

C/Supt. I.C. Shank (retired)
Salt Spring Island, British Columbia

I was unable to locate the above mentioned article and/or photograph of Melville Detachment members in fur coats. Can anyone help? However, C/Supt. Shank's letter was passed on to the authors of the article for comment. — Ed.

Dear Editor,
Obviously, C/Supt. Shank has first-hand knowledge of the Force's preliminary forays into municipal policing. The contract that was signed with the municipal district of Flin Flon (it had not yet been incorporated as a town) was subsequent to the discharge of the Chief of Police, without

notice. Three members were initially assigned to Flin Flon at the agreed-upon cost of \$1,000 per annum, per member.

The second municipal agreement entered into was, in fact, with Melville, Saskatchewan. I agree wholeheartedly with C/Supt. Shank's comments that they must have done something right. These two agreements paved the way for the 69 agreements that were in place by 1946, and the 201 agreements that are currently in place.

I would also be very interested in seeing the photo mentioned in C/Supt. Shank's letter reprinted for the interest of all readers.

Sgt. Sam Macleod

NO MORE BEES PLEASE

To have a day off is one thing, to have an off-day is another. How's this for an off-day off?

We'll call him Sgt. X (we're withholding his name so he can save face). Sgt. X could recount this tale with a laugh about three weeks after the event, although we're sure he wasn't laughing at the time. Sgt. X and family had moved into their new house and all was going well, until he had to remove a branch that was hanging precariously over the house.

Enlisting the help of two other off-duty members, they started work on the tree only to be swamped by a nest of bats and shortly after that, nests of spiders. However, the trouble really began when they tried to pull the branch away from the house — a massive swarm of bees arose from the stump. Swarmed by bees, Sgt. X was stung four times on the head. Worse still, his neighbour who had been working in his backyard, was stung so badly that he had to be hospitalized.

A family two doors down, enjoying an afternoon on their balcony, saw the incident. Clearly relishing the free entertainment, they soon changed their tune when the bees beclouded their balcony. By this stage, Sgt. X and family, who'd made a bee-line for safety indoors, were able to amuse themselves watching those very neighbours running for cover.

Only the local apiarist was able to restore order to chaos. True, isn't it, that things come in threes? Quite an exciting day if you liked bats, spiders and bees.

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