

Cst. Storrey, who was talking to the occupants, came to my assistance. As it turned out, Cst. Storrey did know him. He was a person from the Reserve who had recently been released from Stoney Mountain Penitentiary where he had served time for assault. This individual, whom we code-named "Bad Donald", wanted his parole card signed. I must confess I was genuinely frightened. At the same time, I knew our only back-up was Cst. Rob Digby who was on patrol somewhere out in the Sandilands (an area in Southern Manitoba).

Thinking about that evening, I recalled how many members of the Force who attended my In-Service sessions complained about how tedious highway patrol could be. I did not find it tedious, which perhaps, reflects my naiveté. If anything, I was impressed by the professionalism of Csts. Storrey and Digby. Here were two young constables enforcing the law, out in the darkness, literally by themselves. Highway Patrol may not be as glamorous as, say the "Drug Squad", but I don't think they found it boring.

At this point I would like to make a few very brief observations. The first observation has to do with stress in police work, which I feel, I have a much greater appreciation for now, than ever before. There is a phenomenon I experienced which I can only describe as a vague feeling of fear or uneasiness. In this aspect, I must agree with Dr. Kirkham who, in his book "Signal Zero", likens this feeling to a vague "fog"; you simply don't know what's going to happen. It's not something you can put your finger on or describe in a very precise way. Against this backdrop of uneasiness there is a strange kind of exhilaration that comes with a police patrol. To put it in another way, every time I've gone on patrol I've been frightened, but I enjoyed it, and definitely will go again. It is this strange admixture of feelings that one must experience to really appreciate.

In early September, 1977, I had occasion to return once more to Emerson. A

friend, whom I first met while completing my Doctoral studies in Toronto, came to Winnipeg for the wedding of a relative. This friend is a sergeant on the Metropolitan Toronto Police Department and as he and his family would be staying with us for a few days I suggested that perhaps we could go on patrol with the Emerson RCMP. He readily agreed, as he had never had first-hand exposure to country police work.

As we approached Emerson he surprised me somewhat by confessing apprehension. He was uneasy about not having his gun when going on a police patrol and was also disturbed about the RCMP using one-man cars with limited back-up available. As an aside, let me say that I am not especially happy with this procedure either.

In Emerson it was agreed he would go on patrol with Cst. Tad Duffy and I would go with Cst. Nancy Puttkemery. Prior to our departure the topic of back-up arose again and he was not entirely reassured by the fact that the only other police unit on patrol in the district contained a "woman and a shrink." He was quick to point out that in Toronto, if he needed assistance, he could have approximately 30 officers in 3-5 minutes. In thirty minutes he could raise a small army.

The evening remained quiet, however, involving nothing more than routine patrol and traffic checks. Again, it was the kind of day which can be very typical of police work.

Another observation concerns working with a female constable. As indicated, my friend from Toronto does not think too highly of female constables. Also, this issue has come up in many of my In-Service Sessions with both the Winnipeg Police and the RCMP.

Often the emotion expressed is quite negative. Consequently, I was pleased to have the opportunity to work with Cst. Puttkemery for an eight hour shift in July and again in September. Quite apart from being very pleasant and sociable, she is