

of action.

In the meantime, nearby Police detachments at Quesnel, Alexis Creek, Clinton and 100 Mile House had been contacted by telephone and requested to send assistance. Shortly after the Williams Lake members returned to the village, reinforcements from these points arrived, but not without incident. Driving down from the north, Quesnel Detachment personnel checked all vehicles and persons encountered on the highway. One automobile stopped was found to be a car previously reported stolen at Prince George, and it was necessary for a constable to return it with the occupants to Quesnel.

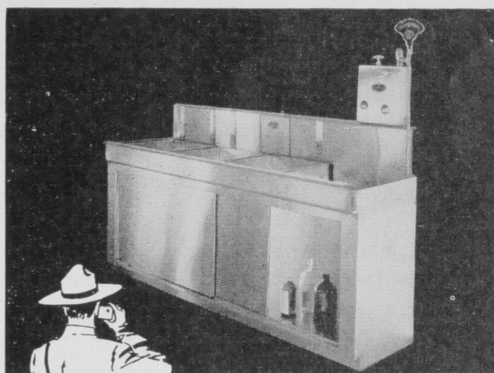
It was nearly 4 a.m., and with all available personnel assembled, a plan of combined operations was put into effect. The Police were fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Game Warden Marius Mortenson, whose special duties involved predatory animal hunting.

Equipped with flash-lights, the party returned to the task and the search was renewed. One member followed the suspect's prints and others were deployed about 50 feet apart to check for back tracks of which there were many. Others in patrol cars blocked off the main highway and two subsidiary roads which ran parallel; their observations of the trail where it entered and left the road were of great help to the men on foot. In the heavier bush and on hard-packed ground the tracks were periodically lost, and the actions of the wanted man in walking backwards, jumping sideways into the bush, climbing trees and walking along trunks of felled timber caused the searchers to lose much time in pursuit of their quarry. The trail, twisting and turning, led back in the general direction of Williams Lake and eventually cut in on the highway leading from the village east to 150 Mile House. The tracks crossed and recrossed the highway and eventually it was found possible to save considerable time by having a patrol car follow the highway and thereby pick up

the tracks from time to time. Along this stretch the fugitive had obviously avoided vehicular traffic as his footprints disappeared frequently behind rocks and trees.

It was slow, painstaking and laborious work but all went well until the party reached a side road that led off toward the Sugar Cane Indian Reserve, and the search came to a dead halt at a large haystack around which a number of horses had recently been walking. The snow, hard-packed from hoofprints, at first revealed no trace of the fugitive's tracks, and it seemed to Police, weary from more than eight hours' relentless effort, that the quarry might slip through their hands. It was at this juncture that the bush craft of Game Warden Mortenson proved its value. He was able to locate the prints which led northward up a slope away from the highway into timbered country. There was a feeling of tension amongst the pursuers as a

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