

ities, from tracking down killers to reeling in the town drunk. There will be comical stories about assaults, holdups, fraud artists, moronic crooks, rural and small-town justice, drinking drivers, rum-runners, pranks, rookie cops, the morality squad, undercover agents, bizarre predicaments, funny things said by culprits when arrested — you name it, it will probably be there.

Laughter is a great tension-breaker, which some extremely fortunate folks — including many police officers — can turn on and off like a light switch. In this sad old world, having a sense of humour helps to keep one's marbles. Mark Twain said, "Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand." Mary Pettibone Poole put it even more succinctly: "He who laughs, lasts."

This is doubly true when it comes to police work, where humour is an indispensable defence mechanism. A friend of mine, a police officer with 20 years service, recently told me that "The salvation of a police officer is his or her sense of humour. There are so many occasions in this job when, if you did not laugh, you would cry. We can find something funny about almost any situation, except the death of a child."

My friend is so right. As a newspaperman and lawyer, I have had countless dealings with police officers since 1951, and I marvel at their courage and humanity. The courage is recognized by all and sundry, but not enough is known about the humanity. My book will reveal it and spotlight it.

I urge anyone who has funny stories arising out of police work to send them to me as soon as possible by

mail, fax or tape. And please ask others to do the same — the more the merrier.

Donors will be acknowledged in the book, but anyone wishing to remain anonymous should specify. And now, let's get down to cases — and start laughing ourselves silly.

Mirthfully yours,

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SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

I have been reading the "Quarterly" for about 40 years, and will likely continue until the end. I am 85 years old, so that may not be too long. Just a few comments regarding the book report "Dead Right, Dead Wrong" on p. 38 of the Winter 1993 issue. I think that I am one of the very few living today who was actually there that terrible day.

In the second paragraph, it is mentioned that the motives and rationale of the boys is still a mystery. They had been in lots of minor trouble before and while they were not afraid of Cst. Wainwright, they were terrified when the RCMP came into the picture. They had tried to rob the Fawcett & Smith store the night before and thought it would mean jail for sure if they got caught. In desperation, the young men took