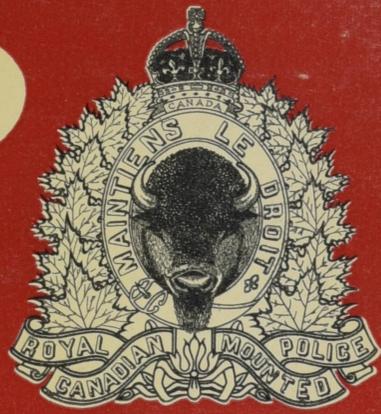
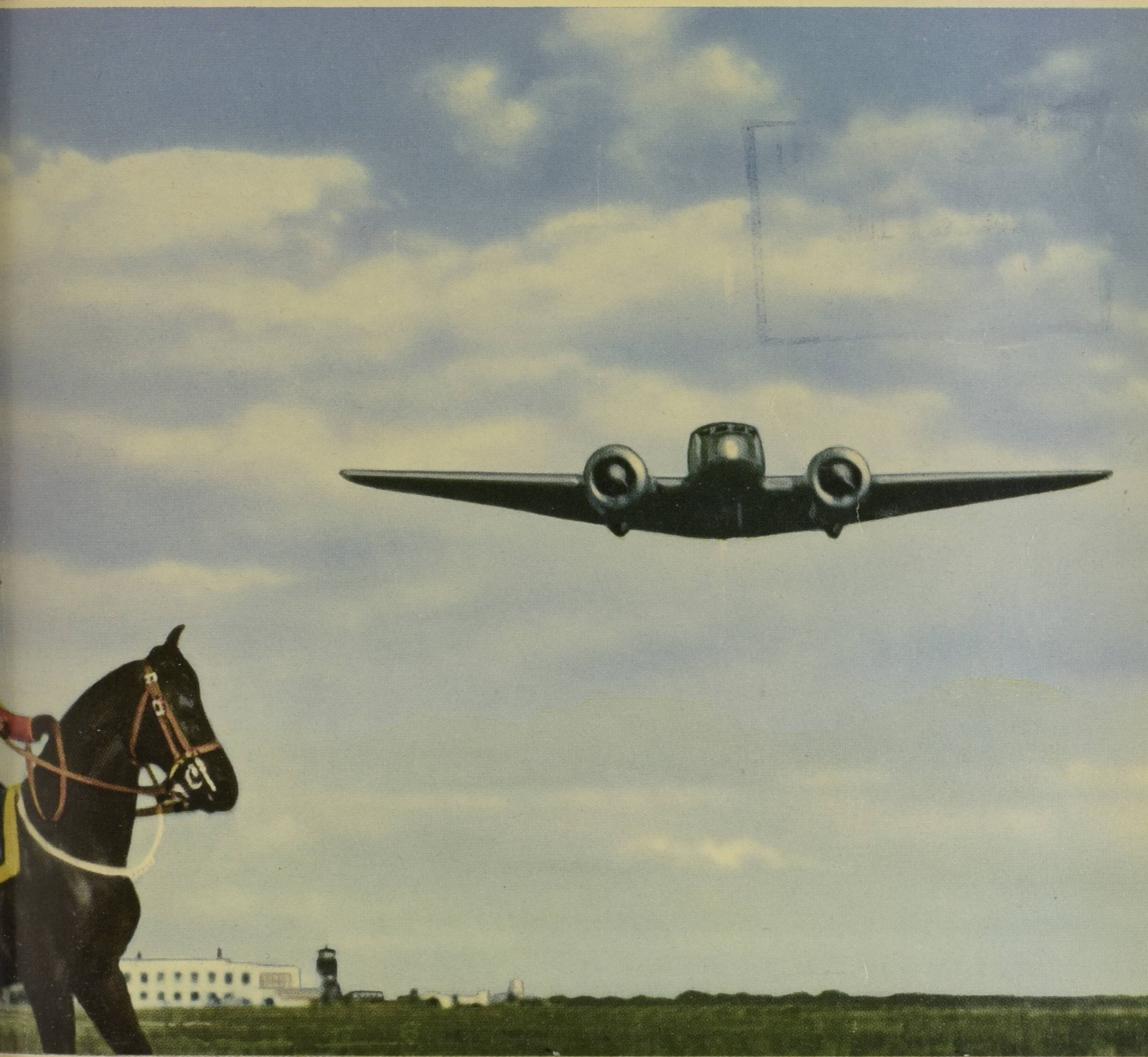


R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



VOL. 13—No 4

April, 1948

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BACK COPIES OF THE QUARTERLY

Some back copies of The Quarterly are available for sale, including several complete sets with the exception of the October, 1939, January, 1940, January, 1941, July, 1941, April, 1945, and January, 1947, numbers. Application should be made to the editor.

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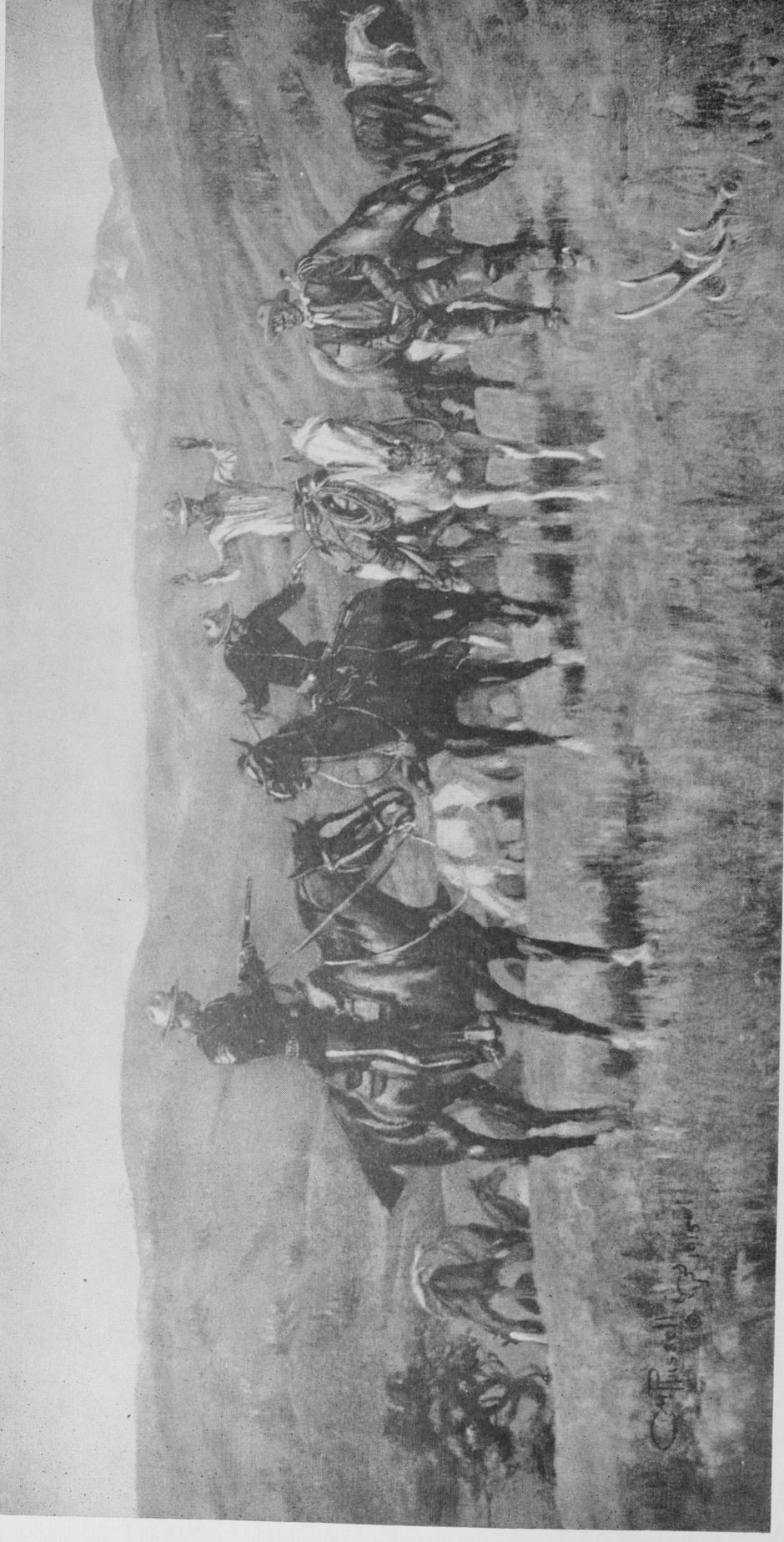
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THE ONLY WAY TO NEGOTIATE WITH THIEVES

A lithographic reproduction of a painting by the late Charles M. Russell furnishes the subject for our frontpiece. Considered to be one of the celebrated cowboy artist's best efforts, the original painting is believed to have been presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor) in 1919 as a gift from the citizens of High River, Alta., and stockmen of the district on the occasion of his visit to Western Canada in that year. For a time 25 years ago it was reported by the press that His Royal Highness purchased the picture at a cost of \$10,000 but this story has since been discounted. *The Quarterly* is obliged to Mr. S. A. Willis of Great Falls, Mont., U.S.A., a life-long friend of Russell, for making this lithograph available to it.

E D I T O R I A L

The world's foremost exporter of forest products, Canada today is the largest single producer of such products in the British Commonwealth and has nine per cent of the earth's forest area within her domain. Thirty-seven per cent of Canada's land surface, or 58 per cent of that of the nine provinces, is forested, and on the basis of present logging potentialities there are about 435,000 square miles of accessible productive forests. Our total forest area is 1,290,960 square miles, representing an estimated 67 acres of trees for every man, woman and child in this country. Moreover, a third of our imports are paid for by trade in wood products, with about 70 per cent of our exports of wood, wood products and paper going to the United States. Considering the present dollar situation, this is a tremendously important factor in our national economy; for pulp and paper alone, though utilizing only one-fifth of our forest depletion, bring more American dollars to this country than does any other industry.

These things being so, it follows naturally that our forests are a great national trust, not only for our own benefit but humanity's at large and the future's. Are we meeting the obligations that trusteeship imposes? Are we worthy of this rich endowment by Nature—are we safeguarding or are we squandering it?

According to fire-control authorities, in each year of the decade 1937-46 forest fires burnt over an average area of 2,228,376 acres. In terms of raw materials this involves an average national wastage annually of nearly 600 million feet, board measure, of saw timber and over two million cords of smaller wood growth. Information furnished by the Dominion Forest Service, Department of Mines and Resources, for the year ended Dec. 31, 1947, shows the loss from a total of 5,017 forest fires in Canada, exclusive of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon Territory, as amounting to \$3,303,845 with a burnt area of 613,007 acres. And last year was an unusually favourable year, there being nearly 900 less fires than in 1946 when the fire-ravaged estate was 1,016,706 acres. If it is considered that at least a half century must run its course before a merchantable forest crop will grow in a burnt-over area the showing is the more discreditable.

What causes this terrible ruin? Again official sources provide the answer for the same year. Virtually all forest fires, it is stated, save 20 per cent caused by lightning (in 1946 lightning caused only 16 per cent), need not have occurred. Of the total, 38 per cent are started by campers and smokers, eight per cent by settlers, 12 per cent by railways, 14 per cent by miscellaneous known and unknown agents, five per cent by industrial operations and three per cent by incendiaries.

This shocking record is, or should be, of concern to us all, calls for some serious self-searching. As the figures indicate, most forest fires result from human recklessness in one form and another—a smouldering camp fire, a lighted cigarette or cigar butt heedlessly tossed away, the burning off of land for farming. They serve as a reminder of the danger that lurks behind every careless act and leave no doubt that a minority of our woods travellers, a negligent irresponsible minority, is gradually laying in waste our most prized possession.

In 80 per cent of the fires, it will be noted, human beings set the fuse that led to wild flaming disaster—not as incendiaries, except for three per cent, or intentionally, it's true, but they did it none the less and the results are the same. We, the people, did it and have been doing it for years, and it is up to us, the people, if similar holocausts are not to mar the future.

At the British Empire Forestry Conference last summer it was agreed that Canada must conserve as much standing timber as possible in order to assure future generations of sufficient supplies. In the face of that and of the increased world demand for the products of Canadian timber lands a continuation of the wanton destruction in our woods surely is nothing short of criminal.

One of the two most critical periods of the year for forest fires is now upon us. Indeed, as this is written, the raging monster is on the prowl through the forests of several of our provinces—wreaking death and destruction as if bent on worsening its

evil record. An accumulation of grass, twigs, slash and leaves now is dry as tinder. The second danger season usually is during the fading weeks of summer, when the protective rains taper off. At this time, therefore, *The Quarterly* is pleased to publish, and commends to its readers, the article titled "Forest Fire!" which starts at p. 343 in this issue.

The author tells graphically of the valiant but unequal battle to halt a blaze that roared over great sections of northern Cape Breton Island last August. The grey desolation left in the wake of that conflagration will hideously scar the country-side for generations to come, and it is not enough for us to read about it and dismiss it lightly as just one of those things. Scores of fires like that one gobble up our forest riches every year and we, you and I, should do something about it. For these terrifying infernos racing onwards over miles-long fronts with gangs of fire fighters in hopeless retreat before them are all too often attributable to picnickers' neglect.

Now is the time of year to make resolutions about good forest habits, and to keep them, for like road accidents the vast majority of forest fires are avoidable. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure is true a thousand times over in the case of forest fires, and to beget a proper fire-prevention sense all of us should develop a serious form of forest sentiment, take rudimentary precautions to guard the God-given treasure that our forests represent. Full public cooperation is essential.

Once we acquire consciousness of the hazard common sense will dictate the rest. One good way to stop the red demon from breaking loose is to be frightened of it beforehand, to realize that though it is easy to kindle a flame it is not always possible to quench it. What matters the extra minute or so it takes to make sure a fire is out, against the havoc a single forest blaze can bring?

Let us brand the fiery marauder of our woodlands as Public Enemy No. 1, determine to banish it from our midst. When next you enter Nature's garden take that personal pledge, and bear in mind that only God can make a tree.

* * * * *

A major causative factor in crime must be the criminal's faith in his ability to evade the consequences of his act. Canada's sparse population, wide spaces and other geographical features present problems in transport for the police that doubtless contribute to this faith by enabling the criminal to escape from the scene of his depredations. On the other side of the scales, police work often depends for success on how soon after the crime's commission the investigator reaches the scene to pick up and follow the clues that will bring the offender to justice. Speed may here, too, make all the difference between prompt success and lengthy delay or failure.

The Aviation Section Long an instrument perverted to criminal ends, the automobile has held sway as the recognized means for effecting the quick getaway, and while the policeman and the criminal both relied solely on this mode of travel the latter by reason of his head start had the advantage though the policeman by calling upon the skills and techniques of his profession has more than kept pace with him. Concurrently with the increased tempo in crime the forces of law and order have pepped up their methods until today a hundred different aids to criminal investigation stack the cards heavily in their favour. In police work as in most forms of social and business activity the air age has quickened our way of life, and the latest innovation in the Force—in many ways the most spectacular one—is the Aviation Section.

The Quarterly's cover picture this issue illustrates the earliest and latest modes of transportation used by the Force and appropriately ties in with the 75th anniversary this year of the Force's inception. In 1873 and for many years thereafter the only means of travel was the horse—in fact the whole life of the N.W.M.P. seemed to revolve about the trusty mount; but though this finest of animals still plays an essential role in the training and other R.C.M.P. duties, and doubtless will continue to do so, his uses now are definitely limited compared to what they were.

Despite the war and other interruptions which caused severe labour pains in its gradual birth more than a decade ago the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section has matured into a lusty healthy youngster. Besides its many other advantages over ground transport, the

aircraft puts at law enforcement's disposal the all-important speed investigators must have, and economic and other considerations make it unlikely that for at least a long time to come the police will lose the upper hand thus gained. As the section becomes more tightly linked up with a reliable communication system like the Force's radio network (see *Radio in the Force*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 222) it undoubtedly will make for closer and more rapid coordination of all departments and divisions within the Force and greater all-round efficiency.

Something of the history and present uses of this air arm is told in an interesting article on other pages of this issue, and that story, we think, will engender in the mind of the detachment man and of policemen generally a deeper appreciation of the aeroplane's value in everyday police work.

Speed is the commodity the section excels in. On wings the Force now spans in hours distances that formerly took days, rushes perishable exhibits to crime detection laboratories for examination, and no longer is it necessary for the police witness to be absent from his regular duties for days or weeks when he gives testimony in Court at some distant point. In short, the R.C.M.P. is in a better position than ever before to bring law and order safely and in the quickest possible time.

* * * * *

Effective this issue the price of *The R.C.M.P. Quarterly* is doubled—that is 50 cents a copy or \$2 a year. Conforming to this change, all back copies also will be 50 cents each.

Subscribers Please Note Existing subscriptions will be honoured at the old rate, however, until they expire. Steadily rising production costs have made the change imperative. Ever since *The Quarterly* resumed publication in April, 1945, paper, ink, printing, and engraving charges have exceeded the revenue derived from advertising and magazine sales; in other words for the past three years you have received the magazine at below-production costs. The editorial committee has adopted the new rate reluctantly, but the necessity for maintaining *The Quarterly's* standard as a magazine leaves no other solution open and we therefore trust that readers as a whole will agree with the revision in the circumstances.

The Quarterly has recently encountered conditions that occasion delays which have prevented it from getting out on time. In an attempt to catch up with publication dates and to stay that way the July issue is being dropped. Accordingly the next issue will be October, 1948, and all subscriptions naturally will be advanced an issue to provide for the omitted number.

* * * * *

When floods ravaged the country-side along the swollen river in the Emerson district of Manitoba during the last weeks of April, an R.C.M.P. freighter canoe powered by an outboard motor cruised about the inundated area, rescued **Flood Duty** one family from the roof and top storey of their isolated almost-submerged farm-house, took groceries to other stranded farmers, and generally carried a message of encouragement to folk waiting for the waters to subside. Aboard the craft with the R.C.M.P. constable were newspaper men, a Red Cross representative, a short-wave radio man with a walkie-talkie borrowed for the occasion, and an oil agent. After the rescue mission in which the farmer, his wife and two young sons were taken to a Red Cross relief centre, the canoe ventured forth again and stayed out until darkness forced it to return. Most of the land over which the patrol skimmed would normally be prepared for seeding at that season.

* * * * *

Arrested for being drunk in a parked automobile and charged under the provincial Intoxicating Liquor Act with being intoxicated in a public place, a New Brunswick man hired a lawyer who argued that a motor vehicle was **Adjudication Solomon** not a "public place" within the meaning of the act. After due consideration the learned magistrate disagreed. "If a car is not a public place", he adjudged, "then it would seem that a person would have to be in his bare feet to be in a public place, because if he had his shoes and socks on he would be in private property." The accused was fined \$10 and costs.

NOTES ON RECENT CASES

R. v. Ranger et al

Wheat-stealing Conspiracy—R.C.M.P. Aircraft Hastens Conclusion of Investigation

On Dec. 2, 1947, a farmer complained to the R.C.M.P. detachment at Milestone, Sask., that wheat—later fixed at 240 bushels—had been stolen from his granary 20 miles south of Regina, Sask. Beyond establishing how the granary had been entered plus the fact that a dual-wheeled truck with chains on it and its box of a probable height had been used to haul the grain away—the two last-mentioned clues were clearly reflected from well-defined tire impressions in the foot-deep snow and some broken and marked boards against which the truck had been backed while being put in position to take on its load—the police had little to go on until it was learned that a truck driver, Noble Michael Ranger of Regina, had been seen on different nights plugging holes in the box of his truck.

Ranger and a companion, Richard Clyde Mullins, confessed to stealing

wheat not only from Gooding but from a number of other privately-owned granaries and implicated a third man whose trial has yet to take place.

All told they stole 1,107 bushels of grain valued at \$1,275.30. The gathering of evidence for Court purposes, ordinarily a lengthy task taking several days, was accomplished in two and a half hours by utilizing R.C.M.P. aircraft CF-MPJ. With Ranger accompanying the air-borne investigators to point out the places where the thefts had occurred, flights were made to various districts and the ski-equipped plane landed in and took off from fields adjacent to the rifled granaries.

On Feb. 2, 1948, Ranger and Mullins were convicted on Conspiracy charges (s. 573 Cr. Code) by Police Magistrate E. S. Williams, K.C., at Regina, and sentenced to 12 and ten months respectively at hard labour in Regina gaol.

R. v. Serniuk and Dick

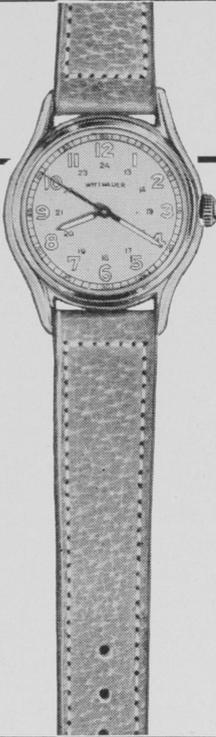
Opium and Narcotic Drug Act—Budding Narcotic Ring Checkmated—Convictions—Appeals Dismissed

John Makensen Serniuk of Vancouver, B.C., landed in Toronto, Ont., by plane, registered under a Vancouver address at a local hotel, and a few days later, June 12, 1947, shipped a suit-case containing approximately seven ounces of Mexican brown heroin to Vancouver. He stayed over a day or two longer in the Ontario capital but mailed the baggage check on ahead to a confederate.

The suit-case arrived at Winnipeg, Man., on June 14 and at Calgary, Alta., next day, and two days later members of the R.C.M.P. Drug Squad at Vancouver located and examined it in the baggage car shortly before the train reached its destination. A siege of waiting ended early in the evening of June

17 when a man called at the baggage room, claimed the suit-case, put it in his car outside the station and drove quickly away.

Trailed closely over a devious route he eventually was stopped in Stanley Park for questioning. William Goriak Dick by name, he admitted knowing Serniuk but denied that the suit-case had come from him. Among his personal effects was a card bearing the inscription "J. Serniuk", and his address was the same as that under which Serniuk had registered in Toronto. He stated he was in the carnival business, that the suit-case contained favours and prizes ordered from Toronto through a friend who had mailed the baggage check to



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him. He had, he explained, been mildly surprised when the baggage-room clerk handed him the suit-case instead of a parcel but had taken it in the belief that the matter would straighten itself out later. The suspect was arrested and his car impounded.

Word of these developments was telephoned to the R.C.M.P. at Calgary who took Serniuk into custody as he stepped off the train in that mid-Western city in the morning of June 18. Among other things found in his possession was a railway ticket purchased in Toronto on June 11, its number corresponding to that of the baggage check handed in by Dick when he picked up the suit-case. Serniuk arrived in Vancouver under escort on June 20.

After frequent remands both Serniuk and Dick appeared before Deputy Police Magistrate W. W. B. McInnes at Vancouver on September 22, charged respectively with Causing a Drug to be Taken from One Place in Canada to An-

other, s. 4 (a) Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, and Possession of Diacetylmorphine Hydrochloride, s. 4 (d) of the Act. In each case the prosecution was conducted by Mr. G. Hogg of Vancouver, the defence by Mr. W. J. Murdock of the same city.

After hearing the evidence for both sides His Worship said he was convinced beyond a doubt that the two accused had been engaged in a plot to transport drugs for sale in the illicit market. He had no hesitation in finding them guilty and though both offences were very serious he considered Serniuk's the more so. Serniuk was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in British Columbia Penitentiary and fined \$1,000 in default of payment of which he was ordered to serve an additional six months' imprisonment; Dick was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined \$500 or in default an additional three months.

Appeals entered in behalf of both defendants were heard on December 9 in

the Vancouver sittings of the British Columbia Court of Appeal by Chief Justice G. McG. Sloan and Mr. Justices H. B. Robertson and S. A. Smith. Mr. Hogg acted for the Crown while Mr. C. Carmichael represented Dick and Mr. A. E. Branca the other appellant. Both appeals were dismissed. His Lordship the Chief Justice in an oral judgment held there was insufficient grounds in Dick's appeal to disturb the conviction and sentences. A written decision handed down by Mr. Justice Robertson in regard to Serniuk's appeal reads:

The appellant was convicted under s. 4 of the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, 1929, of causing to be taken from one place in Canada, namely, the City of Toronto in the Province of Ontario, to another place in Canada, namely, the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia, a drug without the authority of the necessary licence from the Minister first had and obtained, or other lawful authority.

Appellant's counsel submits two grounds upon which he asks that the conviction be quashed: (1) There was no evidence to show that the City of Toronto was in the Province of Ontario or in the Dominion of Canada, and (2) The full offence, if any, took place in the Province of Ontario and therefore there was no jurisdiction to try the appellant in British Columbia.

As to the first point, it is to be noted there is no necessity to prove that Toronto is in the Province of Ontario. It is only necessary to show it is in Canada. Crown counsel submits that this Court should take judicial notice of the fact that the City of Toronto is in Canada. I have no doubt this is correct. See *R. v. Zarelli* (1931) 43 B.C. 502. It would be absurd to say that the City of Toronto, with a population of about three quarters of a million, and the capital of the Province of Ontario, is not within Canada. That is a fact "sufficiently notorious for its situation to be taken judicial notice of"—see *R. v. Zarelli supra*, at p. 504.

In *The Children's Aid Society of the Archdiocese of Vancouver v. The Municipality of the City of Salmon Arm* (1940) 55 B.C. 495 the facts were that there were two geographical areas, namely, the Muni-

cipality of Salmon Arm and the Corporation of Salmon Arm. The majority of the Court held that as there was no evidence to enable the Court to decide judicially which area was chargeable, no order could be made against the Municipality. That case is distinguishable from this in that it is not suggested there are two cities of Toronto. Macdonald, C.J.B.C., dissenting, held that the word as used in the evidence could only refer to the City of Salmon Arm.

Paraphrasing his words, I would say of this case that the words or word "City of Toronto" and "Toronto" were used repeatedly by witnesses for the Crown, and were also used by the appellant. No one could be misled or was in fact misled by this designation. It meant the City of Toronto, a well-known urban municipality in Canada and, with respect, could not reasonably be taken to refer to any other geographical area.

I would refer also to the cases mentioned by the learned Chief Justice; and, in addition, to *The Queen v. Aspinall* and other (1876) L.R.2 Q.B.D. at 48, where Brett, J.A., said:

"But Judges are entitled and bound to take Judicial notice of that which is the common knowledge of the great majority of mankind and of the great majority of the men of business",

and to what Sir Lyman Duff said in *Reference re Alberta Statutes* (1938) S.C.R. 100 at 128:

"It is our duty as Judges to take judicial knowledge of facts which are known to intelligent persons generally".

Turning now to the second objection, in my view the offence in this case was committed partly in the City of Toronto and partly in the City of Vancouver. The Crown relies upon subsection (b) of s. 584 of the Code, which provides that where an offence is begun within one magisterial jurisdiction and completed within another, such offence may be considered as having been committed in any one of such jurisdictions. It is objected there is nothing to show that Toronto is in a magisterial jurisdiction.

We are entitled to take judicial notice of the Ontario statute—Chap. 133, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1937. Under that statute the Lieutenant-Governor in Council may designate and define any number

of magisterial districts; he may appoint magistrates, and magistrates so appointed have jurisdiction to act in any place within the Province of Ontario; and he may appoint "four magistrates for the City of Toronto". This seems to me to indicate that the City of Toronto is a magisterial district.

I would therefore dismiss the appeal.

It is estimated that on the illicit market the narcotics involved in this investigation are valued at anywhere from \$50,000 to \$75,000; thus their removal and the incarceration of the principles who intended to distribute them is an important step in curtailing the illegal

drug traffic on the West coast. In its efforts to combat the illicit drug problem, the Force's primary objective is to prosecute successfully the non-addict distributor which in this case it accomplished. The large quantity seized of what is commonly referred to as Mexican brown heroin had in all probability been smuggled into Eastern Canada. Obviously it was intended for peddling to addicts in Vancouver, to increase the supplies available there, and indications are that the two accomplices were about to embark in trafficking on an extensive scale.

R. v. Shernuck et al

Breaking, Entering and Theft—Stolen Tools Used in Bank Robbery— Criminal Wounded While Attempting to Escape—Alertness and Speed Frustrate Robbery

On Nov. 8, 1947, a garageman of Apohaqui, N.B., five miles south-west of Sussex, N.B., locked up his place of business at about 10 o'clock and went home for the night. Next morning, Sunday, a neighbour phoned to tell him that the side door of his garage was open, and arriving in a hurry he found that the place had been forcibly entered and some tools stolen—an electric drill, two iron bits and a claw bar.

The owner promptly reported the matter to the R.C.M.P. Sussex Detachment whose members shortly afterwards drove up with an electric drill and bit which he identified as his. The identification was an important piece of evidence in a wider pattern of crime involving bank robbery, shooting and quick arrests.

For early in the same morning of the garage break-in, the manager of a branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Hampton, N.B., some 16 or 17 miles west of Apohaqui, had awakened to the sound of a pounding noise. He listened a moment, then got up to investigate, and it wasn't long before he realized the suspicious

sounds came from the bank premises 75 yards from his home. As it was a warm night he walked softly across his yard toward the bank, and through a window saw a stranger inside the bank with the vault door open. Quietly he stole back to his house and didn't turn on any lights as he phoned the R.C.M.P. Sussex Detachment. He was asked to pass the information along to the R.C.M.P. at Saint John, N.B., stay where he was and wait.

It was now 4.30 a.m. A wet and slippy highway that made fast driving dangerous stretched the 22-odd miles between Sussex and Hampton, yet in approximately 23 minutes the patrol arrived, having cruised the last three miles without lights to ensure their approach would not be seen. Its front aimed at the bank the patrol car came to a gentle stop and out of it stepped a corporal and a constable. Silently the former moved to the back of the building while the other made ready at the front and when both were in position, with each commanding a view of two walls, the car lights were switched on.



By cutting the hole through the heavy brick wall shown to the left of the open vault door, criminals entered the vault in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Hampton, N.B., on Nov. 8, 1947.

The sudden glare brought swift action. A man leaped through the rear window and started running. The corporal called out to him ordering him to halt and as the order was ignored he fired two warning shots in the air. Still the fugitive didn't heed the command, so the N.C.O. took deliberate aim and shot him in the leg just above the knee. It was only a flesh wound and as the corporal rendered first aid another man jumped through the window and escaped.

Meanwhile up front two other men rushed a window hoping to elude capture, but when the constable there fired warning shots they decided better. A minute or so later the two men, subsequently identified as Wilfred Leclerc and Emile Robidoux, came out of the building with their gloved hands up and surrendered without resistance. Shortly afterwards police reinforcements arrived from Saint John and returned to that city a few minutes later with the three prisoners, all of whom hail from Montreal, Que., in custody; the wounded man, William Shernuck, was taken to hospital in Saint John and kept under guard.

The inside of the bank was in a state of great disorder, and it was fairly easy to trace the safe breakers' activities from

the appearance of the place. They had gained entrance through a back window, then with tools stolen from the Apohaqui garage cut a 20-inch hole through the partition of five layers of brick and mortar into the vault. The vault door had been opened from the inside and was slightly ajar. Eighteen of the 60 safety deposit boxes in the vault had been opened and ransacked, the dial of the safe inside the vault knocked off, and tools, bonds, papers and debris were strewn on the floor. A box on the floor just outside the vault contained a little more than \$49,000 in cash, negotiable securities and jewellery—apparently collected and set for a quick getaway. But for the interruption, doubtless all the boxes would have been broken into.

On Jan. 8, 1948, having elected speedy trial under Part XVIII of the Criminal Code, Shernuck, Robidoux and Leclerc each pleaded guilty before County Court Judge D. V. White at Hampton to two separate charges of Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 460 Cr. Code. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. J. McL. Prescott, barrister of Sussex, the defence by Mr. P. Barry, barrister of Saint John. Each of the accused was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment on the bank charge, plus three years' imprisonment

to run concurrently on the garage charge, all sentences to be served in Maritime Penitentiary at Dorchester, N.B.

The outstanding features of this case are the bank manager's conduct and promptness in notifying the police, and the speedy action of the police that ended so satisfactorily. Had the former attempted to investigate further on his own, a far different ending might have resulted with the criminals escaping to try again some place else. Public co-operation of this common-sense sort is of valuable assistance to the police in their never-ending fight against crime, in this instance it doubtless saved many citizens serious financial loss.

An appropriate foot-note to this piece, is the following editorial tribute by the Saint John *Telegraph Journal*:

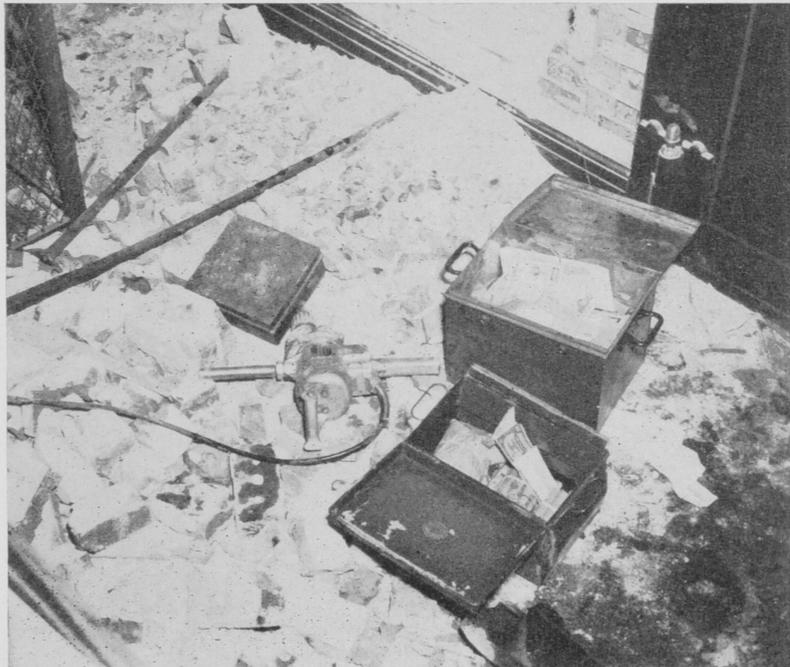
"New Brunswick is a pleasant vacation-land which is happy to welcome most visitors. But it is hardly the healthiest place in the world for would-be bank robbers. This fact was illustrated a few years ago when gunmen held up a branch bank in Salisbury and were nabbed even before they could speed into Moncton, a few miles away. It was demonstrated again by what happened

this last week-end, when we had some more visitors on a similar kind of business trip.

"Under cover of darkness, using pinch bars, crowbars, an electric drill and other equipment with no little skill, they gouged their way into the Bank of Nova Scotia branch in the tranquil village of Hampton. That was one trouble about the whole affair, from the Montreal burglars' standpoint—Hampton, like so many other friendly, peace-loving New Brunswick communities, is just too tranquil for the racket of safe-cracking to continue unnoticed. The noise roused the bank manager, Mr. Charles L. Flemming, from slumber at his home. Instead of becoming panicky and calling neighbours, or throwing caution to the winds and rushing in singlehanded to see what was going on, he showed commendable presence of mind in telephoning to the R.C.M.P. at Sussex and Saint John, and standing pat to await developments.

"Two features of the Mounties' part in the round-up deserve more than passing attention. They reached the scene from Sussex, twenty-two miles away, swiftly and caught the men in the act. They captured two of them without

View of debris on the floor just outside the rifled bank vault. Note the boxes of securities, cash and jewellery all packed and ready for a quick getaway, also the bars and electric drill.



difficulty; a third man, trying to flee, was brought down, wounded in the leg, by a Mountie who first fired two warning shots in the air—by which time, presumably, the running fugitive was anything but a close target.

“The whole episode bespeaks cool thinking and fast action on the part of the bank manager and the police. And we hope that the consequences are duly noted by the underworld in metropolitan cities who, emboldened by recent successful robbery coups in other parts of

the Dominion, have evidently been glancing this way with the thought that the pickings down here look ripe, plump and tempting—a region where, they may have thought, it is possible to cash in on the element of surprise because bank breaks are an almost unheard-of occurrence. We hope they realize, too, that lawbreakers rarely have an easy time trying to make their escape across our countryside even if they do succeed in the actual hold-up or break. It is much harder than losing themselves in the melting pot of a big city.”

R. v. Tierney and Casey

Customs Act—Goods Not Declared at Port of Entry Sold by Tender

In the early hours of Jan. 30, 1948, word was received at the R.C.M.P. Grande Prairie, Alta., Detachment that American cigarettes had been sold to the operators of a taxi stand by two strangers and that an attempt to sell 30 cartons elsewhere in the town had failed. Investigation disclosed that Robert Tierney and Thomas Casey, both of Independence, Mo., U.S.A., and registered at a local hotel, answered the taxi drivers' description of the men who had sold the cigarettes.

Believing the guilty parties would have a motor vehicle of some kind, the investigators set out to locate it and presently on a side street came across a two-ton truck bearing an Alaska licence. A seal marked “C.P.R. In bond, Canadian Customs No. 172” was clamped to a chain and lock on the rear door. Examination of the truck led to the discovery of 30 cartons of American cigarettes in the tool box, also that the rear door had been tampered with. It was apparent that by taking off one nut which held the chain in place and loosening another access to the goods inside the truck was possible, and the investigators were suspicious that this had been done.

Tierney and Casey, inquiry showed, were bound for Alaska over the Alaska Highway with the truck load of supplies in bond consigned to Tierney. They surrendered the car keys to the police along with the “In Transit Highway Manifest” they had received upon entering Canada at Coutts, Alta. No cigarettes were listed on the manifest so the truck was impounded and taken to the R.C.M.P. detachment.

Tierney admitted selling cigarettes to the taxi-stand operators, also that he had gained access to the merchandise in the truck in the manner surmised by the police. Further, he admitted that he and his partner had 400 lbs. of fresh frozen pork and about 100 cartons of cigarettes which they hadn't declared when they crossed the border. The pork and some of the cigarettes belonged to Casey.

The accused elected summary trial and on February 2 pleaded guilty before Police Magistrate A. E. Galway at Grande Prairie to Possession of Goods Unlawfully Imported into Canada, s. 217 (3) Customs Act. Each was fined \$200 and costs or in default to serve one year in gaol. The fines and costs were paid. In addition, Tierney in February paid a penalty of \$800 imposed against his

For He-Man Appetites!

- HEINZ KETCHUP
- HEINZ CHILI SAUCE
- HEINZ 57 SAUCE
- HEINZ MUSTARD
- HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

HEINZ  **VARIETIES**

truck and subsequently the seized merchandise was sold by tender.

This routine case is of interest, not so much because of the police work involved as because it illustrates a practice

which the Force may be called upon to combat more frequently now that the Alaska Highway is open to general traffic. (See *The Highway to Alaska*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 320).

R. v. Vye

Opium and Narcotic Drug Act—Physician Prostitutes His Profession by Accepting in Exchange for Narcotics Articles He Believed to have been Shop-lifted—Conviction—Appeal Dismissed

During the summer and autumn of 1937 and the first few months of 1938 attention of the R.C.M.P. and of the Department of Pensions and National Health, Narcotic Division, was drawn to an unusually large amount of narcotics dispensed by Dr. James Putnam Vye of Victoria, B.C., in his office. Upon his being questioned by the Narcotic Division Doctor Vye's narcotic requirements dropped abruptly to normal and for several years thereafter he seemed to be

conducting his practice along *bona fide* lines.

Then on Mar. 11, 1947, indications pointed to Doctor Vye handing out narcotics to addicts in exchange for stolen goods, and R.C.M.P. investigators checking the records of retail druggists in Victoria found that the suspect was again active in purchasing inordinate quantities of narcotics. Further, inquiries revealed that drug addicts were getting ¼-grain morphine tablets at \$5 a tablet

from him and that should any addict mention having seen a radio or similar piece of merchandise in some store the doctor would refuse to supply additional drugs unless the article referred to was handed over to him in payment. The result was that the doctor's cupidity in this respect was causing a small epidemic of shop-lifting.

On May 16, 1947, after considering the matter and planning carefully, two members of the Force repaired to the building in which the suspect had his offices. While one of them stationed himself outside the main entrance of the building to stop any known addict from entering and tipping the doctor off that something was afoot the other, accompanied by an addict known to the doctor and familiar with his activities, posing as a "booster" (shop-lifter) and underworld character, went inside.

The addict was ushered into an inner office by the doctor, and the policeman was left alone in the waiting room. When the addict re-joined him and they were outside again the investigator learned that the doctor had promised to supply some morphine tablets to his companion if four white shirts, size 17, were given in payment. Three shirts were purchased and these along with \$10 cash were given to the doctor the same day in return for four $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain tablets which the investigator took possession of and which were afterwards initialled and marked for identification by himself and other plain-clothesmen of the Force.

During the transaction the doctor mentioned that he would like to get a small electric stove, known as a "Magic Chef", or a reliable, lady's wrist watch. His "patients" said they'd see what they could do about it.

A month later, on June 16, the investigator arrived at Victoria from Vancouver, B.C., after purchasing a lady's wrist watch in the latter city and getting the jeweller to mark its movements for identification, with a notification to this

effect being recorded by another policeman with whom he was collaborating as a team. He was then searched and the contents of his pockets noted, then both policemen went to the suspect's office and repeated the performance of their previous trip save that the medium of exchange was the watch. The investigator explained away the absence of his "companion" addict by saying he was at Nanaimo, B.C., casing a job they planned to pull together.

Like those in the first purchase, the six $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain tablets received for the watch were subsequently analysed and found to contain morphine.

Two days later another successful visit was made to the doctor's office and eight more $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain morphine tablets were collected by trading a "Handi Chef" stove which though purchased by the investigator was passed off as having been stolen by him to pay for the narcotics he wanted.

On July 10, on a further and final visit, the investigator was accompanied by another member of the R.C.M.P. Drug Squad, whom he introduced to the doctor as a criminal associate from Vancouver, explaining his presence by saying "He's okay"—a friend with a car that was needed for a special job.

The media for barter in this instance were an oven for the Handi Chef and some money. Both policemen had been shadowed up to their entering the building, and upon their leaving it, when—as was the case with the stove—it was noticed they were without the oven. The undercover man acting as a witness did not actually see the goods change hands but saw the investigator go into the doctor's private office with the oven and come out without it. Moreover in an adjoining washroom he immediately searched the investigator's clothing and saw and initialled for identification a package containing four tablets, subsequently analysed as morphine; also, he noted that the investigator had \$10 less

money (marked) than when he went in. At a meeting-place to where both men were followed and kept under observation, they were again searched to provide corroborative evidence for Court purposes and the exhibit marked by others for identification.

One feature the investigator noted was that Doctor Vye was well versed in the speech and habits of criminal addicts. At no time did the doctor examine him or even so much as ask if the narcotics were required for medicinal purposes.

At a pre-arranged signal other investigators converged on the doctor's office, arrested him, retrieved the missing \$10 from his pocket and the oven for the Handi Chef in the consultation room. A search led to the discovery in the office of a number of articles believed to have been stolen, while still others were found at the doctor's house. Among the articles seized were the three shirts, the wrist watch and the stove which had been traded by the investigator for the narcotics, all of them having been previously marked for identification by various investigators.

On November 3 Doctor Vye appeared at Victoria in Assize Court before Mr. Justice A. M. Manson and jury and pleaded not guilty to a charge of Unlawfully Furnishing a Drug, s. 6 (1) Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. The prosecution was conducted by Messrs. G. S. Wismer, K.C., Attorney General of British Columbia, and W. C. Morsebey, K. C., the defence by Messrs. H. Castillou, K.C., and J. Ruttan, K.C., all of Vancouver.

On the witness stand the accused maintained that the exhibits submitted in evidence—the stove, oven, watch, etc.—were presents given to him by the investigator, and that the \$10 found on his

person was payment received for four visits of \$2.50 each.

During a stiff cross-examination of the main Crown witness Mr. Justice Manson warned defence counsel to confine his remarks to the evidence, and informed the jury that the investigator was quite within his rights to act in the way he did, that the evidence so obtained was admissible. Crown counsel observed "there are times when fighting fire with fire becomes necessary".

The Court rejected a plea for leniency advanced on behalf of the accused on the grounds of his age (67), poor health, and that he had already been severely punished. The accused, the presiding judge declared, had "calculated to destroy the soul and the mind"; his position was quite different from that of the drug addict who had no control over the soul and the mind. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for leniency because of the accused's age and sickness, and defendant was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

An appeal entered against the conviction and the sentence was heard at Victoria on February 3. The Appeal Court was comprised of Chief Justice G. McG. Sloan, Mr. Justice J. Robertson and Mr. Justice S. Smith, while Messrs. Wismer and Castillou represented the Crown and appellant respectively. After due consideration of lengthy arguments presented on behalf of Dr. Vye the Court dismissed the appeal.

The decision in these proceedings brought to an end an exceptionally well handled investigation into the narcotic traffic which, to quote words from Mr. Justice Manson's address to the jury, is "one of the most vicious traffics known to society".

*H*E THAT has learned to obey will know how to command.

—SOLON



The Aviation Section of the Force

BY A / S / SGT. D. W. DAWSON, A.F.C.

THE earliest recorded instance of the Force's use of aircraft in the discharge of its official responsibilities was in 1921 when Reg. No. 4290 Sgt. H. Thorne on his way to the North from Edmonton, Alta., had the distinction of being the first member of the Force to travel on duty by aeroplane. The machine, belonging to the Imperial Oil Company, was making what is believed to have been the first flight of an aeroplane in the Northwest Territories, thus Thorne's journey therein is of sufficient historic interest to warrant a break-down here of the mileage, which totalled 640 miles: Mar. 24, 1921, Peace River to Vermilion, 210 miles; Mar. 27, Vermilion to Hay River, 200 miles; Mar. 28, Hay River to Fort

Providence, 90 miles, and Mar. 30 Fort Providence to Fort Simpson, 140 miles.

But the idea of an aviation section in the Force grew out of the need of "Eyes for the R.C.M.P. Marine Section" in preventive service work, and it was fostered strongly and developed by the late Commr. Sir James H. MacBrien, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.S.C., who did so much to stream-line the Force to its modern mould. Before pioneering the use of aeroplanes in police work, Commissioner MacBrien had for a time been head of civil aviation in this country.

It was as a young general in 1917 that he first took to the air, and he early saw the advantages of aerial eyes in planning attacks, frequently going aloft as an observer to plan his next move. In 1926,

as Canada's chief of staff, he became a recruit at the Camp Borden training ground for the Royal Canadian Air Force and successfully passed the stiff course of a military pilot. When the following year he resigned his post of chief of staff it was to take an informed and active interest in flying, and that interest was to do much for aviation in general.

He began by organizing light aeroplane clubs all over Canada, and after the movement got under way the Government assisted it by giving the organization a plane for every one it bought. This was a step to commercial aviation and MacBrien's general managership of the then largest air transport company in Canada. Airmail contracts for his company followed and aviation dominated his thoughts and actions practically up to his appointment as head of the R.C.M.P.

Upon becoming Commissioner of the Force it was but natural that General MacBrien's fresh vigour, his adaptation to modern needs, and his versatile capacity for efficiency should find expression in aviation. He liked flying and had the foresight to see how aircraft could be very effective in combating crime and carrying out the responsibilities of the Mounted Police. He employed this type of conveyance on more than one inspection trip of the Northern detachments and in 1936 made what up to that time is believed to be the longest single air journey in Canada—11,000 miles in a month, during which only five days were spent wholly on the ground. Few men in this country or elsewhere did more for the good of aviation than Sir James.

In 1932 arrangements were made with

the R.C.A.F. to conduct air patrols with aircraft based at several points on the east and west coasts and members of the R.C.M.P. acting as observers. All information such as location, direction of travel, names and so on of suspected rum-running vessels was broadcast to sea patrols of the Force's Marine Section, thus keeping it advised of the rum-runners' movements.

The tremendous worth of aircraft in police work was dramatically exemplified early that same year when an aeroplane cooperated in running to earth Albert Johnson, the so-called "Mad Trapper of Rat river"—a mysterious desperado who wantonly murdered Reg. No. 9669 Cst. Edgar Millen on Jan. 30, 1932, in the execution of his duty and shot and seriously wounded Reg. No. 10211 Cst. (now Cpl.) A. W. King, also S/Sgt. E. F. Hersey of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals.

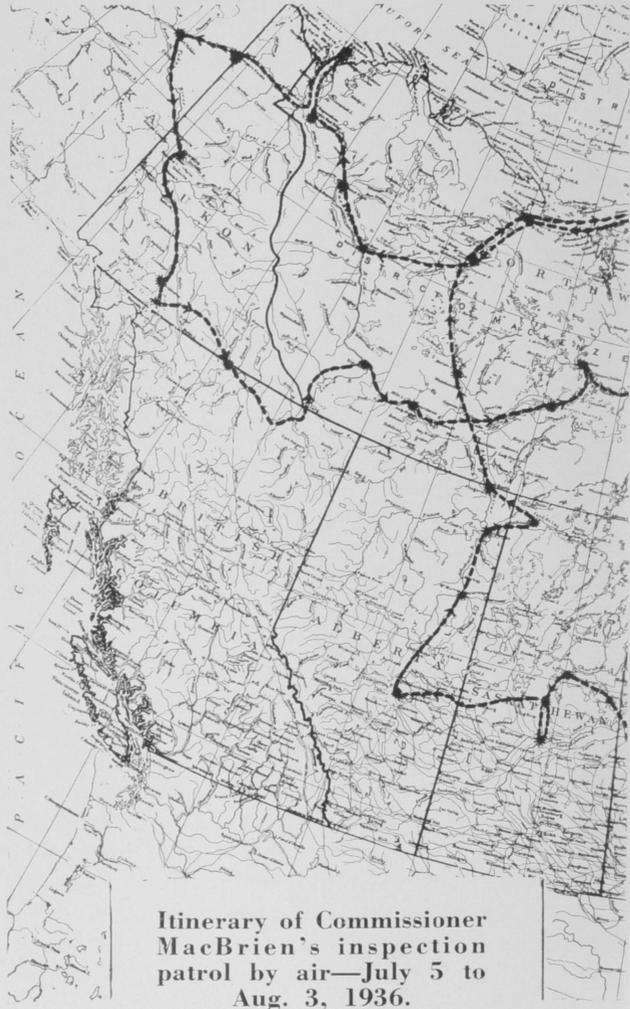
The affair began in July, 1931, when Indians in the vicinity of Arctic Red River, N.W.T., a tiny settlement on the upper reaches of the Mackenzie river not far from the Yukon border, reported to the R.C.M.P. that a recluse going by the name of Johnson, who was living in a lonely cabin some 15 miles up-stream from the mouth of the Rat river on the old Yukon trail, was interfering with their trap lines. Investigators from Aklavik Detachment sent to question the stranger and learn if he had a trapping licence were refused admittance to his cabin and subsequently, on New Year's eve, while trying to force an entry one constable was critically wounded by a bullet fired through the barred door. Determined now to capture Johnson, the police laid siege of the barricaded hide-out. A chase en-

The story of the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section. Re-established after the war to carry on peacetime duties, it now is an integral part of the Force's law-enforcement machine.

sued and continued relentlessly after Johnson fled his loop-holed, fortress-like stronghold. More than once he repulsed his attackers as they closed in on him, and in the below-zero cold managed cleverly for a time to elude them altogether. The rough bushy wilderness, the lack of daylight at that time of year along the Arctic circle, falling snow, high winds, and the passing of a great herd of caribou which obliterated his footprints over a distance of ten miles complicated the problem for the pursuers until on Feb. 7, 1932, a Ballanca aeroplane, piloted by Capt. W. R. "Wop" May of the Canadian Airways Ltd., a veteran Northern flier, spotted the fugitive in a clearing. With the aeroplane circling overhead the final episode of that notorious case unfolded on Feb. 17, 1932. Refusing to surrender, the wanted man defiantly kept up his fire and was shot to death in the effort to capture him.

During search of the country-side the posse's food supplies kept running low and had it not been possible to replenish them from the air, as was done, Johnson who was a skilled bushman might well have escaped to Alaska for which he was heading. Further, it is worthy of note here that Constable Millen's body was flown to Edmonton, and that later one of the wounded men, Staff Sergeant Hersey, was flown the 125 miles to the hospital at Aklavik for medical attention. This is the first Arctic man hunt in which flying played a direct role and it turned an historic page in the annals of Canadian law enforcement. The use of the aeroplane aided materially in many ways during the pursuit and as at least one daily Canadian newspaper commented at the time Johnson's career was brought to an end the value of the machine "goes to show that the effectiveness of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police would be enhanced by having an aerial unit attached to the Force".

The R.C.M.P. is the sole police authority in the Northwest Territories



and the Yukon Territory and not the least annoying by-product of sub-Arctic flying development with which the Force had to cope in the next few years were the activities of renegade trappers who would fly out of a forbidden area with rich harvests of pelts.

* * *

IN 1937, the partial control of air patrol by the R.C.M.P., which had to depend upon the R.C.A.F., having failed to give entire satisfaction an embryo aviation section for the Force was established with the purchase of four de Havilland Dragonflies. The R.C.A.F. could no longer supply pilots and planes to cooperate with the Force's Preventive Service, and as a consequence



on April 1 of that year the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section came officially into existence.

A primary step in the section's formation was the grouping in Toronto, Ont., of eight qualified pilots drawn from the Force's general-duty ranks. After completing a refresher course this personnel along with the aircraft was detailed to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic seaboard to work in collaboration with the Force's land detachments and its Marine Section to which the Aviation Section was attached for observation purposes, especially the keeping watch on suspected rum-runners. The base for summer operations was Moncton, N.B., and the section arrived

there on July 7—three months after its formation.

A week or so previously, Commissioner MacBrien set out on an inspection of Western detachments in one of the craft. His stops included Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask., Edmonton, Calgary, Alta., and Vancouver, B.C., and he was back in Ottawa, Ont., in less than three weeks of his starting out. The trip marked the first time in the Force's history that the Commissioner conducted a tour of inspection in an aeroplane owned by the R.C.M.P. and piloted by one of its own members.

Twin-engined, cabin-type of biplane, with accommodation for a pilot, co-pilot and three passengers, for which the Department of Transport, Civil Aviation Branch, reserved the registration series MP, the Dragonflies were designated CF-MPA, CF-MPB, CF-MPC and CF-MPD. All were equipped with two-way radio and the pilots were able to carry on in weather which ordinarily would be considered hazardous; R.C.M.P. radio ground station CY6M at Moncton relayed instructions regarding patrols, weather and so forth.

The innovation proved valuable in many ways. In addition to assisting the Marine Section and serving as quick transportation the section was useful in rescue work.

A striking rescue occurred in September, 1938, when CF-MPB proceeding on an assigned patrol mission picked up a radio message to the effect that two fishermen in an open motor boat had been missing for 48 hours. A strong offshore wind was blowing and fears were that the men had drifted out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. CF-MPB after a systematic search located the boat drifting aimlessly with its engine out of order. A message flashed to one of the Marine Section cruisers approximately 15 miles distant brought that vessel to the scene. The bringing together of the two water craft was facilitated by the aeroplane's flying back and forth between them, and



R.C.M.P. Noorduyn Norseman CF-MPE, now operating under letters CF-MPF allotted to it after a rebuild job five years ago.

there is no doubt that the two men, who were suffering greatly from exposure and lack of nourishment, owe their lives to the presence of the aircraft.

During August, the previous month, in answer to an obvious need for aircraft in the Northwest Territories, one of the Dragonflies was disposed of and a Noorduyn Norseman obtained in its stead. Designed specially to meet Canadian conditions, particularly those of the North, and outfitted with two-way radio and skis, wheels and floats, the new machine received the letters CF-MPE. It took to the air on its maiden trip to the Arctic in the summer of 1939 and has since maintained Northern service with but few interruptions. Its advent gave new assurance to native and white alike that law and justice are never far distant from even the remotest settlement, that the North affords no long-isolated refuge for the fugitive or criminal. Thenceforth flying in and out of Arctic posts

with personnel and dogs, even canoes and outboard motors, became an established fact.

Regular air patrols on the east coast—a total of 750 flying hours were logged in 1938—reduced rum-running to the point where in 1939 only one plane was required in the Maritime area. Moncton was retained as the summer base for this plane, and the section's headquarters was shifted to Rockcliffe, Ont., a suburb of Ottawa.

The summer season of that year also found one of the craft at Regina to provide transportation in emergencies throughout the prairie divisions, one in for rebuild at the de Havilland factory, and the Norseman operating out of "K" Division (Alberta) headquarters, Edmonton.

War altered the whole picture and upon completion of operations that autumn (October, 1939) all aircraft and crews assembled at the new hangar at

the section's headquarters, Rockcliffe. The hangar, whose erection was started at the beginning of the year, provided accommodation for six aeroplanes and their equipment and stores. By New Year's, nine of the ten members of the section, eight of them on leave of absence from the Force, had joined the R.C.A.F. and with them for the duration went the three Dragonflies as the air force was badly in need of aircraft at the time.

* * *

BY 1940 the Force's Aviation Section was just a memory except that the Norseman was still retained. And before the conflict ended two of its originals lost their lives in trans-Atlantic ferry work: Flight Lieutenant Dubuc¹ crashed in Ireland in a Hudson, and Reg. No. 11169 Cpl. G. B. Swaney was senior engineer of an R.A.F. transport plane which disappeared at sea in July, 1945, while en route from Montreal, Que., to England. The comrades of this gallant pair carried on the traditions of the Force in other air force duties—some at training centres, one on maintenance work and others on anti-sub patrols; all rose to command of stations, groups or squadrons, one was decorated, another mentioned in dispatches, and all in all the record they hung up was most creditable.

The year 1940 also saw the Norseman, piloted by a former member of the section on loan from the R.C.A.F., on an important police mission to the Hudson Bay area, when the Officer Commanding R.C.M.P. "G" Division (Northwest Territories and Yukon Territory) supervised the destruction of old gas caches, which were no longer required, to obviate the possibility of their falling into enemy hands. The next year, with crews borrowed from the Department of Transport and from the R.C.A.F., she flew north twice in connection with several Eskimo murders² on the Belcher

Islands in Hudson Bay—once in winter and again in summer. In 1942 and 1943, again with R.C.A.F. crews, she visited the Western Arctic and Yukon Territory, transporting the O.C. of "G" Division on inspection trips. But old CF-MPE was beginning to show signs of wear; the hard years behind her had left their mark, so when the 1943 season's work was completed she was entirely rebuilt and the new registration letters CF-MPF were allotted to her.

Toward the end of 1944 the Commissioner, contemplating reorganization of the section and the laying of plans for a modern and more flexible establishment, approached the Department of National Defence in regard to recalling the old section's members from the R.C.A.F. In that summer, too, when the rejuvenated Norseman went North, a policeman was at the controls for the first time in five years.

In 1945 with a crew of two special constables the Norseman put in a strenuous time, flying winter and summer—on one occasion winging to Cambridge Bay, N.W.T., on a mercy flight in the dead of winter to bring out a sick member of the Force, on another transporting some of the *St. Roch's* crew to civilization late in autumn at the close of Arctic navigation, and in between carrying out its regular routine patrols. The custom used to be that when the *St. Roch* "wintered in" her crew remained with her, but in recent years this has given way to the practice of flying most of the members to the Outside for duty until the next season's operations fall due.

* * *

ONLY two original members of the old section were available, but at the war's end they were supplemented by pilots and engineers just out of the air force and others who had experience in civil aviation until at present the Aviation Section's strength consists of 16 members and an officer in charge. Today the dress ordinarily worn by

¹ See obituary, 9 R.C.M.P.Q. 239, Reg. No. 10982 Sgt. Louis Romeo Dubuc.

² *The Law Goes North* 9 R.C.M.P.Q. 152, gives a detailed account of these crimes.

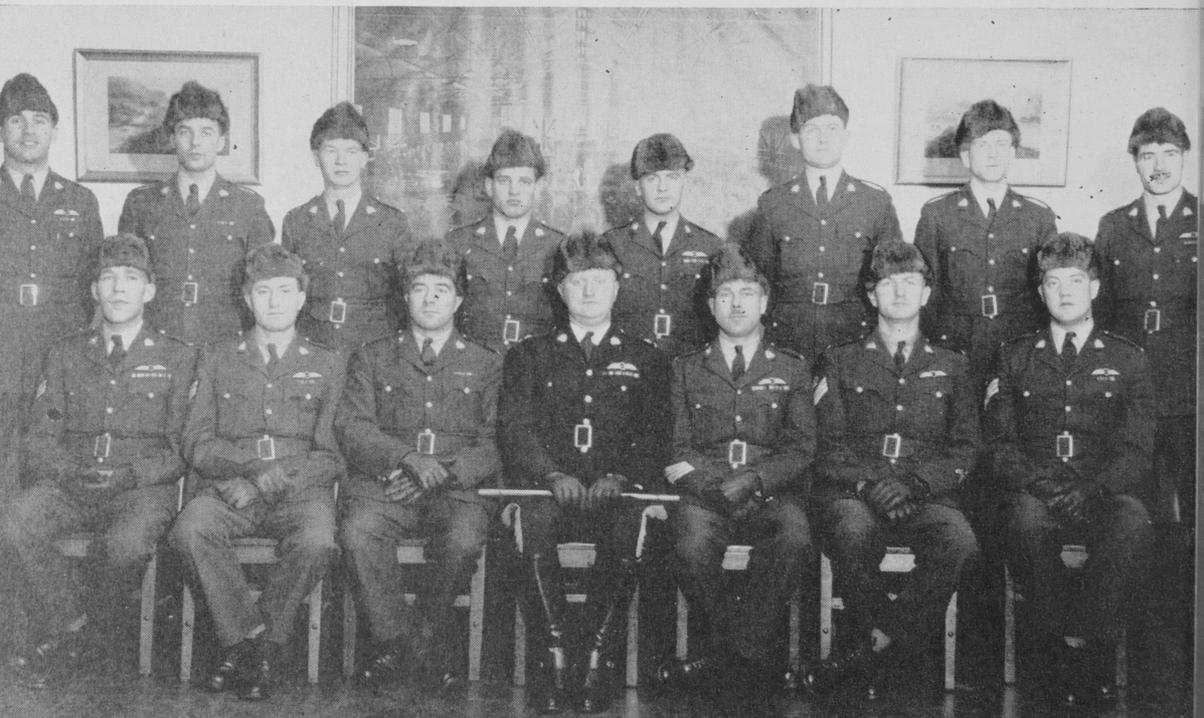
these men on section duties—brown serge, brown trousers, cloth or fur cap—marks them as members of the R.C.M.P.; the only distinguishing feature is the pilots' badge which has the letters RCMP encircled by a wreath of maple leaves that is centred on extended wings of yellow silk embroidered on a blue background. It goes on the left breast above any medals or ribbons, and the regulations restrict its use to pilots only.

The standard of personal qualifications is high and members are selected only after a great deal of study and deliberation. Captains for the aircraft must be competent and experienced, with 1,000 hours as a pilot and ten years of active flying ahead of them and must be in possession of a public transport pilot's certificate. Their engagement is contingent upon their undergoing the regular R.C.M.P. training and must spring from a genuine desire to belong to the Force, like any other member's, and not because

they wish solely to be in the Aviation Section. They must also have an extensive knowledge of aerial and radio navigation comparable to that required by holders of a second-class navigator's certificate. Co-pilots must similarly qualify, and though they need not have as much flying experience they must hold a commercial pilot's certificate and be actively associated in theory with the technique of crime detection. Engineers are selected in much the same manner, but due to the scarcity of single, fully licensed and experienced men special constables have been employed to fill the requirements.

The officer in charge is well qualified for the position he holds. He got his start in aviation while struggling to become an electrical engineer at the University of New Brunswick and has been flying off and on for the past 21 years. A member of the R.C.A.F. prior to his engagement in the R.C.M.P. in 1932,

R.C.M.P. Aviation Section Personnel—Front row, left to right: A/Sgt. H. A. Heacock (Reg. No. 13548), A/Sgt. B. Ruhl (14766), S/Cst. K. W. Phillips (9028), Insp. P. B. Cox—Officer in Charge, A/S/Sgt. D. W. Dawson, A.F.C. (12466), Sgt. S. S. Rothwell (10880), A/Sgt. J. H. Reid (14765); back row: Cpl. G. R. Hamelin (14632), Cst. M. W. Ney (14656), S/Cst. H. F. McCready (9291), S/Cst. W. A. Porter (9076), Cpl. R. J. Harries (14667), Cst. L. H. Munro (14394), S/Cst. L. H. Stewart (9049), and Cpl. D. W. Mills (13989).



he has flying experience ranging from crop dusting to preventive patrols, flying as army cooperation pilot to delivering airmail. Three years ago at Floyd Bennett field, Long Island, N.Y., U.S.A., he qualified as a helicopter man. Under his guidance the section polices the skies — on the look-out for law-breakers, ready to undertake mercy flights, alert to report forest fires and so on.

In March, 1946, the hangar at Rockcliffe was made ready for aircraft and the Aviation Section came into being again, the air-borne equipment comprising two up-to-date twin-engined Beechcraft land planes, CF-MPH and CF-MPI, a six-place amphibious Grumman Goose, CF-MPG, for land and water operations, and old faithful—the Norseman. The Beechcraft were ferried direct from the factory in Wichita, Kans., U.S.A., by Aviation Section personnel while the “Goose” was released from R.C.A.F. storage at Mont Joli, Que., bringing the Force’s fleet of planes back to pre-war strength.

Now followed a period of rigid training wherein all flights were carried out by personnel under supervision of a member who had gained years of experience as an instructor during the war. Theory of flight, instruments and their vagaries, air-frames and engines, air regulations and traffic control and procedures were studied and still are. Each member of the air-crew branch of the section is also required to hold a Radio Telephone Operators Certificate for which an entirely separate type of examination is set. To maintain the section’s high standard much stress is placed on training and refresher courses. Safety-first principles and pilot perfection are, it is realized, best developed by training and a constant awareness that a careless act in the skyways is apt to be the pilot’s last though it may also be his first, and knowledge of this is imbued in all ranks from the very outset.

Some of the engineers were familiar with the type of machine being used,

others had to be coached, but when the training period terminated, craft and pilots, under licence by the Department of Transport, were ready for service. No accidents of any kind marred the training, and it is gratifying to note that since its reorganization the section has an accident-free record and an enviable one from the standpoint of operational efficiency. By the end of March, 1948, the total number of hours flown was 4,050, representing approximately 607,500 air miles or well over a million passenger miles. It is felt that this fine showing is attributable in the main to the strict internal regulations under which the section in all its phases operates.

After training exercises were completed the section spread out, the initial move occurring when Beechcraft CF-MPI went to Regina—the new base from which it was to operate as fast transport. Its sister ship remained at the main flying base, Rockcliffe, the Goose left late in June with the O.C. “G” on an inspection tour of detachments in the Western Arctic and the Yukon, and the Norseman, at Edmonton, also flew into the North on its official rounds.

The Department of Transport’s meteorological divisions, such as the stations at Rockcliffe and Edmonton, provide the section with invaluable weather information so that there is no need to rely on the idiosyncrasies of the ground-hog for this essential data. Meteorology, too, is stressed as a must in the training and a stiff examination relates to the forecasting of flight conditions from certain weather data, determining altitudes for safe flights and visualizing weather conditions likely to be encountered.

All told the summer of 1946 was a busy one for the Aviation Section. Of the many interesting trips made, the longest was the Commissioner’s 11,642-mile tour of inspection; first to the Maritimes, then a 22-day flight to Edmonton, Fort Smith, Fort Simpson,

Whitehorse, Dawson City, Fort Yukon, Herschel Island, Aklavik, Norman Wells, Coppermine, Cambridge Bay, Yellowknife and other points; from Edmonton, on the outward flight, the route led to Vancouver, thence eastward to Regina and Winnipeg, through the U.S.A., and on home to Canada's capital by way of Windsor, Ont. Another job was the flying of the *St. Roch's* crew the 4,000 miles from Halifax, N.S., to their vessel at Cambridge Bay for summer operations.

The Commissioner's annual inspection of Western detachments last year (1947), too, was made in one of the Beechcraft, and much time and effort have been saved by those officers commanding subdivisions who have availed themselves of the aircraft while inspecting detachments under their command.

Modern offices and workshops are being constructed in a new addition to the hangar and while this is being done headquarters of the section is located in part of the riding school at Rockcliffe. The machines are suitable, furnishing an elasticity of service unknown before the war, and essential maintenance equipment has been acquired for the making of engine changes, major inspections and running repairs all of which are effected by the section's own personnel. Training continues, of course; in 1946 one of the pilots took a refresher course at Trans-Canada Air Lines, Winnipeg, and others will receive further instructions under his supervision.

Since the reorganization the number of planes has been augmented by two, so that there now are six aircraft in the section. While Beechcraft CF-MPI at Regina served admirably, it is confined largely to places with airports, and as a consequence at times it was necessary to drive by car or other conveyance as far as 50 miles to the point of destination. As this machine was in nearly constant demand it was decided in the interests of efficiency to procure as additional prairie air transport a lighter craft that could be equipped with skis and would

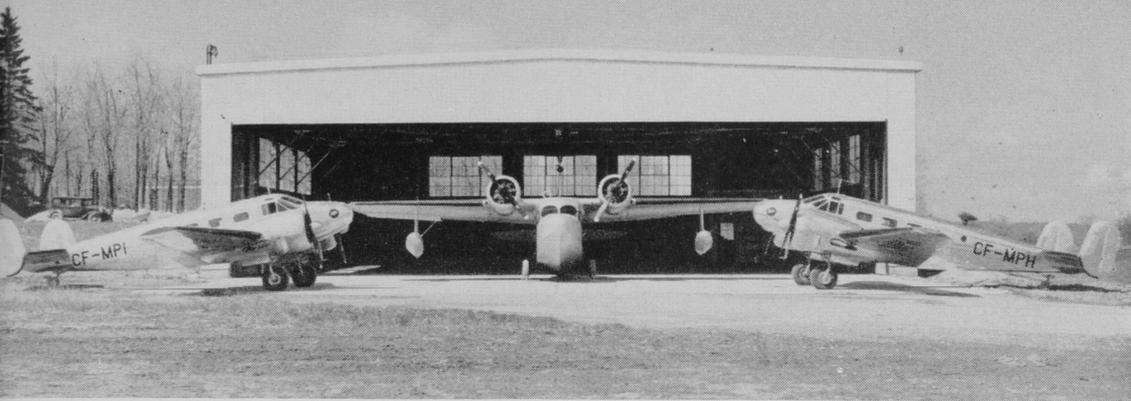
obviate the necessity of airstrips. Accordingly a year ago a Stinson (station wagon), CF-MPJ, was added to the prairie equipment, and with its main base at Regina this aircraft at the time of writing is engaged in the Lac la Ronge, Ile a la Crosse and Cumberland House regions, on the northern fringe of the settled part of Saskatchewan, investigating sale of liquor to Indians and on similar functions. The other new plane, acquired three months later, in July, 1947, is a Fairchild Cornell of the type used by the R.C.A.F. in Canada for training purposes. Designated CF-MPK this two-seater is based at Rockcliffe where it is used as a trainer; because of its light weight it might prove adaptable to uses other than the one for which it was purchased, such as border patrol reconnoitring and so on.

* * *

So much for the history and reorganization of the section. Let us now turn to the scope of its service. Primarily, of course, the purpose of aircraft is to provide quick and safe transportation. Not confined to the chartered routes and schedules followed by commercial air lines, our planes may deviate to any airway, utilize any airfield available.

Members of the Force may call upon the Aviation Section when duty urgently demands a speedy shift from one locale to another, for it offers comfort, safety and dependability, and there is no delay, no waiting for reservations. Not long ago one of the Force's laboratory experts at Ottawa boarded a police plane at 7 a.m., proceeded to Saint John, N.B., gave evidence in Court and was back in Ottawa at 8 o'clock that evening. Normally such a journey would take three days and three nights.

And air travel is the thing today, even for prisoners. In the West an escort taking a prisoner from Calgary, Alta., to the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Sask., can accomplish the round journey in a single day—a four-day tiresome trip is now a pleasant inter-



The two R.C.M.P. Aviation Section Beechcraft and the Grumman Goose at the Force's hangar, Rockcliffe, Ont.

lude. Last spring four prisoners were taken to the same penitentiary from Lethbridge, Alta., by the Norseman whose pilot happened to be passing through that city and notified the local detachment. Prisoners invariably are never in a hurry but they seem to favour this up-to-the-minute mode of transportation even though it shortens their breather before incarceration. Not only does the utilization of aeroplanes for this duty save train fares but it cuts down on the time the escorts are away from other ever-recurring detachment responsibilities.

Air patrols are of distinct advantage in various phases of enforcing the Migratory Birds Convention Act. This was convincingly demonstrated a year ago when the N.C.O. in charge of R.C.M.P. Vanderhoof, B.C., Detachment, on behalf of the National Parks Bureau, Federal Department of Mines and Resources, conducted an aerial reconnaissance of Tweedsmuir Park in the Pacific coast province. The park is the only known wintering grounds of the trumpeter swan, a nearly extinct species of waterfowl, and in a single afternoon the patrol covered the entire area including various points that had proved inaccessible to an arduous ten-day foot patrol the previous year. Observations from the aeroplane resulted in the most dependable and accurate census yet taken of the population of this rare bird in that habitat.

Border patrol work has always been a difficult problem in the Rainy River district, but the illegal operations of poachers and furtive Nimrods there were disrupted to a large extent when the Grumman Goose appeared on the scene in the autumn of 1946. Based at Fort Frances, Ont., the amphibian was used to patrol the Quetico Park and Lake of the Woods border area to prevent breaches of the regulations, and from it a constable is enabled to exercise vigil over hundreds of miles of territory. Due to this time-saving practical method of surveillance, during the past two years out-of-season hunting and fishing has been brought virtually to a standstill in that district.

Northward, detachments once considered months from civilization are now but a few hours distant, and occasionally fresh vegetables and fresh eggs are taken along on routine patrols to relieve the desiccated diet of Force members.

On February 18 this year a gravely-ill constable was flown the 1,600 air miles from the Force's outpost at Norman Wells, N.W.T., to Edmonton for medical attention. With a relief constable to replace the stricken man and with its regular crew of a sergeant and a special constable, the Norseman had left Edmonton February 13 but was grounded nearly three days at Yellowknife by bad weather and didn't reach its objective until early on the 16th. Upon its arrival the ambulance plane



R.C.M.P. Aviation Section Grumman Goose, CF-MPG.

took off almost immediately on its southward emergency flight, and after being continually harassed by heavy snows and high winds finally won its valiant struggle against the elements. A little over a quarter a century ago, as the Force's records attest, such a situation usually meant death for the victim.

Preventive patrols, tours of inspection, photography, searches, and mercy flights are all within the scope of the Aviation Section. Where sizable areas are involved in an investigation, particularly in cases of disaster, aerial photography can be of great value by supplementing detailed ground photos and providing an overall picture of any scene of action.

But plane travel has been introduced into actual investigations as well. While coordination of aircraft in this regard over the vast spaces of the prairies has but begun, the possibilities behind the aeroplane's effectiveness in the rapid movement of dogs, in searches, and in maintaining directive liaison with ground patrols and so on, opens up a new field in the fight to defeat organized crime,

especially when radio³ communication with patrol cars is realized.

In mid-September of 1946, a member of the Force was conveyed from Regina to the scene of a bank robbery at Nipawin—a small settlement on the edge of Saskatchewan's north-eastern bush land—, a distance of 400 miles in a few hours, including a stop-over at a subdivision headquarters. In a well-planned raid, three masked gunmen had locked up the bank staff, scooped up some \$40,000-odd in cash, and fled. The same afternoon and the next day CF-MPI made a rapid search of the outlying almost inaccessible country and conveyed members of the Force to and from the locale of the crime with vital information. By so doing much valuable time was saved in attending to preliminaries that might have bogged down the investigation for days. A considerable amount of the loot was recovered, and the desperate trio are now undergoing ten-year penitentiary terms.

Another case in which aircraft joined forces with ground patrols to apprehend bank robbers occurred three months before the Nipawin robbery. On that oc-

³See *Radio in the Force*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 222, for the story of the expansive radio system that girds R.C.M.P. detachments.

casation the Provincial Bank of Canada at Tecumseh, Ont., had been robbed of \$13,000 cash and \$900 in bonds, and while police forces from both sides of the border, augmented by river patrols, concentrated on a tiny wooded island in Lake St. Clair planes zoomed over the tree tops until finally the fugitives were ferreted out and trapped at its west end.

More recently CF-MPI was used to rush a police service dog and his handler to the scene of a safe blowing, thus saving much precious time so important in cases where police service dogs are brought into use⁴. The canine detective safely delivered, the plane took to its wings again and searched the area from above, thereby precluding the necessity of a tedious, long-drawn-out ground patrol.

When heavy snow-falls come along or when an emergency arises, the aeroplane comes into its own and in the hands of our experienced pilots meets the need at once. This is especially true where the communities concerned are remote from highways or lake routes. In January, 1948, summons to witnesses were delivered from Regina in the ski-equipped Stinson and served in the Dilke, Sask., area within an hour, eliminating a trip of several days by road in deep snow.

Again, a little over a year ago, an R.C.M.P. ballistics expert flew to London, Ont., from Ottawa, testified at the

⁴Police aircraft CF-MPJ was similarly employed in conveying a police service dog and his handler along with the coordinating officer in *R. v. Frank*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 204.

preliminary hearing of a murder, and that afternoon gave evidence in a Guelph, Ont., Court. A month or so later, a corporal from the Finger-print Section, R.C.M.P. Identification Branch, Ottawa, was flown to Summerside, P.E.I., in an R.C.M.P. plane to testify in Court there.

In Saskatchewan about the middle of July last summer an aircraft cooperated with radio and a police service dog to return a pair of escaped criminals to legal custody⁵. Similarly, a year ago the aeroplane was used by R.C.M.P. and Ontario Provincial Police to answer a rush call to Grassy Narrows, Ont., and assist in apprehending a dangerous criminal who shortly before had escaped from the provincial gaol.

Yes, in many phases of police work the aeroplane has already proved its efficiency. Cases like the ones mentioned could be cited endlessly, but sufficient have been enumerated to illustrate the variety of ways in which the aviation section cooperates within the Force.

Some idea of time saved may be gained from the logs for January, 1948, of the two aircraft in "F" Division (Saskatchewan), the total flying time being less than 37 hours: Regina to Prince Albert to Saskatoon — conveying prisoners, matron and police personnel; Regina to Prince Albert to Swift Current to Regina — conveying prisoner and escort; Regina to Montmartre and return—conveying police personnel; Regina to Moosomin to Saskatoon — conveying

⁵See *R. v. Cheney and Sweetman*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 202. Also see *R. v. Ranger et al*, 13 R.C.M.P.Q. 296.

Loading Norseman CF-MPF at Cooking Lake, Alta., for a Northern flight in 1946.





Future detachment transport? Not too fantastic a dream—some are being used commercially today.

prisoner and escort; Saskatoon to Lancer to Cabri to Swift Current to Regina—conveying police personnel, prisoners and escort; Regina and district to Milestone to Gray—conveying police personnel; Regina to Yorkton to Rose Valley to Kelvington to Wadena to Yorkton—conveying police personnel; Yorkton to Regina to Wood Mountain to Regina—conveying police personnel; Regina to Yorkton to Punnichy to Yorkton—conveying police personnel, and Yorkton to Ituna to Balcarres to Esterhazy to Yorkton to Regina—conveying police personnel.

* * *

NEARLY every invention and discovery man has made in the past century has contracted the earth, and the aeroplane and the radio have leaped across frontiers that a few short years ago spelt isolation, loneliness and hardship for the R.C.M.P. In a sense the recent closing of the sub-division at Weyburn, Sask., and the absorption of its detachments into adjacent sub-divisions may be attributed to these developments. Such changes are bound in time to reduce personnel requirements to a minimum and no doubt, depending upon the accessibility of roads, others are in the offing.

In establishing the Aviation Section, the Force was merely following its tradition for preparedness. What lies in

store, no one can say with certainty. It seems safe at any rate to predict that in the none-too-distant future the helicopter will be brought into play to push the long arm of the law still further into the labyrinths of criminal activity. Because of its ability to land and take off vertically, as well as to hover and drop food parcels or medical supplies with extreme accuracy, this marvellous machine must figure in future plans. It is unexcelled for rescue work and mercy flights, is particularly adaptable to such police duties as effecting some arrests or conducting certain preventive-service searches, and we note from foreign police journals that consideration is being given to employing it for traffic control in congested areas where a bird's-eye view may facilitate better judgment and more forthright action.

What a boon to the busy police executive who may be required miles away, say to inspect the passing out of the latest recruits' squad, and must be back in his office within the hour! With the passing of time the importance of helicopters in police duties becomes more evident, and perhaps some day they will be standard equipment in every division of the Force.

Meanwhile the R.C.M.P., realizing that in a country as vast as Canada, a police air arm was necessary, is now prepared to use the airways in the cause of justice.

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The Highway to Alaska

BY Ex-Inspr. W. C. GRENNAN

The Alaska Highway, that great link of transport and communication between interior North America and Alaska, has recently been thrown open to normal pleasure and tourist travel. A colossal road-building feat, it is uniquely allied to the Force which today patrols its length in Canada.



Now in its sixth year the Alaska Highway is no longer aloof to tourists. The permits which were necessary this time last year are a thing of the past, travelling restrictions have been lifted and the road is open. But it is well to remember that this same road, like any other long road lacking adequate auto-repair and other conveniences, can be a "booby trap" to the unwary; it can be rugged and grim and unrelenting.

When the United States Army built it, all they wanted was an all-weather two-lane track suitable for transport trucks. A thoroughfare 24 feet wide

most of the way with gravelled surface, it was originally constructed for military purposes but has since been improved for regular traffic. Much of it is through spruce forest and over boggy moss-covered soil that sprouts wild flowers of amazing richness and variety. It touches streams that teem with Arctic grayling, whitefish and trout, and it beckons with the finger of adventure.

All in all, the Alaska Highway is an enigma of contradictions, blending scenic splendour with barren drabness, definitely fascinating for certain types of travellers yet not to be taken lightly



(National Film Board Photo)

as one would a short trip to a holiday resort.

* * *

THE road is kept open and maintained the year round by the Northwest Highway System (Canadian Army). There are wayside depots in greater number than when travelling restrictions were in force yet they are hardly sufficient to provide all the comforts of ordinary tourist travel. Along the road in the Yukon the Canadian Government has established public camp sites with cooking and dining shelters equipped with stoves and tables, but these are intended only for those who carry

their own food and supplies.

Anyone contemplating the trip should get the facts and think them over before starting out. Early this year a number of people who began with insufficient money were stranded in Whitehorse and other points along the route's uncharitable length. You're on your own all the way, so you don't just say casually to the family you think it would be nice to set out day after tomorrow on a motor trip over the Alaska Highway; you don't just check the tires, get a grease job, fill 'er up and depart. There's much more to it than that. The journey can be austere and difficult, and for one

thing, advance arrangements for living accommodation should be made. There are weeks of preparation, if you want to have a successful trip.

On approach roads to the highway's southern extremity, ferries take the traveller across some of the larger rivers. In spring when the ice in the rivers and streams is breaking up, or in autumn when it is forming, is a poor time to travel. Also, don't be surprised if travelling restrictions are imposed on short notice; floods, washouts and damaged bridges, land-slides and so on might and do make that imperative.

It's true permits are no longer required, but that does not mean the Alaska Highway has suddenly been freed of all hazards. It hasn't, naturally can never be any more than any other road through similar terrain can, and ill-equipped parties are well advised against attempting the arduous trip.

The 1,523-mile route begins at Dawson Creek, B.C., almost on the Alberta-British Columbia boundary, runs north through farm-dotted prairie land to Fort St. John and on up to Fort Nelson, then sharply westward to the rolling foothills before entering the Rockies at elevations up to 4,200 feet above sea level. West of Summit Pass there is a drop to Muncho Lake, one of the prettiest in Northern B.C.; here the course continues north-westward to the Liard river which it crosses at mile 495. The Liard is followed along its benches to the southern boundary of Yukon Territory, then a few miles south of Watson Lake the road crosses over. Veering westward again it recrosses the Liard and plunges into the Cassiar Mountains, penetrating the divide between the watersheds of the Liard and Yukon rivers.

From this level it descends to Teslin Lake whose waters it skirts to their outlet, the Teslin river, turns westward once more and bridges the Teslin and Lewes rivers, thence on to Whitehorse at mile 918. From there it continues west

through Takhini, Dezadeash and Shakwak valleys to the charm of magnificent Kluane Lake in the shadows of St. Elias Mountain range, Canada's highest rampart. After hugging the shores of Kluane Lake the road swings north-west, crosses the Alaska boundary at mile 1,221.4 and winds down the Tanana river valley to Fairbanks, mile 1,523.

The scenery varies widely. As the forests begin to encroach on the fields and pastures the farms fade out and the plains wrinkle up into hills. Upon ascending the Continental Divide the road plunges into dense woods and, twisting through valleys and canyons darkened by gaunt mountain peaks, follows Nature's path which is delineated by countless narrow creeks and deep ravines.

This road like the post roads of old has milestones, only they're wooden posts a mile apart and about five or six feet high with their upper ends flattened on two sides to provide for the stencilling on of the number of miles from the road's southern tip. Anyone camped on the Alaska-Yukon boundary would be between mile 1221 and 1222. That's how one identifies one's location. "Curve", "Narrow Bridge", "Slow" and other road signs also occasionally break the road-side monotony.

* * *

OF course most of us know that the road was built as a result of Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbour and her subsequent occupation of the Aleutian Islands and threat of submarine war in the Pacific. At the time it seemed clear to strategists that Japan planned to isolate Alaska by ruining the inside sea passage, those navigable waters along the Pacific coast that join the railhead of Prince Rupert with the northern port of Skagway on Lynn Canal. In the circumstances it was imperative to both Canada and the United States that Alaska, important bastion of the Americas, be strengthened, and to do this a back door into it had to be opened. The United States and Canadian governments acted

with vision and promptness, and in short order the United States War Department was accorded authority to proceed with the job in Canadian territory.

The purpose of the road was to service the Northwest Staging Route chain of airfields from Alberta to Alaska, that is to transport the men, supplies and shelter material necessary to develop and maintain airports, also to provide land access to the North-west. The surveyors were less concerned about scenery in their mapping than they were about getting the job done quickly, yet much of the route is through a paradise of bucolic splendour.

The airports developed were at Edmonton, Grande Prairie, Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Northway and Fairbanks, with emergency landing fields at Beatton, Smith River, Teslin, Aishihik and Snag. In addition there were eight U.S. flight strips including Dawson Creek, Sikinni Chief, Liard River, Pine Lake, Squanga Lake, Pon Lake and Burwash. From their inception the main airfields have been operated by the R.C.A.F. while during the war the United States Army Air Corps maintained the stations and supplied most of the mechanical service.

The birth and growth of the airway system is quite a story in itself. The first recorded flight from the United States to Alaska was made in 1920 and the first into the Upper Liard valley, in so far as the records reveal, was a summer flight in 1925. From that date on the development of the air route east of the Rockies via Liard valley was gradual, pioneered by bush pilots and private enterprise. Eventually the need for, and the advantage of, flying services in those inaccessible districts led to the establishment of regular passenger, freight and finally mail service.

In 1934 a young Edmonton pilot made a flight through to the Yukon via Jasper, Prince George, and Dease Lake, in British Columbia, Teslin and Carcross, thus instituting an alternative route. The

Post-office Department of Canada was very active along these lines, realizing the benefits to be derived from the shortest and easiest route into the Yukon, and in 1935 a survey was authorized. Completed that September the survey established that the route via Fort Nelson and Lower Post was not only shorter but the climate and terrain were more favourable. In 1937 a contract was let for weekly airmail service between Edmonton and Whitehorse via Fort St. John, Fort Nelson and Watson Lake. This service increased to twice a week by 1940 and to a daily delivery in 1942.

The necessity of constructing modern airways was already apparent before 1939, then as war clouds gathered, and with Alaska an important bastion to both countries, additional and more efficient means of transportation became essential.

The construction of airports and radio range stations at Grande Prairie and Fort St. John presented no special difficulties, but the situation was different at Fort Nelson and Watson Lake. Getting men and equipment into remote bush country where the large scale operations were to take place was a big problem. In the Whitehorse district a natural airport site above the town was acquired and brought up to standard airport specifications.

By mid-year of 1941 the work at these various points was well under way, and that September the airway was usable in fine weather and during daylight. At the close of the year the radio range was in operation so that when United States entered the war in December, Canada was able to provide that country with the use of an airway with good airports remote from the Pacific Coast and shielded by the mountains from the danger of enemy attack, also radio range at 200-mile intervals all the way from Edmonton to the Alaska boundary. Without these facilities the Alaska Highway would not have been built in the incredibly short time it was. On the

other hand the opening of the highway greatly facilitated the completion of the airway and makes its future maintenance comparatively simple. It is to be noted that the development of the airway in Canada from Edmonton northward was solely financed by Canada.

In the early stages of the Alaska Highway program, it was realized that oil, the life-blood of air traffic, would have to be delivered in enormous quantities. It was obtainable on the Mackenzie river at Norman Wells. No. 1 discovery well was drilled in 1920 by a subsidiary of the Imperial Oil Company of Canada, and a small refinery subsequently erected there was enlarged as the local demands for gasoline increased. On June 27, 1942, the United States sought permission of the Canadian Government to build a pipe-line from Norman Wells to Whitehorse, also to drill additional wells in these Canadian oil fields and construct a refinery at Whitehorse. The request was granted and thus the project Canol came into being. In a comparatively short time crude petroleum was being pumped the 600 miles to Whitehorse, another marvel of engineering that grew out of the Alaska Highway. Oil produc-

tion of the Norman Wells field during the life of Canol was 1,858,447 barrels.

A second offspring of the highway was the Cantel project, a telegraph and telephone system that parallels the road to supply weather reports and other information.

When hostilities ceased the refinery at Whitehorse was closed down, after about only nine months of operation, sold to the Imperial Oil Company and is presently being put to use in the Edmonton area where it was re-erected. The Canol pipe-line and pumping stations are now in process of being dismantled and shipped to the Outside.

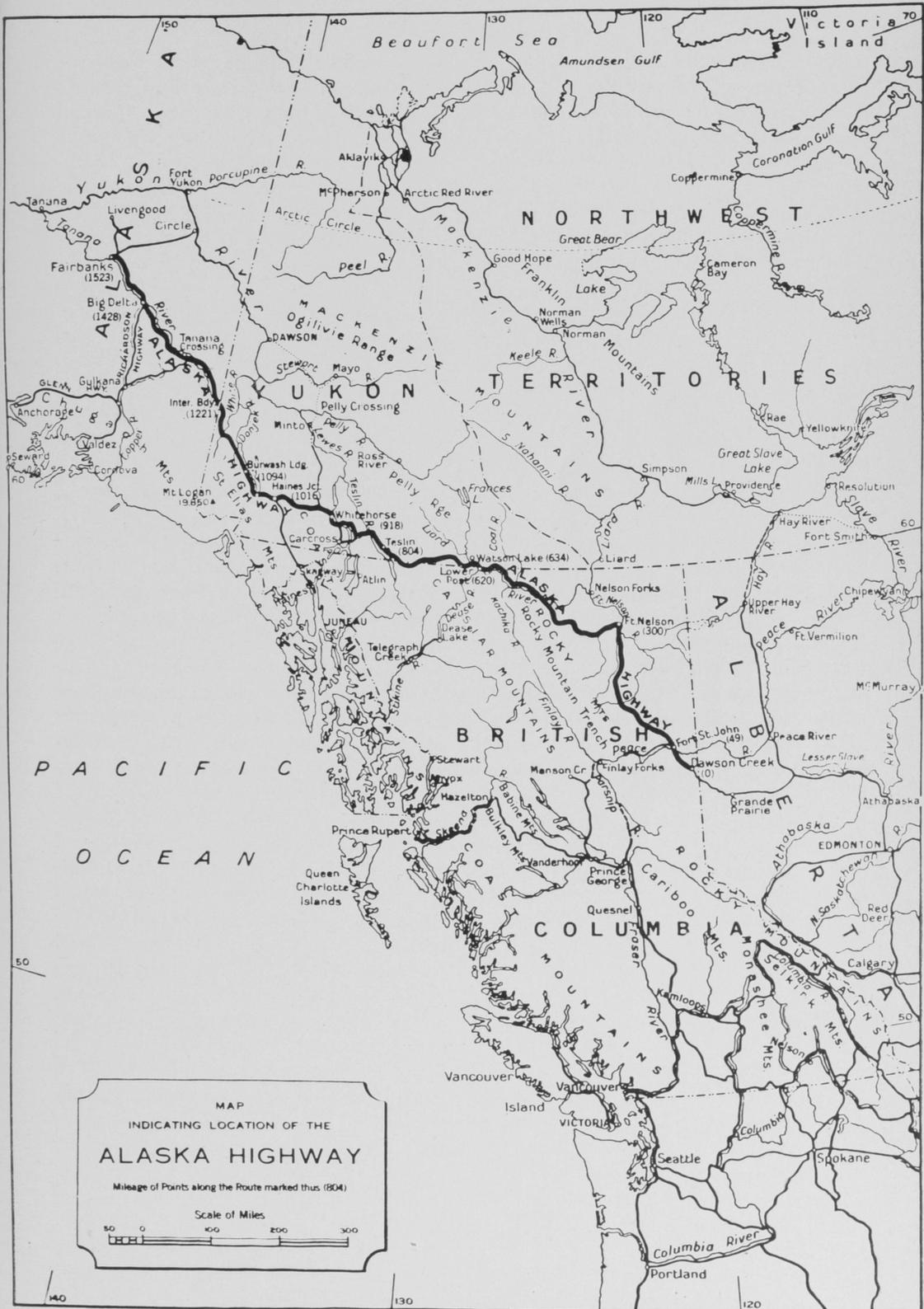
The experiences of Whitehorse before, during and after, vividly portray the effects of a sudden boom in any community and curiously suggest a throw-back from half a century ago. Before the war the town's population was 300 in winter and about 450 in summer, and this surged to an all-time high of 10,000 at the peak of activity.

Mutual help was notable from the beginning when Canadian organizations, already well established, cooperated in every way with the incoming United States forces which in turn more than



(National Film Board Photo)

A barge, loaded with frames for bunk houses and gas-drum-filled trucks, being pulled away from the dock at Fort Smith, N.W.T., and bound for the Norman Wells' end of Canol further along the Mackenzie river.



(Official Map by courtesy Federal Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.)

fully reciprocated. Those who were part of the whole venture will recall fondly the cordial spirit of comradeship that prevailed, the complete understanding in the fulfilment of a common purpose. Innumerable official problems were smoothed out in goodwill, and in discharging their duties the R.C.M.P. displayed a traditional tact and cheerfulness that contributed greatly to the happy relationship.

Countless human interest and humorous incidents helped cement the general happy feeling. There was for example, the time when one of several American soldiers shaking dice on the wooden side-walk of Whitehorse's main street hailed the Mounted Policeman on foot patrol with a hearty "Mornin', General", just as the constable came up and good-humouredly broke up the gathering. And there was the Negro warrior at Carcross, Y.T., who when asked by an R.C.M.P. member one morning if he were cold, huddled deeper in his fleeced-lined overcoat and fur-lined cap and replied: "Lor' massa, this is not like Virginia". Though they gave a good account of themselves the coloured troops didn't take too kindly to the biting cold.

The road builders have come and gone leaving behind the gravel-topped scar of their passing, and today's Whitehorse is less than a tenth its construction-day size. Like Whitehorse, Dawson Creek which is 495-odd miles by train and 475-odd miles by car from Edmonton saw an influx of people that changed this terminus of the Northern Alberta Railways from a quiet village into a bustling, hustling shanty town of many thousands. These two centres were the first and main points of concentrated activity, both from the standpoints of men and materials—Dawson Creek the starting point and Whitehorse well past the halfway mark.

* * *

CONSTRUCTION began in March, 1942, when approximately three regiments of U.S. Army engineers and hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars worth of modern equipment filtered into Dawson Creek, one of the regiments going ahead to Fort Nelson. About the same time three other regiments arrived in Whitehorse to start work at that end, while still another began in Alaska, thus making seven regiments in all. The survey had been done mostly by aerial photography and the work was split up into segments: Fort St. John to Fort Nelson, from there to Lower Post on the Liard river, Teslin to Lower Post, Whitehorse to Teslin and in the other direction to near the Yukon-Alaska boundary, and from Fairbanks to inside the Yukon Territory.

The road cuts through part of the principal trail used in the gold-rush days, and the famed narrow-gauge White Pass and Yukon Railway, built in 1898-1900 to carry the stampedees into the gold-fields, was utilized to take supplies into Whitehorse from the coast port of Skagway 110 miles away. Conquering bulldozers brooked no obstacles, uprooted trees and forged ahead over almost impassable ground where under surface-vegetation and numerous pools of stagnant water reposed a black mucky silt peculiar to the North. Scrubby timber, muskeg and gumbo had to be cleared before the surface could be topped with gravel, which fortunately after the initial 400 miles was plentiful in available glacier deposits, and when the required level was reached this topping material was rolled and packed into a roadbed. Flies and mosquitoes were a common enemy and frequently the dust was so thick the truck drivers had to wear masks. The cutting of this swath out of the virgin wilderness was the biggest undertaking the United States had tackled since digging the Panama Canal.

The bridges and their construction merit special mention. There are literally hundreds of them, big and small, some of wood and some of steel. Steel was necessary so great is the water pressure at certain times of the year.



Above: At Soldiers' Summit on Nov. 20, 1942, when representatives of two nations formally opened the Alaska Highway for military traffic.

Below: Marking the fulfilment of a tremendous engineering feat, the first truck to travel the highway from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks after conclusion of the opening ceremony.



There is the fine steel span of 2,130 feet over the Peace river near Fort St. John. A replica of the Lion's Gate suspension bridge in Vancouver, B.C., it ranks among the great bridges of the continent. There are also the elongated trestles which extend well beyond the normal shore line to allow for additional waters during spring thaws when mountain torrents convert shallow streams into rampaging floods. Most of the bridges have a sign at each end giving the name of the stream below.

In nine months the military life-line was completed. On November 20 at Soldiers' Summit overlooking beautiful Kluane Lake, a small but colourful ceremony marked the formal joint opening of the road by Canadian and American officials. In 30-below zero weather, members of the R.C.M.P. in red serge faced United States troops in khaki on either side of the narrow red-white-and-blue satin tape, solemnly aware of the prodigiousness of the task just finished. When the ribbon was cut a convoy of trucks from Dawson Creek continued on to Fairbanks, the first to travel the highway from end to end.

In 1943 the road was developed into a military highway with the aid of civilian contractors and at the peak of the work more than 6,000 civilians in addition to the United States Army personnel were employed on it.

That, in short is the Alaska Highway. No force other than the hundreds of bulldozers could have accomplished the work in such record time, but this monument to international goodwill rests on the heart throb of the average American G.I. who was the backbone of the Army Engineering Corps.

* * *

THOUGH the tale of the Alaska Highway has been told many times the history of the route it takes is unfamiliar to many. Less generally known is the role played by the Mounted Police in the early days, and of course there was the inevitable frontiersman,

the trader and the trapper who since the turn of the century have haunted the territory the road penetrates. The development of a land route linking the Yukon Territory and Alaska with Canada's provinces is no new conception. Canadian authorities for many years considered it, in fact took definite action, and those earliest attempts are well known to old-timers of the Force.

Lured by the magnet of the Yukon's Eldorado many prospecting parties in the first wild stampede to the Klondike had tried to reach Dawson by travelling overland from Edmonton. Few had succeeded in getting far, and death and disaster had stalked them all. Nevertheless Ottawa was in sympathy with the idea of an all-Canadian route to the Yukon, and it looked to the North West Mounted Police to find it.

Commr. L. W. Herchmer assigned the task to Insp. J. D. Moodie by this order dated Aug. 27, 1897:

"You have been selected to command a small party about to leave Edmonton for the head waters of the Pelly river, the object being to collect exhaustive information on the best road to take for parties going into the Yukon by that route, and with this object in view you must map out the route and carefully mark the portions over which a trail can be made without expense, and the portions that require corduroying, grading or ditching, stating whether the work would be great or small. The portions of the road that cannot be made practicable for wagons, except at enormous expense, must be reported on as practicable or otherwise for pack trains, driving cattle over, etc., etc.

You must report on all creeks and rivers that require bridges or ferries, their width, approaches, and all along the route you must note the supply of fuel, feed and hay. You will also report on favourable sites for depots of provisions to be placed, either by public or private enterprises. In fact, you will be expected on return to supply such reliable information that a party leaving Edmonton will know exactly what they must expect at all points en route. . . ."

Moodie hastily gathered together a party made up of Reg. No. 2218 Cst. F. J. Fitzgerald (who as a commissioned officer in 1911 perished in the famous lost patrol from Fort McPherson, N.W.T., to Dawson), S/Csts. R. Hardisty, F. Lafferty, and H. S. Tobin, a half-breed interpreter and an Indian guide, and on Sept. 4, 1897, with 24 pack horses and six saddle horses embarked from Edmonton on his imposing mission.

For over a year the pathfinders were swallowed up in the untrodden wilderness. To be kept "until the last resource", as the Commissioner worded it, in case it may prove the means of getting to his destination, Moodie took 100 pounds of pemmican with him, and his diary entry for Nov. 12, 1897, infers that the "last resource" apparently was not long in coming:

"Shot blind mare to feed dogs and to make dried meat for them. No fish here. The 100 pounds dried meat from Regina was fed on the way up. No dried moose to be had. Heavy snow storm".

From this subsequent entry it is perhaps possible to surmise better some of the hardships endured:

"The guide missed the trail among burnt and downed timber and I regret to say lost himself. We hunted for him four days but no trace could be got. I am of the opinion he went crazy".

Before the close of that year three other patrols were sent into the North on routine police duties, including the delivery and picking up of Her Majesty's mail, and at the same time to inquire about Moodie. One of the patrols learned that Moodie had driven past Fort St. John into the unknown.

While the intrepid trail blazers hacked through seemingly endless miles of fallen timber and marked the way for future travellers they were plagued by deep snow, forest fires, flies and other insects, privation and personal illness; some of their horses, turned loose to graze as their only means of feeding, went hope-

lessly astray or died of eating poisonous herbs.

Winter melted into spring, then summer and another winter closed in, but finally on Oct. 24, 1898, the valiant little party stumbled dazedly into Fort Selkirk. By the first of that month they had fought through to the Yukon river and started down stream in a canvas canoe, purchased from a chance-met prospector. Much of their food was lost when this craft was wrecked in the rapids. Rocks and floating ice punctured another canoe similarly acquired and the men had to make a perilous cross-country dash in sub-zero weather to reach their destination.

In the shadowy 13 months of their absence they faced extreme danger, almost insurmountable obstacles. However, the trail was established only to moulder and lie forgotten, and the sub-Arctic jungle soon effaced it.

Seven years later it was decided that a pack trail should be built along much the same route in such a way that "at some future time it may be made into a wagon trail". The task, given to the Royal North-west Mounted Police (the prefix was an honour granted by the King in 1904) to accomplish, devolved upon Supt. C. Constantine who in 1895 had headed the first Mounted Police detachment to go to the Yukon. The party for this new venture included Insp. J. Richards, six N.C.O.'s, 22 constables and two special constables. With 60 horses it set out from Fort Saskatchewan on Mar. 17, 1905.

The plan was to construct a road over the first and most difficult 750 miles stretch mainly following Moodie's old Peace-Yukon route from Fort St. John, over the mountain to Teslin Lake and the Yukon river. A space eight feet wide was to be cut, bogs and marshes were to be corduroyed and streams bridged. Rest houses were to be erected at 30-mile intervals, or convenient camping distances apart, and the whole route had to



Cordial relations always existed between the Force and the United States Army in the early days too; here we see members of the 3rd U.S. Infantry Band as guests of "H" Division, R.N.W.M.P., at Whitehorse, Y.T., on May 27, 1905, when the Alaska Highway was yet but a dream.

be so clearly defined that any traveller without a guide could follow it.

The convoy reached Fort St. John, the starting point, on June 1, 1905, and construction began 15 days later. With ringing axes hewing obediently to the line the orders had decreed, by September 15, when snow forced suspension of operations and the men went into winter quarters, 94 miles of bridging unfordable streams, grading steep banks and clearing away windfalls lay behind them. It had been exhausting work getting through the massive barricades of vegetation, over the mountain passes into the valleys and across the innumerable marshes and streams. But the winter was no rest period, for the dreary months before the grind resumed were taken up in bringing forward supplies and repairing damaged gear.

Next season 134 miles were added as the contingent reached a point 20 miles west of Fort Graham just in time to

rescue the Hudson's Bay Company factor there from the wrath of turbulent Indians. The year after that the work continued under Inspr. E. J. Camies and by autumn a total of 357 miles of road had been built before the toil-worn men lay aside their axes on the banks of the Stikine for another winter. Hardship, toil, courage and determination were behind the achievement. Some of the construction crew cracked physically under the strain but at no time did the indomitable spirit of any give way.

The next season before work commenced and with the goal almost in sight the Federal Government announced that it was unable to reach an agreement with British Columbia in the sharing of the costs and the Force accordingly was instructed to discontinue the work. Three years of back-breaking strain, of sweat and colossal endurance thus abruptly ended and once again Canada's back door to the Yukon was flung shut

—forgotten, an uncompleted enterprise destined to be overrun with weeds and brush and forest. The 30-miles rest houses fell in; fire and frost, land-slides and floods wore away the graded sections and the unused bridges as the right of way disappeared into the oblivion from which it had been wrested.

* * *

ON Apr. 1, 1946, six months after the war ended, the Alaska Highway under the terms of the agreement governing its construction was turned over to Canada. The United States Army troops left, and the maintaining

and improving of the highway became the responsibility of the Department of National Defence for Canada while matters arising out of its operation came under the Department of Mines and Resources. The Joint Traffic Control Board, formed in June of 1943 to govern civilian traffic, dropped its international aspect, and its functions were taken over by the Special Commissioner for Defence Projects in North-west Canada.

At the start of Canada's proprietorship it was realized at once that some sort of control system regarding traffic would have to be continued. Under the new

**Inspection for roadworthiness of a car about to enter the
Alaska Highway last summer.**

(National Film Board Photo)



arrangement the R.C.M.P. at Whitehorse issued permits to travel on the highway, and on Mar. 14, 1947, when the Special Commissioner's office at Edmonton closed down took over these duties at that point as well. It was a logical move, for the Force all along had been policing the road in other respects and handling the traffic at nearly all points. With the spring break-up the Surveys and Engineering Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources sent out bulletins to the R.C.M.P. at Edmonton telling of road conditions, improvements in accommodation and so forth.

Ordinary rules of police jurisdiction apply on the highway with the Force patrolling its entire length in Canada and individually investigating all offences and complaints in the Yukon. Our Watson Lake, Y.T., Detachment patrols from Fort Nelson north toward Teslin; other detachments at Teslin, Whitehorse and Haines Junction perform the same duty in their area; in addition five civilian foremen of the Northwest Highway System's camps are duly appointed R.C.M.P. supernumery special constables and assist where possible, particularly in the detection and arrest of thieves. Occasionally the mark of human vandalism has shown in missing fixtures and property.

GREEN LIGHT: Right—From Gallup, New Mexico, U.S.A., this house on wheels was considered suitable for the type of travelling encountered on the highway at the time restrictions were in force. (Photo courtesy William Kensit, Edmonton.) **Left**—A jeep and three ex-U.S. Navy men, prospective homesteaders, who were given a permit to travel the highway last summer.

Lack of accommodation and of roadside facilities, eating places, service stations and so on made it imperative to protect the imprudent traveller from himself and accordingly restrictions were imposed pending the time when conditions would be improved. No permits were issued for pleasure travelling and no person other than members of the U.S. and Canadian Armed Forces on duty, highway maintenance personnel, telegraph-line and bus travellers could travel the highway without a permit.

Applicants were screened by the R.C.M.P. from the Edmonton office, though the final check for roadworthiness took place at the traffic control gate, Blueberry, 101 miles north of Dawson Creek on the highway. Among those eligible for permits were prospectors, properly organized hunting parties with licensed guides, residents and prospective residents going to their homes, and others with actual business on the highway. Last summer numerous big-game hunters who had arranged for the services of guides living along the way were granted permits. The regulations stipulated that each car must have two spare tires and tubes, tire repair kit, tire chains, tire pump, tire gauge, jack, car tools, tow rope or cable, axe and shovel, first aid kit, spare spark plugs, fan belt,





RED LIGHT: *Top*—One conveyance stopped at Edmonton by the R.C.M.P. as not roadworthy, when restrictive measures were in force. *Right*—A three-wheeled, one-cylinder scooter for which a permit was refused in August, 1947, as it was not regarded as a proper vehicle for the long overland trip to Alaska. (Photo Edmonton *Bulletin*.)



distributor coil and points, condenser, light fuses, fuel pump kit, brake fluid and generator brushes.

Nobody got a permit merely for the asking or because he had an automobile. Each applicant had to make a personal appearance at Edmonton with a camping outfit, adequate supplies and food, gas, oil and spare parts, and be able to effect repairs if necessary. Besides that he had to have at least \$200 in cash for emergencies. All were warned that they were undertaking the trip at their own risk, that they could expect no assistance whatever from the maintenance camps. When his vehicle was inspected and checked the traveller was given the latest news on road conditions.

Motor cars from every state in the Union rolled through the streets of Edmonton; one couple intending to settle in Alaska came all the way from the Panama Canal zone. And there were all kinds, shapes and sizes of vehicles—some ancient, some brand new; one of the oldest jalopies to make the trip was a 1921 T-model Ford. Similar conditions of course exist today.

One man, a Texan, wanted to venture forth on a three-wheeled scooter. That was in August, 1947, and perhaps fortunately for him the restrictions were in force at the time. A young lady and

her husband around the beginning of July were incredulous about the fine weather and expressed sheer astonishment when told there probably would be months more of the same before winter set in. "I'm so glad to know that", the woman exclaimed delightedly. "My friends back home tried to persuade me not to come here, said Canada and Alaska were frozen wastelands the year round." Perhaps the opening up of the highway will help rid our good neighbours across the border of many of the fantastic notions some of them undoubtedly harbour concerning us. It would take a book to tell of all the amusing things that happened, the various reasons why people want to travel this frontier road; but one purpose that stands out as particularly odd was a desire "to study frozen elephants".

In July last summer permits for 587 vehicles and 1,514 persons were issued. The next month's total dropped to 458 vehicles and 1,229 persons—an indication of approaching autumn, no doubt. The 1947 figures almost doubled those of 1946 which in turn showed an increase of 350 per cent over 1945.

The policy all along was to relax the controls as soon as practicable and to inconvenience travellers as little as possible. Today, as accommodations have



(National Film Board Photo)

Bound for Alaska over the Alaska Highway.

increased considerably the highway is open to the general public with no restrictions, a situation which has existed since mid-February of this year when the permit system was abolished.

With the lifting of the travel ban there seemed no reason to continue the R.C.M.P. detachment at Blueberry, and on March 6 of this year it was closed. Many people will remember this little outpost 50 miles north of Fort St. John from which members of the Force patrolled the road from Dawson Creek to Fort Nelson. It was just another incident in the history of the Mounted Police, created to serve a purpose and when need of that service disappeared, it slipped quietly into the past as countless other detachments have before it.

* * *

AND now to get a little more up to date on present-day conditions. Specific information regarding approach roads in Alberta and the capacities of bridges and ferries may be obtained by writing the Director, Provincial Publicity and Travel Bureau, Edmonton.

Approximate distances from ports of entry into Canada to Dawson Creek are: Kingsgate, B.C., via Cranbrook, B.C., Macleod and Calgary in Alberta, 994 miles; Coutts, Alta., 870 miles. Travel is perfectly feasible for well-equipped motorists. Trailers and cabin trailers are permissible, but watch out here; cabin

trailers can become an awful drag and cause extreme difficulty on some of the longer grades.

Dogs and other pets must be vouched for by a licensed veterinarian as free from symptoms of contagious disease, that they have not been exposed to rabies within a period of six months, and that they have been vaccinated. Rifles and shotguns can be brought into Canada, also 50 rounds of ammunition duty free, but the weapons must be registered immediately with the police; semi-automatic or automatic arms (pistols and revolvers)—no, though ordinary single-shot revolvers are admitted under special permit previously obtained.

Personal belongings, settlers' effects, sporting and camping equipment, radios, musical instruments, cameras with not more than six rolls of film, typewriters for personal use, 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes, two pounds of tobacco, a day or two's food supply, enough gasoline and oil to go 300 miles may be brought in duty free. Larger consignments may be shipped "in bond", and the trucks transporting them across Canada are admitted only through the customs ports at Coutts, Kingsgate, Pleasant Camp, B.C., (Haines Road), and Snag, Y.T.

For those who want to travel *de luxe* there are buses and aeroplanes; passengers on these have never required permits because their accommodation was

assured. Installed shortly after the war, the buses give good service and the company provides overnight lodges and all other necessities. Details on these conducted tours are obtainable from the British Yukon Navigation Company and O'Hara Bus Lines at Whitehorse.

The highway plays host to all kinds of people, men and women, some seeking work, others in quest of homestead locations, still others in the pursuit of business, and a few students on their way to the University of Alaska. But the vast majority are young American ex-service men who were stationed in Alaska during the war years and now find themselves unable to ignore the call of the North which is so hard to define or understand yet so irresistible after you've "had it".

What has the future in store for the Alaska Highway? Many predict that

within a few years the road will be weed-grown and neglected; then there are others who foresee an era of expansion, of farms and settlers' homes springing up along this inland artery. Still others, apparently swept away by the discovery that the sub-Arctic is not nearly so frigid or ice-bound as it used to be regarded, unrealistically envision millions of settlers pouring into this region. Some old-timers point out there are unsuspected reserves of gold, coal, oil and other treasures along the way, that gardens can be grown along its course and that there is an untapped wealth of timber.

Whatever the future may hold for it, the highway will remain a monument to a great engineering feat by our neighbours to the south, an outstanding example of international goodwill.

A stretch of the Alaska Highway north of Whitehorse, Y.T.

(National Film Board Photo)



BORDER LINE CASES

by CPL. F. DOBBS

Smuggling on the Canada-United States boundary is a complicated many-sided problem in which the line-house oddity looms up as only one factor aiding those who flout the majesty of the law. Few people seem inclined to brand smugglers with the stigma that taints law-breakers of other categories, so perhaps the smuggler's staunchest ally is complacency and the public's lack of cooperativeness with police.

THE border between Canada and the United States, universally acclaimed the longest undefended international border in the world, has long been a shining example of how two nations can live side by side in harmony and mutual trust. However, the absence of any form of military establishment leaves both countries peculiarly vulnerable to the spoliations of smugglers.

The control of the situation in Canada is a responsibility of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the Force's branch charged with it is officially called the Preventive Service—a term obscure in origin but remarkably apt for the function of the branch is literally to prevent evasion of duties lawfully collectable on imported goods. Customs revenue runs into hundreds of millions of dollars annually, so the importance of protecting it is considerable.

Generally speaking the work falls into two classes: (1) catching and bringing to justice those who violate the laws; (2) maintaining along the border a vigilance that will be a strong deterrent to smugglers.

The second represents a dull and unglamorous duty which calls for long hours of dreary night patrolling and searching countless vehicles. Quiet evenings at home are rare experiences in the lives of most members of the R.C.M.P., but the border-detachment man's lot in this respect is made infi-

nately worse by the smuggler's intense passion for operating in the dark.

And as the border-detachment man's wife well knows she, too, is an essential part of the law-enforcement set-up—every bit as important as the patrol car, spotlight and road spikes. Her place is by the telephone, and though admittedly the moral appropriateness of her telling all and sundry that her husband is not in regardless of whether he is or not may be open to question, the transgression is excusable. Long ago smugglers learned that a way to make sure the police were not out on the roads was to locate them in the office by telephone.

Preventive work calls for tact as well as diligence. Some people reach a surprising peak of annoyance on being asked to stop their car and submit to a search, and often extremely delicate situations arise. Members of the Force sometimes become targets for vicious insults by indignant persons and are subjected to dire threats of retribution for presuming to inconvenience honest law-abiding citizens. However, the majority of motorists accept blockades as a necessary evil and with good grace, and the constant checking of traffic returning from the United States is vindicated by the large number of infractions brought to book because of it.

In few other fields of misconduct is an offender's guilt accepted with such quiet indifference. If one steals, whether it be a dime or a hundred dollars, he is a thief; if he signs another's name to a

cheque, he is a forger; if he deliberately sets fire to property, he is guilty of arson. Under the law these crimes are punishable in varying degrees, but in the eyes of society the perpetrators are criminals whatever the degree of their guilt because they have overstepped the standard of conduct deemed primary by the whole community. When it comes to smuggling this is not necessarily true. People living near the border are disposed to think lightly on the moral aspects of smuggling; many of them at one time or another have even indulged in the practice to some extent themselves.

Doubtless today a lot of people take a mischievous delight in trying to outwit the customs examiners and police patrols along the border, and probably the common attitude toward smuggling stems from the frontier days before there were any trade restrictions. Still it gives rise to a serious situation, for the fact remains that the regulations could be enforced a great deal more effectively if the investigators didn't have to act without the cooperation of the public.

* * *

IN drawing up our present customs laws the legislators wisely provided for the imposition of voluntary penalties, whereby petty offences can be "fixed" without the delinquent having to appear in Court. But this privilege applies only to infractions of a minor nature where clearly there is no intention to commercialize.

The phenomenon that urges people to smuggle rather than pay a few cents duty is incongruous and mystifying, for often the amount to be saved is ridiculously small compared to the penalties incurred if the smuggler is caught.

Typical of what is happening every day is the case of a motorist who took his family to Malone, N.Y., for a Saturday afternoon's outing last autumn and after buying about \$50 worth of clothes and \$3 worth of groceries declared only the groceries at the port of entry. Some

of the clothing was being worn by his wife and daughters while the remainder was hidden in the cushions of the car; the outcome was that in addition to the duty plus a voluntary penalty equal to the value of the goods he had to pay \$50 for the release of his car which had been impounded under the Customs Act.

In another case, an itinerant photographer who bought an enlarging apparatus for \$60 and a safe light for \$2.50 paid duty on the latter amounting to 88 cents but said nothing about the former which he had secreted in the trunk of his car. Anxious to settle out of Court when members of the Force discovered the deception he paid a voluntary penalty equal to the cost of the article, plus the duty and \$100 for the release of his car. Actually, had he known it, the enlarger was non-dutiable. Thus he paid \$163.38 for attempting to slip into the country by stealth with something he could have brought in free of charge if he hadn't tried to evade the regulations, though the department took a lenient view and later returned the voluntary remittance to him.

The professional smuggler is an entirely different proposition. Usually he belongs to an organized gang whose sole objective is easy money. Often connected with underworld factions of large cities, these gentry will smuggle anything at any time just so long as it nets them a worth-while profit.

Their business had its genesis in American prohibition, though in those days the traffic was reversed and the commodity was strictly liquor. The repeal of prohibition ended the bootleg era, but it is worthy of note that many of those who ran booze back in the '20's and '30's still warrant the attention of our Preventive Service.

Today's smuggled goods vary according to price fluctuations in both countries. There now is a substantial price spread on radios, electrical appliances and automobiles. At the moment the greatest single headache to the police is

the traffic in American cigarettes, brought on by the fact that smokes costing 16 cents in the United States are 38 cents here.

Until the war cut down on the sugar supply, smuggled American moonshine was regular fare in most Canadian blind pigs and great quantities of the stuff were doctored up with synthetic flavouring and passed in pseudo-respectable places as good liquor.

Economically there is little to be said regarding American cigarettes, but in radios and such like no matter how great his initial saving the purchaser is almost bound to wind up with the wrong end of the stick. In the first place, the vendor obviously has no business scruples or he wouldn't be selling contraband. He is running a racket and his sole purpose is to reap as much out of it as he can. To do this he buys inferior goods in the United States at the cheapest prices, then fobs them off on the susceptible who cannot get them serviced when the defects begin to show up.

With automobiles there is the added hazard that the bargain car in all probability is stolen, as many have discovered to their sorrow. Dealers on the illegitimate market carefully refrain from telling their customers this and as a consequence the buyer not infrequently finds himself trying to explain away a charge of receiving stolen property.

* * *

THE methods used are many and varied. Long stretches of the boundary pass through desolate, almost unpopulated bush land which provides ideal cover for clandestine operations. But the greatest single challenge to the ingenuity of the Preventive Service is the line house — any building that straddles the border.

Many farms and much property lie partly in Canada and partly in the United States. The international line even bisects some towns, so that half the population is American and the other

half Canadian. There is for example Rock Island, Que., and Derby Line, Vt., which in reality are a single community. Even some of the buildings in these two towns are directly athwart the imaginary line, with the result that in some instances members of a family living in the same dwelling sleep in different countries while in other instances they sleep in Canada and eat their meals in the United States or *vice versa*.

"Queeriosities" like that give rise to puzzles in birth certificates, nationalities and the collection of property taxes, for the "internationalists". In the Haskell International Library and Opera House the entrance and auditorium are in Vermont while the stage is in the province of Quebec, and the levying of amusement tax was a knotty problem until a few kinks were straightened out.

Not all line houses are the fruits of chance construction either, and the Preventive Service is not amused at the trouble they cause. Too many of them are in lonely out-of-the-way places, and some, like Flynn's on the Quebec-New York border near Huntingdon, Que. have proved popular rendezvous for smugglers.

When built some 50 years ago Flynn's was a general store and wholly on the New York side of the boundary though hugging it, but with the advent of prohibition its enterprising proprietor recognized the value of its strategic location and extended its north wall some 40 feet into Quebec. He stocked the Canadian part of his establishment with beer and liquor which he sold to American bootleggers at a nice profit, and as an added convenience to his customers annexed garage accommodation to the main building where cars were loaded and remained in hiding on the Canadian side until scouts reported the coast clear.

In some line houses the bar was built right on the line and the thirsty American clientele drank Canadian liquor



Flynn's line house at Huntingdon, Que., showing concrete post which marks the boundary.

without leaving their country. Though this was in direct violation of Quebec liquor laws it was almost impossible to put a stop to it, for things were so arranged that if the police did come the stock could be quickly switched to the American side. This stratagem failed only occasionally—when Canadian police and United States customs officials raided the place simultaneously.

The repeal of prohibition in 1932 saw the beginning of the end of this trade, but the line houses were put to other uses. For a time the smuggling of aliens into the United States from Canada was a flourishing business. Some candidates for export were ready to pay as high as \$1,000 to be taken into the States without benefit of immigration inspection. Practically every nationality in the world was involved, but by far the most num-

erous and best paying were the Chinese who had comparatively easy access to Canadian territory but were forbidden entry into the States. Early in World War II, before the United States entered the hostilities, deserters from foreign ships in Canadian ports paid enormous sums to get across the border and many of them were concealed in line houses until the time was propitious for shuttling them over.

Of late most of the smuggling has been the other way round. About a year ago, for example, a routine police inspection of Flynn's which from outward appearances has been deserted for several years resulted in the finding of a quantity of discarded American cigarette boxes and radio cartons in the attic on the Canadian side. Subsequent investigations showed that the merchandise had



International Inn at Dundee. Note concrete line post in snow almost directly below the Coca-Cola sign. On the left is Canada, on the right United States.

been bought by a member of a well-known smuggling ring with headquarters in Montreal.

Late in August of 1947 months of patient surveillance were rewarded by a tip-off that a large shipment of cigarettes from Malone had been stored in the house. About midnight one day shortly afterwards a waiting patrol saw a car leave the place and proceed cautiously northward into Canada. Intercepted a mile or so from the border, its passengers were identified as the owner of the house and another man. Specially built into the car was a secret compartment but not so much as a single cigarette was found. In almost apologetic tones both suspects gravely assured the police that they had merely been looking the premises over with a view to

spending a couple of weeks' holiday there.

But when it was suggested that the house be searched the owner refused to return. The police nevertheless went alone and conducted a search, gaining entry by forcing a window. There was not a stick of furniture nor any sign of habitation, but in a clothes closet they found 500 cartons of cigarettes and a case of cigarette papers. There was no immediate way of telling whether these things were in Canada or in the United States, though it was certain that they were very close to the international line that ran through the room. The owner of the house and his companion denied knowing anything about them so the cigarettes and papers were seized. Before Court proceedings were instituted

it was necessary to establish by official survey the exact location of the line as laid down by the Ashburton Treaty, 1842. This was done and it proved that the merchandise was 22 inches within United States territory at the time of seizure. On learning this the owner of the house blandly entered a claim and the exhibits were turned over to him.

Another famed line house on the Quebec-New York border is the International Hotel at Dundee, Que., which used to embody a store featuring Canadian and United States goods on the opposite sides. The present proprietor operates a dance hall and is licensed to sell beer and wine in the province of Quebec. When the 25 per cent special excise tax was imposed on night clubs and grills during the war he marked off the dance floor exactly where the border divides it, then placed the tables on the north side where patrons could sit and sip Canadian drinks. To dance one merely had to step over the narrow white line into the United States, and the management contended that the Canadian Government legally could not collect taxes on dancing facilities that were beyond its jurisdiction. For a while the establishment operated tax free, but there were a great many conflicting opinions as to its right to do so. Eventually the issue was settled by a special ruling from the Department of National Revenue which decreed that patrons of the International Inn must pay.

* * *

EARLY in 1946 most border-detachment personnel were faced with a new question. Great disparity had developed in the price of grain on the United States market and in Canada, a ton of dairy feed worth \$50 in Canada selling for twice that amount across the line. To make things worse there was a serious shortage of feed grain south of the border, and before long huge quan-

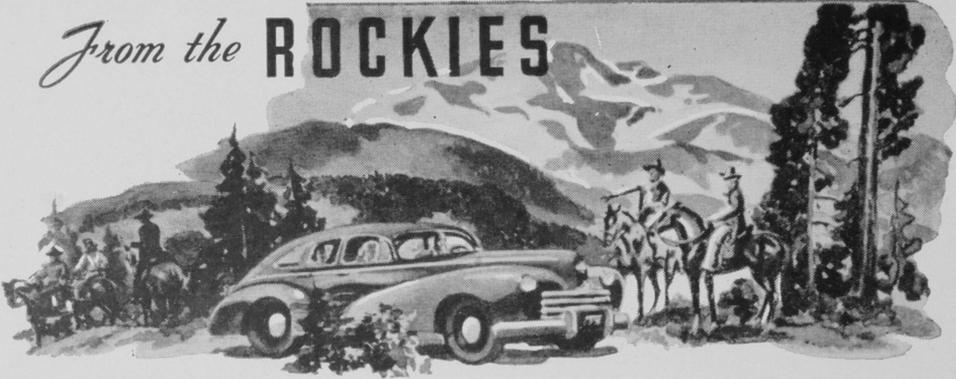
tities of Canadian grain began to flow in that direction in contravention of our export laws.

The situation confronted the police with a real poser, for no breach of the regulations could be proved until exportation had been consummated, yet by then it was too late to do anything about it. The favourite *modus operandi* was simplicity itself—a Canadian truck load would be backed up to the rear of an empty American truck just touching the line and the load would change hands. Neither vehicle left its own country, therefore, technically, no offence was committed; moreover, the U.S. rate of duty on grain being very low, all the buyer had to do to stay strictly within the law was to drive his purchase to the nearest customs house and declare it.

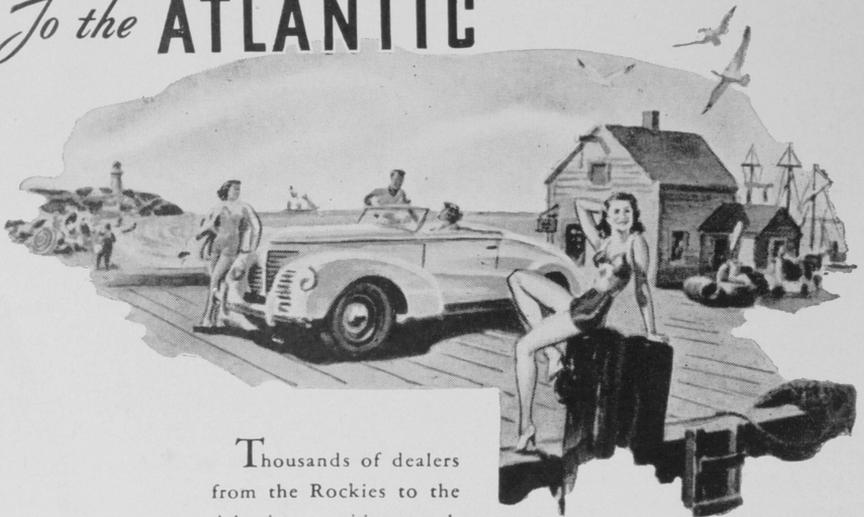
Most of these transactions took place on secluded roads or private farms, and usually the police were powerless to take action unless they happened along and caught the participants in the act of transferring a load. In such instances the Canadian truck and whatever grain remained in it were declared forfeit, but the American was rarely actionable. On the whole the risks were small and depended solely on how long it took to drive to the border and unload. If the job were speeded up by the use of dump trucks, as it sometimes was, the culprits merely backed up to the line and within seconds the load was piled on the ground out of danger.

Despite the obstacles, dozens of trucks and thousands of tons of grain have been confiscated since the trade began to reach serious proportions. But, like every other offence, so long as there are laws to forbid it attempted smuggling will continue and measures will be necessary to combat it. This latter is an important fact for the public to bear in mind for after all they pay the shot.

From the **ROCKIES**



To the **ATLANTIC**



Thousands of dealers
from the Rockies to the
Atlantic are waiting to wel-
come you at the friendly
sign of the White Rose.



STOP *at the*
SIGN of the
WHITE ROSE

"The pick of them all!"

Forest Fire!

By CPL. W. E. F. BELL

TO THE average man who makes his living by going to sea, the terrible phrase "Forest Fire" does not convey the dread and fear that it strikes in the hearts of those who live with the threat the words imply always lurking in the background. He hears of the fires over the radio and reads of them in the newspaper. In his voyages he may espy the telltale plumes of black and tawny-yellow smoke rise up along the coast, may even pass close enough to witness an occasional burst of flame. Yet with the Fire's natural enemy at his feet, with himself insulated so to speak, there is for him something remotely detached about it all, as though the panorama moving slowly by doesn't affect him in any way.

Later, when the flames are quenched and the country-side has been transformed into a wilderness of dead embers and charred stumps, he learns that so many thousands of acres of timber were burned over at a loss of so many thousands of dollars; buildings were razed and people left homeless; stock was

destroyed and, perhaps, worse still, a number of human lives lost. What he misses is the tale of human woe, as anguished eyes impotently watch the grim spectre envelop prize possessions. He does not see the anxious tormented glances toward a sky that presages no hope of rain. He cannot feel the horror of slow retreat before an all-consuming wall of fire which, driven by high winds, threatens the existence of every living thing in its path. He does not choke on acrid lung-searing air or know the despair of utter fatigue that comes from unending hours of fighting an implacable enemy in hopes of saving a few worldly possessions—an enemy in whose shadow some people must live.

Not until one has been terrified by the raging horror of the crackling flames, has seen the racing fear-ridden wild-life, can one appreciate the fury of this ruthless scourge that overnight can pulverize a lush forest treasure into a no man's land of fire scars and yellow grey ashes.



ABOUT 40 members of the R.C.M.P. Marine Division got an insight into such things in August, 1947, when, in answer to a call for help from the northern part of Cape Breton Island, R.C.M.P.S. *French* was ordered to that area at full speed from Halifax, N.S.

Unusually dry weather had prevailed for some time and the northern corner of Cape Breton Island, including the National Park and game sanctuary and several small settlements, was threatened with extinction by forest fires.

A glance at the map will show how easily this could have come about and serve to illustrate the seriousness of the situation. Fanned by a steady south-west wind, the fires at Cheticamp in the west and Ingonish in the east threatened to get out of hand.

The country there is hilly, rising 1,800 feet in places, and the famed Cabot Trail

winds up over uplands and through picturesque rugged valleys, hugging the coast line wherever possible but sometimes compelled by Nature's ramparts to turn away. Thickly wooded and abounding in game, it is sparsely populated by hardy descendants of old Scottish families, most of them in littoral settlements where like their ancestors they wrest a living from the soil and the sea.

The outlook grew more desperate, and many an anxious eye had turned skyward as the bright hot days continued with the conflagration creeping steadily northward. These people realized their danger but could do nothing except wait with their faces to the fires, their backs to the sea. The Cabot Trail, the only road to safety, was reported blocked in three different places, but they themselves had been loath to leave

their homes and fields to the unchecked wrath of the flames. They fought with the patient dogged determination characteristic of their breed, but the fiery enemy, spurred by a steady south-west breeze, had inexorably driven them back. Rain or a change of wind now was their only hope.

French arrived off Pleasant Bay about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of August 12, and already the fires sweeping down out of the hills had almost destroyed the hamlet. Eighteen dwellings, a church and two stores had been burned down, but the inhabitants had been evacuated by fishing boats from Cheticamp and were safe.

The ship waited off shore for a time, then as there was nothing it could do at that particular point it moved north to ascertain what steps could be taken for the safety of the north-corner residents. At Wreck Cove near the mouth of Wreck Cove brook a landing party established communication with the fisheries officer who had gone to Sugar Loaf and was assisting at the headquarters of one group of fire fighters. This officer was advised of the ship's presence and he, in turn, reported on general conditions at the fire front. The people of the Capstick district were told that the ship would be standing by to evacuate them should such become necessary.

French next moved slowly along the coast toward Ingonish, studying the extent of the fires, watching for distress signals, and making preparations aboard for potential evacuees and their rapid transfer to safety. From Ingonish the N.C.O. in charge R.C.M.P. Patrol Boat *Brule* was ordered to render close in-shore cooperation and assistance where ever it might be needed, while Marine Division personnel and a member of

North Ingonish Detachment patrolled by police car to Meat Cove and Bay St. Lawrence and informed the people of the measures being taken for their protection.

French sailed back round the northern tip to Cheticamp on the west coast, and from there on August 15 a further land patrol sought details as to what progress

the fires had made. The people of this district could do little to assist their neighbours to the north for a sizable fire had broken out on Cheticamp Island and, driven by the continuing south-west wind, it gravely menaced their town.

At the fire fighters' headquarters, an abandoned overnight cabin situated centrally near the seat of the Cheticamp fires, radio was the only means of communicating with the outside, and as the sets there were not functioning properly the patrol took one that was out of

The Spoiler

With apologies to the author of *Trees*

I think that I shall never see
A man so asinine as he
Who leaves his camp fire ere it's out,
And throws his burning butts about;
A man who lives for just today,
And burns the forests, come what may;
. . . A man who goes his selfish way,
And cares not who must sometime pay
For all the devastation wrought
By him, who never had a thought
For those whose heritage he'll spoil,
To whom he'll leave just rock and soil.

By M. V. Gillard in *Sylva*

Comforting assurance to those endangered, a ship of the R.C.M.P. Marine Division stands by to help should an emergency evacuation become necessary as forest fire sweeps its sinister might over northern regions of Cape Breton Island — and the ship's crew learn first-hand of the distress and devastation that this red marauder of our woodlands brings to rural areas.



commission to the ship for repairs by our radio operators, then rushed it back into service. Fires burned briskly on both sides of the road and several times on the two-way trip dense smoke entirely closed out visibility and the car had to be stopped until it cleared. Farmhouses and farm machinery along the way were in smouldering ruins, while hundreds of domestic animals either huddled in the shelter of buildings left standing or ran about distractedly.

The summit of Frenchman's Mountain offered an awesome prospect. Fires blazed on all sides, while off in the distance toward Mount Mackenzie was a raging inferno of orange and reddish flames. Observations made on these patrols, and from *French* as it slowly

skirted the mainland, yielded information that the principal fire area extended about eight miles along the coast, inland to Frenchman's Mountain, over toward Mount Mackenzie and the high range of mountains in the direction of Cape North. Clearly if the wind from the south-west persisted, the whole northern tip of Cape Breton was in danger of being cut off and destroyed.

* * *

THE fires were almost out of hand. By day huge columns of smoke towered into the skies, sometimes being blown out across the water and blotting the land from view. By night a young moon shone morosely on a scene of glowing destruction, while every now and again bright fountains of smoke and

cinder leaped up to announce the demise of another old patriarch of the forest.

Every man possible was thrown into the battle. And he fought with a will, for to many of them and their families the sweeping monster promised to devour all they owned—their cherished fields and homes where they and their fathers and their fathers' fathers had laboured and laughed and loved. Failure spelt destitution with nothing left to turn to—their houses and equipment ruined, the crops gone. And so they strove to stem the tide, with many a fervent prayer for rain—torrential, deluging rain. The Governor General of Canada, the Viscount Alexander of Tunis, who with members of his staff

was on vacation at Keltic Lodge on the north shore of Ingonish Bay, fought side by side with the other combatants.

Hour by hour the struggle went on with little change in the situation, then about 8.30 in the evening of August 15 there was a shift in the wind. This brought relief that was augmented by sporadic thunder showers, and the weary warriors dug in with renewed hope and vigour. Early next morning heralded a strong east-north-east wind that forced the invader back over the territory he had conquered. This new ally remained on into the following day, slashing holes into the line of fire and converting it into sections that were easily brought under control and vanquished.

The Governor General sizes things up.



SOME PRESS VIEWS

Dogs as Witnesses

With the knowledge that the Force is again going to experiment with police dogs, interest in the activities of these canine colleagues will gradually mount. Canada, like South Africa, has had a long line of successes with dogs, and it is of interest to learn that the testimony of the dogs' behaviour and actions has been admitted as evidence—under certain circumstances. The October issue of *The R.C.M.P. Quarterly* quotes the case of *R. v. Stokes*, where the accused, charged with arson, was convicted; Police Dog Wolf assisting with corroborative evidence. . . .

The Outpost, regimental magazine of the British South Africa Police

Holiday Camps

A recent issue of *The Nongqai*, the South African Police counterpart of *The Outpost*, contained a description of an innovation in which our readers will probably be interested. It is the formation of the South African Police Holiday Camp Association.

At Port Edward, on the Natal South Coast, the South African Police have acquired 714 acres of land which includes the entire bathing beach of Port Edward. This they intend to develop into an ideal holiday resort for members still serving and, by cutting up a portion of the land into small plots, to provide "a peaceful haven for those who have retired and wish to reduce their costs of living by farming on a small scale".

Work is going ahead on the site, with showers and bathing booths being erected and water being laid on. Tennis courts and other recreational facilities are provided for in the planning, as well as a public hall, reading rooms, and even an hotel to be run by the association is contemplated.

The South Africans are not alone in this idea of acquiring land for holiday or recreational purposes. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in 1941, got possession of a tract of land on Long Island on the Rideau river, 12 miles from Ottawa, and this they developed into a summer camp with full recreational amenities including bathing beaches. Here members of the Force with their families are encouraged to spend their vacations and week-ends.

It is an idea that might be considered in this Colony whilst suitable land is still available. A recreational centre, say at Inyanga, similar to the hill-stations of India and Burma, if it could be acquired and developed, would be a boon to members who do not take short annual leave merely because there is nowhere suitable they can go.

The Outpost, regimental magazine of the British South Africa Police

"If It's a Dog Sled—"

Before us is a copy of the *Monsanto Magazine*, published in St. Louis, Missouri, by the Monsanto Chemical Company. On the front cover is a photograph in colour of a dog hitched to a small sled, a small boy in a red jacket, and a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in his stetson and red tunic. Inside we find this reference to the cover illustrations:

"Canadian close-up: If it's a dog sled instead of a baseball, a 'Mountie' instead of a state trooper, then you know you're in Canada."

That is the sort of publicity which brings misguided Americans to Canada in July with snow-shoes or skis strapped to their cars. It is part of the legend, which dies hard, that this country is inhabited mainly by trappers, Hudson's Bay factors and Mounted Police, all living in snow huts, with dog teams our main form of transportation and cold winds our main export.

Almost certainly the man who wrote the lines we have quoted never has seen Canada. Otherwise he would know that a man can travel from one end of this country to the other without encountering a Mounted Policeman, that millions of Canadian boys never have ridden on a sled behind a dog, and that baseball is as popular here as in the United States.

were like a fairy tale. We are proud, very proud of Barbara Ann, but we should be very conscious of our noble R.C.M.P. and thankful to see them decently mounted. They are the finest body of men in the world.

—CORINNE HARRIS

Ottawa, Mar. 12, 1948.

Scouting's 40th Anniversary

The year 1948 marks the 40th anniversary of the establishment of the Boy Scout Movement. Throughout the world five million boys and leaders will this year honour the memory of the founder of Scouting, Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell. The principles upon which B-P founded this great youth movement have stood the test of time and are still being followed. Scouting is today recognized as the world's largest uniformed non-military organization.

Boy Scouts News

Police Dog's Devotion to His Job

"French" must be quite a dog. We don't know whether he would ever stand a chance for a best-of-breed ribbon at a show, but such honours could hardly increase his value anyway, for French and his fellow four-footed sleuths in the R.C.M.P. service are priceless. All the ribbons in the world are not worth one human life—and these skilfully trained dogs track down dozens of missing persons every summer in time for doctors to pull them back from the brink of Eternity.

There is always something so uncanny about the way the dogs go about the job that failure to succeed in their task is so unusual that it makes news. French failed the other week—but he succeeded spectacularly at the same time. A Bear River, N.S., woman wandered away down a road in a rainstorm. The police brought French into the search for her and, despite the fact that the rain must have made the trail extremely difficult to follow, the dog led the posse to a wooded area by a lake 15 miles from her home. At that point the scent was too faint even for French's highly sensitive nostrils. But with true devotion to his orders, he would not give up. He circled the district repeatedly as though to say, "She is around here, around here somewhere", and the searchers methodically combed the forests. On the fourth morning after her disappearance, the missing woman stumbled out of the woods near the lake.

The fact that French didn't prove to be altogether infallible does not detract a bit from the laurels that he earned in this case. Every dog owner can recognize and appreciate the loyalty that impelled French to persevere in his duty until he was called off—the same sort of spirit that causes a small boy's mongrel to sit silently and hopefully outside a movie theatre while his master sees the show two or three times.

Many a youngster and grown-up, too, will envy the Mounted Police and wish that they had a pet like that. Yes, French must be quite a dog.

Saint John Telegraph-Journal

Bad Cheques

Small-time swindlers have returned to society with the post-war period. Usually, they pass from appearances as respectable, well-to-do business men or women, an exterior cloak that has successfully duped several Lacombe merchants within the past few months. These petty thieves make a habit of working the small towns, employing any number of deceitful methods to make off with a few dishonest dollars. The common device is that of passing worthless cheques.

Well-meaning Lacombe store-keepers have occasionally cashed cheques in good faith for strangers, and in the majority of cases they are bona fide. Unfortunately, police report eight individual instances of valueless cheques credited in local stores lately. Three of the culprits making their way north have been apprehended by the R.C.M.P., but others are still on the loose, no doubt trying their techniques on honest business men in other towns.

Police authorities are undoubtedly doing their best to check these movements, but town shop-keepers are in the best position to help. They should be on guard against strangers who buy small quantities of merchandise and then pass cheques (usually in excess of the purchase amount) without adequate identification.

Lacombe (Alta.) Globe

People Too Fearful of Treading on Toes

Charity of judgment, when it means extending to the wrongdoer condonation of his act on the ground that men are fallible and so worthy of forgiveness, is on the face of it a proper attitude but may in actuality be fruitful of evil. There are, after all, certain fixed ethical values, occasions where the right-minded can with justice say, "This is wrong, that is right", and it behooves the good citizen to take his stand on these issues. . . .

If all the people who disapproved chicanery spoke out instead of remaining silent in the presence of what they disapprove, disregard of law and decency would be driven to the purlieus of the shady instead of flourishing in the circles of the polite.

People have grown too fearful of treading on the toes of their neighbours, and lest they be charged with puritanism or narrow-mindedness hold their peace when they should speak out.

Saturday Review of Literature

A Salutory Conviction

A Toronto citizen who misjudged in his estimate of "small communities" received a lesson in a court at Walkerton last week. He was driving through the village of Mildmay at a rate of speed far in advance of the limit imposed in all settled communities, but was observed by an R.C.M.P. officer who happened to be in Mildmay when the reckless driver flashed through. He made chase, overtook the offender, hailed him into court, where he was fined \$50 with costs of \$17.50, and lost his licence for one year. He was also assessed \$35, the value of a dog he killed as he passed through the village.

These incidents of recklessness among city drivers through the country are happily rare. Few have been noted in this locality. It is, however, a smart bit of work when police are alert and take advantage of the opportunity to check this sort of recklessness by hailing into court the offenders, and equally smart when the court takes advantage of the limits of the Traffic Act penalty clauses, and passes salutary judgment.

The effect in the case noted, will probably prove to the Toronto speed fiend that it pays to sense rural sentiment on the speed menace, as readily as he does under what he knows to be rigid enforcement of laws in the cities.

Huntsville (Ont.) *Forester*

Traffic Teaching

The child stepped from the street car to the curb, waved at someone in the car, turned and without a glance, dashed across the street. An automobile jolted to a sudden stop. The child, perhaps six, certainly not more than seven years old, escaped death or injury. Had an accident occurred it would have been no fault of the driver. He was proceeding as was his right, and as was shown, keeping an eye out for trouble. He probably had had similar, hair-whitening experiences before. If there had been a tragedy neither would it have been the fault of the child. Who can blame a six-year-old for not knowing the dangers that lie in the streets? But it might have been someone else's fault. It might have been that that child had not been told, with sufficient emphasis, what happens to thoughtless children in the streets. It might have been the fault of this whole community that it has not insisted that a part of the education of children be instruction in traffic safety.

Teachers and parents are doing their share, but, repetition from such sources may tend to weaken warnings. That's where, as in some other cities, perhaps the police could help. They are doing a fine job here now controlling traffic at the more dangerous intersections near the schools. It has been noticed, too, that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have been visiting classrooms to show the part police play in protecting the community. . . . There are 13,000 school children on the streets of Halifax at least four times a day. They provide a lot of targets for automobiles and trucks when they run loose, ignorant, many of them, of the chances against their escaping injury.

Halifax *Mail*

Housing

The current housing shortage forces many a man to exchange good dollars for poor quarters. Transients in some places are even sleeping in police stations. Of course, sleeping in a police station is okay in a pinch.

Frank Morgan—*What Am I Saying!*

Rescued From a Mud Bath



(Photos by Wally Guy of Vermilion, Alta.)

Off the beaten path near the Alberta-Saskatchewan boundary, Dobbin got into difficulties in a "lake of mud". His rescue was accomplished, as the pictures show, by being pulled instead of himself pulling. Middle photo shows him almost out, but not quite—his nose plowing a furrow in the slimy muck. The animal was exhausted from the ordeal and had to rest a while before he regained "all fours".

Melange

By **W. L. BURGESS**

In the Dufferin (Man.) Leader

THIS town is a very considerate host and is prepared at all times to give of its best to the rare visitor who decides to spend the night. On the occasion of a recent hockey match a gentleman, who used to be a resident of the town represented by the opposing team, came to view the game. He was accompanied by a bus load of other partisans and they had made merry on the way down, with the result that the gentleman in question never did get to the game.

At 11 or so that night, after the rink was closed, our guest was being urged by his companions to step aboard their conveyance and go peaceably back to the city, but the gentleman was reluctant to leave our fair town without seeing a hockey match. About this time, two very tall, immaculately uniformed officers came on the scene and added their pleas to those of the noisy one's playmates. He was obdurate. He stated, in effect, that he had come all this way to see an everlastingly condemned hockey game, and no member of any sanguinary constabulary was going to thwart him in his laudable purpose. As far as he was concerned the keepers of the peace could spend their hereafter in eternal torment.

Now, in these parts, it is considered very unwise to address our uniformed gentlemen in such a manner but, realizing they were dealing with a visitor, they continued to cajole him. They pointed out that unless he chose to join his friends on their journey they, the *gendarmes*, would be obliged to keep him overnight and would he please be a nice guy. The noisy one's associates joined in the exhortations, but he turned on them with much vituperation. He announced loudly that he had seen no

hockey game and would not permit any vermin-infested character of dubious ancestry to remove him from our town before he had achieved his aim. A final effort was made to persuade him to go home, but without effect. He told his pals to go without him; he was, he said, curious to see where the constabulary would take him. There was only one thing to do and the two tall gentlemen did it. They escorted him to the guest room, each taking an arm in a firm grip while his reluctant toes made futile little taps on the side-walk.

Now, the accommodation provided for overnight guests may not be ornate, but it's cosy, the location is just behind the heating apparatus, assuring warmth and, even if the fuel supply is next door, the visitor rarely gets dusty unless fresh fuel supplies are being unloaded. The apartment is provided with twin beds which, to conserve space, are fastened flat against the wall until needed, when they are dropped, on chains, to the correct position. All this care for his comfort was not appreciated by the occupant, and he apostrophized his hosts pungently when they left, assuring them he would get out of the place by some means.

Certainly he did his best. He proceeded to shatter several panes of glass in the window. He also attempted to break the door down but the woodwork and masonry were tough and he was still there when a kind-hearted officer dropped in next morning to invite him to breakfast.

He did not eat very heartily and it was only a short time before he appeared before a genial gentleman who wanted to know what it was all about. The guest was very contrite, he apologized to the

constabulary, collectively and individually, for his rudeness. He was, he said, greatly averse to profanity at any time and he couldn't understand what had got into him. On being informed of its nature, he apologized some more and was duly fined by the judge.

It was at this point that the consideration of the authorities for their guest came into full flower. The visitor explained that he had little money, the two dollars he possessed would hardly pay his fare to the city and, in the

interim, he had to be fed. As for the fine, the only thing he could do was to mail the amount to the Court as soon as he reached home. Not only was this proposal accepted but the understanding judge lent the repentant one a dollar to see him through.

With profuse thanks for this generous treatment, he made his way to freedom, stopping at the door long enough to ask with much diffidence, "Could you, by any chance, tell me who won the hockey game?"



STATE FUNERAL: Scene at the state funeral held at Regina, Sask., on Mar. 27, 1948, for Hon. R. J. M. Parker, lieutenant-governor of Saskatchewan, whose death occurred in that city four days before. Officiating clergymen stand in the foreground as the casket is removed from the hearse, following a solemn procession through down-town streets, while in the background the firing party is at the present arms position. Included in the cortege were two R.C.M.P. troops made up of 30 members each, which served as an escort and a firing party in the moving tribute to an esteemed public servant. Interment was at Togo, Sask.

SUB-ARCTIC ODYSSEY

By IRENE DAVIES

A Detachment man's wife writes of the experiences she had on a patrol with her husband to Belcher Islands, N. W. T., and Richmond Gulf, Quebec, from Moose Factory, Ontario

SINCE my return from the Belchers, those bleak islands in Hudson Bay hold a curious fascination for me. Though a routine patrol, it was some trip. We had a lot of trouble getting away—first one thing, then another cropped up. But finally, having crossed the river from Moose Factory the night before to be with the tide, we left Moosonee early Saturday morning, Aug. 9, 1947.

Our boat, the *Moose Factory*, is a 35-foot Peterhead with a nine-foot beam, crew accommodations, two navy-type anchors and a 96-h.p. engine. Her timbers chiefly of oak and sheathed in heavy-weight copper from bow to bulkhead, she has proved most serviceable and is based at the detachment whose name she bears.

As we planned to make a long day of it, all aboard had eaten the hearty breakfast of steaks, eggs and coffee I prepared. The weather was calm and clear, and the crew, which consisted of S/Cst. Sinclair Etherington, Cree interpreter, George Georgeskish, pilot, and Jim, my husband, who acted as engineer, were in good spirits—glad at last to be away. We sailed northward practically along the same route traversed in the 17th century by many ships laden with precious fur cargoes for England.

The author of this gripping travelogue is the wife of Reg. No. 10620 Cpl. James Henry Davies of long and varied Eastern and Western Arctic experience and for more than the past three years in charge of the Force's Moose Factory (Ont.) Detachment. Mrs. Davies herself is on her sixth year in the Hudson Bay area and thus is something of a Northern veteran in her own right.

Just after lunch we passed Charlton Island, N.W.T., where Capt. Thomas James, famed navigator after whom James Bay is named, wintered in 1631-1632. Off in the opposite direction is where Henry Hudson, for whom Hudson Bay is named, is believed to have been set adrift in 1611.

After negotiating the tricky channel past Strutton Island we sailed on to Good Hope Island where we hoped to pick up another pilot—an Eskimo interpreter named George Wetaltuk who was to guide us to the Belcher Islands as Georgeskish had never been there. To our disappointment our man was suffering from eye trouble and refused to undertake the long trip.

We decided to go on without him, and en route to Old Factory River, Que., saw the Hudson's Bay Co. Schooner *Fort Charles* towing the Indian Affairs boat, *Jano*; little did we realize it at the time but we were destined to be exactly in the *Jano's* predicament on our return that way.

* * *

IT was dusk when we let the anchor down a mile or so from the islands on which the Old Factory River trading posts are situated. The water was too shallow to risk venturing in closer. Mr. Jack Manson of the H.B.C. came out in his outboard-motor-driven canoe to meet us and we had a pleasant three hours ashore as his guests.

In the morning Jim arbitrated on the "frivolous complaints", as he termed them, of a group of Indians who came on board, and after lunch he got his family allowance books and papers and



Father Ethier, the author and her husband at Fort George.

we went ashore where he arranged for the district Eskimos to receive their allowances in food and equipment, according to a schedule laid down by the Northwest Territories and Yukon Affairs Branch of the Federal Department of Mines and Resources.

As soon as we landed we were surrounded by many happy Indians and Eskimos, being smiled at and smiling in return, as we advanced to greet Trader Frank Dupuis. While Jim and Mr. Dupuis got down to business, I visited the fathers at the Roman Catholic mission. Later Jim and I were Father Gaston Grenon's guests for supper.

It was pouring rain when we left about 9.30, so one of the brothers lent me his oilskins. I looked so awfully big in them the Eskimos laughed and giggled and amid their merriment I caught the word "*oak-oh-my-ee-toc*", meaning "heavy"; I, too, laughed, and they seemed surprised when I spoke a little Eskimo, which I picked up while stationed [1941-1943] at Baker Lake 185 miles north of Chesterfield Inlet, N.W.T., on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

Though everything was in readiness for an early morning start, fog held us up until about 8 o'clock. Wind, mist and a steady drizzle made the day dismal, yet I thoroughly enjoyed myself as we picked our way among the islands that cluster the James Bay coast of Quebec province as far as the Hudson Bay. Most of the route along there is hazardous going; at times we could touch the shoals with a short stick, and I always breathed a sigh of relief when the engine gathered speed after slowing down for an extra-risky spot.

It was 10.30 by the time we reached Fort George, Que., and the night was black as Hades. Watching Georgeskish all day and his unerring finding of Fort George in the dark gave me the utmost confidence in his ability as a pilot. Practically as soon as our anchor was down Mr. A. Thorburn of the H.B.C. was aboard inviting us to stay ashore with him and his bride, Grace. Memories of their hospitality are pleasant to dwell on.

Jim finished his work in the morning and after our lunch had settled we visited the Roman Catholic mission Indian residential school, had tea at the Anglican mission hospital, supped with Canon and Mrs. H. S. Sheppherd, and finally had "coffee" at the Anglican mission residential school with Miss Quirt and her staff.

Next morning, Wednesday, August 13, the tide carried us from Fort George, and shortly after leaving the river we were again among the islands that dot the coast line as far as Cape Jones in James Bay. At the end of the day we anchored among some islets between Long Island and the mainland. The prevailing wind increased in intensity and by day-break we were bouncing so much Jim decided to moor in the lee of Long Island.

It took an hour and a half's bucking a head wind in a pelting rain for us to do this. At the new anchorage while I prepared breakfast the crew were busy securing a tarpaulin over the deck of the

fo'c's'le to stop the water from coming in on us.

With things thus made more comfortable I turned my hand to tidying up a little. We were badly cramped for space, so after refilling the food containers from the main store of provisions which was to last a month and arranging things I needed constantly to where I could get at them without upsetting the whole boat, I had Sinclair put up some racks for the plates and cups to prevent breakage. The roasts and baking I had done before leaving Moose Factory were beginning to get mouldy so I wrapped them in wax paper to protect them against the dampness.

Wind and rain held us up until well on into the afternoon of the following day, Friday the 15th. Then as we left our shelter the heavy swells tossed the boat around angrily and we had a rough time of it all the way to Otaska Harbour on the mainland where we hove to just as darkness was setting in. I seem to have outgrown my great susceptibility to sea-

sickness for I had no real trouble whatever on this trip. I did keep on deck as much as possible, though, because experience had taught me that when the boat is pitching the fo'c's'le is the most uncomfortable place to be. Noise from the engine and the hauling up of the anchor rules out any possibility of sleep and I invariably was up with the others at the crack of dawn.

An Eskimo Peterhead from Nastapoka kept our boat nautical company at Otaska. She had been scouting around the harbour for some gasoline steels from the cargo of the R.C.A.F. *Beaver* which had been wrecked in James Bay the previous summer. Though her crew had fished out only two steels the find was highly coveted for gasoline costs over a dollar a gallon in this part of the North. The Eskimos were aboard our boat in no time at all and we treated them to an orange and a cigarette apiece. After being cooped up for two days I was delighted to see these children of the North whose party was composed

North of Great Whale River. Mrs. Davies' companions (left to right) are Sinclair Etherington, George Georgeskish and Jacob Tumik.



of eight men and two women. Jim said we'd soon be broke if I gave stuff away at every stop we made.

Next morning was overcast with an east wind. We were early away, before I had finished making breakfast, but I managed to get by without becoming nauseated with the smell of food. We tied up at the wharf of Great Whale River at 11 o'clock and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. G. Webster, of the H.B.C., and the Rev. George L. Neilson, also the usual crowd of Indians and Eskimos with whom it is a ritual to congregate every time a visitor comes to their settlement. Here as at Fort George I marvelled at how quickly these self-appointed welcoming committees fall into action. Regardless of what is going on, everyone drops whatever he's doing and races to the river bank at the approach of any boat, and more so in the case of a plane landing.

We stayed with the Websters, and along with the local whites accepted the invitation of Mr. W. K. Baldwin, a Government botanist in charge of a survey party camped up-stream, to a picnic six miles away at a falls. Everybody had a wonderful time, including the mosquitoes.

Next day being Sunday Jim took it easy. We had intended leaving for the Belchers on the morning tide but a stiff north-wester prompted us to lay over another day. However, bright and early on Tuesday, the 19th, with Eskimo Joe Adlaykok as pilot, we put out from Great Whale River on the 70-mile crossing. The weather was fairly clear, an east wind breaking down the swells of the preceding day, and we were at the islands shortly after lunch.

* * *

THE Belchers are a peculiar land configuration, approximately 500 feet high in places and very barren and rocky. We stopped at some camps en route as we skirted the shore line and stayed the night in a small cove where the H.B.C. post is situated. The trader,

an Eskimo named Lucassie which is Eskimo colloquial for Lucas, and five Eskimo families inhabit the last-mentioned spot. They doubtless had sighted our boat when it still was miles out, for the women and children were waiting eagerly on the shore and the men, who had been on a seal hunt, were paddling furiously back to the cove.

Lucassie came aboard and Jim gave him some tea and tobacco. The women shouted gleefully when they heard there was tobacco and before long they were all rolling their own cigarettes. These natives are extremely friendly and most willing to please, but the filth of them and their lack of the rudimentary necessities of life are appalling.

With the hope of getting away in the morning, Jim lit into his work at once. From here we were to travel north-west, but next day the wind was so unfavourable that prudence cautioned us to wait until it abated. Though Jim chafed at the delay I was rather glad of it for it gave me a better opportunity to study these aborigines of whom I had heard so much. Their inaccessibility makes them probably the most isolated Eskimos in the world; only four or five months a year is it possible to reach them, but even then they rarely are visited for their small fur catches are seldom worth going after.

Some idea of their primitiveness may be gleaned from the fact that when I gave two boys an orange apiece for taking a note to my husband they didn't know what an orange was for. They both seemed at a loss what to do, until I told them it was something to eat. At that they bit into the fruit and would have eaten peel and all had I not shown them otherwise.

The pitiful plight of an elderly woman whose tent was made of scraps of burlap and duck deeply impressed me. She told me that owing to the cold she had trouble sleeping, and on seeing her rude dwelling I could well believe it. Jim looked in on her later and after inquir-

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ing about her people, how much fur they got and so on, he beckoned her to follow him to the store where he ordered 15 yards of white duck and two reels of thread for her. While Jim went about his other duties I stood and watched Lucassie measure out the tenting. The old woman's face reminded me for all the world of our detachment dogs when their feed is being put out. When the treasured merchandise was ready she tucked it under her arm and trudged quickly back to her squalid abode.

In the evening Jim and I strolled up on the hills behind the trading post. The rock showings have an amazing formation and at one place resemble a modern road. As we walked back to our boat we were approached by the old woman, and she was so humble and abject in her gratitude that I feared she was going to kneel before us. Jim hastily waved her aside—told her not to thank him, that

the goods were a present from King George.

We left this place at 5 o'clock in the morning, Thursday, the 21st, with no breeze to speak of, but further northward we ran into a field of ice and had to work our way in and out of leads all day. We visited some native camps en route and while cruising along spotted a kayak from whose bow a stick protruded with a dirty cloth fluttering from it. Pulling over to investigate we found that the Eskimo navigator had his wife tucked down inside his strange craft.

Jim consented to take the couple and their belongings aboard and convey them to the next camp but insisted that the man put a seal, which he was trailing, inside the kayak so that it wouldn't mess up our deck and get tramped all over the boat. The kayak was very light and in a few minutes was safely on board.

Our nomadic acquaintances regarded the tea I served a real treat as they hadn't had any for many moons. But the woman's eyes were glued on my wrist watch. "How *mick-ee-you* (small)!" she exclaimed, drawing her husband's attention to the timepiece. From her behaviour I'd say it was the only woman's wrist watch she had ever seen. I had thought the Baker Lake Eskimos very backward, especially those in the vicinity of Back river, but compared to the natives here they were much enlightened. Despite the old torn flannel blanket wrapped about her for warmth—and it was very chilly with all that ice around us—the woman admirer of my watch was quite clean and presentable, I noticed.

As we approached the next camp which was the home of our dusky guests I espied a number of tiny figures bobbing up and down where the horizon joins the hill tops. From experience I knew at once that the natives had seen us in the distance and were celebrating; in no time, it seemed, after we hove to the "boss" Eskimo was over the side of our boat, while several of his countrymen sat astride his kayak on the water.

Followed the customary exchange of friendly hand-shakes, and the new-comer on deck muttered "ta-bac", "tea". Jim handed him a pound of tea, some biscuits and a modicum of tobacco. The women cheered excitedly when word was passed along to them that they were to get tea and tobacco, and looking shoreward I saw them jubilantly scampering to their tents. Upon landing I found, just as I knew I would, the water already boiling. Poor people, they had been using the same tea leaves over and over again.

From the supply I had with me I gave a tailor-made cigarette to every woman present, asking each of them whether she smoked and receiving the most pleasant smiles with the invariable reply "*ee-ee*", meaning yes.

Obviously I was the first white woman they had seen and they evinced great curiosity in me and the jodhpurs and

red parka I was wearing. I walked over to one of the babies who was howling bitterly and it stopped crying. Perhaps it was the wind blowing through my hair, but when I picked the infant up her eyes brightened and she laughed and chuckled, happy and contented. Suddenly I noticed that the poor thing was covered with small red sores so I hastily put her back in her mother's arms hoping it wasn't anything contagious. Later I gave the mother some soap and ointment for the child.

It was hard walking over the jagged rocks in leather-soled shoes. At one of the 11 scattered tents, where Jim was checking and issuing new identification discs, I was struck by the height of an old man. Totally blind but active for his age, he was exceptionally tall as Eskimos go. Jim informed him that he was to get a small ration and this so pleased him that he seized Jim's hand and shook it for the longest while. The old chap's wife was also aged, and quite crippled. I got beyond my depths by saying a few words to her in her own tongue, for assuming I spoke the language fluently she rattled on so fast I hardly understood anything she was saying. The native dialect here is much different to the one I had learned.

All the inhabitants were greatly interested in the *Book of Wisdom for the Eskimo*—a compilation printed in syllabics and put out by the Government. A copy was given to each family, the idea being to teach the Eskimos how to keep clean, what to do in case of sickness, proper care of children, and how to prepare Pablum (which they receive through family allowances).

Though it was a bright balmy day, Jim knew the ice soon would be closing in and he was anxious to get away. We set our course for the North Belcher Islands, but after a time due to the amount of ice ahead forsook that intention. Lady Luck was on our side when we turned about in the grinding mass, which was packed tightly against the



(National Film Board Photo)

Jim registering Eskimos for family allowance.

vessel, and we put in at Eskimo Harbour at the north end of Belcher Island.

Next day we tried again to clear the island but ice jammed the three entrances to the harbour and sealed us in. Saturday, however, we managed it. Swirling ice washing into our anchorage banged mercilessly against our flimsy hull and compelled us to change position several times. Once when in the shelter of a small bay, while two men were ashore for water and to study the prospect from atop a hill, Jim glancing seaward noticed that the mouth of the bay was in danger of being blocked off. He started the engine immediately and with Adlaykok's help pulled up the anchor. Running along the shore line we hastily picked up the two men and squeezed through the opening just in time, for as we reached the open water huge chunks of ice closed in behind us and completely shut off the bay.

We changed position several times the following day and by nightfall were practically in the centre of the harbour with ice hemming us in on all sides. Throughout the night a strong north wind nudged the ice past us at an ever-quicken pace and about daylight the thing happened that Jim had been dreading. A large ice cake got wedged between the anchor chain and the starboard side and caused the vessel to heel over precariously. As no amount of shoving with poles had any effect on it, Jim started the engine and pushed the obstruction ahead and to one side with the boat. Then he quickly threw her into full reverse and the troublesome block moved on.

All this occurred in a matter of minutes. One has to think and act fast in such a crisis. Apparently these situations are never taken lightly, for subsequently Jim said it was fortunate the boat had

the extra power required. Meantime I had dressed fully. If anything happened I wanted to be prepared. I now realize it was foolish of me to think so, but at the time I was sure the crashing hammer blows would rip the boat asunder.

Intending to change anchorage again, we moved at dawn and spotting an opening caused by the pressure of ice at the southern entrance to the harbour we made for it and slipped through. With no immediate indication that the current and wind would carry the ice northwards, Jim now gave up all hope of keeping our scheduled rendezvous at the North Belchers.

* * *

ONCE free of the ice, we encountered heavy seas which I was sure would capsize us and I breathed a prayer of thankfulness when we put in at the H.B.C. post again. In addition to dropping the anchor we tied up to shore, so strong was the wind. During our absence, the *Fort Charles* had arrived with the annual supplies, and along with a whale boat she was crouching in this refuge from the surging waves. The whale boat, provided by the Government to assist the Belcher Islanders in their hunting, was in the care of two Eskimos Jim had selected for the purpose.

Throughout the next day the wind continued without let-up and it wasn't until the following morning at daybreak that we ventured forth again. Jim decided to make for a harbour directly opposite Great Whale River on the mainland in order that we would be in a position to dash across the open stretch the moment the weather moderated enough. Despite the fairly strong wind against us we made good time by hugging the shore and put in for the night at our objective.

In the morning we set out for a small forlorn island some seven miles away, and by the time we got there the wind had receded somewhat. All agreed we were in for calmer weather so we kept

going in a bee-line for Great Whale River. However, before an hour had passed the wind let loose with a fury and in no time at all we were bouncing like a cork on waves higher than I ever want to see again. They swept right over the boat, slashing us forward at a pace that made retreat impossible.

The fact that we were out of sight of land didn't help me any, and as the gale increased I grew panicky. Waves struck with such force that our craft shuddered at each blow until I was positive it would break in two. I was down in the engine room hanging on to the bunk for dear life, with Jim tense beside me, ready to grab me should a lurch loosen my hold. He assured me everything would be all right, but I thought he was merely trying to comfort me.

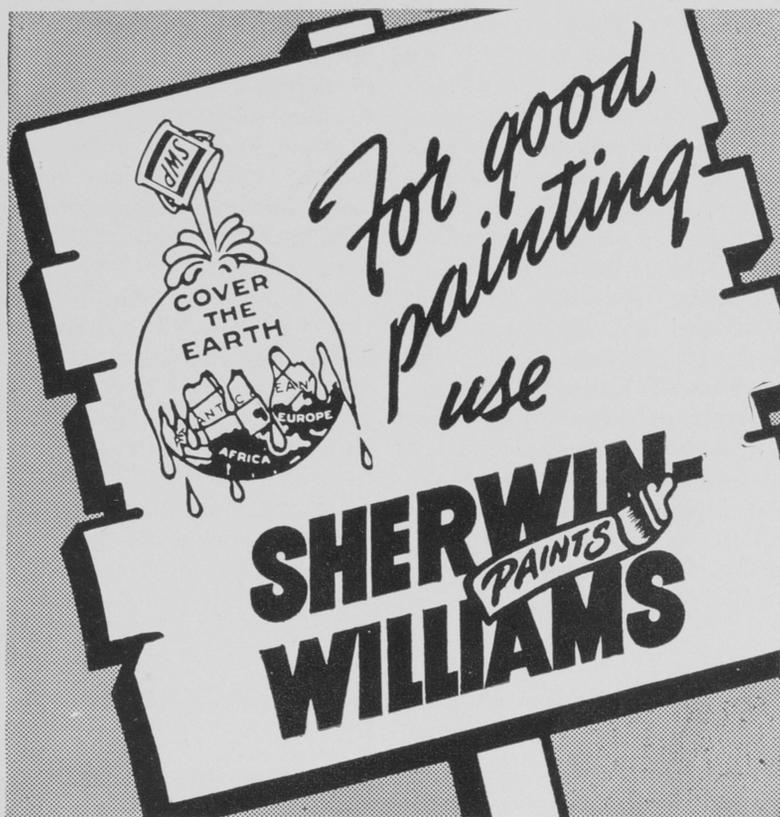
I was greatly relieved when land was sighted, though it seemed eons before we drew noticeably nearer to it. Then suddenly the engine started to cough and lose speed. Jim dashed forward and turned on the other gas tank, but it was practically empty. He rushed up on deck and Adlaykok, drenched through and very scared, came below. I had heard of coloured folk going pale with fright, but this was the first time I had seen it. The Eskimo's face was actually white, and even in my nervousness or perhaps because of it I couldn't help laughing out.

But next minute I was struck with terror. Something was burning, I could smell it. "Fire", I shrieked at the top of my lungs several times, and Jim's head appeared in the hatch.

"Joe's slicker is touching the exhaust and it's getting scorched", he pointed.

Certain that a conflagration was on the verge of enveloping us I had forgotten all about the waves. Meanwhile Jim and Georgeskish poured two drums of gasoline into the tanks and almost went overboard in doing it.

Getting into Great Whale River turned out to be a feat of sorts; a sand-bar lay



athwart its mouth, and the wind and waves did their utmost to throw us off course. A heavy swell lifted us up and on the down beat we hit the sand-bar with a resounding smack, then another swell scooped us up and cast us over into the channel. Even here the water was so rough we couldn't tie up at the wharf. We had to go up-stream quite a piece to anchor.

Mrs. Webster followed along the river bank shouting for Jim and me to go to her place. We accepted, of course, but first I had to cook something for the boys; they hadn't eaten since dawn, and it was now mid-afternoon. Getting ashore was in itself no easy task but we eventually made it and it was wonderful to stand on *terra firma* again. To avoid possible seasickness the crew also left the boat whose both anchors were lowered for safety.

Surprise had been general when our boat entered the river. Because of the

choppy seas no one had caught even a glimpse of the vessel until then, though it had been in full view of the settlement for at least an hour.

I shall always cherish Mrs. Webster's kindness. She had a nice hot bath ready for me, which helped no end to get the chill out of my bones. I scrubbed my legs briskly but couldn't seem to get them clean and finally I realized they weren't dirty at all but just blue from the cold. For a while I thought I was catching cold, but it passed after my hostess put me to bed and gave me a steaming bowl of soup. Cozy as a kitten and feeling thoroughly spoilt I was soon fast asleep.

More inclemency held us at Great Whale River all next day, and it wasn't until dawn of Saturday, the 30th, with Eskimo Jacob Tumik instead of Adlaykok as pilot, that we continued on the next leg of the patrol. During the afternoon a stiff east wind buffeted us and

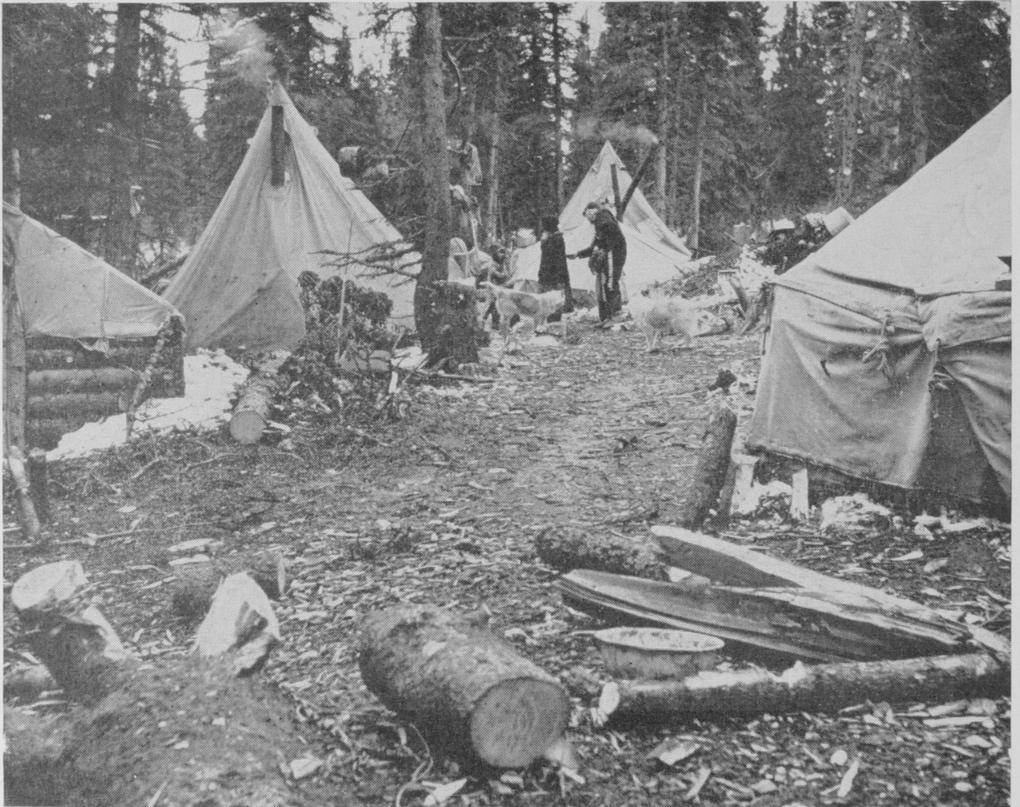
by 5.30 it was blowing so hard when we arrived at Richmond Gulf that we had to remain aboard until 2 o'clock the following afternoon. Even then, getting to the post meant 20 minutes of clambering over high slippery boulders. Father Joseph Cyr of the R.C. mission predicted that the dreadful weather likely would hold us up for days.

However Lady Luck was favouring us again, and the next afternoon, September 1, we took up the anchor and headed for home. I had in the interim mixed a batch of bread dough for Father Cyr and was on the point of putting it into the pans when we had to leave. I still don't know how it turned out. Our host was a natural humorist whose jocosity did much to enliven our sojourn at Richmond Gulf.

Aside from the Catholic mission the settlement boasts two trading posts—one belonging to the H.B.C. and run by an Eskimo, the other operated by Mr. George Papp an independent trader who at the time of our visit was away south collecting his annual supplies. The gulf itself is a large salt water bay with a single outlet about 200 yards wide and some three miles long. The "hazard", as this channel is called, is flanked along its entire length by sheer rock varying from 500 to 1,000 feet high, and it reminded me curiously of some of New York's narrow streets teeming with the flow of humanity whose view of the sun is shut off by tall buildings on either side. The tide-bred current is so fast that the gorge doesn't freeze over even in winter and as we made our way cautiously along

Corporal Davies at an Eskimo encampment he visited while en route to Great Whale, Que.

(National Film Board Photo)



the water at one point reached out a finger that all but spun us completely around while another time a maelstrom sucked our boat down nearly six inches below her normal draft. But if it is treacherous and perilous the hazard is also beautiful and picturesque. Nature surely has painted few lovelier scenes than the one I saw etched against the far shore line in this place as the Eskimos skilfully manipulated their kayaks through the churning waters to the evident agitation of myriads of screaming gulls that wheeled and swooped overhead.

* * *

OUR progress southward was slow and though we made only one stop it was nightfall by the time we pulled into Little Whale River. On the morning of the 2nd we made a determined effort to continue on our way, but wind and breakers drove us back. My heart was in my mouth when we put about, for the boat heeled over so far I didn't see how it possibly could right itself. It's really unbelievable what these Peterheads can take.

We were storm-bound at this spot three whole days, a delay made pleasanter by the fact that most of it was spent on shore under canvas. At an earlier stop we had picked up a tent on a hunch of mine that it might be needed. The four families of natives here were a happy lot, though reduced to living mainly on fish, rabbits and birds, but somehow I couldn't help feeling thankful for all we, in our way of life, have. Much of our time was taken up with hiking over the barren hills and examining rock formations and the flowers which are quite similar to the Arctic flower and seem to grow wherever there is enough soil for their roots to take hold.

We broke camp early in the morning of Friday, the 5th, with the intention of making only a brief stop—no more than half an hour—at Great Whale River, our next port of call, so that we

could reach Long Island and thus be safely out of Hudson Bay by the end of the day.

As things turned out we were held up an hour at Great Whale River by the widows besieging Jim with their wants. Apparently they lacked the courage on his previous visit to tell him of their needs and realized it had become a case of "now or never". Travel in the morning was pleasant but a north wind came up in the afternoon and we had a struggle getting as far as Humbug Harbour. There we traded tobacco and tea for fish from the Eskimos, and as usual Jim brought out his books and checked the families. Mist and rain tied us down for the night, and when we did get away a head wind lashed us to a snail's pace.

About noon we passed Free-trader Papp who was returning to Richmond Gulf with his boat heavily loaded with supplies. Opposite Long Island we kept our eye peeled for Robert Reeds, a young man locally nicknamed Christopher Columbus who had altered his original plans of travelling through the North-west Passage alone in his 13-foot boat in favour of sailing around the coast of Quebec province and Labrador to Montreal, Que. Of the opinion that the lone voyager probably would winter at Great Whale River, Jim was surprised to learn that he already had made his way through James Bay.*

We rounded Cape Jones and entered James Bay in the afternoon, 24 days after we had left it. Among islands more

Editor's Note: Robert Reeds, a newspaperman and a greenhorn where the North is concerned, set out to sail through the North-west Passage alone in a 13-foot boat, the *Ice-Worm*, powered by sail and a small gasoline engine. He arrived at Moosonee, Ont., June 14 and left there ten days later with a change of plans. He intended now to proceed up the east shores of James Bay and Hudson Bay, down the coast of Labrador to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and then on to Montreal. This scheme was also abandoned and on October 23 he was located living with the Indians at Seal River on the Quebec mainland. He has since returned to Ontario.

or less protected from cross winds, as we were, we felt sure it would be fairly clear sailing from here on in. But next morning at Salmon River, Que., a blow so steady confronted us that we pitched our tent ashore. While tarrying there, as this was the vicinity where the wrecked *Beaver* had been broken up by storms we hunted for parts of her to salvage.

Monday morning, the 8th, by reason of our getting away early we came in sight of Fort George about an hour before noon. As we neared the place our engine suddenly heated up due to failure in the water system. Jim shut it off to cool then started it up again and we moved slowly in alongside the wharf. Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn were there to greet us and once more we availed ourselves of their hospitality.

Jim worked all afternoon on the engine. Next day, Mr. Cadney, chief engineer of the *Fort Charles* which arrived six hours after we did, gave him a hand and between them they put it apparently in good working order.

In the morning we got off to an early start, accompanied by the *Fort Charles*, but three hours out of Fort George our engine started misbehaving again. The other vessel threw us a tow-line and pulled us to Woods Harbour near Old Factory River. That night Jim and Mr. Cadney worked until very late on the engine—Jim even passed up his supper—,

but their efforts were useless as one cylinder head was cracked.

When this was discovered Captain Barbour of the *Fort Charles*, with whose father I had travelled in the *Fort Severn*, generously offered to tow us the remaining distance to Moosonee. We gladly accepted, and that evening had him and Mr. Cadney over to the *Moose Factory* for refreshments.

Save for the open stretch between Charlton Island and the estuary of Moose River, where the sea grew mighty rough and threatening, the rest of the trip was uneventful. Jim and Etherington took turns at the tiller while we were in tow. The *Fort Charles's* lights ahead, and the putt-putt of her motor, were comforting in the pitch black night. Had I foreseen how rough the going was to be I'd have had the Thermos filled with hot tea, for the air was cold and raw. However, we now were rolling so badly there was no way of keeping the kettle on the stove.

It was a rugged patrol. It took 37 days and covered 1,700 miles. As I look back on the whole adventure, though, true, I was scared silly at times and joyously happy when we tied up in Moose River, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. In my opinion, women of the Force, the old saying "Go West, young man", doesn't hold nearly the appeal or the challenge of, "Go North, young woman, go North".

True Fellow Talk

IN PLACE of the conventional oath to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", natives of the courts of Australia's Northern Territory are sworn with this recitation:

"Now we want you tell us all about that trouble. No more gammon, no more humbug, you talkem true fellow all the time. No more what other fellow been talk longa you. Talk what you been see yourself longa your own eye. Now, talk loud fella all been wantem hear see, big fellow boss and all about. You talk true fellow all the time; no more be frighten."

And to the layman, this makes just about as much sense as our own legal jargon.

—Kitchener Record.

The Case of the Psychic Investigator

BY A/CPL. T. W. GILBANK

ALTHOUGH I'm not superstitious I have an inward uneasiness on days that are void of phone calls and complaints. Those days are rare, but on one of them not long ago the only thing of interest was a bulletin over the police broadcasts instructing detachments to be on the look-out for a Ford automobile bearing an Alberta licence and believed to be in the possession of three suspicious-looking characters.

The announcement caused me no undue concern, for nearly all roads in the district had been snowbound the last few days and another blizzard was brewing. However, shortly after midnight the phone jangled and the lull was broken.

The call came from a small village 14 miles distant and, before the hour hand of the clock completed its round, resulted in: (1) stolen car; (2) stolen licence plate; (3) breaking, entering and theft from a store; (4) stolen truck; (5) road accident; (6) breaking, entering and theft from garage; (7) attempted theft of car; (8) hold-up; (9) a shooting; (10) a corpse, and (11) a prisoner.

Reporting that his store had been forcibly entered the complainant said he had seen two strangers nearby in a car with an Alberta licence.

We set out at once to investigate. As we hit the country we met the full force of the storm, and were convinced that reaching our destination wasn't going to be easy. About a mile out the transmitter in the police car failed, though we managed to get a partial message through to headquarters before it happened.

The main routes were in hopeless condition, so we tackled the side roads. Plowing and shovelling through the snow-drifts was a seemingly endless job. Time and again we retraced our steps

after studying drifts that fairly made us sick to look at. This occurred so often it seemed we kept getting further and further away from where we wanted to go. Eventually perseverance won, and some three hours from our starting time and 80 miles on our speedometer we came upon a chap digging a car out of a snowbank on the outskirts of the village we were heading for. When we saw a pile of obviously stolen goods in his car, we arrested him and assisted him into ours. In the next hour we flitted from one crime to another, all of them eventually combining to produce a co-ordinated series of events which were really unique.

Our prisoner and a companion of his, it turned out, had by dubious means acquired a car (1) and a licence plate (2) in Alberta and motored to Winnipeg, Man., making the odd profitable stop enroute. The previous evening they decided to visit the rural part of the province south of the Manitoba capital but a solid wall of snow compelled them to abandon the tour soon after it started.

Philosophically the enterprising pair decided to look over a village not far away and a few minutes later parked in front of a well-lit store. As no one was around they forced open the door of the store and helped themselves to parkas, socks, ties, overshoes, travelling bags, and the money in the cash register (3). Out on the sidewalk, after stowing these things in the car, they met the store-keeper and asked him to make them some coffee and sandwiches. Not liking their looks he refused.

They thereupon drove off, but taking a wrong turn got stuck in a snowbank 40 feet from the road that led to escape. One of them stayed to shovel the car out while the other returned to the village in search of something to haul

them free. He stole a truck (4) but in turning it about collided with another truck (5) parked on the side of the street. In his anxiety to rejoin his partner, he drove too fast and got lodged in the snowbank beside the other car.

Undismayed he returned to the village once again, and this time was attracted by a long sleek Packard "Clipper" in a workshop of a garage. Breaking into the place (6) he cleaned out the office till and was on the verge of taking the Packard (7) when the owner of the garage entered the show room with a friend and walked through to the office.

Stealthily he crept up on them and upon reaching the doorway of the office brandished an automatic pistol (8). Equal to the challenge, the owner grabbed up a loaded rifle from his desk

and there was some doubt as to who would get who first. A bullet belched (9) from the rifle and struck the door jamb close to the bandit. The latter swung his automatic around as if about to shoot, the rifle roared again, and the bandit slumped to the floor mortally wounded (10). Examination subsequently showed that the pistol wasn't loaded.

Meanwhile the other itinerant was doggedly making no headway fast in his struggle against the falling snow. He was toiling furiously when the arm of the law reached out and relieved him of his labours (11).

This story has a sad ending. The coroner summoned to the scene collapsed and died on the way.

I still have an inward uneasiness on days when nothing happens.

B.E.M. Presented to R.C.M.P. Constable

AT AN impressive investiture ceremony in the R.C.M.P. gymnasium on Feb. 8, 1948, a few minutes prior to the regular church parade to the R.C.M.P. memorial chapel, Regina, Sask., the British Empire Medal was presented to Reg. No. 13030 Cst. Roger Philippe Arsenaull of "Depot" Division. The presentation was made by Lt. Cmmdr. W. W. Spicer, R.C.N. (R), Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. *Queen*, in the presence of some 200 officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Force, and the citation that accompanied the award reads:

"This Sick Berth Petty Officer has shown untiring devotion to duty under consistently difficult circumstances. He has been greatly responsible for the efficient transporting of injured and repatriated personnel landed in Halifax, and was commended for his conduct during the recent magazine explosion there".

A native of the Acadian district of Nova Scotia and a descendant of the people of French blood whose exile is commemorated in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, Constable Arsenaull was an ordinary seaman in the R.C.M.P. Marine Section from Aug 16, 1938, until transferred in the first weeks of the war to the Royal Canadian Navy. Serving continuously at sea until 1942, he was transferred to the corvette *Spikenard* just before that ship's voyage in which she went down with a loss of more than 90 men. Ashore, at Halifax, he was in charge of the sick bay at H.M.C.S. *Scotian*. He re-engaged in the Force on Nov. 17, 1945.

The holder of a Bachelor of Arts degree, which includes study and laboratory work in chemistry and physics, Constable Arsenaull finds scope for his specialized training and practical experience gained during the war as a member of the permanent staff employed in the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina.



*The One
and Only...*



Player's Please

CORK TIP and PLAIN

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



Bonnie
waiting
for
help.



Preparing
the lines
aboard
R.C.M.P.S.
MacBrien.



Staff
Sergeant
Cooper,
R.C.M.P.
Marine
Division,
launches
caution
line from
.303 rifle.

MARINE DIVISION ...

... ANSWERS DISTRESS CALL

On Mar. 2, 1948, word was received that the U.S. fishing trawler *Bonnie* was disabled about 55 miles from Sambro Light Vessel, N.S. R.C.M.P.S. *MacBrien* immediately sailed from Halifax harbour to lend aid, and long before sighting her objective had established contact by radio telegraph, receiving information that *Bonnie*, her propellor fouled by fishing tackle, was proceeding under difficulty at about five knots toward Sambro Light Vessel. The captain didn't know how long they could keep going.

Contact was maintained at intervals which enabled *MacBrien* to draw nearer to the location of the other ship, and then when they were about seven miles apart radar did the rest. Approaching with caution through wind and thick snow which had persisted all night and was now, as dawn came, lashing about with gale-like ferocity, *MacBrien* with the aid of her powerful searchlight spotted the limping trawler.

From a distance of 300 yards, the towing hawser was passed over, but it gave way aboard *Bonnie* when *MacBrien* started pulling. The retrieving of the



Bonnie receives the line.

hawser occasioned great difficulty in the biting cold. Wet and frozen the huge rope was hard to handle on the small nigger-head of the forward winch, while on the after deck the footing in slush and ice was dangerous. Sand helped temporarily but was soon washed away by heavy seas that swept across the deck. All the ship's company who could be spared from other duties bent to the task of hauling the ice-weighted messenger, which was attached to the hawser, but slipping and sliding precariously, they were unable to raise it.

Finally, two hours later, by manoeuvring the rescue vessel toward the life-line as it came up on the crest of the sea, the feat was accomplished and the tow was continued. Off Millcove the work was handed over to a regular towing tug and *MacBrien* proceeded to H.M.C. Dockyard, another assignment successfully concluded. On the inward run a driving snow and south-east wind which reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour with gusts close to 50 miles an hour reduced visibility to near zero and radar proved a godsend while entering the harbour.

Icy decks and rolling seas.



Old-Timers' Column

Occupation Years in Denmark

Numbered among the men of the Force in the early days were a lord, some sons of lords, the son of a bishop, a great many sons of prominent gentlemen, and, as one officer expressed it, not a few sons o' guns looking for adventure. A survey of Force personnel would reveal that through the years things in this respect haven't changed much, for the ranks have always been graced with illustrious names. This fact has always been a subject for comment both in the Force and out of it, and we are reminded of it again by a letter which came to *The Quarterly* recently from Reg. No. 4791 ex-Constable Rosenkrantz who now is Baron Holger Rosenkrantz of Orumgaard, Daugaard, Denmark.

It was to work and study on the big farms of our prairie West that Rosenkrantz first came to Canada, in the summer of 1908. Then 22 years old, he had from early childhood been fond of horses and was an excellent rider.

When winter started coming on that year he decided the logical thing for him to do was engage in the Royal North West Mounted Police, which he did on November 1. Some weeks later he was attached to the riding school at "Depot" Division, Regina, Sask., as assistant riding instructor and of course he wore on his right arm the worsted spur which is the official insignia of the rough rider. He also broke remounts at Calgary, Alta., the headquarters of old "E" Division, and served for a spell on detachment at Carbon, Alta.

Upon learning that his father, Baron John Rosenkrantz, was on his death-bed, Constable Rosenkrantz purchased his discharge from the Force on Sept. 20, 1912, and returned to his homeland to look after the large family estate and manor house at Sophiendal, Skanderborg, south of Jutland.

An amusing story we like about the baron has its setting in Denmark. One day at a circus he was attracted by the boasts of one Jack Joyce who was offering a purse of 100 kroner to anyone able to ride his bucking bronco. Captain Jessen, a famous horseman, had been thrown and the circus man was sure his money was safe. Assured that the reward still held good, the baron



Reg. No. 4791 ex-Cst. H. Rosenkrantz.

prepared to take up the challenge. Naturally there was excitement, and then word got around that the baron had been a member of the R.N.W.M.P. When Joyce heard it and spotted the Mexican saddle on the baron's horse he outlawed the baron as a competitor and the contest was cancelled.

What ex-Constable Rosenkrantz refers to as "one of my choicest memories of a hard but glorious period" concerns an incident at Regina while he was there. Orders had just been issued that riding instructors must refrain from using intemperate language in the riding school and this anecdote illustrates the riding master's reaction as well as his special brand of sarcasm. A squad that had been together for some time was not performing as it should, in the opinion of the r.m., and he was showing signs of ever-mounting impatience and

exasperation when suddenly Commissioner Perry and staff entered the gallery of the school. Noticing the Commissioner out of the corner of his eye and doubtless guessing that this was to be an inspection of how recruits were treated and spoken to in the confines of the school, the r.m. hastily rode up under the gallery, turned around and ordered: "Form troop, with front to the gallery".

Rosenkrantz being a rough rider took up his position behind the troop.

"Then the r.m. addressed us", says Rosenkrantz, "in these terms: 'I have received strict orders not to use bad words in this riding school, to use nice language to you. Were it not for this I would—well tell you sons of . . . what I ah . . . well ah think of you . . . and your . . . ah . . . riding. But as I must be nice to you I can only kindly ask you to PLEASE in future do as I tell you.'"

After an absence of 25 years Baron Rosenkrantz returned to Canada in 1938 with his daughter and only child, Helle, who for two years had been attending school in England and was about to continue her studies at the University of Western Ontario, London; the young baroness returned to Denmark in July, 1939. During his stay of over three months he revisited his old haunts in the West and renewed old friendships with his former comrades in the Force. He also went on a big-game hunting expedition in the Rockies where he secured some splendid trophies of mountain goats, mountain sheep, elk, moose, grizzly bears and smaller animals, all of which he shipped home to Denmark.

Baron Rosenkrantz is well known to many serving and former members of the Force who no doubt will be interested in his letter which summarizes his impressions during the war years. It reads in part:

Regarding my experiences during the German occupation of Denmark I can claim very little of an exciting nature. Excepting our deep humiliation at our government's shameful attitude in closing its eyes to the impending danger and later forbidding the army to fight, our wrath and resentment at seeing our streets and houses overrun with German soldiers, and swastika flags fluttering from our roof tops, and all the daily indignities and restrictions we were forced to submit to, I have no personal adventures worth mentioning.

At the time I was still at our old family

place in the country, 11 kilometres (almost seven miles) from the nearest railway station. We woke at dawn on Apr. 9, 1940, to the thunder of big German planes on their way north to Norway. At 6 o'clock my bailiff came up to my bedroom and said: "The German Army passed our border an hour ago; the whole of Denmark is occupied and the government has capitulated".

"No resistance?" I asked.

"The army was forbidden to fight! But not all the regiments got the order in time, and some disregarded it. There has been fighting in South Jutland (Slesvig), in Copenhagen round the King's residence, and on the flying fields on Seeland."

They fought pluckily and well, but were ordered to cease fire. Imagine our feelings!

As the day wore on, the rumours became wilder and wilder. Next morning at 6 o'clock the bailiff again came to my bedroom. "Sixteen officers, 150 men, 135 horses, four guns and a field kitchen are arriving within an hour", he said, "and all are to be billeted here".

Nice surprise before breakfast! However, when the Germans arrived they were peaceful enough. They were armed to the teeth and with gas-masks, but once we got them located they gave us no trouble. The army (*die wehrmacht*) generally behaved well, save when the soldiers got drunk; troubles nearly always were generated by the Gestapo and the SS troops (*schutz staffel*—German armed guard), both of which outfits were heartily detested. Of course a five-year enemy occupation is an awful burden and a lot of restrictions were imposed on us.

For example, the press was censored, all driving in private motor cars was prohibited, and the lorries were much cut down. Living so far out, as we did, and being forbidden to drive to the station, we were quite effectively isolated; we had no horse carriages and no carriage horse, and could go nowhere. Often to expiate some "outrage" against the Germans, we were not allowed outdoors between 8 o'clock in the evening and 5 o'clock in the morning. Even the post could not be depended upon: letters occasionally were censored; for two months I got no letters, and no letter I wrote during that interval reached its destination.

But in the towns it was bad. The population became irritated at the Germans' excessive buying in the depleted shops, at the everlasting marching and singing of the soldiers in the streets, and in short at always seeing the green uniforms (grasshoppers, we called them) and hearing the constant tramp-tramp of enemy boots. Fighting between Danes and German soldiers became frequent. Additional restrictions followed and the Danes retaliated

with bombing and sabotage. Sometimes they shot a soldier or an officer; when this happened the town was heavily fined—Odense and Copenhagen, for instance, each had to pay a million kroner (\$250,000).

For news we relied on the BBC. The resistance movement had yet to start, or at any rate was doing very little, and the fifth column along with our own quislings were busy; we heard about arrests, shootings and treachery, and a haunting mood of distrust was prevalent.

By the time I sold my old family home, in 1942, and bought an estate in another part of Jutland the R.M. was lifting its head. But I dared not take an active part in it as we were new-comers in the county and village and far from trusted friends. I had to content myself with sheltering young men of the R.M. in need of a rest, with showing them the right use of their weapons, and with supplying them ammunition which I dug up from a hiding-place.

The young men were hardest hit by the catastrophe. We older ones had been expecting something like it, had seen it coming, but they seemed absolutely stunned.

"How could this happen?" "Why didn't we do something about it?" they asked bewildered.

However, with youthful enthusiasm and daring and a new-born patriotism they set to work to harass the enemy, a thing they did in no uncertain manner. Pupils of the two higher forms of the big schools were especially active and did a lot of damage, and some of those heroic young folk paid the ultimate price.

The R.M. grew gradually, became organized; illegal papers began arriving, and the Danish Freedom Council (*Det danske Frihedsraad*) was formed though we had no way of knowing who were in it. We heard about weapons and instructors being sent down from the air by the R.A.F., we listened to the BBC, and we thanked Sweden for her willing help to our refugees.

We saw, and during the night heard, Allied bombers roar by high overhead as they went to Germany, and we waited for them to come back before dawn—though not all of them did. I saw a plane crash in flames not far from here (Orumgaard), and on another occasion saw one make a forced landing. The bombers that shelled the Gestapo headquarters in Copenhagen hedge-hopped over us at 11 o'clock one night and the broadcast an hour later told us about the bombing.

A railway viaduct two kilometres (approximately a mile and a quarter) from my place was blown up by the R.M. on another night, and nearly every month saw the railway that traverses Jutland out of order.

Though frequently soldiers were billeted at our new estate we had no trouble with them.

Curiously enough, on the second day of the occupation we had a whole battery upon us at Sophiedal, while on the day before the liberation another battery was with us at Orumgaard.

The soldiers in the last-mentioned battery had come from Norway and were tired and war weary. Every day they asked the same questions of the bailiff, who speaks German. "What says the English wireless?" "Are we soon beaten?" "Is peace coming?"

The Germans in Denmark found quite a few quislings and collaborators but these pathetic individuals were greatly outnumbered by the R.M. With fortitude and indomitable courage fine young men of the R.M. fought for freedom, King and country, withstood incarceration, suffered concentration camps, torture and horrors. Many of them unflinchingly faced the firing squad, trusting in God and the righteousness of their cause; may their memory ever remain green in Denmark and their sacrifice not be in vain.

I could go on telling more of those "five damned years", to use words from the R.M.'s *Song of Freedom*—of King Christian's steadfast front through illness as well as while in health against our oppressors, of the people's unswerving faith in the King, of the heroisms, deeds and accomplishments of the R.M. But I won't bother going into such things because the story has been written by better pens than mine.

From the foregoing very human document readers unacquainted with the writer will have no difficulty agreeing with his many friends that Rosenkrantz is a nobleman in more ways than one.

The Last Best West

By R. H. HOUGHAM

At the turn of the century the counter-guard of the greatest covered wagon migration in history was still to be seen trekking westward through Kansas—sometimes the wagons were in groups of six or eight, at others they travelled singly.

The glow of camp fires in the evening, and the twinkle of a bobbing lantern along the river bank as some member of the party set out a "trot line" for a catfish were sights to be remembered and reflected upon.

The smell of sizzling bacon with the attending aroma of willow smoke, coffee, and damp canvas was strange and intriguing. The tinkle of bells and the clinking of hobble chains on the horses were borne upon the evening breeze which seemed to whisper, "Go West young man, go West".



FOR A SPARKLING, LASTING SHINE,
ALWAYS USE "NUGGET".

1-47

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

Seeing for the first time the British Jack beside the Stars and Stripes and signing papers and boarding an immigrant train resulted from remembering and thinking about those westward-bound pioneers in their covered wagons.

An advertisement in the *Kansas City Star* had stated that The Last Best West was now open for homesteading and the Canadian Government would give 160 acres of land to any man over 18 years of age who would build a house, break up 30 acres, and live on the land six months out of each year for three years.

Forty years ago this month [April, 1948], having then reached the age of 18, I walked 32 miles through snow and ice water and selected a homestead on the south bank of the North Saskatchewan river, three miles east of the site of old Fort Pitt. It was thus, with only a tent, a gun, an axe and \$3.40 with which to buy grub, that I accepted

the challenge of the great North West.

The first of my eight years of farming were tough ones. I cut a set of 50 cabin logs and gave them to a homesteader for the use of his oxen for 15 days and, with the animals, broke up ten acres of land. I traded work for oats and sowed the seed broadcast, using a bushy tree as a harrow.

Binding the bundles with a straw band; threshing them by hand with a flail; trapping muskrats and exchanging the skins for groceries; killing ducks, geese and prairie chickens in the autumn, and moose in the winter, for meat; picking berries and gathering a few fresh duck eggs and catching fish in the summer; cutting logs for buildings and rails for fences, and clearing the land with axe and grub-hoe were all a part of those glorious young years on the homestead that gave me an undying love for the country and its people, and an



**The author and Reg. No. 3069 ex-Sgt.
W. H. Burke in 1926.**

unshakable faith in the potentialities of The Last Best West.

What impressed me most on entering the Dominion were the white poplar trees standing at attention in groups on the brown-and-white landscape and casting their reflections on the seemingly endless sea of snow water; the rhythmic squeaking of the coach as it rolled over the softening road bed; the Scottish burr and the English accent of the officials; the size and carriage of the Winnipeg City Police, and, at last, the Royal North West Mounted Police (to use the title by which the Force was then known) with their red coats—that world-acclaimed and traditionally-fearless body of men who hold an inimitable and

enviable place in the minds and hearts of all young people.

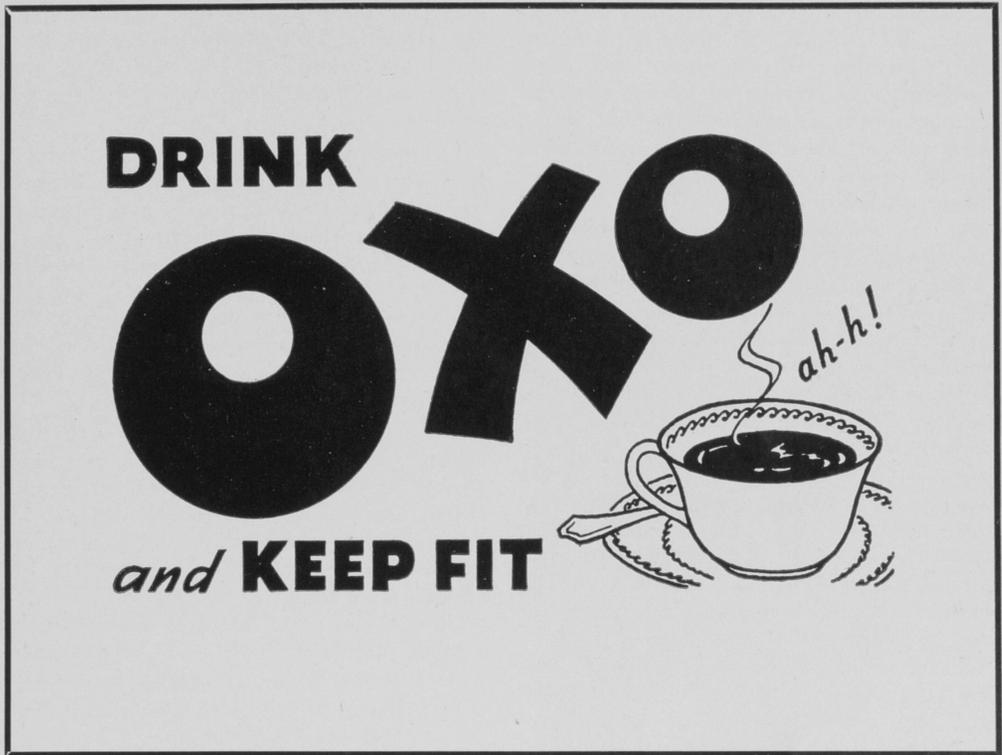
Often I have wondered if individual members of the R.C.M.P. realize to what extent they are idolized by the youngsters. I have watched with deep interest and admiration the Youth and Police program inaugurated nearly three years ago by the Force—a program every country in the world would do well to emulate.

This I remember clearly: It was one of my great ambitions to meet and to know a Mounted Policeman. This wish was first realized in the person of Sergeant Burke* of Lloydminster and Onion Lake, Sask.

“Tough” Burke they called him, though I never learned how he came by the nickname. I do know with what mingled feelings I first observed him slowly riding up to my log cabin on a dark bay horse. He could fluently speak the Cree and French languages, which were widely used in his detachment area, and I always thought of him as the ideal man to represent the forces of law and order in that district. We remained friends all of those homestead years and right up until he died in 1927.

By chance, we met at Banff in July, 1926. It had been ten years since we had seen one another. This time he was walking with his wife and using a cane—but, racked with pain and nearing the end of the trail, he

**Editor's Note:* Reg. No. 3069 ex-Sgt. W. H. Burke and his brother, Reg. No. 2814 ex-Cst. J. E. Burke, being below the recruiting age, engaged together in the N.W.M.P. as buglers with the rank of special constable on Apr. 14, 1891. The next year “Tough” was a member of Sgt. Harry Walker's famed N.W.M.P. Band at Regina, and it was often said of him that his boots were always polished to such a sheen that “you could shave in 'em”. He engaged as a constable on May 16, 1894, and later served with the C.M.R.'s in South Africa. He was in charge of Onion Lake Detachment for some years prior to 1915, and after 23 years in the Force he took his discharge to pension Oct. 31, 1917. The Burkes were a real Force family. The boys were sons of Reg. No. 402 ex-Cst. Patrick (Paddy) Burke who engaged in the N.W.M.P. at Winnipeg, Man., May 12, 1875, served as a trumpeter at Battleford and died there May 3, 1885, from wounds received in action the previous day at Cutknife Hill. The boys' sister, Mary, is married to Reg. No. 742 ex-Sgt. Major Charles Parker who served from Mar. 30, 1882, to Mar. 30, 1887, and from June 2, 1891, to July 31, 1906; Mr. and Mrs. Parker are still living at Battleford, Sask.



was just a shadow of the man I had known ten years earlier.

We talked of many things: The great changes that had taken place in the West during the past 20 years, the early days on the homestead, the voraciousness of the mosquitos in the summer, cold winter trips, the prowess and skill of individuals. It was all good talk that left me with the feeling of hours well spent, and ever and anon the conversation would turn to the years my companion had spent on the Force which had been his life. Sergeant Burke's pride in his medals was good to see.

Canada is just as much a challenge today as she was 40 years ago. With her feet firmly planted on her side of a friendly international boundary; with her head in the clouds—imperious, yet enticing, generous yet conservative; with her broad expanse of undeveloped lands, her virgin forests and mineral treasures, Canada is, indeed, *The Best Last West*.

Colonel Mitchell Plaque

Placed in the east hall of the First Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, Man., Sunday, Dec. 14, 1947, was a plaque, dedicated to

the memory of the late Col. James B. Mitchell, whose death on Nov. 14, 1945, marked the passing of the last of the original members who joined the N.W. M.P. in 1874. His Force regimental number is 50. After three years' service he took his discharge from the Force on May 31, 1877, with the rank of staff constable which is equivalent to today's senior N.C.O. rank "sergeant major".

Rev. W. Gordon MacLean, who officiated at the honouring ceremonies, said the plaque would remind "those who follow us of the calibre of the men and women who built this church".

In recognition of more than 15 years' service as president of the Manitoba Division of the St. John Ambulance Association, Colonel Mitchell was decorated with the insignia of commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. (Particulars respecting the career of Colonel Mitchell are given in 11 R.C.M.P.Q. 141.)

Veterans' News

"A" Division of the Royal North West Mounted Police Veterans' Association on June 19 celebrates the 35th anniversary of

its formation with a big reunion at Vancouver, B.C., which will afford opportunity for ex-members of the Force and some members now serving to commingle and compare notes. Dominion President Julien Nash (4762), let it be known beforehand that he would fly from Calgary, Alta., to join in on the occasion.

At the annual headquarters meeting of the association held February 23 at the Calgary residence of Col. (ex-Supt.) G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O., who acted by proxy for "C" Division, Ottawa, Ont., Mr. Nash was re-elected to his 12th term as Dominion president. Others selected at that time for 1948 were: Ex-Supt. J. O. Fripps, Vancouver, vice-president; G. E. Blake (4016), Calgary, former warden of the Lethbridge provincial gaol, secretary treasurer; executive, E. B. D. Mitchell (7346), Calgary; A. C. Bury, K.C., (4098), Calgary, president of "E" Division, and Ft.-Lt. H. A. Stewart (6461), Vancouver, president of "A" Division.

All divisions of the association are getting stronger as time goes on, with "box-car" regimental numbers of "young" recruits becoming more prevalent: "A" Division, Vancouver—200, all but 37 over 50 years of age and J. "Jimmie" W. F. Weeks (789) being the veteran of the veterans at age 85; "C" Division in Ottawa is just over the 100 mark while "B" Division in Victoria, B.C., is fast approaching it, and finally Dominion headquarters and "E" Division in Calgary nearing 50.

The youngest member we are told is a babe in arms of 29, but all from the oldest member down to him are young in spirit if not in years and imbued with the binding traditions they absorbed from the parent body.

"Ironed Out"

Sirs: In your column *This Funny Life* (January) someone tells a very amusing story that I hate to criticize, but it reflects on the training received by all members of the famous force now known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and then known as the Royal North West Mounted Police.

No member of the Force would ever make such a gross blunder as to lay a charge before a justice of the peace of "piracy" for the theft of a row-boat from a pond. In fact, few justices of the peace would accept such a charge. It is true that

many of these justices had to rely upon the Mounted Police to interpret the law, and I never knew of any case where the policeman misled them, even if it hurt his own case.

I remember reading of this case, which I believe occurred around 1912 at Biggar, Sask. But the story improves every time it is told. The Mounted Policeman was away on duty and the town policeman handled the case; the charge of piracy was laid and the accused found guilty. Fortunately, the Mounted Policeman returned to town, the justice referred the case to him and everything was ironed out.

It might be of interest to know that all recruits in the Force undergo a very rigid course of six months at Regina or Rockcliffe. After passing his recruit course . . . when he is considered fit, he is sent out under some old-timer who completes his education. Then . . . he gets his own detachment and is on his own—a big toad in a small puddle.

—JULIEN NASH, *Dominion President*,
Royal North West Mounted Police,
Veterans' Association,
Calgary, Alta.

From Our Own Mail Bag

Sir:

Every issue of *The Quarterly* is an improvement on its predecessor and all the articles are well-written and interesting. As an ex-member I appreciate the space given to the veterans' affairs. It is also interesting to know what the Force is doing and how they go about it.

Certainly methods have changed since my day; as Sherlock Holmes would have told Dr. Watson they were "elementary". There were no laboratories, no trained dogs, no autos or airplanes owned by the Force then. To travel we had the choice of foot, horse, dog team or train. On one occasion my horse was lame and I had a trip of 50 miles ahead of me for which I borrowed a bicycle. I had good reason to remember that trip for days afterwards.

Best wishes to the officers of *The Quarterly* for the coming year from the officers of the Dominion Headquarters of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association.

JULIEN NASH,
Dominion President.

Dear Sir:

Reading of Roger Pocock [13 R.C.M.P.Q. 91] reminds me of an incident that occurred in connection with him at the Victoria Diamond Jubilee, 1897, in which I participated as a member of the N.W.M.P. contingent. Pocock made himself acquainted with us on our arrival, entertained us and took us to a performance at a theatre in which Lena Ashwell played a leading role; at the time I thought she was his sister.

The review of the Fleet at Spithead was coming off. We were to be present on a chartered steamer and Pocock was very anxious to attend. By chance one of our fellows was taken sick, so the night before the "do" Pocock was smuggled into our quarters in Chelsea barracks, shorn of his lovely beard, and in the morning, dressed in the sick man's uniform, fell in on parade. He was shoved around by those on either side of him until finally we marched off.

Everything went well to a point where we were steaming up and down the lines of war vessels, when our hero apparently forgot himself. For, putting his glasses on, he got hold of the O.C. by the sleeve and was excitedly pointing to something that had caught his attention. Then the long arm of the sergeant major reached out and dragged him from sight. It is only fair to say that our officers never referred to the incident.

ROBT. J. JONES
(Reg. No. 2384, ex-sergeant)

Langford,
Vancouver Island, B.C.

Pensioned

Hereunder is a list of ex-members of the Force, and of their addresses, who retired to pension on the dates shown; this list will be continued from time to time.

- Reg. No. 9038, S/Sgt. Percy Kavanagh—Aug. 31, 1942. 138 Osgoode St., Ottawa, Ont.
Supt. Robert Eldridge Mercer—Sept. 30, 1945. 1354 Craigdarroch Rd., Victoria, B.C. (The wrong address was shown in the last issue).
Reg. No. 9135, Cpl. Andrew Whetstone—Dec. 26, 1945. 108 LeBreton St., Ottawa.
Reg. No. 5756, Cpl. Richard Clive Stuchbery—May 24, 1947. Chief of Police, Hornepayne, Ont.
Reg. No. 11453, Cst. Leonard Frederick Abbott—June 16, 1947. R.R. No. 2, Chilliwack, B.C.
Reg. No. 10926, Cst. Willard Thomas Irvine—July 23, 1947. 916 Dunsmuir St., Victoria.



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- Reg. No. 11344, Cpl. Kenneth Charles Russell Coulter—July 31, 1947. Emerson, Man.
- Reg. No. 11391, Sgt. Octave Gustave Supeene—July 31, 1947. 392 Dubuc St., St. Boniface, Man.
- Reg. No. 8064, S/Sgt. Joseph Henry Pepper—Aug. 15, 1947. Nelson Ave., Penticton, B.C.
- Reg. No. 6737, Sgt. Major John Joseph Molloy—Aug. 10, 1917. Box 83, Grimsby, Ont.
- Reg. No. 8899, Cst. John Stewart Cameron—Aug. 16, 1947. 640 Lindsay St., Drummondville, Que.
- Reg. No. 10624, Cpl. John Ernest Wilmot—Aug. 17, 1947. 482 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C.
- Reg. No. 8659, Sgt. Albert John Davidson—Aug. 18, 1947. Box 272, Gravenhurst, Ont.
- Reg. No. 9921, Cst. Ronald William Melville—Aug. 20, 1947. Telegraph Cove, Vancouver Island, B.C.
- Reg. No. 10125, Cpl. Joseph Emery Paquette—Aug. 21, 1947. 101 Laurier Ave., Hull, Que.
- Reg. No. 10990, Sgt. Georges Genest—Aug. 25, 1947. 1515 Van Horne St., Montreal, Que.
- Reg. No. 9663, Sgt. Major Edward Anstead—Aug. 31, 1947. R.R. No. 2, Spencerville, Ont.
- Reg. No. 9188, Sgt. Alfred William Appleby—Aug. 31, 1947. 33 Millfield Lane, Hull Road, York, Eng.
- Reg. No. 11511, Cpl. Bernard Dowling—Aug. 31, 1947. 2335 Shakespeare St., Victoria.
- Reg. No. 9521, Cpl. Leonard Frank Fielder—Aug. 31, 1947. P.O. Box 63B, R.R. No. 3, Kelowna, B.C.
- Reg. No. 10219, Cpl. Edouard Theriault—Aug. 31, 1947. 1 Fraser Ave., Riviere du Loup, Que.
- Reg. No. 7944, S/Sgt. Major Clerk Victor John Richard Thompson—Aug. 31, 1947. 15 Elm-dale Ave., Ottawa.
- Reg. No. 10402, Cpl. Frederick George Hicks Truscott—Aug. 31, 1947. 1270 Danforth Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- Reg. No. 11465, Cst. William Bannerman—Sept. 11, 1947. Minnedosa, Man.



EXERCISE HAINES II—Reg. No. 11159 ex-Cpl. Michael Victor Nolan, shown above instructing others in the handling of dog teams—an important phase of Canadian Army Exercise Haines II held in the Yukon Territory from the beginning of this year till the middle of March to train soldiers in the ways of living and working in the open—, served nearly 14 years between 1931 and 1945 in the R.C.M.P., most of the time as a detective in Saskatchewan but latterly on Northern duty. The 39-year-old army instructor speaks Polish, Ukranian, Russian, Czecho-Slovakian, French and German, is proficient in life saving and first aid, and prior to engaging in the Force was a school teacher. This experienced veteran of the outdoors thus has many qualifications for his present work in which *The Quarterly* on behalf of his friends in the Force wishes him well.

BOOK REVIEWS By **J. C. Martin, K. C.**

TO EFFECT AN ARREST, by Harwood Steele. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 311. \$3.50.

Lt.-Col. Harwood Steele, M.C., F.R.G.S., is a son of one of the original and most distinguished members of this Force, and through that fact as well as by personal inclination has been its friend throughout his life. His book is a collection of short stories and its sub-title, "Adventures of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police", tells the nature of them.

The stories are well-constructed and well-written, with action and suspense a-plenty, and sometimes with humour. The setting is genuine, for the author knows the country of which he writes, and occasional touches lend verisimilitude to the stories—for example, there is no lack of famous names in the roster of the Force, and more than once an ex-member has exchanged the red serge for clerical garb.

Lieutenant-Colonel Steele says in a foreword that the stories deal with fact in the form of fiction, and in some of their incidents no doubt they will remind different readers of different cases. "The Boundary Line" is reminiscent of Bill Miner and his gang of train robbers, "Storm Child" recalls the case of Almighty Voice whom it mentions, "The Cat Comes Back" will remind some readers of the case of Larry Lett and the Idaho Kid. Nevertheless the stories should be read, not as factual accounts of actual cases, but as fiction in the same sense that Ralph Connor's novel *Corporal Cameron* is fiction with a Mounted Policeman as hero.

The book has a fault of over-emphasis. The tradition and teaching of the Force set a high standard, but the Mounted Policeman does not, nor did he ever, wish to be regarded as combining the best qualities of Sir Galahad, Richard Coeur de Lion and the Admirable Crichton.

CANADA MOVES NORTH, by Richard Finnie. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Illustrated. Pp. 226. \$3.

This is a new edition of a book published in 1942. Its author was born in the Yukon, the son of a former Administrator of the Northwest Territories. He writes not only with enthusiasm but with authority, for to his early experience of life in Northern

Canada he has added a great deal of travel and research. The book is excellent, comprehensive yet concise, and it is written in a pleasing style in which there is no straining for effect.

While the book is primarily an account of the history, geography and present state of development of Canada's northland, Mr. Finnie neither overlooks nor neglects the strategic importance of the area and the need for defensive precautions in the troubled state of world politics which now exists. Neither does he hesitate to discuss a subject because it is likely to arouse controversy. Thus, he criticizes the missionaries and expresses doubt that the white man's civilization has been of much benefit to the Northern Indians and the Eskimos. Again, he is critical of the attitude which governments, of whatever political faith, have taken toward the development of the North, although in this respect he softens his comments by saying in his postscript (dated September, 1947) that "The attitude of the Government towards social problems in the North seems to be undergoing a change, and some of the policies so earnestly advocated in this book are at last being given serious consideration".

The author's greatest enthusiasm is for the potentialities of the North. It has everything—minerals, including oil, for the recovery, power for the harnessing, fish and fur for the catching. It has everything, that is to say, except climate. On this point he is on ground which is at least debatable when he quotes with approval an opinion that the climate in Northern Canada presents difficulties no more insuperable than the Lake Superior region. One is reminded that, in his *Study of History*, Professor Toynbee makes the point that the greatest contributions to civilization have come from the hard countries, but he adds that even the hardy peoples have sometimes come up against conditions which were too much for them. The Vikings, for example, could cope with the conditions which they found in Iceland, but not with those which confronted them in Greenland.

The same point arises with regard to Northern Canada. Indeed, Mr. Finnie himself, in some interesting comments on the voyages of the *St. Roch*, says that "They only demonstrated what had long been

known as a fact, that a suitable vessel could sail from Atlantic to Pacific, or vice versa, in favorable seasons". At all events, the challenge is there; if the rewards are great enough—and potentially, it appears that they are—it is probable that means will be found to overcome the obstacles.

No criticism is implied in the foregoing. Anyone who reads this book and then goes North, will go with a very good knowledge of what is ahead of him. To speak more broadly, the book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of an area which, all must hope, will some day be an important factor in Canadian life.

OBITUARY Continued from page 383

Reg. No. 368 ex-Cst. Robert Hugh Mackay, 88, died at Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., Mar. 6, 1948. He served in the N.W.M.P. from June 9, 1879, to Aug. 13, 1883, having been stationed during that period at Fort Walsh and Fort Qu'Appelle. In his youth he was a page boy to Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's first prime minister. Upon engaging in the Force he travelled to the West via the Missouri river route in the paddle-

steamer *Redcloud*, disembarking at Fort Benton, Mont., and trekking overland to Fort Walsh.

Reg. No. 2979 ex-Cst. Charles Henry Rawson, 77, died at Vancouver, B.C., Apr. 10, 1948. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Nov. 29, 1893, to Dec. 12, 1895, and from May 1, 1899, to Oct. 11, 1901, having been stationed during those periods at Regina (Sask.) and Lethbridge (Alta.) in the Northwest Territories and Dawson, Y.T. He served with the Royal Canadian Engineers in the First World War.

Reg. No. 4663 ex-Sgt. William Bullock, 74, died at Vancouver, B.C., Apr. 14, 1948. He served in the Force from Nov. 28, 1907, until pensioned Aug. 5, 1924, and during that period was stationed at Willow Bunch, Big Muddy, Regina and Prince Albert in Saskatchewan, and at Brandon, Man.

Reg. No. 3328 ex-Cst. Poole Field, 72, died at Vancouver, B.C., Apr. 22, 1948. A member of the N.W.M.P. from Aug. 1, 1898, to Nov. 20, 1900, he was stationed most of that time at Dawson, Y.T. After leaving the Force he took up trapping, fur trading, prospecting and explorations, and was very widely known in the North.

Obituary

- Reg. No. 3659 ex-Cst. William Patrick Dundas, 77, died at Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 13, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Apr. 21, 1900, until invalided on Apr. 11, 1904, because of a leg injury; for awhile after Feb. 16, 1910, he was engaged in the R.N.W.M.P. as a special constable. While in the Force he was stationed at Regina (Sask.) and Lethbridge (Alta.) in the Northwest Territories, and at Dawson, Y.T.
- Reg. No. 2406 ex-Cpl. Christopher Reed, 78, died at Bridlington, England, Sept. 26, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Jan. 30, 1890, to Aug. 31, 1900, being stationed at Battleford, (Sask.) N.W.T., and latterly at Dawson, Y.T., where he was hospital orderly. As a chaplain he was honorary captain to the Canadian forces during the First Great War. Subsequently he was vicar of various churches in Western Canada until 1934 when he returned to England and became Rector of Stockton on Forest, York, and later Vicar of Saxton, near Tadcaster. Owing to a breakdown in health in 1941 he retired to Acomb and from there moved to Bridlington.
- Reg. No. 9103 ex-Sgt. Robert John Heeney, 61, died at Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 5, 1948. He served in the former Dominion Police from Jan. 1, 1915, to Jan. 31, 1920, and with the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, to June 18, 1944, on which date he was pensioned with exemplary conduct. The whole of his service in the Force was in Ottawa, where he was employed as "A" Division carpenter. He was a member of "C" Division of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association.
- Reg. No. 1138 ex-Cst. Thomas Patrick Nash, 82, died at Moose Jaw, Sask., Feb. 11, 1948. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Feb. 2, 1885, to Feb. 10, 1890, and from Nov. 3, 1890, to Oct. 4, 1892, being stationed in the N.W.T. (Sask.) at North Battleford, Maple Creek, Regina, and Wood Mountain. During The North-west Rebellion he was with Commr. A. G. Irvine's expedition which marched from Regina to Prince Albert, Fort Carlton and Duck Lake, and was one of a party of seven members of the N.W.M.P. left at the remains of old Fort Carlton to bury the dead from the Duck Lake fight. He was among those who pursued the Indians that following the Frog Lake massacre fled northward with a number of white captives including the girls of the Maclean family. From Nov. 21, 1939, to Apr. 15, 1941, he served in the R.C.M.P. as a special constable at North Battleford and Regina.
- Reg. No. 9066 ex-Sgt. William Moore Robinson Stewart, 60, died at Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 12, 1948. A member of the former Dominion Police from Feb. 6, 1911, until the amalgamation of that body with the R.C.M.P. on Feb. 1, 1920, he served in the R.C.M.P. from the latter date until pensioned with exemplary conduct on Aug. 31, 1944. His total police service was confined to Ottawa. He was a member of "C" Division of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association.
- Reg. No. 4615 ex-Cpl. Charles Walker, 73, died at Victoria, B.C., Feb. 15, 1948. He served in the Force from Aug. 5, 1907, till pensioned Aug. 4, 1930, having been stationed at Regina, Sask., and Esquimalt and Vancouver in British Columbia.
- Reg. No. 4088 ex-Cst. Geoffrey Vaughan Wills, 70, died at Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 16, 1948. He served in the Force from Nov. 4, 1903, to Nov. 14, 1907, and from July 2, 1911, to Nov. 25, 1911, being stationed during those periods at Yorkton and Regina in Saskatchewan, and at Whitehorse, Y.T. He was a veteran of World War I.
- Reg. No. 5173 ex-Sgt. Major Cecil Thoroton Hildyard, 64, died at Martin's Brook, N.S., Feb. 21, 1948. He served in the Force from Feb. 8, 1911, to Feb. 7, 1918, and from Dec. 20, 1918, until pensioned on June 22, 1939, and during those periods was stationed at Regina, Prince Albert, Saskatoon, Hanley, Asquith and Rosthern in Saskatchewan, The Pas and Winnipeg in Manitoba, Montreal, Que., Fort William, Ottawa and Rockcliffe in Ontario, and Halifax, N.S. In the World War I interval when he was out of the Force he was a member of the R.A.F.
- Reg. No. 9046 ex-Cst. Dosithe DeHaitre, 74, died at Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 28, 1948. A member of the former Dominion Police from June 25, 1900, until the amalgamation of that body with the R.C.M.P. on Feb. 1, 1920, he served in the Force from then until pensioned on June 24, 1926. Throughout his police career he was stationed at Ottawa.
- Reg. No. 1811 ex-Cpl. John Geoghegan, 88, died at Victoria, B.C., Apr. 3, 1948. He served in the N.W.M.P. from June 26, 1886, to June 25, 1898, and in the N.W.M.P. and R.N.W.M.P. from Feb. 22, 1901, until pensioned on Feb. 28, 1909, having been stationed during those periods in old "D" Division at Macleod and Peigan in Alberta. After leaving the Force he was for a time a member of the Lethbridge City Police and later a guard at Lethbridge gaol. He was a veteran of the Boer War.

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