

the Force. It was here that we had our start; here that our early mistakes . . . as well as our accomplishments . . . were known. Here we were given our first testing; here we were supported and encouraged by our friends.

"The West is home to the Mounted Police and a good home it has been. If the Force has managed to get along fairly well in new pastures it is because of the fine though tough start it had in those long gone early days. . . ." ●●●

Cover Picture

This issue's cover, by Cpl. F. H. Carron and Cst. L. W. Morgan of Calgary Sub-Division, was taken at the Calgary Stampede and shows the Commissioner, shortly after he had been made an honorary Indian chief, with a winsome little miss from one of the Reserves.

Modest Boy Hero

Seven-year old Ronny Litchfield, still limping from a serious foot injury suffered a week before, was playing in the back yard of his home in the rural municipality of Surrey. Two smaller brothers were engaged in a more vigorous game nearby. His mother was several hundred yards down the road looking for his two-year-old sister, who had wandered away, and a baby sister, Susan, lay sleeping in her buggy in the house. Ronny's father was in hospital in Vancouver.

Of a sudden Ronny's play was disturbed by an unusual crackling sound from the house. What happened next is best related in the youngster's own words as he gave them to a policeman who called a few days after the near-tragedy which followed. ". . . after the summer holidays, when school started again, I was at home because my foot was cut. My Mummy was up at Stoney's house. Pete and Eric were playing in the old car in our yard. I was playing in a mud puddle. My baby sister, Susan, was in the house. Nobody else was in the house. I looked and saw a big fire at the back of our house, at an oil drum; at the side where there was a tap for oil to come out. I went in and got some water in a pot, out of the kitchen tap. I poured the water on the fire, but it didn't make it go out. Then I got another pot of water too, but it didn't put the fire out. The tar paper on the outside of the house was burning. The old drum exploded and made a big bang. Then the whole back of the house started burning. The roof was burning too. I went in the front door. There was some smoke in the house. Susan's buggy was in the room that the television was in. She started laughing when I came in. I wheeled her buggy out of the house and down the steps. I had a lot of trouble getting it down the steps. The room that was going to be the living-room was burning inside. I wheeled Susan away from the house and then my Mummy came back."

The fact that the house was completely destroyed, and evidence of neighbors who saw the flames and heard the explosion, served to emphasize that Ronny's narrative of events was the understatement of the year in so far as the community of Surrey was concerned. The heroic lad was undoubtedly in great danger of losing his own life, but uppermost in his mind was the safety of his baby sister.

A recommendation for the award of the Royal Canadian Humane Association had been considered until it was learnt that close relations of a rescued person are not eligible under the Association's regulations. A young lad of Ronny's calibre, however, no doubt received ample reward from the satisfaction of knowing he had saved his sister's life, and from seeing the whole-hearted support of neighbors and other citizens, coming forward with willing help and funds to rehabilitate the unfortunate Litchfield family. E.S.

Chidlow, Australia—A policeman lectured school children today on the dangers of explosives. The talk so impressed the youngsters they produced their treasured arsenal: three 25 pound shells, several smaller shells, 529 grenades, a pile of assorted detonators and a heap of revolvers and rifle ammunition.

(From the *Montreal Herald*.)