

eastern Saskatchewan for several weeks past and no arrests had been made. On June 16, a store at Salter was broken into, a safe rifled and a quantity of clothing was taken. On June 24, a hardware store was raided at Fort Qu'Appelle, and a number of firearms and ammunition stolen. Three days later, a store was broken into at Theodore, and more rifles and ammunition removed. A number of other stores and gas stations reported burglaries. The situation was growing serious.

Despite a thorough investigation of every robbery, the police were unable to obtain a description of the parties responsible, but on several occasions, it was reported that a blue sedan car was seen near the scene of the crime.

On the night of July 4, while the sky was overcast with heavy murky clouds and a slight drizzling rain fell, Constable M.V. Novakowski of the RCMP detachment at Yorkton, was patrolling the highways in a police car, with instructions to stop all automobiles and question the occupants.

While discharging his duties, Constable Novakowski stopped an eastbound car about 20 miles west of Yorkton. As he was questioning the occupants, a second car going in the opposite direction, appeared on the scene. The Mountie stepped out into the centre of the road and waved to the driver of the second car to stop. Instead, the car picked up speed and Novakowski was forced to jump to one side to avoid being run over.

Wheeling about the police car that he was operating, the Redcoat gave pursuit and it was not long before he closed upon the fleeing car but it did not stop. As he drew alongside, he noticed that the car he was pursuing, although covered with mud, was of a dark blue colour. He sounded his horn, but the driver of the speeding automobile paid no heed to this signal, so he attempted unsuccessfully to force the strangers into the roadside ditch.

Mile after mile, Novakowski followed the strange car. When they approached the village of Theodore, he thought he might arouse the night watchman appointed after two robberies had occurred in the town, so he drew his revolver and fired two shots into the air. But the fugitives flew through the little village without interruption, and again and again the policeman attempted to pass them on the highway without results. On one occasion, he saw the front door of the car he was pursuing swing open, and seemed to hear the whistle of a bullet whiz by the window of his car, but he continued his pursuit.

After following close on the heels of the fugitives for more than 20 miles, Novakowski realized how hopeless his task was, and when he reached the town of Sheho he stopped his car and telephoned ahead to the next police detachment.

"Corporal Ralls speaking," answered a sleepy voice at the other end of the line.

"Hello Corporal Ralls, this is Novakowski. I tried to stop a blue sedan car on the highway, and the driver almost ran over me tonight. I gave chase in the police car but couldn't force it to stop. Will you stop that wild driver when he passes through Foam Lake?"

"Who are they? Do you know?" Ralls inquired. "No I don't, but I wouldn't be surprised if they're the parties responsible for all the recent robberies. I think there are two men in the car."

"Okay, Mike. I'll head them off," Ralls stated.

Fifteen minutes later, at 3:30 in the morning of July 5, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Baird, living near the highway on the west side of Foam Lake, were awakened by a series of explosions which they thought were caused by a car back-firing. Arising from bed and looking out of the