

Our Cover

The Bow River, just below Bow Falls and the Banff Springs Hotel, sparkles in spring sunshine. Photo by S/Sgt. J. C. Roenspies, Publications Officer.

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Royal Canadian Mounted Police

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Letters to the Editor

FIELD DETACHMENT CHRONOLOGY

Dear Editor:

I am a relatively new arrival to the Force and have recently been posted to Field Detachment. As a history buff I am attempting to compile a chronological record of the members who served on this detachment and a history of this area from the RCMP point of view.

I am interested in corresponding with members of the Force previously posted to Field Detachment, or anyone who has knowledge of RCMP history in this area.

Cst. M. D. Dornian Field Detachment RCMP Field, B.C. V0A 1G0

READERS WRITE

Dear Editor:

I was going to let my subscription to the Quarterly lapse. You see, I already have so much reading matter that at age 81 I'll never cover it all.

However, the article "The Hobbling of Justice in Canada" made me change my mind. That is priceless. I hope it receives wide coverage and attention. And I hope ex-Judge Les Bewley is invited to do a lot of speaking.

I certainly concur with the sentiments of the second last paragraph (The thin blue line of police officers, baffled and frustrated... says... "what's the use?"). Why people want to be police officers I can't comprehend. It

seems to me that their frustrating experiences would be enough to turn them all into criminals. I am amazed that there isn't a greater turnover in staff. As far as I am concerned, the justice system in Canada is geared to help the wrong people. It stinks.

Before I close, I should say that I think your magazine is good throughout, even if I most enjoyed the stories on "Going To Court", by J. A. Churchman.

Good wishes, C. D. Denney

Dear Editor:

I have just received the Fall 1981 issue of the Quarterly and read it cover to cover. Its appearance in the mailbox is looked forward to each quarter.

The article concerning the helicopter rescue (p. 45) and part played by Auxiliary Constable Young was most impressive. It was heartwarming to see the appreciation being given to him for a job excellently done. To me it showed the value placed on his service by his fellow regular members and they acknowledged it accordingly... a tribute for service which is normally freely given.

There are, I believe, seven provinces which have auxiliary units in operation. Surely there are instances which involve auxiliary constables which could reach the pages of the Quarterly. I am sure as much enjoyment and interest would be shown to such articles as is to the normal Quarterly content. It is always most interesting to see the involvement of other auxiliary constables

within the Force. Perhaps there are articles on file which for some reason never got past a reader's desk.

In any event, keep up the good work. I really enjoy reading the articles dealing with police work in the '30's and '40's. How the members handled their daily tasks in those times is very interesting. The present-day situations of course are of equal interest and I am pleased when a former patrol partner shows up in an article or even writes one.

Yours truly A/Cst. A. L. Fisher Riverview, N.B.

Dear A/Cst. Fisher:

No one agrees with you more than we do about the important contribution auxiliary constables make to this Force. We are always on the lookout for interesting cases in which they are involved. **Ed.**

MOUNTIE COOKBOOK

Dear Editor:

I am compiling a cookbook comprised of favourite recipes that have come from members' and ex-members' wives from all across the country. Hopefully it will be off the press by September or October.

I would like to ask assistance from your readers and request that they send one or two of their favourites to me at: Box 310
High River, Alta. TOL 1B0

Sincerely, (Mrs.) S. L. Williams

MINNEDOSA CENTENNIAL

Dear Editor:

The Town of Minnedosa, Manitoba, is holding centennial celebrations dur-

ing the week of July 10-18, 1983, to which all former known members of Minnedosa Detachment have been invited. Members presently stationed at the detachment are planning a gettogether for the members who return.

Should anyone previously stationed at this detachment not have received an invitation, it is requested they contact me for further particulars if they wish to attend.

Sgt. D. Lacoste NCO i/c Minnedosa Detachment Box 1319 Minnedosa, Manitoba R0G 1J0

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

Dear Editor,

My husband and I have wondered why our marriage and the births of our children have not appeared in the Quarterly. Are these notices included by us informing you directly or do we have to go through other channels?

Sincerely yours, Mrs. T. D. Breitkreuz High Level, Alberta.

Dear Mrs. Breitkreuz,

Some years ago all division administration offices forwarded a copy of any "marriage or birth notice" (form A-78) to the Quarterly for publication. As this is no longer done we now have to rely upon individual members to inform us of a birth or marriage they wish to have published. If you have a copy of Volume 41, No. 2, (Spring 1976 Quarterly) you may wish to read the "Editor's Notes," page 2, on the matter.

So you need not "go through other channels" as you have already advised us in your letter. Your marriage and the births of your daughters will appear in this issue under "K" Division Dispatches. Ed.

1982 Musical Ride Tour

June 2-3 — Metabetchouan, Que.

June 5-6 — St. Felicien, Que.

June 9-10 — Ormstown, Que.

June 12-13 — Beauceville, Que.

June 15-16 — Quebec City, Que.

June 18-19 — Lachute, Que.

June 26-27 — Kenora, Ont.

July 1-2 — Selkirk, Man.

July 3-6 — Brandon, Man.

July 9-18 — Calgary, Alta.

July 20 — Moosomin, Sask.

July 22 — Gladstone, Sask.

July 24-25 — Yorkton, Sask.

July 27 — Nipawin, Sask.

July 29-30 — Dauphin, Man.

Aug. 2-8 — Regina, Sask.

Aug. 9 — Minton, Sask.

Aug. 11-12 — Swift Current, Sask.

Aug. 14-15 — Saskatoon, Sask.

Aug. 20 — Regina, Sask.

Museum Corner

by S/Sgt. R. C. Stone

Since the earliest days of our Force there has been a need to identify our firearms. This was done by using a metal stamp, similar to those shown here, to punch a set of initials into the wood or a metal part of each weapon.

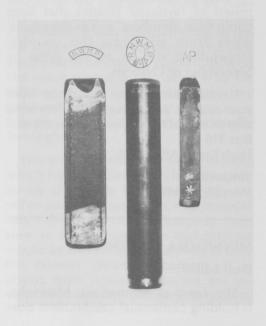
The initials in each stamp are, from left to right:

NWMP — North West Mounted

RNWMP — Royal North West Mounted Police

MP — Mounted Police (the official brand of the Force)

Should anyone be able to elaborate on these items, I would like to share your story with our readers.



Cop in the Closet

by ex-Sgt. Jack Fossum

This is the fourth of five installments of Cop in the Closet, a book chronicling ex-Sgt. Fossum's twenty-one years in the Force. Should anyone wish to buy the book and find it unavailable, it can be purchased directly from the publisher, Hancock House Publishers Ltd., #10 Orwell Street, North Vancouver, B.C. V7J 3K1. Price: \$16.95 in hardcover, check or money order, postage paid by the publisher. Ed.

11. MY FRIEND NORMAN

My friendship with Norman Gleadow had begun when we were recruits together in Vancouver, and it continued into the years to follow as we were being moved from posting to posting. On completion of training he had been posted to Lethbridge where I had joined him a year later. During what I would call the soldiering part of our service, to both of us the least pleasant, we were a source of moral support to each other. His sense of humor, his penchant for seeing the funny side of regimental life, was contagious. With him soldiering could be fun. Between cavalry drill and Musical Ride training there were the exercise rides through the gullies along Oldman River when we could break formation and ride where and as we pleased. On one occasion Norman and I even went for a swim in the river after tethering our horses to a tree.

From Lethbridge I followed him on transfer to Yorkton Sub-Division where for the next few years we were stationed on neighboring detachments and kept in close contact. I came to know his family in Regina where his father was jail warden. Norman was the eldest of four children, two boys and two girls. His "steady" girl friend

Kathleen also lived in Regina. She was a tall, brown-eyed beauty. They had been "going together" for years and planned to marry when Norman had the required seven years of service. In her relationship with her lover she was very possessive and jealous, even of Norman's friendship with me.

As time went on, Norman became increasingly restive and irked by his fiancée's attitude. It therefore came as no surprise when he told me he had fallen in love with a girl in Kelvington, where he was stationed at the time. When I met Mabel I could see why. She was pretty, warm and vivacious, with a sense of humor that matched Norman's. He was now torn between his sense of lovalty to Kathleen and his new-found love for Mabel. When we were together on a refresher course in Regina he was agonizing over his choice between the two. But the break with Kathleen was inevitable and when it came it proved to be a wrenching experience for them both. It ended in a breach of promise suit against Norman, something quite uncommon in Canada at that time.

Fearful that the publicity generated by a court hearing might rub off on the Force and affect his career, Norman consulted with his C.O. The inspector advised him to seek settlement out of court. This he did and a settlement awarding the plaintiff a sum of money in "heart balm" was agreed on. Norman refused to believe the girl had resorted to legal action on her own initiative. He felt that in her emotional state at the time she had yielded to pressure from her parents.

The same year another blow awaited my friend when both his parents died

within a week of each other. His father, a giant of a man in his fifties, followed his wife to the grave after months of watching her hopeless fight against cancer. After her death he collapsed and died of pneumonia. But Norman said his father had died of a broken heart. After the death of his parents, Norman was left with his fifteen-year-old brother to take care of but with no place to keep him. This problem was eventually solved when he got the boy admitted to the later renowned Father Murray's Notre Dame College at Wilcox, Saskatchewan.

The end of that turbulent year was a happy one for Norman. He and Mabel were married at the Anglican Church in Regina. After the honeymoon the couple settled down in Esterhazy, where Norman was given his first detachment. The breaks seemed to be coming his way at last. The town of Esterhazy, known today for its potash mining industry, was at that time a small farming center. The detachment area, which included surrounding towns and villages, had its share of petty crime and, being alone, Norman was kept busy. Mabel, too, kept herself busy by working parttime at the local hospital. When I visited them a year later they seemed to have blended into the little community.

A couple of years after their wedding it was my turn. Norman was my best man, while Mabel was the bride's attendant. Over a few drinks the night before the ceremony, the talk turned to some of the hazards of our occupation and how some of our comrades had lost their lives. There was Constable Consul, with whom I had been stationed in Edmonton, who had been shot without warning on entering a farmhouse in his detachment area in search of a mentally deranged man. There were Scotty Harrison and Tommy Wallace, who had been gunned down at Banff by the Benito Bandits. There was "Rhodie" Rhodeniser, our Yorkton dog handler, who only a month earlier

had been felled by a gunman's bullet at Carlyle, Saskatchewan.

We talked about potentially dangerous encounters when people panic. I remembered an incident on a farm near Calder where I had gone to question a youth about some minor offence. I was placing him in the police car when I saw his elderly father run toward the house. I followed on the run and got inside just in time to seize a rifle he was in the process of loading. He was a Russian immigrant with little knowledge of English. Seeing his son being taken away by what he thought of as the Canadian equivalent of the Czar's police, he had panicked. I had the son explain what it was all about and he was reassured.

Norman told of a similar incident a month earlier when he raided a homebrew artist in Esterhazy. While he was busy loading still and brew into the police car the man ducked into the house.

When Norman followed he was stopped short in the doorway looking down the barrel of a shotgun. "It looked to me like the barrel of a cannon," he said, "but I had time to step aside and slam the door shut before he pulled the trigger. I lost no time getting the hell out of the place."

Still keeping the house under observation, Norman had managed to attract the attention of a neighbor and tell him to phone sub-division headquarters for assistance. The man, a bachelor and hermit type, eventually had to be smoked out with tear gas.

"I was lucky that time," Norman said, "and I learned a lesson — I'll never again let a suspect out of my sight when he is cornered and panicky."

Two weeks later, while on an investigation in the Big Muddy district of the Saskatchewan — U.S. border, I stopped at a village beanery for lunch.

The waitress turned on the radio for the noon news. Over the clatter of dishes the announcer's voice came loud and clear and with a note of gravity: "Constable Norman Albert Gleadow was murdered at Esterhazy this morning. A search is under way for the killer..." Details of the slaying followed: Gleadow had arrested a local man on charges of breaking, entering and theft in the area and had been on his way to Regina jail with the prisoner when the murder and subsequent escape had occurred.

Some of the patrons at other tables stopped chewing for a moment, shook their heads, then continued eating. I had lost my appetite. Norman dead? It just didn't seem real. Only a couple of weeks earlier we had talked about our friends who had died in the line of duty and now he, to me the closest of them all, had joined them — gone forever. In sort of a daze I walked to the telephone office and phoned the sub-division office. I was told that the killer had been cornered in a wooded area some twenty miles from Esterhazy. When the police closed in on the stolen police car in which he had made his escape a shot rang out. They found him draped over the car seat with a bullet wound in the head, his .22 calibre rifle at his side. He was rushed to the nearest hospital but was declared dead on arrival.

Later, Mabel told me the whole sad story. The slayer was well known to the Gleadows. His name was Ernest Flook, and he was the wayward son of a highly respected family. A few months earlier, Mabel had nursed him through a bout with pneumonia at the local hospital.

On the day of the murder Norman had brought Flook to the detachment office, adjacent to the Gleadow's living quarters. After spending some time with the man in the office Norman told his wife he was taking him to Regina for remand and that he would be leaving immediately by police car. About an

hour later she received a phone call from Flook's sister. She asked Mabel to come over right away because she feared something terrible had happened. She had seen Norman and her brother enter a shack where he slept at the rear of the house. Some ten minutes later Ernest had come running out with a rifle in his hand, jumped into the police car and driven off. Mabel immediately ran over to the shack, only a block away. There she found her husband lying unconscious on the floor in a pool of blood. For a moment he seemed to regain consciousness and moved his lips, but no sound came. When the doctor arrived a few minutes later he was already dead.

On reconstruction of the events that led up to the murder, it appeared that after leaving the detachment the prisoner had decided to come clean. They had returned to Esterhazy and Norman had apparently been examining some of the stolen goods spread out on the bed in the shack, possibly bending over while doing so. This might have been Flook's chance to reach for a hammer. He had struck his captor on the head with sufficient force to leave a piece of Stetson hat imbedded in his skull. In his state of panic Flook had next fired two shots into his victim's chest with a .22 calibre rifle he kept on the premises, then fled in the police car.

While sitting in the police car before shooting himself, Flook had written a lengthy confession giving details of his criminal activities over the past three years. The note ended with words to the effect that he was taking his own life because he didn't wish to kill any more policemen.

Norman was thirty years old at the time of his death in October 1939. He was given a military funeral with representation from the Regina City Police Force as well as from his own. Two years after walking down that aisle

with his bride on his arm, he was carried down it in a coffin by six red-coated comrades.

On display at the RCMP museum in Regina for many years was a Stetson hat with a puncture in the back of the crown, mute evidence of the hammer blow that killed the wearer. Looking at this grim exhibit, my thoughts went back to that last evening I had shared with my friend and what he had said about a lesson learned. Had he forgotten it so soon? Not likely. In the presence of a tense and panicky captive only a second's inattention can prove fatal.

12. THE FORGOTTEN MEN

During my days in the RCMP the men on rural Prairie detachments were aptly called "the forgotten men" by peers and superiors alike. It was perhaps a case of out of sight, out of mind, and more often than not they were forgotten when promotions were dished out. The more visible men, those working in division and subdivision headquarters in daily contact with the brass, were more likely to get the breaks.

The man in the boondocks was the unsung hero, often called upon to deal with tricky, dangerous situations singlehandedly. His resourcefulness was at times put to the test since he was looked upon not only as the symbol of law and order but also as a person to turn to in all sorts of difficulties. To people in small communities he was a trusted counsellor, a mediator in neighborly disputes and a defuser of potentially volatile situations. The esteem in which he was held by the people he served was to him some compensation for any lack of recognition from above.

In any event, every young constable looked forward to the day when he could run his own show. It meant the

end of his apprenticeship, years of field work under the guidance of an NCO or a senior constable. It meant that he was now trusted to take on more responsibility, to use his own judgment, to make his own decisions. True, he would still be subject to orders from sub-division headquarters, he would have periodic inspections by a senior NCO, by the sub-division C.O. and perhaps once a year by the division commander. But on a daily basis there would be no one to "sir" and salute, nobody breathing down his neck.

His first assignment would generally be a one-man detachment somewhere in the boondocks. His living quarters and operational facilities would be located in a rented house. A former Commissioner wrote in his memoirs that the RCMP detachment could easily be spotted — it was generally the poorest house in town. One or two rooms would be utilized for office and prison cell, or these facilities would be located in an annex. The policeman and his wife — literally lived on the job. After the war this situation changed when the Force began building its own detachment quarters.

Because of the poor financial circumstances in which we had been left after the Greenland affair, I had asked for transfer back to uniformed duty and for a detachment of my own. Married men on rural detachments were provided with living quarters free of charge and there were other fringe benefits, such as free light and fuel, telephone and cleaning supplies. In due course my wish was granted and I was transferred to Maidstone, a one-man detachment in the North Battleford Sub-Division, Saskatchewan.

Late one November night, Bea and I stepped off the train at Maidstone and were met at the station by Constable Lorne Cawsey, whose father had initiated the use of tracking dogs in the Force. Lorne had been looking after the

detachment in the interval between my predecessor's departure and my arrival. He jokingly told us that since we were rated as VIP's, the town power plant, which was generally shut off at midnight, had been left on for our benefit. After depositing our luggage at the town's only hotel we accompanied Lorne to the detachment for a preview of our new home.

Prior to being taken over by the RCMP, the detachment building had been used as a hospital. A big rambling house, it was heated by a coal furnace that had seen its best days. Because of a worn and leaky grate it required frequent stoking. There was, of course, no running water or indoor plumbing. Water for washing had to be pumped up from a rainwater cistern in the basement and heated on the coal oil stove in the kitchen. Drinking water was brought to the house by team from the town well.

The office was located in an annex with entrance from the dining room as well as from the outside. It was heated by a coal stove that required constant watching since some of the mica in the door had been burned out, creating a fire hazard. The house had been the home of single men and police dogs for a couple of months and was badly in need of a woman's touch before we moved in. Bea was kept busy. Our furniture, when it finally arrived, looked pretty skimpy in the big house but as time went by we acquired a coal stove, a chesterfield suite and some comfortable chairs.

The outdoor plumbing, the standard two-holer with the crescent moon, was located near the back alley at the rear of the building. One of my first tasks was to construct an indoor biffy, using lumber from packing boxes. The thought of dashing out in sub-zero weather to answer the call of nature was none too appealing. I was progressing nicely and in the process of testing my handiwork for height and comfort

when Bea and Lorne came down to the basement to see what all the hammering was about. When the laughter subsided, Bea called to my attention that I had built the throne for my six-footone height and that she was a foot shorter. I remedied that by making a step.

I next turned my attention to the furnace and the office heater. I was told that all metal was needed for war material and that there was nothing available for a grate. After much correspondence I was given permission to buy an office heater locally and I chucked the old one outside. Now, under Rules and Regulations, worn out articles had to be condemned by the C.O., then certified destroyed, describing the method of destruction on a form in six copies. Since the Red Cross people were collecting scrap metal for sale to raise badly needed money I handed the old stove over to them, receiving their signature on the proper document. Back came instructions from on high that there were no provisions in Rules and Regs for giving government property away - it must either be destroyed or sold by tender. Eventually I got around this nonsense by reporting that I had sold the stove to the Red Cross Society for the amount of fifty cents, whereupon I took fifty cents out of my own pocket, went to the bank and purchased a Receiver General's draft for the amount, which I sent attached to the prescribed form in a number of copies through regular channels that led to the federal treasury.

By the time I was able to close my stove file it was half an inch thick and contained, I am sure, several dollars worth of paper. Not only that, it represented hours of work that might more profitably have been spent on crime prevention.

Lorne and his German Shepherd Pilot stayed with us for a few weeks. I had known his father, Jack Cawsey, when I served in Alberta, and had last seen Lorne when he was a teenage boy at Bassano, Alberta, where his father was detachment commander. Lorne came from a family of policemen. His granduncle, Nicholson, had been head of the Alberta Provincial Police before its absorption into the RCMP. His uncle, Jim Cawsey, was a senior NCO in Saskatoon.

It was only natural, then, for Lorne to join the Force as soon as he was old enough. After finishing his recruit training he followed in his father's footsteps and became a dogmaster, and in due course he took over the handling of Dale. His own dog, Pilot, also a trained tracker, was a son of Dale. Pilot had distinguished himself by finding Princess Juliana's \$10,000 lost pendant brooch in an Ottawa park. The Dutch princess, later Queen of the Netherlands, spent the war years as a refugee in Canada.

When Lorne left the dog section shortly before our arrival at Maidstone he had taken Pilot with him. Pilot was, of course, a one-man dog but gradually Lorne trained him to let Bea feed him. He became very protective of her and when both Lorne and I were away from the detachment she had to restrain him whenever anyone came to the office door. One night when she was alone she had gone to bed early with a cold. In the night she was awakened by Pilot's whining. Realizing that the house was chilled and the dog cold she went to the basement and stoked the furnace. On returning she found Pilot curled up in her bed. She opened her mouth to order him off but not a sound came. She had developed laryngitis. Unconcerned, Pilot dropped off to sleep and Bea had to spend the rest of the night on the chesterfield.

After spending the previous two years in the Criminal Investigation Branch I found Maidstone to be a very quiet place. There was time for curling and skating; we joined a Little Theatre

group and took part in the play *David Copperfield*. Bea played the part of Mrs. Micawben most convincingly, since she, like Mrs. M., was "expecting." She joked about her six meals a day, three down, three up.

In the spring I was transferred to the neighboring Lloydminster Detachment and we were on the move again. It was a welcome change. With nine years of service behind me I had been looking forward to my first promotion and it now seemed to be in the offing. Lloydminster was much larger than Maidstone, and had the amenities we had been missing, not least of which were running water and sewage facilities. The town had been founded shortly after the turn of the century by the Barr Colonists from England, headed by Bishop Lloyd after whom the town got its name. Some of the original settlers were still living and active as businessmen or farmers. The oil boom did not come till a few years later and the town functioned mainly as a farming center.

The detachment office, living quarters for single men, a suite for the man in charge and another for the second in command were located on the second floor of the post office building in the center of the town. The space had originally been occupied by government offices and later converted for use by the RCMP. While the suites were poorly laid out, they were roomy and comfortable. Ours had only one drawback: the master bedroom was located directly under the town clock which rang out the hour and half-hour. The chimes themselves were bad enough but the mechanism that set them in motion was even noisier. We would wake up to what sounded like the roar of a tractor running across the roof, rattling the windows. But with time we got used to it, and the roar and the chimes would blithely blend in with our dreams.

The town was heated by natural gas that came out of the ground about a

mile away. Bea had gas for cooking and, joys, running water. She got new drapes for the large office windows in the suite — policemen's wives were forever altering and fitting drapes as they moved from place to place. But there was nothing she could do about the nauseating combination of colors on the walls: dark brown up to a height of five feet, with a tan shade to the ceiling, broken by a black stripe. It had to remain that way until the Department of Public Works gave permission for the next five-yearly painting of the whole post office building.

Our son was born that year. With no yard for him to play in we persuaded the Chinese owner of a vacant lot next door to put in some fill, with the promise that we would landscape it for him. This we did and made room for his patch of bok choy, in addition to a play area. Above, fluttering in the breeze from a line strung between the P.O. and the Red & White Store, could be seen diapers and adult laundry. Dryers were a rarity and anyway we wouldn't have been able to afford one.

We soon got to know most of the people in Lloydminster and — like everyone else — we soon identified the local bootlegger. In the days when governments were still experimenting with liquor laws, and sale and consumption of booze was hemmed in by silly, restrictive regulations, every town had one. In Lloydminster it was "Pinkie." But unlike others of his trade, he was durable. Try as they might, the town police never seemed to be able to get the goods on him.

There were good reasons for his durability. One was his method of doing business. He sold only to known and trusted customers and he never let them consume their purchase on his premises. This rule, coupled with a rather lax town police force, had kept Pinkie in business for many years.

When I took charge of Lloydminster RCMP Detachment in 1941, Pinkie was in his early seventies. A big man who owed his nickname to his complexion, he could be seen in daytime on Meridian Avenue handing out dimes to children. He was genuinely fond of kids and there were no ulterior motives in his generosity.

He was man of mystery. Nobody knew much about his background except that he hailed from somewhere in the States. His little cottage on Railway Avenue was his home as well as his business premises.

Early one morning the elderly town constable reported to the detachment that Pinkie had been badly beaten and asked for help in the investigation. We found the house in a shambles and Pinkie in a semiconscious condition, his face beaten to a pulp.

He was rushed to the hospital where he eventually recovered but from then on he walked with a limp and used a cane. His assailants, two husky transients who had administered the beating when Pinkie refused to sell them booze, were arrested the same day. My eyes nearly popped when young Constable Gordon Perry, dwarfed by two giant Métis — one on each side - marched into the detachment office. He had spotted the pair in the hobo jungle and singlehandedly effected the arrest. They were convicted of the assault and sentenced to jail terms. As soon as he was well enough, Pinkie was again doing business at the same old stand.

Under the police setup at that time the RCMP policed the surrounding farm community, towns and villages, but in the town of Lloydminster acted only when asked for assistance by the town force. It was a police force in name only, consisting of one middleaged man designated as the chief who was on duty during the day, and an

elderly man, a Boer War veteran, who was assigned to the night shift.

The chief was also the town handyman, a function that occupied most of his time. He was a good handyman and it was not his fault that the town fathers had saddled him with the police job, a job he did not at all relish. Besides being totally lacking in police training, Chief Fred was illiterate. He could barely sign his own name. Because of this, he was the butt of many jokes among the townspeople.

When anything more serious than a parking violation occurred, the RCMP became involved. In fact, Chief Fred and his one-man force would warn drunks and other peace disturbers that if they didn't cut it out, "I'll call the police." This created a unique situation whereby the town got free policing and at the same time retained control over law enforcement policy within the town. It lasted until 1944 when the town contracted to have the RCMP take over the town policing.

Eventually we received instructions from our Edmonton headquarters to clamp down on bootlegging activities in the town. We persuaded one of Pinkie's disgruntled customers to go and buy a bottle from the old man with a marked \$10 bill. Being unable to pay the fine, Pinkie went to jail, and that brought his business to an end.

It was not the end of our liquor regulation activities, however. The town had a fair-sized Chinese community, consisting of café operators, laundrymen, egg and chicken farmers from the area. They had their own informal club, or gathering place, on a side street on the Alberta side of the town. During summer evenings one could see them through the open door playing Mah Jong, drinking and having a good time. There was no rowdyism and they bothered nobody. Because of immigration laws in effect at the time their wives and families were left in

China. Unlike the rest of us they had no haven of a home to return to after a day's work and the Chinese Club was therefore a substitute of sorts, the only form of social life available to them.

Townspeople were under the impression that the club was licensed by town hall and that it was operating legitimately. In reality it was in violation of the provincial Liquor Act as well as the gaming house provisions of the Criminal Code. The town council was well aware of this, but had instructed the town police to leave the Chinese alone. As for the RCMP, we had neither the duty nor, for that matter, the inclination to interfere.

That is, until someone complained, presumably to the Attorney General's department. There were also hints that the town police were receiving bribes from the Chinese but on investigation this proved to be groundless. However, we were ordered to raid the premises, which we did with the aid of the Edmonton RCMP Liquor Squad, seizing all gaming paraphernalia and a small quantity of liquor. But since the premises were classified as a dwelling house there was no law against keeping booze in it, and when there was no evidence of a "rake-off" in the Mah Jong game, no charges were laid. The club, however, was closed and remained closed.

The Chinese community were the losers and none of them more so than café operator Mah Joe. The morning after the raid he came to me almost in tears. "Claisy sonomabitch policeman—spoileh my looloo snake!" he complained. He told me how, during the search of his café for liquor, a liquor squad member had opened and sniffed his jar of snake-oil brew, thereby spoiling it.

The precious looloo snake had come all the way from China and was at that time irreplaceable because of the war.

According to Joe, the snake-oil concoction, applied internally or externally, could cure anything from the flu to fallen arches. No wonder he was upset.

Ruining the snake oil was one thing but the raid itself was adding insult to injury. He was justly proud of his reputation as a restaurateur and of his status in the community. Joe as a bootlegger? Never.

When it came to Chinese food he had no peer. He insisted on using nothing but the white meat from bush partridge and his own homegrown vegetables, served cooked just right — firm and succulent. These gourmet delicacies were, of course, not for customers but for special friends, among whom he counted the boys from the local detachment who had probably bagged the partridge the day before. The feast would take place in the banquet room at the rear of the café.

Whether Joe ever got himself another looloo snake I don't know. Possibly not, because I heard he had died a few years later from some bone disease which his snake oil surely would have cured.

The first constable to occupy the second suite in the Lloydminster Post Office was Cawsey. Lorne had in the meantime married (a nurse, of course - what else?) and now joined me as second man in charge. While the chimes and the roar on the roof were far enough away not to bother them unduly, they had another nocturnal noise to disturb their slumber: the mail stamping machine. After the mail arrived on the midnight train the stamping machine went into action directly under their bedroom. But, perhaps because they were still newlyweds, Lorne and Phyl didn't seem to mind the disturbance.

A couple of years later, Lorne took over the one-man detachment at

Onion Lake, a small, isolated community at the edge of an Indian reservation some twenty miles north of the Saskatchewan River. Access to the "outside" was by a trail across the reservation to the river, then by ferry to the south bank, and by good roads for another twenty miles to Lloydminster, the nearest large center. There the young couple settled with their infant daughter in typical small police quarters, an old building with office and prison cage attached.

People living in the area were completely isolated during the spring break-up of the river ice before the ferry began operating and during the fall freeze-up before the ice was safe for crossing. In winter, too, when roads were passable only by sleighs and sometimes by truck, people felt isolated. Natives and the few whites alike had to come to Lloydminster for medical service. They were fortunate that policemen had a habit of marrying nurses: Phyl's two predecessors at Onion Lake had also been registered nurses. They were there when needed to render first aid, alleviate pain and look after the sick. In recognition of this fact, doctors at Lloydminster entrusted them with means ordinarily administered by doctors only.

One night Phyl was called on to help a young native girl who was having convulsions. Lorne was away on duty and the only means of transportation was a local man's truck. Phyl had no time to worry about the fact that her driver was out on bail awaiting trial on a rape charge. Not until she had attended to her patient and they were on their way back did the danger of her situation really begin to worry her. Fortunately she was not molested but the potential danger was real.

The living quarters were comfortable enough but primitive. Water came from an open well at the rear of the house. It was raised with the help of a bucket at the end of a rope and an overhead pulley. Phyl was dismayed when she raised her first bucket and found it being used by spiders as a swimming pool. But first detachments were always in the boondocks and they looked forward to better days ahead.

In the spring when the river was in flood, swift and dotted with ice floes, Lorne faced an ordeal that was to test his mettle as nothing had before. He had managed to make his way by car over nearly impassable roads to the reservation to look into a report that an Indian had gone berserk and killed two other natives with a hatchet. When he arrived at the scene of the slavings. Lorne found a third victim, a woman, slightly wounded, lying on a bed beside one of the dead. After attending as best he could to her wounds he located and disarmed the slayer, a huge man by the name of Standing Ready, and took him and the wounded woman to the detachment.

Somehow he now had to get the man, obviously mentally ill, to the doctor at Lloydminster. Since there was no other way out he had to risk the river crossing by rowboat, a most hazardous undertaking. As there was no telephone at Onion Lake he sent me a telegram with a brief outline of what had happened and asked me to meet him on the south bank of the river. I lost no time in getting there.

The river was several hundred feet wide, swift and covered with drifting ice. I watched anxiously through binoculars as the little boat shoved off from the opposite bank and began its perilous journey across. Now, dodging ice floes is one thing but doing it with a mentally disturbed killer aboard, who at any moment might take a notion to upset the boat or jump overboard, is quite another. I held my breath as the tiny craft picked its way through the floating ice. If it should capsize the

chances of a rescue in the swift ice-cold water were practically nil.

At last the boat cleared the last ice floe and drew to within hailing distance. I now had a good look at the occupants: Lorne was completely dwarfed by his huge prisoner. From a feeling of immense relief and in a feeble attempt at jest I called out, "Which one of you is Standing Ready?" Pointing at the man in the stern, Lorne shot back, "Him Standing Ready — me Scared Shitless!"

I learned later that Phyl had managed to give the prisoner a tranquilizer before they left the detachment. Lorne had done his best to reassure her by minimizing the danger, but she wasn't fooled. She knew the risk involved in the river crossing.

In time Cawsey, along with other Forgotten Men, was remembered and — eventually — promoted. And in the post-war years, more objective promotion practices rescued the Forgotten Men from their state of limbo.

13. THE NORTHERN MEN

During our recruit training period we were advised that we could volunteer for Northern service but that there was a waiting list. The application form listed certain qualifications required, including some skill as a carpenter. If accepted, the applicant was required to make his will prior to his departure for the North. Northern service included service in the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. Men who were accepted were required to remain in the North for a minimum period of two years, after which they could re-engage or return to the "outside."

Those were the days before the advent of aircraft, snowmobiles and two-way radio communication in the North. Living conditions were primitive and isolation complete except for the visit

of the Arctic supply ship once a year. The silence and loneliness was compounded by darkness in the long winter months. Travel was by dog team only and the Husky shared the hardships of the trail with his master. This sort of life called for a man in good physical condition, of an even temperament, who was capable of coping with cabin fever as well as rugged travel. Such a man was known in the Force as a Northern Man. His role as policeman in the North was similar to that of his colleague "outside" but with one important difference: he was entirely on his own in whatever situation he might have to face.

Such a man was Henry Stallworthy. He was a typical Northern Man and yet he was more than that. His career during thirty years of service, twenty of them in the Yukon and the High Arctic, is regarded as outstanding. Today, when Canada is struggling to assert and maintain sovereignty over its vast Arctic region, Stallworthy's accomplishments are of particular significance, for they contributed towards establishing that sovereignty. He was an explorer as well as a policeman. The northern tip of Axel Heiberg Island bears his name: Cape Stallworthy.

Stallworthy joined the Force in 1914 at the age of eighteen and served for a while in the Yukon before joining the RCMP contingent and being sent to France during the World War. At the end of the war he returned to the Yukon. Like so many others, he had come under "the spell of the North."

In 1923 he joined Corporal Petty and Constable Robinson at the detachment at Chesterfield Inlet. In 1924, Staff Sergeant Clay and his young wife Maggie arrived on transfer from the Mackenzie River area. One of the few white women in the Arctic at the time, she enjoyed Northern life and looked forward to the new and different living conditions in this tiny, isolated com-

munity. The four men at the Hudson's Bay Company trading post and the two priests at the Catholic mission were the only other white people in the area. However, the Eskimos employed by the RCMP on a permanent basis, a floating population of hunters who came and left with the seasons, their wives and children and their many dogs made for a lively community.

That year the Hudson's Bay Company traders made a fall patrol in their large motor schooner up the Back River to Baker Lake. Clay joined them to acquaint himself with his new territory and to meet the native people in the interior. He would be gone for an indefinite time during which he would have no communication with Chesterfield. In his absence, Maggie contented herself in her new surroundings, always cheerful and active. She walked a lot on the beach where there were often children, and many dogs which were allowed to run loose in the settlement during the summer.

One afternoon, Stallworthy became aware of a dog fight on the beach. When he heard Maggie scream he ran and was horrified to see her on the ground surrounded by the snarling dogs. They were tearing at her leg and had stripped the flesh from knee to ankle, leaving the bare bone exposed. He beat off the dogs, picked her up and carried her up the slope to her home. The leg was badly damaged, with blood spurting from torn arteries. There was chloroform in the medical supplies but very little. The men worked quickly to stop further loss of blood. They made Maggie as comfortable as possible, then turned their attention to the larger problem.

They knew, and Maggie knew, that the leg would have to be amputated. In fact, she pleaded with them to do it as quickly as possible. There were no antibiotics in those days and infection was a constant threat. The settlement had a basic supply of surgical tools, medical

supplies and the pitifully small amount of chloroform. There was also a comprehensive medical text, Pye's Surgery. They spent the night studying the book and consulting with each other. None had any previous experience in dealing with an emergency of this magnitude.

Towards morning they had reached an agreement, assigning each other to the necessary tasks. Father Duplesne was to perform the surgery, assisted by Norman Snow, the trading post manager. Stallworthy would take charge of the instruments and administer the anesthetic. Before starting the operation they wrote out the following statement, which they all, including Maggie, signed: "We believe that the amputation of Mrs. Clay's leg is necessary. We have every reason to believe that we can succeed. We believe that this will save her life."

Stallworthy lifted the girl onto the dining room table. He sterilized the instruments and took charge of the chloroform. On a signal from him Duplesne began the cutting, but when he came to sawing the bone he faltered. Stallworthy hastily handed the chloroform to Maria, the post's Eskimo interpreter and a competent woman, and went to the priest's assistance. He finished removing the leg just as the chloroform gave out.

Maggie awoke almost immediately and when Stallworthy carried her to her bed she asked, "Is my leg off? I feel so much better." And later, a poignant remark, "I won't be able to dance again, will I?"

At first it was thought she might recover but because of lack of recovery facilities and antibiotics, shock and loss of blood, she failed rapidly. The two priests tried to talk to her about converting to their faith so they could administer the last sacrament. This upset her and she asked Stallworthy to stay at her side so that she would not give way in her weakness. This he did and made

notes of her thoughts and messages to her husband, whom she knew she would never see again. He gave her sips of tea and comforted her as best he could, remaining at her side constantly. At about midnight of the third day she died.

A rough coffin was made. Maria lined it with duffel and fine white cloth. Stallworthy and the other men led the little procession up the barren hill behind the detachment. He read the Anglican burial service from a prayer book. They built a rock cairn to cover the coffin. Then, completely exhausted from lack of sleep and overwhelming emotion, he fell into a long sleep.

In the weeks that followed he watched for and dreaded the return of the schooner. The others had delegated him to meet the ship and break the news to Clay. The day finally arrived. When the schooner anchored, Clay shouted, "Where is Maggie?" He immediately sensed something was wrong. When told, he went to pieces and had to be given close companionship by the others during the months that followed.

In the spring Stallworthy and Clay left the Inlet and journeyed south to Fort Churchill, thence overland to Winnipeg and down the Niagara Peninsula to Maggie's family. Again Stallworthy told his story, this time to the grieving parents who had, of course, been unaware of their daughter's fate. Shortly afterward, Clay took his discharge from the Force.

After a quick visit to his home in England, Stallworthy again turned his thoughts to Northern service and waited for another posting. In the meantime he was stationed at Jasper, Alberta Detachment and there he met Hilda Austin, a school teacher, who was later to become his wife. Finally he got his wish and was transferred to Bache Peninsula on Ellesmere Island. This was the detachment he had been hoping to

get all along, a spot near the top of the world in the land of the Arctic explorers — Greeley, Amundsen, Nansen, Cook and Peary. He would employ Eskimos who had travelled with these men. He was filled with enthusiasm.

When he reached Ottawa he was told that the German expedition of Dr. E. K. Krueger, who had been given a permit to travel across Ellesmere Island to Axel Heiberg Island, had failed to return and it was feared it might have been lost. It was a small party consisting of three men: Dr. Krueger, a distinguished scientist, his companion, Bjar, a Dane, and one Eskimo. They had one sled and a poor dog team, with very inadequate equipment. They had definite plans to travel as far west as Meighen Island, depending on game conditions in the area.

The expedition had been at Bache the previous year and had not been heard of since. Stallworthy was told to be on the lookout for them and to consider they might have come out by another, more northerly route. Their chances for survival were considered poor.

Arriving at Bache in the summer of 1930 on the S.S. Beothic, Stallworthy was now far beyond any human habitation. The Canadian government employed Greenlanders from Etah to work and travel with the RCMP members at Bache. They would cross Smith Sound on the ice in winter, bringing their strong dog teams, their travelling gear, and their wives who made the bearskin pants, sealskin boots and other equipment for the RCMP members. Some of these men had travelled with polar explorers since the days of Peary. In fact, one of them proudly claimed to be a son of Peary.

The RCMP maintained a detachment in this remote and uninhabited place primarily to maintain sovereignty. Denmark was casting covetous, expansionist eyes across Smith Sound to the land mass of Ellesmereland, although on the map the Canadian archipelago borders were defined by east and west longitudes to the North Pole. But Greenlanders had travelled and hunted across Smith Sound from time immemorial, oblivious to the white man's boundaries.

After leaving the usual cargo of supplies, reading material and other amenities for the detachment members, the Beothic headed back south, not to return for another year. It was now known that nothing had been seen or heard of the missing Krueger expedition.

Stallworthy now had a new and vast domain to patrol. He had experienced Eskimo travelling companions and would share the solitude with a junior constable for the next year. They turned their attention to the immediate task of transporting the mountain of supplies to the detachment some distance away, settling in to the detachment quarters, and securing dog food - walrus, seal and narwhal - for the coming winter. It was all hard work but a most necessary part of the routine life in the far North. Unlike life in the "outside," there were no deadlines to meet, no telephone to answer and no time clock to punch. When hunting was good or when they were on long patrols they often worked around the clock. Time meant nothing. Getting essential projects done in the rapidly diminishing daylight hours was a driving necessity. It was no life for a lazy

Stallworthy's first winter at Bache passed quickly. With Constable Foster (in his second year at the detachment) and two capable Eskimos, Inuituk and Noocapinguaq, as travelling companions he made winter patrols whenever weather and moonlight made it possible. In the spring the serious business of looking for Krueger began. As soon as the sun reappeared he set out with

the two Eskimos and travelled south along the Ellesmereland coast.

It was a gruelling journey on the rough sea ice in blizzards and low temperatures. They reached the abandoned RCMP post at Craig Harbour in six days, only to find that Krueger had not gone that way. This narrowed the field of future search, but they had to make haste to get back to Bache while it was still possible to travel on the sea ice.

On the way home they were fortunate to sight two polar bears. They shot one and took it down to sea level for badly needed dog food. Stallworthy followed the other up the glacier. Always aware of danger at this time of the year when a thick layer of snow still covered and concealed the crevasses, he tested each step ahead with the long metal rod they carried for this purpose. A rising welt in the flat surface indicated an updraft from below. Suddenly the snow in front of him fell away with a sickening rush, revealing sheer walls of ice. He scuffed a runway behind himself and made a running leap across the gaping chasm, took two careful steps ahead, then dropped like a stone down a lateral crack leading to the crevasse.

As he fell he let out a shout. He jolted to a stop, wedged between the ice walls about twenty feet down, and his parka, which he had been carrying on his arm, slithered away into the depths. Then he blacked out. He was aroused by the Eskimos shouting at him from above. They had heard his shout. The crack in the ice, acting like a conduit, had carried his voice down to sea level. They let down a harpoon line but he was afraid to move for fear of losing his fragile hold. Inch by inch he managed to get the noose under one armpit and with the free hand grasp the line above his head. As his companions pulled him, cut and bruised, to safety, they wept like children. The bond of friendship which had developed

between them was to endure and strengthen as they shared dangers and hardships in the year ahead.

After his return to the outside two years later, Stallworthy was amused to read an article in the Toronto Star relating the incident. A full-page color illustration showed him in full dress uniform — scarlet serge, breeches, boots, spurs and all — upside down in the crevasse, Stetson hat firmly in place.

They reached Bache with a good load of meat and polar bear skins for pants. which would be made by the Eskimo women. The rest of the season passed without event and early August brought the Beothic with the annual supplies for the isolated post. The RCMP had planned to close Bache and station the detachment at Craig Harbour, below the narrow passage of Smith Sound where the floating icepack had proven over the years to be an impassable barrier. However, when Stallworthy boarded the Beothic and reported to Inspector Joy the result of their spring patrol in search of Krueger, this changed all the plans. Joy told them the German government was pressuring Canada to continue the search for the Krueger expedition. He instructed Stallworthy to leave the supplies at Bache and to carry out an intensive search the following spring with the help of more Eskimos and dogs who would come over from the Robertson Bay settlement on the Greenland coast.

After unloading mail and supplies the Beothic began her return journey. Two new men, Constables R. W. Hamilton and Art Munro had arrived with the ship on transfer to Bache and Constable Foster was returning south. Hamilton, an experienced Northern Man, would take part in the spring search for Krueger.

During the months that followed, caches of food for dogs and men, coal oil, ammunition and other supplies were laid along the routes the searchers

would follow in the spring. In March, three experienced Eskimo travellers, their wives, seven children and eightysix dogs came across from Etah, Greenland. The women and children would be guests of the RCMP during the upcoming search. The women worked continuously making bearskin pants, sealskin Kooleetahs and footwear up to the last minute.

Three parties would take part in the search. Hamilton with two Eskimos, three sledges and forty-seven dogs would travel south on Eureka Sound and search the islands off the southern tip of Axel Heiberg. He would rendezvous with Stallworthy at Cape Southwest a month later. After leaving a cache of supplies at Cape Southwest, a supply party of two Eskimos and forty-seven dogs would return to Bache. Stallworthy, with three Eskimos, three sledges and fifty-four dogs would completely circle Axel Heiberg Island.

On March 20 they were on their way. At first they had to traverse some very rough terrain. For forty-eight hours it was a case of packing and relaying, climbing up over rocky hills for about four miles, then descending to the river ice leading to Bay Fiord for about a mile down a dangerous incline. This took twelve hours. They would join harpoons together and let each sledge down singly with one man to guide it while the rest of the men dug in their heels and paid out line. At a point about 200 yards down the hill the sledges were blocked and the process repeated until all sledges were at the bottom. They worked continuously for two days.

They now had excellent sleighing downgrade on the river ice to Bay Fiord where they arrived three days later. Here they had to unload the sledges and file and polish the steel runners with emery paper after the passage over rocky terrain.

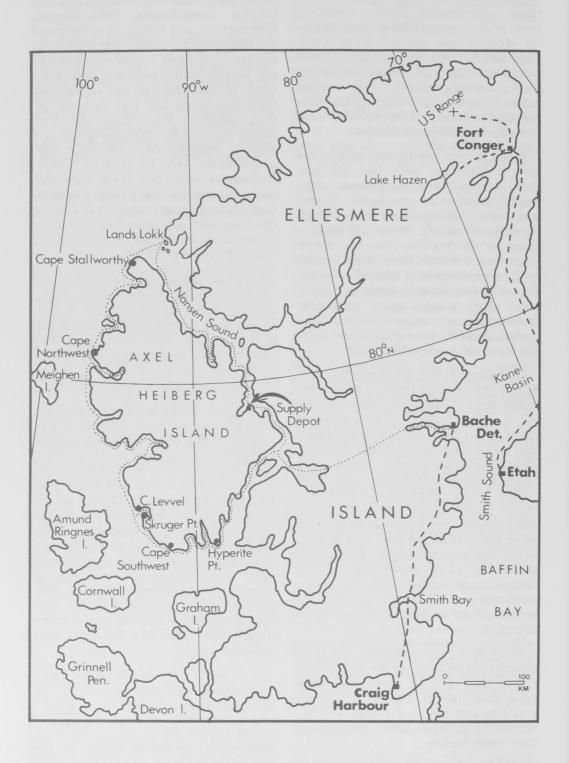
On March 25 the patrols parted. Hamilton turned south and Stallworthy

north on Eureka Sound with his three Eskimo companions, Eetookasuag, Quaviarsuag and Kahdi. They followed the line of caches and at first were in no danger of running out of supplies. On any lengthy patrol men and dogs must count on living off the land. Game must be found along the way to feed the dogs. Without their dogs, the men would be without transportation and without transportation for their supplies they would perish. This, Stallworthy was convinced, was what had happened to the Krueger expedition. He had no expectation of finding the men alive but hoped to find some evidence of where they had been and where they had perished.

They had fair going on Eureka Sound and made steady progress to May Point, arriving there on March 28. It was known that Krueger had reached that far in April 1929. The following day they travelled west to the mouth of Mokka Fiord, but found no signs that the Krueger expedition had visited there.

They had expected to find bear on Eureka Sound but were out of luck. The prolonged diet of canned meat was not sustaining the dogs very well in the cold weather and a heavy feed of bear meat would have restored their strength. The patrol was now nearing an area where bears are seldom seen because there is no food for them, so much against his will, Stallworthy was forced to kill some musk oxen for dog food. These animals were a protected species and, of course, as a policeman charged with enforcing the regulations he was doubly reluctant to contravene them himself. But he had no choice; the dogs had to be fed.

On April 5 they left Skraeling Point and followed the coast for about five miles but found no sign of Krueger's passing, and no indication that he had visited any of the points in the area. They passed what was shown on the map as Schei Island, and found it to be a peninsula joined to Axel Heiberg



Island by an isthmus about two miles wide.

On April 9 they reached a point opposite Cape Norman Hubbard (later renamed Cape Stallworthy) at the northern tip of Axel Heiberg Island. There they located a cairn on one of the capes. One of the Eskimos knew of a cairn in that area built by Peary. Stallworthy left the others a short distance from the cape and, taking a snow knife with which to hack his way up to the top, went to examine the cairn.

Here he found his first trace of the missing expedition, a note dated April 24, 1930, left by Krueger. As it was written in German he did not fully understand it, but it was evident that the party had been at Lands Lokk and at this cape. The note was signed by Krueger, Bjar and the Eskimo Akaio. Stallworthy concluded that at this point they were in good condition since from what he could glean from the note they intended going to Meighen Island across the frozen strait. Krueger had apparently changed his plan to go north from here, presumably intending instead to look for new land to claim for the fatherland.

The cairn had been built by Peary in 1906 in his trip from the north coast of Ellesmere Island and visited in 1914 by MacMillan. Records in the cairn showed that Peary's original papers were lifted by the explorer MacMillan and that MacMillan's in turn were taken by Krueger. Stallworthy made copies of all the records and placed them in a cylinder in the cairn, giving the date, April 10, 1932, his own name and those of his travelling companions and the purpose of the patrol.

The German expedition had reached the cairn in thirty-seven days and, considering that they had visited Lands Lokk and walked the distance from Bache Peninsula, Stallworthy felt they had made very good progress. Stallworthy now had good reason for believing that

Krueger had visited Meighen Island and he decided to cross Sverdrup Channel and continue his search there. They left the Cape and travelled south along the west coast of Axel Heiberg, covering ninety miles in two days. On the second day they encountered pressure ice and tough going. There was not much to choose between following the shore ice over the rocks or the rough sea ice but they decided to travel on land in the hope of finding traces of the expedition. On April 16 they reached Cape Levvel opposite Meighen Island. Climbing to high ground, Stallworthy could see the island through his binoculars some seventy miles away. The rough sea ice extended as far out over the channel as he could see.

However, during their journey down the coast they had seen only one lone caribou which they had shot and fed to the dogs. They were now running out of dog food and the dogs were put on short rations. In their weakened condition it would not be possible to attempt crossing the channel. Not only would the search now have to be abandoned but with the total absence of game of any kind the men were in danger of meeting the same fate as those for whom they were searching. They had no choice but to press on toward Cape Southwest where they knew a food cache would be waiting for them.

But Cape Southwest was still a long distance away. The dogs were so weak that some of them had to be lifted to their feet to get going after the more and more frequent rests. Stallworthy was also getting concerned about his companions. Going for days without rest and with little food they had become so gaunt that their eyes were sunken back into the sockets. He had no way of knowing that he looked the same.

On April 20, after forty-eight hours of almost continuous travel they found themselves only about fifteen miles

from Cape Southwest. During this time they had fed the dogs their spare seal skins, their mittens and extra footwear. They had also given them what was left of their bacon and pemmican. They were now completely out of food themselves.

The cape where the food was cached was in plain view but the dogs did not have the strength to continue. They built an igloo and killed six dogs to feed the rest. But there was little meat on their bones.

The next day they decided to lighten their loads by leaving behind their heaviest equipment, but though the going was much improved they could only move at a crawl. It took them sixteen hours to cover the last few miles to the cache. They remained there for two days, feeding the dogs often and lightly on the canned meat and pemmican that had been stored there, and searching the area for game, but without success.

On April 25 they took the rest of the supplies and left to hunt for game. But the dogs soon lost their early stamina. After travelling some ten miles, Khadi, the crackshot of the group, found and shot seven caribou, and they fed all the meat to the dogs.

Three days later they set off through the deep snow to Hyperite Point, but the dogs could not exceed a walking pace and were soon staggering again. When a blizzard blew up they stopped, built an igloo and camped for the night. The following morning they had to sacrifice another five dogs to save the others. Two of the men went with Stallworthy to look for anything alive. One of the men was left behind with the dogs to keep them from eating their harness. But they returned empty-handed. That night they slept in the open as the snow was too soft to hold up for blocks.

On May 4, Stallworthy, looking through his binoculars, spotted a seal

on the ice about a mile away. The others watched anxiously as Khadi crawled forward to get within shooting distance. The shot broke the seal's neck. The next day they got another, quite large seal. This was obviously a land of feast or famine. The blubber of the seals was about three inches thick, and offered more nourishment than half a dozen caribou. A turning point in their fortunes had been reached at last. The next day a large bear was spotted near their camp. Two experienced bear dogs held it at bay until it was shot.

They now had plenty of meat. Men and animals were recovering from starvation, happy to know that they would have no difficulty getting back to Bache. Stallworthy sent two teams back to Cape Southwest for the tent and supplies left behind, a distance of about ninety miles. They were away for nine days.

On May 18 they left Ulvingen Island on the home stretch. There was plenty of game in the area of travel, and on May 22 they reached the detachment.

The patrol had taken sixty days. Counting side-trips in search of the missing expedition and in search of game, Stallworthy estimated the distance covered at not less than 1400 miles. Hamilton had returned from the south on May 7. He had found no evidence to indicate that Krueger had returned by a southerly route.

"Nascopie fails to reach Bache Peninsula — Three Mounted Policemen marooned." This headline appeared in Canadian newspapers in October 1932. There had always been the danger that the annual supply ship might some year not be able to reach Bache due to ice conditions.

Now it had happened, right on the heels of Stallworthy's return from the hazardous Axel Heiberg Island patrol. Stallworthy, Hamilton and Munro were stranded for a year without supplies.

The three men had no way of communicating with the outside but Ottawa RCMP headquarters, greatly concerned, sent messages over public radio stations in Canada and the U.S.A. ordering transfer of the detachment to Craig Harbour. However, the transfer could not be undertaken until the following spring when the 200-mile journey to the southern tip of Ellesmereland would be made by dog teams. The men had prepared the building for permanent closure in 1932. They would now have to get themselves up again, hunt walrus, seal and narwhal to feed their dogs during winter patrols and for the sledge journey to Craig Harbour in the spring. With no fresh supplies arriving, they would have to ration themselves in order to eke out what they had to carry them through the fall and winter.

They were lucky enough to get seven walrus although it was late in the season. The larger livers were sliced, frozen and rationed to one meal a week for each man. This was their insurance against scurvy, the dreaded illness of northern explorers. Their supplies of all food had been badly depleted, owing to the presence of extra Eskimos for the Krueger search.

When the sun returned in the spring they made their journey south to Craig Harbour without incident. There they found an abundant supply of food left by the Nascopie the year before and for a while there was great feasting. In August the supply ship appeared over the horizon with men to relieve them. At last Stallworthy and his companions could head back to civilization.

In Ottawa, Stallworthy was interviewed by the Commissioner, Sir James MacBrian, who was most anxious to hear about all that had happened during the past two years. But he also had disturbing news. He wanted Stallworthy to go back to Bache Peninsula in the summer of 1934 to guide a scientific expedition from Oxford University,

headed by Edward Shackleton, son of the Antarctic explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton. The group had plans to travel and explore the large northern territory of Ellesmere Island and use Bache as their headquarters. They wanted an experienced Northern Man to guide them. The Commissioner had the right man, or so he thought.

But Stallworthy had other plans. He had decided he was through with the North. He wanted to get married. He wanted a long holiday in England with his family. He would need time to consider the Commissioner's proposal. It was not an order. Like all Northern postings, it was on a voluntary basis. In any event, next summer seemed a long way off and he would have time to do many of the things he had planned.

During the years since he had left Jasper his relationship with Hilda had flowered in spite of the long periods of separation. They had been together during his brief spell out of the North. The annual visits of the supply ship had brought reams of letters from one to the other. They had both known that for them there could be no-one else.

She now came to see him in Ottawa. He met her at the Union Station early one November morning and at noon they were married, with three of his best friends as witnesses. For their honeymoon they sailed to England where his mother and members of his large family welcomed him and his Canadian bride.

The Commissioner had asked him to meet and confer with the young men who formed the nucleus of the proposed expedition. They met at Oxford and spent days poring over maps and making plans. They had hundreds of questions for the man who had the answers. He suited them. They wanted him and no-one else. Inevitably, Stallworthy agreed to go. Hilda had known he would — all his paths had led in the same direction, morthward. Her

sustaining hope was that this would be his last sojourn in the land of ice and snow.

The expedition left London's St. Catherine dock on July 17. On board the Norwegian sealing vessel Signalhorn with Stallworthy and Shackleton were three young Oxford graduates, Ev Moore, Robert Bentham and Haig-Thomas. The oldest member of the party was Dr. Noel Humphreys, a medical doctor who had taken part in other scientific expeditions but never travelled in the Arctic regions.

The aim of the expedition was to penetrate the northern interior of Ellesmereland farther than Peary who had navigated the northern coastline westward to Axel Heiberg Island earlier in the century. The group was interested in the flora and fauna, ornithology, geology and in the surveying and mapping of the region. But the maior interest was the adventure of travel and exploration. Stallworthy's interests matched those of his charges. The journey would take him farther north than any member of the Force had ever been. Ellesmere Island, some 80,000 square miles in area, only slightly smaller than England and Scotland together, is Canada's northern-most land mass. His presence in its largely unexplored northern region would also serve to strengthen Canada's sovereignty on her polar frontier.

The group agreed to split up into three parties. Stallworthy would travel with Ev Moore and two Eskimos, Inuituk and his old friend Noocapinguaq, to Grantland. Humphreys and Haig-Thomas would attempt a crossing of Grinnell Land. Shackleton and Bentham would cross Smith Sound on the ice to Bache which they would use as a base to carry out exploration and geological studies.

After spending the winter in Greenland, the three parties set out on April 4 on their separate journeys.

Moore proved to be a tough and hardy Arctic traveller, always fired with enthusiasm to reach their goal. However, because of the poor game conditions they had to abandon their plan to reach Grantland and settle for a crossing of the United States Range to plant the British flag between there and the coast. Only one of the two white men could go; the other would have to remain at their camp on Lake Hazen and try to catch fish to feed the dogs. Stallworthy insisted that Moore go on with Noocap, and when they returned four days later they brought news that they had reached latitude 82.25. longitude 71.45. Then they had turned south, leaving the Union lack fluttering in the breeze.

In his book, Arctic Journeys, Shackleton tells the story of the 15-month journey into the Canadian Arctic, and the adventures of the other two patrols.

The journey back to England on the Dannebrog, a small Danish schooner, proved to be an added adventure. In one of the worst storms of the year the vessel lost a blade from its propeller and had to finish the voyage under sail.

Stallworthy spent the rest of his days in the Force on the "outside." He retired to pension in 1945 at the age of fifty with the rank of sergeant major.

In the summer of 1956 Stallworthy returned to the North, this time as security chief on the DEW Line, a string of radar stations being strung across the Arctic. He was also there on behalf of the Canadian government to look after the welfare of the Eskimo people during the construction phase. After an absence of over twenty years he found a strange and new Arctic. Instead of shouts of mush! mush! the Arctic stillness was broken by the roar of machinery. Instead of the dog teams there were motorized caravans with heated accommodations. Instead of pemmican there were beefsteaks, fresh fruit and vegetables.

The only dogs he saw around Frobisher Bay were gorged on the meat and other refuse thrown from over-filled mess hall plates. While previously he had communicated with the Eskimos in their own language, he now found that those employed on construction spoke some English. They had leaped almost instantly from the Stone Age into the modern world with ease and dignity. Stallworthy could not help but wonder what the future might hold for these people that he had come to love and respect.

This account of detachment life in the Arctic and the life of one whom Edward, now Lord Shackleton, has called one of Canada's greatest Arctic travellers would not be complete without a little postscript. In 1973, Stallworthy was again called to Ottawa. At the age of 78 he was invested with the Order of Canada by none other than the Queen herself. Hilda was at his side during this crowning event of his adventurous life. In a brief conversation the Queen turned to Hilda and asked, "And what were you doing while your husband was away from you so far and for so long?" Hilda replied, "I counted the months, the weeks and the days waiting for his return." Stallworthy died on Christmas Day, 1976, in Comox, B.C., where he and his wife had made their home since his retirement. His name - like that of another Northern Man, Henry Larsen — has a place in the history of the Force.

In the True Spirit?

With the ever-growing bilingualism controversy in Canada, a Dundurn, Saskatchewan, farmer came up with his own version of how some words should be spelled. This photo was taken by members of Hanley Detachment approximately six years ago.



Member of the Order of Canada

Dear Cpl. J. J. A. Mundle,

The Governor General has asked me to write to let you know that you have been appointed Member of the Order of Canada. Your appointment will be published in the Canada Gazette dated December 19th, 1981, and you are now entitled to use the initials C.M. after your name.

... As you know, the Order was established in 1967 as a means of recognizing outstanding achievement and honouring those who have given service to Canada, to their fellow citizens or to humanity at large. An Advisory Council has the responsibility for recommending appointments to the Governor General, who is Chancellor and Principal Companion of the Order. The Queen is Sovereign of the Order.

... The Governor General has asked me to extend to you his warmest congratulations on your appointment to the Order to which I would like to add my own.

Yours sincerely, Roger de C. Nantel, Director, Chancellery of Canadian Orders and Decorations.

This amalgam of letters from the Governor General's office informed Cpl. Mundle that he had been appointed Member of the Order of Canada in recognition of his outstanding service to the public and dedication to his daily work in the Force.

Cpl. Mundle graduated from Horton Academy at Wolfville, N.S. He joined the RCMP in Fredericton, N.B., in 1959 at the age of 18. Following recruit training at Regina, Sask., he was transferred to Port Coquitlam, B.C., where he per-



formed general police duties for two vears, then served for fifteen months on traffic duty at Cloverdale, B.C., three months on general duties at Burnaby, B.C., eight months on highway patrol duty at Chilliwack and a further two years highway patrol at Penticton, B.C. He was transferred to Identification Branch duties in 1966, specializing in fingerprinting, photography, physical matchings and scenes of crime examinations. He underwent an eighteen-month training course at RCMP Headquarters in Ottawa and then was posted to field identification duties, serving his first six months in New Westminster Sub-Division and

then three years at Burnaby. From July 1971, to July 1977, he was stationed at North Battleford, Sask. He transferred to Kamloops, B.C., in July 1977, where he is presently stationed.

While he was stationed in North Battleford, Cpl. Mundle became very involved in community activities and played a leading and active role in each organization he belonged to. As a member of the North Battleford Kiwanis Club he was instrumental in organizing and designing a Kiwanis Community Safeguard Against Crime program. He was repeat chairman of the Kiwanis Annual Christmas Light-Up Campaign, organized the Kiwanis-RCMP demolition derby, assisted in the development of a Kiwanis-sponsored training program for baby-sitters and, as a member of the Kiwanis Youth Committee, was involved in their program to provide sweaters to two minor hockey teams and a well to provide water at the Boy Scout campsite. He was president of the Battleford Big Brothers Association for five years. He was the driving force in their fundraising activities and instrumental in the success and growth of the Battleford Branch of this association. He played a leading role in the Connaught Home and School Association, he organized bicycle rodeos and bottle drives, and periodically spoke to various classes in the school. He served as a member of the executive of the North Battleford Figure Skating Club for three years from 1974-76 and held the post of publicity chairman during the major carnival year of 1975-76. In 1976 he was appointed chairman of the business campaign for the Battleford United Appeal campaign. This was a year-long appointment, requiring a great deal of time and effort in organizing the business campaign canvass, a blitz which resulted in the campaign being

Governor General Schreyer presents the Order of Canada to Cpl. Mundle.

completed for the most part in one day. Furthermore, the campaign exceeded its objectives by 15% and Battleford was the first city of its size in the province to exceed its objective. As a result of Cpl. Mundle's many contributions to the community, he was named the Battleford Citizen of the Year for 1975, in a program sponsored annually by the Battleford Lions Club and the North Battleford News-Optimist. He made an outstanding contribution to the Battleford community during the six years he was stationed there; his contribution did much to enhance the image of the RCMP in this area.

In addition to his service to the public Cpl. Mundle has been repeatedly commended by crown counsels and detachment/section commanders for his diligence, dedication, skill and zeal beyond the normal scope of his duties. On several occasions his enthusiasm and thoroughness not only contributed to the successful conclusion of a case, but were responsible for (in the words of crown counsel D. S. Schofield) "the completion of the preliminary hearing in half the estimated time."

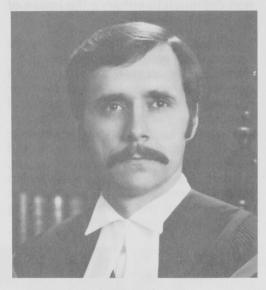


A letter of appreciation from the Clearwater Detachment commander sums up Cpl. Mundle's reputation among his colleagues: "Cpl. Mundle's efforts to aid the investigating members

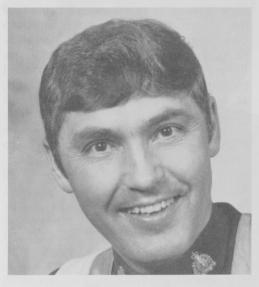
in completing a thorough investigation... will long be remembered and admired."

Congratulations, Cpl. Mundle.

University Graduates



Sgt. B. G. Clarke



Cst. W. A. Penney

On May 29, 1981, Sgt. B. G. Clarke received a Bachelor of Laws degree from the University of British Columbia.

Prior to joining the Force in April 1968, Sgt. Clarke had earned a Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in Economics from the University of Manitoba. Since joining the Force he has served in Ottawa, Vancouver, Kelowna and Richmond, B.C. He is currently attached to the Vancouver Commercial Crime Section.

In May 1981, Cst. W. A. (Tony) Penney graduated from St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology and Psychology.

Cst. Penney joined the Force on July 29, 1968, at Corner Brook, Nfld., and following training was posted to "H" Division. He served at Inverness, Ingonish Beach and Sydney Detachments before being posted to Antigonish where he began part-time studies towards his degree. He is still living in Antigonish with his wife, Roseanne.

Watch Out For Montezuma Boys, The Show She Must Go On!

by S/Sgt. Charlie Hendricks Assistant Director, RCMP Band

In July of 1981, the Band was approached by Mr. Percy Abols of the Department of External Affairs who asked to have the Show Band participate in the official opening of the new Canadian Embassy in Mexico City and then travel on to Caracas, Venezuela. During our stay in each city we would also perform public concerts and perhaps tape some television shows. Over the next few months, discussions were held and dates shuffled many times, but finally by November all was settled. The Show Band was going south.

We were, of course, terribly disappointed at having to leave Ottawa in January just when the weather starts to get nice. But being true professionals we forced a smile and proceeded to tackle the pressing problems of travel arrangements, concert dates, equipment lists and where to buy suntan lotion in Ottawa in December.

Our departure date had been set for January 9th, so we allowed for some delay and shipped our equipment on December 29th. It travelled with great dispatch and, as we checked its progress, we were delighted to know it had left Los Angeles on New Year's Eve, bound for Mexico City with a stop at Guadalajara. The only problem was that at this point it disappeared! We had visions of a Mariachi Band in Guadalajara doing a gig with some very strange instruments, and immediately started to rearrange all our music for eleven voices and bass drum. Fortunately the equipment reappeared in the dark hold of some airplane and finally arrived in good shape at the Embassy compound in Mexico City on January 7th.

At 6:00 a.m. on a cold, dark and windy winter's morning, we raced from cars to the terminal building at the Ottawa Airport. I'm sure that when the other passengers saw this crew arrive with summer suits, no boots, no coats or hats, and all a nice shade of blue, they thought we were all a half bubble out of plumb. Our flight south was uneventful and, with a three-hour delay in Miami, we finally checked into our hotel in Mexico nineteen hours after leaving home.

Next morning the first order of business was to go down to the Embassy and check over our gear, then load it on a truck and leave for the first of two public concerts.

Our first concert was outside in Alameda Park where we played to about 7,000 people. The response was overwhelming. We were literally mobbed after the show and spent half an hour or so shaking hands, posing with people for pictures and kissing babies. It felt like we were in the midst of an election campaign.

Our second public concert was in one of the more depressed areas of the city in the Teatro Cuauhtemoc. People were everywhere, sitting in the aisles, on each other's lap, on the stage, both in front of and behind the Band, and anywhere else there was a space to occupy. Again the audience's reaction was fantastic, and the feeling of friendship and goodwill was so intense you could almost touch it.

During the week in Mexico the Band appeared on a very popular morning television show which is viewed by an estimated thirty million people in Mex-

ico and is also carried by twenty-two stations broadcasting in Spanish in the United States. Included in the week's activities was a concert and dinner/dance at the University Club of Mexico City. The highlight of the week, of course, was the Friday official opening of the new Canadian Embassy.

The building itself is very impressive with its high glassed central core and open courtyard effect, centered by a beautiful totem pole from British Columbia. We set the Band up in the central area and, before the dignitaries arrived, we welcomed invited guests with music.

The ceremony took place at 2:00 p.m. and the building was declared officially open by Prime Minister Trudeau. The importance of this event was underscored by the attendance of His Excellency José Lopez Portillo, President of Mexico. Later in the day the Band returned at the request of Ambassador Charland and played a concert for the Embassy staff and their families and friends, after which we packed our gear for an early morning departure to Caracas.

Because of the very real possibility of not receiving our equipment in time if shipped by air freight, we had to take much of it with us as excess baggage. The scene at the airport the next morning looked like a band of gypsies had lost horse and cart and were travelling on foot. Boxes, bags, and suitcases piled high, we waited for check-in, waited for boarding, waited for take-off and waited... If you're in a rush, don't travel in the South. The trip to Caracas was pleasant, with a brief stop in Panama to stroll the duty free shops, but again, a very long day.

We had Sunday to relax and look around the city a bit and then it was back to work on Monday. During the next four days we performed three public concerts, a concert and reception at the Ambassador's residence and taped a one-hour television special.



Inside the new Canadian Embassy opened in Mexico City this year.

The taping turned out to be an interesting day. When we returned from lunch break we walked into the middle of a union dispute at the station. Unknown to us, there had been a tenday "countdown" to an agreement between employees and management and we happened to arrive on day zero. With the studio full of angry workers and thick with cigarette smoke, a strike seemed a real possibility. Fortunately, terms were agreed upon and, after two and a half hours of waiting and finally being able to see across the studio, we got back to the taping and finished up about seven that evening.

Between our engagements we tried to see as much of the city and surrounding area as possible and had a chance to sample the local foods and excellent Venezuelan beer.

Everywhere we went in Mexico City and Caracas we were met with smiles, friendship and goodwill and a real feeling of being welcome. Even though our music is totally different from that in either country, our audiences received it with enthusiasm and delight. We included some Latin American music on our programs which went over in a big way. Undoubtedly the most popular

piece we performed was "Sabor a Mi", a pretty ballad which Rash Ledger sang in Spanish and which stopped the show every time.

Very soon the time rolled around when we had to pack up our music and horns and start back home. Of course we were all anxious to get back to Ottawa where, for the past two weeks, the temperature had been hovering about the minus thirty degree mark. After all, one can only take so much sun and

continuous seventy-five to eighty degree heat.

We were brought back to reality with a vengence. Arriving home late Friday night, we awoke to a raging blizzard on Saturday morning. Despite all the interesting sights, warm weather and new friends in faraway places, it's still great to get, home, even if it does mean being up to your knees in snow and shedding a frozen tear as the wind blows away your suntan.

The Show Band performs at Plaza Petaré in Caracas, Venezuela.



Marriages and Births

If, as a member of the Force, you wish to have your marriage or the birth of your child published in the Quarterly, please forward the applicable information directly to us or your divisional Associate Editor (see "Divisional Dispatches" for an example of the information required). Notification of these events must come from the individual member.

RCMP Depot Division Graduates

Troop 10 (1981-82) began training on August 14, 1981, and graduated February 1, 1982. (L-R) Front Row: R. M. Reed, Cpl. E. W. P. Goodyear, Supt. R. R. MacKeracher, C/Supt. G. C. Caldbick, Supt. R. L. Fletcher, S/M R. E. Williamson, M. J. Sekela. Second Row: W. T. Betts, M. W. Johnson, D. A. Smith, B. G. Jackson, G. S. Noseworthy, G. M. Ritchie, D. G. Cooke, A. J. W. Davidson, B. J. Kuzma. Third Row: D. G. Johnstone, M. G. Lively, M. F. Alexander, C. L. Griffin, K. J. Mann, T. N. Kreiter, W. A. Holland, N. E. Schoen, M. A. Herchuk, D. R. Stewart. Fourth Row: P. T. Paul, D. S. Pott, K. L. Gibson, D. A. Aucoin, M. S. Arnold, R. E. Lemon, M. F. Pitt-Payne, D. P. Rasmussen, J. A. Callander, C. W. Hazelwood, T. H. Roy.

Troop 11 (1981-82) began training on September 4, 1981, and graduated on March 8, 1982. (L-R) Front Row: Cpl. J. W. G. Denham, Supt. R. L. Fletcher, Supt. R. R. MacKeracher, S/M R. E. Williamson, H. J. Lang. Second Row: J. J. P. P. Proulx, G. J. Halverson, S. D. Wolski, S. Orlando, K. P. Babin, M. A. Robineau. Third Row: C. G. L. McCulloch, C. P. R. Mailloux, R. J. P. Gobeil, F. G. K. Fowlie, J. G. R. Beaudoin, G. I. Kowalchuk, J. K. Blackmore. Fourth Row: M. D. Kless, R. J. Buisse, J. A. Dallare, R. J. H. Plamondon, W. H. Blaquiere, J. G. R. Cormier, R. J. Usarewicz, M. E. C. Thibodeau. Missing: J. L. Tomeo.

Troop 12 (1981-82) began training on September 25, 1981, and graduated on March 29, 1982. (L-R) Front Row: J. L. Shaw, Cpl. B. S. Cherak, Supt. R. R. MacKeracher, C/Supt. G. C. Caldbick, R. Russell, G. M. Twells, K. M. A. Sanvido. Second Row: G. M. L. Secord, L. A. Moth, C. E. Wortman, N. E. May, B. V. Balon, C. L. Campbell, B. A. Ball, I. M. Hillier. Third Row: M. F. L. Lachance, J. F. P. Brown, L. A. M. Proulx, L. L. Duckworth, S. A. Cockerill, P. H. Roy, M. M. F. Leonard, J. L. Benton, I. Birrell. Fourth Row: A. T. MacDonald, B. A. Hinton, W. Bolderheit, R. J. Hiscox, C. A. E. Godler, S. D. Armstrong, D. E. Patey, W. J. Wright. Missing: E. A. Manholt.







PIG on Patrol

by Cst. E. A. Grant

Norm Babin, owner of Horizon Air Limited, Cranbrook, B.C., is hard-pressed to convince members in the East Kootenay area that he had nothing to do with the registration assigned the new addition to his fleet. When he received word of the lettering given his new Cessna 172, C-PIG, he made frantic attempts to have it changed (so his story goes) before the plane was delivered. His enquiries revealed that the Cessna Aircraft Company had already painted the registration number on it.

Faced with the dilemma of the ridiculously high price of changing the whole number, or flying the laughing stock of the East Kootenays, Norm tried for a compromise. He called up the Ministry of Transport and attempted to get a new number for the airplane by only changing the last letter, thus cutting his expense. The helpful bureaucrat on the other end of the phone sympathized, telling him there was no problem and that he could have the last number left in that series. It

ended with the letter "S." Norm elected to stick with the "G."

Horizon Air is used solely by highway patrol sections in the East Kootenays for aircraft enforcement. In the past three years since Norm established the company he has flown approximately three hundred hours for the Force, which has netted an incredible number of violators. So much success has been had using aircraft in the area, that we plan to greatly increase enforcement again in the coming year.

One of Norm's intentions when purchasing the new airplane was to use it alone for aircraft patrol in 1982. He has been making efforts to convince members that the number was not assigned following performance checks on the plane, nor was it intended to tip off possible violators as to the passenger content. Anyway, he claims he can fly high enough to make the number impossible to read from the highway.



Norm Babin poses beside his infamous Cessna.

A Loose End, Neatly Tied

by H. W. Burkholder

Driving from Brandon to our tiny acreage about twenty-five kilometres south of the city, you pass through a dozen kilometres of gently-rolling prairies long since cleared of bush, and then the land soars skyward forming what folks in these parts proudly point to as the Brandon Hills. They rise almost abruptly, overlooking the lazy undulations at their feet like a tidal wave towering over the dying swell of an ocean, rolling and twisting through a series of ups and downs for eight kilometres or so, north-south, and ranging east-west for about fifteen kilometres. As hills go, they are relatively small but we who drive through them frequently view them with affectionate appreciation, if not with awe, for they provide sweet contrast on an otherwise flat drive home.

When I first came to this region in 1959 the hills were almost completely covered by bush. A good deal of clearing has taken place since then but even today they retain much of their charm, and there are still a good few trees standing. Mostly scrub oak and poplar I grant, but when the old master painter gets to daubing their foliage with his bright autumn colours, the Brandon Hills seem as gorgeous to my mind as once did New Brunswick's hills, with their maples and birches and evergreens. And so they seemed that sunny October day in '59, when I first espied their splendour.

I was a dogmaster with the Force at the time, daily required to exercise and train a canny canine called "Ranger." Thanks to the ample acreage and the variety of terrain afforded by those sprawling hills, I was able to do most of the exercising and training of my Police Service Dog within that hundred-odd square kilometres of beautiful game

country for over seven enjoyable years, with Ranger's interest seldom flagging. He quickly became a proficient "booze hound" (eventually earning the sobriquet "The Shiner's Scourge" throughout the land) and a fine tracker to boot. (And boot him I did, on occasion.)

For variety's sake, practice tracks and "moonshine hides" were set out in differing areas all the time but for our regular exercise runs we frequented only a handful of places... a few favoured spots where the going was especially easy and the scenery especially pleasant. One of those favoured runs started from a little-used "service road" along a hydro line which nods its way through the hills, north-south about three kilometres east of (and more or less parallel to) Provincial Trunk Highway No. 10. Near the crest of its third nod, an old, barely-discernible logging road led away from the hydro line in an easterly direction for about two kilometres, then petered out. From that point we usually followed a path of least resistance, southerly for a couple of kilometres, then circled northwesterly back to the hydro line coming out of the bush within a kilometre of the dog car parked at the head of the old logging road. Wildlife abounded along that route, and it sometimes took dog and master several hours to complete its course... because of the many natural distractions encountered along the way... especially during the grouse hunting season.

Except for hunters in the fall, we very seldom met up with anyone during our almost-daily tramps in the hills and eventually I came to look upon that old logging road (and several other favourite trails) as my own personal stomping grounds... by perverse right

of "adverse possession." And so it was that when I parked the dog car at its usual spot on the hydro line one spring day in '64, and discovered that my old logging road had been cleared of brush and trees, and appeared to be in regular use by strangers, I was sore affronted! What nerve!

Without a thought to my own trespass I headed down the ravaged trail with the dog, anxious to discover the meaning of this foul intrusion.

About five hundred yards in from the hydro line we came upon a couple of acres of newly-cleared ground. On the near side of the opening a large garden had been plotted and cultivated and, judging from the rows of string stretched neatly along its length, already planted. On the far side of the clearing there stood a sturdy wooden dwelling, about twenty by thirty in dimension. Fifty yards beyond and to one side of the house, partially hidden by intervening trees and enclosed by a rail fence, there squatted a low wickiup from which came the snorting and grunting of a host of hogs. All this had materialized in less than a month's time!

"Cheez," I muttered to my dog, "they must have brought in the army!"

A third of the front of the house was taken up by a picture window, paneless, but framed in and covered with stout plastic sheeting. Through this quasi-transparent material I could make out two junior-size heads and several waving hands. Suddenly, I was the intruder.

Nevertheless... still curious (and taking those waving hands to mean that the natives were friendly)... I went to the door and knocked.

A slight, comely young woman (in her mid-twenties, I would guess) with a babe in arms and a three-year-old wrapped around her knees, answered the door. "Howdy, ma'am," I greeted,

"I'm with the Mounted Police. The last time I came down this road, about a month ago, there hadn't been anyone but me and my dog on it since hunting season, last fall. What wondrous works have here been wrought?" (Or words to that effect.)

"I'm Thelma Anderson," the young lady responded. "You're the first visitor we've had since we came here. Come in! I'll put the kettle on..." I accepted her kind invitation of course.

In the time and talk it took to down that cup of tea, I learned that she and her husband, Bill (who was "in town for supplies" at the time), had bought this property (200 acres of bush) during the past winter. They had started clearing it - as near as I could calculate on my fingers — the day after I last exercised my dog in that particular area. They had moved into their self-prefabbed house only three days ago, having lived in a tent until the house was made weatherproof. Their two school-aged children, whose outlines I had discerned through the plastic window sheeting, were being bussed to school in Brandon. (They had returned only a few minutes before my arrival.) Mrs. Anderson was working nights as a waitress in Brandon to keep food on the table and to help meet the mortgage payments until their swine herd started paying expenses. During the day she tended the kids and the garden and in her spare time helped her hubby with the clearing and the building. They intended to clear only a few more acres for the time being, but envisioned a larger operation as soon as they could afford to expand. They had had no help whatsoever with the work that had already been done!

To say that I was impressed by their achievement would be an egregious understatement. That two people (with four youngsters underfoot) accustomed to the conveniences of city living, would abandon those comforts

and could accomplish all this in such a short time, without assistance, was nothing short of heroic. My admiration for this young pioneering wife was instant and boundless, and I looked forward to meeting her husband, Bill, with awe. He had to be bigger than Paul Bunyon — with the strength and endurance of Babe! (And so thinking, I declined Mrs. Anderson's kind offer of a second "cuppa," lest Bill should return and not take kindly to my being here with his wife.)

A few days later, I stopped in at the Andersons' homestead again and this time, the man of the house was there.

I was completely underwhelmed: Bill was slighter of build than his wife. But his puny physique served only to make the Herculean task which he had undertaken seem the more awesome, and his spunk the more impressive, in my eyes. Here was a character worth studying, I thought, and immediately resolved to drop in to lend him a hand whenever I could.

However, Bill seemed too independent, too proud to accept anyone's help. Each time I made my infrequent offers of assistance, he politely turned me down. As often as not he wasn't home when I called in, so I didn't get to study him much, either.

I struck that particular run off my list of exercise areas but my interest in the Andersons' progress continued, and I checked to see how they were getting on, as often as propriety allowed. By the time I was transferred to "E" Division in '67, I had become quite fond of those pioneering spirits. My admiration for their perseverance, their hard-won, almost miraculous achievements, and their apparent "togetherness," was exceeded only by my envy.

Over the next few years large construction outfits built numerous mansions-in-the-hills for well-to-do Brandon businessmen with a yen for getting out of town after working

hours. The hills became less and less wild and more and more populated, and building there lost its air of "pioneering." Being preoccupied with my own little struggle, after retiring from the Force and moving back to Manitoba to take up residence on the "Funny Farm," I seldom thought about the Andersons. It wasn't till the spring of '74 that I next got around to visiting their homestead.

I was working the midnight-to-eight shift (security) at a chemical plant in Brandon that spring, and one morning after an especially restful night's work, I chose to drive through the Brandon Hills by way of the hydro line, rather than via the highway, en route home. It was the first time I had been on the hydro line since '67 and, when I came to the Anderson turnoff, I hardly recognized it: so straight it was, and widened, and graveled, with ditches gouged out on both sides. On impulse, I turned onto the new road, suddenly eager to learn how the Andersons were making out — after all those years.

Five hundred yards from the hydro line, I stopped and got out to look around. There, about fifty feet off the straightened road, almost completely obscured by new growth, I found the Andersons' home: empty, desolate. The front door stood open, jammed somehow at the "come in" position, silently but perpetually entreating the family's return. At the far end of the house the tattered end of a curtain beckoned indiscriminately, forlornly, through the broken pane of a bedroom window. On the rotting wooden platform at the back door a weatherbeaten doll carriage watched and pined for the little girl so long in coming: its hood tilted to one side as though cocking an ear for her footstep, its arms outstretched, longingly.

Much moved by this sad discovery, I returned to the car and drove further down the new road, hoping but somehow not really expecting to find

that the Andersons had merely moved to a better location on their property. The road ended a few hundred yards beyond the deserted homestead at a small cottage which was being used as a weekend retreat by a lady who lived in Brandon. She was unable to tell me anything whatever about the Anderson family. "The old shack" had been long deserted when she had first come there and her own inquiries about its erstwhile occupants had come to nought.

Brandon Detachment could find no record of the Andersons, so foul play and sudden deaths were ruled out. The family's whereabouts and the reasons for their abandoning their hard-won achievements remained a mystery that gnawed at me from time to time for months. What had happened? Had the struggle simply become too much for them, after all? Had they been unable to keep up the mortgage payments? Had illness struck them down? What?

The few leads that came to hand during my rather random inquiries about them got me nowhere. The family seemed to have faded into oblivion and nobody seemed to care. Eventually I stopped inquiring and forgot about them too. The mystery took its place in limbo, joining the multitude of loose ends left dangling over a lifetime of fruitless (if less random) inquiry.

Just recently, in my capacity as county court clerk, I sat for some small claims hearings in a neighboring court whose clerk was busy elsewhere, temporarily. Five of the plaintiffs in those hearings were represented by a collection agency and, after court was over, the young female representative of the agency confronted me.

"Weren't you a Mountie, once upon a time?" she asked. Then, chuckling, she added, "And didn't you work with a big German Shepherd you used to call 'the Moonshiner's Scourge,' or something like that?"

"Well yes, I was and I did," I admitted. "But how do you know all that about me and I've got nothing on you?"

"Why, you used to visit our place, in the Brandon Hills. My name is Thelma Anderson."

You could have bowled me over with a fistful of soapsuds. Here was a chic. sophisticated young woman (in her mid-twenties I would have guessed) who, fifteen minutes earlier, had presented her clients' claims with the aplomb of a corporation lawyer and who, fifteen years earlier than that, had been a pioneer-type-wife in overalls, grubbing up stumps in the wilderness. After a few moments of spluttering, I collected myself sufficiently to ask the question that had pestered me for so long a few years back: "What happened?" At last the multitude of loose ends was reduced by one.

One night in '68, Bill Anderson — my hero — had gone into Brandon "for supplies", and simply had not returned home. Thelma has heard from him several times but she has not seen him since. She obtained a divorce, sold their property in the hills to the government (it's a "nature trails" area now), and used her share of the proceeds to train herself and set up a collection agency. Business is booming. Her kids are doing well and she and they expect to live happily ever after. (Now, there is a character worth studying.)

As for her husband, it was neither independence nor pride that prompted him to eschew my proferred assistance back in the hills. Neither was he always in town for supplies when he wasn't home during my visits. It turns out that my hero was inordinately fond of moonshine and was operating a still, a few hundred yards behind the homestead... on my old logging road.

A Tribute

An obituary in the Quarterly most often contains only an outline of a member's service in the RCMP and other police or military forces. It cannot, because of its length, give more than a brief sketch of what a person

was; it cannot discuss a person's humanity, loves or fears. The stories which follow tell a little more about three men who are each remembered in their own special way. Ed.

Cpl. J. Hudz

by ex-S/Sgt. Alec W. Green

In the Winter 1981 issue of the Quarterly I read about the death of Jake Hudz. All his obituary related was name, rank, regimental number, born in Russia, joined the Force in Edmonton, died in Vancouver. Who was Jake Hudz? Did you know him or serve with him? Who was this piece of humanity who gave over twenty years of his life to the RCMP? Did he ever do anything unusual? Was there any episode in his service that was in any way unusual and brought credit to his job?

I knew Jake. I worked with him in Regina Sub-Division through the 1930's and he took over from me at Craik Detachment. He was an unusually stolid type of person who never tried to draw attention to himself and, though I don't recall him ever being considered a super investigator or detective, he always tried to give his best. He had a quiet sense of humour that I once saw burst a courtroom, including the judge, into almost uncontrollable laughter. All of the courtroom, that is, except the defence attorney.

In 1938, the case of the year was possibly the "Alphonse" case: break, enter and theft (safeblowing), Sarnia Municipal Office, Holdfast, Saskatchewan. This case was later writ-

ten up in the Commissioner's Blue Book and the RCMP Quarterly. Jake received no credit for his part in either epistle.

We had three men in custody at Regina Town Station in connection with the safeblowing. They were most uncooperative and, although we had a good case, we felt a little more information would not hurt. At that time there were four cells at the town station, so it was decided that Jake Hudz should occupy the fourth. He was suitably clothed in overalls, properly booked in with the Provost, and placed overnight in the cell. All he had with him beside his clothes was the stub of a pencil, no notebook or paper of any kind.

On the day of the trial, Jake, resplendent in Red Serge and full review order, took the stand. He gave his evidence to the crown prosecutor: what had transpired in the cells, what he had overheard and what had been said in his conversations with the three prisoners. The crown prosecutor did not ask for any record that Jake might have kept. He just used the actual conversations as his evidence.

Then, defence counsel started his cross-examination and really turned on Jake. Our witness was up to the task and gave back what he was given, until

defence counsel asked how he could ever possibly recall all the evidence he had related. Hudz replied that he had recorded all the main facts and had studied them before taking the stand. He still had not produced his notes.

In total exasperation, the defence counsel asked why had he not produced his notes, if he had taken them. Equal to the occasion, Hudz replied that as yet neither prosecution nor defence had asked him to produce them. At this point defence counsel, on the verge of losing his temper, asked for the notes. Jake, who at that time was

reasonably portly, but not fat, in the most deliberate manner possible and with great dignity, proceeded to unbutton the breast pocket of his Red Serge. He then produced the largest bundle of toilet paper that pocket could hold, fully written up with all the evidence he had given. It was a most hilarious moment for judge, police and spectators alike.

Yes, Jake was a person and a good policeman. He was a man, who, known only to a few, did his share to uphold the tradition of the Force as only a good policeman can.

Sgt. C. A. Coombes

by D/Commr. W. H. Kelly (Rtd.)

Reg. No. 5647, "C. A. Coombes, Sergt. i/c Meadow Lake Detachment."

I had typed this hundreds of times for the sergeant's signature on a forwarding minute of a report that I was submitting. It came back to me very forcibly when I read of his death in the obituary section of the Summer 1981 issue of the RCMP Quarterly.

Sergeant C. A. Coombes, generally known as "Scroggy" Coombes, would never let his young constables get into difficulties if he could help it. They worked with him, not for him. Whenever possible he went on patrol with them and let them do what was required, but he was always near enough to hear what was going on and to suggest something else be done that the inexperienced constable hadn't thought of. At the detachment the subsequent report was typed by the constable, and done over several times on occasion. But the sergeant never became impatient and would gladly

stop whatever he was doing to answer the never-ending questions.

"Character." Few members of the Force have not known some "character" or another about whom they can tell stories. I had the good fortune to be stationed with one. He was a good policeman, knew his Criminal Code and provincial statutes, took his work seriously, but never himself. He was also the Section NCO and inspected three other detachments once a month, thus leaving the one constable stationed at the detachment to look after affairs when he was away. He always gave one the impression that he had complete confidence that the detachment would operate well during his absence, a confidence that was not shared by the often green constable he left behind.

In dealing with a constable he had the patience of Job. But he was not really a patient man. I had only been at Meadow Lake a week or so when I attended my first court case in the detachment office. The local J.P. was hearing a case in which an Indian was charged with drunkenness. The local defence counsel in addressing the court referred to the police as "cops." The sergeant immediately asked for an adjournment of five minutes. As there had been an adjournment only a short while before, the J.P. objected but the sergeant persisted in his request and finally the J.P. agreed "but only for five minutes."

I walked into the constable's bedroom to be immediately followed by the sergeant and the defence counsel. I turned around in time to see the sergeant point his finger at the defence counsel as he said, "Another crack like that out of you and I'll break your 'blankety-blank' neck." Then he walked back into the office and soon the case resumed.

George Revell, a Saskatchewan Natural Resource Officer and former member of the RCMP, used to tell me of some of the tricks Coombes pulled off when as a young constable, just out of his native England, he was stationed at Prince Albert barracks, soon after WW II. On one occasion he tied a tin can to the tail of an officer's dog which used to visit the barrack room. Then he sent it howling across the barrack square back to the officer's office.

Another time, the Exercise Ride was travelling along a Prince Albert street when Coombes, who was riding in the rear section, dropped back to ride alongside the Sergeant Major. Coombes spoke loudly enough for Revell, also in the rear section, to hear.

"Do you know what you look like, Sergeant Major?" Coombes asked.

"No," said the S/M. "What do I look like?"

"Like Jesus entering Jerusalem on an ass," Coombes answered and then rode quickly into his place in the Ride.

Nothing happened until the Ride was back at the stables. Then the S/M, with two constables alongside, went to where Coombes was cleaning off his horse. He wanted to know if Coombes would repeat what he had said to him earlier. Coombes denied that he had said anything. But from then on Coombes was blamed for everything that happened in the barracks in the form of tricks.

Later, when he was stationed at Saskatoon, he was sent to a nearby detachment where men were having difficulty getting along with the corporal in charge. Revell said Coombes was told that if he could not get along with the corporal, the corporal would have to be moved. But Coombes and the corporal got along very well and remained friends as long as they were in the Force.

My first encounter with Sergeant Coombes was enough for me to believe all the things I heard about him later. I had been out of Depot Division only six weeks in the Spring of 1934, when one evening I was on office duty at North Battleford Detachment which was in the same building as the sub-division headquarters. A sergeant came in with a prisoner from Meadow Lake Detachment. The prisoner was lodged in the basement cells, and the sergeant came up to the first floor office.

As he entered he said to me, "Get me the O.C. on the phone."

Such instructions from a sergeant to a young constable did not warrant any delay and I jumped to obey his instruction.

The O.C. came on the line and I said, "Here's the O.C., sergeant."

"Tell him to go to hell," said the sergeant and made no move to take the phone.

My embarrassment was acute with the O.C. on one end of the line at my behest, and a sergeant who had instructed me to make the call refusing to take the phone. With my hand over the mouthpiece I pleaded with him to take the phone.

Eventually he came to take it from me, saying "Don't get excited, don't get excited." Then he guffawed, a trademark of his, and took the phone.

His conversation with the O.C. clearly showed they were old friends and it was some time later, after I had been transferred to Meadow Lake, I learned that the O.C. was the corporal from Revell's story. I thought then that the sergeant was a "character," and this was confirmed the next morning.

I was standing in the office door looking down the hall which led to the sub-division offices. The sergeant had stayed overnight in a bed upstairs and, all spick-and-span as he always was, came down the stairs. At the same time the side door to the outside opened, and the O.C. walked in.

Seeing Coombes he said, "I trust you had a good night's sleep, sergeant?"

Without blinking an eye, Coombes answered, "I did until some damn fool woke me up by honking his horn for ten minutes about 2:00 a.m."

"Too bad, too bad," muttered the O.C. "Well I must get to work." He hurried down the hall to his office.

Coombes looked at me and gave me a broad wink. I was sure then that he knew the horn honker was the O.C. himself, who frequently called around at the barracks and honked his horn for the night duty man to go along with him two short blocks to return the car to the police garage.

Then the sergeant went out to get his breakfast before returning to Meadow Lake by car, 100 miles or more to the north. "Back in the bush" I was told when I enquired as to its whereabouts.

I didn't think much more of the sergeant until a week later when I was paraded before the O.C. and told that I was being transferred to Meadow Lake Detachment. I would be returning that afternoon or evening with the constable, Alex Lilley, who I was going to replace. On the trip that evening Lilley filled me on Meadow Lake from a constable's point of view, particularly on the kind of man the sergeant was. Lilley could not speak too highly of him: a fine NCO, a good policeman, always ready to give advice, serious about police work, and helpful in every way. I had no reason to think otherwise but somehow after my experience with the sergeant the week before, I was somewhat surprised and pleased with what I heard.

I also got the "low-down" on Mrs. Coombes. She was always making sure that the constable on the detachment was well fed, inviting him for meals at every opportunity. She tried to make sure that he avoided the "not-so-nice" girls in the village, and was always suggesting the nice girls with whom a constable should become acquainted. According to Lilley, Mrs. Coombes was not keeping abreast of who the nice and not-so-nice girls were, so it was just as well to disregard any advice she might give in this connection. I was to find out that Lilley was perfectly right.

We had two horses at the detachment as well as a police car. It was my job, said the sergeant, to look after the horses, feed them, groom them and exercise them when they required it. I would have been surprised if he had said anything different. But I found that most mornings the sergeant, an early riser, would have the horses fed and the stalls cleaned out before I got up. He would neither groom nor exercise them, however. That was my job.

One morning soon after I had arrived he asked me for three dollars. I asked what it was for, but he wouldn't tell me and kept demanding three dollars. I gave it to him thinking I would find out later on why he wanted it. The weeks went by and he never mentioned it again. Then one day a package arrived in the mail from a book publisher in Toronto. It contained *The Police Officer's Manual* by Rogers and Magone — the price was three dollars.

I looked at the sergeant and he grinned.

Then he said, "You may not appreciate it now, but getting you to buy that book is the best thing I could do for you."

I was soon to find out how true that was.

Within a month or so I was transferred temporarily to a neighbouring detachment about 40 miles west by way of a trail through new homestead country, littered with a hundred barbed-wire gates. There was no telephone at Loon Lake and the telegraph office was miles away, but I found most of the help I needed in Rogers and Magone. I found it as important as the Criminal Code with its forms of charges and the outlines of evidence required in criminal offences, together with a great deal of information of value to the police investigator.

Not long afterwards I was transferred to another detachment on a permanent basis, a place called Goodsoil, about 30 miles north of Loon Lake, with no telephone or telegraph and once-aweek mail if the trail from Loon Lake was in good shape. As Sgt. Coombes was the Section NCO, I saw him once a month. His inspection never took long; he always wanted to get out and over the trail before dark. I didn't blame him. It was always better to dig oneself out of a mudhole or snowbank in daylight than at night.

I was always anxious for news from the "outside" which he supplied. I wanted to know how my replacement was doing at Meadow Lake, the future Assistant Commissioner Lloyd Bingham.

"The best damn constable in the Force," he replied.

Thinking to have a joke with him, I said, "But you used to say that about me when I was at Meadow Lake."

He laughed, "Yes, I know, but you were under my guidance then."

When he would drive away from the detachment, "this God-forsaken place" as he called it, he would always say, "If you need any help, you know where to find me."

I would nod my head, but knew it would have to be real trouble before I would ride the 70 miles on a saddle horse to Meadow Lake.

For many years when Bingham and I met at various places in Canada, our conversation would invariably turn to Sergeant Coombes. Bingham had the same respect for him as I had. We knew that he was not just our NCO but a friend. We used to laugh about him saying that we were the best constables in the Force. We knew we weren't, but it was nice to think that your sergeant wanted other people to think you were.

I never heard anyone call him "Scroggy" to his face but everyone referred to him that way, though I never found out how he got that nickname. As I read his obituary it was with great sadness. He retired in 1938 and lived a long life; I used to visit him when I went to Victoria on duty or for pleasure. During the latter years he had mellowed greatly, but he retained his old sense of humour. As long as I live I will always appreciate what he did for me in those early and difficult years when I was learning to be a policeman.

Activitions on different distribution of mis-

S/Sgt. M. G. Schell

by John Chaput,
Regina Leader-Post Sports Writer

Torchy Schell will be remembered by those who knew him as a tireless worker who was still abundantly generous in the time and affection he gave to hundreds upon hundreds of people in the athletic community.

Schell died December 8, 1981, at the age of 55 of an apparent heart attack in Kinmount, Ont., where he had been visiting his mother Ruby. He was about to drive to Niagara Falls to scout an Ontario Hockey Association junior game. After clearing snow from his car, he returned inside, complained of dizziness and lost consciousness.

Schell was employed by the National Hockey League's Central Scouting bureau during the winter months, and during the summer worked as assistant equipment manager for the Saskatchewan Roughriders of the Canadian Football League. His official designation with the Riders, however, belied the valuable assistance he gave to the club.

"He did things for the players that people never knew about, that were never talked about and were never meant to be," said Sandy Archer, the former long-time trainer of the Riders. "He was likable, cheerful, always ready to do things for you. Just a wonderful man.

"If he was your friend, he was a good friend. He had his bad moments like all of us, but he always carried on and helped out an awful lot of people."

"He tried to help everyone he came in contact with," said former Rider quarterback and head coach Ron Lancaster. "The players would depend on him as something like a mother hen. He'd pick them up at the airport, take care of their visas, get them to their physicals, a whole lot of little things that were time-consuming.

"He'd do anything he was asked to do, whether it was his job or not. And if something was left up to him, you could count on it that he'd see it was done properly."

Former Regina Pats coach Lorne Davis, now a scout with the NHL's Edmonton Oilers, said, "We're pretty broken down over here. I've really lost a great friend. Torchy was certainly one of the most outstanding people I've ever met, not only for his hockey sense, but as an individual. He was a caring and concerned man not only for the sport but for everybody.

"Whether it was the Mounties, the Riders, or scouting hockey players, he always dedicated himself totally to whatever he was doing."

Schell had been a member of the RCMP for 22 years before becoming the western scout for the NHL's Toronto Maple Leafs in 1969; Bob Davidson was the Maple Leafs' chief scout for the seven years Schell was affiliated with the club. Now retired in Ontario, Davidson remembered Schell as a thorough and dependable judge of hockey talent.

"His input was so great and so thorough that you knew almost to the minute what each player was doing," said Davidson. "He was very understanding and great with the young players in training camp. He gave them a lot of confidence. Everybody respected him. He was one fellow you really wanted to have for a friend."

He was born Murray Godfrey Schell in Kinmount in 1926 but practically everyone referred to him as "Torchy" for the flaming red hair which was almost all gone by the time he was 40. He joined the RCMP in Toronto in 1947 and shortly afterwards was transferred to Saskatchewan. In two decades of service in this province, Schell worked in Prince Albert, Melfort, Tisdale, Hudson Bay, Porcupine Plain, Wakaw and Regina. In 1952 at Tisdale he married Cecile Fielder.

While moving from assignment to assignment, Schell devoted his free time to helping various sports and community programs. While at Tisdale, he coached hockey and baseball and was instrumental in forming one of the province's first school safety programs. He coached teams in Tisdale and Wakaw to provincial hockey championships. Special banquets honoring him were held in both those towns as well as Porcupine Plain.

In May of 1963, he was placed in charge of the General Investigation Branch at Regina Sub-Division. It was in that year that he achieved one of his greatest accomplishments as a criminal investigator, tracking a man found guilty of matricide all the way to El Paso, Texas, to make the arrest.

He retired from the RCMP in 1969 with the rank of staff sergeant and took up scouting for Toronto. In 1975, he joined NHL Central Scouting, for whom he worked up to his death. He had travelled extensively through Europe in that capacity and had recently completed a 28-day excursion through the European rinks.

Ed. Note: This article is reprinted from the Regina Leader-Post with their kind permission. Readers are referred to the obituaries for S/Sgt. Schell's career in the Force.

Suggestion Award Program

On December 18, 1981, Cst. D. F. Watson appeared before Supt. A. C. Wilson, O.I.C. Surrey Detachment, and was presented with a Suggestion Award Certificate and a cheque for \$150. Cst. Watson suggested that to promote one of our CP/PCR programs, we develop a Police Service Dog sticker to be used in conjunction with the Police Service Dog booklet.

Mr. Louis Paul developed an equipment board and several hold-down brackets for use in the trunks of police vehicles. Mr. Paul received his Sugges-

tion Award Certificate and a cheque for \$50 from Insp. R. A. MacAlister on December 23, 1981, at Depot Division.

Cst. D. L. Stewart received a Suggestion Award Certificate and a cheque for \$50 for his suggestion that detachment file numbers should be shown on Forms C-480 (Fingerprint Record) and C-216 (Fingerprint Form) to facilitate the matching of subsequent correspondence or enquiries. Cst. Stewart appeared before Insp. P. F. Hendricks, Operations Officer, North Vancouver Detachment, on January 5, 1982.



Figure 1: Sgt. G. W. Brinkworth with his large-format glass-plate camera, circa WW I.

Sergeant G. W. Brinkworth: Historian with a Camera

by Edward McCann Curator, RCMP Museum

In his autobiography, the eminent turn-of-the-century American photographer, Alvin Langdon Coburn, likened successful photography to marksmanship. Coburn's reasoning was simple. The ability to discern both the target and the split second to squeeze off a shot is a knack not shared by all people who own a gun or camera.

One of Coburn's unsung photographic contemporaries was

George Walton Brinkworth, an ardent shooter with handgun, rifle and camera. Brinkworth started his quest for marksmanship while he served in the North West Mounted Police.

Brinkworth was born in Stroud, Gloucestershire, England, in 1874, the same year the Force settled itself in the Northwest Territories. After immigrating to western Canada at the age of 18 and working as a farm hand,



Figure 2: Member on horseback, dated in the emulsion "Dec. 26, 1919."

lumberjack, and miner, the North West Mounted Police accepted Brinkworth as a special constable in 1898. His first posting was to general police duties on detachment at Fort Qu'Appelle, about 45 miles from Regina, where he had enlisted. Soon he would go to war.

Canada, in support of England's conflict in South Africa with the Boers, was quick to raise contingents for overseas duty. Brinkworth served as a private in the 2nd Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles, made up of many members of the NWMP absent on war service. He contracted enteric fever in South Africa and returned to Canada in 1902 as an invalid. His Force medical report for 1903 stated that his left leg was larger than his right as a result of the fever.

"I was quite a broncho buster in those days," he recollected in a news-

paper report. That was just one of his duties as teamster in the Force following his return to service in Regina. "His spare time he devoted to photography," the article continued, "becoming so proficient with the old-time camera that he was recognized, officially, as the police photographer, being called upon to photograph all the prisoners for the record and, for their own record, all recruits — the latter usually sitting on a horse."

Although there is no indication on Brinkworth's service file that he was recognized as an official Force photographer, research by the Force Historian's office at the Public Archives of Canada recently uncovered some interesting data. In the words of the Force Historian, S. W. Horrall:

"In 1911 the Force officially adopted



Figure 3: Unnamed prisoners, circa 1919, by Brinkworth.

the fingerprint system of identification. Insp. Foster of the Dominion Police (later RCMP) went out to Regina that year and taught Insp. Newson the art of taking fingerprints. Newson then travelled around the divisions teaching it to three or four members in each location. The Dominion Police provided the fingerprint forms which also required a photo to be attached. The police could legally fingerprint and photograph anyone charged with, or convicted of, an indictable offence.

"As a result, Perry appointed a photographer for each division to take the necessary photos. They were not all members. Most were private photographers. The members were Cst. McDougall, Edmonton; Cpl. Millar, Fort Saskatchewan; Cpl. Venus, Lethbridge; Sgt. Brinkworth, Regina. They were paid one dollar for each photo they took. I don't

know how long this arrangement lasted."

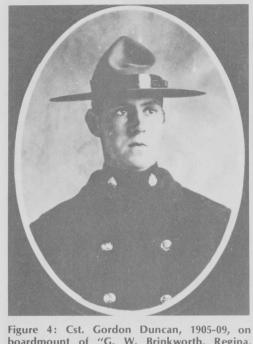
Also, his son and daughter remembered that the recruits on horseback paid one dollar for each 8" X 10" photograph on a boardmount.

From a donation acquired in 1976, of three dozen emulsion-damaged, 8" X 10" glass-plate Brinkworth negatives — mainly of seated prisoners and members on horseback, one dated 1919 (figures 2 and 3) — it could easily be said that they are amongst his less inspired and most formalized work.

It is known, from the memories of both Brinkworth's son and the late Gordon J. Duncan (who served from 1905 to 1909), that G. W. Brinkworth maintained, for an undetermined amount of time, a studio in a building right at Depot. Existing in the collection, and reinforcing Duncan's recollection, is an oval studio portrait of

Constable Duncan (figure 4) on a boardmount embossed "G. W. Brinkworth, Regina, Sask." Also, in a few Brinkworth negatives of full-length studio portraits of members, a blackboard or the rafters of a building can be seen to the side or above the photographer's backdrop.

His early studio work showed the procedures and props very much in use by professional portrait photographers of that era. Much information was learned from a recently acquired collection of fine condition glass-plate Brinkworth negatives of various formats and subject matter. In his portraits, such as figure 5, retouching of faces was almost always practiced. Studio-painted backdrops, fur throws and bamboo furniture completed Brinkworth's artificial environment, so in vogue with professional photographers since the days of the wet-plate studios fifty years before.



boardmount of "G. W. Brinkworth, Regina,

Brinkworth was no less adept at working in a natural setting. The powerful, winter, full-length portrait of Inspector D. M. Howard, framed by a doorway (figure 6), attests to Brinkworth's skilled eye. Working with a large-format dry-glass-plate negative camera, like the 8" X 10" format-view camera Sergeant Brinkworth is pictured with in figure 1, first of all required considerable technique, both indoors and out.

At the inauguration of the new Province of Alberta at Edmonton, in 1905, Brinkworth took what he claimed was "his most prized picture." It was described only as "one of Earl Grey, then Governor General" and, consequently, it is not possible to attribute, with certainty, this image to the uncredited ones that remain of that occasion.



Figure 5: Unnamed member in Brinkworth's studio setting.



Figure 6: Inspector D. M. Howard.

Figure 7: The Prince of Wales arriving at Depot, 1919.



The other photograph he particularly "valued" was one of the Prince of Wales when he visited Regina in 1919. While Brinkworth's spectacular view of the members doffing their stetsons for the Prince (figure 7) is a masterpiece of the "decisive moment" school of photography that grew up in the 1930's in France, the photograph he probably referred to as "valued" is the group shot in figure 8.

Perhaps the true worth of the Brinkworth negatives and photographs that remain, without any pretension to their occasional artiness, is in their value as historical documents. Brinkworth seemed to know what transient moments to record: the old officers' quarters of the 1880's awaiting demolition in front of the new ones of 1908 (figure 9), the winter landscapes

(figure 10), the boy buglers in front of the guardroom (figure 11), the special parades, and the odd visits of very important people.

Brinkworth's view of the Chapel interior (figure 12) that was published in 1910 as a half-tone illustration in Hayden's Riders of the Plains, helped save the interior from a radical renovation in the last decade. The preliminary plans included replacing the wooden pews with modern seating. Brinkworth's photograph, circa 1909, verified that some of the pews, although as uncomfortable to early 20th-century anatomy as to the later worshippers, were probably original to the building in 1895. So the photograph, as a document, saved some Force heritage, whereas the majority of Depot buildings pictured by



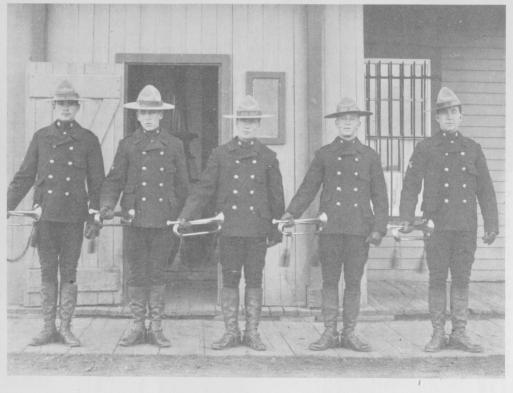
Figure 8: The Prince of Wales at Depot Division, 1919.

Figure 11: Boy buglers in front of the guardroom.

Figure 9: The old and new officers' houses at Depot Division, circa 1908.







SPRING 1982



Figure 12: The interior of the Force Chapel used as an illustration in Hayden's Riders of the Plains, 1910.

Brinkworth, such as the Riding School (figure 13), have not been so fortunate.

In August of 1908, while serving as acting head teamster, Brinkworth was promoted to corporal. This was also the period he ventured into selfpublishing. At least ten different postcard views based on his photographs are in existence. Only one postcard is dated (figure 14) — a photograph of a montage incorporating his photographs, an actual pair of handcuffs, the word "souvenir", and a drawing of the RNWMP badge. This is bylined "Copyright G. W. Brinkworth 1908" under the image. All are printed in a black and white half-tone process by the Albertype Company, Brooklyn, New York, and on the back carry the inscription "published by G. W. Brinkworth, R.N.W. Mounted Police, Regina, Sask."

Their existence with that credit raises an interesting question. Rules and Regulations for the Royal North West Mounted Police, published in 1909, states on page 13, rule 36, "Members of the Force are not allowed to engage in any trade or business." The previous edition, in use in 1908, of Regulations and Orders for the North West Mounted Police, published in 1889, states on page 6, rule 17, "No member of the Force is permitted to engage in agricultural pursuits, or traffic in agricultural produce, or in cattle, or other matters." Unfortunately, one can only speculate how Brinkworth was permitted to augment his income of \$1.10 a day as a corporal by publishing postcards for the lucrative postcard market of the Edwardian Age.

In 1910, apart from some of his photographs appearing in the first of

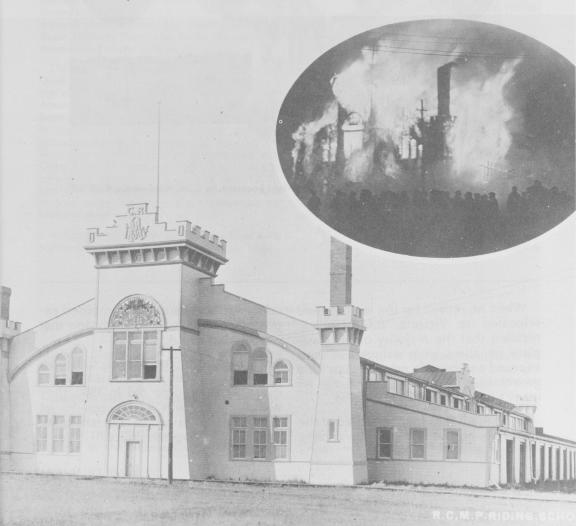
many editions of Hayden's book, Brinkworth self-published a thin but handsome ribbon-bound, soft-cover booklet entitled "Souvenir of the Royal North West Mounted Police, Canada." The contents were half-tones from his photographs, printed again by The Albertype Company. Some were the same views published as postcards, and were accompanied by one-line captions like "Depot Division Parade, Regina." How these booklets, like the postcards, were marketed, is not clear. While the postcards are encountered frequently, the booklets are not common, perhaps suggesting a small edition. At the time of this writing, an original copy of this "Souvenir" has

eluded the RCMP Museum collection which has been established for the last 48 years.

Brinkworth was promoted to sergeant in 1912, retiring with that rank in 1924. His discharge certificate carried the remark, under conduct during service, "Very Good."

His next career, as chauffeur for the Government of Saskatchewan at the Lieutenant-Governor's residence, still allowed him time to carry on his hobby of photography. Behind Brinkworth's home at Government House was a small shack that was "his 'filing cabinet' for thousands of negatives."

Figure 13: Brinkworth combined his dramatic night photograph of the riding school fire with another he had issued as a postcard.



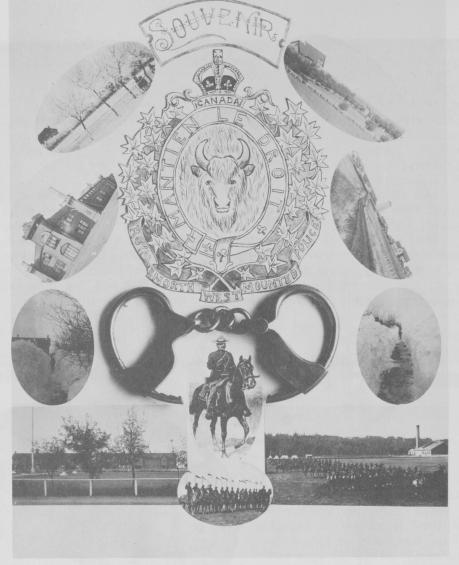


Figure 14: A montage that became a 1908 copyright postcard, by G. W. Brinkworth, RNWMP.

When he retired for the last time and relocated to Victoria, B.C., his son recalled that the majority of his glass-plate negatives were stripped of their exposed emulsion to provide glass for a greenhouse. This was a fate shared by many a photographer's life's work.

In 1959, when Brinkworth died at the age of 85, his modern roll-film camera

contained six beautifully composed exposures of the sea and landscape that were his last world.

If one visits the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Museum today, as over 200,000 people did in 1980, they will benefit from what remains of Brinkworth's vision of his changing world in the Mounted Police.

Divisional Dispatches...

"A" Division
(Headquarters — Ottawa, Ont.)

Birth To Reg. No. 31415, Cst. T. J. Glen and his wife Jane, a son, Michael Ross, on December 26,

1981, at Ottawa, Ontario.

"B" Division (Headquarters — St. John's, Nfld.)

Records Broken Ideal weather conditions and warm temperatures prevailed on October 23, 1981, for the Fall running of the 4.2 km Quidi Vidi Long Boot Race. Spectators cheered as Cst. Jim Baird of Holyrood Detachment broke the record time of 14:47 by 1 minute and 22 seconds. Second place winner, Cst. Dennis Moore of Burin Highway Patrol also broke the record by finishing the course in 14:14.

The St. John's Regatta has been held annually at Quidi Vidi Lake for at least 155 years, making it the oldest organized sporting event in North America. This year a determined crew which had been practising together for two years managed to complete the race in 9 minutes and 12.04 seconds, breaking the record of 9 minutes and 13.45 seconds set in 1901 by a crew of fishermen from Outer Cove. For their efforts, the Smith Stockley crew of six oarsmen and a coxswain received the Lord Warden Gold Medals which have been held in trust since the Outer Cove fishermen established their record.

Although the winners of the Long Boot Race received compliments and the traditional trophy

from Supt. G. H. Powell on behalf of the Commanding Officer "B" Division, alas, there were no Gold Medals, congratulatory letter from the Queen Mother or television appearances.

submitted by Sgt. G. E. Phillips

Christmas Party On December 12, 1981, the annual RCMP Children's Christmas Party was held in the Canadian Forces Sergeants Mess, St. John's. Decorating, entertainment, purchase of gifts, etc., was the responsibility of the "B" Division Headquarters and St. John's Sub-Division Recreation Club. No pains were spared to turn this day into a memorable occasion for the 160 children present. The sparkling eyes, broad smiles, cheers and moving gratitude readily washed out any lassitude and greatly compensated the organizing committee and volunteers for their effort.

A special thank you goes to Corporal Blair Nicholson of St. John's Detachment, best known to his friends as "Nick", for being our Santa Claus this year.

submitted by Patrick B. English

"C" Division (Headquarters — Montreal, Que.)

Marriage Reg. No. 35966, Cst. T. J. P. Sisk to Marlene M. R. Lafortune, on August 22, 1981, at Ottawa, Ontario.

Telethon of Stars On December 5 and 6, 1981, CFCF TV held its annual fund-raising campaign (Telethon of Stars) to aid research into children's diseases. The 1.5 million dollars raised was donated to the Montreal Children and Ste-

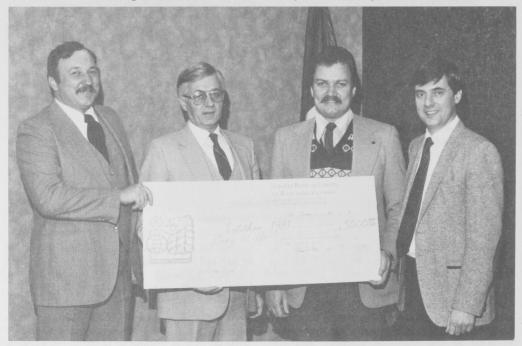
Justine hospitals. For the past three years, the RCMP in Quebec has supported this cause and this year a cheque for \$5,000 was donated on behalf of all RCMP personnel of "C" Division.

To collect the money, two fund-raising events were organized. The first was an evening at "C" Division held in honour of professional athletes.



At the recent opening of the Rejean Houle arena in Noranda, Rejean dropped by the local detachment to help support "C" Division's drug abuse campaign. (L-R) Cpl. André Dion, NCO i/c Noranda Detachment; Carolle Brouillard, detachment secretary; Rejean Houle; Paulin Bordeleau; Cst. Yves Durepos.

A/Commr. Mantha is pictured here with activity organizers and the \$5,000 cheque presented to the Telethon of Stars. (L-R) Sgt. Parent, A/Commr. Mantha, Cpl. Pelletier, Insp. Robert.



Players from the Montreal Canadiens, the Alouettes, the Expos and Le Manic attended.

The second activity was a hockey tournament with twelve teams participating: the Quebec Police Force, the Montreal Urban Community Police Department, the Witby Regional Police Department, the City of Buffalo Police Department, as well as members of the RCMP from Ot-

tawa, Toronto, and other regions of Quebec. The "C" Division team won the category "A" tournament (under 35) and the MUCPD won category "B" (35 and over).

The participation of our Band during the twenty-two hour telethon was greatly appreciated.

"D" Division (Headquarters — Winnipeg, Man.)

Birth To Reg. No. 31741, Cst. P. D. Moore and his wife Jacqui, a son, Jonathan Douglas, on August 16, 1981, at Steinbach, Manitoba.

Golf The Dauphin Sub-Division annual golf tournament was held at the Gilbert Plains Golf Course on September 21, 1981, with forty-five golfers coming out to enjoy the warm weather and tasty steak barbecue which followed the event. S/Sgt. Larry Henderson took first place in the men's flight with a low net of 77 and Leona Butchart won the ladies' flight with a low net of 97.

The members of Grandview Detachment and their wives, who worked so diligently to make the tournament a success, are to be commended for a job well done.



S/Sgt. L. J. Henderson and Leona Butchart proudly display their trophies.

Depot Division (Headquarters — Regina, Sask.)

Hockey Thirteen troops participated in the annual recruit hockey tournament held at the Depot Division arena on January 29 and 30, 1982. Elimination games took place on Friday and Saturday with Troop 16 and Troop 19 advancing to the final.

In a thriller of a final, Troop 16, coached by Cpl. D. K. Dempster, Driver Training Section, defeated Troop 19 by a 5-2 score. The outcome of the game was not certain until the final two minutes, when Cst. R. G. Leitch popped in two quick goals to sew up the championship.

The tournament proved to be an overwhelming success, featuring enthusiastic troop rivalry, intensity and highly entertaining games. Both players and fans generated an electrifying "college rah rah" atmosphere.

Capping off the tournament was a dance and awards presentation on Saturday evening. Supt.



S/Sgt. Doug McIntosh, "O" Division D.S.R.R., was on hand recently to present his son, Cst. F. J. McIntosh, with his badge upon completion of recruit training. Cst. McIntosh has been posted to Barachois Brook Detachment, "B" Division. (L-R) Cst. McIntosh, Mrs. Betty McIntosh, S/Sgt. McIntosh, C/Supt. Caldbick.

MacKeracher, Training Officer of Depot Division, was on hand to present the championship trophy to Troop 16, whose win was truly a "Cinderella" story. The most valuable player and top scorer trophy was deservingly awarded to the captain of

the Troop 16 team, Cst. Myles Mascotto.

Special thanks goes to tournament organizers Cpls. Caron, Finney and Currie.

submitted by Cst. A. R. Lum

"E" Division (Headquarters — Victoria, B.C.)

Marriage Reg. No. 35567, Cst. J. D. MacNeill to Catherine Anne Chandler, on August 29, 1981, at North Vancouver, B.C.

Births To Reg. No. 33534, Cst. and Mrs. W. A. Dingwall, a son, Riley Neil, on January 31, 1982.

To Reg. No. 34693, Cst. R. H. Pierschke and his wife Kim, a son, Brian Roland, on January 23, 1982, at Vancouver, B.C.

To Reg. No. 33940, Cst. Timothy W. Mollins and his wife Roma, a son, Jason Corri, on May 14, 1977, at North Vancouver, B.C., and a daughter, Angelica Emily, on October 19, 1981, at Surrey, B.C.

To Reg. No. 25921, Cpl. and Mrs. W. S. Harrington, a daughter, Heather Leanne, on November 26, 1977, and a son, Scott James, on May 28, 1979, both at Richmond, B.C.

Regimental Dinner On October 5, 1981, Surrey Detachment members assembled in the auditorium of the Guildford Library to take part in their 2nd annual Regimental Dinner. The year 1981 marked the first time that Surrey Detachment has taken the dubious honour of being the largest detachment (both in area and established strength) in the Force. With this in mind, the function was restricted to serving members who are presently or who were previously stationed at Surrey Detachment. Ninety-four regular members enjoyed an evening that proceeded with the ceremony and tradition of formal regimental dinners. The OIC Surrey Detachment, Supt. Ted Wilson, took the opportunity to present long service medals and to express appreciation on behalf of the Force for exemplary service to S/Sgt. D. F. Smith, Sgt. G. D. Tilley, Sgt. L. G. Grinnell, and Cpl. A. R. P. Giesbrecht. The highlight of the evening was a speech presented by the guest speaker, retired Provincial Court Judge, and now free-lance journalist, Mr. Les Bewley. Mr. Bewley offered some insight into his many years of experience as a judge and gave all present a perspective of the view of "the system" from the Judge's chair. From hearing Mr. Bewley speak, it is obvious how the old expression, "The Judge is often the policeman's best ally", came about. With the formal proceedings over, the



Sgt. Bill Phillips presents Judge Bewley with an RCMP plaque on behalf of members of Surrey Detachment.

members adjourned to a social evening of camaraderie and socializing.

submitted by Sgt. Bill Phillips

A Christmas Competition As many sections expend considerable effort decorating their respective areas at Christmas time, your recreation club is organizing a decorating contest this year. Suitable prizes will be awarded to the section whose decorating efforts are judged to be outstanding.

Having received this challenge, the normally hardworking, dedicated employees of Vancouver's Special "I" Section underwent a strange transformation — guys and gals alike became Christmas "elves", and artistic talents previously unknown (or unannounced) suddenly began to surface in an effort to win the "non-caloric" first prize.

While the fellows dashed off to the basement to "build" a fireplace of cardboard bricks, complete with wooden mantle, Jane Banning, Operations Clerk, began to assemble a "blizzard" of bond paper snowflakes, which were later suspended from the ceiling by tinsel streamers, for a beautiful wintery effect. The fireplace was installed over the front of our stationery cupboards, and was soon enhanced by a framed version of our section Christmas card (a "family



Frosty stands ready to welcome visitors to the Special "I" Winter Wonderland.

portrait"), and a cardboard mantle clock, complete with Christmas mouse! Personalized stockings, "knit" on brown paper in a variety of patterns, soon added more than a touch of colour above the crackling cardboard flames. A Christmas tree was decorated and placed near the front door, filing cabinets and doors were transformed into giftwrapped packages with ribbon trims, and our traditional "blinking" wreath was added to the front door.

Inspired by the bustling creativity taking place in the front office, the boys in the back shop determined to outdo themselves, and our pièce de résistance began to take shape. A cardboard frame was padded with white cloth and strips of cotton batting, then mounted on a movable base. A black cardboard hat, blinking red eyes, striped scarf and a pipe donated by the NCO i/c Operations completed Frosty's outfit, and he was then moved into position across from the Christmas tree just inside the front door. Surrounded by heaps of styrofoam "snow", Frosty was then "programmed" to greet the judges electronic eye installed nearby set him into motion when visitors approached, and a booming voice, sounding vaguely like Irwin MacEwen, welcomed one and all to the Special "I" Winter Wonderland. Garlands, streamers and other decorations began to appear, and then there remained only the windows to complete — the entire front (receptionist's) counter was converted via white packing straw and cotton batting, into a winter scene of chirping birds and a miniature "mouse house." Snow was added to the "panes" of black electrical tape on the front window, and the artistic talents of S/Sgt. Doug Kendall (our NCO i/c) soon turned our large side windows into a showcase of Christmas symbols, as singing angels, ringing bells and a large candlelit wreath appeared, to finalize our contest entry.

At last we were ready and, with only occasional peeks at the competition for assurance that the prize was still ours, we awaited the judges. On December 23, the announcement came from the C.O. "E" Division — District 1 that his committee in their wisdom had indeed chosen Special "I" to win first prize. The contest was deemed "very successful", and we feel sure that the real competition has only just begun. Wait till next year!

submitted by E. J. Lickiss

Christmas Project As a way to spread cheer to the less fortunate, the aged and the hospitalized, Terrace Detachment sponsored a good will mission in their area this last Christmas. Everyone participated: regular and civilian members, auxiliaries, matrons, guards and spouses.

The wives turned out a large variety of baked goods which were then wrapped into "treat" bags to be distributed to patients in the local hospital and senior citizens' home. Several plat-

ters of baking were also prepared for staff members. Private cash donations were received from many of the detachment personnel, which covered the expenses incurred in preparing individual packages and several Christmas floral arrangements.

On Christmas Eve, Santa Claus, Safety Bear, and several members in red serge delivered the "goodie" bags to each patient, a flower arrangement to those in intensive care, and platters to the staff.

Both establishments were extremely responsive and appreciative with this program, but the real thanks was that shown in the smiles, laughter, hugs, and at least momentary uplifting of spirits to replace the forlorn expressions.

The members who directly assisted on Christmas Eve were Csts. Spenard, Chiarot, Davies (Santa), Steiner, Schmidt (Safety Bear), Poudrier and Noonan.



Supt. J. M. Roy, O. C. Courtenay Sub-Division, and his wife, Phyllis, pose with their son, Cst. Thomas H. Roy, shortly after Supt. Roy officiated at his son's attestation into the Force on August 7, 1981. Following recruit training, Cst. Roy was posted to Three Hills Detachment in "K" Division.

"F" Division
(Headquarters — Regina, Sask.)

Marriages Reg. No. 34599, Cst. D. J. Parchomchuk to Audrey Maria Van Maurik, on June 27, 1981, at Weston, Ontario.

Reg. No. 35994, Cst. R. D. Hawkins to Reg. No. 36121, Cst. Sherry Patrice Willms, on June 6, 1981.

Reg. No. 35812, Cst. P. J. Pasemko to Garth Harvey Smith, on July 18, 1981, at Peachland, B.C.

Reg. No. 32415, Cst. M. J. Malloy to Karen Mary McIntosh, on November 7, 1981.

Reg. No. 30612, Cst. G. E. Nash to Tammy Denise Boe, on November 14, 1981, at Fairy Glen, Saskatchewan.

Commemorative Ceremony On December 8, 1981, an engraved silver tray and photo album was presented to Mrs. Lindsey Larsen in memory of her late husband, Cpl. Ole Larsen, who was killed on duty at Climax, Saskatchewan, August 11, 1981. The presentation was made by the O.C., Insp. P. Chyzyk, on behalf of Swift Current Sub-Division personnel.

A framed photograph of Cpl. Larsen was unveiled by the C.O., A/Commr. W. J. Neill, and will be permanently displayed in the Sub-Division conference room.

The ceremonies were organized by Sub-Division HQ staff, who also greeted the guests. The Scarlettes, a group of Swift Current RCMP wives, supplied and served lunch to approximate-



(L-R) S/Csts. Brian Bellegarde, Dean Bellegarde and Darrel Bellegarde.

ly 65 guests. This included members and wives, as well as Mayor and Mrs. Arthur Smith of Climax.

Mrs. Larsen was accompanied to Swift Current from Regina by the C.O., the CIB Officer — C/Supt. T. M. Light and the Admin. Officer — Supt. E. R. Madill.

Lindsey and her two young daughters would like to continue their association with the Force and will welcome any letters or calls at 500 Dalgliesh Dr., Regina, Sask. S4R 6M8.

Family Affair On November 26, 1981, the Native Special Constable Troop ("F" Troop) graduated from Depot. S/Cst. Dean Bellegarde, one of the members of the troop, has two brothers who are Native Special Constables in the Force. The Bellegardes are the first three brothers to be part of the Native Policing Program in the Force.

S/Cst. Brian Bellegarde was a member of the first troop of Native Special Constables that began training in January 1975. He is presently stationed at the Sub-Detachment on the Poundmaker/Little Pine Indian Reserve near Cutknife, Sask., where he is the senior member. S/Cst. Darrel Bellegarde has been in the Force five years and is stationed at Rosthern Detachment.

Following graduation, S/Cst. Dean Bellegarde was posted to our detachment in Carlyle.

submitted by Sgt. T. W. Hluska

Retirement On September 25, 1981, many friends and members gathered together in Saskatoon for an evening of dining, dancing and socializing to honour Supt. and Mrs. K. C. Ziegler on his retirement from the Force. A number of gifts were presented to them, but the most cherished were the warm and sincere best wishes extended by those present and from many old friends and comrades across Canada.

Keith joined the Force as a Recruit Special Constable on April 8, 1947. His first posting after training was to "J" Division where he served at a good many locations until commissioned in 1967. Except for several short stints in administrative



Supt. K. C. Ziegler and his wife, Elsa.

roles, and a tour with the Coronation ride in 1953, Keith functioned mainly in the role he liked, and in which he shone the best, operations; he enjoyed the reputation of being a policeman's policeman. He served in HQ, "D" and "F" Divisions as a commissioned officer, with his last seven years as the O.C. Saskatoon Sub-Division.



C/Supt. Light presents S/Cst. Sandy MacCulloch with his Long Service Medal.



Insp. Bielert swears his son, Kelly David Bielert, into the Force.

Many who served with him will remember him for his straightforwardness and fairness. These attributes, from amongst his many, should serve him well in his new career as a Traffic Justice in Saskatoon.

Social Events Prince Albert Sub-Division held their ninth annual Regimental Dinner on November 10, 1981, at the Sheraton Marlboro Hotel, Prince Albert, with one hundred and twenty-five members attending. Jim Spavital, General Manager, Saskatchewan Roughriders, was the guest speaker.

The Regimental Dinner also provided a fitting scene for a Long Service Medal presentation. S/Cst. Sandy MacCulloch of our Air Detachment was presented with his medal by Chief Superintendent T. M. Light, "F" Division C.I.B. Officer.

On November 16, 1981, Insp. M. M. Bielert, Assistant Officer Commanding Prince Albert Sub-Division, had the opportunity to journey to Kelowna, B.C., to swear his son, Kelly David Bielert, into the Force.

"H" Division (Headquarters — Halifax, N.S.)

Marriages Reg. No. 35099, Cst. M. K. Stothart to Karen King, on September 5, 1981, at Shelburne, N.S.

Reg. No. 31152, Cst. P. B. Stoyek to Linda Catherine Benjamin, on June 20, 1981, at Chezzetcook, N.S.

Births To Reg. No. 32548, Cst. and Mrs. S. J. Scott, a daughter, Lisa Lynn, on April 26, 1980.

To Reg. No. 30561, Cst. and Mrs. J. A. Emberley, a son, Scott Andrew, on March 8, 1981.

To Reg. No. 32250, Cst. and Mrs. J. S. Seewald, a daughter, Carla Dawn, on April 26, 1981.



Attending the presentation ceremony were (L-R) Back Row: Cst. G. L. Green; Cpls. R. D. Grinham, D. C. Stutt; Sgt. E. W. Smith; S/Sgt. B. D. McAleenan; Sgt. D. A. Sullivan; S/Sgt. D. L. Burgess; Sgts. S. R. Ryder, P. F. Leppard, J. F. Delorey. Front Row: Lieutenant-Governor Shaffner; C/Supt. Reid.

To Reg. No. C/1539, C/M C. F. Merrick and her husband, a daughter, Jennifer Kelly, on June 26, 1981.

To Reg. No. 28895, Cst. and Mrs. P. Gamble, a daughter, Nancy, on June 5, 1981.

To Reg. No. 26558, Cst. and Mrs. A. C. Creed, a daughter, Kendra Janine, on July 20, 1981.

To Reg. No. 25659, Cpl. and Mrs. D. R. King, a son, Anthony James, on July 25, 1981.

To Reg. No. 35255, Cst. and Mrs. I. MacNeill, a daughter, Elizabeth Catherine, on August 27, 1981.

To Reg. No. 29164, Cst. and Mrs. D. J. Brown, a daughter, Conar Danielle, on September 19, 1981.

To Reg. No. 35295, Cst. and Mrs. T. L. Balleine, a son, Christopher Leslie, on September 22, 1981.

To Reg. No. 25396, Cpl. and Mrs. J. C. Cowan, a daughter, Blair Sara-Marie, on October 8, 1981.

To Reg. No. 29642, Cst. and Mrs. B. P. Campbell, a daughter, Rebecca Jane, on October 10, 1981.

To Reg. 30711, Cst. and Mrs. T. A. M. Edwards, a daughter, Alicia Renee, on November 3, 1981.

Presentations On October 28, 1981, at Government House, Halifax, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honourable John E. Shaffner, together with C/Supt. C. J. Reid, C.O. "H" Division, presented Long Service Awards and C.P.C. certificates to Cst. G. L. Green (C.P.C. Certificate); S/Sgts. B. D. McAleenan and D. L. Burgess (Silver Clasp and Star); Sgts. E. W. Smith, D. A. Sullivan, S. R. Ryder, P. F. Leppard, J. F. Delorey, Cpls. R. D. Grinham and D. C. Stutt (Long Service Awards).

Golf The Seventh Annual Pugwash Detachment Golf Tournament was held on June 10, 1981, with 25 golfers in attendance. The tournament is held annually for members within Truro Sub-Division and is also open to all "H" Division personnel. Due to poor weather the golf greens could not be used and an indoor putting contest was held to determine the winner.

C/M Jim Gillis of Halifax TeleComns Center was this year's winner.

submitted by Cst. E. M. Durling

Toy Repair Project During the month of December 1981, Antigonish Detachment initiated a used toy repair project with the repaired toys being delivered to needy children in the area. Local residents were asked to bring the toys to the detachment, where they were either repaired or just cleaned if that was all they needed. The

toys were then wrapped and tagged according to sex and age.

During the week of December 14th to 19th the toys were delivered by members of this detachment, with approximately thirty families receiving gifts. The number of children involved was about one hundred and twenty-five. There was still a large number of gifts left so the Social Service Dept. in Guysborough County was contacted and they gladly agreed to distribute the remainder. This project was very well accepted by the local people and a number of positive comments were received.

submitted by Cst. J. A. Elliott.

Shooting On October 9-10, 1981, two members of Dartmouth Detachment, Csts. Wayne Williams and Dan Nadeau, along with other members of "H" Division, drove to Buctouche, N.B., to participate in the New Brunswick Police Combat Championship. Members of various Police Departments from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and some Eastern States participated.

The two members from Dartmouth, Dan and Wayne, placed very well in the competition and we are proud to have their various trophies and medals hanging in Nova Scotia. Dan won the "top service revolver" trophy and placed third in the practical pistol course. Dan and Wayne shot in a team marksman competition and came out an admirable second. The difference between first and second place was a mere few points.

Christmas Tournament On November 22 and 29, 1981, the detachment in Lower Sackville took part in two benefit hockey games against the Halifax County Correctional Centre Guards for the purpose of collecting Christmas toys for needy children in their area.

One of the games was held in Bedford and the other in Lower Sackville; both were advertised by all the local newspapers and radio stations and the turnouts were very satisfying. The first game was won by the detachment with a score of 12-1, the second game was also won by the detachment with a score of 11-4.

Due to the nature of this event, it will now become an annual affair with a trophy being presented to the winning team of each Christmas tournament. Since admission for these games was donations of toys, the tournament resulted in the gathering of some beautiful gifts.

submitted by Cst. M. E. Brown

Hockey Again this past year, the "Rusty Blades" oldtimers' hockey team had a successful season, having participated in four tournaments and benefit games in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec.



(L-R) Front Row: Chief F. Fry, Halifax City Police; Supt. F. Tweed; Deputy Chief E. Langille; Insp. J. Tkach. Back Row: Supt. D. Christen; C/Supt. C. J. Reid; Insp. K. Blue; Insp. M. Bateman; Supt. H. Brooks.

The team won the Silver Medal at the Oromocto/Pioneers CFB Gagetown Oldtimers' Hockey Tournament and the Gold Medal at the Halifax Oldtimers' Invitational Hockey Tournament, beating Cornwallis 1-0 on a pressure-packed goal by Jerry Hackett. We attended the National in Montreal, and although we lost three games, everyone had a good time.

submitted by Cpl. T. L. Barro

Goodbye A noon luncheon was held in the N.S. Officers Mess, Halifax, on January 20, 1982, to honor Deputy Chief Ernest Langille of the Halifax Police Department. Deputy Chief Langille is presently on retirement leave and will take his discharge this summer. Present at the luncheon were members of the Mess, as well as Chief Fry of the Halifax Police Department and Deputy Chief Langille, who are both honorary members.

After the luncheon a Force plaque was presented to Ernie as a memento of his long association with us. In a short speech, the Commanding Officer, C/Supt. Reid, thanked Ernie for his excellent co-operation and friendship over the years and extended to him and his wife Jean the very best wishes of all Mess members.

submitted by Supt. F. T. Tweed

Curling The Royal Trust Real Estate sponsored NSPCA Championships were held in North Sydney at the Seaview Curling Club February 3-6, with sixteen rinks competing.



Winners of the Nova Scotia Police Curling Association Championship were, left to right, skip, ex-Sgt. Wayne Canam; mate, Cst. Dwight Mullaly; second, Whit Whytewood, Stellarton Chief of Police; lead, Sgt. John White.

Trailing 9-4 with two ends remaining in the championship event, the Wayne Canam-skipped Pictou rink made an amazing comeback to turn what appeared to be a one-sided defeat into a thrilling 13-9 extra-end victory over the Truro foursome skipped by S/Sgt. Wilf Arsenault.

The Stu Ryder rink of Halifax won the "C" Division by downing the Bob Barnes rink of Bedford 7-4. The "D" Division was won by the Ron Pond foursome who scored a 9-5 triumph over a fellow Valley-South Shore region rink skipped by Jim Passmore.

"J" Division (Headquarters — Fredericton, N.B.)

Marriages Reg. No. 35464, Cst. J. P. McAnany to Debbi Ann Parkin, on October 10, 1981, at Montreal, Quebec.

Reg. No. 36309, Cst. R. A. Vinet to Lynn Baker, on February 23, 1980, at Highland Creek, Ontario.

Births To Reg. No. 32309, Cst. and Mrs. R. M. Somers, a son, Jean François, on October 5, 1981, at Riverview, N.B.

To Reg. No. 34229, Cst. and Mrs. T. M. Linden, a daughter, Erin, on October 26, 1979, at Newcastle, N.B.

To Reg. No. 25122, Cpl. and Mrs. W. Hiscock, a daughter, Angela, on October 15, 1981, at Oromocto, N.B.

To Reg. No. 26916, Cpl. and Mrs. R. J. D. Jean, a son, André Dennis, on August 13, 1981, at Fredericton, N.B.

To Reg. No. 18544, S/Sgt. and Mrs. E. S. T. Gill, a daughter, Michelle, on November 11, 1981, at Oromocto, N.B.

To Reg. No. 31370, Cst. and Mrs. G. J. LeGresley, a son, Alain, on July 8, 1981, at Bathurst, N.B.

To Reg. No. 32226, Cst. and Mrs. S. P. Vivier, a son, André, on August 8, 1981, at Saint John, N.B.

To Reg. No. 30125, Cst. and Mrs. J. P. C. Beaudoin, a son, Marc-André, on January 28, 1982, at Fredericton, N.B.

To Reg. No. 34123, Cst. and Mrs. J. C. R. Arguin, a son, Steve, on December 8, 1981, at Sackville, N.B.

To Reg. No. 30402, Cst. and Mrs. A. R. Grant, a daughter, Lyndsie, on November 26, 1981, at Grand Harbour, N.B.

To Reg. No. 33439, Cst. and Mrs. J. A. Augustine, a son, Brent Joseph, on January 6, 1982, at Gagetown, N.B.



(Standing L-R) C/Supt. Hunter, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Harquail, Insp. Robicheau.

Christmas Ball Campbellton City held its 16th annual Christmas ball on December 4, 1981, at the Wandlyn Inn in Campbellton. The Solicitor General, Robert Kaplan, was our special guest, along with Maurice Harquail — M.L.A. for Restigouche Co., Mr. Richard Tingley — Mayor of Campbellton, C/Supt. Hunter, Insp. H. J. Robicheau — O.C. Bathurst Sub-Division, and Miss New Brunswick — Suzanne Guitard.

submitted by Cpl. R. Migas

Award On January 23, 1980, S/Sgt. T. K. Vickers, Fredericton Air Detachment, and Cpl. G. A. Smith, Fredericton Identification Section, earned Meritorious Certificates from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for rendering aid to Cpl. L. R. Bennett, who was seriously injured in a police car accident at Grand Harbour on February 28, 1979.



Shown here at the presentation ceremony are, left to right, Ron Chisholm, Executive Director, Saint John Ambulance; S/Sgt. T. K. Vickers; Burton D. Coulter, Provincial Commissioner, Saint John Ambulance; Cpl. G. A. Smith.



On November 24, 1981, Insp. K. G. Kerr, Staffing and Personnel Officer, swore Cst. Andy Brinton into the RCMP. (L-R) Insp. Kerr; Cst. Brinton; Mrs. E. L. Brinton; Sgt. E. L. Brinton, NCO i/c Hillsborough Detachment.

Community Involvement In November, at a detachment meeting in Minto, our members decided that rather than hold the usual type of office Christmas party, they would sponsor a dance at the local Holy Rosary Church Hall and sell tickets to interested citizens of the community. Arrangements were made for the Minto Minor Hockey Association to provide the refreshments and reap the profits and, as minor hockey is very popular in Minto, this idea set very well with the citizens. The "Minto Kindergarten" was in need of money so it was decided to donate the proceeds of ticket sales to that cause. Each member was given a specific task in organizing the dance and all members were given tickets to sell.

On December 17, the dance got under way with a roast beef dinner supplied by a local restaurant. Following the meal, music by the "Outlaws" set the mood for what turned out to be a thoroughly enjoyable evening. During the intermission, ticket proceeds of \$365.00 were turned over to Mr. Charles Newlands, president of Minto Kindergarten Inc.

Detachment members were invited to the stage to sing a Christmas song and, after some discussion as to the prudence of such a move, assembled in front of several microphones and began an a cappella rendition of Jingle Bells. The "Outlaws" mercifully joined in after a few bars so that our guests' ears would be somewhat spared.

As for the success of the night, the members sold all tickets, and orders are already requested for next year's "Mountie party."

submitted by Cpl. Gil Geddes

Fastball Tournament On the weekend of September 11 to 13, 1981, in co-operation with LaBatt's Breweries, Fredericton hosted the "J" Division Fastball Tournament. Five teams participated: Grand Falls Sub-Division, Bathurst Sub-Division, and three teams from Fredericton Sub-Division, Minto, St. Andrews and Fredericton. The tournament was a round robin with Grand Falls and Minto playing in the championship game. Grand Falls proved to be the best team and walked away with the Ron Haynes Memorial Trophy. Charlie Sark from the Minto team won the most valuable player award.

There was lots of socializing and all people involved really enjoyed themselves. Hopefully, we can hold it again next year and all sub-divisions will send a representative.

submitted by Cst. G. A. Gunn



Santa Claus (Cst. Farrell) entertains his fans with a little help from Csts. Meg Ross and Debbie Broudy (in the background).

"K" Division
(Headquarters — Edmonton, Alta.)

Marriages Reg. No. 33434, Cst. Paul F. Christoffersen to Charlene Anne Kamenka, on June 6, 1981, at Canmore, Alberta.

Reg. No. 32880, Cst. T. D. Breitkruz to Maureen Curtain, on April 1, 1978, at Penticton, B.C.

Births To Reg. No. 32880, Cst. and Mrs. T. D. Breitkruz, a daughter, Megan Jean, on February 7, 1980, at Calgary, Alberta, and a daughter, Erika Elizabeth, on November 11, 1981, at High Level, Alberta.

To Reg. No. 34100, Cst. and Mrs. Gordon R. Mebs, a son, Stephen Alexander, on December 11, 1981, at Fairview, Alberta.

Christmas at Cadotte Lake/Little Buffalo On December 18, 1981, the sixth Annual Children's Christmas Party was held at the Cadotte Lake Community Hall, approximately 65 miles northeast of Peace River Detachment for the native children in the area.

School children from Cadotte Lake and Little Buffalo schools attended, as well as many adults

and pre-schoolers, to a total number of 200 people.

A hot lunch was served, consisting of hot chocolate and hot dogs; demand was so great that members had a hard time keeping up with the cooking. It was reported that one young boy consumed a total of ten hot dogs. Lunch was followed by cartoons and awards for the best Christmas card designed by each of the classes, grades 1-7. Two overall awards were given to the best student from each school.

Shortly after, Jolly Old Saint Nick (played by Cst. Bill Farrell) arrived, much to the delight of the children. Each of them had a chance to chat with Santa then were given a bag of goodies. Once again the event went over very well.

Hockey On January 10, 1982, the Peace River Sub-Division hockey team played a benefit hockey game against the Peace River Stampeders, a senior men's team.

The match was organized by members of the Stampeders hockey club and Cst. Al Giesbrecht,



On September 4, 1981, at Peace River Sub-Division, Long Service Medals were presented to a number of members. (L-R) Back Row: Sgt. W. S. Bradshaw, Cst. B. Wilson, Sgt. R. J. Nay, S/Sgt. R. L. Julyan, S/Sgt. M. Charlebois. Front Row: O.C. Peace River Sub-Div., Supt. B. K. Van Norman, Special Guest — Justice R. Dickson, S/Cst. C. G. Murphy, Insp. B. A. Beaudreau.

coach of the RCMP team, in order to raise funds for Mr. Tony Wityshin and his family who lost their entire home and belongings in a fire in Peace River on December 29, 1981.

Members from throughout the sub-division (the farthest travelling 250 miles) made their way to Peace River to participate in the game. The contest attracted about 250 people and they were treated to a very entertaining game which ended with the RCMP losing in the dying seconds by a score of 8 to 7.

The proceeds which totalled almost \$800.00 were donated to the Wityshin family by the NCO i/c Peace River Det., S/Sgt. Gary Wakely, who was a linesman at the game.

The Peace River Sub-Division hockey team has been participating in benefit games of this nature throughout Northern Alberta for three years and this has resulted in many favourable comments from the public and media, and a greater rapport between members of the Force and the community they serve.

Slave Lake Detachment Reunion Members and former members of "D" Division's Slave Lake Detachment are invited to a homecoming August 1-3, 1982, to be held in conjunction with "River Boat Daze" festivities. For additional information please contact Slave Lake Detachment at Box 7, Slave Lake, Alberta, TOG 2A0; phone: (area code 403) 849-3045; CPIC: AB10072.

"L" Division (Headquarters — Charlottetown, P.E.I.)

Birth To Reg. No. 31757, Cst. Michael St. Onge and his wife Cathy, a son, Jonathan Michael, on December 10, 1981, at Souris, P.E.I.

Christmas Dance As part of the local Police-Community Relations programs, members of Charlottetown Detachment decided to sponsor a Christmas dance at the Hillsborough Park Village Community Centre on December 23, for kids between the ages of ten and fifteen.

That evening, armed with eleven dozen hot dogs and a large supply of soft drinks, Cpl. Darrell

Campbell, Sgt. Peter McGarry and Cst. Lloyd Vassallo opened up the Community Centre. Assistance was also provided by members on shift who rotated their visits during the evening. In no time, some eighty kids had arrived and it soon became apparent that the hot dog supply would most certainly be depleted.

At a most opportune moment, there was a surprise visit from Santa Claus (Cst. George Wright) who distributed apples and oranges to those present. We heard that old St. Nick was the target of a few snowballs upon his arrival, though this can-



A Saint John Ambulance potential instructors course was held at "L" Division Headquarters on November 17, 1981, with C/Supt. R. M. Culligan, Commanding Officer of "L" Division, presenting certificates to the successful candidates. (L-R) Cst. Katie Weigert, Cst. Dave MacDonald, Cst. Ed Briand, Cst. Lorne MacKinnon, C/Supt. Culligan, Cst. Gary Hilton, Cst. Charles Sample, Cpl. Bob Humes and Cst. Carl Broughton.

not be confirmed until next year as he is no longer in the area.

Everyone had a good time and those who organized and assisted with the event were gratified in receiving the kids' appreciation.

submitted by Cpl. D. F. Campbell

Softball Once again our members from Charlottetown and Sherwood defended their league championship.

The hard-fought season in the improved 6-team league seemed to be too much for our team as they ended out the regular season in 2nd place. The new tough D.V.A. team, "Gallows Lounge", took 1st place and consequently won the regular season trophy.

In the play-offs, after losing the 1st game to Gallows Lounge, our coach, Brian Gaskell, held a meeting to try to make us gel together. As a result we bounced back with pitcher, George Wright, tossing a no hitter and we never looked back. Our team won the play-off crown by defeating "Gallows Lounge" 9-5 in the 5th and deciding game of the series.

submitted by Cst. George Wright

Goofy Golf On October 6, 1981, members, wives and girlfriends gathered at the beautiful Mill River Golf Club near Alberton to test the layout in a nine-hole invitational golf tournament. Well, sort of a golf tournament one could say. Quoting Cpl. Andy "Bean" Arsenault, "You had to be there to appreciate it."

This year's field had approximately 18 entrants which included a "pro field" of two (twice as many as last year), host golf pro Steve Dowling from Mill River and pro Dave Edgett from Stanhope.

Partners were drawn up and, when possible, a male and female were paired. Items such as sledge hammers, pool cues, baseball bats, hockey sticks, crutches and shovels were placed along the course to be used as golf clubs. Several were placed at different tees and some were located on the greens for use there. Signs were posted on each tee giving directions for that particular hole.

The winning team of Cst. Bob "Phantom" Chase and Mrs. Rosanne Murnaghan received a not so "coveted" trophy and a velour sweater each. These were presented at a detachment party held later at the residence of Cst. Dave and Curly MacAdam in Alberton.

Many thanks to those who took part, Dave and Curly MacAdam for the party and to the golf club

for the use of the course. We are all looking forward to next year.

submitted by Cst. Greg Nixon

Santa Lives in "L" Division "Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." To that now famous line one could add: "He's alive and well and serving in Prince Edward Island." "L" Division's Santa uses the alias of Cst. George Wright and part of his cover story is that he is on strength at Charlottetown Detachment.

Each Christmas Eve, Santa George hitches up his reindeer and spends several hours visiting the children of members and Force employees at their homes in the Charlottetown area. His only real problem is one of time, as there are many households to visit. This past year, Santa somehow managed to get to almost forty homes before it just simply got too late. Consequently, he is going to attempt to streamline his schedule a bit for next year, or possibly seek out an assistant.

This annual escapade, which is something Santa George just started up on his own, has come to mean a great deal to the parents as well as the children. The father of one young family that had received a visit from Santa summed up his feelings this way: "For some reason, I'm not entirely sure why, I was simply unable to get into the festive spirit up to that point in time. But, that really did it for me — the look of wonder and excitement on the kids' faces when he arrived was enough to put even Scrooge into the spirit of the season."

"L" Division's Santa is so impeccable in his appearance with his red velvety suit trimmed in snow white and his beard and hair groomed to perfection, people have reported finding themselves wondering just for a moment if "maybe this is the real one."

Santa's resplendent, extremely well made suit is a creation of Mrs. Claus/Wright, and that is by no means her only contribution to the effort, as Santa brings with him a bag laden with goodies such as home-made Christmas cookies and other delights for distribution to the kiddies along the route. All this again proves the old adage about there being a good woman behind every successful man.

Santa and Mrs. Wright sacrifice their Christmas Eve together for no other reason than to bring happiness to others. It is heartening to know that there still are people who do in fact care.

So to Mr. and Mrs. Claus, the children (and parents) who live along your route in "L" Division want to say a great big, heart-felt thank you!

"M" Division (Headquarters — Whitehorse, N.W.T.)

Regimental Ball On October 9, 1981, the annual "M" Division Regimental Ball was held at the scenic Whitehorse Ski Chalet, this year's highlight being the presence of the RCMP Band. Approximately 400 members and guests enjoyed an excellent meal and a fine evening of dancing and camaraderie. Guests included members of the Alaska State Troopers and the F.B.I., as well as members from "E", "G" and Depot Divisions.

During the evening, C/Supt. H. T. Nixon presented a Commanding Officer's Commendation to Cpl. Laurie Tubbs of Whitehorse Detachment. Cpl. Gordon Crowe and his wife Karen, who had previously left on transfer to "B" Division, were awarded Commanding Officer's Commendations at the Labrador Sub-Division Ball.

The awards were presented for their courage and decisive action taken at Whitehorse, during the evening of April 18, 1981, in assisting with the removal of elderly occupants from a burning building, despite real risk to their personal safety.



C/Supt. Nixon presents the Commanding Officer's Commendation to Cpl. Tubbs.

"N" Division (Headquarters — Rockcliffe, Ont.)

Birth To Reg. No. 29408, Cpl. and Mrs. B. D. Sparrow, a daughter, Jillian Christine, on November 4, 1981, at Ottawa, Ontario.

Farewell "Fair Ball" Insp. J. D. "Fair Ball" Walker came to "N" Division in 1976 and assumed the position of Assistant O.I.C. Equitation Branch. In 1977 he was the O.C. of the Musical Ride, which took him to places such as Ireland and the Calgary Stampede.

It was at Calgary on P.S.H. "Gorse" that Insp. Walker led the unforgettable "charge" around the racetrack during the Grandstand Fireworks Display. Another "highlight" of Insp. Walker's association with "N" Division was appearing on the since-cancelled television show "Trivia" with other members of "N" Division.

Insp. Walker was also the "N" Division Associate Editor for the Quarterly. He did a commendable job of instilling interest in the members to submit more articles for publication.

"N" Division will miss Insp. Walker who has now been transferred to Security Service. His replacement is Insp. Keith Thompson from I. and P. Section.

submitted by Sidney Glick



C/Supt. G. M. Allen, left, C.O. "N" Division, presents the traditional RCMP plaque to Insp. J. D. Walker, A/O.I.C. Equitation Branch.



As part of its many performances in 1981, the Concert Band participated in the CFCF TV "Telethon of Stars," held in Montreal, December 5-6. Under the direction of S/Sgt. Chuck Hendricks, the Band appeared with such personalities as Shari Lewis, Bob McGrath (of Sesame Street), Alan Thicke, and the beautiful Cheryl Ladd.

Band Activities In their 1981 Fall tour the Concert and Show Bands left for British Columbia and the Yukon, where they completed 49 concerts and took part in clinics and dances in 33 communities. The tour started with a CBC Radio broadcast at the University of Victoria.

During the RCMP Ball at Whitehorse, a presentation was made to Mr. Ken Moore, Director of Music, by C/Supt. Harry Nixon, C.O. "M" Division. The demand for tickets to the Ball was so great it necessitated two dance orchestras performing concurrently in separate parts of the building. Out of town guests included State Troopers from Alaska and Canadian Coast Guard personnel.

submitted by S/Sgt. S. G. Hampson

Funspiel The annual "N" Division "Funspiel" was held on Friday, February 12, 1982. Twenty-four teams were entered, with all participants changing teammates for the second game. The day was a tremendous success, with everyone enjoying the exercise and competitive atmosphere.

The winning team was made up of skip — Nancy Edwards, third — Emile Racette, second — Brian Sparrow, and lead — Barry Richards.

Booby prizes for the least points won went to skip — Henry Simser, third — Jean-Guy Lauzon, second — Ken Kaip, and lead — Hilda Cooper. Even though they only won the booby prizes, they are still legends in their own minds and have vowed to return next year.

The noon-hour entertainment was provided by three "grudge" or "challenge" matches. The first

was made up of mixed personnel from the division, the second match was between the Canadian Police College and the Administration staff, with the Admin. staff coming out on top — in fact, it was a shutout. The highlight of the grudge matches had to be the game between the Musical Ride and the Equitation staff. Even though the Equitation staff were spotted four points, they still managed to squeak out a loss.

The day ended in the lounge with the presentation of the trophies and a large bowl of chili for those who were first in line. Special thanks were extended to Rolly Lamy and Gord Achter who organized this annual and popular event.

"O" Division (Headquarters — Toronto, Ont.)

Marriages Reg. No. 34658, Cst. J. M. L. Proulx to Louise Lesperance, on November 7, 1981, at Kitchener, Ontario.

Reg. No. 33242, Cst. J. B. Stavert to B. Mitchell, on August 29, 1981, at Simcoe, Ontario.

Reg. No. 35013, Cst. S. K. Gorman to Carolyn McMurray, on October 17, 1981, at Zorra Township, Ontario.

Reg. No. 28651, Cst. K. J. Payne to Dorothy Willott, on July 5, 1980, at Kingston, Ontario.

Reg. No. 22750, Sgt. J. A. Claydon to Jeanie Elson, on January 11, 1982, at Nassau, Bahamas.

Reg. No. 27344, Cpl. F. R. Kailik to Cathy Bates, on October 2, 1981, at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

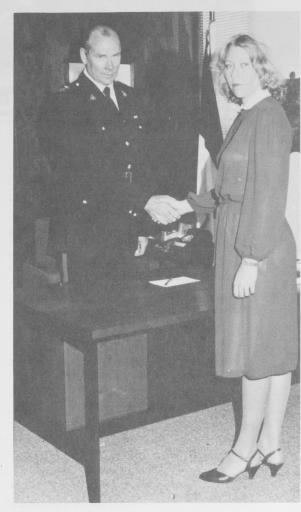
Reg. No. S/1563, S/Cst. D. McCormack to Lynn May Greenaway, on July 19, 1980, at Baysville Muskoka, Ontario.

Births To Reg. No. S/1993, S/Cst. and Mrs. S. R. Wilson, a daughter, Erin, on December 27, 1981.

To Reg. No. S/2154, S/Cst. and Mrs. R. G. Hindy, a son, Bradley, on November 19, 1981.

To Reg. No. 31021, Cst. and Mrs. D. F. Davies, a daughter, Lindsay, on December 10, 1981.

On November 22, 1981, Insp. H. R. Armstrong, O.I.C. Toronto International Airport Detachment, swore his eldest daughter, Sheryl, into the Force. She has since been posted to Depot Division for training.





S/Sgt. Arnie Crittenden, right, presents A/Commr. Sexsmith with a set of framed rank badges on behalf of the "O" Division Sgts. Mess.

To Reg. No. S/2284, S/Cst. and Mrs. C. E. Hardie, a daughter, Kristy, on December 17, 1981.

To Reg. No. 26962, Cpl. and Mrs. T. R. Gammon, a son, Donald, on December 5, 1981.

To Reg. No. 33028, Cst. and Mrs. K. L. Gibson, a son, Luke, on May 20, 1981.

To Reg. No. 23462, Cpl. and Mrs. E. G. Dickson, a daughter, Irene, on November 3, 1981.

To Reg. No. 28861, Cst. and Mrs. E. R. McClare, a son, John, on June 6, 1981.

To Reg. No. C/1996, C/M and Mrs. W. D. Young, a daughter, Laurie, on November 1, 1981.

To Reg. No. 32830, Cst. and Mrs. B. C. Binnie, a daughter, Laura, on September 22, 1981.

To Reg. No. 32597, Cst. and Mrs. J. A. Kowalczyk, a daughter, Alynn, on September 26, 1981.



S/Sgt. V. J. Aquilina presents a retirement gift to Cpl. Fred Shuler.

To Reg. No. 23976, Sgt. and Mrs. D. B. Pelley, a daughter, Kristel, on September 5, 1981.

To Reg. No. 30417, Cst. and Mrs. A. W. Sheppard, a son, Jason, on September 30, 1981.

To Reg. No. S/2263, S/Cst. and Mrs. G. K. Barnett, a daughter, Tara, on April 29, 1979.

Retirement Over four hundred members of "O" Division turned out on January 8, 1982, to bid fond farewell to retiring A/Commr. M. S. Sexsmith. During the noon luncheon he received many gifts, some more memorable than others. As acknowledgement of prior service in the Security Service, he received a modified steam kettle, alleged to have been original equipment from earlier days in Calgary.

Gifts also included a bronze figure from the Cpls. Mess and framed rank badges from the Sgts. Mess, a skill saw and a complete fishing outfit.

Incumbent C.O., C/Supt. F. A. (Bud) Howe's recollections of A/Commr. Sexsmith's contributions to "O" Division reflected the high regard

and admiration shared by all members of the division. All present took the opportunity to extend best wishes for health and happiness to A/Commr. Sexsmith and family, everyone appreciating that his wide smile betrayed the expectation of more time for golf and fishing in British Columbia.

submitted by Insp. R. Claxton

Goodbye On Friday, November 13, 1981, Cpl. Fred Shuler retired to pension after having completed over 24 years service in the Force, the last 6 of which were spent as a Security Analyst in the Security Systems Section.

Golf On September 18, 1981, 25 members of the "O" Division Cpls. Mess were on hand to participate in their inaugural golf tournament. Golfing was followed by a night in the mess which included a barbecue dinner and prizes for all. Low gross winner was Cpl. Al Assance.

submitted by Cpl. E. G. Dickson

Promotions

Headquarters (Ottawa)

Chief Superintendent — Supt. B. S. Moss.

Superintendent — Insp. L. G. Larose.

Staff Sergeant — Sgts. J. J. R. Dube, C. W. Mac-Donald, J. J. Sarsons, J. M. A. A. Snoeks.

Sergeant — Cpls. J. Bastarache, J. P. Bechdholt, H. S. Harrison, H. A. Hutchinson, R. H. Kind, J. M. Kovacs, W. R. Papple, J. G. R. Soucy.

Corporal — Csts. J. G. E. Bouchard, B. P. Elsliger, P. W. Fraser, J. M. O'Neil, J. J. P. Roy.

Civilian Member — C/M's R. C. Fahlman, J. G. P. R. Cossette, J. O. J. Labonte, J. R. Jasper, I. A. MacWatters, J. J. C. Sauve, J. L. R. Dore, D. B. Hyde, D. R. Krentz, K. N. Vennard, J. C. J. Hebert, G. Charles, D. S. Whittle, L. J. Green, R. D. Morrell, J. R.* J. P. St. Pierre, D. B. Brenot, S. L. Sparks, G. J. Basara, J. H. R. Bertrand, D. Gray, J. A. G. Langlois, I. E. Latreille, B. E. O'Meara, R. W. S. Renouf, M. B. A. J. Stanley, J. G. E. Vallieres.

"A" Division (Eastern Ontario)

Sergeant — Cpl. G. R. McPherson.

"B" Division (Newfoundland)

Sergeant — Cpl. K. Pike.

Corporal — Cst. T. W. Bennett.

"C" Division (Quebec)

Sergeant — Cpl. J. L. G. Dionne.

Corporal — Cst. J. B. Sirois.

"D" Division (Manitoba)

Sergeant — Cpls. A. E. Carver, K. A. Craig, J. A. Hislop.

Corporal — Csts. R. S. Cole, K. A. Duckett, D. J. McDonald, G. N. Williams.

Civilian Member — C/M's D. M. Grant, F. M. A. Lucian, B. J. Walker.

"E" Division (British Columbia)

Staff Sergeant — Sgts. R. M. Baspaly, C. L. Brown, P. G. Martinek, J. T. Randle, W. E. Stephens, A. H. Van Caeseele.

Sergeant — Cpls. R. G. Babcock, J. E. Bean, C. M. Bergman, M. W. Dodd, G. D. Gulkiewich, T. A. Hart, L. G. Malkoske, I. D. McNairnay, K. A. Medford, D. G. Patterson, K. L. Rein, O. B. Scott, J. D. Smith, W. J. Tucker, L. P. Westphal.

Corporal — Csts. J. G. Barr, E. J. Bates, G. W. Board, D. R. Day, G. M. Dobrowolski, D. K. Dunn, K. D. Gisborne, H. G. Gorsline, R. J. Hall, D. J. Hornung, R. D. Hunter, F. W. Jowett, R. D. Kehler, W. S. Kingdon, L. L. Lanza, B. M. Lindsay, J. E. Mackwell, S. W. Matell, R. R. McNaughton, H. Meijer, F. R. Ogden, R. H. Plantinga, I. W. T. Roberts, K. L. Smith, T. W. Tiessen, R. H. P. Tkachuk, I. R. Williams.

Constable — S/Cst. M. J. Kindratsky.

"F" Division (Saskatchewan)

Superintendent — Insp. W. T. Procyk.

Corporal — Csts. J. W. Barr, H. W. King, E. A. Knuth, K. D. Webb.

"G" Division (Northwest Territories)

Corporal — Csts. M. E. Floyd, N. Sibilleau.

Civilian Member — C/M C. C. Helfrick.

"K" Division (Alberta)

Staff Sergeant — Sgts. W. S. Bradshaw, K. M. Josok.

Sergeant — Cpls. R. P. Curiston, J. W. Matthews, G. I. Simmonds, L. G. Sterba.

Corporal — Csts. R. D. Bangle, J. P. P. T. Clements, N. A. George, D. H. S. Lee, D. N. Mac-Donald, R. F. Mattson, B. K. McLeod, G. G. Olfert, R. J. Williams.

Special Constable — S/Cst. E. T. Paries.

Civilian Member — C/M's C. G. Fehr, J. L. MacKay, P. M. Seibel, K. L. Spence, A. J. Striker.

"O" Division (Ontario)

Corporal — Cst. J. W. Jestadt.

Security Service (HQ — Ottawa)

Staff Sergeant — Sgt. E. O. L. McBeath.

Sergeant — Cpl. D. L. MacLeod.

Corporal — Csts. N. A. Dawes, F. J. Marley, J. A. A. Nadon, K. L. Patterson.

Civilian Member — C/M H. Kremer.

Retirements

The following members of the Force retired to pension during the period December 30, 1981, to January 27, 1982.

Reg. No.	Rank	Name	Div.	Date
0.0737	Supt.	B. L. Northorp	E	Dec. 30
19118	S/Sgt.	B. P. McCarthy	E	Jan. 03
22142	Cpl.	M. R. Saxton	HQ	Jan. 04
0.0630	Supt.	K. C. Ziegler	F	Jan. 06
21241	Sgt.	H. Janzen	E	Jan. 14
19175	S/Sgt.	L. D. Poulin	A	Jan. 16
20938	S/Sgt.	K. J. MacDonald	HQ	Jan 23
18072	S/Sgt.	W. P. Becker	K	Jan 27
21123	S/Sgt.	W. Bodnaryk	K	Jan. 27

Obituaries

ARCHER Supt. George James Archer (Rtd.), 84, died February 8, 1982, at Vancouver, B.C. Born August 4, 1897, at Walthamstow, Essex, England, he joined the R.A.S.C. during WW I and served in Greece, Bulgaria and Turkey until June 5, 1919. He came to Canada in 1920 and was employed with the C.P.R. Investigation Department until July 1, 1927, when he joined the Preventive Service, becoming District Chief of the Niagara Falls area before he joined the RCMP on April 1, 1932, (Reg. No. 11390) at Toronto. He was immediately appointed sergeant and employed as senior Preventive Service Officer at Niagara Falls. In 1933 he was transferred to Toronto Preventive Service until his transfer to "F" Division on March 1, 1935, where, at Regina, he was attached to C.I.B. In January 1939, he returned to Toronto and was promoted staff sergeant on April 1, 1939, while working with Conspiracy Investigations, On May 1, 1942, he was promoted to Sub-Inspector and posted to "H" Division as O.I.C. Intelligence Section. On May 1, 1944, he was promoted to Inspector and, later that year, transferred to "A" Division, Ottawa, as divisional personnel officer to "A", "G", "N" and "O" Divisions. He was transferred to "E" Division in April of 1946 to become O.I.C. Criminal Investigation Branch, and on December 1, 1950, was promoted to Superintendent. Later that year, on August 15, he was appointed O.I.C. Vancouver Sub-Division and on January 1, 1956, he was granted leave of absence from the Force to accept the position of Chief Constable of the Vancouver City Police. He served in that position for the next four years before taking his retirement on October 1, 1957.

BALL Reg. No. 11043, ex-Cst. Cyril Gilbert Ball, 74, died January 13, 1982, at Ottawa, Ontario. Born December 25, 1907, at Waterloo, Ontario, he joined the RCMP at Toronto on September 22, 1931, and took his recruit training at Depot Division and Minto Barracks, Winnipeg. Upon completion he was transferred to "O" Division HQ, Toronto, on April 1, 1932, and employed as a chauffeur until May 1935, when he was posted subsequently to Muncey and Windsor Detachments. In October 1935, he was transferred to "N" Division and stationed at Rockcliffe as a chauffeur until April 1938, when he was posted to Capreol, Ontario, on railway duty. In October 1939, he was employed as a motorcyclist, patrolling the Welland Ship Canal, having been returned to "O" Division in September of that year. He served at Niagara Falls, Toronto Town

Station and Thorold Detachments before being transferred to "A" Division, Ottawa, Post Garage duties. He retired to pension on October 24, 1960.

BOULTBEE Reg. No. 5067, ex-Cpl. Bertie Harold Boultbee, 95, died October 17, 1981, at Burlington, Ont. He was born in August 1886, according to records when he joined the RNWMP on February 4, 1910, at Toronto. Following recruit training at Depot Division he was transferred to Macleod in "D" Division, then to Lacombe Detachment in "G" Division, where he was promoted corporal. He left the Force on March 18, 1913.

CRERAR Reg. No. C/203, ex-C/M Alexander McCaig Crerar, 70, died September 10, 1981, at Brandon, Manitoba. He was born December 7, 1910, at Binscarth, Manitoba, and served overseas with the Canadian Army from October 1939 until July 1945, being demobilized with the rank of sergeant. He joined the RCMP as a civilian employee on October 12, 1951, at Brandon, Manitoba, and retired from the Force on January 3, 1971. All of his service had been spent in the Brandon Sub-Division Telecomns Section.

McRAE Reg. No. 7196, ex-Cst. Donald Grant McRae, 85, died October 3, 1981, at Lachute, Que. He was born June 21, 1896, at Lost River, Que., and moved to western Canada to take up farming as a young man. There he joined the RNWMP for one year on May 7, 1918, at Depot Division, Regina, and the following day he signed up to join the Canadian Expeditionary Force Overseas. He served in Europe, but on May 6, 1919, McRae was demobilized and left the Force, time expired.

PERRY Reg. No. 36421, Cst. Joseph Albert Perry, 20, died September 22, 1981, of injuries sustained in a motor vehicle accident near Kenora, Ontario. Born February 3, 1961, at Hamilton, Ontario, he joined the Force at Toronto on October 21, 1980, and was sent to Depot Division for recruit training. Upon graduation on April 27, 1981, he was posted to Snow Lake Detachment in "D" Division.

ROSBERG Supt. Leif Edwin Rosberg (Rtd.), 60, died April 11, 1980, at Victoria, B.C. He was born November 4, 1919, at Dunblane, Sask., and joined the British Columbia Provincial Police on March 14, 1932, at Vancouver, B.C. He was stationed at

Fort St. John, Pouce Coupe, Dawson Creek, Prince George City, Williams Lake, Rossland City and Creston Detachments until August 15, 1950, when the BCPP was absorbed by the RCMP. As regimental number 16424, he remained at Creston and was promoted corporal January 1, 1951. He was later transferred to Kimberly where he was promoted sergeant November 1, 1953, then back to Prince George City Detachment where he was promoted staff sergeant May 1, 1957. Rosberg later became Prince George Sub-Division Section NCO as well as Sub-Division NCO, and in 1965 took up duties as Vancouver Sub-Division NCO. On October 1, 1965, Rosberg was commissioned Sub-Inspector and appointed Detective Inspector in charge of the newlyformed Enforcement Sections. On October 1. 1967, he was promoted Inspector, and in 1970 he took command of Richmond Detachment. On August 1, 1971, he was promoted Superintendent and given command of Prince George Sub-Division. In 1974, Supt. Rosberg was appointed staffing officer of "E" Division, and on December 30, 1976, he retired to pension.

SCHELL Reg. No. 14892, ex-S/Sgt. Murray Godfrey Schell, 55, died December 8, 1981, at Kinmount, Ont. He was born April 28, 1926, at Kinmount, Ont., and joined the RCMP May 1, 1947, at Toronto, Ont. He received his recruit training at both Depot Division, Regina, and at "N" Division, Rockcliffe, Ont., before being posted to "F" Division, Saskatchewan. He was stationed at Regina Town Station, Prince Albert, Tisdale, Hudson Bay, Porcupine Plain, (promoted corporal November 1, 1956), then on to Wakaw where he remained until 1963. On May 5 that year Schell was transferred to GIS duties in Regina where he was promoted sergeant November 1, 1963, and to staff sergeant May 1, 1967. On February 9, 1970, "Torchy" Schell retired to pension.

SIMONS Reg. No. 16348, ex-S/Sgt. Gordon Lovell Simons, 70, died December 17, 1981, at Nanaimo, B.C. Born December 3, 1911, at Vancouver, B.C., he joined the British Columbia Provincial Police on March 29, 1935. On April 24, 1941, he left the BCPP to join the RCAF and, upon demobilization, he rejoined the BCPP on

November 19, 1945. He was promoted corporal in May 1950, and retained that rank upon the amalgamation of the BCPP and RCMP. In December of 1952 he was transferred to "E" Division HQ, Victoria, as a C.I.B. reader and promoted sergeant November 1, 1960. In June 1961, he was transferred to Kamloops as Sub-Division NCO, a position he held until retirement on August 26, 1972.

WARNER Reg. No. 12963, ex-Cpl. William Harold Warner, 65, died December 11, 1981, at Keremeos, B.C. Born September 2, 1916, at Saint John, N.B., he joined the RCMP Reserve on July 1, 1937, at Fredericton, N.B. On September 6 of that year he was engaged as a regular member of the Force and sent to Regina for recruit training. He was then posted to "F" Division in October of 1938, serving at Saskatoon and Biggar Detachments before being transferred to "N" Division, Rockcliffe, Ontario, on November 14, 1938, to work in the Central Registry. A year later he joined the RCMP Provost Co., served in France (Dunkirk), then Italy, before being wounded at Cassino and returning home in 1944. On June 16, 1945, he returned to the Force and was stationed at "L" Division, serving at Charlottetown, Alberton and Souris Detachments. On October 13, 1954, he was posted to "H" Division to serve at Sydney Detachment with the Preventive Service Squad and in 1956, he was moved to "F" Division, where he served at Regina Town Station and Broadview Detachment. He was promoted corporal on May 1, 1948, and retired to pension on July 5, 1961.

WHYTE Reg. No. 24488, Cpl. Frank Edward Whyte, 35, died of a heart attack on June 25, 1981, at Windsor, Ontario. He was born October 4, 1945, at Johnstone, Scotland, and served with the RCAF as a military policeman from March 18, 1963, until December 9, 1965. He joined the RCMP on January 18, 1966, at Sydney, N.S., and was posted to Depot Division for recruit training. Following basic training he was posted to Ohsweken Detachment in London Sub-Division, "O" Division, then later to Point Pelee, Chatham, Windsor, Hamilton, Toronto, and London. He was serving with the Windsor Drug Section at the time of his death.

Pensioners

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