airport to the city. These so-called "Kremlin cars" were so marked that they obtained the right-of-way at all crossing. The black-topped highway to Moscow passed through wooded country-side and as the cavalcade sped along one noticed a number of Russian farm folk going about their tasks with no apparent interest in the nearby traffic.

On entering the Russian capital, one noticed first the new university, a high, striking structure, and many large apartment buildings being constructed nearby. A good deal of the labor on these buildings was apparently being done by women. The streets were clean and wide, some would hold 12 lanes of traffic, and the noticeable absence of advertising signs permitted an excellent view of the sights and gave the city a neat orderly appearance. At one point, a group of large ornate buildings with archways, fountains and star-topped towers attracted our attention and our interpreter explained that these were part of the Kremlin itself.

It was about 6 pm Moscow time and the streets presented a picture familiar in any city at that hour of the evening, heavy traffic and throngs of people obviously hurrying homeward.

The Mansion House had been provided for Mr. Pearson and his party. It was a big, brick house with four bedrooms downstairs, with a dining room, library, billiard room-cumtheatre, and drivers were to be at our disposal at all times and we were assured that they wished to make our stay as comfortable as possible. The Security Guard and myself were billeted upstairs and Mr. and Mrs.

Pearson and the Minister's personal staff occupied the downstairs rooms. The RCAF, press and remainder of the party were lodged in the National and Sovietska Hotels.

That evening all members of the party attended the Bolshoi Theatre to see the Ballerina Plesetskaya in "Don Quixote" with the Minister and Mrs. Pearson guests of Mr. Molotov. The Bolshoi Theatre is a huge place with six gilded galleries and win boxes overhanging the main floor. The stage is about 80 feet high and about the same depth. The ballet was a wonderful performance, the dancing awe-inspiring, while the stage settings were elaborate and handled with dispatch and efficiency. During the intermission, my companions explained that it was customary for the Russians to parade around the lobby. We went out to have a look, only to find that the RCMP uniform attracted so much attention that I thought wistfully about a remote prairie detachment.

Mr. Pearson and staff were engaged in talks and luncheon at the Spiridonovka Palace with Mr. Molotov all the next morning, but in the afternoon the Canadian party was taken on a tour of the Kremlin with its many huge buildings, assembly halls, churches and Tsar or State treasures. A number of the halls and churches were of 15<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> century architecture. Some groups of tourists, including parties of school children, were also viewing the Kremlin and these people mixed freely with our delegation and made use of our guide.

The Canadian Ambassador held a reception for Mr. Molotov, Mr. Kaganovich, Mr. Malenkov and other Russian notables in the evening and later I accompanied the Minister to the Puppet Theatre production of the "Devil's Mill," truly a work of art which lasted for about three hours. Most of the entertainment in Russian, such as ballets, operas and puppet shows, appear to be on old familiar themes or stories, but these lose nothing by repetition and are obviously enjoyed with pride and enthusiasm.

A visit to the Permanent Agricultural Fair and State Farm was on order the following day and the Minister kindly consented to let me accompany the party in civilian clothes. The Fair is a tremendous show covering some 600 acres, with separate pavilions for each of the 16 Soviet Republics, and has its own bus service. Wide promenades are bordered by huge fountains and waterworks and the entrance is marked by a great stone archway. The grain on display was similar to our Canadian varieties but the straw more hairy. Farm implements, trucks and automobiles were on the practical rather than showy side, with one car, similar in style to a 1940 Ford, about four inches higher than the average and equipped with "lug" tires. This car was designed for the North, but my immediate thoughts were of how useful it would be on some of the prairie roads I had patrolled.

A huge banquet served to us in one of the Agricultural Fair Buildings, consisted of some seven or eight courses including caviar, hors d'oeuvres such as mushrooms, delicious sardines and relishes, boiled fish, roast duck and numerous other delicacies. My Russian meal partner insisted on drinking numerous vodka toasts to the RCMP and Canadian friendship and I was well pleased that the huge meal served to offset any effect of this extremely potent drink. Afterwards we went to the Gorky State Fair just outside Moscow. The director, a round chubby-faced man in what resembled an army uniform was a real down-to-earth person whose face lit up as he showed us the



tall, black cows, pigs, and chickens, but who felt most uncomfortable in the farm's nursery and kindergarten, especially when the little ones started to wail at the sudden appearance of numerous strangers. Mothers leave their babies and children in the nursery and kindergarten during the day while they work on the farm.

Later that evening I accompanied the Minister to a football game between the Spartaks and Kiev at the Dynamo Stadium. The stadium is a huge cement arena which holds 80,000 people and though the game was not a crucial one, the stands were three-quarters full. The Spartaks played a superior brand of soccer, quite as good as some I have witnessed at Wembley in England, and the crowd obviously enjoyed the contest, cheered, groaned and reacted in much the same manner as a Canadian, English or American crowd would.

Midnight found us aboard the Russian Express "Red Arrow" bound for Leningrad. It was a comfortably furnished train and while the cars were not as modern as our newer Canadian coaches, they were more roomy. Leningrad was reached in the morning and the Minister and Mrs. Pearson were met by A/Major Strzhalkovsky.

We spent a full day in Leningrad seeing its many palaces, mostly heritages from the days of Tsarist Russia. The Gulf of Finland, numerous canals and bridges, a background of huge stone buildings, the golden spires of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Church and the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, all gave the city a grand and orderly appearance. A tour of the "Hermitage," an art museum in the former Palace of Catherine the Great, revealed an amazing wealth of paintings, precious stones, statues and other treasures. One room contained a large collection of Rembrandt's paintings; another, Peter the Great's Throne Room, diamond-studded saddle blankets and sword; others were filled with Wedgewood china, pewter ware, teak chests and so on. Our guide told us that a complete tour would take from four to five hours. From the Hermitage we journeyed to the outskirts to visit the palace and surrounding grounds of Peter the Great. The palace itself was being repaired, having been damaged during the siege of Leningrad in World War II. The grounds contained countless pathways, fountains and waterworks of every sort.

That evening the Minister and his party were guests of the A/Mayor and local Soviet at a sumptuous banquet and at the conclusion of it each Canadian was presented with a large picture album of Leningrad and surroundings. That night we journeyed back to Moscow aboard the same "Red Arrow" Express, arriving on Sunday morning.

From then until our departure from Moscow on October 12, the program included trade talks, conferences, visits to the opera and personal sight-seeing in the department stores, the Mausoleum where the bodies of Lenin and Stalin lie in state, the chandelier-festooned entrances to the underground railway system, the Metro, and the attendance at a reception given by Messrs. Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov at the Spiridonovka Palace. This reception was attended by representatives from many of the embassies in Moscow.

On October 11 the Minister, accompanied by Mr. Walkins, Mr. Crepault and Mr. Ignatieff boarded a Soviet Air Force plane to pay a visit to Premier Bulganin and Secretary Khrushchev holidaying in the Crimea. Before the Minister left, all members of the Canadian party received a gift from the USSR Government, the writer receiving an attractive hand-painted cigarette box. Next morning, I

accompanied Mrs. Pearson to the Vnukova Airport and with our Russian navigator and radio operator aboard, the C-5 left for Saki in the Crimea (near Sevastopol and perhaps familiar to the RCMP contingent of World War II).

There we were treated to our final Russian banquet at a pretty seaside restaurant in the town of Yevpatoriya. Shortly afterwards we met Mr. Pearson and party and said goodbye to our Russian airmen. Leaving the USSR, we headed over the Black Sea and then followed a route across Turkey and Iraq, passing the lights of the ancient city of Baghdad and arriving in Basra, Iraq at about 7 pm and in a temperature of 90 degrees.

While I was registering at the Shatt-el-Arab Hotel, I was the innocent instigator of a rather amusing bit of by-play. It seems an English type noticed me standing at the desk and upon joining his companion at a bar nearby remarked that he had seen a Canadian Mountie in Basra. His doubting companion came over to have a look and then and there they both decided they had had enough and staggered off homeward.

It had been decided that my services would not be required after the Russian tour and I was to leave the party at Basra to return via commercial airlines to Canada. The following morning, I said good-bye to the Minister and Mrs. Pearson and other members of the Canadian delegation who were continuing on to Singapore. After waving the C-5 off into the blue, Mr. G. Ignatieff, who also left the party at Basra, and I joined Mr. Joseph Wright, British Consul for Iraq, who had kindly invited us to be their guests while in Basra. Mr. Ignatieff left that night en route to Bonn, Germany and I found I had to wait until the 16<sup>th</sup> for a BOAC booking to London.

During my stay in Basra my host, Mr. Wright, was kindness itself and introduced me to the British Club where I met some fine people and enjoyed swimming in their crystal-clear pool. The members insisted the swimming season was over for that year, it was only 90 degrees at the time. I also saw some local color in the form of Persian dancers, quite a change from the Ballet of the Bolshoi, but equally expressive in a different way.

My pleasant stay in Basra ended Sunday a.m. when I boarded the BOAC Super Constellation bound for Damascus, Beirut and Frankfurt, Germany and London, England. En route we flew over Malta, Sicily and up the coast of Italy over territory familiar to members of the RCMP No. 1 Provost Company who served in World War II. I asked the captain to point out Ortona and as we passed over this Adriatic Port at a height of 12,000 feet I paid a silent tribute to my former comrades who are buried in the Canadian cemetery there.

London was reached late the same day and I left for Canada aboard the TCA Constellation two days later. After brief stops in Shannon, Gander and Montreal, I found myself back in Ottawa at noon on the 19<sup>th</sup>, having travelled approximately 14,000 miles in 19 days and visited England, France, Germany, the USSR, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Ireland.

After reporting to the Commissioner at Ottawa, I left for Regina at midnight of the 21<sup>st</sup> and arrived there the following morning. There I was met by Mrs. Brien and four little Briens and a warm welcome in which the scarlet tunic played no part. Another RCMP duty had been performed. But

it was not one to be dismissed lightly nor to be forgotten easily for the privilege of serving in even a small capacity on so momentous a venture was an opportunity rarely afforded many members to the force.

Cpt. Frank N. Brien  
1956