

Police Dog Finds Lost Woman

In the woods of Collier Mountain near Petitcodiac, N.B., on Aug. 26, 1946, while berry picking with her husband and some friends, 86-year-old Mrs. Nelson Collier got lost.

Her absence was first noticed at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and when repeated calls and shouts failed to evoke any response a search party of approximately 100 men was organized but its efforts proved fruitless.

Finally, at 10.30 p.m., Police Dog "Wolf" arrived from Moncton, N.B., and he, too, combed the brush and second growth in the vicinity without success, until 2.30 next morning. At day-break the animal was taken a mile or so from where the search party had been concentrating, as it was believed that he would have little chance of screening the desired scent from among so many.

In about two hours Wolf's bark announced that he had picked up the track he sought, alongside a stream that trickled through the thick bush. With his nose to the ground, the dog raced ahead a quarter of a mile, turned onto a logging road and a short time later located the lost woman.

Clad only in a cotton house dress, the elderly lady was somewhat dazed and suffering from exposure, but she had apparently suffered no serious ill effects from her harrowing experience. After straying from her companions, she had travelled in the opposite direction to that which would have taken her to safety.

Police dogs have proved themselves invaluable in various fields of police work. The *Telegraph-Journal* of St. John, N.B., dated Aug. 29, 1946, has this to say on the subject:

"Mankind has invented radar and jet planes and explosives that soar at supersonic speeds, but mankind has yet to develop a machine that can trail a scent. So it is that the Royal Canadian Mounted

Police rely heavily on their dogs—police dogs in the literal meaning—whose innate tracking ability produces uncanny results when combined with scientific training of that sense.

"New Brunswick has seen an illustration this week—the discovery of an aged woman, wandering lost in the woods, by the R.C. M.P. dog 'Wolf'. The eager four-legged Mountie led his master unerringly over a quarter-mile of rough terrain to an abandoned sawmill, where the exhausted woman was resting while human searchers were combing the forest a mile and a half distant.

"If he saved only one life in his career, Wolf would well be worth the cost of his training. But he, like other Mountie dogs, does much more than seek lost persons. He hunts down escaped prisoners, guards them watchfully on command, traces criminals who leave tracks at the scene of a break, finds stolen property—and liquor. Only the other day Wolf's alcohol-alerted nose uncovered four caches of liquor in two days, resulting in four convictions.

"The only Mountie dog in New Brunswick, this year-old German Shepherd operates all over the province under the guidance of his master, a constable who has the sole job of directing the dog's education and use. He is the only man Wolf obeys, the only man from whom he accepts food. Not unlike humans in uniform, the dog lives a disciplined life—a set time for recreation and play, a set time for training, a set time for work. And not unlike humans, these Shepherds, Doberman Pinschers and Rotweilers go back once a year to their headquarters at Rockcliffe, Ont., for an intensive refresher course.

"Doubtless the knowledge of the aptitudes developed by such dogs in police work proved highly useful in adapting pups for battlefront responsibilities in wartime, when army dogs found it a cinch to detect the approach of a Jap in the night, many yards away, because the average Jap soldier had such a very distinct scent. The dogs' continued role in peacetime is a boon to the public—to the law-abiding public, that is."