

the Force. It is a minor incident in this moulding process which I would like to share with you.

One of Russell's citizenry at that time was a little Scotsman, a delightful character who had served in the British Army during the First World War. "Scotty," as he was affectionately called, had not only fought as a soldier but in the squared ring as lightweight boxer. He had allegedly continued as a ham-and-egger after the War in an effort to support his family. But as he aged, the blows absorbed earlier in his life were taking their toll; and so it was that greeting that Scotty might evoke "Hew ar yea lad" or conversely "Go t'ell," that betrayed the old gentleman's mood.

At that time, Scotty and a newly-minted young Mountie invariably played a little game whenever they encountered each other. Both would drop into the fighter's stance and Scotty would fire off a salvo of left jabs, usually ending with a right cross. The blows would be adeptly fended off by the young constable who was decidedly confident enough in his ability to do so. A tired Scotty would shake his head in disgust at his inability to breach the young man's defence, and invariably break into a grin. The contest would be over for the day.

When walking a town beat on Saturday nights, uniform dress invariably consisted of breaches, boots and spurs. I mention this only because it is peripheral in the story. It was on one such Saturday night that our little vignette unfolds.

The young constable who was completing his rounds, stepped into the local beverage room as it neared the 11 o'clock closing time. Going through the lobby of the venerable establishment, he spotted Scotty perched on a bench (his height precluded the little man's feet from touching the floor), wearing his favourite salt and pepper hat. On spotting his nemesis, the old man hopped off his perch and fell into the fighter's crouch. The young Mountie immediately assumed a defensive stance. The old pugilist fired off two left jabs, then dropped his arms and broke into a grin. The young constable, thinking that the encounter was over, abandoned his defense. Suddenly, Scotty's arms dropped almost to the floor with his knees bent and tightened his jaw. Too late, the young Mountie saw the right fist come rocketing up at him. In fact, that was the last he saw for some minutes.

Scotty's right uppercut had driven the young constable against the lobby wall. The rowels of his spurs had dug into the linoleum floor, slowing the young man's decent. From the bruising evident the following day, it was apparent that the old fighter had gotten off a number of shots to the body before it hit the floor. Some time later, when a number of townspeople pulled a very chastened and wiser young constable to his feet, he glanced over to see, sitting on his perch, the white-bearded, gnome-like little Scotsman, grinning from ear to ear.

Just a wee bit of a reminder lad, just a reminder. ♦

NO STANDING ANY TIME

Italian parking police booked a truck parked askew on a footpath, against the flow of traffic, but did not notice a dead man sprawled across its cabin. The man is believed to have suffered a heart attack.

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