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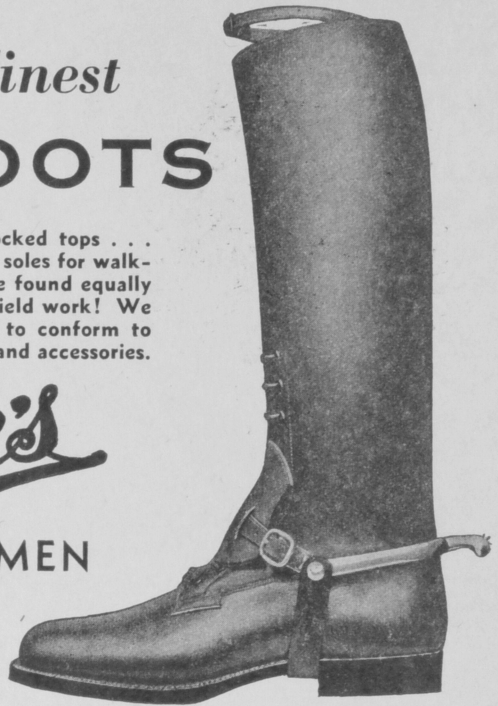
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TORONTO, CANADA



# Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

VOLUME I

OCTOBER, 1933

NUMBER 2

## Contents

	PAGE
The R.C.M. Police Cruiser <i>Adversus</i> .....	Frontispiece
Editorial .....	43
Halifax to Vancouver by Sea by <i>Special Constable J. W. Bonner,</i> <i>Navigator</i> .....	45
The Missing Krueger Party by <i>Vernon LaChance</i> .....	51
May of Dominion of Canada showing R.C.M.P. Supervision by <i>Constable W. W. Skuce</i> .....	58
Crimes Against the Motor Car by <i>J. A. Lynch</i> .....	59
Bibliography of Recommended Works dealing with the R.C.M. Police.....	62
Procuring Dog-Food in the Eastern Arctic by <i>Inspector C. E. Wilcox</i> .....	63
Notes on Recent Work .....	66
The Lighter Side.....	74
Notes from Divisions.....	76
Protecting the Revenue.....	79
Wintering the "St. Roch" by <i>Acting Sergeant J. H. Pepper</i> .....	81
Obituary .....	84

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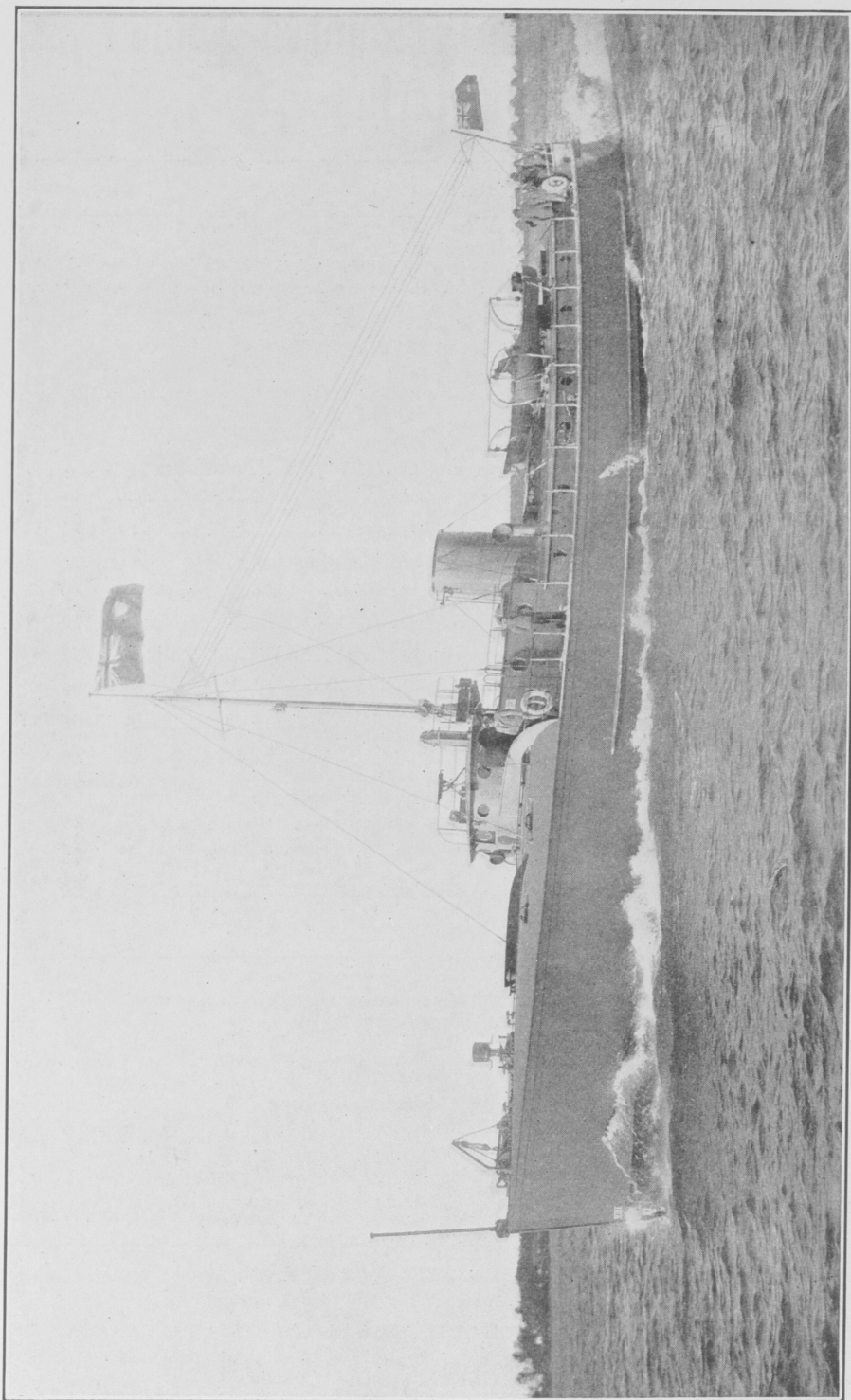
V. J. LACHANCE, *Secretary.*

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THE R. C. M. POLICE CRUISER "Adversus"  
The *Adversus* is a 117' Diesel-propelled cruiser of wood and part steel construction, with wireless equipment.



## Editorial

**T**HE RECEPTION accorded the first issue of the *Quarterly* has been most encouraging to our further efforts. The comments of the public press, in particular, were exceedingly kind.

As we progress from Volume 1, Number 1, to Volume 1, Number 2, it is with the strengthened conviction that there is a definite place for the *Quarterly* in the life of the Force. In the broad field of the Force's operations the variety of the work is so great that no one Division, today, can hope to include all its phases. For this one reason, alone, it should be possible to offer material of interest to all members of the Force.

\* \* \*

It may not be amiss, here, to repeat the considerations which guided the selection of names for the Honour Roll. The first list included the names of those members of the Force "who gave their lives for the Force and their country, *as a result of violence encountered while attempting to carry out their duties*". The second list included the names of those members of the Force "who lost their lives as a result of the hazards of *their occupation*, or from hardships and exposure encountered while in the performance of their duty".

In other words, for the name of a member of the Force to be included in Part II of the Honour Roll his death must have been due to an accident which resulted from a hazard *peculiar to the conditions under which a Mounted Policeman must perform his duties*.

It has been brought to our attention that there were two omissions in the Honour Roll which appeared in the July issue. We now take pleasure in rectifying this oversight. The omissions were from the list which comprised Part II of the Honour Roll, and are as follows:—

REG. No. 3617—CONSTABLE JAMES FITZGERALD.

Accidentally drowned in the White River, Y.T., on August 27th, 1913.

REG. No. 979—STAFF SERGEANT G. H. L. BOSSANGE.

Killed by lightning at Spirit River, Alberta, on June 21st, 1919, while on patrol.

\* \* \*

It is the intention of the editors of the *Quarterly* to include in future numbers of the magazine reviews of books dealing with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and kindred subjects.

**Reviews** Numerous books have been written on the force and its work: some of them good, but not a few inaccurate and of doubtful value. It is expected that the reviewing service will assist members of the Force in deciding what it is worth their while to read. In order to assist in this aim a bibliography of recommended works is included with this number. This list is not necessarily complete, and any suggested additions will be carefully considered.

The establishment of a R.C.M. Police Museum at Regina will, it is hoped, bring together the many documents and other objects having a special Mounted Police interest, which are now, in many cases, in the possession of ex-members and friends of the Force. As records of this nature are, frequently, of a definite historical value, in addition to the interest they possess for the members of the Force, the Museum may, in time to come, have a national, rather than a local value.

### The Museum

\* \* \*

With the present number we include contributions which deal with northern work in three of its guises; a special article on an unusual aspect of the duties of the Marine Section; an instructive article on the use and abuse of the motor car; a few notes on recent work which take in a variety of cases; and, last but not least, a dash of the less serious side of Mounted Police life.

### Our Present Offering

We hope you will enjoy the mixture.



Rehearsal of the "N" Division Musical Ride, a feature event at the "Grand Military Display and Tattoo" of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Legion on September 8 and 9. The R.C.M. Police, to quote the *Ottawa Citizen*, "almost stole the show".



# Halifax to Vancouver by Sea

by SPECIAL CONSTABLE J. W. BONNER, Navigator

**C**RUISING ALONG joyfully through the blue waters of the Spanish Main, bluest of blue skies overhead, flecked in places with the lightest of clouds, palm trees stirred into life by trade winds; such scenes certainly are not usually associated with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, yet such were the day dreams stirred up in the minds of the members of the *Adversus*, when, like a bolt from the blue, came the word one morning that this Cruiser was to be transferred from Atlantic to Pacific waters, travelling all the way from Halifax to Vancouver, by way of the Carribean Sea, Panama Canal and Pacific Ocean.

The vessel was criticized by all the amateur Naval architects. Some said she wasn't large enough; others that the trip was possible but dangerous; others that she wasn't the right shape; while yet others knew for certain that she wasn't well built. To all this the Master, Captain Croft, merely turned a deaf ear and carried on with the work; he had been out on patrol in his ship in all kinds of weather and knew what she could do.

The crew was kept busy for weeks preparing the ship for the long trip. The dockyard hands were busy preparing the vessel for a voyage in tropical waters. Awnings must be fitted, fans supplied to each room, white uniforms for tropical wear must be hurriedly prepared.

Although the ground was still covered with snow, it was no uncommon sight to go on board the *Adversus* and catch some member of the crew admiring himself in a mirror, trying to see how he would look in a white sun helmet, when he had a chance to go ashore in the West Indies.

On April 5th all was reported in order and we left the wharf in H.M.C. dockyard and steamed (or should I say "dieseled") seawards.

The Cruiser *Preventor* with Captain Herman in charge said good-bye to us off Cape Sable. Soon the coast of Nova Scotia slipped below the horizon, and we set a course for the Light Vessel anchored off Nantucket Shoals.

The day was fine with a long head swell. Watches were arranged. I agreed to stand the 4 to 8 watch in the morning, as I wished to take star sights. Captain Croft volunteered to stand the 4 to 8 P.M. watch.

During the night the wind increased to gale force with heavy head seas and we could do no more all night than hold her head up to the seas, running dead slow on one engine. As we had about two hundred miles to go to New York, it was decided to head towards Havana, Cuba, as we then would have the sea more on the beam and could make better headway. This alteration of the course caused the vessel to roll most uncomfortably but we were at least going through the water and not bobbing up and down in the one hole all the time.

The crew was terribly disappointed at missing New York, but there simply wasn't any help for it.

The next morning the wind died out and the seas were rapidly going down, with better time being made. We were nearing the Gulf Stream and a decided change was noticed in the temperature.

In the afternoon the Gulf Stream was sighted. This to a landsman may seem strange or even impossible, and usually is impossible, but at times the edge of the Stream is clearly defined. Green water on the north of the current, while the Stream itself is blue. In this case the edge of the current was clearly marked. There was a slight wind blowing with the current which left the Stream smooth, but caused a small chop on the colder water on the northern edge.

At six o'clock Diamond Shoals Light Vessel, anchored off the coast of North Carolina, was abeam. The *Adversus* having proved herself an excellent sea boat, it was decided not to waste time following the coast down to Havana, but to strike out direct for Kingston, Jamaica, by way of Crooked Island Passage. This meant a saving of several hundred miles and of several days.

Next morning we found we had been carried about sixty miles to the eastward by the current, but as this had been allowed for in the course, we were just where we expected to find ourselves.

Warmer weather had definitely set in, and overcoats were discarded; days of bright sunshine and blue water were enjoyed and it seemed hardly possible that a few days before we had been tramping in snow and slush in Halifax.

The next day all hands turned out to stretch the awnings. What a relief it was to get in the shade! The heat of the sun had become terrific, the pitch boiling from the seams whenever the direct rays of the sun struck the deck.

The sailors turned the hose on the entire ship morning and evening, but the water would evaporate in a few minutes.

In such fine weather, with a gentle breeze abaft the beam, it became a pleasure to take star sights morning and evening, and, with the sun shining in a cloudless sky, the ship's position was known every hour of the day.

At noon on April 12th, we had 32 miles to go to San Salvador and I felt like a boy on his first trip to sea. I climbed atop the wheel house and watched until I saw, sticking like a pencil above the horizon, the lighthouse on the Island. When the word went round all hands climbed up to have a look; and so it happened that the first glimpse of the West Indies to most of the crew should be the very Island sighted by Columbus on his voyage of discovery in 1492.

It was soon lost to view astern and before midnight we passed Fortune Island and Bird Rock. Early next morning Castle Island was passed and a course set for Cape Maysi.

We had a bright moonlight for the passage between the Islands. At one o'clock in the morning we passed the Imperial Oil Company's ship *Victolite*. The mate was on watch, when the *Victolite* flashed on his Morse



Lamps "Who are you?" The customary salutation is "What ship?", but he was evidently so surprised to see us in the West Indies that he blinked out in astonishment the other version, and when he was told "Royal Canadian Mounted Police Cruiser *Adversus*", which he undoubtedly knew by sight anyway, he came back with "Where in Hell you bound?" They were bound for Baltimore, then to their home port of Halifax.

At noon next day we were passing Cape Maysi, the easternmost point of Cuba. The mountains west of the Cape, rising to a height of several thousand feet, had been visible in the clear air for hours before we were abeam of the lighthouse, that marks the tip of the Cape.

Shortly after dark we sighted the light flashing on Navassa Island and once abeam of this small Islet we set our course for Jamaica. At seven o'clock the next morning we picked up the pilot and entered Kingston Harbour. The crew was excited. On our starboard hand was Port Royal, and here was our first stop. At quarantine we had a half hour's wait for the doctor, but once on board he quickly granted us pratique, and we proceeded up the Harbour and anchored in the stream off the City of Kingston. Gazing ashore and watching the palm trees, looking for all the world like huge feather dusters with the handles stuck in the ground, I heard one lad remark to another, "Gosh, it looks just like a picture in the geography!"

It was Good Friday. We were quickly surrounded by boats, manned by black men, and in some cases by black women. Some were ferry men, some were laundry women, some worse, but all shouting their wares, or else trying to pass their business cards on board. Imagine one boat load of women passing a business card up, advising they were representatives of the "Spider Web Club". They were not laundry women!

The Police and Customs officials called but left after a few questions.

A wire had been sent to Mr. Fraser, the Canadian Trade Commissioner, advising him of our coming and he came on board to enquire if we had come down to take him back in irons.

I spent most of my time in Kingston visiting old friends and had a real good time, but most of the crew, as far as I could judge from accounts, had more than a good time; they had a glorious time. There is a swimming pool at the Myrtle Bank Hotel and another at the Bourne-Mouth Baths. The water is about 82°, so that one may stay in for hours without feeling chilled. After the second day I didn't feel chilled. I burned up. I should have known better, to judge by the extent of the sunburn, but I had lots of company.

The adventures of the crew on shore would fill a book, but the outstanding event of all occurred when one of the seamen hired a donkey from an old negro and started out for a ride. The trouble was that he couldn't control his mount. The donkey plodded down the main street of Kingston followed by the rider's chum and the anxious owner. Traffic signals meant nothing to the donkey; he calmly plodded on while the policeman changed traffic just to accommodate, and all Kingston looked on delighted, though somewhat amazed.

The crew liked Kingston but did not enjoy doing heavy mental arithmetic every time they bought anything; pounds, shillings and pence were always a problem.

Because of the holidays we were unable to get away before Tuesday evening, when we took fuel oil, filled our water tanks and in the late afternoon hove up anchor, and were soon outside the Harbour, continuing on our way south towards Panama.

We were now sailing the blue, sun flecked waters of the old Spanish Main where a couple of centuries ago the ships of King Phillip, filled with Aztec and Inca gold, sailed from Central America bound for Spain. Oft times they were destined never to reach Europe, for here also was the cruising ground of the buccaneers and pirates: Kidd, Morgan, Blackbeard, Teach and many others quite as ferocious but not so well known.

Under the awnings, when off watch, we sat day dreaming, enjoying the trade winds, forgetting altogether the snows of Nova Scotia, and to our minds' eye came pictures of high pooped galleons and long rakish pirate craft, as our own little vessel sliced her way through indigo seas while flying fish rushed startled out of the water and went flying away like tiny aeroplanes, only to alight shortly and disappear again under the surface.

The afternoon of the second day we arrived in Colon and after passing quarantine, we proceeded to a position off the wharves and anchored. The wharves are in the Port of Cristobal, Canal Zone. Five minutes walk from the docks, one crosses the railway tracks and immediately steps into Colon, in the Republic of Panama. The great difference was that one might drink safely on one side of the railway, and break the law by drinking on the other side.

At Colon we replenished our stores, filled oil and water tanks to capacity. As we had the longest leg of our journey ahead of us, Captain Croft had sixteen barrels of fuel oil placed on deck. This increased our cruising radius several hundred miles. After two days at Cristobal we were again on our way, and, with the arrival of the pilot, proceeded towards the entrance of the Canal.

The Canal was a point of deepest interest to all on board. On the Atlantic side are the Gatun Locks, three in number, and here we were quickly lifted to a height of 85 feet above sea level. We now cruised through an artificial lake, created by the damming of the waters of the Chagres River. The channel runs through what at one time was a dense forest, and on either side, sticking out of the water, are the old tree tops.

But before entering the lake, and while still in the Gatun Locks, a fatal accident occurred. Captain Croft while ashore in Colon, and after some close bargaining with an old darkey, had purchased a monkey. While passing through the Locks, the monkey got loose and climbed to the top of the flag staff. Attempt at capture only frightened him, causing him to lose his grip, and he fell into the water. Ropes were thrown to him, but the ship was moving and the little animal was unable to grasp them and quickly drowned.

Before dark we had arrived at the Pacific side and reached the first Lock; here without delay we were lowered into a small lake. About a mile



or so across the lake and we reached the last of the Locks on the Pacific side and were lowered to sea level.

After several hours at anchor off Panama City, during which Captain Croft went on shore to obtain a health certificate and clearance, we again hove up and started the longest leg of our voyage towards San Diego in California.

For the first few days we made good time with fair winds, smooth seas, but intense heat, and the stickiest, clammiest sort of an atmosphere. The heat in the engine room averaged between  $135^{\circ}$  and  $140^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The engineers stood watch under the windsail chute in the engine room, and every little breath of air was something to be thankful for.

Once in the Gulf of Tehuantepec the weather changed. The wind shifted to north-west and commenced to blow hard, and days of head winds with flying spray followed.

The ship did nothing except climb waves as high as a two storey house, only to reach the top and go sliding down with terrific speed to the trough, like a trolley on a roller coaster. This motion leaves a feeling at the pit of the stomach very much akin to that experienced in coming down on a high swing.

During the fine weather before the head winds were encountered, we passed numerous turtles. Two of these were captured, but as one was badly wounded it soon died and was thrown overboard. The second died the day before we reached San Diego. Had it lived it would have been given to an aquarium. These turtles are large, running to several hundred pounds in weight.

While stopped, pulling the turtles on board, the ship was surrounded by a large school of porpoise. They would leap into the air and turn somersaults before landing with a huge splash, back into the water.

After a period of stormy weather we arrived at San Diego, California, twelve days out from Panama. Here we refuelled, filled water tanks, the cook replenished his stock of provisions, and we were on our way again.

Next day off San Francisco we were given a look over by an American Coast Guard Cutter, but as we evidently looked quite honest he didn't hail us, but steamed off to seaward to give his attention to some small boats outside.

We called at San Francisco for mail and remained in port overnight. Next day we started northward on the last leg of our journey; a month having now gone by since we pulled away from the dock in Halifax.

Once again we encountered head winds, and one night the wind increased to gale force kicking up a huge sea in an incredibly short time. For several hours we were hove to, but the seas abated almost as quickly as they had come up and we continued our way towards the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. On the morning of May 12th we arrived in a light fog off the entrance, but once in past Cape Flattery the fog lifted and the day became fine, sunny and warm. After we had passed Victoria the tide which had been against us turned, and carried forward by an unbelievably strong current, we fairly shot towards our next port.

# SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



**SAVE THE  
POKER HANDS**

**"The purest  
form in  
which  
tobacco can  
be smoked"**

*Lancet*

As the day was fine and clear it was decided to cut off a few miles by going through Active Pass. This Pass is narrow between high hills, and is about three miles through from end to end, yet, with the tide running full we were a few short hair raising minutes making the run, and in less time than it takes to tell, we were out in the smooth sunlit waters of the Strait of Georgia.

With the tide pushing us along we quickly passed the mouth of the Fraser River and were soon between the high wooded cliffs of the Narrows at the entrance to Vancouver. At six-thirty on the evening of May 12th, after our long voyage of 6,766 miles we entered the harbour, just sixteen days ahead of the programme outlined for us.

As we sidled into a berth at the Canadian Pacific wharf, we realized with mingled feelings that the longest voyage any of us had ever taken in such a small boat, was over. Exactly thirty-seven days had elapsed since leaving Halifax.

# The Missing Krueger Party

by VERNON LACHANCE

**G**LEAMING GLACIERS, ice-locked hills, wind-swept rocks, precipitous snowdrifts, and a sparsity of vegetation: the Arctic Islands of Canada present a picture of infinite desolation to the newcomer.

And of all the Arctic Islands that known as Ellesmere is one of the most bleak. The winter climate is intensely cold, cold far beyond the recorded temperatures, when the howling winds sweep down with icy breath from the glaciers dominating the island.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment at Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere Island was established in the summer of 1926. It is situated at a point only eleven degrees from the North Pole: the most northerly police post in the world.

It was the sudden uproar of the Eskimo dogs, one day in March, 1930, that warned Constable McLean of the approach of someone. The sky was overcast, but there was no wind, and the Constable could soon hear sounds of approaching sleighs.

A few minutes later his eyes widened in surprise. Visitors were rare at Bache Peninsula, but here were five bulkily clad figures approaching with three dog-drawn komitiks. The sleighs were heavily loaded. Two of the men were white; the other three were natives, obviously Greenland Eskimos.

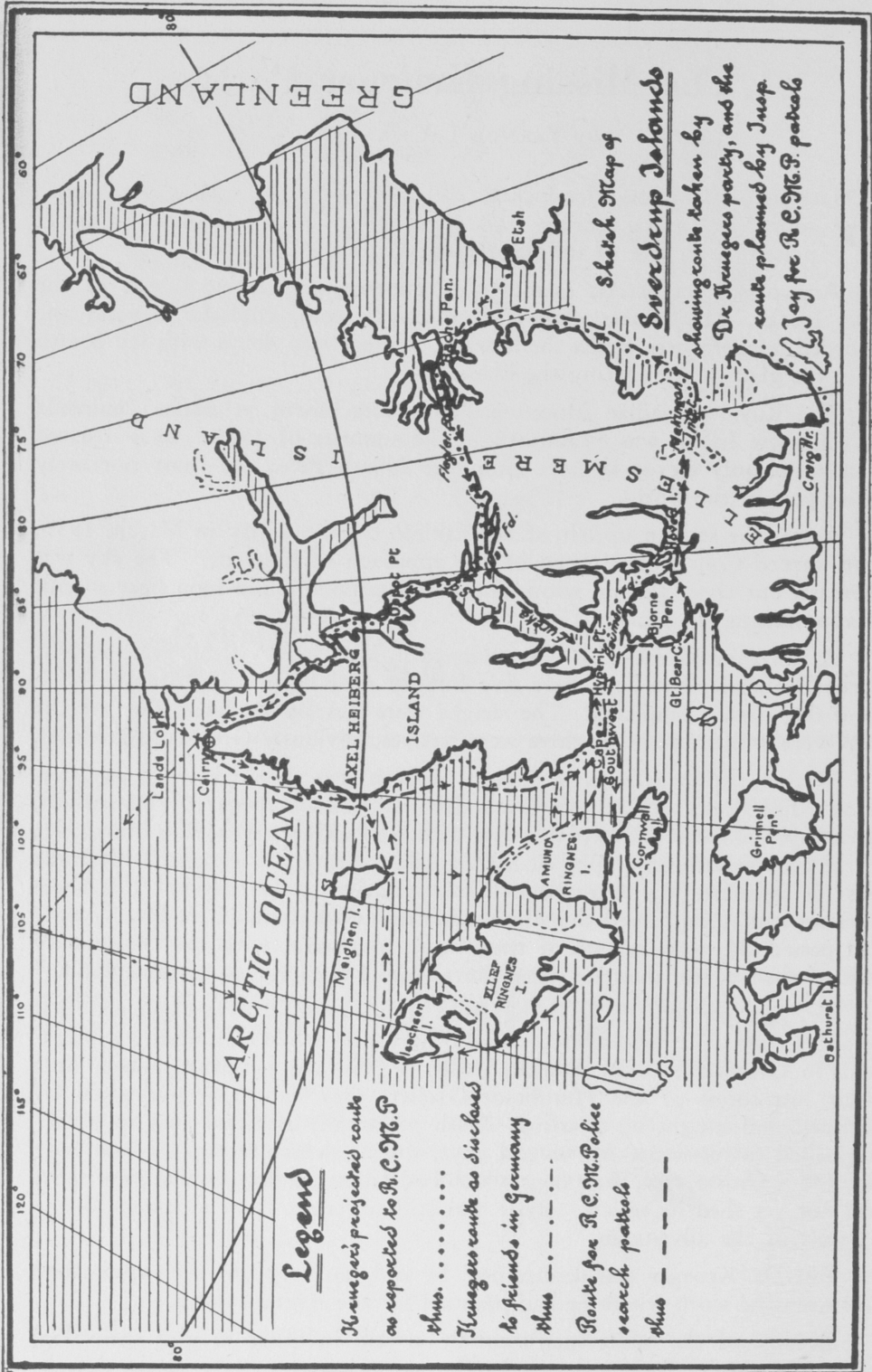
Within the detachment's shelter, McLean was soon receiving explanations. The leader of the party was Dr. H. K. E. Krueger of Darmstadt, Germany, a scientist and explorer who wished to add to the world's knowledge of the geology and geography of the Canadian Arctic. The other white man was his assistant, Mr. Aare Rose Bjare, a native of Denmark. The three Eskimos had accompanied the white men from Greenland where Dr. Krueger had passed the winter; two of them were to remain with the others only part of the way on their intended journey, and then return to Greenland.

Dr. Krueger was ill, suffering from severe cramps. He explained that he and his assistant had suffered unusual hardships while conducting explorations in Greenland a few months earlier. This had happened when, at a point just south of the Humboldt Glacier, they had been overtaken by darkness and caught by a storm. With practically no food they had been compelled to hibernate for several days, during which time they had been reduced to eating, raw, their dogs which had frozen to death. The experience had not yet shed its effects. Bjare was still suffering from a frozen foot as a result of the adventure.

But Dr. Krueger was determined, he said, to carry out the explorations and scientific work which he had planned for the Arctic Islands.

Because of the white men's condition and in order to give their dogs a rest, Constable McLean urged the German scientist to stay at the detachment for a few days, an invitation which the party was not slow to accept.





A sketch map by Mr. C. F. Wilkins, Headquarters, Ottawa, showing the territory covered by the Krueger Party's explorations and the R.C.M. Police patrols. Bache Peninsula is the same distance from Ottawa, as the crow flies, as Montreal is from Vancouver.

They stayed for a week. Dr. Krueger outlined the route he intended to follow in his work. He would first make for Axel Heiberg Island to the west, he said, by way of Flagler Fiord and Eureka Sound; then, in due course, work north, around the head of Axel Heiberg Island, and continue down the west coast and back through Baumann and Makinson Inlets to Bache Peninsula, or swing south to Craig Harbour. This would permit him to arrive in time to intercept the Canadian Government ship *Beothic*, on its trip to the outside world in the late summer.

McLean was not impressed with the scientist's plan to send two of his three natives back when he had reached Axel Heiberg Island. This would leave him with only one komitik and fifteen dogs to haul a tremendous load. And the condition of the dogs was not too good.

But the German doctor, with no slightest sign of egotism, impressed the Constable with his ability to look after himself. He had done considerable exploration work in Africa, McLean learned, and had a few summers' work in Greenland to his credit, in addition to his recent arduous experience in the same country. With a sufficiency of supplies, McLean reasoned, and following the route outlined, the party should reach the southern part of Axel Heiberg Island, where game was usually abundant, before encountering serious difficulties.

On March 19th, armed with much of the knowledge and experience gained by the Mounted Police in the Arctic Islands since 1922, the Krueger party left Bache Peninsula on the first stage of its trip.

It was April 11th before the two Greenland Eskimos arrived back at Bache Peninsula. They were Ilkoo and Kahlgnah. Akkea had stayed with the two white explorers.

They had left Dr. Krueger at Depot Point on Axel Heiberg Island, the two natives reported. The progress of the party had been very slow. All the food, clothes, ammunition, camp equipment, heavy scientific instruments and a pneumatic boat had been loaded on the one komitik. A heavy deep-sea sounding wire made up the load.

It had required the combined strength of the dogs and all the men to move the heavily loaded sleigh, when Ilkoo and Kahlgnah started back. Dr. Krueger was leading, breaking trail ahead of the team; Bjare pushed behind with Akkea pushing at the side of the sleigh and whipping up the dogs.

Ilkoo and Kahlgnah brought with them some geological specimens already collected by Dr. Krueger; also several letters for delivery when the *Beothic* arrived in August. One of the letters was for the captain of the ship; others bore German addresses. Leaving the specimens at the detachment, the Greenland Eskimos, after a day's rest, pushed on for their own country.

McLean was relieved by the report. The worst of the planned route had been overcome and the party should be able to reach Bache Peninsula or Craig Harbour, comfortably, before the ship arrived.

But August and the *Beothic* came, and still no word from the party. The letter from Dr. Krueger to the ship's captain explained the delay. It mentioned that if the party had not returned by August it would mean

that they were spending the winter on the west coast of Ellesmere Island and would only return in the spring, in order to travel with the spring mail from Thule to Godhavn, Greenland.

With the *Beothic* was Inspector A. H. Joy, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, pre-eminent among Canadian Arctic travellers. Joy had met Dr. Krueger on the inward voyage of the ship in 1929. Like Constable McLean, he had been favourably impressed with the quiet confidence and undoubted capabilities of the German scientist. To Joy, Dr. Krueger's letter dissipated all doubt. Evidently his party had encountered interesting geological or other specimens and had decided to wait over for the full, but all too short, summer season's work. It would then be too late to reach Bache Peninsula or Craig Harbour in time for the ship, but communication and travel via Greenland, would be available in the spring. The late fall or early spring should see the party safely returned.

It was only back in Ottawa, in the late spring of 1931, that affairs assumed a less favourable aspect. When the Greenland mail brought no word from Dr. Krueger, his friends in Germany communicated with the Canadian Government and revealed hitherto undisclosed ambitions of their countryman. Apparently in some of his letters to Germany, Dr. Krueger had remarked that when he reached the north end of Axel Heiberg Island, instead of turning south on the west coast as announced to Constable McLean, he planned to continue out on the Arctic Ocean for about 200 miles, to a point approximately 82°22' north latitude and 105° west longitude. He would then turn south to the head of Isachsen Island and continue along the north side of the Ringnes Islands down the east side of Amund Ringnes to Cape Southwest, and from there follow on to Hyperit Point and then to Bache Peninsula, or turn south through Baumann Fiord across the Island to Makinson Inlet, where he could choose Craig Harbour to the south or Bache Peninsula to the north, to meet the *Beothic*.

This startling information had its confirmation in the deep-sea sounding wire carried with the party's equipment. It removed the expedition from the apparently safe trip explained to Constable McLean, to one of extreme hazard. If the latest information were correct, Inspector Joy knew that Dr. Krueger had chosen the worst section of all the Arctic Islands for a party not too well planned or equipped.

It was a region almost destitute of game. Donald McMillan, the United States explorer, had attempted the trip northwestward on the Arctic Ocean from Axel Heiberg Island in 1916, but, after only a few days on the polar ice, with a considerable quantity of provisions and all the necessary equipment, he had encountered insurmountable difficulties through the ice continually breaking. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he finally managed to return to land.

To Joy, the Krueger party's gravest danger would lie in the possibility of the loss of their one komitik containing all their food and equipment.

When the *Beothic* reached Bache Peninsula in the late summer of 1931, Inspector Joy learned that the police there were still without further word from the party. A special searching patrol to Craig Harbour had seen no sign of the missing men; nor had there been more cheering news at Cape



Sparbo or Dundas Harbour. Several routine patrols by the police and natives had no news to report, while still another special searching patrol to the west coast of Ellesmere Island had fallen short of its objective, due to lack of snow on the only practicable route.

During the ship's brief stop at Bache Peninsula Inspector Joy made arrangements for further special patrols to take up the search during the winter of 1931-32. His instructions were sweeping and thorough. To Corporal Stallworthy, a seasoned veteran in Arctic work, now in charge of the Bache Peninsula detachment, he outlined the routes to be followed.

Two police patrols, Joy instructed, were to proceed to the west coast of Ellesmere Island and then make a search of Eureka Sound and the shores of Axel Heiberg Island, Meighen Island and Isachsen Island.

It was a stupendous program. The season of travel in the Arctic depends on the reappearance of the sun around February 15th. For about two months after that date travel is fairly safe:—unless the ice breaks up sooner than expected; unless the fiords and rocky expanses are found to be bare of snow and the runners of the komitiks will not slide; unless the dogs' feet are cut to pieces on the mounds, turrets and pinnacles of rough ice thrown up along the shoreline, for stretches extending miles out to sea; unless any one of the other thousand and one obstacles met with in the Arctic Islands, proves unexpectedly serious.

Joy's instructions were detailed. The searching party would include two members of the Force and six Eskimos, with sufficient dog-teams. On their arrival at the mouth of Bay Fiord, they were to divide and take different directions: two Eskimos and one Mounted Policeman, with two or three komitiks, were to go north on Eureka Sound around the head of Axel Heiberg Island, and southward along the west coast to Cape Southwest, touching if possible, the southern tip of Meighen Island. A similar second party was to proceed southward on Eureka Sound, then continue along the south coast of Axel Heiberg Island, across to Amund Ringnes Island, and follow the south coast on to Ellef Ringnes Island. If food supplies permitted, the search was to be continued along the west coast of Ellef Ringnes Island north to Isachsen Island, and then, again if possible, along the north side of these islands to the east side of Amund Ringnes Island, returning to Cape Southwest to meet the northern searching party.

To carry out these elaborate searches, Joy added, it would be necessary to have a supporting party of two Eskimos with dog-teams loaded with fuel and provisions. This third party would accompany the southern searching party part of the way, build a substantial cache and deposit their loads at Cape Southwest in readiness for the northern searching party. If the supporting party found indications of game along the south coast of Axel Heiberg Island, they were to remain there for a few days to hunt and thereby augment the cache's supplies.

The sweeping instructions went even further. Should the two searching parties arrive at the arranged meeting place without having discovered any trace of the Krueger party, they were to cover the only remaining territory likely to reveal a trace of the missing men. The combined party were to continue along the south coast of Axel Heiberg Island and across to the head

of Bjorne Peninsula; then they would again divide, one party following the east side of Bjorne Peninsula, the other the west side. The western party, on reaching Great Bear Cape, would travel overland and meet the eastern searchers at the foot of Baumann Fiord or at Hoved Island. The last stretch would take the combined force overland to Makinson Inlet and up the east coast of Ellesmere Island to Bache Peninsula.

Thoroughness could go no further. With clear, deliberate appreciation of the enormous size of the undertaking, the decision had been reached to search every inch of the coast line of the huge district likely to have been visited by Dr. Krueger's party. Joy knew, perhaps better than any other living man, the extent of the task he had imposed on Stallworthy. For he, himself, had covered most of the territory to be scoured, a large part of it in two patrols which will always live in the annals of Arctic travel. But Joy's patrols had been in the nature of exploration and not search; Stallworthy's greatest difficulty would be the race against time, the necessity for examining every inch of coastline during the short winter season of travel; the ever present possibility that they would run short of food for themselves and the dogs; that the dogs would play out and die; that there would be insufficient snow for the komitiks to slide along; that an early thaw, or a delayed return, would present the insurmountable barrier of open water between the islands; that there might be accidents, even fatalities.

When the *Beothic* steamed out of Bache Peninsula on the way back to civilization, Inspector Joy knew that everything humanly possible would be done to locate and bring back to safety, if they were still alive, the three members of the Krueger party.

The ambitious search was well under way in the winter of 1931-32, although full details of the patrols could not be known until the ship again reached Ellesmere Island. For communication with Canada's Arctic Islands is infrequent and uncertain. The Government ship is still the most reliable means of contact with the police detachments; and even this method, at best, occurs only once each year.

To reach Bache Peninsula each summer, the ship has to race against time and changing ice conditions, but since the establishment of Bache Peninsula detachment the Government ship had managed to reach it, or at least to approach close enough to ensure that supplies were available, each year. 1932 saw the first failure. The ship could not, except at grave risk of being caught in the ice, attain its objective. The annual menace, at last realized, determined the authorities to abandon Bache Peninsula in favour of Craig Harbour, the first detachment opened on Ellesmere Island in 1922. But the anxiety concerning the Krueger party, and the failure of the ship to penetrate the ice, postponed the change for another year.

The reports received by the ship from the police detachments to the south of Ellesmere Island failed to alleviate the anxiety of the authorities concerning the fate of Dr. Krueger's party. For nothing had been seen or heard of the missing men, despite much hard work in surmounting bad ice and other conditions.

So the period between the summer of 1931 and the winter of 1932-33 did nothing to pierce the wall of silence surrounding the fate of the missing

men, but added a new anxiety concerning the police searching for them. The imaginations of those familiar with Arctic conditions quickened into anxiety. So many things might have happened! . . .

But out of that same Arctic silence, in May, 1933, came a message bringing a mixture of relief and dwindling hope. It was a radio message sent via Godhavn, Greenland. Perhaps one of the Greenland Eskimos who had been engaged for the search, had carried the message from Bache Peninsula to his own country. It was from Corporal Stallworthy and gave the result of the ambitious undertaking laid down by Inspector Joy for the winter of 1931-32.

Laconically, the message read that, altogether, 3,000 miles had been covered by the searching patrols. At the northwest corner of Axel Heiberg Island the northern patrol had discovered, in Peary's Cairn, a record left by the Krueger party. The record, dated April 24, 1930, bore the signatures of Dr. Krueger, Bjare and Akkea. The Krueger party, the message continued, had visited Lands Lokk, north of Axel Heiberg, and intended proceeding to Meighen Island, apparently having decided against continuing north out on the polar ice.

But because of bad ice, scarcity of game, and the loss of too many dogs, Stallworthy's message explained, the police patrols had not been able to reach Isachsen and Meighen Islands. And no trace of the missing men had been discovered elsewhere. When the two police patrols finally reached the west coast of Ellesmere Island on the return journey, 29 dogs had perished.

A terse message, but it suggests more than enough to the initiated. Bad travelling conditions, no game, the loss of almost half the dogs . . . If that had happened to the police parties, well-equipped, experienced, familiar with the country, what could be the fate of the missing men without most of the advantages of the searchers? And with only one komitik and 15 dogs in poor condition to tempt disaster?

When the Government ship brings out Corporal Stallworthy and his reports this fall, more will be known of the details of the patrols, the hardships met and overcome, but the fate of Dr. Krueger's party, missing since 1930, is still a mystery locked in the ice-bound spaces of the grim islands of the Arctic.

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### A STALWART APPLICANT

In a recent letter, applying for engagement, the writer enlarged on his qualifications. His letter reads, in part, as follows:—

"As for build, I am envied by all the local lads and respected by all the feminine sex, but as to them I am cold, always was. I think too much of my health to worry them. I wouldn't worry if I never saw another woman all my life. I am described here by all the girls and boys as a Sportsman and a Gentleman an almost perfect combination, don't you think."

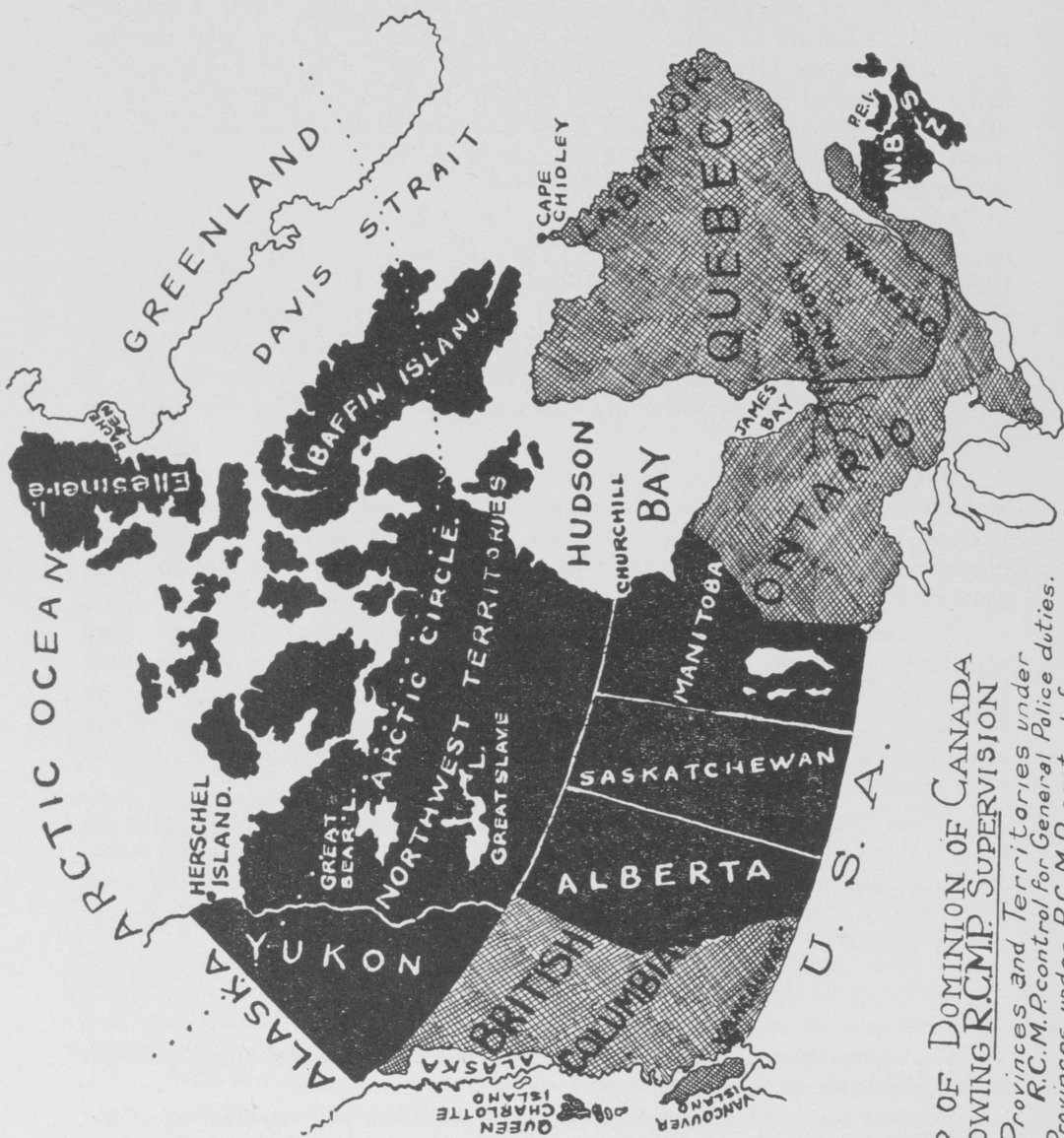
\* \* \*

A Scotsman, upon entering a saddler's, asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well", replied Sandy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go, the other will hae to come wi' it."—*Kenya Police Review*.





MAP OF DOMINION OF CANADA  
SHOWING R.C.M.P. SUPERVISION

- Provinces and Territories under R.C.M.P. control for General Police duties.
- ▨ Provinces under R.C.M.P. control for enforcement of Federal Statutes only.

# Crimes Against the Motor Car

by J. A. LYNCH, *Assistant Purchasing Agent*

**W**ITHIN THE past few years the Force has become a large operator of motor cars. Until 1928 the transition from hay and oats to gasoline was comparatively gradual, but, with the assumption of many new duties since then and the consequent great increase in the number of detachments, the Force's fleet of motor transport has swelled rapidly.

When it is understood that this method of patrolling has reached a total of approximately seven million miles annually, and it is realized that even so small a saving as one-quarter of a cent per mile will result in an aggregate over \$17,500 each year, the importance of careful and economical operation becomes apparent.

The modern motor car is a highly efficient mechanism, and were it possible to operate it at all times under ideal conditions its period of usefulness could be extended to hundreds of thousands of miles.

Unfortunately, however, the conditions under which many of the Force's motor vehicles operate are far from ideal, and the demands of the service are necessarily severe. So that the most that can be hoped for is a reduction to a minimum of the handicaps under which the cars labour.

To this end two important contributions can be made by the car operator: first, by insisting that at necessary intervals the car receive proper service, particularly in regard to lubrication; second, by the operation of the car under the most favourable circumstances that the requirements of the particular service will allow.

The importance of regular and efficient lubrication cannot be over-estimated. While this subject is dealt with in all books of instructions issued by the manufacturers, so much depends upon purely local conditions that it is impossible to lay down detailed rules.

It must be remembered that inefficient lubrication is seldom the result of the breaking down of the lubricant itself, but rather comes from the impossibility of protecting it from adulteration from outside influences. Corrosive particles drawn down into the mechanism of the engine and exposed parts of the chassis, carbon and raw gasoline, form the main sources of such adulteration.

On the question of adulteration through raw gasoline or, as it is commonly known, crankcase dilution, there seems to be a difference of opinion amongst even the highest authorities.

It is reported that one manufacturer, having conducted block tests for five hundred hours, found that crankcase dilution to the extent of 40% resulted in no appreciable extra wear on the moving parts of the engine. Against this opinion, however, another manufacturer warns of the damage to the engine that will result from the destruction of the viscosity of the lubricating oil through the introduction of gasoline.

In view of the wide difference of opinion on the subject, it would appear to be the part of wisdom to take all reasonable precautions against the possibility of danger from this source.

Preventible causes of crankcase dilution are to be found in the careless use of the choke on starting, and in the use of a fuel mixture which is too rich in gasoline. The remedies for these causes are obvious.

In addition to preventible causes, however, crankcase dilution is found in some cars to be due to imperfect vaporization in the manifold. This is particularly noticeable on starting and in cold weather. Changing the lubricating oil at reasonable intervals is the only remedy for this condition.

Crankcase dilution also occurs through the escape of the compressed fuel mixture from the cylinder-head to the crankcase, as a result of too much clearance between the piston and cylinder wall. While the use of a heavier lubricating oil may alleviate this condition, its cure must depend upon mechanical repairs. Needless to state this condition should not arise early in the life of a car.

But whatever the opinion as to the effect of crankcase dilution there can be only one opinion as to the damage resulting from corrosive adulteration of the lubricating oil, and the total loss through excessive depreciation of motor transport in this way alone is enormous.

The principle of lubrication is based on the necessity for maintaining a thin, frictionless lining or separator between moving parts. Corrosive agents enter the engine through the air in the fuel mixture, and, to a lesser extent, through the breather pipe, converting this protective film into a mixture not unlike that which is found on the surface of an oil-stone. Any person who has sharpened a chisel on that rather effective grinding tool will have a fair conception of what happens to pistons, piston-rings and cylinder walls when the oil has become loaded with foreign material.

For this reason, the length of the intervals between engine and chassis lubricant changes must depend not only upon the mileage covered but also upon the nature of the road over which the car has been driven, and, to some extent, upon climatic conditions. In districts where dust-free asphalt roads are the rule, a distance of one thousand miles between oil changes is not unreasonable, whereas operation over dry, dusty roads will produce a highly damaging condition in the oil after a few hundred miles.

Cars protected by oil filters or air-bath cleaners require oil changes less frequently than those which are not equipped in this respect, provided, of course, that these devices are, in turn, properly serviced, and that the inserts are not allowed to become so charged with dust as to be rendered useless.

Furthermore, it is imperative in changing oil that every effort be made to remove completely the dust and dirt accumulated by the old oil. It is an excellent practice, occasionally, to use a quart of clean oil to rinse out the lubricating system. The rinsing oil should, of course, be discarded immediately after use.

Provision for this cleansing operation is incorporated in the lubrication fixtures of the chassis, where an outlet for old grease is provided.



It is also important to make certain that the service mechanic has forced a sufficient quantity of new grease into the Alemite fixtures to expel the grease which is already there.

In considering how to operate the car under the most favourable circumstances by far the most important factor is the question of speed. While the speed at which a car may be safely operated depends largely upon local conditions, and to some extent upon intelligence in driving, it is nevertheless, a fact that other things being equal the higher the speed the greater the cost per mile. And this point is rendered more acute by the development of the modern high speed car. Even in the lowest-priced field, speeds in excess of seventy-five miles per hour are claimed by the manufacturers.

No manufacturer will claim, however, that his product can be operated as economically at seventy miles an hour as at forty; on the contrary, at least one has paid for advertising which bluntly states that if the public demand speed, the public must pay for it, and that sustained high speed increases the cost of every item in the make-up of car expenditure.

Excessive speed increases the wear on pistons, piston-rings and cylinder walls, due to the greater lateral thrust on power and compression strokes; it increases the war on all moving parts of the engine because of the heavier blow that is delivered at some point in the cycle of the engine; it increases the tendency to slip, on the part of the clutch, with consequent wear on the facing; because of the greater torque, it increases the strain on the transmission, driveshaft, universal joint and differential; it increases the force of the blows to which every part of the car is subject when driven over rough or uneven roads; it increases the wear and shortens the life of tires; it increases the wear on brakes through the necessity for more frequent and forceful application.

It is, of course, appreciated that the exigencies of police service frequently demand the utmost of its mechanical transport, and that on such occasions the care of the car cannot be the foremost consideration. There is a danger, however, that by this very fact the driver will unconsciously develop the habit of high speed and automatically practise it when a more leisurely schedule would suffice.

It is also admitted that, aside from improper lubrication and high speed, a great many other crimes are committed against the motor car, but the majority of these are the result of inexperience and gradually disappear as the driver masters his car.

There are some habits, however, which seem to persist even in the expert driver, and for this reason it may be permissible to close this article with a list of "Don't for Drivers" which are particularly applicable to the more common abuses of this class.

- (1) Don't use your choke too freely. It wastes gasoline and adds to the danger of crankcase dilution.
- (2) Don't race your engine while it is extremely cold. The resistance of the oil at low temperature provides unnecessary wear and strain on the engine.
- (3) Don't endeavour to jump from a standing start to high speed in the shortest possible time.

- (4) Don't ignore low gear. The leverage required by the engine in overcoming the initial inertia of the car has been carefully calculated and it is for this reason that low gear is provided.
- (5) Don't drive with one foot touching the clutch pedal.
- (6) Don't drive with insufficiently inflated tires.
- (7) Don't insist upon a fuel mixture which is too rich; while it provides excellent acceleration, it wastes gasoline and carbons the engine.
- (8) Don't endeavour to force the car over or through an obstruction by rocking it, that is, by rapid alternation of low and reverse gears. This practice usually results in a stripped differential gear.
- (9) Don't allow one rear wheel to spin while the other is held fast. If the revolving wheel suddenly receives traction it will almost invariably split the spider gears.

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# Procuring Dog-Food in the Eastern Arctic

by INSPECTOR C. E. WILCOX

**A**N IMPORTANT duty of the members of the Force stationed in the Eastern Arctic, is to procure sufficient dog-food to tide them over during the season of darkness. This entails considerable hardship, but, at the same time, offers a rare diversion from the regular duties.

As a general rule, two dog-teams are maintained at each detachment: a team consisting of from 14 to 16 dogs. In addition, there are the usual pups to be cared for.

The selection of dog-food is of vital importance. It is generally agreed by experienced explorers that walrus meat, in the Eastern Arctic, is, possibly, the best dog-food obtainable, with seal a close second. The meat of the walrus is most nutritious, promoting growth and development of the body.

The dogs are usually fed in the evening, following a hard day's work, as early-morning feeding promotes drowsiness and laziness. About three pounds of meat, daily, is apportioned to each patrol dog and, owing to their penchant for walrus meat, this is gulped down without mastication.

As it is essential that several tons of meat be stored, before the season of darkness, a number of walrus hunts are organized. In addition to providing substantial dog-food, considerable sport is derived by the hunters.

The walrus is a colossal marine animal, weighing from 1200 to 3000 pounds, and is armed with huge ivory tusks from 18 to 24 inches in length, which enable the animal to splinter stout whale-boats with little effort. These giant creatures are most abundant along the shores of Greenland, which are used as breeding grounds, but are also quite numerous in the vicinity of Foxe Basin and Melville Peninsula.

Whale-boats are generally used by white men on these hunts, but the natives prefer the lighter and faster kayaks. While the more modern method of hunting walrus is with the rifle, the use of the harpoon is still much in evidence among the natives.

The harpoon, as a rule, is about 5 or 6 feet in length but varies in weight. The point is usually fashioned from a piece of sharp steel and set into a base of ivory cut from the walrus tusk; it is securely bound to the staff of the harpoon with strong "oogjook" thongs.

Incidentally, the "oogjook" (or bearded seal) is quite rare, and is a prize highly coveted by the natives. The tough hide of the "oogjook" is invaluable for traces, leather thongs, and other necessities, but more especially in the making of boots, because of the protection it affords the feet against the sharp ice.

A 15 to 20 foot thong of "oogjook" is attached to the harpoon, at the end of which is affixed an inflated seal-skin which acts as a float. The natives are particularly adept in the use of the harpoon and may strike with unerring accuracy from a distance of 20 feet or more.

Should the walrus succeed in reaching the water after being harpooned, it will invariably dive, when the float is promptly released, enabling the



hunter to follow the course of the wounded animal. The thong is sometimes coiled about the arm of the native, but this practice is dangerous as quick action on the part of the walrus would upset the kayak before the Eskimo could release himself.

Hunting walrus, while most hazardous, is a thrilling adventure as these creatures are undoubtedly some of the most truculent marine animals in existence. They will, sometimes, without the slightest provocation, charge the kayaks or whale-boats, bringing grief, and not infrequently, a horrible fate to the occupants. In spite of their gigantic bulk, in the water they are amazingly lithe and fast, but out of the water, like the seal, they are awkward and clumsy, using their flippers to propel themselves about.

Walrus are usually stalked when basking in the sun on the ice floes or pans, and it is frequently possible to reach a point of vantage without disturbing them.

In my opinion, the olfactory sense of the walrus is not so keen as that of the seal, which are ever on the alert for their dreaded enemy, the Polar bear. Consequently, the hunter may approach within close proximity of the slumbering walrus without detection, as these animals are not quick to sense the presence of humans.

When the walrus is wounded, it will roll convulsively on the ice in an effort to reach the water. Its vociferous blowing or trumpeting creates such a din that the others are aroused from their slumber and immediately strike for the open water. Once in the water, the walrus is a most treacherous animal, particularly when wounded. The cunning of the native Eskimos usually outwits the walrus, because of their skilful handling of the kayaks, as this light craft may be swung clear of the charge with little or no effort. The cumbersome whale-boat, however, is an easy target for the charge, and many anxious moments are experienced in the turbulent waters before the animal finally succumbs.

Another characteristic of the walrus frequently observed on these hunts, and which I, personally, have witnessed, is the sight of the remainder of the herd flocking to the assistance of a wounded mate and literally carrying it out of danger with the aid of their flippers.

During the spring of 1928, while on patrol across Baffin Island, en route to Igloodik, it was my pleasure to be invited to a walrus hunt, an invitation I gladly accepted.

We set out from the edge of the ice floes in a large whale-boat, manned by six men, five at the oars and one at the tiller. The trip was a decided success and a most thrilling adventure. I was informed that, a short time before my arrival, one of the natives had met an untimely death while on a similar hunt.

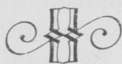
He was one of a number of Eskimos who were hunting in the vicinity. He had evidently harpooned a large bull walrus, and was seated in his kayak anxiously following the course of the float. Owing to the numerous masses of small ice floating about at the time, the speed of the kayak was considerably curtailed. Suddenly, without warning, and before he could shove the kayak clear, the wounded walrus emerged from the turbid waters and with one

stroke of his mighty tusks, crushed the frail kayak, throwing the unfortunate Eskimo into the water.

The other natives were powerless to help him, and the infuriated animal, losing not a moment, seized the struggling native with his huge flippers, held him securely, and with one slash of his murderous tusks, ripped him from shoulder to hip. The mangled body was then dragged to the bottom, leaving the scattered fragments of the kayak as mute testimony of a grim tragedy.

The task of removing the dead body of a walrus from the water is also quite difficult due to its extreme weight, and, when at all possible, it is generally towed to shore where it can be more easily removed.

It will, therefore, be understood that the task of the Police, in the Eastern Arctic, of procuring such an important necessity as dog-food, involves not only considerable hardship and hazard but, at the same time, offers an unusual diversion to the members of the Force with sporting instincts.



## Precious Currency

**I**N THE spring of 1905, a detail of the Royal North West Mounted Police, under the command of the late Superintendent Constantine, travelled from Fort Saskatchewan with four horse teams to Fort St. John in Northern British Columbia, to commence the construction of a pack trail from that point to the Yukon.

On reaching the Peace River Crossing, the ice on the river was not very sound, so it was decided to cross with one team at a time. The first team, apparently, was making the Crossing in safety, so the second team, driven by a young Irishman, started out. As the first team neared the landing shore, it suddenly broke through the ice, and the driver of the second team, now about the centre of the river, observing this, was seen to drop his reins and make a wild scramble through the kit and dunnage bags with which his wagon was loaded. He threw these off the wagon in all directions, and eventually secured one kit bag and made a record sprint with it to the shore which he had just left. It subsequently was learned that this was Pat's own personal kit bag in which he had a hoard of some \$60.00.

The four horse team, the wagon, kit and dunnage bags belonging to the others, which had been abandoned on the river, were afterward recovered.

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EDITORIAL NOTE: The contributor of this account does not relate what afterward happened to Pat.

## Notes on Recent Work

### Bottled Witchcraft

**B**ELIEVE IT *or not*, Witchcraft still exists!

It was learned by a police patrol that an Indian had secured some liquor and become drunk while on a fishing trip, eventually falling into his campfire and severely burning his legs.

On his return to the Reserve, in explanation of his damaged condition, he told his interrogators that he had been betwitched and "that some great power had forced him to sit on the burning fire".

### Submerged Evidence

In the investigation and prosecution of criminal cases the ability to weigh the value of the source of information and other factors of equal importance in regard to its accuracy or otherwise, calls continuously for the exercise of good judgment on the part of peace officers. There must always be a sifting of the chaff from the wheat.

Information considered to be reliable was received by an Ontario detachment of the R.C.M. Police that a houseboat was harbouring smuggled malt in defiance of the Customs Act. Weighing the information carefully the police decided on a search. Their first efforts were unsuccessful. Convinced, however, of the authenticity of the information the search was repeated, this time bringing to light, literally and practically, a barrel of six hundred pounds capacity, containing three hundred and thirty-nine pounds of malt syrup.

The barrel had been submerged under the houseboat in such a manner that the malt could be syphoned out whenever required.

A plea of ignorance, at the subsequent prosecution, was of no avail, and the accused was convicted and fined.

### False Accusation

The necessity for checking information received, even while it is being acted upon, is evidenced in the following instance.

On the night of June 13th a woman (A) went to the home of a man (B) in a Maritime city, and placed a bottle of contraband liquor in his kitchen. She then went to the police and said that if a search were made of the premises of "B" at once, a bottle of liquor would be discovered in the kitchen behind the dresser. "A" further stated that "B" was selling liquor by the "drink" to his boarders. Questioned as to how she knew the liquor was there, "A" stated that she had just come from "B"'s home and had seen the bottle.

Previously, "B" had been searched under the provincial liquor act, but a further search was now ordered upon the information given by the woman.

During the search that followed "B" stated that he knew "A" and that she had been at his home, having left for her place a short time before; also that she had been in the kitchen alone while the other occupants of the house had been upstairs.



In view of "B"'s statement and because of the general circumstances, it was decided to question the woman again. She eventually admitted that she had placed the liquor where it was found, because she did not like "B" and desired his arrest. A voluntary statement was obtained from her and she was subsequently charged under the Criminal Code and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

#### **A Boy's Observation**

How seemingly important things can lead to important results is shown in the following instance.

For some time there had been a series of shop-breakings throughout several judicial districts. Seventeen stores had been broken into and a large amount of money and merchandise stolen.

In one month four stores had been broken into and robbed in the one locality. During the investigation made by the detachment at that point, it was learned that a stranger had been seen riding a bicycle. A boy had noticed that the stranger had a pinch-bar tied to the frame of his bicycle. A fairly good description of the man was obtained and immediately circularized throughout the district, with the result that within a few days he was located and arrested in a nearby town.

An examination of the stranger's finger-prints at Ottawa revealed him to be an ex-convict released on Ticket-of-Leave, and this, along with other evidence in possession of the police, broke down the suspect's morale.

He pleaded guilty to sixteen charges of "breaking, entering and theft", two charges of "receiving stolen property" and one charge of "vagrancy". The sentence was to four years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

#### **Swamp Moonshine**

Swamp, still more swamp, and in every direction swamp. Such was the description of the Holland Landing marshes before the efforts of those who saw in its rich soil a valuable market garden for Ontario, resulted in the reclamation of much of this waste land.

Today, as one crosses this marsh district on a modern highway, and views the miles of vegetables growing, tended by industrious market gardeners, it is hard to visualize the fact that not so many years ago this same fair and smiling scene was a grim and solitary place, the haunt of law-breakers. But not all has been reclaimed and there are still parts where the moonshiner carries on his illegal activities in defiance of the law.

A police patrol recently located a still in this swamp, and at once set about keeping it under observation. No sooner, however, had they taken up their positions than they were attacked by swarms of mosquitoes, making conditions so unbearable that it was necessary, temporarily, to abandon the watch.

A little later, smothered in mosquito oil, the patrol returned. To their dismay the still had been removed during their absence. A new search was immediately started.

The dangers of endeavouring to traverse a swamp, to anyone unfamiliar with its paths, are too well known to need stressing. And to add to the difficulties of the police, night was closing in.

But finally the police efforts were rewarded. The still was located, deep in the swamp and almost hidden from observation. Again followed the tedious but necessary duty of keeping the place under observation.

It was not until the early hours of the following morning that the owner arrived to start operations. When he had lit a fire and the still was working, the patrol made their presence known, and the arrest and seizure followed.

The moonshiner boasted to the police that he had the reputation of making the best whiskey in Ontario. This reputation served him poorly with the Police Magistrate who heard the case. The moonshiner was fined \$1,000.00 and given six months imprisonment, with the option of serving a further six months in default of paying the fine.

### **A Playwright Gone Wrong**

It is a common impression that Chinese drug-traffickers are of a low and illiterate type. This is frequently the case but there are many exceptions to the rule.

In British Columbia, recently, a Chinese of good education, speaking English fluently (but, strange to say, knowing very little of his own language) was arrested for being in possession of a large quantity of narcotic drugs.

It developed that this Chinese was a playwright but he found it necessary to augment his income in other ways, and selected the unscrupulous if profitable drug traffic to do so.

As a first step he secured a position on a ship plying between the Orient and this country. His duties consisted of looking after the refrigerators and ice-boxes aboard, and, in addition, he acted as catering agent for food-stuffs. Whenever the ship docked at this end, he would arrange for the delivery of ten or twenty boxes of apples for the ship's stores. After these boxes were delivered he would return part of the shipment to shore with the excuse that they were "too green".

It was the repetition of this scheme that first aroused suspicion. The innocent appearing boxes of "too green" fruit, when subjected to careful examination, resulted in the discovery of a quantity of narcotic drugs skilfully concealed.

The game was up. The Chinese was arrested. He was convicted on a charge of "possession" under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act.

### **Bootlegging in Miniature**

An individual in Eastern Ontario who had succeeded in gaining a fair amount of notoriety as a "racketeer", recently came within the toils of the Force after an investigation which spread over several months. This man's latest scheme was to fill hundreds of two-ounce bottles with gin, made from alcohol essence and water, and labelled "Walkers London Dry Gin". The labels were a miniature replica of the genuine and, to use his own words, when set beside the genuine article in the form of a large bottle, gave the impression that the larger bottle had given birth to numerous offspring. It was the culprit's intention to distribute the smaller bottles as a novelty, but his scheme was frustrated almost at the outset. His supply of alcohol and an automobile was seized; also many laboratory articles, slot machines, seals,

and miscellaneous articles made in the United States. A charge under the Excise Act resulted in a conviction with a sentence of six months and a fine of \$500.00.

### **Bears in the Yukon**

The idea that wild animals in remote districts, particularly the North, are a menace to the inhabitants, has for long been a source of mild amusement to not a few who have had some, even considerable, experience in districts beyond the frontiers of civilization. Two recent incidents in the Yukon may serve to soften this derision.

Toward the end of September, 1932, a Dawson wood contractor reported to the Mounted Police that John MacDonald, one of his employees, had been killed by a bear on the Yukon River, near Campbell's Slough.

The wood contractor explained that he had found MacDonald's body while on a visit to his employee's cabin to arrange for the winter program of wood-cutting. The body, headless, and in a badly torn condition, was lying outside the cabin when he arrived. The cabin door was open and the interior was in the wildest disorder with provisions and cooking utensils scattered about.

Immediately seeking the assistance of a man from a nearby cabin, the wood contractor added, he had returned to MacDonald's cabin only to find that the bear had paid another visit during his absence, further mutilating the body which had been left in its original position. With the assistance of the man from the neighbouring cabin he had then gathered up the remains, placed them in a canvas sheet inside the cabin, and securely barred the door and windows by nailing them across with poles.

Two members of the Force from Dawson accompanied the wood contractor to the scene described. On arrival at the cabin they had their first surprise. The bottom of the cabin door had been chewed away, leaving quite a large opening. A badly torn canvas sheet was on the ground close by the cabin.

The wooden bars across the door were still in place but the inside of the cabin showed the confusion described by the wood contractor.

Of the body there was not the slightest sign.

A sack of flour had been ripped open and the contents distributed over everything. The stove pipes, knocked off their support, were covered with flour-stamped marks of the bear's paws. Some of the potatoes in a sack had been eaten, and even a cake of soap had been partly chewed. Numerous bear droppings were to be seen.

It seemed clear what had happened. The opening in the door was just large enough for the marauder to have inserted his paw and dragged out the canvas-swathed remains.

The wood contractor showed where he had found his employee's body. Removing the surface snow, the police found an under and top shirt covered with blood. Beneath the moss, at the same spot, the ground was covered with blood, and the lower jaw of a human being was discovered. The small shrubbery here was all trampled and broken, showing that a struggle had taken place. A badly bent, improvised water bucket, and a blood-stained hand hammer also came to light.



The unfortunate man's food cache consisted of a long pole with a canvas sack tied to the end. The pole was leaning against a tall birch tree. It was known that MacDonald had been in the habit of keeping his bacon and butter cached in this manner, so as to remove it from the reach of wild animals. The bottom of the sack had been torn to pieces and all the food was gone. The birch tree showed claw marks where the animal had climbed to the height of the canvas sack. This cache was close to the spot where the body had first been found.

There was little doubt as to what had happened. MacDonald had been attacked by the bear either on his way to the creek to get water, or returning from there. The hammer, likely taken along to break the creek ice, was his only weapon of defence as his rifle was still leaning against the cabin wall when the tragedy was discovered by the wood contractor. And the hammer could not have been of much use in the struggle that ensued.

It was common knowledge in the district that the bears were more numerous than usual that season, more particularly on the flats as there was a scarcity of berries back in the hills and they had been coming down to the rivers and creeks to fish. But the fish supply, also, was limited, the greater number having gone to their spawning grounds farther up river. As a result the bears were hungry and dangerous. It was about time for them to den up for the winter but, instead of being fat, they were thin and starved, and in that condition would not hesitate to attack a human being.

A search of the surrounding hills for the bear was without result, the recent snow effectively hiding any signs. Either the animal had moved into a new hunting district or, despite its hunger, had gone to its winter den.

This is the second incident:—

In July, 1933, a member of the Force left Keno accompanying a prospector who intended to stake a mineral claim at McNeil Creek, ten miles distant. The prospector, unarmed, was carrying three stakes on his shoulders; the policeman carried two more stakes, his packsack and rifle.

At a point close to their destination the two men were faced with more of the thick brush through which they had been travelling, and which made progress difficult. By striking straight through the brush the distance to their objective would be about half a mile; it was twice as far to take the more open route and skirt the brush. For the better walking the prospector took the longer way.

Arrived at his destination the Mounted Policeman watched for his former companion. Soon he saw him, coming along in an open space on the far side of the valley. A little later the Mounted Policeman looked again. The prospector was only three hundred yards away and coming in a direct line; he was still in the open space but getting nearer to the edge of the brush.

But it was something else that brought all the Mounted Policeman's faculties to the alert. Close behind the prospector were three bears, one large and two small, following their unsuspecting trail-maker closely.

The Mounted Policeman seized his rifle, but at once realized that he could not shoot at the bears without chancing hitting his partner, as the prospector was straight in the line of fire.

A shout of warning was the next move. The prospector glanced around, saw his danger and started backing away. As the Mounted Policeman watched, the prospector and the bears vanished in the brush. He ran as fast as he could to the spot where he had seen them disappear, forcing himself through a bunch of buck-brush in doing so. He found the prospector lying on the ground, severely lacerated about the head and face, bitten on the wrist. The corner of his left eye was so torn that he could not see through it. He had been injured in several places about the body and his right leg was broken. The bear had disappeared, however.

The prospector was conscious, and warned the Mounted Policeman to be on the alert for the re-appearance of the bear. Almost immediately, and with the prospector lying helpless at his feet, the Mounted Policeman turned to find the mother bear almost facing him. She was less than ten feet distant.

There was no time to waste: the first shot registered a hit in the left front leg. The second shot pierced the neck and the third shot entered the space between the eyes. But the bear was still alive and it required two more shots to finish her off.

There was no sign of the cubs but the Policeman was reluctant to leave the helpless prospector alone while there was a chance that he might be attacked. After dragging the mother bear nearly sixty feet away from her injured victim, he waited for an hour before starting back to Keno for assistance to carry in the injured man.

The return trip with stretcher, splints, bandage and stretcher bearers took slightly more than six hours. The patient was removed and started back on the trail to a point where the doctor from Mayo took charge and removed him to a hospital.

The Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Dawson suggests that these unusual actions of the bears may account for the mysterious disappearance of several persons in the Yukon Territory during the past year.

### Help at Sea

The crews of the cruisers and patrol boats which form the Marine Section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, are frequently called upon to perform a variety of duties which are beyond the ordinary conception of Preventive Service work. A few illustrations are given here:—

Early last July, while cruising in the vicinity of East Point, N.S., the motor vessel *William H* was sighted by the crew of the R.C.M.P. Cruiser *Baroff*, anchored 2½ miles off shore. On proceeding close alongside the Captain of the *William H* reported that he was in distress. He stated that his main engine had broken down and that his vessel had drifted until he had anchored to avoid going ashore. A hawser was made fast to the disabled vessel and the *Baroff* towed it to Pictou.

\* \* \*

On July 24th the Master of the R.C.M.P. Cruiser *Preventor* received instructions from Halifax to go to the assistance of the disabled schooner

*Ruth and Margaret*, of Gloucester, Mass., at a point described as Latitude forty-four ten, North; Longitude sixty-one, forty-one West.

The *Preventor* arrived at the position described, in a thick fog, and when no answer was received to repeated fog-horn signals, commenced a systematic cruise covering an area of approximately five miles in each direction. This was at 4.00 p.m.

Allowing for the Southwest wind and the class of vessel for which he was searching, the Master of the *Preventor* set his course N.W. At 8.00 p.m., a broadcast from Chebucto Head was received, stating that the *Ruth and Margaret* had lost her propeller and was proceeding in a Northwesterly direction, thereby confirming the Master's deduction. The fog continued, heavy, during the night but, in the morning again allowing for drift, the *Preventor* cruised a westerly course which later, after checking the position by wireless, changed to North and W.N.W.

When the fog lifted the *Ruth and Margaret* was sighted six miles to the East. By 11.22 a.m., the disabled vessel was in tow and proceeding to Halifax.

The *Ruth and Margaret*, with a crew of 23 men, had been fishing to the Westward until she lost her propeller just on her arrival at the Western Bank.

\* \* \*

On August 4th the crew of the R.C.M.P. Cruiser *Chaleur*, which was then patrolling off Grand Manan Island, sighted the schooner *Glacier*, displaying a distress signal, 10 miles S.S.W. of the Wolves Island.

The Captain of the *Glacier* stated that while in the vicinity of the Lurcher Lightship, during the night of July 31st, his vessel had been struck by lightning which split the foresail and tore the mainsail beyond use. The vessel then began to leak badly and had been drifting around under light sail, until picked up by the *Chaleur*. The Captain also stated that the crew were almost exhausted as they had been at the pumps continually since the accident, and he had been considering abandoning his vessel that evening.

A towline was placed on the *Glacier* and the *Chaleur* proceeded toward St. John, but, after about twenty minutes, the towline parted, so the *Chaleur* made fast alongside and towed the other craft in this fashion to St. John.

The Captain of the *Glacier* expressed his appreciation for the assistance rendered, explaining that he had no insurance on the *Glacier*, and that the loss of his vessel would almost have ruined him.

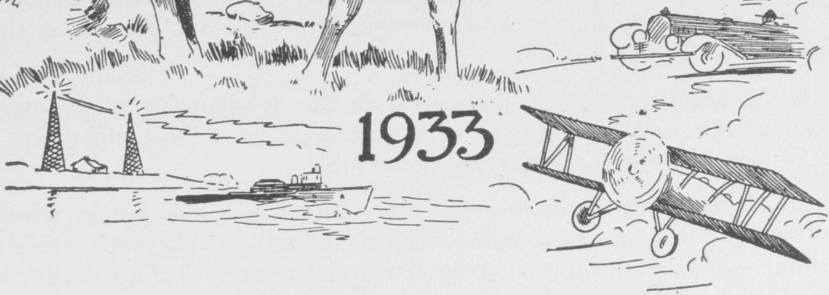
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1873

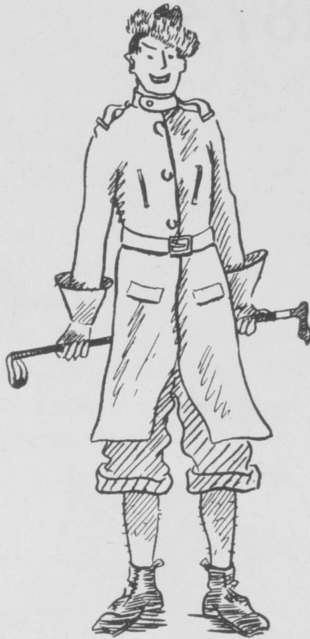


1933



SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS  
(with acknowledgment to the Vancouver Sun)

## The Lighter Side



### WINTER AND SPRING FASHION NOTES

by Ex-SERGEANT H. E. TAYLOR

**T**HE GREAT variety of clothing and kit issued by the R.C.M. Police lends itself to a pleasing choice of combinations. The following fashion notes were sent in by our cuckoo correspondent who was present at the last annual Police Ball in Regina.

1. A cunning effect is obtained with this overhanging underwear shirt (heavy winter issue) combined with full dress pants and moccasins. An issue Stetson completes the charming ensemble.

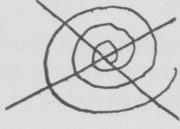
2. Particularly noticeable was this Cossack-like creation in which the rain slicker is the dominant note. Rolled-up stable slacks with stable boots (without socks) were topped off by a winter fur cap. Riding gauntlets and crop added a piquant touch.

3. A startling, original creation worn by one of the younger recruits. The serge scarlet is overhung by the jacket brown. The riding breeches are cunningly concealed, in part, by rolled stable slacks, while the riding boots are helped out with heavy issue socks. The headgear is a woolen stable toque. A veritable spring and winter ensemble.

Page from the notebook of Constable Snooze of the office staff, following reluctant attendance at Bi-Weekly Musketry Lectures.

~~Miss~~ muzzle velocity 2440

$\frac{2440}{2440}$



Look up theory of jump on p. 9

Jumping frog  
" moses

7,500 yds

" Jehosha-hosha-ashaphat

Said a poet from Kazabazua

page 3 for elevation tables

~~Alloooooo~~

$\frac{444}{3}$

ho! hum!



The rain makes all nature look ~~poor~~ newer

$\frac{x}{x}$   
 $\frac{x}{x}$

ask Jupp for notes on drift

But the rain wouldn't stop  
And the poet fell ~~plop~~ plop

630 average life rifle barrel

And soulfully sank down at 300  
a sewer

$\square \text{---} \text{---} \text{---} 400$



## Notes from Divisions

### "H" DIVISION

**F**ORMAL FAREWELLS are not often said in the R.C.M. Police; Officers, N.C.O's and men are generally moved at short order and this eliminates the stress of partings to some extent.

For some time we had known that Commander Oland, Naval Adviser to "H" Division, would have to return to the "Silent Service", and the Marine Section, R.C.M. Police, were determined that he would not be permitted to leave "The Silent Force" in silence.

Accordingly, on the evening of June 12th, Assistant Commissioner Junget headed a representative body of the Deck and Engineer Officers of our Wireless Controlled ships, and "Raided" Commander and Mrs. Oland in their rooms at the Nova Scotian Hotel at Halifax.

The raiding party carried a handsome electric cocktail shaker and a tray and silver cocktail glasses, suitably engraved. The presentation was made by the Assistant Commissioner at the request of his Marine Section Officers.

Assistant Commissioner Junget made a few suitable remarks. He dealt with the inception of the Marine Section, the re-organization of the former Preventive Service, Commander Oland's appointment to his staff, and told of the zeal, tact and skill of this Officer of the Royal Canadian Navy. "We thank Commander Oland", he said, "for we would have been as a ship without a helm without him. We land Officers of the Force do not even pretend to know how to run a Navy."

The presentation card, accompanying the gift, was a beautiful drawing of a mounted man shaking hands with a Naval Commander, and inside the card were the names of the Officers and ships concerned.

Commander Oland was prostrated by this broadside of gifts and eloquence and before summoning up courage to reply, he was forced to dispense hospitality to the assembled party. After duly fortifying himself, he got up steam and under way.

Commander Oland, like every other sailor, is more of a practical man than a speech-maker. He, however, spoke strongly and feelingly of his year and two months with the R.C.M. Police Marine Section; he spoke of its ups and downs and the pleasure he had in associating with such hardened and competent "salts" as the Marine Section contained. He said that the R.C.M. Police and the Royal Canadian Navy were united in the common bond of service and discipline, and he was glad to see that same spirit in the Marine Section. He thanked its representatives for their loyalty and support, and for the splendid gifts that lay before him.

Once more the main brace was spliced, and Special Constable Coffin, Master of the *Preventor*, and Senior Deck Officer of the Marine Section, made some kindly, apt and sailor-like remarks.

"H" Division will miss Commander Oland very keenly and the whole Division, land and sea, unites in wishing him and Mrs. Oland "au revoir" and "good luck".

\* \* \*

### "E" DIVISION

The R.C.M. Police, represented by one Officer and sixty-nine other ranks from "E" Division, were present at the annual Drumhead Service of the Vancouver Garrison on Sunday afternoon, June 25th, 1933. Over 1000 men from all units of the Vancouver garrison were on parade and a brilliant and impressive ceremony was witnessed by the people of Vancouver. The parade formed up outside the

Horseshow Building, Georgia Street, and marched to Ceperly Park, Stanley Park. The service was conducted by Hon. Lt. Col. the Rev. H. O. Fallis.

\* \* \*

Winning three out of a possible five awards in the Annual St. John Ambulance Association contests the "E" Division First Aid Team holds for 1933 the following trophies:—

B. C. Provincial Trophy.  
Shaughnessy Police Shield (Western Division).  
Sherwood Dominion Police Trophy.

The Division will also hold the R.C.M. Police Shield.

In addition to the shields and trophies, members of the team were presented with individual cups for winning the Dominion Police championship and individual medals for winning the Provincial championship.

Sergeant Major F. P. Watson, First Aid Instructor, deserves a great deal of the credit; his thorough coaching undoubtedly enabled the team to win the three prizes.

The 1933 team consisted of Constables Brandon, Foster, Colmer and Thackray. Congratulations are extended to the R.C.M. Police team from Lethbridge, runners-up in both the police contests.

\* \* \*

The Vancouver City Police Annual Sports meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon, June 28th, 1933, at Brockton Point, Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.

Members of "E" Division were invited to compete and sent down a small team comprising one N.C.O., and nine constables. Although they only had a few days in which to train they put up a creditable performance, capturing one First, four Second and four Third prizes.

\* \* \*

The "E" Division Softball Team met the Heather Athletic Club team at Fairmont Barracks on May 26th, 1933, the visitors taking the game by a score of 14 to 6.

\* \* \*

The British Navy, represented by H.M.S. *Dragon*, visited Vancouver at the beginning of July and challenged our football team to a game of Soccer. The game was played on Wednesday, July 5th, 1933, the Navy winning 2-1.

At the same time our visitors made a fixture for a Tug-of-War for the following Friday, and again were successful, beating our team by two pulls out of three.

It was evident that the Navy men were much more experienced than our team and, after the pull, spent considerable time giving our men tips on how the job should be done. Supper was served to the visitors in the evening.

Meetings of this kind are always welcomed as they help to maintain that mutual spirit of friendship among the services of the British Empire.

\* \* \*

#### "DEPOT" AND "F" DIVISIONS

We were pleased to receive the congratulations of the Commissioner to the team from "Depot" and "F" Divisions which won the Tyro Championship in the Dominion Marksmen Competitions this year.

The team was composed of Sergeants Stangroom, Leatham and Hinton, Corporal Robertson and Constable Stone.

\* \* \*

Our British Rugby football team had to relinquish possession of the Provincial Cup this year, after holding it for the season 1932-33. It was unfortunate that pressure of work prevented the practice necessary to keep up to form. The cup was presented to the Regina City Club, after the match, by the Commissioner.

\* \* \*

The Annual Picnic of "Depot" and "F" Divisions, which apparently is becoming a very popular event, was held at Boggy Creek on Wednesday, July 18th. All ranks from the two Divisions participated and, despite the heat, appeared to spend an enjoyable day. A free canteen was provided for the youngsters and Mrs. S. T. Wood kindly presented the prizes for the sports events.

\* \* \*

Having just recovered from the excitement and extra work provided by the World's Grain Exhibition, combined with the Provincial Shoot, we have time to review the results. A first class Musical Ride was presented at the Exhibition by Sergeant Major Griffin. It was a much appreciated turn, and reflected credit on the promoters. Guards were provided for the main exhibits, a mounted escort for His Excellency the Governor General, was turned out, the Pari-Mutuel personnel supplied, and markers for the shoot.

\* \* \*

Sergeant J. Leatham has been selected to represent the Province at the Dominion Shoot to be held at Ottawa, he having qualified, well up, in the Provincial Shoot of Saskatchewan.

\* \* \*

The Gymnasium at the Barracks is now in full swing, it having been equipped with all the latest devices for racking the body at will. There are now three Badminton courts available for play, and the floor is in good form for the winter dances.

\* \* \*

#### "B" DIVISION *Old Crow, Y.T.*

"On February 11th a son was born to Corporal and Mrs. Young of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who is in charge of this Police post. It is thought that this is the first white child to be born at Old Crow. Considerable interest was manifested by the population, both white and native, and the new arrival was the recipient of many presents ranging from beaded baby moccasins to moose liver, caribou tongue, and cheques. The baby was baptized Charles Robert Edward by Rev. Julius Kendi, the native missionary, on February 26th. The service was in the native language. The mother is the only white woman resident in the district."

(Extract from *Northern Lights*, May, 1933, the magazine of the Anglican Diocese of the Yukon).



# Protecting the Revenue

by CORPORAL FRANK WATSON

*"Who can doubt the secret bid  
Under Cheops' Pyramid  
Is, that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several millions".*

—KIPLING.

**H**ISTORY DOES NOT record the originator of the Customs-Excise system, but he must have been a genius.

Not all history has been recorded. One can surmise that some King in the olden days, found himself faced with the necessity of raising funds to run the country and, incidentally, pay his own salary; that he called his councillors together and put it up to them.

Perhaps one bright lad, to meet the occasion, suggested that a tax be placed on imported wines. To further his argument he may have suggested that the foreigners were ruining the native beer industry.

This would appeal to the King, who probably preferred beer anyway; particularly when it was shown to him that enough money could be realized to tide him over until the depression lifted.

For a time everything went beautifully. Money flowed into the King's coffers until His Majesty became nearly delirious with joy. It seemed as if all his troubles had departed. Now he could devote all his energies to clearing out that messy cousin of his in the adjoining kingdom.

It was too good to last. Gradually, the people began to turn to beer drinking. As they said to one another, why should they pay fifty cents for a miserable little drink of foreign wine when they could get ten big schooners of beer for the same money? And each schooner with a whale of a bigger kick in it.

The results were soon apparent in the Royal Revenue. Of course the breweries had begun to boom, but this didn't help the King, as he had forgotten to include them with his perquisites of office. His Majesty's rage was appalling when he again faced his councillors. The unlucky genius who had advised him to tax the imports received the full force of the Royal Wrath.

The Councillor was equal to the occasion. He explained to His Majesty that he had foreseen this very development. The solution was obvious. It would be the simplest thing imaginable to place a tax on each barrel of beer and thereby obtain much greater revenue than before. This was the start of the Excise Act, at least in "spirit".

There was considerable muttering by the people at this second tampering with their thirsts, and, as there was no longer a great saving in drinking beer, the wine lovers swung back to the imported stuff.

Needless to state laws had to be promulgated in which penalties were provided for any evasion of the King's commands. This came about when

it was learned that numbers of evilly disposed people were flouting the Royal Regulations.

The peasant population of this kingdom, it may be explained, was divided into two classes: the Varlets and the Varmints. The Varlets, most of them, were honest, God-fearing people; the Varmints were, more often than not, the reverse. And it was the Varmints who refused to be daunted by the King's orders, trusting to their wits to escape discovery and punishment.

They found it ridiculously easy. All they had to do was to avoid the places on the borders of the Kingdom where the King's soldiers were stationed, and bring their wine into the country at other points. With the increased taxes the profits were so great that they considered the negligible risks well warranted.

The effrontery of the Varmints put the King on his mettle. He appointed officers whose special duty it was to ferret out the offenders. These appointees were the first Preventive Officers.

At first their work was difficult. Most of the people sympathized with a traffic which enabled them to satisfy their thirst economically. But, as industry developed throughout the Kingdom, the people changed. They saw that they were endangering their own interests and increasing their taxes to maintain the Varmints in luxury.

As the wealthy Varmints went down in public respect the stock of the Preventive Officers went up, until they attained positions of great esteem in the Kingdom.

And so it is today.



### AN UNUSUAL SENTENCE

A Maritime magistrate, while recently discussing the benefits of Mounted Police assistance in discharging his duties, told the story of a Justice of the Peace holding Court a few years ago, just before the R.C.M. Police took over the enforcement of laws in the Province.

A farmer had been summonsed to appear in Court to answer to a charge that his dog had killed several sheep belonging to a neighbour. The evidence had been heard, and judgment was passed to the effect that the accused was to pay for the loss of the sheep, every dog in the district was to be shot, and the guilty dog was "TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL HE WAS DEAD".

Mr. Ripley, in a cartoon some time ago, showed a cat that received Capital Punishment in France a few centuries ago, so, no doubt, our Justice of the Peace must have come from the same line.



Royal Canadian Mounted Police auxiliary schooner *St. Roch* in the ice floes.

## Wintering the '*St. Roch*'

by ACTING SERGEANT J. H. PEPPER

**R**EADERS OF this magazine have doubtless read various newspaper articles and books dealing with the freezing in by boat of exploration parties in the Arctic Regions, and it would doubtless be of interest and somewhat in the nature of a surprise to the various members of the Force, to know that the "G" Division R.C.M. Police Schooner *St. Roch* has been successfully frozen in during the winters of 1928-29, 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1932-33 merely as a matter of general routine.

In wintering a vessel in the Arctic several facts must be taken into consideration such as the formation of the harbour, which should be such that ice pressure from the open seas is avoided during the spring break-up; tide cracks in the ice opening during the winter, and the time the ice leaves the harbour in the spring so that the vessel may be operated reasonably early. It will thus readily be seen that it is not simply a matter of anchoring near the shore and waiting for the freeze-up as the ice conditions which arise each spring are of primary importance. Another point to remember is that the *St. Roch* must winter within close proximity to native settlements so as to function efficiently as a unit of Police service during the winter months.

More or less in the nature of an experiment, the Schooner *St. Roch* was first wintered at Langton Bay, N.W.T., which is located on the Arctic Coast approximately 500 miles east of Herschel Island, Y.T., but owing to the



exposed position of that area exceedingly heavy winds caused certain unforeseen difficulties.

The *St. Roch* arrived at Langton Bay, N.W.T., on September 4th, 1928, and preparations for the freezing in were barely underway when an exceedingly heavy gale forced the Schooner onto the beach, principally due to the fact that the anchors being in gravel could not hold the vessel against the force of the gale. The crew, however, successfully managed to refloat the vessel and manoeuvred it to another position. After riding secure for a few days, violent winds again beached the Schooner and after the gale subsided the *St. Roch* was high and dry on the beach and remained so for three weeks. During that period, and in preparation for refloating the vessel, everything moveable was taken off and the crew worked day and night digging gravel from under the keel. Their efforts were rewarded when the hoped for north wind arrived and with all sail set the vessel moved off into open water. The vessel was then secured until the freeze-up, and remained so until freed from the ice on June 19th, 1929.

As with other matters, the most difficult time is undoubtedly the first experience and so it was with the winter harbour at Langton Bay.

Profiting from the experience at that point it was decided to winter at Tree River, N.W.T., in Coronation Gulf. This point was chosen for various reasons, the principal one being that the river flows into the Arctic Ocean and thus the Schooner practically winters in fresh water; also, owing to the formation of the harbour, the main ice floes cannot enter without being broken up, thereby reducing possible danger from that source.

The general procedure followed in wintering at Tree River, is that the *St. Roch* is navigated to the chosen point in the harbour about the middle of September of each year, and upon arrival is manoeuvred into the best possible position for the freezing in, after which all gear, etc., is stowed away in the hold. By the time this is done the vessel is usually frozen in, but the first freeze-up might well be termed a false one as, owing to storms, the ice usually breaks up, necessitating moving the vessel several times into a favourable position.

As soon as the vessel is frozen in all machinery is thoroughly greased and protected from the elements and a frame work of two by fours is erected the full length of the vessel, which is then completely covered with tarpaulins, sails, etc. No item of preparation is overlooked and as soon as there is sufficient snow the Schooner is snow-blocked up about deck level. When the extreme cold weather sets in the vessel commences to rise with the pressure and each time such rise occurs, water to a depth of about two feet rises all around the vessel. When this is frozen the snow blocking operations are repeated. This work is usually performed several times, so that finally the vessel is frozen in immovably. About the end of March the stern is cut clear and kept so until after the break-up in order to avoid possible danger to the propeller.

When the spring break-up arrives the ice in the Tree River Harbour usually breaks up and melts away leaving the vessel clear; it only being necessary to move to new points of anchorage to avoid possible danger from moving ice.

Lack of space prohibits telling about the spring scraping, washing, painting and overhauling of tackle, gear, ropes, deck machinery, etc., all of which work is performed before the departure of the *St. Roch* on its first run to Herschel Island. It will suffice to say that such work is usually completed by the first week in July when ice conditions in the open sea are usually favourable for a passage to Herschel Island, from which point the *St. Roch* proceeds east to Cambridge Bay and other points on the Arctic Coast where Detachments of this Force are established, until the month of September when the preparation for another wintering are again commenced.



### MARITIME JAILS

The jail system in the Maritimes is not the same as in the other provinces, as there are no provincial jails. Instead, every county has its jail and in those counties where the jailer's duties are light the local criminal sometimes has a fairly easy time.

The story is told of a hardened and well-known offender who was incarcerated in a local jail for three months. As the prisoner was a good fisherman, the jailer, in his wisdom, detailed him to go out and fish for the benefit of the inmates and staff and thereby reduce the cost of prison board. The prisoner was late coming home one night, and on the way met a few friends who treated him wisely but not too well. Eventually he arrived at the jail long after supper time. The jailer was rightly annoyed. "Why", he said, "how dare you be late like this and come home in this condition? If you ever dare do this again, I'll lock you out".

At another point a detachment was asked why no report had been received that a convicted person had been sent to jail. The detachment "had the honour to report" that the local jail was filled and that the convicted person was merely awaiting a vacancy.

## Obituary

THE ANNOUNCEMENT, on September 7th, of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Duffus removes a figure whose association with the Mounted Police endured, except for a brief interval of two years, from 1896 to 1931.

Entering the North West Mounted Police in 1896, Arthur William Duffus served as a constable and corporal until 1901. His service carried him from the Regina depot to the Calgary district and then to the Yukon.

On returning to the Force in 1903 with the rank of Inspector, he served at Coutts and Calgary, Alberta; Saskatoon, Brandon and Winnipeg, in order, until 1917.

Promoted Superintendent in 1917, he returned to Depot Division where he remained until his departure for Siberia with the Royal North West Mounted Police Overseas "B" Squadron of Cavalry.

On his return to Canada he was stationed at Brandon and Winnipeg until 1920, when he assumed command of the Western Ontario district, "O" Division, with headquarters at Toronto.

The year 1923 saw another move for Superintendent Duffus, this time back to Regina again, whence, after another few years, he went to Vancouver to command "E" Division. In 1927 his last promotion came, in the form of an assistant-commissionership. With the assumption by the Force of additional duties in 1928, another change came, and Lieutenant-Colonel Duffus was brought to Ottawa as second in command at Headquarters.

All who knew Lieutenant-Colonel Duffus during his long period of service, a service which covered much territory and comprised a great variety of experience including the celebrated Cashel case at Calgary, can testify to his unfailing geniality and courtesy. His death comes as a shock to all his friends, and the sympathy of all ranks of the Force will be extended to his family.

\* \* \*

The public press carries a report of the death of Mr. Hugh Lewis at Toronto during July, 1933. Mr. Lewis served as a constable in the North West Mounted Police from April 9th, 1874, to April 30th, 1880. During this period of service he was stationed at Beautiful Plains, Swan River and Shoal Lake, with Regimental Number 289.

\* \* \*

The death occurred, at Vancouver, B.C., on June 11th, 1933, of Robert C. McLaren, at the age of 82. Mr. McLaren was one of the early members of the Force, he having served with the North West Mounted Police from 1877 to 1880. His Regimental Number was 196. Mr. McLaren's death removes another link between the present members of the Force and those who joined in the early days.

The funeral took place on June 13th at Mountain View Cemetery, Vancouver, "E" Division supplying one N.C.O. and five constables to act as pallbearers.

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The Toronto papers recently reported the death of Hiram J. Pritchard of that city, a member of the board of assessors.

As Regimental Number 3292, Mr. Pritchard served with the North West Mounted Police for nearly six and a half years, in two periods from 1898 to 1907. News of his death will be received with regret by all who knew him in the Force.