

the island to the scene of the unveiling ceremony where the official party and local residents paused to pay homage to one who fought so arduously to uphold the "four freedoms".

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The crude ditty about never getting rich in the army is probably as well known to policemen as it is to soldiers. An old-timer ex-staff sergeant from Minneapolis, whose friendship and advice we value greatly, pointed out in a letter some time ago that success involves many factors, and by way of illustration drew our attention to the case of a Mounted Policeman who after 25 years' faithful service retired financially secure with a bank account of \$70,000. "This pensioned sleuth-hound", our correspondent wrote as a sort of postscript, "had amassed the fabulous sum through courage, enterprise, initiative, devotion to duty, thrift—and the death of a grand aunt who bequeathed him \$69,800."

The aforesaid success formula reeked so heavily of Minnesota corn that we buried it as discreetly as we could and promptly forgot about it. However, the thing leapt before our mind like phoenix from the ashes when our eyes fell on this English newspaper heading: "£41,000 for a Constable". No doubt the news item roused all policemen who noticed it to a high state of curiosity and possibly envy for the "lucky bobby". However, we weren't too surprised to learn upon reading further that the statement had nothing to do with the police at all. It referred to a painting by Constable, the famous artist, that sold in Christie's auction rooms, London, Eng., for a magnificent price in any country's money—\$205,000 in ours.

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Unknown and apparently a stranger who had been found wandering aimlessly in the woods near Dexter, Ont., on Sept. 10, 1946, he knew how to eat and smoke but apart from that his faculties were unresponsive. He didn't know his name or where he was from; in fact his expression remained blank when he was spoken to, even though several languages were used—English, French, Polish, German and Dutch.

After repeated attempts to learn his identity had failed, the St. Thomas detachment of the Ontario Provincial Police which had taken him into protective custody decided to have his finger-prints classified on the remote chance that they were on record—if not with the R.C.M.P., possibly in the files of the Armed Services.

A search of the R.C.M.P. Finger-print Section records at Ottawa, Ont., as well as those of the Canadian Army and the R.C.A.F., was unsuccessful. But when the impressions were received by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C., the amnesia sufferer finally was identified as a Pole who had enlisted in the United States Army in 1941, and what might otherwise have been a prolonged investigation causing a lot of needless worry was quickly solved.

Because Nature has provided every human with an individual trade-mark which proves that *he* is *him* much more reliably than initials on a sweatband, Martin Welcz now knows who he is.

Comments

ACCORDING to the July-August *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology* a recent survey shows that the chief stated cause of crime in the United States was need for money; next, drink; next, foolishness, and last, environment. But unfortunately these findings are only as reliable as the criminal's word, for they are based on information gleaned from prisoners who were interviewed for the purpose.