

Class "A" Practical Joke

It all started in early September, 1985. The main switchboard telephone rang. The voice at the other end sounded like that of a senile, dirty old man. This man was trying to get me to go over to the park and have lunch with him. He had an extra lunch and would like me to have it. "Please come and have lunch with me, I need someone to talk to, no one ever helps me," he said. Well, at this point, I conveniently cut this kook off and answered the other lines. A few minutes later, he phoned again (I don't like being rude, because you don't know when someone is really going to "flip out.") The caller chuckled. I knew then who it was — time to get back at him.

We got a plain white envelope and had one of the other members address it to RCMP H.Q. in Vancouver, so the Corporal would not recognize the handwriting, ran it under water — oops! too wet, dried it on our outdated air conditioner, stomped on it — oops! it ripped, oh well, scotch tape will do, then put it aside. Next, we typed up this letter, basically the conversation between me and the Corporal. We cut the letter after every fourth word and put all the pieces in an envelope and shook it. Next came the memo from the Inspector, the Division Intelligence Officer (unknown to him). It read: To: OIC Vancouver Integrated Intelligence Unit (VIU)/From: Division Intelligence Officer/Re: Incoming Correspondence/this envelope arrived at H.Q. mail room. It was directed to us from one of the members believed to be involved with a subversive group. Would you ensure this message is deciphered and appropriate action taken. (The "ORI-

GINAL SIGNED BY" stamp appeared where his signature was supposed to go.) Next, we advised our Staff Sergeant of what was going on and he agreed to put his comments on the memo. "Corporal I don't know what the &%\$ the D.I.O. is sending this down here for, but could you try and assemble these things and make sense out of it." Signed: A/OIC VIU.

Bear in mind, no one knew anything about this. The Staff Sergeant sent it downstairs to the Corporal. Well, he took 2½ hours to put the contents of the envelope together. Tiny beads of sweat appeared on his partially bald head. He mixed a couple of lines, but all in all it was a very good attempt. After this length of time, we decided to give him a break (also, we didn't want it to go any "higher" than our own office.) I stood to the left of the Corporal. Kristine went behind him and whispered "Do you realize... (pause) you have just put together a letter that we wrote?"

I tell you, if looks could kill... everyone was killing themselves laughing. He slowly looked up at us from this puzzle he had just finished taping together. We burst out laughing and ran upstairs, not daring to look behind us — our day of reckoning is very near...

The Inspector who was the Division Intelligence Officer, has since been transferred to the position of OIC Vancouver NCIS/VIU. He heard about what he had "supposedly" written on the memo, and asked to see the entire thing with an explanation. It was given, and he suggested we write to you.

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