

RCMP Narcs Tell All— Ugh !!!

Under Cover Operation

by sgt. f.g. kilner

Just what are the necessary qualifications an undercover man needs in order to penetrate the underworld narcotic rings in one of Canada's largest cities? The answer to that question is personified in two members of the RCMP Vancouver drug section who completed a highly successful undercover operation.

In October 1967, Csts. Stewart Brown and Raymond Cardinal were engaged on general police work in the Vancouver area — Constable Cardinal at Vancouver Town Station and Constable Brown at North Vancouver Detachment. The two were selected from a number of candidates as the most likely to fit the types of a hippy pothead or a pothead who has graduated to hard narcotics — HEROIN.

Their job was to gather information and make purchases of drugs used by the hippy element, then when the time was considered appropriate, attempt to infiltrate the criminal element dealing in heroin.

First the street jargon of these people had to be learned: slang expressions such as "speed" (methamphetamine), "narcs" (drug squad men), "Nickel or dime bags" (\$5 or \$10 purchases of marijuana), "stuff" or "junk" (heroin),

"up tight" (frightened), "fix", "score", "hit" and so on — it seems endless. It really didn't take that long though, until these expressions formed a good part of their general conversation.

Meanwhile, to create effect and to become more easily accepted, Brown quickly sprouted whiskers which became a healthy beard in jig

time. Cardinal's face on the other hand, remained as smooth and hairless as a billiard ball, but his hair had grown to near shoulder length.

Now was the time to enter the haunts of the hippy. Almost at once the two were successful. On their first "buy" both were naturally anxious to succeed and a little nervous, but were pleasantly surprised to be so easily accepted by this element of society.

Their close association soon earned them the nicknames "Tonto" and the "Lone Ranger", an obvious reference to Cardinal's forebears and

Brown's soft voice. It was during this period that both men witnessed a young user take "speed" for the first time.

Seconds after the injection into his veins, the young man ran about the room smashing at the walls with his fists and, eyes wild with excitement, challenged everyone in sight to fight him. These excursions into the weird and drug-sodden lives of the lost brought the seriousness of their jobs most

forcibly home. They found that experience is the best teacher and later realized how inadequate words are in

describing scenes they had witnessed.

Shortly after Jan. 1, 1968, it was decided the "dynamic duo" should endeavor to purchase heroin. No change in appearance was considered necessary as a number of hippies had already graduated to hard narcotics and were frequenting the Hastings Street scene. It is a matter of record that on their first run into the dingy hotels and cafes of Vancouver's east end that Cardinal met a "friend" from the other side of town — Vancouver's West 4th Avenue — WHO WAS QUITE happy to introduce the pair to people "in the know."

Cardinal's good fortune continued as he soon became the favorite of one of Vancouver's ladies of easy virtue. I say this, knowing full well that his morals were never in danger as a senior NCO's eagle eyes were on his every move. This young lady unknowingly greatly assisted entry to the "pushers' table" and within a month every active heroin trafficker in Vancouver had sold to the undercover men.

On Feb. 16, 1968, the two policemen were in Prince George, having just completed an undercover purchase of narcotics in that northern B.C. city. Instructions were received to return to Vancouver immediately as the operation was to be concluded the following Monday morning — TWO DAYS AWAY.

Hurried arrangements for their return to Vancouver were not entirely satisfactory as at Kamloops they were "bumped" from the aircraft by passengers who had previously booked seats. The kind cooperation of the Officer

Commanding Kamloops Sub-Division resulted in a shuttle by highway patrol cars which facilitated their arrival in Vancouver at 9:30 that night. The long process of locating the transient hippies' whereabouts was started and only concluded a few hours before the 7 a.m. February 19 deadline.

The first arrest was made at 7:01 and the day finally ended with 48 behind bars for offences under the Narcotic Control and Food and Drugs Acts. Of the 63 cases made during this investigation only five persons are still at large, one of whom is now a resident of Yugoslavia. The other four have no doubt received word from their friends and left Vancouver for parts unknown. Though at this moment they may not believe it, their eventual arrest is inevitable.

In retrospect both men agree that although the hours were long and the three-month investigation cut drastically into the social niceties of their private lives, it was not without its amusing moments.

For example, one of their long-haired friends upon his arrest, maintained his inflated ego by stating that he knew all the time that the two were policemen. On another occasion their disguise was tested by two experienced Vancouver City Police officers who, to the surprise of RCMP cover investigators questioned the pair, then placed them in custody on a possession of stolen property investigation.

The cover men proceeded to headquarters where they requested that the arresting officers and their prisoners proceed to a private room. There, after a hilarious conversation, the suspects were released.



Csts. F. M. J. Hummell, left, J. J. Y. Cote.

A Trip To Hippyville

by sgt. j. c. pinet

There is an increasing flow of narcotics in Canadian cities and it is one of the most growing concerns. In order to gather information on drug traffickers and users these days, policemen must infiltrate that private world comprising potheads, junkies, LSD truooers and the amphetamines and barbiturates-users.

During January 1968, Csts. Frank Hummell and Jan-Yves Cote of the Montreal RCMP Drug Section, were selected to go undercover. Their work was to gather information, purchase drugs and eventually infiltrate the criminal element dealing in drugs. Both were readily accepted and became known in hippyland as Francois and Jean.

The undercover operation, which lasted nine months, was highly successful resulting in the arrest of 30 persons. Twenty-seven pleaded guilty to various charges such as trafficking, possession of drugs and break, entry and theft.

The following is the version of hippy life as told by Constable Hummell. "The first thing you need to become a hippy is clothes — the worst you can find. Then grow long

hair and a beard and you have become a member of those 'disciples of love.' The first time you walk into a hippy cafe, you freeze and a feeling of nervousness overcomes you. But you don't know why because as you look around, you see quiet bodies sitting at tables glassy eyes, lost in some unknown dream. They look peaceful, but still as you walk in and everyone stares at you, your first reaction is: 'they know I'm a narc'-drug squad man.

"You are afraid one of those long-haired dreamers will get up and say to you: 'Hi, man! Where's your horse?' but so far everything is 'cool.' One by one their heads turn and glance back at whatever visions were flowing through their minds. Then they sit at a small table wondering how you are going to start a conversation. So you decide to make a move. There is a seemingly innocent hippy sitting in a corner writing poems. You approach him and say: 'Hi! I'm Frank.' He looks up at you disturbed and answers: 'So what.'

At that point you are

standing in front of him, everyone is looking and you wonder whether you should hit

him for making you look stupid, or go in the corner and dig a hole. You take a second breath and try to convince him you want to be his friend — somebody who will share the same problems with him, a companion of sorrow, the one he can lead his shoulder on. He believes it, and there you are. You have just succeeded in accomplishing the first step of your journey that will slowly lead you to the people "in the know."

"That is how it started with Jean and myself and went on for nine full months. During this endless period we did on

occasion change our dress to suit the purpose ranging from the hippy-style to clothes that would suit members of a motorcycle gang.

"Being with Jean for nearly 24 hours a day, we were no longer individuals but more or less a team. It seemed we could read each other's thoughts, I must say on many occasions this asset was good because it saved us from embarrassing

moments.

"Although clothes helped

somewhat, I am convinced that if you think fast enough, you can talk yourself into anything if you work hard enough at it. For example, in a small city east of Montreal, we had infiltrated a local gang of experts in break, enter and theft. One evening as we were watching television in our room, the head of the gang walked in our room with two large duffle bags containing stolen articles from previous thefts. As he thought we were big time thieves, he wanted us to hide these from him and also to be his alibi. We accepted his detriment because he subsequently faced nine counts of B. E. and T.

"Our work was not without excitement. Have you ever tried 'skidooring' with a Volkswagen at 70 miles an hour — upside down? We did it, on two thrilling occasions. We also had the nerve-racking 'pleasure' of having two local counterfeit traffickers stick guns in our ribs. On the brighter side, two pretty hippy girls offered to paint our dear

Volkswagen full of flowers. The we rode around in a psychedelic-flowered car which made a big hit among the hippies.

"We like to think our undercover operation was somewhat of a success, because apart from a good number of small traffickers, we were able to apprehend several important ones. Among those were four individuals charged following a transaction involving 17½ pounds of hashish. On another occasion with the help of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics in Boston, we made a transaction that involved 52 pounds of marijuana, and just recently we made a transaction that involved ten kilos of marijuana.

"Although nine months seems a long time for undercover work, Jean and myself found it most interesting. On very few occasions were we depressed or tired of it all. I think the secret was that we tried as much as possible to live, think and act as hippies."

Constables Hummell and Cote have now returned to their normal duties and are slowly being reincarnated into a policeman's world.