

Two Very Special People

Since its inception, it has been the Quarterly's policy to publish only the deaths of serving and former members of the Force in its obituary column. Consequently, the deaths of Mike A. Carroll and Greg Potts, both public servants, could not be recorded in this manner. However, the impact made by both of these outstanding men, on the Force and more particularly the members who knew them, was indeed considerable.

Mike A. Carroll

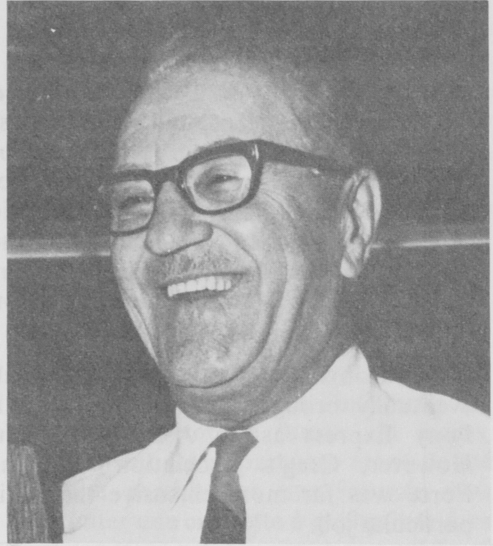
Depot Division personnel were deeply saddened by the sudden passing of Michael (Mike) A. Carroll at Winnipeg on April 15, 1978.

Mike, referred to affectionately by many as "Doc," was engaged on February 14, 1947, as a special constable, and later that same year was appointed Post Hospital Orderly, which he remained until his retirement on November 4, 1972.

It is hard to imagine any recruit going through Depot who didn't know Mike, or was treated by him sometime during his training. Mike looked after all their minor medical needs from aspirin to bandaids and even threw in a little psychology every now and then. Mike especially enjoyed being part of the Division Hockey teams and acted almost constantly throughout his career as the team's medical attendant for both home and out of town games.

Dressed in his spotless white uniform day in and day out, going from Post Hospital, he greeted everyone he knew with "Good morning Colonel" (to him everyone was a Colonel be it a Third Class Constable, or Commanding Officer).

Despite his close association with the Force and its members, Mike was known



Mike A. Carroll.

by many outside its ranks as well. One of his favorite stories was about the time he was holidaying in the Nation's Capital and was doing a tour of the Government buildings on Parliament Hill, when by chance he came across the M.P. for Regina. Mike approached the honorable member and in his usual cheerful manner greeted him with "Good morning Colonel, do you have a cigarette?" The M.P. was not a cigarette smoker but did respond to Mike's request by offering him a cigar. Needless to say the cigar was accepted and smoked with much enjoyment.

As many of you may recall, Mike was the gentleman over at the Post Hospital trying to quit smoking, or so it seemed, as seldom a day went by when he was not borrowing a cigarette from someone. One thing could be said about Mike and his borrowing of a cigarette... he always