

## HERO OF GREAT SEARCH AN OFFICER IN TANKS.

Man who Scoured Northlands for Esquimaux Criminals Lectures to the Boys.

Hunting Huns in a tank is a much different proposition from hunting two Esquimaux murderers in the cold, bleak barren lands of Canada, at the mouth of the Coppermine River. Lieut. C. O. LaNauze, of the Canadian Tank Depot, in "F" lines, made a successful job of the Esquimaux hunt, and now he is out to make an even more successful job of fighting Jerry.

Lieut. LaNauze, in a very interesting talk to the Tanks in Hut G28 a few nights ago, told the thrilling story of his two-year search in the great Canadian northwest for two Roman Catholic priests who had mysteriously disappeared, his discovery of the fact that they had been murdered by two Esquimaux, and his further search after the criminals, both of whom were eventually captured and brought to the land of the white man to stand their trial.

It was in May, 1915, that Lieut. LaNauze, then a newly-promoted Inspector of the Royal North-west Mounted Police, was asked to go into the Northland to investigate the disappearance of the two priests who had been operating from a mission post on the Mackenzie River. The inspector consented to take the job. "Then be ready to leave to-morrow," said the commissioner, who had detailed him for the work.

"It was a hard fight to go," said Lieut. LaNauze, when he was telling the story to the Tanks. "The Empire was calling, and I didn't like to see the regiments marching away to war while I was going into the far north."

Then he told the story of the trek into the Arctic circle, and for two hours he held the attention of the Tanks with one of the most thrilling accounts of real adventure they had ever heard. Lieut. LaNauze put in one or two apt touches of humour. Telling of the scarcity of food in the Coppermine district, he said, "For six months we lived on caribou meat, but it was a whole lot better than sausage." And again speaking of the cold, Lieut. LaNauze said, "I really don't know how cold it got. In October it was thirty below zero, but when winter came the thermometer went down to sixty below and as it could not go any further it stuck there."

Eventually the two Esquimaux, members of a tribe of primitive "blonde" Esquimaux, who had no traces of white people's civilisation about them, were captured and brought to Calgary, where they were tried in a British court of justice. They were convicted of the murder of the priests, almost entirely on their own admissions of guilt and were

sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and they were taken back to the Northland to serve their term. "After two or three years they will probably be sent back to their own people to tell the story of British justice," said Lieut. LaNauze.

The Lieutenant did not make much of his deeds. When anyone in our bunch is sent out for someone he has to bring back his man or take his place," he explained.

### FLANDERS MUD ISN'T IN IT.

"This is the Life—Nit" Sang The Boys At  
Lulworth.

Flanders may claim the premier prize for mud, but whoever has lately been at Lulworth will swear on Old Moore's almanac that that camp runs a close second.

While the different companies were down there attempting to blow away that part of the chalk-white cliffs of England that happens to be within range of the 6-pounders, it had to rain in the good old English style, with the natural result—mud up to your knees, and such mud the tank boys never saw or heard before. It crawled after you like a hungry dog, and stuck to your poor "Kitchener's" like so much glue.

It was fun—cruel fun we must admit—to see the boys slipping and sliding over the mire. To keep your equilibrium, and at the same time advance with a machine gun on your shoulder was a job and half. Each Company had at least a week of Lulworth mud, and while the hardened "R.E.'s" only said "Garblimey" whenever they waded through the shambles the Canadian Tanks did not stop at that. With every step forward in the luscious mud they would, of course, slip back at least five paces, unwinding at the same time an unearthly stream of cuss-words.

Going to bed in Lulworth during this muddy period was a profoundly joyful experience, especially to those unfortunate boys who slept near the entrance, where no door-mat or mud-scraper awaited "my lord." These poor privates had to use both shovel and a stable broom in order to make their allotments habitable, and then it was so dirty papers were resorted to before retiring. It was the Life!!!