

tinued for about fifteen minutes. Taking advantage of the gathering dusk, the killers managed to flee into the densely wooded area at the side of the road. Coombe and Campbell spotted one of the fugitives running through a clearing and, before he had time to use his gun, Coombe shot him. The dead man was identified as Posnikoff, the leader of the gang. Although Coombe had fired only one shot, Posnikoff was found to have four bullet wounds, the other three obviously from earlier in the gun battle. Probably because he was wounded, he had apparently been abandoned by his accomplices.

Wallace and Harrison, both severely wounded, were rushed to Canmore Hospital, some five miles distant, where they received emergency treatment.

Before the search was given up for the night, all access to and from the park area, by rail, trail or road, was put under surveillance and residents were notified to be on the lookout and on their guard.

At daybreak on Tuesday, the first police dog ever used by the RCMP, a German Shepherd named Dale under handler Sergeant Jack Cawsey, was set on the trail of the fugitives. While Dale was following their scent, a report came in that a man had been seen crossing the highway some nine miles from the scene of the shoot-out.

Park game warden William Neish and another park official, Harold Leacock, who happened to be in the vicinity, began a painstaking search of the area. Suddenly they spotted movement in dense undergrowth some twenty yards away and dived for cover as a rifle shot whistled over their heads.

The game warden returned the fire with three quick shots into the thicket. At this moment Sergeant Cawsey and Dale arrived on the scene, the dog having followed the scent to the spot.

Cawsey ordered the dog to attack. When the three men reached the thicket, Dale was holding one of the gunmen by the wrist. The other lay nearby, unconscious.

Both men were rushed to Banff Hospital, but Voiken died six hours later and Kalmakoff at midnight the following Tuesday. Two of the bullets had struck Kalmakoff in the stomach and the third had passed through Voiken's lungs.

Sergeant Wallace, the quiet soft-spoken man who had been my instructor in the Musical Ride, had died shortly after being admitted to hospital, while Constable Harrison — my friend, Scotty, who had captained the soccer team when we were recruits together — had lived until 5:50 p.m. the following day. The bullet that killed Scotty had been fired from Constable Shaw's service revolver. It had passed through his windpipe, struck the spine and entered the left lung.

Wainwright's revolver was found near the body of Posnikoff with four shells in the breech. But for the quick and deadly aim of Constable Coombe, one of these might have found its mark. A hunting rifle was found beside the other two fugitives.

What happened in that police car at the beginning of the murder trail? In addition to the hunting knife, the killers had had a loaded revolver, later seen in their possession by Peraluk. Sergeant Metcalfe believed Shaw, who was driving, was shot and killed first. He had been shot twice through the head from behind. Wainwright, turning, caught a bullet that entered his left eye and emerged at the base of the skull.

It was perhaps the spectre of another jail term that decided Posnikoff and Kalmakoff to make their bid for escape. They had the weapon, they saw their chance and could not resist using that gun. They did not stop to consider the