

et demi à la Section des enquêtes judiciaires de Burnaby avant d'être muté au bureau de l'administration et du personnel du quartier général de la Division « E ». Ses études terminées, le cpl Folk a été affecté à la Direction de la recherche et de l'administration à la « D.G. »

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En juin 1978, le caporal Doug King recevait son baccalauréat ès arts de l'université Carleton.

Originaire de Niagara Falls (Ontario), il s'est engagé dans la G.R.C. en février 1964. Après son stage à la Division « Dépôt », il a été muté au détachement de Nelson (C.-B.), puis à Midway et à Castlegar. En 1968, il était affecté à la D.G. d'Ottawa, et en 1970, il entrait à la Division « A ». Il a commencé ses études à l'université Carleton en 1976, et a été muté de nouveau à la Direction générale après avoir reçu son diplôme.

Fireworks on New Year's Eve

by

Assistant Commissioner D. O. Forrest, FRES, RCMP (Rtd.)

It seems to me that policemen of all ages and of every rank possess at least one common trait. They all enjoy the exchange of the more colourful memories and reminiscences peculiar to their own experiences. At police gatherings everywhere, particularly after corks are drawn, the proceedings tend to be dominated by those who have stories to tell and tell them well. No doubt men of our craft have unusual opportunities to observe first-hand the bizarre events which occur from time to time in our society, and narratives of these macabre, sexy or humorous incidents often continue for hours when law enforcement officers get together. Some of the best of these tales have fortunately been collected in the *Quarterly* during the past forty-five years, and no doubt others have appeared in other publications. However, it must be that very few policemen tend to become compulsive writers, for too little of our rich verbal heritage has been recorded and the rest sadly disappears.

The following recital has been my contribution on a number of occasions. It is not an epic of great skill or endurance, and it did nothing to advance my career nor add lustre to the great name of the Force. It is merely a description of one of those incredibly weird occurrences which only happens once and never again. Perhaps for this reason the story has unusual entertainment value.

It all began on a New Year's Eve in the middle Thirties in Calgary, Alberta. As had been the custom for many years, the members of the Bowness Golf Club planned to celebrate this event with a dinner-dance in their clubhouse about ten miles outside the city limits. Inspector Kelly, my officer commanding, had had many years' experience as a policeman on the prairies, and he evidently suspected that some of the club members were likely to bring alcoholic beverages to the party. This was not only in clear violation of the provincial liquor act then in force, but the drink taken might affect the ability of some in-