

R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY





How the "RED SERGE" became a tradition.....

In the early 1870's, Indians in Canada had learned to trust soldiers wearing red coats. "We know", they said, "that the soldiers of our great mother (Queen Victoria) wear red coats and are our friends".

To link up with this respect and trust, the Mounted Police were equipped with red jackets. And ever since then, the "red serge" of the Mounted Police has symbolized a tradition of courage in maintaining law and order—of justice and friendship to red men as well as white.

Tradition can play its part, too, in business. For over 65 years, for instance, the tradition of quality has been associated with Weston's. And during all these years of serving Canadian homes, this tradition has led grandmothers, mothers and daughters everywhere to—

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ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY

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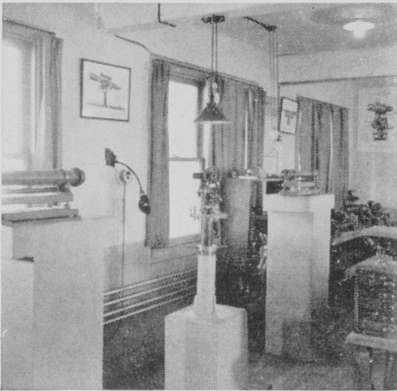
Good Health!

This is the time for our annual New Year Greetings; this is also the occasion to remind our readers of Canada's seventh annual National Health Week, February 4 to 10. We can do no better than combine the two.

All of us take time out at this season to wish relatives, friends and neighbors happiness in the new year; to review the past and its mistakes, to promise better things for the future. Sincerity and spontaneity mark our greetings and our feelings are sparked perhaps to some extent by the exhilaration of the season. In joining in this gladsome practice for yet another occasion, the *Quarterly* in addition to wishing all its friends and supporters happiness and prosperity for 1951, hope they enjoy the best of health.

National Health Week is sponsored by the Health League of Canada and its aim is to so emphasize the facts about health and disease as to create a lasting impression in the public mind. The New Year will not be a happy one without good health and all of us owe it to ourselves, our families, our jobs and our country to protect our physical well-being from the insidious advances of disease. So while we toast you with good wishes for the New Year, we say too—"Your very good health!"

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The Cover

RCMP Police Service Dogs are transported in the manner shown on this issue's cover. The cars—two-door sedans—have the rear seats removed and the dogs are screened off from the front by wire netting. The backs of the front seats form the doors to these kennels-on-wheels. The other two panels in the picture show three types of the German Shepherd breed presently in use by the RCMP.

In this Issue

The Boy Scout Movement is a fast-growing brotherhood with immense international possibilities to establish strong and everlasting feelings of good fellowship among nations. Because of the great interest in this Movement among members of the Force we are glad to present two articles on Scouting in this issue, one on page 243 by a member of "C" Division and the other on page 209 by Canada's Chief Scout Maj.-Gen. D. C. Spry, CBE, DSO. On page 236 a sea-going Mounted Policeman tells what it's like to be caught in a gale on a crippled ship; Corporal Cross a ballistics expert at the Regina Laboratory gives us a lecture on firearms identification on page 221, the 15-year history of the RCMP Dog Section is reviewed on page 191 and we would like to acknowledge with thanks the cartoon illustrating Corporal Hopkins' story about teeth on page 219. The artist—Warrant Officer Tracy of the RCAF magazine *Roundel*.

Contributions

This is as good a time as any to remind our readers that we are always glad to receive literary material. General interest articles, items for the Old-timers' Column, new happenings in the police profession and stories about unusual investigations are all needed by *The Quarterly*. All manuscripts will receive the consideration of our Editorial Committee and if for any reason are found unsuitable, they will be returned to the author.



Dogs of the RCMP

*The wakeful bloodhound rose,
and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye
an inmate owns:*

KEATS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In presenting this article on RCMP Service Dogs, the editorial staff of the Quarterly wishes to acknowledge with thanks the assistance of the Force's Dog Trainer—Cpl. G. A. Teeft—who contributed much of the material concerning the present-day organization of the Section.

ACCORDING to zoologists the dog is of the genus *Canis*, the common origin of which is the subject of some dispute. But through centuries of breeding there has evolved the many domesticated types familiar to the modern fancier, from the diminutive Chihuahuas to the giant Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes and St. Bernards. In some instances this careful attention to blood-lines in an attempt to produce a dog of a certain standard has resulted in an animal of little or no usefulness except as an household pet. And it may be said that the contrary holds true in

other cases, that sporting dogs such as spaniels, hounds and retrievers have had their natural hunting tendencies intensified, rather than lessened. By the same token it may be said that many of the characteristics most desirable in dogs used in police work, may be traced through the animal's development from a wild creature of the woods.

Some species of dogs are believed descended from early forms of wolves—the German Shepherd and Siberian Husky are but two breeds whose physical appearance bears striking proof of this argument—and in them we find the natural instinct of tracking down prey; of the will to survive indicated by their instinctive reception of training in aggressiveness. In addition these types inherited other characteristics developed by their ancestors while living in lairs—and these may be grouped into one classification and called discipline. It shows in a respect for their dwellings and in cleanliness; all these are traits desirable in dogs to be used for police service.

Contrary to a popular conception, the "Police Dog" is not any one particular breed. What most people refer to as a police dog is the German Shepherd or Alsatian, but a *police service dog* may be of any breed and either purebred or mongrel. It is not so important that a dog have a pedigree but it is important that he be of the right size, temperament and intelligence to be trained for police work. Small dogs are useless. The ideal type will be big without being clumsy, and while speed is an essential, will have the sturdy build necessary to stand the rigorous duties of field work. In brief the animal must possess a good nose, an even disposition and be sound in every respect. He must be alert and loyal, courageous and at the same time gentle.

The use of dogs in crime detection is becoming of increasing importance throughout the world, but it is not a science developed merely within the last

few years. It is known that in the 18th century bloodhounds were used for the detection of sheep stealers in the United Kingdom. Still earlier our ancestors employed them for tracking down those who poached on private hunting preserves and carried off game; in Roman times dogs were used for guard work. But it is to Austria and Germany that we must look for the origin of specially-trained dogs for criminal work and it is little more than 50 years since this science was utilized by the police forces of those countries. Recognition was slow in coming, but gradually the idea caught on; British police forces experimented and the interest spread to America, South Africa and other parts of the world. A few Canadian municipal law-enforcement bodies tried out one or two dogs but no great progress was made. And then in 1935 the RCMP Dog Section was born.

The beginning was modest. "Dale of Cawsalta" a German Shepherd owned by Sgt. J. N. Cawsey of "K" Division was purchased for official use and he was followed into the Force by his son "Black Lux". "Sultan" another German Shepherd became the third dog owned by the RCMP, and it may be that on the successes of these animals is founded the present-day Dog Section. However, it is to Dale that we must look for fostering the interest that led to experimenting with dogs. His master, Sergeant Cawsey, was a firm believer in the usefulness of dogs for police work, was a dog fancier of note and had some practical knowledge of training. In Dale he found an apt pupil and the dog accompanied him on investigations. It wasn't long before his keen nose helped the sergeant considerably and in November 1933 he tracked an automobile thief from the deserted stolen vehicle to his home. This was followed by several successful cases of tracking burglars, locating lost and stolen goods and finally finding and saving the life of a small child lost in the woods. After being purchased by



Centre panel—Dale of Cawsalta.

Top picture shows dog on trail and at the bottom giving tongue after finding lost child.

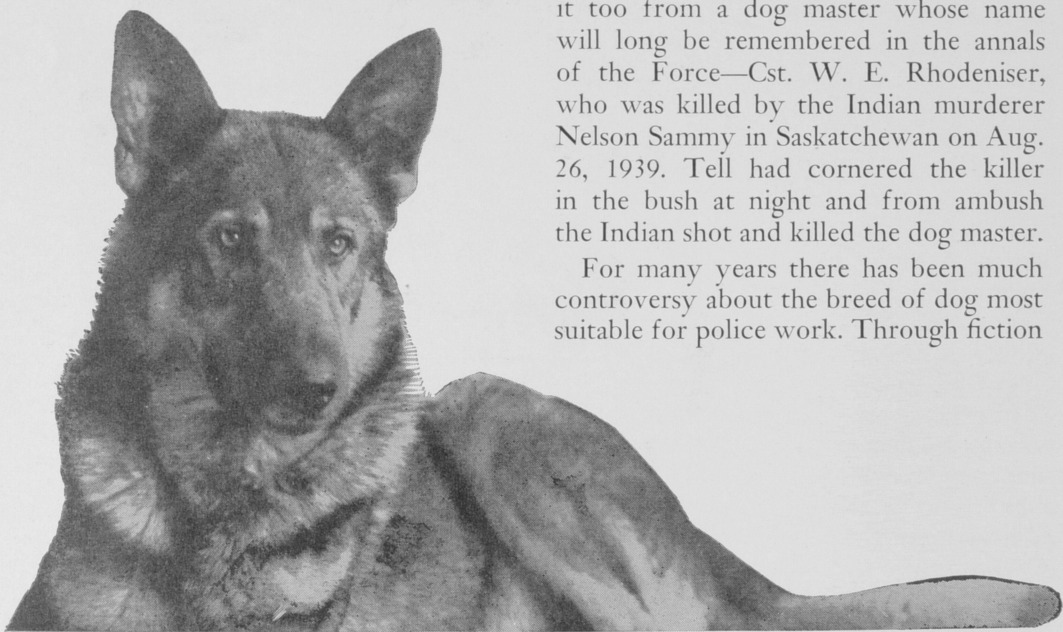
the Force, Dale was left in Alberta; Black Lux was sent to Saskatchewan and later the Maritimes, and Sultan worked in Manitoba. In 1937, satisfied that the experiment was proving satisfactory, the Commissioner directed that a training school be organized for both dogs and dog handlers. Calgary was chosen as the site.

But while the Dog Section may be said to have originated officially in 1935, interest in the use of these trained animals was awakened some years earlier. During the Doukhobor disorders in British Columbia in 1931, officers of the B.C. Provincial Police were convinced that trained tracking dogs would be of great assistance to the police forces involved in the troubles. Many of their arguments were based on the publicity given to successes enjoyed by dogs used by South African police, but their enthusiasm was shared by the Chief Constable of the New Westminster City Police who had a personal knowledge of the capabilities of trained dogs. Commr. S. T. Wood who was then Officer Commanding the RCMP in British Columbia, did considerable re-

search on the subject but it was not until 1933 that a decision was made to proceed with the experiment in "K" Division using Sergeant Cawsey's Dale.

Dogs, like humans, have their peculiarities and training methods successful with one dog or one breed might have the contrary effect on others. During the early years many dogs were tested, principally of the German Shepherd strain. The Doberman Pinscher was also tried. The training was supervised by a man whose background included many years of specializing in this work in Germany. From the early group of dogs there developed some valuable workers whose names will be remembered for many years. "Tuff", a gray Shepherd, who showed early signs of being a first-class police service dog, was a big, rough animal, full of pep and the joy of living who attacked all his work with almost too much enthusiasm. He required firm and exacting handling. His opposite was "Tell", purchased and trained during the same period, and a good worker, but in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of way. His feelings were easily hurt and he required quiet and sympathetic handling. He got it too from a dog master whose name will long be remembered in the annals of the Force—Cst. W. E. Rhodeniser, who was killed by the Indian murderer Nelson Sammy in Saskatchewan on Aug. 26, 1939. Tell had cornered the killer in the bush at night and from ambush the Indian shot and killed the dog master.

For many years there has been much controversy about the breed of dog most suitable for police work. Through fiction



and history the Bloodhound has long been associated with police activities and for some of us through our memories of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", this breed has had an association of dread. It has been found, however, that while this strain produces excellent tracking dogs, their usefulness to a great extent ends there. They do not possess good staying power and for the varied duties required of police service dogs of the RCMP, they do not compare with the all-round usefulness of the German Shepherd. The latter is a rugged breed, good at tracking, at locating lost or missing articles, liquor stills and caches, at guarding persons and property, fearless in the face of danger and easily trained in aggressiveness. The Doberman has also proven useful for RCMP service.

An exception, of course, to these two breeds was "Cliffe", a rough-coated Reischenschnauzer whose long record of successful cases included an occasion when he assisted the liquor squad in searching a New Brunswick farm. When they were about 100 yards from the suspect, the man saw them and ran into a swamp. It appeared he would escape until Cliffe was ordered to attack. The dog rapidly overtook the man but when he was still 30 yards away the man stopped. Cliffe was ordered to stop and guard the prisoner. The dog obeyed until the police were able to reach the fugitive and arrest him. He was found to have a butcher knife with a murderous-looking 12-inch blade concealed on his person and was known as a dangerous character who had served time in penitentiary. Cliffe was then used to search for the liquor, and after covering three miles picked up an empty tobacco package. Taking scent from this he tracked slowly and carefully for some time then suddenly lifted his head and dashed ahead. The dog master followed to find Cliffe in a clearing standing in front of a cabin excitedly giving tongue. Parts of a still were found outside and a considerable amount of mash inside the cabin.



"Cliffe"

In 1939 when the Dog Training Schools were not yet fully two years old, a questionnaire was circulated to the divisions of the Force about the usefulness of dogs as an adjunct to police work. The replies received clearly indicated that the Force as a whole appreciated the value of the work done in that short time by dogs stationed in the field. And it was believed they would be useful in establishing closer co-operation in the Force as well as between the RCMP and Provincial and City Police Forces. If anything, the enthusiasm shown indicated that the Mounted Police needed a great many more dogs than were available from training at that time. The greatest handicap was the lack of knowledge within the Force of what a well-trained dog was capable of doing. The public too was becoming conscious of the usefulness of dogs to police forces and from the questionnaire it was apparent that the Section would have to be

increased. Dogs were then being trained at Regina and Rockcliffe.

Recognizing the abilities of certain breeds for certain purposes experiments have been carried on in various countries to determine the type of dog best suited for all-round police work. Important research was undertaken in this regard in England under the direction of the British Home Office. The problem was to find a strain that was courageous but not vicious, obedient without being friendly to strangers, intelligent and with a good nose for tracking. The dog too must have the stamina necessary for the rigorous duties of police service. Through these experiments it was learned that to find one breed possessing all the qualifications in the required degree was almost an impossibility and eventually the work was divided into two categories—dogs for protective duty and hounds for detective work. The experi-

ments also included cross-breeding of the two types in an effort to produce a strain featuring the best qualities of both. Some of the breeds used in the experiments—and that showed the most promise—were the Labrador, Irish Water Spaniel, Fellhounds, Otterhounds and Bloodhounds.

Although perhaps on a more modest scale, experiments in breeding and cross-breeding dogs for police work were carried on by the Force during this expansion period. "Egon" a splendid German Shepherd was purchased in the United States and some of his sons established enviable reputations in the Force as working dogs. The Rotweiler, a breed widely used in Germany and the Netherlands by police forces, was tried, but the attempts to produce dogs through this strain were fraught with misfortune. But while much time and care went into these ventures—without too much ap-



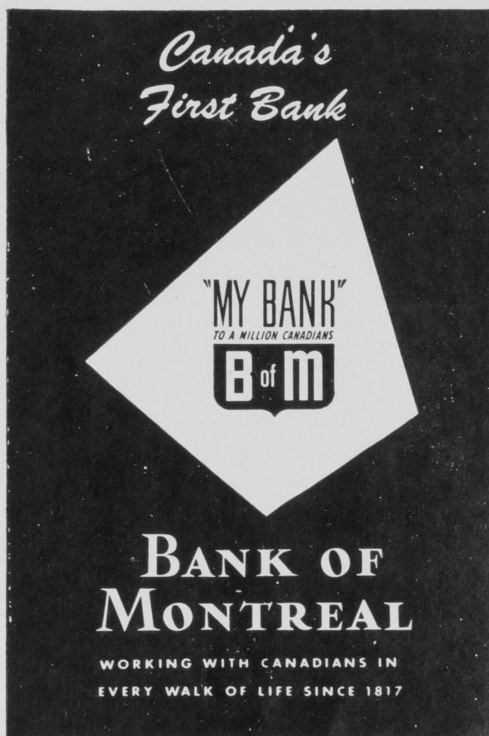
"Bachus"
one of the
Rotweilers
tried by
the Force.

parent success—it may be that they served the useful purpose of establishing the German Shepherd as the ideal strain for all-round use by the RCMP. Canada is a vast country, of vast spaces and a great variety of climatic conditions; it requires a versatile breed to work unhindered by such circumstances.

While most people admit that the Bloodhound is possessed of the most natural tracking abilities of all dogs used for police work, when he is examined against these requirements for police service work it is then he is found wanting. In size he is fairly big yet not muscular enough to stand long hours of trying duty under all sorts of conditions. While he may be loyal to his master he is easily discouraged, requires much coaxing. He is not physically equipped to withstand all the climatic changes of this country and is of no use under conditions which require courage and fierceness, so necessary in guard work or in handling prisoners.

Contrary to the accepted opinion, Bloodhounds do not as a rule hunt in packs. They have an excellent sense of smell but are a bit temperamental, need a lot of encouragement and as a rule must work under the best of conditions. Except in fiction, they do not bay savagely and leap viciously at their victims when they have successfully tracked them, but are more apt to whimper excitedly and lick their quarry rather than bite him.

Last June little three-year-old Heather Robertson disappeared from her farm home in the Peace River District. Her parents didn't miss the child until 5 p.m., then a search was started at once, but a party of over a hundred men scoured the countryside to no avail. Around noon the following day the nearest P.S. Dog, "Smoky", from the Edmonton Kennels, Westlock, Alta., arrived on the scene. Searching from a location where tiny footprints had been found, Smoky was allowed to range at will. Shortly



afterwards he showed great interest in a patch of grass that had been pressed down, and after nosing around awhile appeared to take scent from the air and disappeared. But he returned and appeared eager to show something. The Dog Master followed Smoky for some distance to where the little girl was standing. This was some 2½ miles from her home in an area already covered by the search party. The little girl had kept moving and when the dog found her she had attempted to follow him back to safety.

This is but one case out of the many hundreds on which the Royal Canadian Mounted Police trained dogs have been called to work since the inauguration of the Police Service Dog Section; this also depicts but one type of work on which our dogs are employed. Yet, possibly no other work which comes within the scope of a trained dog can be more gratifying than that of locating or rendering assistance to a lost person. And there is probably no harder type



Dog stopping quarry—note the steady pull on padded arm with no ripping.

of case on which the dog could be used. Lapse of time, weather conditions and varieties of terrain offer a natural handicap for the tracking dog to overcome; but attempting to track through the maze of scents left by enthusiastic and well-meaning friends and relatives demands the utmost skill of any trained dog. A human life cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents, and it has been said, that if a Police Dog can save but one life it has more than returned the expense and effort put towards its training.

At one time or another RCMP dogs have been employed on practically every type of crime where it is possible for the perpetrator to leave the scene on foot, thus leaving a scent to be followed. Again the degree of success obtained depends entirely on the circumstances under which they work. As a dog's duty is to assist in an investigation rather than to solve it, even the indication of a scent over a short distance may give the policeman some clue to work on, whether it is a footprint, a dropped article, a cache of stolen goods or a tire mark.

Despite the high degree of his training, even a Police Service Dog is just a dog and not a machine. For this reason it is impossible to ask him to follow the scent of a criminal through the main street of a city at noon or a three-day-old track of a lost person after the search party admits failure. Yet of the many times a P.S. Dog is called in to assist on a case, the over-all picture shows that about 40 per cent of the cases are successful. In the remaining 60 per cent we must remember such instances as—

the dog finds the scent of a missing person and just gets nicely started when the person comes out on his own; non-resultant searches where bush areas are searched in the hopes of locating caches of stolen goods, illicit spirits, stills or even articles as small as cartridge casings—are credited as a case for the dog. Throughout the Section this gives a good average but often one dog will show a low average in comparison with a dog in another area. This can be explained by the different types of cases on which the P.S. Dog is most employed in any particular district.

Experience has shown that a great many so-called lost hunters or missing persons turn up with no assistance or with minimum assistance either previous to the arrival of a Police Dog or shortly afterwards. Where a Police Service Dog is stationed in an area accustomed to a great many Excise or Liquor Act investigations his number of cases show a big gain, as does the number of his successes. Today RCMP dogs are stationed in key points from coast to coast. There are at present 14 fully-trained Police Service Dogs in the section. Of these the dominant breed is the Shepherd, but there are also two purebred Doberman Pinscher dogs in the field. A good number of the Shepherds are from registered stock, some bred within the Force.

The Force is always on the alert for prospective recruits of above normal intelligence. To be accepted for police service, a dog must be of good size and appearance, generally of the Shepherd

breed. The age of nine months to one year is preferred but exceptions are made where outstanding ability is shown in older dogs. The past history of a prospective candidate for the RCMP Dog Section should show any degree of shyness or nervousness, his response to guns, loud noises, strangers and general alertness. Particular attention is given to bad habits such as fighting—or chasing other animals or cars—and with a good knowledge of the degree of training in his past history faster progress can often be made in the final tuition of the dog. Should a new dog be accepted, he is first given a few weeks trial training, to determine his general response and prove his ability as a tracking dog.

Today the Training Kennels for the Police Service Dog Section of the RCMP are located at East Bay, near Sydney, on Cape Breton Island. Picturesquely situated at the head of the Bras D'Or Lakes and surrounded by miles of both hard and soft woods, this area provides every type of terrain required for the training of our dogs—many roads and

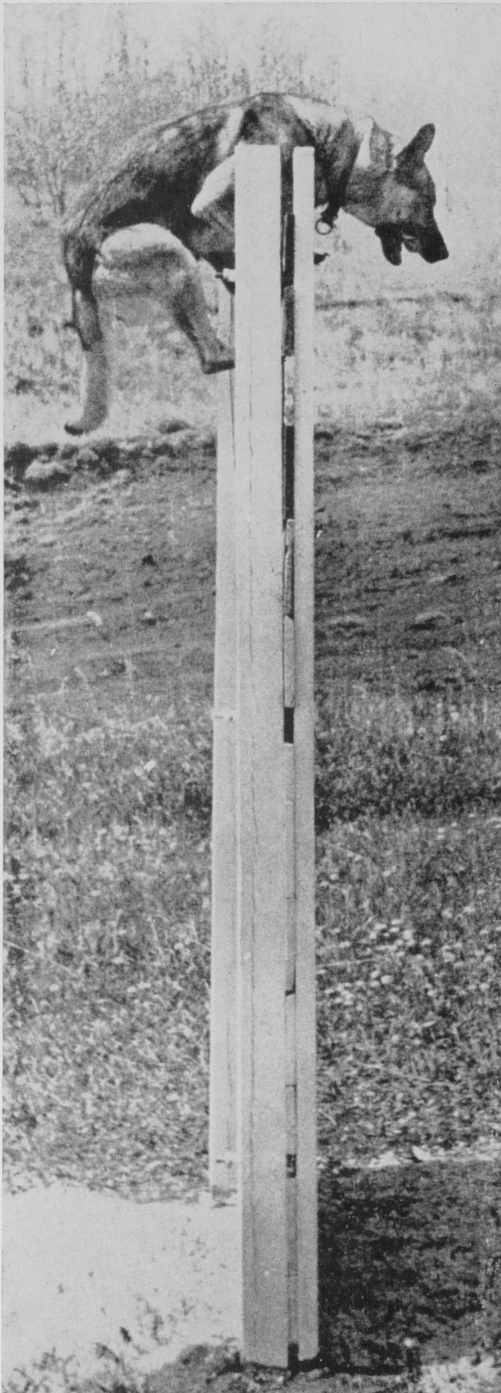
trails of varying surfaces, open fields and rocky terrain, open bush and woods and the dense foliage of second growth spruce. The weather is seldom so hot in the summer that work is hindered and moderates sufficiently in winter to provide the minimum of time lost due to the elements. This area also provides a good number of actual field cases to both train and prove the new dogs on, previous to their transfers to new locations.

The usual procedure in training a new recruit dog is to bring him into the Training Kennels and first prove his ability to absorb training. Once accepted he is given elementary obedience work, track work, search work, guard and attack work by the trainer. When the dog has a basic knowledge of the fundamental commands for these duties he is then handed over to a new dog master. The man develops the loyalty of his charge to himself only and from that time on no other person attempts to handle or control his dog. The dog master is trained to increase the ability of his dog and the two commence to

“Tell” guarding stolen goods.



Part of training—over an 8-foot wall.



operate as a team with each understanding the other. After a varying length of time the team is ready for actual field duties. At first the dog and his master are accompanied on actual cases by the trainer who observes that nothing is left undone in the interest of the police investigation. As this team begins to function with perfection they are allowed to answer calls alone. Then they are ready for a post of their own in the field, to be stationed anywhere in the Dominion of Canada where the services of a P.S. Dog could be utilized.

Oct. 15, 1950 saw the graduation of three more new dogs and their masters, ready for postings. The men have just completed three months of training and a big change can be noticed; we now see them more patient and understanding and with a physique developed to keep up to an 85-pound dog tugging at his leash while following hot on the scent of his quarry. The type of man attracted to this work is usually one with the inclination to do outside work, likes animals and woods, is ambitious, athletic and young.

The work of a dog master is exacting but interesting, in some cases dog and man serve the Force together for many years. This was particularly true of such distinguished canine veterans of former years as "Chief", "Major", "Sultan", "Tell" and "Cliffe". And, as any dog lover will testify, dogs develop definite personalities of their own, as well as a fondness for certain types of work. Some excel at tracking and finding lost articles, others have excellent noses for liquor; and there is the odd one like Egon who developed a taste for the stuff! For instance, "Perky" a Doberman Pinscher who was in the Dog Section some years ago had an excellent nose for rum. On one occasion in the Maritimes he searched the premises of a suspect for 20 minutes, then uncovered a bottle of rum buried four inches in the ground. Another time he excelled this feat by finding three quart bottles of the same

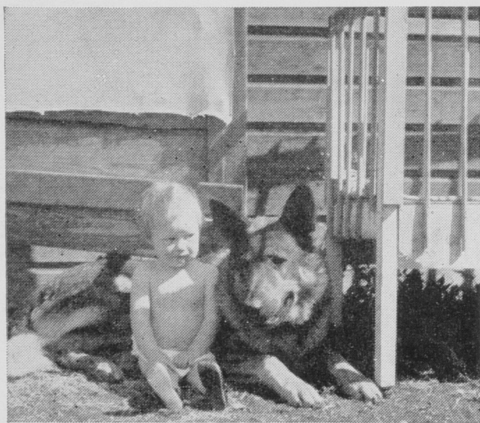
A new recruit.

liquor also buried in the ground. Sultan was good at finding lost people and once saved the life of an 86-year-old woman who had been missing for three days. But though adept at this phase of work, Sultan also had a keen nose for moonshine. There was a time in Manitoba when members of the Force found a still and were waiting for the owner to appear. Sultan was concealed about 50 feet from the building and after a half hour the bootlegger appeared. Challenged by the police he dashed off into the bush and might have made good his escape but Sultan was ordered to "hag" him. The dog attacked and knocked the man down, then guarded him until the police arrived. As a tribute to Sultan's gentleness in even this rough "sport" the man said later that all he felt was his knees being knocked from under him.

The use of dogs by police forces is not an experiment nor can the use of dogs by the RCMP be any longer classified in this manner. In Europe and in the British Isles their usefulness has long been recognized and their training has become a science, in many cases



passed on through families. Investigators should appreciate the Dog Section as a valuable asset to the work of this Force—and other forces—and take full advantage of it. There was a time when fingerprinting had to be "sold" to police forces and to courts, yet today it is accepted that no two sets of fingerprints can be identical, and fingerprints are recognized as a most desirable form of evidence. In using police dogs for criminal investigation work it should be remembered then that humans have at least one other characteristic—apart from fingerprints—that is individual in each of us—scent. This, of course, is one of the basic elements behind the successful use of police



"Sultan" and baby.



"Prince"
a Doberman.

service dogs. Time, is another—a fresh trail is much easier for a dog to follow than one several days old.

For over 75 years the RCMP has maintained law and order throughout all parts of Canada; for more than 15 years Police Service Dogs have made an impressive contribution to the proud record of the Force. With the scope of federal police work widening day by day, with the RCMP assuming new responsibilities in far-flung reaches of our country, the work of the Force's four-footed detectives will continue to play no little part in the suppression of crime. ● ● ●

The following letter is an interesting reflection of an Overseas child's faith in the RCMP.

2 Victoria Terrace,
Dunmanway,
Co. Cork,
Ireland.

Dear Santa Clause,

I hope this letter will reach you before you start from your home. I would like very much if you would send me some gift for Xmas. I am ten years old. I hope you will have fine weather coming on your journey to Ireland. You can send me any thing you please. God-bye now and "God bless" you "Santa".

From: Maureen Lynch

P.S. Please send this letter to Santa Clause's home.
The letter was addressed:
Santa Clause
c/o "The Mounties"
Regina
Canada.

(*Editor's Note:* The letter reached its destination.)

Please notify the *Quarterly* of a change of address.

Yard-Measure for Crime

by B. C. BRIDGES

This article was written for the *Police and Peace Officers' Journal* by B. C. Bridges, internationally-recognized authority in police science. Retired from active duty, after 25 years' service as police executive and university instructor, Mr. Bridges devotes his time to writing in the law-enforcement field, and is the author of numerous works, including a leading textbook on personal identification, "Practical Fingerprinting", published by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Quarterly is indebted to Mr. Bridges for furnishing this reprint from the *Police and Peace Officers' Journal*.—Editor.

IT is an encouraging fact that recent years have seen some marked improvements in the field of American police service, but few of the contributions can compare in importance with August Vollmer's latest book, *The Criminal*, published by the Foundation Press, 268 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn 1, N.Y. As the recognized founder of modern police methods, August Vollmer's name needs no heralding, especially for those of us who are in law-enforcement work. This circumstance is ably stated in the book's foreword by Rollin N. Perkins, who writes: "If the following chapters were to be read only by experienced peace officers, there would be no need for any reference to the author. They would know him very well by reputation, if not by personal acquaintance. Prospective readers, however, include also those who are preparing themselves for such work in the future. For these a word about August Vollmer will not be out of place.

"Countless college students know him as 'professor', because of his years of service on the faculties of the University of California and the University of

Chicago. Western police officers, however, still refer to him as 'The Chief' because of his 27-year term as chief of police at Berkeley, California, plus the fact that he was called upon to organize the police departments of San Diego and Los Angeles, and has served as police consultant for Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis and Havana, Cuba. He has long been recognized as the 'dean' of the Chiefs of Police in this country. No other Chief of Police, let it be emphasized, ever approached his work with greater curiosity about the problems involved and the proper answers to such problems; with greater eagerness for the discovery of the most effective procedures, methods and techniques for the development of his department and its work; with keener interest for the individual members of his force and their own personal advancement; or with a broader appreciation for law enforcement as the basic device for social discipline. It is not surprising that many of the foremost men in this field, from one side of the country to the other, are protégés of this great leader."

August Vollmer's name on any text

insures its significance; however, in *The Criminal* he has surpassed even himself, as his readers will agree. In fact, it is safe to say that no other book as yet published can approximate what this text accomplishes, because it explains in lucid language exactly *why criminals commit crimes!*

The precise reasons for law breaking were a controversial issue with the beginning of recorded history, and since then there has been written on the subject a vast deal of discussion that seldom has risen above the level of conjecture. Despite the high attainments of psychology, psychiatry and kindred sciences, this circumstance is understandable. The human animal is "fearfully and wonderfully made", and any comprehensive explanation of his behavior-causes demands exceptional knowledge and ability in a wide variety of specialized fields—in short, qualifications seldom centralized in any one individual. All too often, those who engage in a professional or technical enterprise, become so engrossed with that which lies within their own intimate domain that they are oblivious to all else apart from their acknowledged vocation. Unfortunately, this has been especially true of many law-enforcement administrators and penologists who still contend, in contradiction of reason, that all social ills stem from single origins, and are easily curable by simple remedies.

The fact that basic crime causes have hitherto defied definitive efforts is well attested by the total absence of effective cures for crime, which should have resulted from any accurate diagnosis. Furthermore, although crime conditions in America are becoming increasingly acute, the lay public remains indifferent, unless some special infraction happens to strike too close to home. This, however, does not justify excessive criticism against the lay individual who, with no specialized training in criminology, could hardly be expected to provide a ready solution for problems that defy the elite.

Meanwhile, crime is an epidemic malady, serious and deep-seated, and no mild medicine will cure it. The National Uniform Crime Reports are both informative and authentic, and in such a recent survey conducted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it was shown that major felonies now occur in the United States at the rate of one every 20 seconds, and that somewhere in America some person is the victim of criminal homicide, rape, or assault to murder, every 5 7/10 minutes of the day and night, which means that by this time tomorrow 253 persons will have been the victims of these crimes. It also means that well over seven million persons in America, now alive and unsuspecting, are doomed by criminal violence; and, more important, any one of us may be a member of the grim fraternity. Plainly, crime in America has reached an all-time high, and its relentless tide is still rising.

Even in the face of this serious dilemma, little far-reaching success in crime control could be expected in the absence of at least one vital necessity; namely, some effective "yardstick" with which to measure and classify human behavior and its causes. Such a utility now exists in August Vollmer's book, *The Criminal*. In the preface, Mr. Vollmer writes: "There is no single cause for crime; the reasons for delinquency are complex; punishment is not the solution; there is no simple remedy; treatment must be based upon study of the individual offender. . . ." This latter conclusion is a fact usually overlooked. The common attitude is to regard all crimes and criminals as stereotyped, which is one of our greatest mistakes. Despite the arbitrary segregation of criminals and their offences, each law-breaker represents an unique case, and should be treated accordingly.

August Vollmer makes it clear that one of the basic factors affecting all crime determinants is that of intricate variability. Consideration of biological processes and their results, reveals the

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stupendous reality that no two creatures, spawned, hatched or born, ever were, ever are or ever will be precisely alike. No fact known to modern science is more amazing, and it may be that this heritage of singularity is the most significant law of life. It is true that there are generic and fraternal resemblances in class characteristics which make certain things seem similar under superficial inspection; nevertheless, closer study will reveal each unit's individuality. Furthermore, this variety can also be demonstrated by simple logic. It is well known that all tangible things are composed of particles of elemental matter, interrelated and interdependent, which are never static, but are in constant motion, changing and ever changing continuously in time and space, as well as within themselves. Any natural phenomenon, therefore, occurring at any specific time and place must necessarily be unique, since it occurs under unique circumstances. In

other words, the physical and temporal principles which resulted in the creation and development of any person's body and mind could never find an exact counterpart in the past, present or future.

Everything is in a state of perennial impermanence. Since I started typing this short article, the earth has moved a great distance in space; there have been many atmospheric and other changes in my surroundings, to say nothing of innumerable changes within my own body; and never at any future instant will all the elements be exactly as they were when I sat down at my typewriter. All nature is affected by this immortal cosmic mutation, since life is a process of eternal change, and all existing things are the result of combinations of circumstances which have no duplication in time or space.

As the highest known form of organic structure, man is also the most complex; he is an assemblage of infinitely various

National Health Week

February 4-10

Here are some health hints from the

HEALTH LEAGUE OF CANADA

which annually sponsors the Health Week observance in the health interest of all Canadians—

- Eat right for health—follow a balanced diet!
- Be sure the milk you use is pasteurized!
- Avoid dirt—practice cleanliness!
- Avoid contact with persons known to be suffering from communicable diseases—including colds!
- Relax before and after eating!
- Avoid constipation—if it is necessary to use laxatives, consult your physician!
- Avoid obesity—the state of being overweight!
- If dieting is necessary, diet only under the instruction of your physician!
- Avoid undue fatigue—get enough rest!
- Be sure you and your children have been immunized against such communicable—but preventable diseases as diphtheria, whooping cough and smallpox!
- See your physician regularly for complete check-ups, and visit your dentist regularly!
- Remember — “The First Wealth is Health.”


components, many of which are in the abstract realm of intangibles, and all of which are constantly altering. When this truth is considered, it is easy to understand the reasons for man's variability in his behavior, as a natural reflection of the ever-changing conditions within and about him. Hence, any attempt to diagnose correctly and repair any defective mental mechanism presents singular problems. For example, let us imagine some person who has never seen or heard of an automobile. Now assume that this person is confronted with the task of repairing a late-model car that, for unknown reasons, has broken down on the highway. Obviously, the uninformed person would be at a loss how to proceed. Under the circumstances, his probable course would be to push the unfamiliar machine off the road, and continue on his way with horse and buggy. Incidentally, this is precisely what is being done with most of our defective human machines at this time; they are pushed off the road and into an institution, while we continue on our way with the old horse-and-buggy methods which should have been replaced long ago.

It is indeed fortunate that the ranks of mankind have included occasional members of exceptional ability and imagination. Were it not for them we would still be living in savagery. Such persons invade the unknown, intrepidly; they blaze new and better trails for their less-resolute fellows. Should one of these pioneers discover some strange conveyance in his path, he would not be content until he had mastered all its secrets. He would make himself familiar with its every mechanical feature and functional process. Only then would he be prepared to remedy any present damage or disorder. Also, he would be able to forecast the machine's future possibilities, limitations and probable derangements. But such knowledge, as he would well realize, could not be easily acquired. It would demand intensive study of the

machine's every part and performance—the materials of its composition; its engineering and structural details; its metallic stresses; its potentials in momentum and inertia; and all other data relating directly and indirectly to the vehicle and its uses.

This holds true of the analysis of human beings and their acts, both good and bad. As analysts of mental dynamics, we face the same problem as the uninformed person who attempts to repair an automobile. We too are confronted with something which we do not understand—the mystery of mind and body—and our difficulties are the more perplexing for the fact that in exploring the human mind we are dealing, to a great extent, not with the objective realm, but with the subjective. Nevertheless, it still is possible to master the mechanics of the mind as it is to learn automotive engineering; providing, of course, that we have an adequate source of information. August Vollmer's book furnishes just that, with precise clarity. It provides a comprehensive exposition of man's "working parts" and their functions—both mental and physical—through a clear and intimate discussion of the human animal's biological, physiological, psychological, socio-psychological, and pathological aspects. In effect, it is a student's manual of instruction for those who wish to study mental principles and processes.

The book is the answer to a long-felt want—a revelatory guide in the field of social reform. Having assimilated all



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of its included material, the investigator will find that this new knowledge may be applied to the solution of hitherto insoluble problems, with the exactitude of a slide rule. As stated at the outset, it is probable that no other text dealing with the subject of social regulation has ever contributed so generously to the welfare of society as does *The Criminal*, by August Vollmer; and it is certain that this work is destined to endure in the future of police service as a final authority. ● ● ●

It Actually Happened!

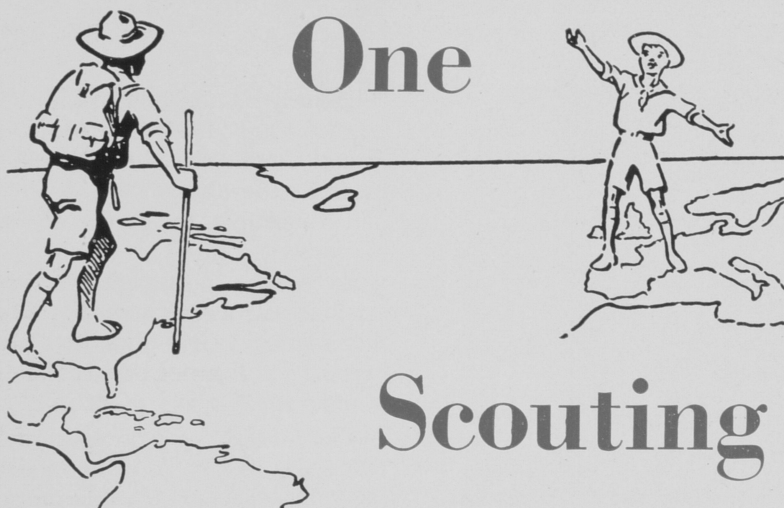
During annual revolver practice in a division where the range is located about 50 feet from a river, one of the men was instructed by an NCO—in the presence of the officer in charge—to get a pail of water with which to mix paste. Imagine the surprise when the constable asked, "Where will I get the water, sergeant?"



Photo—Nott and Merrill, Toronto.

FIELD MARSHAL AUCHINLECK AND BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS

Last summer Garfield Weston—whose philanthropic enterprises are as well-known as the products which bear his name—sponsored the visit of 50 British schoolboys to Canada. They were accompanied by the famous soldier who is shown with them above as they visited the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Like most tourists they wanted a picture taken with a member of the Force who in this case was one of the two mounted constables who patrolled the “Hill” last summer.



By

MAJ.-GEN. D. C. SPRY, CBE, DSO

*Chief Executive Commissioner
of Canada's Boy Scouts*

THE Boy Scout Movement is well known for its valuable training in citizenship. However, it is not so well known for its contribution to international understanding. With the fluctuating degrees of success being attained by various international endeavors, it is of interest to note that the Scout Movement has gained success by the acceptance of a common Promise and Law, the development of a common code of conduct and training and the encouragement of the belief amongst its members that there is more than five per cent of good in everyone, regardless of race, creed or color.

This Movement, without original intent, has grown from an idea in a man's mind to a brotherhood of almost five million members and what has been roughly estimated as some 25 million ex-members. By its 42 years of steady growth alone, it is entitled to some careful consideration, but more importantly its contribution has been in the field of international friendship, for today Scouting is practised in some 70 independent countries.

After a recent inspection trip through Western Canada, General Spry reported that in Saskatchewan alone more than 50 members of the RCMP were active in the Scout Movement as leaders and instructors. Because of this interest within the Force in the Scout Movement, the *Quarterly* is glad to present this article by the brilliant soldier who relinquished a military career to lead Canada's Scouts.

By its quadrennial Jamborees and Rover Moots, the Scout Movement has demonstrated to the world that it is possible to mix thousands of boys of varied backgrounds without disharmony. At the first post-war Jamboree of Peace held at Moisson, France, in 1947 and the world Rover Moot in Norway, 1949, this was again so ably demonstrated. What an example to the weary wrangling adult world!

The problems of space and language were overcome when the First Canadian Jamboree was held at Connaught Camp, near Ottawa, in 1949. At that time some 2,700 Scouts from Canada's ten provinces camped and played together in harmony.



Nor will there be any incidents nor disharmony when Rover Scouts, from 16 years upward, meet at Blue Springs Scout Reserve, near Acton, Ont., next August for the First Canadian Rover Moot. Interest is keen and active planning is under way to send a Troop of 32 Scouts and three leaders from Canada to the Seventh World Jamboree in Austria this summer.

Canada was represented at the National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America at Valley Forge, Penn., last July, by 239 smartly-uniformed boys and leaders who gained a broadened outlook on life from their experiences with 47,000 other Scouts, including representatives from a score of other countries.

It is not by periodical international gatherings alone that the Scout Movement makes its contribution to international understanding, but in addition there is a constant exchange of letters, books, clothing, films and photos. There are continual visits of groups of Scouts from one country to another. These shared activities are a constant reminder to the boys that world brotherhood is not just a woolly idea but something very practical and real and acceptable. One only needs to ask any boy who has been to an international jamboree what he thinks on this matter to be fully reassured and strengthened in one's convictions.

Scouting is non-political in the narrow sense of the word. Therefore, it is not directly concerned with the development of the idea of world government, or for example, the future of the United Nations. Scouting is more concerned with the future of men, with the development of an increased resiliency of man's imagination, and the growth of a general intelligence suitable to life in an atomic age.

The underlying principles of Scouting form a basis for training in democratic life. The acceptance of more or less common standards of right and wrong, the sharing of experience and activity, the knowledge of the moral interdependence of men, are all evidence of this. The system of training provides the opportunity for expression of youth's desire for social, intellectual and moral growth.

The spirit of international brotherhood in no way prevents its members from performing their duties to their countries. By the very Promise which every member must accept, by his own free will, the Movement encourages its members to develop concentric loyalties—loyalties to home, church, community, nation and the brotherhood of man. This was demonstrated by more than 100,000 ex-Scouts who served in the Canadian Forces; the thousands of French Scouts who performed deeds of valor in the armed forces as well as other ways; the Dutch boys who played an important part in the maintenance of national life during the Occupation. Surely this idea of concentric loyalties is the seed from which can grow, if not one world, at least one democratic world.

The Scout Movement has grown to such an extent that there is now an International Committee which controls the recognition of the various national Scout authorities. It is interesting to note that its members do not represent their own countries on this Committee. They represent Scouting at large and are

charged with the general co-ordination of Scout international affairs. The secretariat of this Committee—known as the International Bureau—acts as the clearing house for all international Scout information.

A Canadian became associated with the International Committee for the first time in 1947 when Mr. Jackson Dodds, now Deputy Chief Scout for Canada became a member. Mr. Dodds is now an ex-officio member, serving on the Finance Committee. In 1949 I was elected to serve on this Committee. Last September it was my privilege to attend a meeting of the International Committee in Lisbon.

This international organization within the Scout Movement in no way impinges upon the internal freedom of action of the member nations, except to the extent that membership in the world authority is open only to those Scout Associations which are prepared to accept the Scout Promise and Law, which consist basically of the acceptance of duty to God and one's fellow men. This accounts for the absence of some nations from the world organization. It will be seen, therefore, that participation in international Scouting not only provides advantages, but implies a responsibility to retain the unity of interest common to all its members. Such a principle is fundamental to democracy.

It has often been said by others that if we are to learn to live politically as one world, the peoples of this globe must find common ground upon which to meet. Such a dream may be far from realization, but there are many who believe that is the direction in which the peoples of the world are moving. The great question in our minds must be—Will we have the intellectual fortitude to carry on this development sensibly, and certainly with difficulty, or will there be one world by force of arms?

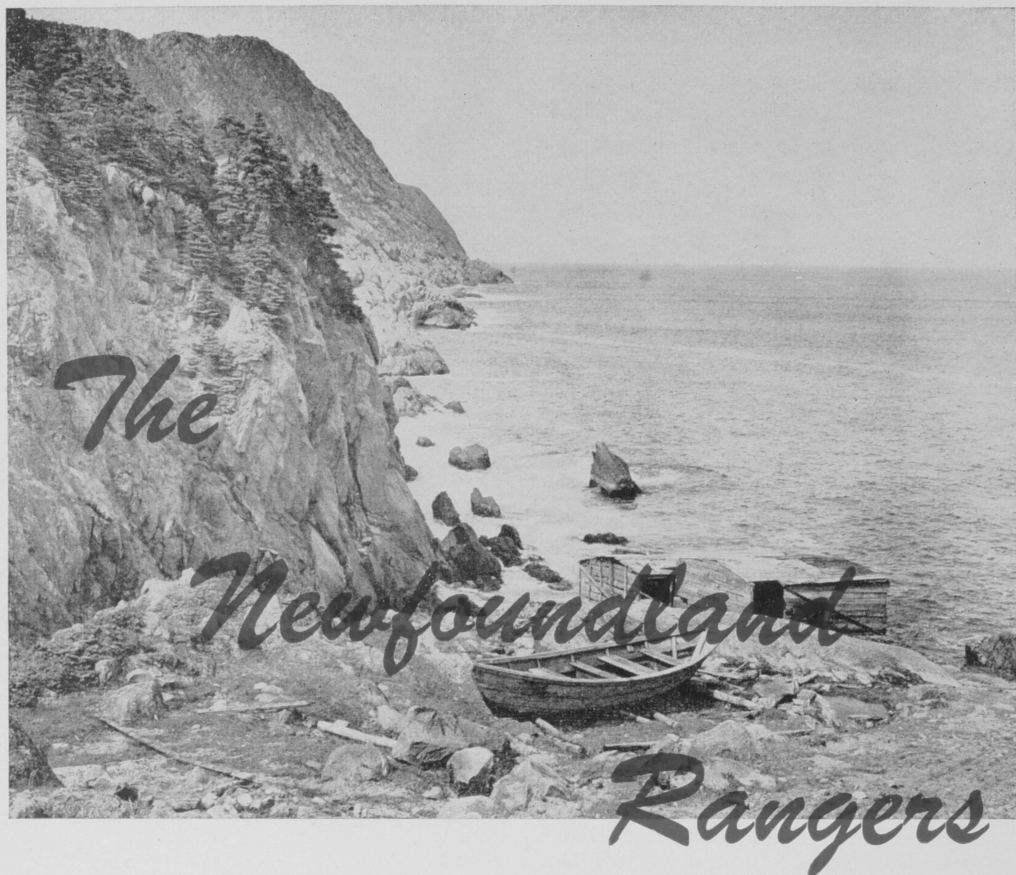
If there is to be one world by conquest, Scouts and ex-Scouts of all member nations will make their contribution



General Spry

to their own countries as their conscience and training have indicated to them in previous wars. On the other hand, if the peoples of the world endeavor to reach this goal by less offensive methods the problem of mental preparation must be solved.

There will not and cannot be one world in the mind of man unless there are sufficient people who believe that this conception is possible and desirable. The Boy Scout Movement believes that this condition is ultimately attainable, and it is, therefore, striving to develop amongst the men of tomorrow the belief that a world citizenry is possible where there is a tangible community of interest and a genuine desire. If there were as much competence, research and education applied to this integration of men's minds as is applied to the disintegration of atoms, we should perhaps not be laboring under the fear of a future subterranean social existence, if indeed there is to be any existence at all. The Scout Movement is helping to train the citizens of tomorrow to take their places intelligently in the constituencies of what may or may not be a rather insane world. This contribution to mankind and the future is not inconsiderable. ●●●



By Sub-Inspr. I. S. Glendinning

On Aug. 1, 1950 the Newfoundland Rangers were amalgamated with the RCMP. In this timely article a former Ranger officer tells something of the 15-year history of that force.

IN 1933 a Royal Commission was appointed by the Imperial Government to inquire into financial and other conditions in Newfoundland. Among the recommendations made by this Commission was one stressing the need for "the better enforcement of the laws and regulations protecting the natural resources of the island and also for the purpose of supervising and assisting in many other Government services, particularly in the rural areas and in that

part of Labrador controlled by Newfoundland". It was recommended that this Force be modelled along the lines of the RCMP.

In implementing the Commission's recommendations the Commission of Government—set up within the island in 1934—formed the Newfoundland Ranger Force under the control of the first Commissioner for Natural Resources, Sir John Hope-Simpson.

The original force of only 30 men

and two officers under the command of Maj. L. T. Stick—an ex-army officer of World War I, now representing the Newfoundland Federal riding of Trinity-Conception at Ottawa, who was assisted by Lieut. R. D. Fraser, another former army officer with the rank of inspector—was organized in July 1935. The training—at Whitbourne—was under the capable direction of Sgt. Major F. Anderton of the RCMP, who had been loaned to the Commission Government by the Canadian Government at Ottawa especially for this work. Instruction was given in foot drill (cavalry formation, now replaced by three ranks infantry drill) and the use of side-arms; regular lectures and study periods on police duties were based on the RCMP Manual; game supervision, relief distribution, Customs procedure and recording vital statistics were also part of the syllabus. Several other responsibilities were assigned to the force in following years by various departments of government, not the least of these being the Inspection of Weights and Measures. During World War II many emergency duties were assigned to the force adding greatly to the variety of the work being done. The usual police duties of escorting prisoners and mental patients were also performed.

The uniform chosen for the new force was a complete change from the familiar all black tunic and trousers of the Newfoundland Constabulary. In style it was similar to that of the RCMP, but the service dress was khaki tunic, khaki whipcord breeches with brown stripe, brown Sam Browne belt and side-arms (.38 Colt), brown field boots of the same pattern as those used by the RCMP and khaki cap. The dress uniform was of blue serge, long trousers with a narrow red stripe down the side and red piping around the edge of the blue cap.

By the end of September, with only three months of intensive training completed, the time had come to open the Labrador detachments before the close

of navigation in that region. This necessitated the purchase and dispatch of not only rations for the posts but the materials with which to build the posts themselves. Because of the late date when the men arrived on the coast great difficulties—and no small measure of hardship—were experienced in establishing these detachments in what we call early winter weather. However five of the six to be constructed were completed and occupied before the middle of November. The post at Hebron was not built until the following summer. The territory then covered in Labrador extended from Cape Chidley, near Port Burwell in the north, to Point Charles near Blanc Sablon in the western end of the Straits of Belle Isle. A border post was opened in December 1935 at Forteau, 12 miles east of Blanc Sablon and others were also opened in the northern sections of Newfoundland at this time. Eventually the Labrador "A" Division included a post at Goose Airport as well as eight other detachments.

The following year—1936—the authorized strength of the Ranger Force was raised to 50 and 20 recruits went into training at Whitbourne. By autumn it had been decided to take over more territory in Newfoundland and posts were opened along the west and south coasts of the island as well as on the railway line in the interior. However, the larger towns of Corner Brook, Grand Falls, Botwood and Buchans remained under the Newfoundland Constabulary.

The same year saw a change in command of the force. Major Stick resigned and Sergeant Major Anderton retired on pension from the RCMP and accepted the appointment of Chief Ranger. More detachments were opened along the coasts and the force now consisted of two officers, 50 NCOs and men who covered five sub-divisions of Headquarters.

Meanwhile the new force was rapidly building a good reputation for itself. In



Representatives of two Forces—the RCMP and the Newfoundland Rangers—in front of Rangers' Headquarters, St. John's.

many of the localities the Ranger was the sole representative of the Government with whom the people had contact and in a number of cases, where no law-enforcement officers had been posted to an area previously, he was the first Government official who had ever come to stay for any length of time. Many and varied were the requests made of him and if some of them were to be satisfied the Ranger would require the powers far beyond those officially delegated to the force, or to many higher officials either!

Most of the detachments were located in isolated districts particularly those in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. The island being inhabited chiefly around the coast line, presented problems in transportation; methods of travel—because of lack of roads—are varied.

In Labrador travel for the force was of course confined to two means—in winter, by dog team and snow-shoe; in summer, by motor boat. On the island itself every conceivable means of transportation is used, depending upon the locality and the extent of usable roads. Small motor boats, motor cycles, and in two posts, cars, were supplied by the force. Other means of transportation had to be hired.

The force continued to grow slowly and in 1939 Major Anderton, Chief Ranger, resigned and returned to Canada. He was replaced for a short period by S/Sgt. E. W. Greenley of the RCMP. Following Mr. Greenley's resignation, Insp. R. D. Fraser was appointed Chief Ranger and for the first time an officer (inspector) was appointed from the ranks in the person of S/Sgt. E. L. Martin¹. Inspector Martin received his commission from the Governor of Newfoundland and with it went the rank of lieutenant upon appointment; later this was raised to the rank of captain for senior inspector.

At this point the force was policing all of Newfoundland Labrador covering 112,000 square miles and approximately four-fifths of the island itself. Areas still policed by the Newfoundland Constabulary were the Avalon Peninsula and all of Trinity Bay, most of Bonavista Bay, the inland towns of Corner Brook, Grand Falls, Buchans, Botwood and Bishop's Falls.

Then came World War II with its many demands upon organized Government. There was a host of new tasks for the force. Because of the many duties already performed which brought the Rangers into close touch with a large portion of the island's population, they were called upon to carry out or supervise numerous emergency activities throughout the war years. Some of these were assisting magistrates in recruiting for the Armed Services, conducting National Registration and registration

¹Later Chief Ranger, and now an officer in the RCMP stationed at "H" Division.



MACDONALD'S "EXPORT"

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

for food rationing, aircraft detection corps work including an intensive watch for submarines in the coastal areas. There were numerous vivid experiences long to be remembered by a number of men whose fate it was to become involved in several rescue operations following marine tragedies around the coast.

Difficulties in maintaining the force at strength arose during this period through men wishing to enlist and few of the desired type were available for replacements. The position of the force might have been seriously endangered but for the fact that with the approval of the Dominion's Office, the Government passed an order in Commission debarring members of the force from resigning to join the Armed Forces. The men were taxed to the limits of their ingenuity in their efforts to carry on with inadequate personnel and equipment to cope with the influx to the island of Canadian and

American Army, Air Force and Naval Forces.

In July 1942, Sgt. W. G. Rockwood was loaned to the department of Natural Resources to act as Government Agent for the Northern Labrador Administration which was set up to administer the affairs of the Eskimos and Indians in Northern Labrador. Rockwood was given the rank of acting inspector during his three years at this work.

In December 1941, Sgt. H. Walters was seconded to the Game Division of the Department of Natural Resources to make a survey of game conditions throughout the island. In 1943 Walters was promoted to inspector in the force while still engaged in this work. He continued in this position until April 1946, when he resigned his commission to become Chief Game Warden.

In 1942 two members of the Ranger Force, S/Sgt. E. L. Martin and Cpl. E.



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Peckford attended the advanced Training School of the RCMP held that year at Rockcliffe, Ont., and obtained creditable standings in their final examinations. As a result of these two members having acquired special training, a Refresher Course was organized following their return to Newfoundland. In February-March 1943, 12 senior NCOs and Rangers received six weeks intensive instruction in the more modern and scientific methods of crime detection.

Between the autumn of 1941 and the summer of 1942 the Headquarters office, barracks and Q.M. stores of the force were all moved from Whitbourne to St. John's, the capital, where closer contact with Government offices was possible.

In January 1944, Maj. R. D. Fraser resigned and the Governor in Commission, with the approval of the Dominion's Office appointed Insp. E. L. Martin acting chief of the force (the first "up from the ranks" chief), and the writer—

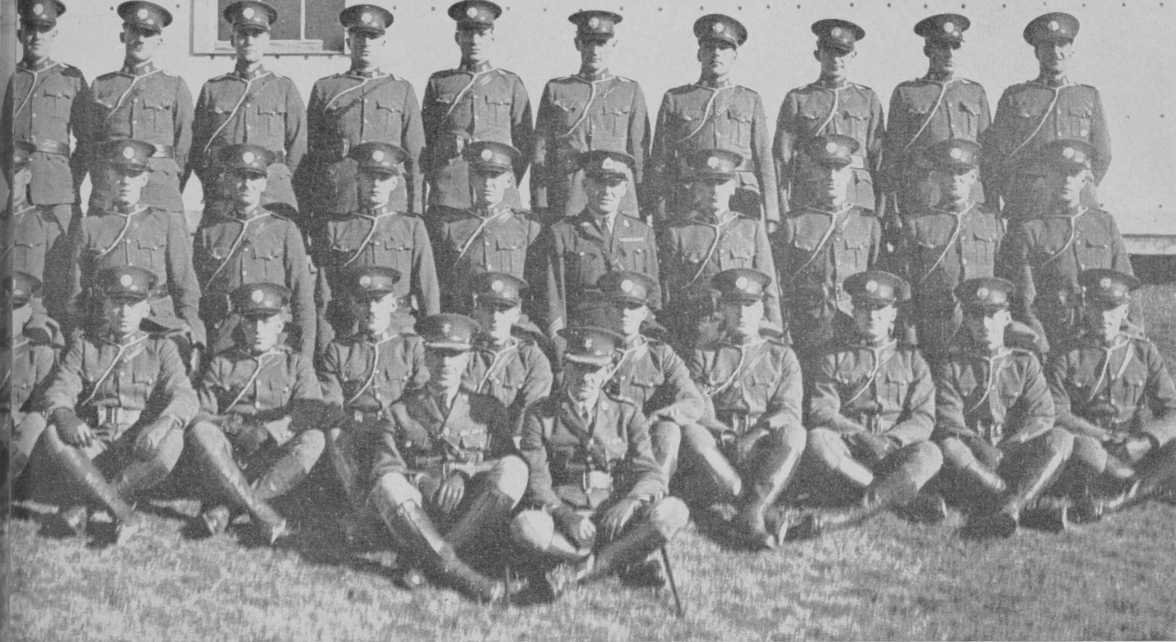
then a divisional sergeant in the field—was given the commission of inspector. The following year these ranks were confirmed.

Having profited greatly by sending men to the RCMP Training School at Rockcliffe in 1942, two more members, Sgts. N. Forward and W. Smith—both in charge of detachments—were selected in 1945 and went to Regina. They too obtained favorable reports on their work.

By this time the Force had increased to a full strength of 77 men and two officers. Forty-four detachments were then operating, including nine in Labrador. A small force indeed, but with a big job in hand. Following the cessation of hostilities in 1945 the position with regard to replacements eased somewhat but young men were restless and the effects of war were slow to disappear. Not many were anxious to take a position which required that they continue to wear uniform.

Scarcely had the force begun to recover from the turmoil of post-war conditions when a new issue arose in the island—the end of Commission Government—and the discussions on the form which our future Government would take, raged from 1946 to 1948. Then, as a result of the decision of the electorate at the polls to become the tenth Province of the Dominion of Canada, the force found itself the subject of negotiations, the outcome of which saw its members—including only seven of the original 30 of 1935—become members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on Aug. 1, 1950.

Although the force was small and functioned for only 15 years, two of its members brought notable honors to the ranks. In 1943 Cpl. John J. Hogan was awarded the King's Police and Fire Services Medal for Gallantry and in 1948 Ranger Bruce Gillingham also earned the same award for "exceptional courage shown by him in disarming and appre-



FIRST CONTINGENT, NEWFOUNDLAND RANGER FORCE, SEPTEMBER 1935

Top row, left to right—L. O'Reilly, J. Brown, *A. LeGrow*, J. Delahunty, C. Robertson, L. Chaffey, H. Walters, B. White, H. Guzzwell, G. Noseworthy.

Centre row, left to right—V. Duff, D. Corcoran, V. Nugent, H. Manstan, M. Christian, Sgt. Major F. Anderton (RCMP), *E. L. Martin*, *F. Mercer*, A. Morgan, J. Michols.

Front row, left to right—V. Curnew, *G. FitzPatrick*, E. English, *C. Dwyer*, *E. Delaney*, J. Thomas, C. Summers, R. Peet, *I. Glendinning*, F. Beauchamp.
Maj. L. T. Stick, Chief Ranger R. D. Fraser, Inspector

NOTE: Names in italics are those members of the Rangers presently serving with the RCMP.

hending at the immediate risk of his own life" a murderer who was on a rampage. Corporal Hogan's award followed a forced parachute landing from an aircraft while flying over the great northern peninsula of the island in May 1943. Three men bailed out of the plane. Hogan landed safely and the next day he tracked down and located RCAF Corporal Butt who had jumped with him. Butt's feet were badly frozen and in a short time further travel was impossible. Hogan was aware of his position and could possibly have reached

safety himself but he refused to leave his companion who could not walk. After 51 days of living on roots, leaves, tree bark and water, Hogan and his companion were located by a survey party working in the area.

In 15 years the Rangers went a long way towards bringing law enforcement to remote and lonely reaches of Newfoundland and Labrador. The experience gained in that time should be of immense value to the federal Force now faced with the task of policing all of Canada's newest province.



Two young constables had been following leads for several weeks in connection with smuggled American refrigerators. Finally their information led them to a private home. Both constables were dressed in civilian clothes, one wearing sun glasses. A young lady answered the door and one of the men showed his Warrant and politely explained they were from the RCMP. Imagine their surprise and astonishment when the lady replied with a very sympathetic look: "I'm very sorry but my husband has just started to work again and I can't give you anything today."

One Man to Another

by Cpl. L. W. HOPKINS

In which a dentist, his tools and
his skill create a milestone in
the life of a doughty corporal.

Headquarters.
1-10-50.

Dear Robbie:—

At long last here is the reply to your last letter. And since I pride myself in being prompt, most of it will be devoted to my reason for not writing sooner.

You, of course know I'm a bulky sort of customer, hoary handed, heavily thewed and inclined to be barrel chested; though in the last respect, gravity has done its work, and the chest has changed altitude somewhat. Can you therefore visualize my being trimmed down to sapling size simply because certain germs entered my system a number of years ago and, being nurtured and fed in my body, settled down and began kicking me in the teeth, or at least their roots.

A few months back I felt some discomfort in my molars and went to the division dentist. He looked at them, then at me, and clucked. Calmly he informed me that every blessed one would have to come out. He also said that if I hadn't been rather rugged physically, I would have been all wound up in arthritic knots long ago. He peered into my eyes and seemed disappointed because there were no signs of degeneration there.

I spent a week of torment awaiting my next appointment. If I had been a drinking man, it would have been my chance for a real bust. But no, I didn't

even think of it. I do have a passion for dill pickles though, and realizing that soon they would not be for me, I ate pickles until I looked like a cucumber. But of course that is beside the subject.

What an experience at the end of that fleet week! I'm scared as a jack rabbit of doctors, and when they sharpen up their tools to work on me, I just wilt. In no time I become a sodden heap of perspiration and jerking nerves.

I shall never forget the day I had the first extractions. The doc—essentially a kind fellow, but like most doctors who seem inclined to be in their glory when blood flows freely—had all the horrid tools of torture polished up and arranged neatly on a white towel. First I saw a hypo syringe—to my mind the most soul-withering device a man can ever gaze upon. An evil thing, it looked at least two feet long with the needle comprising over half. Nestling alongside was a fearful array of forceps whose designers must have learnt their trade in the Spanish Inquisition. Cuddling them were wads and wads of absorbent, into which I was to do my bleeding.

That man grinned and casually asked if I was all set. I swear, Robbie, my voice was so small, I am not sure if I managed to say anything or not. At any rate he told me to clap my eyes shut and hold on for the first injection. He said it was the



“ . . . a hypo syringe . . . at least two feet long. . . . ”

worst, and termed it a nerve block. He lifted that glittering instrument, drove the needle into the part where my jaws meet and stopped only when there wasn't any more needle to shove. Then my mouth started to act as if I had swallowed a quick spoonful of rhubarb. And yet again, this busy man, after possibly five seconds wait, riddled me with helter skelter puncturings, until I couldn't have held even alcohol.

By this time I was sunken and dejected beyond measure. My head, instead of being in the headrest, was down where my pistol pocket should have been, on the seat of the chair. Ah but then came the clang of the forceps. And the ugly grip he took on them before fastening to me like a relentless blood letter, was positively malevolent. From then until three huge teeth lay upon the shelf I am not too clear about what took place,

apart from a dreadful pulling and shaking of my head, punctuated by heavy breathing from both patient and executioner. So fell away three of the best teeth a fellow ever had.

Three more times the doc practically reduced me to ashes, as he hauled three more per time, and 12 teeth went down the drain. But I had 16 left. I don't know whether he was enjoying himself or not, but he informed me that the last sitting, when he would take out the rest, was to be a real picnic.

Of course the boys at the office didn't do anything to help me over the worry. Time went by and again I found myself in the chair, wishing I could faint, or turn my mind to some other subject. What mind I have brooded on my helpless lot, and there came that thing with the needle again. At least 20 times he punctured me, and at every jab someone groaned. I am sure it wasn't the dentist.

Quickly the drug got me, and before I could say: "What ho," he was tearing them out, practically throwing them over his shoulder. The whole operation lasted less than ten minutes, but each was a year of anguish. Yet in all fairness to him I must say that at no time, apart from the needle, did I feel the pain I might have, had he not been an expert. Really, he is a marvel. If he had actually hurt me, I think I was so wound up I would have leaped out the window and written *finis*. I also believe I was a little angry at not suffering more.

The blood should have flowed in gallons, but didn't. I tried again to faint, but couldn't, and in five minutes was able to inform the doctor, who must be used to toothless conversation, that I was contemplating the joy of being a happy man once more.

He said: "Say, lets you and I have a cigarette."

Never in my life could anything have sounded or tasted as sweet. When I lit that lovely cylinder I inhaled the whole blessed thing in one draw, and he gave me another.

Now, he had had a hard time too and looked considerably drawn, to say the least. We just sat there, the two of us, me bleeding and both of us smoking, until a goodish rest was had. Strange to say my veins seemed happily filled with the good old red corpuscles. I gained strength, rather than lost it.

Then the dentist, whom I now felt safe to regard as the very best of chaps, took the largest set of false uppers and lowers from their gauze swaddling clothes and without warning jammed them into my toothless mouth, with the narcotic still potent there. It felt like a team of Missouri mules driving through a one-mule barn door.

"Hopkins," said he, "come back and see me in four months, or when they start to fall down."

By suppertime I was home, mauling victuals.

So ended a period which added to the milestones of my life. I thought I better tell you about it so you will know why I haven't written before this. Being slightly slow to see the humorous side of an altogether harrowing experience, I have taken all this time to recover.

What a man won't endure for the sake of putting on a false appearance!

As always,

Your friend,

Hoppy.

P.S. Even that super critic, my wife, informs me that the new mouthful of teeth has changed my looks for the better, although, in her prior opinion, she had given me up as a complete loss.

L.H.

● ● ●

The Origin of Some Markings on Fired Bullets

by Cpl. E. CROSS

An expert at the RCMP Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina, explains the differences in the various markings that appear on fired bullets.

THE science of firearms identification has recourse to many natural and physical laws. The cause and effect relationships of these laws may be manifest in marking a tangible object. When this occurs, the operation furnishes a means for determining the identity of its product. A microscopical examination and analysis of the effects of the operation by the firearm on its product—fired ammunition—will often confirm or preclude an identification. It is imperative therefore that a thorough understanding and appreciation be had of the origin of all markings and engravings found on fired ammunition. As this discourse deals with one component, the fired bullet, an effort will be made to trace the cause of all the numerous markings and engravings found thereon to their source.

Before chambering a cartridge, inspect the bullet under a microscope. Numerous marks, dents and scratches will be observed on its surface. These impressions will have a random and haphazard placement, resultant from accidental cause in handling, carrying and loading and may appear on any of the exposed portions of the bullet. On metal jacketed bullets,

die markings—caused during the operation of drawing the jacket in manufacture—may be observed. These marks appear as lines running parallel to the longer axis of the bullet on its surface and converging toward the nose. These lines are rather uniform in character and are lacking in intensity of engraving. The majority of die markings, with the exception of those on the ogival surface, will be obliterated during subsequent engraving as the bullet passes through the barrel of the firearm.

Other markings found on the bullet may be caused by either cannelures or stab crimps. Cannelures are usually plain or knurled trenches in a bullet, running circumferentially to the longer axis of the projectile. A cannelure—especially in modern ammunition—may act as a receiver for the crimp of the cartridge, to hold the bullet in place in the cartridge case. Stab crimps are indentations placed in the neck of a cartridge to serve a like purpose and to prevent the separation of the bullet's jacket from the lead alloy core. Reference will be made to cannelures and stab crimps in a later paragraph when dealing with the movement of the bullet. Any of the above

markings will not and cannot have any bearing on identification as they bear no relationship to the firearm. Some may and could be confusing when studied in conjunction with other markings received by the bullet when in contact with the firearm, unless an understanding of their origin be known. (See Fig. 1.)

Insert the cartridge in the chamber of the firearm and close the breech. Under ideal conditions, assuming the cartridge is properly chambered with the allotted head space, the ogive of the bullet will abut or be close to the chamfered ends of the rifling in the lead or forcing cone of the weapon. Pause for a moment to refresh the memory regarding relationship of bullet and bore

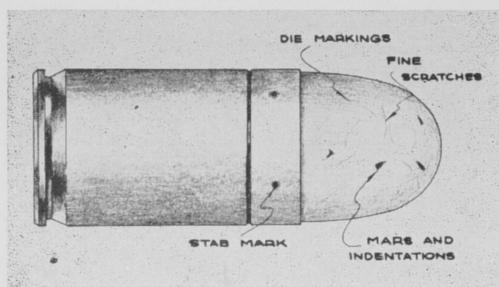


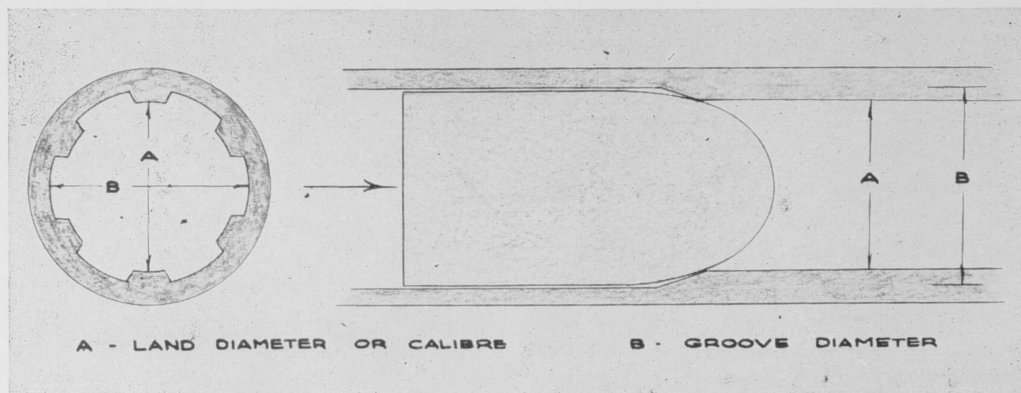
Fig. 1

(calibre) diameters. The diameter of the bullet should be greater than the bore of the firearm in which it is to be fired, yet smaller than the groove diameter of the weapon. (See Fig. 2.) The diameter of the bullet is so designed that when

the bullet moves forward into the rifling, the volume of the bullet displaced by the lands of the arm will be forced into the adjacent grooves, such transition causing the bullet to completely fill the irregular surface of the bore. With lead alloy bullets, this condition is more easily accomplished than with metal jacketed projectiles because the pressure developed behind the bullet, when the cartridge is fired, causes the softer lead alloy to upset or deform and to fill the grooves in the barrel. It should be noted also that lead alloy bullets usually found in revolver ammunition, are made nearer to groove diameter than are jacketed projectiles. The bullet, seated in its deformed position, acts as an obturation—like a piston—to prevent the escape of gases past it. (See Fig. 2.)

Next, discharge the firearm. The firing pin or striker moves forward actuated by a hammer or spring. The striker crushes the primer cap containing a sensitive explosive charge against the anvil within the primer, the friction causing the priming charge to ignite. This hot flash ignites the powder or propellant in the cartridge which burns very rapidly and releases a large volume of hot gases, many times the volume of the cartridge chamber. These expanding gases exert their pressure equally in all directions. The cartridge case expands

Fig. 2



within the limited tolerances of the firearm's chamber. It is forced or set back till it is obstructed by the breech face, a distance equal to approximately the thickness of a sheet of paper. A like force is acting on the base of the bullet, which—as will be seen—remains the only avenue of escape for the gases. When the force, which is increasing as the powder or propellant is consumed, becomes great enough to overcome the force of friction holding the bullet, the projectile is pushed forward. Here then is the initial stage of a bullet's engraving by the firearm, for it is then that the missile comes in contact with the weapon.

The bullet is forced forward, separating it from the cartridge case. As the projectile moves out of the neck of the cartridge case, that area of the bullet which has been encased by the neck of the cartridge will be subjected to the scraping action of the wall of the cartridge neck and the lip where the case was crimped into the cannellure. Dependent on factors in the firearm and in the ammunition, the bullet may or may not take up motion of rotation before the projectile has parted from its component case. Should it leave the case or cartridge in a straight forward motion, all marks on the bullet caused by its contact with the case in separating, will run parallel to the bullet's longer axis. Should the bullet begin to rotate before it has left the case—a condition seldom if ever encountered—scratches engraved by the separating process will run in an angular direction to conform to the amount of rotation. These scratches will be lightly engraved, for the brass—with which the bullet is in contact—is a comparatively soft metal. The majority of these fine engravings will be obliterated by the heavier overengraving caused by the bullet's contact with the steel bore of the firearm. (See Fig. 3.)

Engravings resulting from the effect of stab crimps are easily distinguished. They will extend from the stab impression rearward to the base of the bullet.

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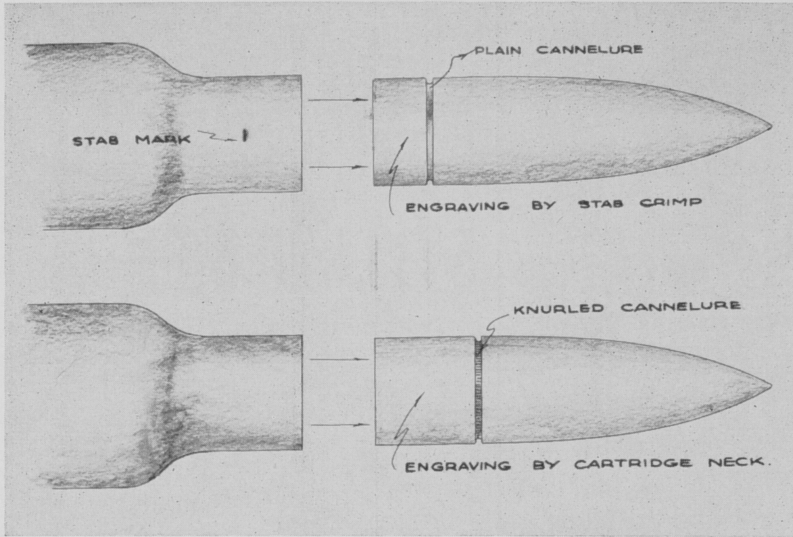


Fig. 4

Fig. 3

Their direction will depend on the motion of the bullet as described in the preceding paragraph. Any engravings resultant from the above causes, will be of no use for identification as they are not associated with the firearm. They therefore must not be confused with elements of identity which result from the bullet's contact with accidental characteristics in the weapon's chamber, leed, lands or grooves. (See Fig. 4.)

It has been stated previously that under ideal conditions, the shoulder of the bullet, when chambered, should abut or be in close proximity to the chamfered ends of the lands in the leed. The word chamfered designates, cut on a bevel, so the lands increase in depth or thickness along an inclined plane or ramp until their uniform thickness is attained, commencing at the bore proper. Any movement of the bullet forward will tend to wedge it in this funnel-shaped leed, where, as the bullet is pushed forward, the lands will plough into or embed themselves in the softer metal of the bullet. The force exerted on the base of the bullet by the gases, will be reacted upon by the driving edges of the lands in accordance with the laws of moments of force, whereupon the bullet will commence to rotate. Assuming the bullet

starts to rotate as soon as it comes in contact with the lands, that area of the bullet's surface which lies in the path of the chamfered land will first be scraped to an ever-increasing depth as the bullet moves forward until the full depth of the land has been reached. Then it will be subjected to the sliding action of the driving edge and bottom of the land. The first major engraving will be caused by the ploughing action of the land; the second, by the sliding action of the bullet over the bottom and driving shoulder of the land. Within the impression ploughed by the land and running parallel to its driven edge, may be found fine striations, the effect of accidental characteristics left on the land of the firearm by the reaming tool during manufacture or accumulated through fortuitous causes.

During manufacture, the breech end of the rifled barrel is chamfered with a reaming tool to form a leed from the chamber to the bore proper, and the opportunity is ever present for accidental characteristics to be imparted to the leed. When a metal jacketed bullet enters this leed and is directed to the bore proper, protuberances and irregularities, accidentally left by the reaming tool, especially at the very entrance to



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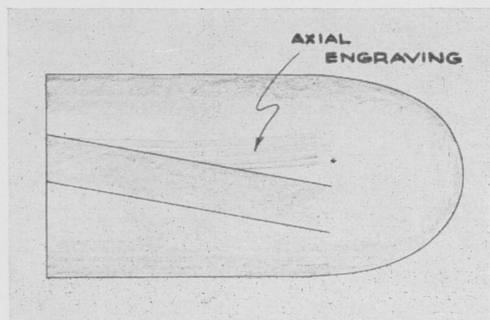


the bore, may make contact with the bearing surface of the bullet. The effect of contact may be noticed on the bullet's surface between the land engravings or more properly within the bullet's groove area, provided the bullet has not bottomed the grooves in which case these engravings would be partially or totally obliterated. This is rarely the case with metal jacketed bullets. When they do make contact with the groove of the firearm, the result is noticed as a small patch of engraving between the land impressions. Engravings created by the accidental characteristics in the lead of the weapon are called axial engravings. The direction of the striations will be dependent on the motion of the bullet. Lead alloy bullets, entering the lead, are subject to the same engravings. But because of several factors—to be explained in later paragraphs—axial engravings on

lead alloy bullets are seldom if ever encountered, due to their being over-engraved and obliterated. (See Fig. 5.)

Consideration has been given to the passage of a bullet from the cartridge case into the bore under more or less ideal conditions. These conditions are the exception rather than the rule, as many factors affect the bullet's entrance into

Fig. 5



the bore of a firearm. The cartridge may be short, the lead long; cartridges in revolvers are positioned in separate chambers, resulting—when the cartridge is fired—in the bullet moving forward some considerable distance before it strikes the lead. In moving this distance it has gained considerable speed and momentum, so much in fact that the driving edges of the lands have difficulty in turning the bullet and the projectile moves forward across the lands. Such a condition will cause that area of the bullet's surface in the path of the land as well as its driving edge, to be scraped. The result will be noticed as lines engraved running parallel to the longer axis of the bullet. This scraping condition will exist as long as the bullet moves with motion of translation without the full rotation provided for by the rifling. Such a condition is referred to as stripping.

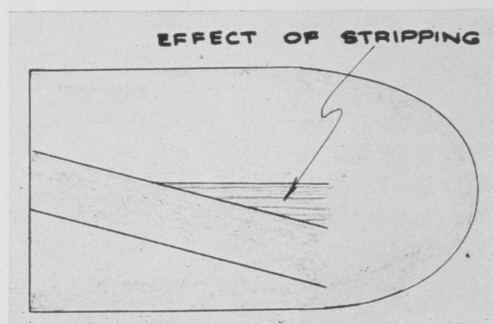
Should a bullet be undersize or should a normal sized bullet be fired in a worn and oversize barrel, the bullet may continue through the bore in a purely translational motion when its entire surface will be stripped. Total or complete stripping is not common however. It is customary, especially with lead alloy bullets and high velocity ammunition, for the projectile to strip a considerable amount before full rotation as provided by the rifling, has taken place. The effect of stripping is recognized on the engraved portion or area of the bullet adjacent to the trailing land's edge, in the form of a wedge or triangle, with the apex towards the base of the bullet. A casual inspection would give the impression that the land was wider at the nose of the bullet than at its base. The striations caused by stripping run parallel to the bullet's longer axis and converge with those resultant from the land engraving, after the bullet has taken up its full motion of rotation. It should be noted that should the base of the projectile enter into the bore proper without

motion of rotation, the apex of the triangular stripped area will extend to the base of the bullet.

Due to the stripping that must necessarily take place under the above conditions, the land has ploughed a furrow wider than itself. Hot gases will now force past the bullet and bore along the trailing edge through this channel. The escaping hot gases will cut deep grooves in the lead alloy bullets. These cuts are easily recognized as they appear as irregular furrows without signs of engraving, resulting from the combined effect of two surfaces in contact under pressure and motion. The escaping gases will not cut the harder jacketed bullets but their effect will be noticed as hard carbonaceous incrustations along the trailing edge. As soon as the bullet takes up full motion of rotation in conjunction with its motion of translation, the scraping action of the driving land will cease and only that area of the bullet coming in contact with the chamfered end of the land will be scraped and later ploughed by the land until the bullet has entered the bore. Then it will be subjected to the abrasive action of the surfaces of the lands and the grooves where the bullet makes contact with the grooves. Lead alloy bullets are more subject to stripping due to their soft composition, though metal jacketed bullets are subject to the action under certain conditions. (Figs. 6 and 7.)

In many of the cheaper revolvers and with ones badly worn, the chamber,

Fig. 6



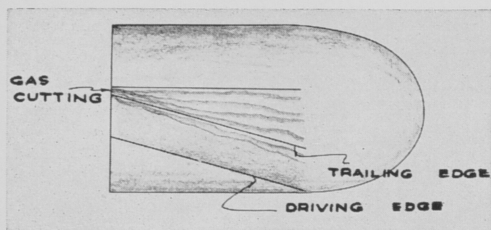


Fig. 7

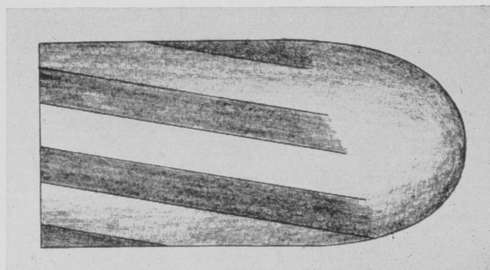


Fig. 9

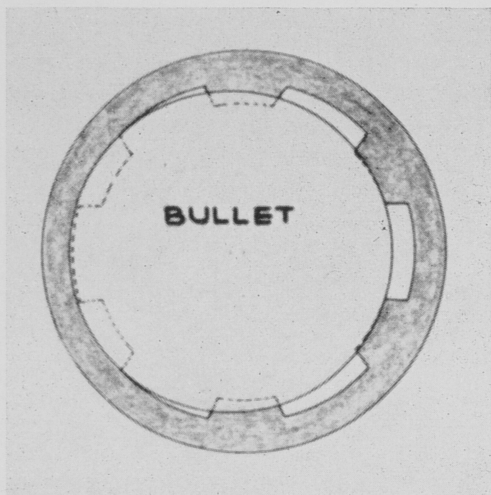


Fig. 8

which is separate from the lead and the barrel, may not line up with the bore. The bullet, on leaving the chamber may be parallel to but not coincident with the lead. As the bullet strikes the lead, the projectile may be slightly off centre, resulting in what is commonly known as "shearing lead from the bullet". This condition of being off centre as it strikes the lead will have a decided effect on the bullet insofar as the resulting marks are concerned. The action may be likened to driving a car into a garage with a narrow opening. Unless the car is centred with the opening, one side or other will be scraped. With a bullet, the lands of the arm on the off side will engage with and embed themselves in the bullet before those on the near side. (See Fig. 8.) This will cause the land impression on the off side of the bullet

to be longer than those on the near side as the lands on the off side engage the bullet lower down on the ogive nearer the nose of the bullet. (See Fig. 9.)

It frequently happens that the bullet strikes the lead with its longer axis at an angle to the axis of the bore. (See Fig. 10.) When this condition occurs, the forward portion of the bullet will be engraved by the lands and possibly the grooves until such time as the bullet travels into the bore to such an extent that any tendency to oblique movement

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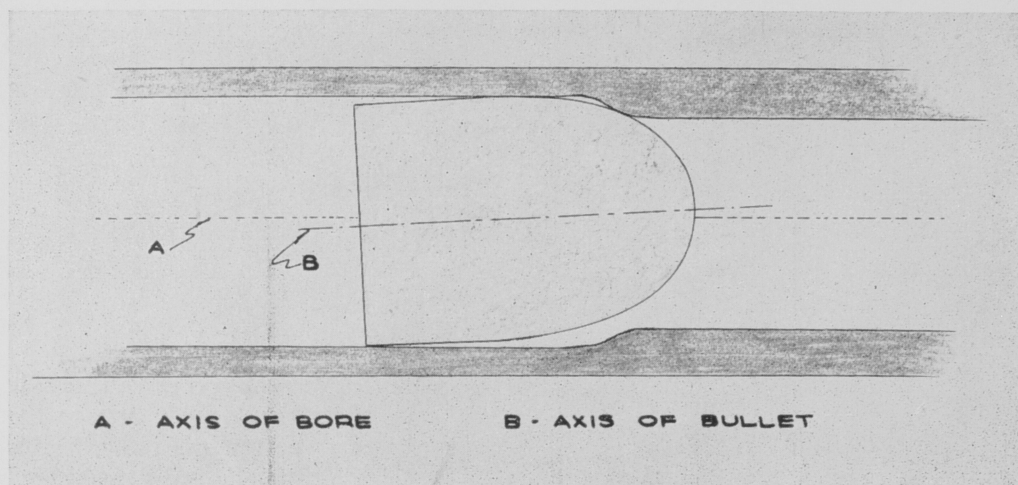


Fig. 10

is checked. It then aligns itself with the axis of the bore. When it is forced to change from the oblique to true nose-on movement, the angle of rifling on the bullet will be changed. A doubling of the land impression or a change in the angle of rifling of the land impression will be noted. (See Fig. 11.)

Consider now the final stage of a bullet's engraving as it continues its course down the bore of the firearm to the muzzle. Moving through the bore with a motion of pure translation, a bullet would receive scratches on its surface parallel to its longer axis; moving with rotation without translation it would receive striations circumferentially to its longer axis. Therefore a bullet moving with translation and rotation would receive scratches, the direction of

which would lie between those parallel to the longer axis and those at right angles to that axis. As the rifling in a firearm is made to a predetermined angle, the angle of the scratches on the bullet could not exceed the angle of twist of the rifling of the arm.

As the factors affecting a bullet's passage through the bore are, for the most part, variable, the angles of striation found on a bullet will be variable, lying between the extremes of parallelism to the bullet's longer axis and that of the angle of rifling. These scratches or striations are the cumulative and resultant effect of the characteristics of the bore. Characteristics may be either class or accidental or a combination of both. Class characteristics are such features as are predetermined by man and bear relationship to size, shape and placement within limited tolerances. The rifling in a firearm would therefore be a class characteristic of the weapon as it would to a degree proclaim the type or class of arm by giving such dimensions as the number of lands and grooves, their width, depth, direction and angle of twist.

During the cutting and machining of the rifling in the bore of a firearm, divers characteristics are accidentally imparted to the rifling by the tool. One of several methods may be employed to cut the rifling in the bore of a firearm. Rifling

Fig. 11

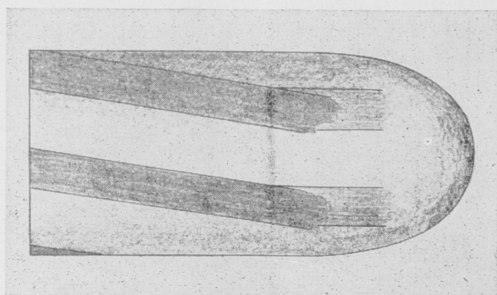
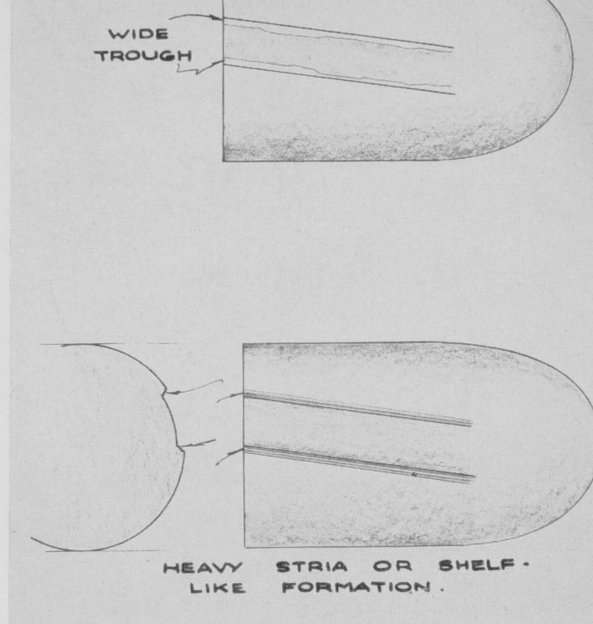


Fig. 12

cut with a broaching tool will have certain outstanding characteristics resulting from the use of that tool. Insp. J. A. Churchman in his article "Reproduction of Characteristics in Signatures of Cooley Rifles", names these characteristics as "B" or Broach Series Characteristics and divides them into two distinct types. The B1 type, wherein the broaching tool, through malfunction, folds and presses the cut metal onto the edge or edges of adjacent lands. A bullet engraved by such a land will show a wide trough on the corresponding land engraving. B2 type characteristics are observed as heavy stria or as shelf-like formations on the edge of land engravings and are caused by the minor defects of the broaching tool imparting their characteristics to the bore. It must be borne in mind that the characteristics, class and accidental, of a firearm's bore, are added to and are changed by rust and corrosion and by subsequent use of the arm. (See Fig. 12.)

It will be observed that some bullets possess scratches and striations whose direction or angle is greater than the angle provided for by the rifling. As has been noted such markings were not and could not have been produced while the bullet passed through the bore. Observation will soon determine whether they were placed on the bullet before or after its journey through the barrel of the gun. Should they be before, then it will be observed that the scratch will likely be overengraved at some stage by the land or groove. If the scratches occurred after the bullet left the bore, then the land or groove engraving will be overengraved by the scratch. Loose particles of grit or



metal deposited in the bore during normal use will cause markings of unpredictable character and design on bullets subsequently fired through that bore. The effect will likely appear on the first bullet to traverse the particles and additional bullets will not be so marked.

The differentiation between the effects of mutilation and deformation on impact and the engravings by the pertinent class and accidental characteristics of the firearm should present no problem. The markings on the bullet caused by impact can have a profound and disastrous effect as they may distort and obliterate such features as are vital to the identification.

The origin of the numerous markings and engravings on a bullet having been established, any reconciliation between the differences in the signatures of the same weapon or different weapons, rests on the skilled interpretation of this knowledge by the firearms examiner in rendering an opinion of identity or diversity.

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While cleaning the detachment office and quarters recently a member of the Force had the cell door open and placed an office chair inside, out of the way for the time being. A neighbor's youngster came in, saw it there and inquired, "Mister, is that the electric chair?"

The *St. Roch* Monument

THE ghosts of polar navigators such as Gilbert, Frobisher, Davis and Franklin, must surely have been present in the barrack square, Regina, on Sept. 16, 1950 when His Honor Lieut.-Gov. J. M. Uhrich of Saskatchewan, unveiled the monument to commemorate the two years and four months voyage made by the RCMP auxiliary schooner *St. Roch*, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through the treacherous waters of the fabled North-West Passage.

This feat of navigation and endurance by members of the Force is one which will always rank as one of the great achievements made by men who go down to the sea in ships. Countless adventurers died in attempts to find the North-West Passage and it is rather interesting to observe the remarks made by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the days of good Queen "Bess", concerning the hazards of such an enterprise:

"Also, the aire is so darkened with continuall mists and fogs so neere the Pole, that no man can well see, either to guide his ship, or direct his course.

Also the compasse at such elevation doth very suddenly vary, which things must of force have bene their destruction, although they had bene men of much more skill then the Indians are."



Saskatchewan Vis. Ed. Photo

A great deal of the credit due to the Force in making this conquest of the polar seas undoubtedly falls upon Insp. H. A. Larsen, FRGS, a descendant of the Vikings of old, and possibly the foremost polar navigator of this century. And it is almost incredible that the little Mounted Police schooner and her crew should have achieved what so many highly organized, although often ill-equipped, large expeditions failed to do. Nevertheless, it is fitting that the Force, which brought law and order to the frozen north, should have been selected to conquer that passage hitherto untraversed from West to East. The monument, erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board, carries a bronze plaque upon which is engraved the story of the *St. Roch's* voyage.

The entire personnel of "Depot" and "F" Divisions, with some 300 guests, assembled to honor the occasion. During the ceremony appropriate music was played by the Regina RCMP Band. The Officer Commanding "F" Division, Asst. Commr. C. E. Rivett-Carnac, the Lieu-

tenant-Governor, a representative of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board and Inspector Larsen, each in turn addressed the assembly. There is insufficient space here to deal with the subject matter covered by the various speakers. They were accomplished, deeply appreciative of the importance of the event and achievement which made it possible, and conscious of the fact that mere words could do little to further eulogize a feat which until then had resulted in fruitless endeavor, suffering and often death to many of the world's greatest

navigators. Members of the Provincial Government and Judiciary, as well as representatives of the North-West Police Veterans' Association, were also present.

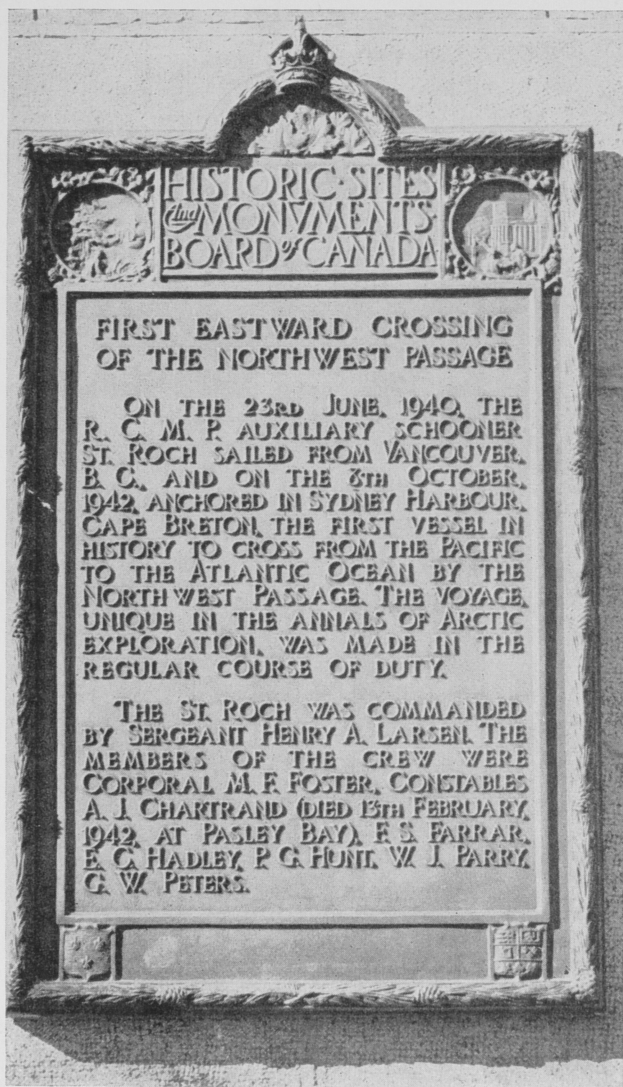
It is indeed gratifying to think that when the little *St. Roch*, so sturdily built of Douglas Fir, Australian gumwood and ironwood sheathing, is no more, that this monument of gray Manitoba stone will stand to remind future generations of her sterling worth, and the contribution her crew made to opening up the last frontier.

W.M.T.

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Opposite page—

Inspector Larsen speaking at the unveiling of the memorial to the *St. Roch*.



Right—

The inscription on the bronze plaque on the memorial.

Canadian Bisley Rifle Team - 1950

By SGT. W. W. SUTHERLAND

A report on Bisley by a member of the
Force who participated in last year's shoot.

IN June of last year, 21 riflemen from all parts of Canada assembled in Montreal en route to Bisley, England. These men had been chosen on merit to represent Canada in the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association. Maj. D. MacRae, Montreal Regiment and President of the Quebec Association was in charge of the group.

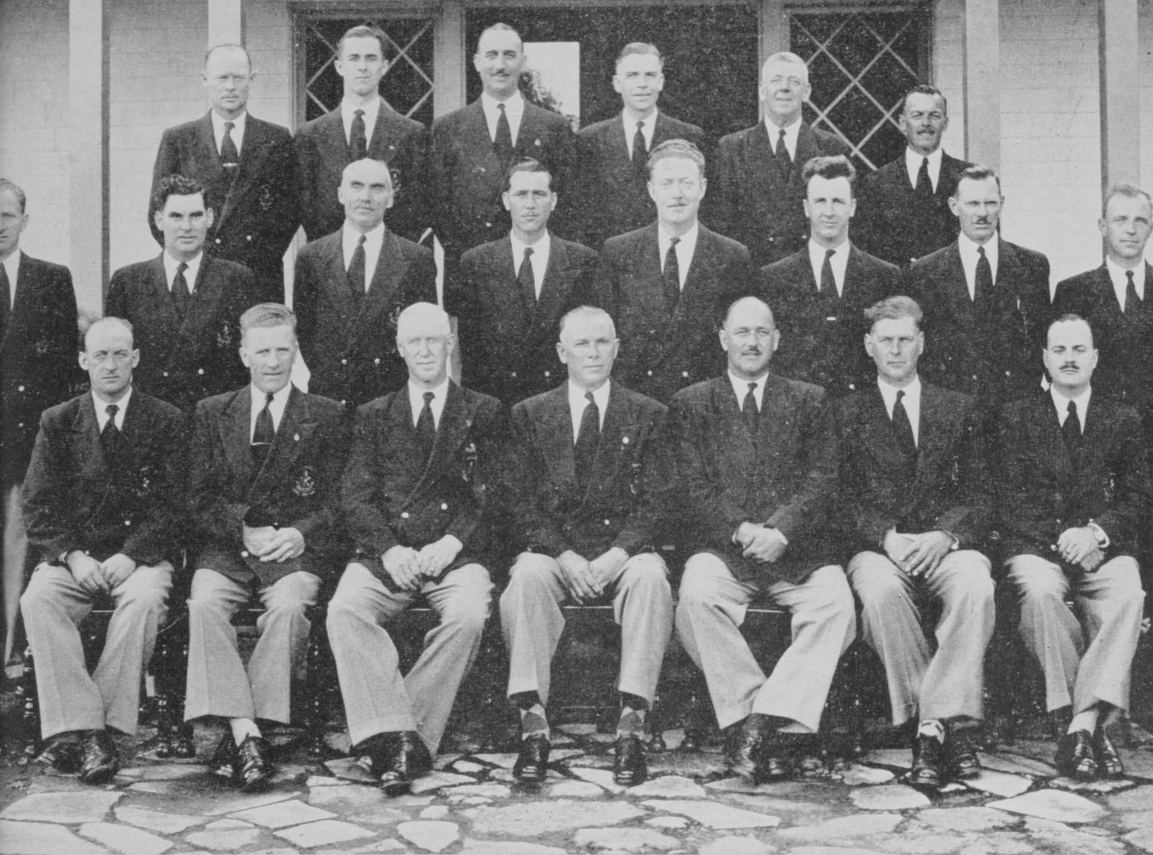
A formal inspection by Maj.-Gen. R. O. G. Morton, CBE, General Officer Commanding, Quebec Command, was held in the Victoria Rifles of Canada Armory. General Morton remarked on the comparative youth of the team and on the number travelling to Bisley for the first time. Seventeen members of the permanent and reserve Army units, with two representatives each from the Air Force and RCMP comprised the team. Before sailing on the S.S. *Franconia*, the team were guests of the Quebec Rifle Association at a dinner held in the Armory of the Royal Montreal Regiment.

Although members of the group had shot together many times at Provincial and Dominion rifle meetings, the days spent on the high seas from June 14 to June 22 provided an opportunity for becoming better acquainted and served in an appreciable degree to promote the fine spirit which prevailed throughout. The voyage left little to be desired, with good weather and a smooth sea. Entertainment included movies, dances, games

of many types. Some played deck games—others found deep solace within the confines of a deck-chair.

The team landed at Liverpool and proceeded by boat-train to London. Most of the trip was in daylight, so members had an excellent opportunity to admire the scenic attractions along the route. The train pulled into Waterloo Station late in the evening and the members were kept busy with their baggage and shooting gear, which had to be transported by truck the remaining 40 miles to the Bisley Camp. At midnight the team arrived at Bisley and received a hearty welcome from the Lawrences, who operate the Pavilion for Canada. Incidentally, "Mum", Mrs. Lawrence, had a "snack" ready and waiting for "her boys". This grand lady, aged in years only has been managing the Canadian Pavilion and looking after "her boys"—the Canadian Team—for over 30 years.

Organized practice commenced as soon as the team was settled in quarters and continued until the National Rifle Association Meet began July 10. A committee consisting of the Commandant, Adjutant and three experienced "old-timers", prepared routine orders daily, ensuring that all the competitions of the official meet were thoroughly covered. To add interest and incentive, the Canadian Team was detailed into smaller competitive teams from day to day, with



CANADIAN RIFLE TEAM—BISLEY, 1950

Back row—Sgt. W. W. Sutherland, RCMP; O/Cadet F. E. Richardson, 75th H.A.A. RCA; Cpl. J. H. Blais, RCMP; Sgt. G. B. Kay, RHLI; Sgt. H. Wall, Toronto Scottish; Cpl. A. T. Sharp, RCAF.

Centre row—Maj. R. D. McLeod, RCE; Flt. Sgt. J. R. Sullivan, RCAF; WO 1 E. E. Wright, RCOC; Cpl. G. H. Emperingham, RCOC; Capt. R. W. Hampton, HQ Ottawa; Sgt. W. V. Hall, RCCS; CSM N. L. Beckett, RHLI; Maj. G. C. Baker, RCCS.

Front row—Sgt. O. F. Fry, Armorer, RCEME; S/Sgt. M. Ostergaard, RCASC; Capt. G. F. Mackenzie, Adjutant, 48th Highlanders of Canada; Maj. D. MacRae, Commandant, Royal Montreal Regt.; Maj. A. J. F. Roberts, WLI; CQMS J. A. Draper, Algonquin Regt.; Maj. E. C. Cowan, RCOC.

a sixpence or a shilling at stake from each member. The daily practice session "pots" were split between high scorers at individual ranges and high aggregate for the day's shoot. The few pennies involved injected a good-humored but keen "extra competitive" quality to the practices, making the daily "pots" assume much of the importance of the trophies and prizes offered in the regular meet.

Possibly a short description of Bisley Range facilities will be of interest. For the short range events of 200 to 600 yards the "Century" range is used. As its name implies, there are 100 targets, allowing a relay of 300 competitors at

one time. For the long range competitions of 900 to 1,000 yards, the "Stickle down" range, having 50 targets, is used. This same range also provides for match rifle shooting at 1,100 and 1,200 yards. For practice purposes, 200 yards, there are 30 targets available at the "Shorts" range. Two other practice ranges, aptly named the short and long Siberia ranges because of their distance from the main Camp, provide for practice sessions at most ranges while the main competitive "Century" and "Stickle down" are in use. Additionally, there are excellent small bore, pistol, revolver, shotgun and sporting rifle ranges within the main

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body of the Camp. Housing and meal accommodation are maintained by a number of the Dominions, Colonies, Services, private clubs and the N.R.A. The Camp is literally a small city during the meet, with police, fire, postal and merchant facilities available.

During practice sessions, the team became acquainted with many of the shooting fraternity from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and other parts of the Empire and Commonwealth—such as Rhodesia, British West Indies, South Africa, Australia, Malaya, Singapore, The Gold Coast. Many friends and acquaintances were made, sincere goodwill and hospitality were prevalent everywhere.

From July 10 to July 14 various types of service shooting events with handgun, rifle and light machine gun were held. These involved deliberate, rapid and snap-shooting fire in various positions, i.e. prone, sitting, kneeling and standing,

including fire with movement. Most of the team entered these matches with not too disparaging results.

From July 15 to July 22 the Canadian Team officially competed in the Individual and Team Matches. These were similar to those held at Provincial and Dominion Meets and included the single range ten and 15 shot scores fired at 200, 300, 500, 600, 900 and 1,000 yards. Other events included aggregate scores secured at several ranges; and the all important Grand Aggregate for the whole meet which positions the top flight shots.

Weather conditions were reasonable, although somewhat cool and wet. Some Canadians would have cherished the steady, sultry sun of the Dominion Meet generally encountered at Connaught Ranges.

Over-all results of the Meet, after its close on July 22, showed the Canadian Team to have won a fair proportion of the trophies and prizes offered. Naturally, it was hoped that the Team would place in the top brackets and win the team events. However, this was expecting too much, considering the quality of the marksmen participating. This honor awaits the Canadian Team of another year, possibly that of 1951. Just like prairie farming in Canada, shooting can also be something of a "next year" proposition. Let it be recorded that the 1950 group competed with the best in the Empire and brought credit to the Dominion.

The prize lists of all matches included at least several of the Team, and in some instances the greater part of the group. Capt. R. W. Hampton, S/Sgt. M. Ostergaard, CSM N. Beckett and Cpl. G. Emperingham distinguished themselves by winning matches outright. CQMS John Draper safely passed the King's First Stage, won the Second Stage and placed fourth, two points below the winner, in the Final Stage of the coveted King's Match. One unexpected pleasure



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**DID "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES
THIS MORNING?**

was the winning of the Overseas Small Bore Trophy with equipment borrowed the previous evening from English competitors. This "pick-up team" of four included, Maj. Don MacRae, CQMS John Draper, S/Sgt. M. Ostergaard and WO E. E. Wright.

An "At Home" was held at the Canadian Pavilion following the last event of the N.R.A. Meet, when it was our pleasure to return, in some small measure, the friendship and hospitality so freely extended to us from every direction.

Return passage had been booked many months previously on the S.S. *Franconia*, but unfortunately this ship had meantime run aground near Quebec City and was in dry-dock for repairs. Passage was eventually booked on the S.S. *Georgic* leaving Liverpool for Halifax on July 28. This news was also welcomed by an English Rifle Team of 18 shooting members, the first to come to Canada's Do-

minion Meet since before World War II. Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence of the Canadian Pavilion were pleased to also secure passage on the *Georgic*.

The Lawrences were coming for a visit—their first—as guests of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association. After being so closely allied with Canada and its people for so many years, it seemed most fitting that this couple should see something of Canada itself, and have some of their own hospitality returned in kind.

After embarking at Liverpool, the S.S. *Georgic* called at Cobh, Ireland, for passengers, enabling everyone to view the beautiful Irish countryside and picturesque villages. After another smooth crossing, marked by particularly pleasant associations with the English Rifle Team members and our good friends, the Lawrences, we arrived in Halifax on August 3.

Caught in a Gale!

One of the RCMP's
"men who go down
to the sea in ships"
describes an exciting
cruise off Canada's
east coast.



Rough weather from the bow of the *Fort Walsh*.

By

CST. B. G.

BOUTILIER

WE had damaged our propellers! While manoeuvring the *Fort Walsh* in the tiny harbor of Grand Bank, Nfld. we had gone aground stern first on a sand-bank. Using our own power we managed to break free and immediately put to sea, but an overheated engine and excessive vibration soon told us that the port propeller was seriously damaged. We proceeded at half speed on the starboard engine and next day arrived in Argentia. Here in the quiet harbor of the U.S. Naval Base there was a better opportunity to examine the damage and decide what must be done.

Although close inspection was impossible without a diver, we could see from the surface that the port propeller must be replaced. Signals flew thick and fast as we checked on marine railway facilities, but the slip at St. John's could not take us for two weeks and the only other slip at nearby Buren lacked the necessary equipment for the job. There was no

alternative but to return to the naval dockyard and "Marine" Division Headquarters at Halifax.

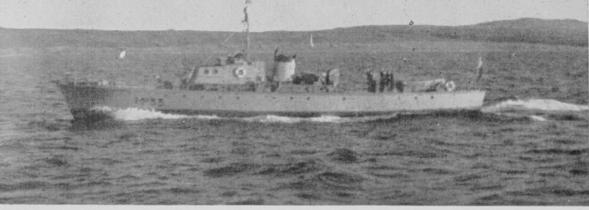
On August 18 we set out on what promised to be a long, slow journey, since our one good engine could give us a top speed of only nine knots and if we encountered much head wind it would be considerably less. The weather report from Gander forecast winds south-west at 15 miles per hour with gale warnings for the Nova Scotia coast. There was a light sea running as we got under way and the sky was partly overcast with heavy gray clouds, but we made good time across Placentia Bay and harbored at Buren late that night.

Next morning we were up and away at sunrise. The south-west wind had increased to about 20 miles per hour and the sea was running slightly higher. During the morning the cook sweated and fumed over the galley stove as he strove to keep the careening pots and other cooking utensils in place. It was next

to impossible to do any form of work as we rolled and tossed and only when we made shelter between St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands shortly after noon did we get any rest that day. Here in L'anglade Reach our NCO decided to heave to until the weather became more settled, but as the afternoon wore away conditions steadily grew worse. The wind increased to near hurricane force, whipping the wave tops away in sheets of spindrift, and the clouds thickened until they became a solid blanket of low, ominously black overcast. By seven that evening our position became untenable and we were forced to seek shelter in St. Pierre harbor.

The rain which had started was being driven like hail by a 60-mile-an-hour wind and the *Fort Walsh* tossed and stormed along with heavy breakers on all sides. Fortunately the trip was a short one and we were soon in harbor but we experienced difficulty securing to the ancient jetty for the very force of the

wind which was blowing off shore ripped the rotting piles from their moorings like match-sticks. Finally we were forced to secure to the cribwork under an old warehouse, and the network of lines required to hold the *Fort Walsh* against the terrific wind looked like a spider's web. During the night the gale abated, the rain ceased and in the morning the sun rose clear, over the town of St. Pierre. The wind had dropped to about 12 miles per hour and the blue sky gave promise of a beautiful day. Outside the breakwater and beyond the lighthouse, gigantic waves rolled like mountains. Surging and tumbling in over the shallow reefs they hurled themselves against rocks and ledges with thunderous roar and crashing impact, sending tons of water that had been whipped to pearly whiteness cascading like a geyser to a height of 60 or 70 feet. We knew that with an undertow like this there must be a heavy swell even in deep water so our NCO decided to wait for a weather



The Fort Walsh.

report before starting the long trip to Scatari Island on the Cape Breton coast.

At 2 p.m. our wireless operator intercepted a report from Gander: "South winds 15 miles per hour, occasionally 25. Gales in the Strait of Belle Isle and Harrington area." It wouldn't be too comfortable on our little craft but most of us were anxious to see Halifax once more so at 3.15 p.m. we bade farewell to St. Pierre and set sail. Outside, the heavy swell made the sea like a moving succession of small hills—long but not steep—as we climbed the crest of one, then down into the trough and up the next. Still we made good time and before dark the form of Petit Miquelon had faded into the mist. Then at nine in the evening a change began to occur. The wind seemed stronger and though the skies remained clear the tops of the waves showed whitecaps more frequently. By now we had received word that the commissioner class ship *French* was on her way to meet us. This was cheering news but the wind continued to rise and the going became progressively slower and more uncomfortable.

By 11 p.m. the sea was white all around us and we were being thrown about with such violence that any movement about the ship became impossible without the aid of handholds. The wind was westerly and the southerly swell set up a terrific cross sea that twisted the

flexible hull to a visible degree. Climbing one sea the gallant little craft would slam her bow into the next, a solid wall of water that almost stopped her dead. Our speed dropped to five knots or less. Below decks things were in a fine state of chaos. We had stowed and lashed what we could—even the steps from the upper deck to the forecastle after they tore loose from their metal fastenings under the weight of one of the men. In the galley everything was topsy turvy with stray pots, raw vegetables, cans of milk and one or two loaves of bread being thrown back and forth each time the ship rolled. On the deck of the wireless shack "Sparks" lay with head braced in one corner and feet in another, earphones in hand ready to receive or transmit messages if the occasion should arise. The fo'c'sle was littered with coats, rubber boots, benches and dozens of other objects that had been dislodged from their regular places. Most of us had climbed into our bunks but not with the idea of sleeping for had we relaxed our holds we would have been thrown out onto the deck.

Shortly before midnight a great white wall of water came rushing out of the darkness toward us. The skipper and helmsman both saw it but with our reduced speed and manoeuvrability they were powerless to swing the ship head on to meet it. It struck us broadside with



A boiling sea from the stern of the Fort Walsh.



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terrific violence and the entire port side bulged inward to an alarming degree. Some of us were thrown from our bunks by the violence of the shock and after it had passed few of us were left lying down, being more content to brace ourselves against the lockers. There was little change during the next few hours which seemed to drag interminably.

We had long since established R/T contact with the *French* and about 2.30 a.m. radar contact was also established. A few minutes later her friendly running lights bore down on us and she fell in beside us half a mile to port and slightly astern. On and on we pounded, mile after weary mile through the seemingly endless night. Most of us in the forecastle had returned to our bunks since we had not met any more seas which seemed likely to stow our sides in. And indeed we met no more until six in the morning, when another gigantic sea lifted us high in the air, this time

bow on. We rose to its crest and slammed down into the next sea with a force which ripped one bunk free from its fastenings and deposited the occupant with a rude shock on the deck.

By now it was daylight and we could see the *French* as she made heavy going in the high seas away to port. She would dig her blunt bow into a sea and come up with sheets of spray flying back on either side. Members of her crew told us later that we looked like a submarine as our long slender bow knifed through the great seas that went sweeping back across us. Except for the westerly gale it was a beautiful day and by 10.30 with the shores of Cape Breton just over the horizon we began to get slight shelter. As the distance lessened the sea abated since the wind lacked the great sweep over miles of open ocean. It was still rough and it was useless to try cooking dinner but those of us with more vigorous appetites began to think of our

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stomachs. Making aft along the rail to the refrigerator in the after-quarters we found everything in a state of wild con-

fusion. The various shelves had been dislodged and eggs, bacon, beef-steak, cooked meat, weiners and everything else was mixed up into one grand meat loaf. On the deck outside the refrigerator our supply of fresh vegetables and canned goods was mixed with cans of paint, fenders, ends of boards and other stores which we kept in a compartment aft. However we managed to salvage a meat loaf and several loaves of bread from the mess in the "frig" and made sandwiches for ourselves.

At 11 o'clock our speed was increased to seven knots and by 12.30 the shores of Cape Breton were sighted. The *French* now left us to proceed alone and with her greater speed—and due to her size, greater seaworthiness—was soon lying at anchor in a snug harbor. The remaining miles to shore were covered in short order. The galley stove was flashed up and after a "mug up" of fresh coffee we entered harbor tired and weary but happy and secure, safe and snug alongside the *French* at anchor in Mira Bay.



A "Marine" Division Commissioner Class Ship in war-time paint



It Happened in the Force

King's Bench Court, Sask., Charge—unlawfully placed poison.

Judge: You say you are an expert on the habits of coyotes. Well, what time of year do coyotes give birth to their young?

Witness: Right after seeding time.

A policeman could easily be driven into a tantrum—if he lacked a sense of humor—especially if awakened at five o'clock Sunday morning, two hours after returning from an all-night patrol. Particularly if the complainant is one of those inevitable characters in every detachment area, a perennial thorn in the policeman's side.

This story is taken from a case in the Kindersley Detachment area (Sask.)—the complainant was John N— a farmer. Although John had caused the police to go out on "wild goose chases" before, the seriousness of the complaint in this instance warranted an immediate investi-

gation. He said that he had been robbed and beaten on a highway while proceeding homeward in his truck.

When pressed for facts John finally admitted that there had not been a hold-up. He had been on a party with a couple of his chums and they took his money and personal effects for safe-keeping. However, before John would relinquish his belongings, he had to be knocked on the head with a car crank. The result was a grotesque lump on the top of his bald head.

With much difficulty the investigators finally obtained the details in the form of a written statement and asked for the complainant's signature. John, taking the pen in his shaky hand, asked:

"Will I sign, 'Poor John N—' or just plain 'John'."

Recently a member of "A" Division CIB received a telephone call from his wife, excitedly reporting that President Truman was killed. She had just heard it over the radio. After checking on the story it turned out that President Truman was "wearing *kilts* on parade". Some difference.

A drunken driver, after being examined by a doctor to determine his degree of inebriation, asked a member of the Force:

"How did I do in my examination, constable?"

"You passed," replied the constable.

"Good. Confidentially, I have never failed an examination in my life."

Next morning, the drunk was awakened in his cell by the same constable. Recollecting his activities of "the night before", he said:

"I understand I scored quite high on my examination last night. Would it be possible to reduce my marks so that I fail, for I am sure my wife will not appreciate my coming at the head of the class this time."

The reward for his good marks was seven days in jail.

The Letter Carrier

POSTAGE STAMPS of CANADA



The new issue 10c Postage Stamp was designed to represent the fur resources of Canada. Canada holds a foremost place in the ranks of the world's fur producing countries. Raw furs are at present the only economic return from hundreds of thousands of square miles of area in Canada and are an important product in all the provinces and territories. Fur was one of Canada's first natural resources to be exploited.

The new design Postage Stamp depicts an Indian woman hanging up beaver skins mounted on stretchers to dry for the market. In the background appears an Indian wigwam, the normal shelter used by these natives in the sparsely settled areas of Canada. The design was created by artists of the National Film Board of Canada and of the Canadian Bank Note Company.

The new Postage Stamp is the same size as the previous 10c issue, approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by one inch and is brown in color.



"THE BLUENOSE"

Until 1928 pictorial stamps were issued in Canada for commemorative purposes only. In that year the Post Office Department decided to replace the royal portraits on the higher denominations of the regular issue with pictures characteristic of life in Canada. In this set the famous fishing schooner *Bluenose* was chosen to illustrate the 50c denomination.

This blue stamp, framed with maple leaves and scroll work, depicts the *Bluenose* and the United States contestant *Columbia* on the occasion of the International Fisherman's Race off Halifax Harbor in the autumn of 1926.

Three important industries of the Province of Nova Scotia—fishing, ship-building and sailing—are handsomely displayed on this adhesive. The "Bluenose" has been acclaimed the most beautiful stamp ever made and is much sought after by philatelists throughout the world. J.S.F.

On My Honor . . .

by Cst. J. ARCHER

A member of the Force working on Youth and the Police activities recounts some of his experiences since organizing a troop of approximately 20 deaf Scouts.

IT WAS open house at the MacKay School for the Deaf in Montreal. Pupils and staff made the day a happy and long remembered one for the many visitors and parents; the air simply breathed good fellowship—and well it might, for this “red letter day” marked the end of school work, and in a short time all of the pupils would be preparing to entrain for various parts of Canada to begin their holidays with their families. The smiles of Guides, Scouts, Brownies and Cubs—as well as the other pupils—were like rays of bright sunshine. The visitors too displayed a marked happiness and were particularly

interested in the up-to-date methods of teaching with the use of multiple and individual hearing aids. They were told that every child is tested on a modern audiometer in order that the best use may be made of any residual hearing it may possess and it gave the parents an insight into the activities at the school.

Like any other group of young people selected at random, deaf boys and girls are a mixture with faults of their own. Some are poorly adjusted and others better than the average “hearing” youth. The ability of the deaf boy to adapt himself determines the extent to which he will be able to meet the demands of society. For this reason attention is given to the proper development of the deaf boy’s personality. One of the ways this can be accomplished is through the many activities of the great brotherhood of Scouting.

Deaf children like other youngsters love to wear uniforms. During the war years it was noticed that they would have welcomed the opportunity to join the Army, Navy or Air Force Cadets.

The three boys
who enjoyed
the wonderland
of Tamaracouta.



All the frustrated feelings that they bear because of the fact they cannot wear other forms of uniform find release in the pride they put into the Scout uniform.

To be a successful Scouter in this unique troop, prejudice and misinformation concerning the personality of the deaf boy are two of the obstacles to be overcome. Any child whether deaf or not is completely dependent upon adults for feeding, dressing and so on, and as he matures, becomes more self-sufficient. We adults depend on communication systems in our complex civilization which places the deaf at a disadvantage. They must depend on others because of their inability to use these communicating devices. In the case of the deaf child this tendency is increased by the parents themselves, by coddling and improper training, and others through

misunderstandings, which prevent him from assuming responsibilities familiar to his more fortunate brother. Scouting can, and is doing much to develop the deaf child's social maturity. The patrol system quickens his sense of responsibility and gives him the incentive of pride in his accomplishments, with the feeling that he is on a par with the hearing boy in what he can do.

Abstract ideas are difficult, in fact almost impossible for the Scoutmaster to get across to the deaf boy as a rule, but by using the more tangible methods of Scouting, the ideas of good sportsmanship, world-wide brotherhood, honor, loyalty and courtesy can be presented a little at a time. In working for badges the deaf boy can see a definite goal and unconsciously he is learning these other ideas. By taking part in rallies, Scout gatherings and church parades he feels

The boys learned to make plaster casts.



that he is a part of the community and not an isolated section.

One will find a deaf boy striving with all his might to stand on an equal footing with his brother Scout and usually lives the idea of Scouting in his heart. This is indicated by the manner in which a deaf boy will try to reveal his membership in the organization by his actions and manner in which he meets another boy.

A teacher or supervisor can explain time and again to a deaf boy that a certain action is not ethically correct, yet he will keep right on doing it because of the fact that the reasons probably went over his head. But if the Scoutmaster just explains in a few words that such an action is not done by a Scout, the boy is seen trying to improve.

Deafness can be called "that awful invisible handicap". The deaf do not want our charity, but they do want to be given an equal opportunity in life. Some people are prone to class all the deaf according to the actions of those in a few specific cases. If a boy steals we do not group all boys in the same category; but if a deaf boy steals the public has a tendency to put every deaf boy in that class.

"The little that we have done seems as naught when we look forward and behold how much remains for us to do" (Goethe) can well be applied in all our activities with youth. As evidence of this an experience of this writer—gained while working with these deaf boys—is interesting. It was decided to take three patrol leaders from the troop and send them to camp for two weeks as guests of boys from the Woodlands Troop in Verdun, Que. The campsite was at York Factory—Tamaracouta¹ Boy Scout camp, Mille Isle, Que.

At first the boys of the Woodlands Troop regarded this in the nature of a strange experiment, but it was explained that these scouts were merely boys who were deaf and quite normal in every

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other way. When the work of setting up camp was completed and time came for leisure the Verdun Scouts started a ball game on an adjacent piece of ground. The deaf boys joined the game and their skill seemed to impress the others from the beginning. From then on they made friends all over camp and their progress ran in well oiled grooves. As they walked along the various trails they would receive a friendly wave of the hand from brother Scouts whom they happened to pass.

All three, when in uniform, presented a neat and tidy appearance and never at any time had to be corrected regarding behavior. Each of course had to be punished for some small infringement of camp rules, but they took it like the good Scouts they are and showed no hard feelings afterwards.

The boys collected leaves and memorized the trees they came from, and the value of the wood for lighting fires.

¹Place of the tamarac.

They acquired a knowledge of making various gadgets from the natural wood to make camp life more comfortable. The handicraft lodge was a haven where they learned a few simple crafts to be used in spare moments. The preparation and making of plaster casts was learned so that on future occasions they could make casts of footprints of birds or animals. Each boy lit a small fire and cooked a simple repast. All this was new to them but an everlasting wonder never to be forgotten.

In this land of Tamaracouta, visited by so many and loved by all who have shared its joys, three deaf boys received a gift money could never buy; they had gained a rich treasure from their asso-

ciation with other less unfortunate boys in the world of the great outdoors. Although living in a world of silence and unable to hear their ever present feathered friends, the laughter of their camp mates, or the noises of the night, their keen eyes were forever busy grasping the details of this land of wonder, this land of youth. Thank you Tamaracouta. May your trails never grow over or your laughter cease.

"On My Honor" are the three words beginning the Scout promise—

On my honor I promise that I will do my best

To do my duty to God and the King

To help other people at all times

To obey the Scout Law. ● ● ●

Views of An American Newspaper

The Mounties Take Over

News dispatches in recent days have told of the absorption of the British Columbia Provincial Police force by the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Few Americans probably are familiar with the arrangement under which this rather extraordinary development took place.

In every Canadian province, the famous Mounties enforce the Federal Statutes enacted by the Dominion parliament sitting at Ottawa. However, each province can elect whether to uphold its local Criminal Code by organizing its own provincial force or by entering into a contract with the Mounted Police to enforce provincial as well as federal laws within that particular province.

For many years the Mounted Police have upheld provincial law in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Three provinces—Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec—maintained their own provincial forces, similar in organization to state police outfits in the United States. . . .

Now, however, British Columbia has disbanded its provincial police and contracted with the internationally celebrated Moun-

ties to uphold the statutes enacted at Victoria. Many troopers who hitherto wore the olive drab of the provincial police have been assimilated into the Mounties and will have a chance to wear the dashing scarlet tunics, on ceremonial occasions at least.

Some Canadian public opinion has favored a police force responsible only to the provincial government, on the ground that the people had a closer rein over those with armed authority. On the other hand, Canadians long have been conscious not only of the Mounties' efficiency but also of the fact that no whisper of corruption ever has tinged this glamorous police organization.

In the case of our neighbors to the north, the arguments for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police seem to have won out. Mounties are now the ultimate authority in British Columbia, from the Washington state line to the Yukon border. The provincial police force had a history stretching back 90 years to the Cariboo gold rush, but henceforth 525 of its members will wear the buffalo-head insignia of the Mounties. ● ● ●

(From the *Sunday Oregonian*, Oct. 1, 1950.)

The Blue Phantom

The story of a rookie
constable's encounter
with a sneak thief.

By

CST. E. F. J. BOWELL

SEVERAL years ago while stationed in the west I heard some interesting stories about the Force. One that was told to me during a pleasant Sunday evening spent at a friend's home concerned an ordinary young constable of the RCMP who had to make a quick decision, and how he acted in the circumstances. The story-teller was also a member of the Force and I give you the story in the first person singular as it was told to me.

* * *

In the late '30's I was serving in the Headquarters of a division, and our barracks were on the extreme edge of a large city. The countryside around was thickly wooded in places, but mostly rocky and unarable, and in those days we were isolated—a distant street-car line and a rural bus our only means of transportation to the city.

The senior constable of our room was a fellow named Blanton, a tall blonde lad in his early 20's. He came from a prominent family in an eastern city, was a university graduate and had been in the Force three years. His future wife lived several miles out of town and he always wore a blue suit when off duty—and that is the theme of my story.

About this time the city police were having trouble over a mysterious series of armed robberies and hold-ups which usually occurred late in the evening. They were known to be the work of a solitary, masked marauder, and though

he had been operating for some months the police could not get the slightest clue to his identity. As he invariably wore a blue suit the local press had nicknamed him the "Blue Phantom" and the public began to think of him as a cracksmen of fiction.

To the police, however, he was not glamorous, but just a common criminal who had to be caught before he went to extremes, for on one occasion he had seriously wounded a watchman and a patrolman who surprised him in a burglary. It was no direct concern of the RCMP of course, and things went on in their usual manner around barracks until one fall morning on the seven o'clock parade. Blanton appeared belatedly at the door of the parade room and we all stared aghast at him. It seemed as though a tornado had hit him; his eyes were black, his nose swollen and his whole face cut and bruised, and he also limped slightly.

The corporal sternly ordered him back to his room, telling him to report to the sergeant major at nine o'clock. Of course everyone made surmises but they were all wrong as it turned out. In the room we did not ask him any questions, nor did he offer any explanation for his injuries.

Later that morning the doctor examined Blanton and said that he was suffering from slight shock and that his injuries were entirely superficial. Blanton's explanation to the doctor was that he had fallen down the steep side of a gravel pit while taking a short cut to



barracks. The M.O. said that it was quite possible he had been injured in that manner and that ended the matter.

The radio that morning announced that the "Phantom" had nearly been captured as he tried to rob a large house about three miles from barracks. The newspapers also told of the robber's activities the previous evening, and said that he had had a tussle with a chauffeur who came upon him robbing his employer's house. They described the bandit as young, of slim build and dressed in blue.

A few weeks later we were all transferred to other divisions and then came the roar of guns from across the Atlantic and Pacific.

* * *

Just after V-J day I was on leave in another large city, and on the main street one afternoon whom should I meet but Blanton. I was invited to his home the next evening and after a fine dinner we sat around talking of the old days.

Finally I said: "What really happened that time you were so badly hurt?"

Blanton smiled, thought for a moment, then replied, "Well you may as well know, it can't do anybody any harm now. It was the only time in my life I ran from trouble.

"You will remember that in those days I used to wear a blue suit most of the time. That particular evening I missed the return bus and decided to walk from my lady friend's house to barracks. It had rained during the evening, and as I had no hat or raincoat I cut across country and came out to the bottom of that long road called Traffords Ave., which wound up through the woods right on into the city centre. It was lonely and deserted in the fall and winter, and as I walked up the hill I saw a big house about 20 yards off the road to my right. The place was dark and gloomy in the late evening. I glanced toward it as I passed and saw a dark-clad young fellow carrying a sort of shopping bag, standing by the front door pressing the bell. I could hear the faint tinkle from inside several times and then the fellow pulled a piece of cloth from his pocket and tied it around part of his face. Wondering what was going on, I saw him trying various keys—or so it appeared—in the door, and then he disappeared inside the house. He had not seen me and I stood spell-bound. It suddenly dawned on me he was a burglar. Of course, I could have walked away and minded my own business but the police training overcame that feeling. I felt no glamor or adventure but I had to do something, and I was too far away to call for help.

"As I looked I saw a beam of light in the lower windows—evidently from a flash-light. My mind was made up. Nobody could blame me for acting on a reasonable supposition that a crime was being committed. I quietly made my way to the front door and found it slightly ajar. The gloomy interior made me feel like running but I overcame the inclination, pushed open the door and entered. As my eyes became used to the gloom I found myself in a sort of tiled hallway with a passage to right and left at the end.

"I tiptoed to the passage and found a carpeted staircase leading to the upper

floors. At the foot of the stairs was a large bag filled with silverware and other valuables. Feeling more confident now that I had something tangible to act upon, and hearing slight sounds from the floor above, I left the bag and went up slowly. I found a passage the same as the one below and from an open door at the far end came the sound of quiet movements and a gleam of light.

"It goes to show how quickly that type of fellow works—in five minutes he had helped himself to a small fortune. Why do people leave their houses unguarded, and their valuables lying around?

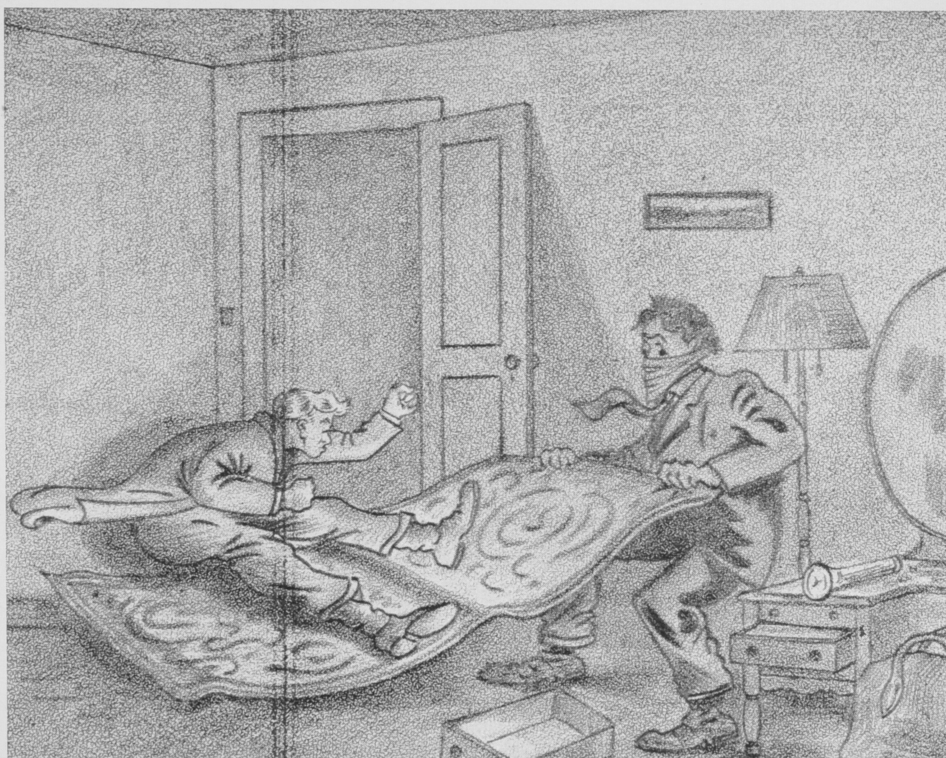
"Well, I stealthily made my way along to that room and peeked around the door. It was a lady's bedroom and across the room was a dressing table with a large mirror above it. A lighted flashlight was resting on the table and pulling out the drawers quickly, was the lone robber, feeling around and under the contents. He looked a terrifying figure in the feeble light. And this is where I made a mistake—I should have waited till he came out and then seized him unexpectedly.

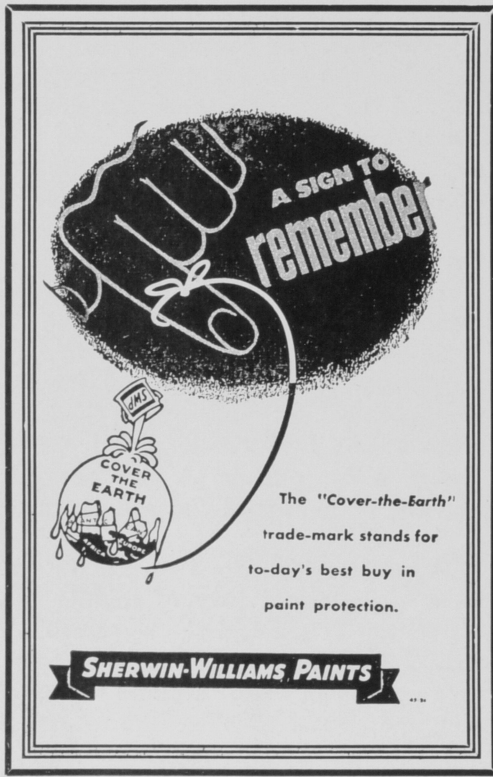
"As it was, however, I strode boldly into the room and shouted 'What's the idea fellow?' I heard a gasp of surprise followed by a curse, then he swung round, ducked, grasped the end of the rug, pulled it and I went sprawling on my back, hitting my head on the floor. He hurled himself on top of me and started punching me in the face. I seized his right wrist and twisted it, but he wrenched himself free and fled, and as I rose slowly I heard the slam of the front door. I went down and looked around but he was gone. He left the loot, however, and I was looking at it when I heard a car outside. A few seconds later, the door opened and a light came on.

"What I looked like I do not know, but a well dressed lady of middle age was staring at me and she screamed. A burly fellow in a chauffeur's uniform came rushing in before I could say anything and smashed his fist into my face.

"In spite of my remonstrances he kept hitting at me and yelled 'Call the police lady and tell them we've caught that burglar.' She disappeared. I kept trying to explain but the fellow was mad with

"He
grasped
the
end
of the
rug. . . ."





excitement, so I played possum, and then seeing my chance, got a judo grip on one of his arms, and bending quickly, threw him on his back.

"I dashed from the house and plunged in the woods not caring where I was going. The low branches and bushes scratched my face and as I stepped around a tree I slipped and fell down the steep side of an old gravel pit, hurting my leg. As I got out the other side, I stopped for a rest, but heard no sounds of pursuit. I made my way back to barracks and the rest of the story you know.

"You may ask why I never reported it. Well justly I could not prove my story and I could not help the police, as they already had his description. Some fellows might have interpreted it wrongly and while it might have brought me undeserved praise, it was more likely to bring unfair publicity to the Force."

Did they ever catch the "Phantom" I asked.

"Oh yes about six months later he was caught in a village near the city. A boy returning from a late show noticed a strange panel truck parked in some bushes and thinking it might be stolen, informed the policeman. He returned with the boy, and seeing a couple of suspicious-looking characters near the truck, arrested both of them.

"In the truck was found a blue suit, a bicycle and some loot taken from a house nearby. The city police soon got all the information they wanted from the driver. His employers allowed him to keep his truck at his home, and he and his accomplice—the 'Phantom'—would look for places worth robbing. They would drive to a prearranged place where the 'Phantom' would change clothes, commit the robbery, then return to the truck, discard the blue suit and cycle away.

"The police realized where they made their mistake—they had worked on the supposition that the burglar operated alone. Both men received lengthy prison terms.

"During the war I visited the city police and told the inspector of detectives of my experience. He remembered the incident and was quite amused. He said they never took the trouble to look for me as my description differed in many ways from that of the thief. He added that burglars do not walk up to house owners with the loot in their hands waiting to be arrested.

"The police had also received a telephone call from an unknown caller who told them that they need not worry about the burglar who fought with the chauffeur as he was innocent and that the 'Phantom' was not the only man who wore a blue suit."

* * *

I told my host that it was a good story but that one point puzzled me—I wondered who had made the anonymous telephone call to the police.

"I did," said my friend. ●●●

Recent Cases . . .

R. v. Lukashuk et al

*Bank Robbery—Aircraft, Radio and Police
Service Dogs used in Great Man Hunt*

WILLIAM Lukashuk of Bourlamaque, Que., was a failure; all his projects were failing. Everyone wanted money—\$300 for groceries, \$3,000 on his home and worst of all in his estimation, his 1949 black Meteor car was going to be seized because he could not pay the \$1,300 still owing on it. The distant West beckoned. On July 5, 1950, Lukashuk and his close friend, Archie Dlugopolsky of Val d'Or, Que., left their unfriendly province for British Columbia.

The Meteor did its best, but it had been raining in Saskatchewan. Unfamiliar roads, gumbo and mud holes—all new to the two men—had taken their toll; extensive repairs to the car were becoming a vital necessity. Finances had to be replenished and the best place to get money is a bank—particularly a little bank in a small town like Wolseley. Three days were spent in the vicinity, looking the bank over and getting to know the district. The 22nd was to be the big day. There didn't seem to be a policeman in the entire country—what if it did rain, they had chains, they wouldn't get stuck.

Just as day was breaking on the all important morning the black Meteor—with licence plates removed, and the only car in the district using chains—was parked about a block away from the rear of the bank. A few minutes later the two occupants had “cheated” the back door of the bank and were inside. So far so good—not a hitch. The three bank revolvers, with a good supply of ammunition, were located. The 34.40 sawed-off rifle they had brought with them, plus three revolvers—they were

big time operators. Now to hide in the booths used by safety deposit box holders, and wait for the manager and his staff to arrive and open the vault.

It was almost too easy. A few minutes after 8.30 a.m. the vault was open and the bank was almost ready for the normal daily routine. Suddenly the staff froze; they found themselves looking into the muzzles of firearms held by two men and heard one of their unwelcome visitors say: “This is a hold-up, we mean business.” Minutes later the bandits were gone with all the money on the premises—\$46,081.77. The bank employees had been pushed into the vault and the door jammed shut with a convenient ladder.

At 8.35 the NCO in charge of the Indian Head Detachment, telephoned Regina Sub-Division Headquarters, advising that the Bank of Toronto in Wolseley, had been held up by two armed masked men and that they had made their escape in a blue Meteor car, without licence plates. The NCO was instructed to proceed to Wolseley with the utmost dispatch to obtain full information; in the meantime all detachments in the Province would be alerted.

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Sportsmen and trappers with vision are observing, and will continue to observe, the "long term" view in the acts and regulations regarding fishing, hunting, and trapping. The natural resources of our province are ours to husband, and by observing the conservation laws we shall ensure a full birthright for those who come after us.

The Department of Natural Resources appreciates the unlimited co-operation given by all members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who share its views in fish and game conservation, and who, moreover, splendidly assist in maintaining conservation laws.

Department of Natural Resources and Industrial Development Province of Saskatchewan

HON. J. H. BROCKELBANK
Minister

E. L. PAYNTER
Game Commissioner

C. A. L. HOGG
Deputy Minister

The minimum essential road blocks were established by Yorkton and Regina Sub-Divisions by 9.30 a.m. and arrangements were well in hand to concentrate additional men and cars at Wolseley for a co-ordinated man-hunt.

At approximately 9.30 a.m. further information was received that an automobile answering the description of the get-away car had been seen going north at 9 a.m. at high speed on the Wolseley-Lemberg road. Soon after 10 a.m. it was learned that a half-hour earlier a stranger, speaking with a decidedly foreign accent, had purchased bananas, soda crackers, three tins of "Prem" and six bottles of "7 Up" at the Ellesboro Store, on the south side of the Qu'Appelle Valley on the Lemberg-Wolseley road.

Patrols on the north side of the valley ascertained that a car had pulled into the driveway leading to a farm to the

north of the valley, between 9 and 10 a.m.; then had been driven out and headed towards Lemberg. When this car made its entrance it left chain tracks, but none when leaving.

At 1.50 p.m. Police Aircraft CF-MPJ was dispatched to Wolseley, where headquarters were established at the Leland Hotel to co-ordinate the search. Shortly afterwards a message was received that the road block set up near Lemberg by the Balcarres Detachment, had detained a man named William Lukashuk, and a black Meteor with Quebec licence plate T20809, at a garage. The car was undergoing emergency repairs to the steering and ignition. Search of the vehicle and questioning of the suspect failed to disclose any evidence to support the suspicion that he was one of the wanted men, but the patrol was instructed to bring the man and car to Wolseley for

further interrogation and examination, as soon as a relief could be obtained to maintain the road block.

Pending the arrival of the suspect, local residents were interviewed and plaster casts made of the tire tracks left by the get-away car. Considerable value for identification purposes was apparent as not only were the tire prints of different patterns, but the chains which had been fitted over them—because of the uneven distribution of the cross links—left most unusual tracks.

The bank premises were also rechecked. Several good fingerprint impressions had been left by the bandits and were preserved for examination by the fingerprint expert, who was being sent from Yorkton. The bank manager and his staff were still rather shaken by their ordeal. Nevertheless they were glad that when they were imprisoned in the vault, their captors refrained from locking the door—which probably would have caused their suffocation. They appreciated too the fact that the ladder—which the bandits had used to keep the door almost closed—had only kept them imprisoned for an extremely short period after the get-away.

At 3.30 p.m. the suspect and his car were brought in. Several local residents who had been positive that they could recognize the bandits' automobile, were not so sure at this stage. Some thought it was the wrong color, the wrong shape, or just didn't know what to think. It had no chains, but the tire tracks matched those left by the wanted vehicle.

Lukashuk was completely unperturbed; he didn't know anything about any hold-up and maintained staunchly that he had never been as far west as Wolseley before. The discovery of an invoice for repairs to his car by a Regina firm, dated the previous week, got an admission that he had been in Regina, but the rest of his story remained unshaken. Further interrogation being useless, arrangements were made to place him in a line-up, along with several per-

sons from outside the district—who would be unknown to any of the Wolseley people—and have him either identified or eliminated.

At the same time messages were sent to Regina and Yorkton for immediate dispatch of members of the Dog Section, with Police Service Dogs "Pal" and "Silver".

The Police Aircraft made a patrol to check the whole district between Wolseley and Lemberg, returning approximately one hour later, without having seen any suspicious movements, but with a complete knowledge of the general area to be covered. The road blocks being strategically established, mobile patrols were scouring the district, systematically calling on all residents and gathering information. At the same time a concentration of men and cars was stationed at Wolseley to act as relief squads and reserves to be used wherever they might be required. Telephone operators put out calls to all their subscribers, and all border points and railroad police were also alerted.

As the mustering of the line-up was expected to take some time, a patrol was dispatched to the Qu'Appelle Valley near Ellesboro. It wasn't long before the familiar tire and chain tracks were picked up east of a cement bridge crossing the Qu'Appelle River. The tracks led off the highway into a clearing, then came back to the highway and proceeded north towards Lemberg. The appearance of the tracks indicated that the car

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had been parked for a time at least, and it was inferred that probably one of the men with the loot and guns had got out, while the other had gone on to have the car repaired.

Communications were immediately established with Wolseley and a member of the Dog Section, with "Pal", was soon at the bridge. After some preliminary searching "Pal" found the bank date stamp on the southern bank of the river, 400 yards east of the bridge. Reserves were brought in from Wolseley and an intensive search began.

Footprints of a man, apparently walking in his stocking feet along the edge of a summer fallow leading to this point, were also found. Plaster casts were made by members of the laboratory staff and while the search was still in progress, a signal was received from Wolseley that Lukashuk had been positively identified as one of the hold-up men. This meant that we had only one man loose and were probably on his trail. An empty "Prem" can was found near the river and part of a bank paying-in slip.

It was almost too dark to see when, what looked like fresh footprints were found leading into the river. At this juncture a fresh contingent from Yorkton Sub-Division, with Police Dog "Silver" arrived on the scene. As darkness made further searching impossible it was arranged that the Yorkton personnel would guard all trails and roads north of the river and Regina Sub-Division men the southern area. It was believed that by adopting this policy and by hemming in the area for a radius of several miles, the missing bank robber would be unable to escape. The finding of the "Prem" can gave an indication that the fugitive was the man who had purchased the provisions at Ellesboro and strengthened the belief that he in-

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tended to hide out until his confederate returned with the car to pick him up.

Our radio communication being somewhat unreliable because of the topography of the country and extreme range, the NCO in charge of the Radio Section, Regina, was dispatched with his more powerful radio transmitter truck, to act as a mobile broadcasting unit.

Throughout the night, patrols scoured the area, contacting as many residents as possible. And a heavy rain which had rendered all but main roads difficult to travel on, made it extremely unlikely that the fugitive would get a lift from a motorist except on highways.

At daybreak of the 23rd a search party of approximately 40 men on foot, began a systematic combing of the valley. Police Dog "Pal" and half the party on the south side of the river, "Silver" with the other half on the north side. Soon tracks were found leaving the river on the north side and leading towards a deep gully. It was thought that here the fugi-

Sub-Inspector Taylor's drawing on the opposite page gives some idea of the terrain covered in the hunt for the bank bandits.

tive had sorted out the stolen money, as pieces of board, used by bank personnel when bundling currency, were found. A large packsack, a pair of rubber boots, an empty "Prem" tin and three empty "7 Up" bottles were also discovered in the vicinity. "Silver" worked in this area until exhausted and could go on no further. "Pal" was also in pretty bad shape. The entire searching party was feeling rather in need of a rest; everyone was soaking wet and no food had been eaten since the evening before. Sandwiches and soft drinks were brought out from Wolseley, but although the latter disappeared rapidly, the searchers were too tired to bother much about eating.

After a brief rest the hunt was resumed and a trench coat, a paper bag containing soda crackers, a tin of "Prem" and three bananas were found hidden in a bush about 250 yards from the river. "Silver" picked up a trail from this point and followed it back to the river and then by devious paths through gullies to the Wolseley-Lemberg highway. There he lost it. Searching was continued in the immediate vicinity, with a reduced party, while the more remote patrols were strengthened. During the early afternoon and while the dogs were resting, patrols operating in ever-increasing circles contacted farmers and searched granaries in an effort to locate the fugitive.

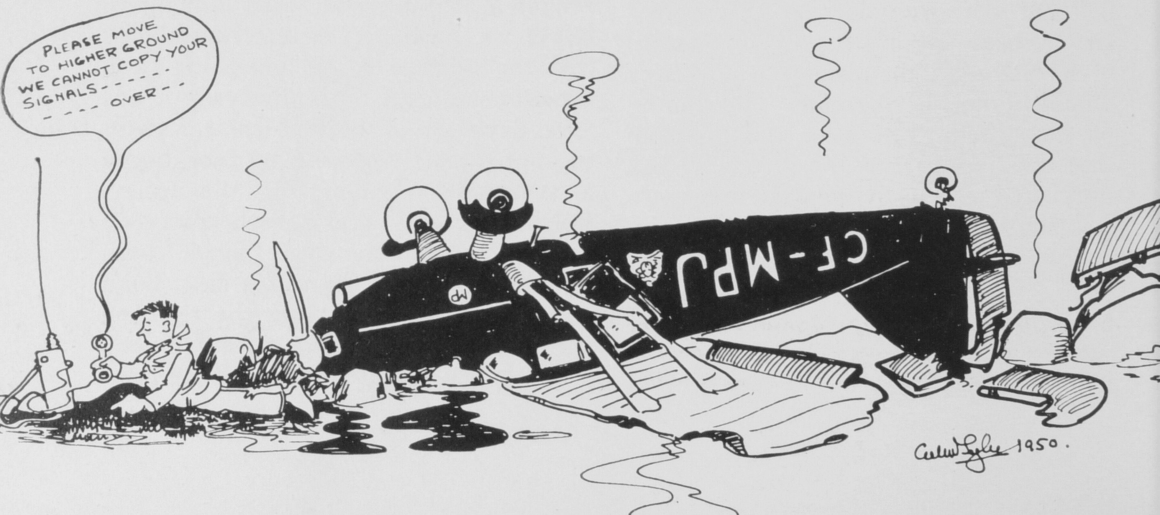
"Pal" eventually picked up a trail where "Silver" had lost it at the highway and held on to it in a north-westerly

direction through ravines, out of the valley and through wheat fields, for four or five miles. This trail appeared to be made by a man carrying a considerable burden as one could observe where he had periodically rested and laid down his load. Confident that again the trail was "hot" the search party concentrated in the area.

However the trail became lost and as "Pal" was now completely exhausted—as was "Silver"—personnel on foot, using walkie-talkie equipment, fanned out, picking up bits of trails here and there to a point 16 miles south-west of Lemberg. It was apparent from the trail that it was being made by a man who was keeping as far away from human habitation as possible and it was thought that he was probably travelling at night and hiding by day. At 6.30 p.m., all trails being lost, the aircraft arrived in response to a radio call and landed in a summer fallow close to our mobile radio station, where the search party was located.

A short patrol by plane was made in an attempt to rediscover the trail from the air, but without success. The aircraft returned to make a landing but unfortunately as soon as its wheels touched the ground they hit a soft spot and the plane crashed, rendering it unfit for further service. Pilot and passenger were uninjured.

In the meantime the search went on until darkness again brought it to a halt. "K" and "D" Divisioners were alerted



and word was awaited from Quebec, where investigators were trying to learn something of our suspect's background and possible companions with whom he might have been travelling.

The search was resumed at dawn of the 24th when information was received that there had been a breaking and entering in the Balcarres district and that a .22 rifle and food had been stolen. Our fugitive was—as far as was known—without food, so patrols and a dog were sent to investigate this matter. From the surrounding countryside information regarding suspicious strangers began to come in and as every lead had to be probed, the patrols were soon operating over a large area surrounding Wolseley, Abernethy, Balcarres and Sinteluta.

Next day a commercial aircraft was sent from Regina to assist in the search, together with an additional squad of men. And on the same day a report was received from Odessa, that a man resembling our suspect had menaced three small boys with a revolver, some 400 yards west of town. Additional men and "Pal" were sent to Odessa and an intensive search conducted there. The aircraft was also used, but nothing of a suspicious nature was discovered. Later it was strongly suspected that the boys had made up the story after listening to radio broadcasts describing the fugitive. Darkness again brought all patrol and road block activities to a halt, but word was received from Regina that investigations in Quebec indicated that Archie Dlugopolsky was the wanted man, and that photographs of him would be available in a matter hours.

Early next morning—July 26—copies of Dlugopolsky's photograph and description were distributed to all members; by systematic patrols as many residents in the area as possible were made familiar with his appearance. The local radio stations were also broadcasting this information so that practically everyone in Saskatchewan was on the qui vive.

By telephone the police at Odessa learned that a suspicious-looking man with a moustache—and badly in need of a shave—was seen walking along a road north of Montmartre. The time was 12.10 p.m. Police Dog "Pal" and patrols in the area were immediately sent to the Montmartre district and after a short investigation some two miles north of the village, they sighted their quarry walking across a ploughed field, in a south-westerly direction. The Police cars closed in until they were abreast of him, then the occupants proceeded to follow on foot. They got to within 500 yards of the fugitive, before he saw them and started to run towards a bluff. The chase continued until the man disappeared in the dense bushes.

The dog soon picked up the scent and when he was released, immediately darted into the bush and started barking. When the police arrived "Pal" had the man down and was holding him. The dog was called off and the man got to his feet, his hands in the air, saying, "I give up, I won't give you any trouble." He identified himself as Archie Dlugopolsky. He was found to be carrying a fully loaded .32 calibre revolver in his pocket and a good supply of ammunition. The stolen currency and two other revolvers, all wrapped in cloth, were lying on the ground where he had thrown them when attacked by the dog.

Dlugopolsky was at the point of exhaustion; his socks had worn out and had been discarded and he had not eaten for four days. After being fed and somewhat rested, the prisoner was returned to Wolseley, where the money was taken to the bank for checking. A patrol was also made to the Qu'Appelle River, where Dlugopolsky showed his captors where he had hidden the silver stolen from the bank and the 34.40 rifle used in the hold-up.

The recovery of the silver from the river bed accounted for all but a few dollars of the total sum stolen.

The trial of the culprits, their pleas

of guilty and sentence of five years in the penitentiary are relatively unimportant compared to the fact that the offenders were apprehended; because all the persons involved, regardless of sec-

tion, rank or sub-division, worked as a team to maintain the reputation of the Force and fulfil their responsibility to the public.

(Prepared for the *Quarterly* by Sub-Insp. W. M. Taylor, Regina.)

* * *

R. v. Ritchie

Theft—Lancaster Parish Police Case—Co-operation

A DEFINITION of the word "co-operate" is "to act or work jointly for a common end", and this was ably demonstrated during the investigation into a recent series of burglaries which occurred in Lancaster, a parish adjacent to the City of Saint John, N.B.

During the latter part of September and early October 1950, several thefts of cash, clothing and jewellery were reported to the Lancaster Police. In two of the crimes glass had been broken to affect an entry into the houses and the pieces were taken to the Saint John City Police detective office for fingerprint examination. Several latent prints found on the glass were suitable for comparison.

Subsequent inquiries by City Police detectives indicated that George Ritchie, a resident of Lancaster, could be considered as a suspect. Ritchie had a prison record—although the last conviction was a five-year sentence in 1932—so his fingerprints were checked with those found on the glass. They were identical. To confirm their findings the detectives asked for the assistance of an RCMP

fingerprint expert from "J" Division Headquarters and his opinion verified theirs.

As a consequence the Chief of the Lancaster Police laid a charge against Ritchie for one of the thefts, a warrant for his arrest was issued and a search warrant obtained to search his home. On the evening of October 10 the parish Chief, accompanied by detectives from the city force, searched the Ritchie home and found the stolen goods. Ritchie was arrested. Next day he appeared before Magistrate G. Earl Logan, pleaded guilty to three charges of theft of over \$25 and was sentenced to three years on each charge, the sentences to run concurrently.

For a great number of years police departments in the Saint John area—the RCMP, the parish and City Police forces—have co-operated to the fullest extent. This case is an example of how this co-operation undoubtedly led to the arrest and conviction of one offender.

(Contributed by the Director of Police, City of Saint John, N.B.)

* * *

Death in the Frozen North

THE circumstances which led John Shaback, a Vancouver war veteran, to leave his wife and home and go to the far North to trap for furs are not fully known. He was not familiar with life in that region, but evidently had hopes of getting rich quickly by trapping for the precious furs to be found there.

In August 1946, Shaback made a short trip to Edmonton. Later—in September—he went to Whitehorse, Y.T., and purchased a non-resident trapping licence,

which cost \$250. Still later we find that he bought supplies and traps at Watson Lake and was then flown by plane to a small lake near the head of the Beaver River. By this time he had spent around \$1,300.

After camping there a few days, Shaback discovered that no one else lived in that region. The weather was turning cold, so he started to build a small cabin. He tried to make himself comfortable in every possible way and

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after his cabin was completed, built a fireplace of frozen earth. Then he set about the business of "getting rich quick" by putting out his traps.

Shaback kept a diary and in it he tells of the scarcity of game, both for food and for the more valuable furs he hoped to find. His supplies were meagre as he had counted on finding plenty of game—especially moose or caribou. The few rabbits and ducks he caught were hung in a small tree but to his dismay, the marten and mink in the district robbed him of even this supply of food.

By the end of September the snow was deep and the weather bitterly cold. Shaback had set three lines of traps but found the game still scarce; although he worked hard, the results were poor.

He kept changing his trap lines to new locations, with no better results, and the snow fell heavily making it difficult to travel far, even with snowshoes. Finally

John decided to try and get back to civilization before his food was entirely gone; he began to realize that starvation was possible. Lining his sleeping bag with the rabbit skins he had and with about 60 pounds of food—but no meat—he started down the river about December 25. His furs consisted of 11 marten, three mink and four weasels, which he believed worth \$1,500.

Then began the cruel trek back to civilization. For 43 days Shaback walked down the Caribou River. He was starving, suffering from cold, the ends of his fingers were frozen off and part of his clothing had been burned from being too near a fire. He thought he was close to the Liard River. Finally he came to an empty cabin, and deciding he was near the end he wrote on a board outside the cabin "Dead man here" and signed it. The date was Feb. 3, 1947.

Shortly after this Mrs. Shaback began

making inquiries for her husband. She had a son born to her in May 1947, probably three months after the father died.

In June 1948 the RCMP member at Liard Detachment learned from Fred Sibbetson, a half-breed trapper, about the finding of a man's remains near a cabin, and of clothing and possessions scattered about in the bush near the mouth of the Caribou River. Credentials, firearms, letters to his wife, brother and a friend established that it was John Shaback. A small amount of money was also found—\$106. One of the reports on this case stated that signs indicated that a bear had taken the body from the cabin and eaten it.

It was not until September 1949, that a patrol was able to reach the scene and the remains of the unfortunate man were

brought to Fort Liard. There they were decently interred in Saint Raphael Cemetery.

During the numerous inquiries made for Shaback it was learned that he had been trying to meet another man, Nazar Zinchuk. Unfortunately for Shaback, this man had been deprived of his trapping licence early in 1946 for an infraction of the Yukon Game Ordinance. Zinchuk claimed he did not know Shaback. It is believed that Shaback had overheard some trappers—possibly in a tavern at Edmonton when he visited there in August 1946—speak of Zinchuk and of the quick money to be made in the North through trapping.

Shaback spent what little money he had and lost his life. The old lure of easy money had claimed another victim.

(Prepared for the *Quarterly* by Cpl. J. W. Meahan, "G" Division, RCMP, Ottawa.)

* * *

ON A Sunday morning last fall, a fire broke out in a Government laboratory near Ottawa. Before any great damage had been done, the blaze was extinguished, but later in the day when no apparent cause was found, sabotage was suspected. The case was finally solved by an RCMP NCO who made good use of his powers of observation. He noticed that the laboratory had large sealed windows facing east and west; that the work benches were covered

with brown paper on which some inflammable materials were stacked; that the fire had started on a bench behind some flasks filled with clear water. He decided that the sun was the culprit!

Naturally his theory was received with some misgiving at first, but a subsequent experiment proved he was right. The sun provided the heat, the flasks filled with water acted as magnifying glasses, the paper bench covering provided the fuel. The result—a fire.

* * *

IN 1917 a western Ontario man was convicted of a charge of rape and sentenced to 15 years in penitentiary. Seven years later he was released on ticket-of-leave, but in 1930 the man ran afoul of the law again. Failing to live up to the terms of his parole, his licence was revoked and warrants for his arrest were issued. However, for the next 20 years he could not be located—actually seemed to have disappeared.

Last spring, Toronto City Police arrested a man for ringing a fire alarm without cause. He was convicted on the

charge and fined \$50. Instead of paying the fine the man took the optional sentence of 30 days in jail and in accordance with usual procedure his fingerprints were forwarded to the RCMP Fingerprint Bureau at Ottawa. A routine search there established that this was the man wanted for 20 years as a parole violator. The name was different but the fingerprints hadn't changed.

The man was returned to penitentiary to serve the balance of the sentence imposed on him 33 years ago—eight years, two months and 25 days.

DIVISION BULLETIN

Party Line of the Force

“Headquarters”, Ottawa

Births To Reg. No. 13081 Cpl. and Mrs. T. C. Pryor at Ottawa on Sept. 18, 1950, a son, Eric Wayne.

To Reg. No. 13112 Cst. and Mrs. F. Thompson at Ottawa on Sept. 29, 1950, a daughter, Margaret Elaine.

To Reg. No. 13928 Cst. and Mrs. T. Mackie at Ottawa on Oct. 2, 1950, a daughter, Nancy Elizabeth Louise.

To Reg. No. 13492 Cst. and Mrs. R. E. McFarlane at Ottawa on Oct. 22, 1950, a daughter, Kathryn Jane.

Marriages Reg. No. 13248 Cst. D. A. Dunn to Miss June Crowder of Ottawa on

Sept. 23, 1950, at Southminster United Church, Ottawa, Ont.

Band Activities Aside from the usual Remembrance Day ceremonies on November 11 at the National War Memorial, the Band made two public appearances, one in Montreal for the Annual “C” Division Ball on November 4 and one in the Ottawa Technical School auditorium, November 29. This latter concert was sponsored as in previous years by the “A” Division Sports and Athletic Club. Members and their friends turned out in full numbers for a pleasant musical evening.

“A” Division

To Pension The following members left the Force on pension on the dates indicated and were presented by their many friends in the Division, with tokens of remembrance and good wishes for many happy years in retirement.

Reg. No. 11726 Sgt. M. A. Hicks—18-10-50.

Reg. No. 10111 Cpl. J. H. A. Gahagan—18-9-50.

Reg. No. 11432 Cst. L. E. Steeves—16-10-50.

Shooting Indoor shooting in the Justice Building Range commenced on Nov. 13, 1950. One hundred and forty members and 20 ladies of “A” Division and Headquarters Sub-Division are participating this season. The competitors are using .22 calibre BSA rifles and .22 calibre Colt revolvers. Enthusiasm seems to be running high and there is every indication of favorable results.

Twenty members of the Force in Ottawa shot big bore with the National Defence Headquarters Rifle Association last summer and enjoyed a successful season. Although this organization is known to be one of the strongest shooting clubs in Canada, our members carried off more than their share

of silverware amid very keen competition.

The annual club shoot was held on Labor Day and, as usual, bad weather conditions prevailed although the brand of marksmanship remained excellent throughout. Approximately 100 crack shots competed from all parts of Ontario and Quebec. Cst. J. H. Turner won the Air Force Match at 300 yards with a possible 50.

The top 12 members of the N.D.H.Q. Rifle Association in the Labor Day shoot, shot off the following week for the club championship, with five of the RCMP making the grade. Included in the course were scores at 200, 300, 500, 600 and 900 yard ranges. Out of a possible score of 250, our members placed as follows: (2) Cst. J. H. Turner, 242; (5) Sgt. E. C. Armstrong, 237; (7) Asst. Commr. L. H. Nicholson, 235; (9) Cst. J. B. Saunders, 233. Cst. F. E. Gillis was unable to compete. Considering the high standard of competition, our members can feel proud of their showings.

On Nov. 1, 1950, six members from Ottawa competed in the Toronto Police Association Annual shoot. Those attending were: S/Sgt. E. Davies, Sgt. E. C. Armstrong, Cpl. J. W. Meahan, Csts. W. D.

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Johnson, J. Zavitz and J. H. Turner. Corporal Meahan won the beautiful John Inglis Trophy and everyone placed well up in the prize list.

Bowling The 1950-51 bowling league for "A" Division and Headquarters Sub-Division personnel got off to a good start at the Bolodrome Alleys on September 21, after two previous preliminary nights of bowling. The league is comprised of 16 teams and Sgt. Pat Stanton's team, "The Pats", are leading the pack with Constable Leask's team, "The Dons", running a close second. Several new faces appeared in the league this year and the averages are well balanced.

Officers elected for the ensuing season are President, Supt. J. F. Thrasher, Vice-President, Sub-Insp. P. Usborne. Members

of the Bowling Committee are: Sgt. Pat Stanton, Chairman, Cst. Sandy Pond, Treasurer and Miss Lucille Perrier, Secretary.

Sports With the acquisition of the Spadina Barracks where there is a good gymnasium, there seems to be a lot of interest in indoor winter sports, such as badminton, volleyball and basketball.

Social Activities A dance was held at the RCMP Summer Training Camp, Long Island, on the evening of September 29. A large crowd was in attendance and enjoyed a good evening.

The "A" Division Softball League held a buffet dance on October 13 and a similar group attended for an evening's enjoyment.

On Friday, November 17 a smoker was held at the Eastview Recreational Centre. Representatives from "N" Division, RCMP, Ottawa City Police, Ontario Provincial Police, Hull City Police, Quebec Provincial Police, Eastview Town Police, Penitentiaries Branch, Canadian Corps of Commissioners, Department of Game and Fisheries, Ontario, Department of Game and Fisheries, Quebec, CNR Police, CPR Police, Canadian Legion, Navy, Army and Air Force Veterans attended.

All enjoyed the pleasure of being entertained by a troupe of performers from New York City who were playing at the Gatineau Golf and Country Club, but kindly offered to give us an hour of diversion from 9 to 10 p.m. These entertainers were the Riff Boys with Miss Alice Darr, and Sonny Richards as Master of Ceremonies. Their numbers were well received and as a token of appreciation they were presented with suitable gifts bearing the crest of the Force.

Buffet supper and refreshments added more enjoyment to a good evening of fun.

"B" Division

Marriages Reg. No. 13134 Cst. M. A. Pepe of St. John's Detachment and Miss Olga Czorny of Calgary, Alta., on July 27, 1950, in St. Joseph's Church, St. John's, Nfld.

Reg. No. 14510 Cst. J. Pinto, "B" Division Headquarters and Miss Elizabeth Clare O'Grady of St. John's, Nfld., on June 29, 1950, in the Chapel of the College of Our Lady of Mercy, St. John's, Nfld.

Recent Engagements Space limiting individual recognition of all concerned, we extend through the *Quarterly* the glad hand of welcome to the 55 members of the Newfoundland Ranger Force and the 37 members of the Newfoundland Constabulary who were absorbed into the RCMP when the Force assumed the policing of this province on Aug. 1, 1950.

Division Hi'lites After months of preparation, the "B" Division Mess opened on July 18, 1950.

The renowned Schooner *St. Roch* arrived in St. John's towards the latter part of June and has since been busily engaged on organizational matters in the division's coastal waters.

We welcome the Misses Marjorie Luscombe, Frances Walsh and Jean Ellis, Civil Servants, formerly employed by the Newfoundland Rangers, also absorbed during

the recent change over. We extend greetings also to the Misses Doreen Knight, Roberta Walters and Winnifred Jackman, who came into our fold on Oct. 1, 1950.

Bowling "B" Division Bowling League started with great enthusiasm on Oct. 3, 1950, when 30 members—police and civil—turned out. Since another eight were unable to be there our plans for a four-team league were abandoned and six teams of six players each were drawn up.

Our Headquarters stenographers have entered a team in the local Civil Service League. While to date they are not too far up in the league standing, one of them—Phyllis Hayes—was successful in turning in the splendid score of 302 on Oct. 19, 1950.

"O" Division please note: Here too Constable Roy is the "king pin" of the bowling club and doing a bang-up job of directing its activities.

"C" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13037 Cpl. and Mrs. L. Descent, at Montmagny, Que., on Sept. 29, 1950, twins, a son and daughter, Michel and Micheline.

Pension Reg. No. 12434 Sgt. J. P. Sanche left the Force on leave of absence, Oct. 10, 1950, pending retirement to pension. Sergeant Sanche was in charge of our Q.M. Stores and as such managed to please everyone. How he did it we do not know. The general opinion is that he should be in the Diplomatic Corps.

Judo The Division's Judo group are again in the throes (throws) of activity. Friday evenings are predominated by the sounds of "Kee-Ai" and "Ukemi" (break fall).

Some 20 members, elderly gentlemen to teen-agers, are fast becoming efficient exponents of the "Gentle Way" under the able tutoring of Fred Okimura and organization of Constable Traynor.

Bowling After a lapse of one year, due to the lack of bowling alleys, "C" Division House Bowling League will soon be in operation again.

Bridge The Montreal Post is in the midst of a hotly contested Bridge Tournament. Some 20 teams are participating with Constables Begalki and Bouchard leading the field by a narrow margin.

Revolver Shooting Outdoor activities were concluded on September 30 when the "C" Division Revolver Team acted host to the U.S. Border Patrol Team. The matches consisted of the N.R.A. Course, which included the 50-yard range, with the .22 and .38. When the smoke had cleared and the last shot was fired the RCMP were out in front in both calibres—1345 x 1500 as against 1313 x 1500 in the .22 match and 1309 x 1500 as against 1304 x 1500 in the .38. Insp. J. Fell of the U.S. Border Patrol, as usual, was top man for the day with a score of 560 x 600, closely followed by our R/Cst. W. Lutes with a 555 x 600. Team members aggregate scores are as follows:

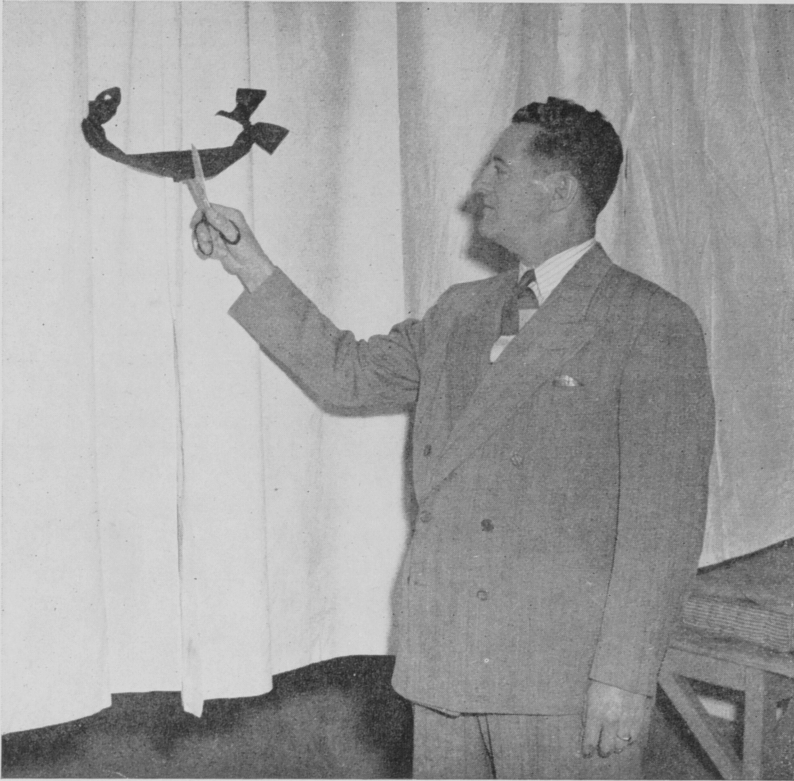
U.S. Border Patrol

Insp. J. Fell	560 x 600
Insp. N. Guy	545 x 600
Insp. S. Duda	511 x 600
Insp. E. Fisk	496 x 600
Insp. R. Bennett	494 x 600

R.C.M. Police

R/Cst. W. Lutes	555 x 600
Cst. E. Perrin	533 x 600
R/Cst. H. Maranda	531 x 600
Cpl. N. Credico	520 x 600
Cst. W. Rahm	504 x 600

On the same evening, "C" Division Rifle and Revolver Club held a social event with an attendance of approximately 150 couples.



**Asst. Commr.
J. Brunet
officially
opening
the new
shooting
range at
"C" Division.**

The success of the evening was due largely to the efforts of the Master of Ceremonies Cpl. R. A. Ogilvie.

Annual Meeting On Sept. 19, 1950, "C" Division Rifle & Revolver Club held its Annual Meeting with President, Inspector Bordeleau presiding. Cpl. R. A. Ogilvie was unanimously re-elected Secretary Treasurer.

New Range Official Opening Oct. 21, 1950 was an historical day for "C" Division Rifle & Revolver Club. It marked the opening of a new indoor shooting range. Several dignitaries were present to witness Asst. Commr. J. Brunet cut the ribbon which officially opened the range. Guests invited for the grand opening were Major McCrea, President P.Q.R.A.; Major O'Connor, Secretary P.Q.R.A.; Mr. W. G. Lasher, Club Patron; Mr. W. Lafferty, President M.R. & R.A.; Mr. J. Aubut, Department of Public Works; Chief of Police Byford, Westmount; Director Langlois, Montreal City Police; Mr. K. Morris, C.C.A.M.; Mr. H. Wilson, C.N.R.

The range is a magnificent structure and it is believed to be unsurpassed in Canada

and with few equals in the United States. There are seven revolver firing points with revolving targets and four rifle points. It is sound proofed and well ventilated. The club room, although not completed yet, will have a glass partition between it and the competitors thereby allowing spectators to watch the shooting without interfering with the men on the line.

Rifle Shooting On a rainy Labor Day 1950, R/Cst. P. Niemi suddenly decided to take a jaunt to Sherbrooke, Que. and look over the 4th Annual Rifle Shoot held by the Sherbrooke Regiment Rifle Association. He saw some 55 competitors including many members of the Canadian Bisley Teams. Paul went to look—he saw—he conquered. His winnings included the Sherbrooke Regiment Cup and prize money for the Grand Aggregate, the McHarg Memorial Cup and prize money for Extra Series Aggregate, the Ward Cup and prize money, plus a special pool amongst the three men who tied for this trophy in the 500-yard match.

Not content with the Sherbrooke shoot Paul attended the P.Q.R.A. Annual five-

**R/Cst. P. Niemi
and his shooting
trophies.**



day .303 Matches at Mt. Bruno. There were over 200 competitors, including the famous British Team and our own Bisley Team. Reserve Constable Niemi won the Governor-General's Bronze Medal for the Grand Aggregate, placed third in the Snipers Match.

Annual Ball On October 27 "C" Division Sports and Social Club held their Annual Ball under the patronage of His Honor Gaspard Fauteux, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec and Madame Fauteux. It was a very successful event. To quote one of Montreal's leading newspapers "RCMP Annual Ball Gay and Colorful Event. One of the most dashing and colorful events of the season took place. . . ."

Seven hundred guests were received by Asst. Commr. J. Brunet, O.C. "C" Division and Mrs. Brunet to open the Ball.

The enchanting repertoire of Strauss waltzes as produced by the RCMP Band, by kind permission of Commr. S. T. Wood, was the feature of the evening.

Patrons and Patronesses included Hon. Stuart S. Garson, K.C., Minister of Justice and Mrs. Garson; Hon. Douglas Abbott, K.C., Minister of Finance and Mrs. Abbott; Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defence and Mrs. Claxton; Maj.-Gen. R. O. G. Morton, CBE, Officer Commanding Army Eastern Command and Mrs. Morton; His Worship, Mayor Camilien Houde and Mrs. Houde; Commr. S. T. Wood, CMG, and Mrs. Wood.

Congratulations are in order for Corporal Chenier and the ball committee for their yeomen efforts in organizing so successful an event.

AT THE HEAD TABLE "C" DIVISION BALL

Left to right—Lt.-Cmdr. J. B. Bogden, RCN; Mrs. Pare; Supt. J. Lemieux; Mrs. Morton; Asst. Commr. J. Brunet; Mrs. Brunet; Maj.-Gen. R. O. G. Morton, CBE.



“Depot” Division

Births To Reg. No. 12932 Sgt. and Mrs. C. T. Hanman, at Regina on Apr. 15, 1950, a son, Charles Edward.

To Reg. No. 13094 Sgt. and Mrs. C. C. Bryson, at Regina on June 23, 1950, a son, Clifton Neil.

To Reg. No. 10572 Sgt. and Mrs. G. E. Elphick, at Regina on July 21, 1950, a son, Douglas Stuart.

To Pension Insp. and Mrs. E. J. Lucas were the honored guests at a gathering in the Officers' Mess on June 29, 1950, attended by the officers and their wives of the Regina area. The occasion marked the departure of this officer from the Force and the high light of the evening was the presentation of a set of silver entree dishes by the Officer Commanding “F” Division, Asst. Commr. C. E. Rivett-Carnac. The many friends Inspector Lucas made during his service with the Force will be interested

to know that he and his wife have settled in Edmonton.

Farewell With the termination of their tour of duty with the RCMP at “Depot” Division, WO II L. N. Henderson and Sgt. P. F. Gagnon of the Canadian Army Provost Corps, were both recipients of suitably engraved pewter tankards from members of the Regina Sergeants' Mess. Both these instructors have been transferred to Camp Borden, Ont., and their personalities will be keenly missed by all those who had the pleasure of working with them at “Depot”.

Instructional Oct. 23, 1950 marked the formation of a class known as Indoctrination Course No. 1. Those attending are from “B” and “E” Divisions and are ex-members of the British Columbia Provincial Police, Newfoundland Rangers and Newfoundland Constabulary. The course, of a month's duration, introduced to our

SHOOTING TEAM

Front row (l. to r.): Cpl. E. Cross; Sgt. Major W. G. Lloyd; WO II L. N. Henderson; S/Sgt. H. H. Radcliffe.

Back row (l. to r.): Spl. Cst. K. G. Green; Cpl. C. F. Wilson; Cst. B. E. Flumerfelt. (Cpl. S. J. Leach and Cst. L. L. Greig were not available for this picture.)





STAFF SOFTBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.): Insp. H. C. Forbes (Adjutant); Insp. J. C. Story (Officer Commanding); Sgt. Major W. G. Lloyd.

Second row (l. to r.): Csts. P. A. Gelley, A. Romenco, E. W. Willes, W. R. Reid.

Third row (l. to r.): Cpl. E. R. Lysyk; Csts. J. E. K. Peakes, H. M. Saundry, S/Sgt. F. Pendock.

newly-acquired members RCMP methods and background.

Shooting At the Saskatchewan Provincial Rifle Association Prize Meet held at Dundurn, on July 17, 18 and 19, our combined "Depot" and "F" Divisions Rifle Club was represented with very creditable results by Sgt. Major W. G. Lloyd, WO II L. N. Henderson, S/Sgt. H. H. Radcliffe, Cpls. E. Cross, S. J. Leach and C. F. Wilson, Csts. B. E. Flumerfelt and L. L. Greig and Spl. Cst. K. G. Green. The following is a list of events captured by the members of this team: The City of Moose Jaw Match, The British Consol Match, The Lieutenant-Governor's Match, The City of Weyburn Trophy, The Town of Nokomis Challenge Cup, The Highland

Sandy Trophy; in the revolver competitions our team walked off with the Imperial Tobacco Trophy.

Softball The Staff and Inter-Squad Softball League of this Division came to a close on Sept. 5, 1950. Under coach Cpl. E. R. Lysyk the Staff Team came out victorious in the series winning the shield awarded for this annual competition.

Annual Sports Day The 1950 annual Sports Day for this Division was held on September 8. The squad with the highest aggregate for the day's events was "E", with a total of 51 points. "C" Squad was runner-up with 46 points. One of the outstanding events of the day was the mile race, won by Cst. D. R. Thomas of "E" Squad. This member also captured the

prize for the individual high aggregate of the day. The program was nicely rounded out with events for the ladies and children and activities of the day concluded with a formal dance in the gymnasium. Music was supplied by an orchestra made up of members of the band under the direction of Cst. D. L. Clarke.

Bowling The Scarlet and Gold Bowling League is now in full swing with ten teams participating. At present Miss Stevenson's team is in the lead by a slim margin.

Badminton Our badminton club is also in operation with the following executive: President, Cst. D. O. M. Clowes; Vice-President, Miss J. Stevenson; Secretary, Cst. D. A. Grayling.

Basketball The "Depot" team under coach Cst. S. H. Foulger is entered in the local City League. Its record after four games—won—2, lost—2.

Hockey A hockey team to play in the City League has had several workouts in the arena. Cst. S. A. Strang, trombonist of our Regina band, is coach of this squad.

Boxing Night boxing classes under Cpl. J. C. Coughlan are now in operation and candidates are being groomed for a local tournament to be held sometime during January.

Swimming Spl. Cst. Ralph Canning, our swimming instructor, has plans for a swimming meet to be held early in the new year.

Band Activities With the opening-day ceremonies of the Calgary Stampede heading the list of summer activities, the Regina RCMP Band has now marked up a score of 21 engagements since arriving in Regina last spring. Other engagements included performances at the Regina Agricultural

and Industrial Exhibition and a summer series of concerts at Wascana Park. Quoted hereunder is part of a tribute paid to this band in the form of an editorial in the Regina *Leader-Post* of Aug. 18, 1950:

Their Concerts Are Popular

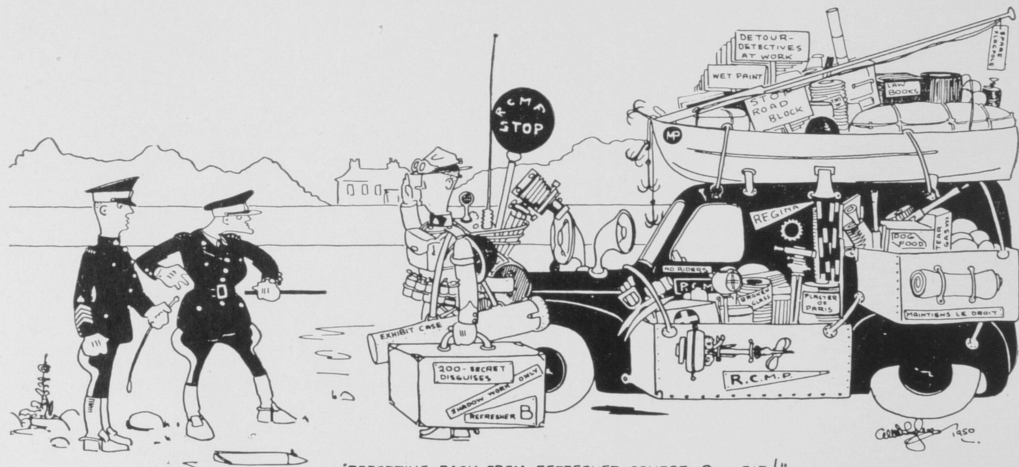
For the past two Sunday evenings, visitors to Wascana park have been genuinely thrilled with the concerts of the RCMP band. In the cooling night air, they have crowded the grass slopes to listen and their enjoyment has been obvious.

Not only has the music on the summer night air been particularly right and bright for relaxed listeners, but the band, visually, makes a memorable technicolor effect. The massed scarlet coats have a natural foil in the park greenery and the high gold gleam of the band instruments completes the famed colors of the force. . . .

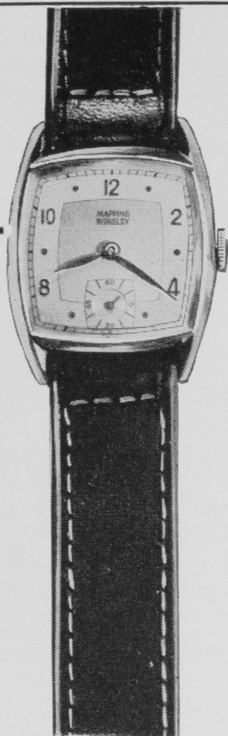
The band was newly recruited last year, was ready for its debut last fall. Since then, the 40 bandsmen under the direction of their conductor, Sgt. Bandmaster C. C. Bryson, have made several official appearances in Regina. During exhibition week in particular, hundreds of listeners heard the band at nightly concerts. The summer series given by the band in Wascana park makes the unit's appeal doubly certain in band-conscious Regina.

High Lights The following is a short review of the news and happenings in and around the Regina area the past few months:

A party of 60 men and 17 horses under the direction of Insp. H. C. Forbes, represented the Force at the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede last July. The group included a Mounted Troop with Sgt. R. R. Van Patten in charge and the Regina Band.



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On July 14, 1950 the Division was represented by seven members at a presentation of RCMP Long Service Medals. The ceremony was held in the Mewata Armouries at Calgary, Alta., and the Governor-General, the Viscount Alexander of Tunis officiated. Recipients from "Depot" were: Reg. No. 10722 S/Sgt. H. H. Radcliffe, Reg. No. 8918 Sgt. J. F. Stewart, Reg. No. 10706 Cpl. C. F. Box, Reg. No. 10753 Cpl. J. W. H. Waddy, Reg. No. 12126 Cpl. E. H. Thain, Reg. No. 12125 Cpl. L. G. Neale and Reg. No. 12982 Cst. O. R. Coombe.

It is indeed gratifying to inform the many friends of Cst. J. R. Rodger that although still hospitalized, he is making splendid progress.

Future visitors to the City of Regina will be pleasantly surprised with the "face-lifting" activities being performed by the city fathers. Most worthy of mention has been the addition of gleaming new trolley buses which replace the old smoke-stacked monsters that used to rattle along Dewdney Avenue to and from the barracks.

A recent change within the confines of the barracks itself has been the upheaval

of a few ancient landmarks resulting from an extension of our "Walk Through Steam Tunnel". Old trees and hedges disappeared overnight when a construction company moved in with gangs of men and machinery.

Still another change on the local horizon was the breaking up and subsequent seeding of our 250 acres of virgin prairie pasture land immediately west of the barracks, last spring. The result—every available spare building is now bulging with No. 3 oats. Honorable mention should be made here of the splendid efforts of the unsquadded personnel who worked long hours hauling in many tons of straw.

The total of 8,411 visitors to the "Depot" Division Museum—registered from the beginning of the current fiscal year to Nov. 15, 1950—may be regarded as a significant indication of the increase in tourists over last year, plus a growing tendency to accept this museum as an important point of interest in the Regina area. In the 1949-50 fiscal year there were 7,641 visitors. It

should be explained that many guests overlook the fact that a register book is provided for their use, otherwise both foregoing totals would be substantially greater. In addition to many groups of school children and other organizations to visit the barracks within the last few months we have also had such notables as: the Hon. Stuart Garson, Minister of Justice;

Premier Manning of Alberta, accompanied by several of his cabinet and over 70 delegates to a convention of the Social Credit Party; Brigadier Higginson, CMG, of the Imperial War Graves Commission; The Leslie Bell Singers; Brig. A. G. Connelly, CBE, Saskatchewan area army commander; Epping High School Band from Epping, N.D., U.S.A.

"F" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13789 Cst. and Mrs. L. C. Naldrett of Lloydminster, Sask., a daughter, Sharon Elizabeth, on July 31, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13224 Cst. and Mrs. A. H. Anderson of Young, Sask., a daughter, Joan Doris, on Aug. 9, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14399 Cst. and Mrs. A. D. Cameron of Fox Valley, Sask., a son, William Norman, on Aug. 17, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13884 Cst. and Mrs. V. L. Bradley of Lloydminster, Sask., a son, Laurie Keith, in September 1950.

To Reg. No. 13119 Cst. and Mrs. N. D. Chmara of Lanigan, Sask., a son, Robert John, on Sept. 3, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13190 Cst. and Mrs. G. S. Barber of Kamsack, Sask., a son, Charles Stuart, on Sept. 12, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13635 Cst. and Mrs. H. F. Phelps of Melville, Sask., a son, Ross Courtland Maury, on Sept. 21, 1950. (Please note this young man's initials—"R.C.M.P.")

To Reg. No. 11898 Cpl. and Mrs. T. H. Colmer of Punnichy, Sask., a son, Neil Thomas, on Sept. 24, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12358 Cpl. and Mrs. D. M. Wilmott of Smeaton, Sask., a son, Thomas Patrick, on Sept. 27, 1950.

To Reg. No. 10531 Cpl. and Mrs. F. G. Woodman of Canora, Sask., a son, Michael Burling, on Oct. 8, 1950.

Marriages Grace United Church Saskatoon was the scene of a wedding on Oct.

4, 1950 when Miss Grace Cameron, RN, of Saskatoon became the bride of Reg. No. 12116 Cpl. W. D. J. Stevenson of Stony Rapids Detachment.

In choosing a wedding gift the members of the Prince Albert Sub-Division Recreation Club felt that due to the extreme cold experienced at Stony Rapids a beautiful pair of four-point blankets would be appropriate.

North Battleford Revolver Shoot A Rifle and Revolver Club was organized at North Battleford last spring and later a trophy for annual competition was donated by a local business firm. It is known as "The Rae Trophy" and in order to determine who should be responsible for its care and welfare for the first year the 12 best shots in the Sub-Division got together on October 11 to decide the issue. Competition was keen and there were some excellent scores in the individual matches. Cst. R. A. Ruggles was the winner, with Cst. C. T. Evenson and Cpl. F. N. F. Anderson placing second and third, respectively.

A beautiful hand-made leather belt was donated by Cst. B. H. McLaren and other prizes were donated by local business firms for the various competitions. Other prize winners were: Cpl. E. C. Clendenning, Cst. G. Kornelson, Sgt. J. Sixsmith and Cst. E. P. Kurtz.

"G" Division

Births To Reg. No. 10689 Cpl. and Mrs. L. E. Corey, Ottawa, Ont., a son, Eric Salden, on Aug. 15, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13442 Cpl. and Mrs. A. N. Lindsay, Resolution, N.W.T., a son, William Norman, on Aug. 1, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13517 Cst. and Mrs. W. L. Carey, a son, David William, on Oct. 30, 1950, at Berwick, N.S. Constable and Mrs. Carey are at present posted to Eskimo Point, N.W.T.

Inspections Insp. H. A. Larsen and

S/Sgt. W. C. Dodsworth returned to Ottawa on September 15, having completed an epic inspection patrol of "G" Division detachments in the Yukon Territories and both the Western and Eastern Arctic districts of the North-West Territories. During this patrol 13,874 miles were completed by aircraft, 3,008 miles on the boat *C. D. Howe* and 446 miles by police car, a total of 17,328 miles. In all 38 detachments were inspected.

This is the first time in the history of "G" Division that one inspecting officer has visited the detachments in the Yukon, Western Arctic and Eastern Arctic in the same year.

Seeing Canada It is of interest to note that during his 21 years service in the Force Staff Sergeant Dodsworth has visited

over 300 detachments of the various Divisions and has travelled approximately 60,000 miles while accompanying inspecting officers. Staff believes in the adage "Join the Force and See Canada".

Work Cst. J. C. Brindley of "G" Division Headquarters Q.M. staff, spent the summer at Churchill, Man., crating and sorting freight for our Eastern Arctic detachments. On his return to Ottawa he made the suggestion that in future freight for the Eastern Arctic should be loaded and shipped from Miami, Fla., instead of Churchill.

Play Cpl. J. W. Meahan of "G" Division Headquarters, did exceptionally well at the Ontario Provincial Rifle Association Meet, held at the Long Branch Rifle



"Thou Shalt Not"

—1156 (3) of

R.R. & O's, 1945.

Ranges from August 7 to 10 inclusive. He placed first on the Ottawa team to represent Ontario at the DCRA, won first money in the Tait-Brassey Match, tied for

first place in the Mercer Aggregate and was third in the Duke of Cornwall and York Match. Corporal Meahan's aggregate score was 501 out of a possible 525.

"H" Division

Births To Reg. No. 10642 Cst. and Mrs. T. S. (Tommy) Hanna, a daughter, Patricia Colleen, July 5, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14380 Cst. and Mrs. H. R. Babson of Windsor, a daughter, Janis Anne, Sept. 9, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12889 Cpl. and Mrs. I. O. Smistad, a son, Rikard Englund, in August 1950.

To Reg. No. 14351 Cst. and Mrs. J. W. Gourlay, a daughter, Jessica Anne, Sept. 19, 1950.

To Pension Reg. No. 11592 Cpl. W. D. Richard has retired to pension. This good-natured and well-known NCO will henceforth devote his energies to his homestead in the beautiful Lahave valley of this, his native province.

Welcome To Sub-Insp. E. L. Martin, former Chief Ranger of the Newfoundland Rangers, who recently arrived in this Division.

Sports Arrangements have been made for our Halifax personnel to use the facilities of HMCS *Stadacona* Naval gymnasium for volleyball, and the swimming pool and bowling alleys once each week. These sports promise to become very popular.

Some of the best hunting in the Dominion is right here in Nova Scotia, and numerous members are interesting themselves in pheasants, grouse, ducks and deer.

Youth and the Police This year Cpl. V. L. Apedaile of Windsor Detachment again took charge—during his annual leave—of a Rotary Club boys' camp in his area. All concerned consider that this gratuitous and time-consuming work most beneficial to the youth of the area. He was assisted by Sgt. W. J. Lawrence, who was able to spend part of his leave on the project. Typical police films and National Film Board movies suitable to the purpose were shown at the camp and some interesting talks given.

Windsor, like many towns of its size throughout the Dominion, was faced with the problem of "what to do" for school-aged children during the summer vacation period, to keep them from running the streets and getting into mischief. In 1948 the Windsor Rotary Club undertook to solve this problem and as a result organized and sponsored Camp Mock-in-Gee. Situated on a lake some 15 miles from town, the camp is available to any boy in the Windsor district—between the ages of seven and 15 years—regardless of race, creed or financial status. A nominal fee of \$1 per day was set for those who desired to pay.



Top—County Court Judge Morrison, Judge J. Doull and Insp. J. H. T. Poudrette.
Bottom—A scene of gaiety.

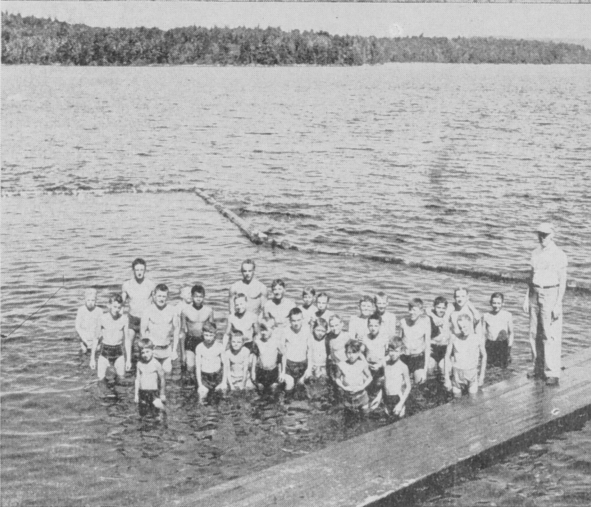
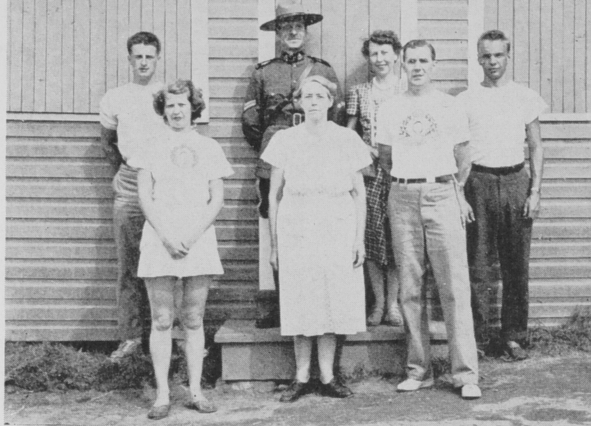
Although the camp proved fairly successful in 1948, some difficulty was encountered in the matter of proper supervision. A Rotarian familiar with the Force's "Youth and the Police" program, discussed this problem with Corporal Apedaile and the latter solved it by volunteering to devote his full leave period to the supervision of the camp in 1949. The offer was accepted, the camp flourished and the corporal's services were sought for last summer. Again he filled the breach.

This year, the popularity of the camp was such that it was decided to extend its facilities to girls. An additional supervisor was required to work the extra period and Sergeant Lawrence from Division Headquarters devoted a portion of his leave to the work.

Altogether a worth-while endeavor.

Entertainment The third Annual Ball of the Sydney Sub-Division Sports and Social Club was held at the Venetian Gardens, Sydney, N.S. on Thursday, Nov. 2, 1950. This event gains in popularity every year and it is now considered to be the outstanding social event of the year. Approximately 275 couples were in attendance and from all reports it was the most successful dance yet held. Guests were welcomed by the Officer Commanding, Insp. J. H. T. Poudrette and Mrs. Poudrette. Among the distinguished guests of the evening, we were honored to have Judge J. Doull of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

The hall was effectively decorated with the colors of the Force and much credit goes to Cst. E. Campbell for this work. Credit for the success of the dance also goes to the congenial Master of Ceremonies, Cpl. M. W. (Gus) Morrow, and the other members of the Dance Committee, Cpl. F. J. W. (Joe) Sauriol, Csts. H. A. Marlow and M. T. Fox.



Top to bottom—

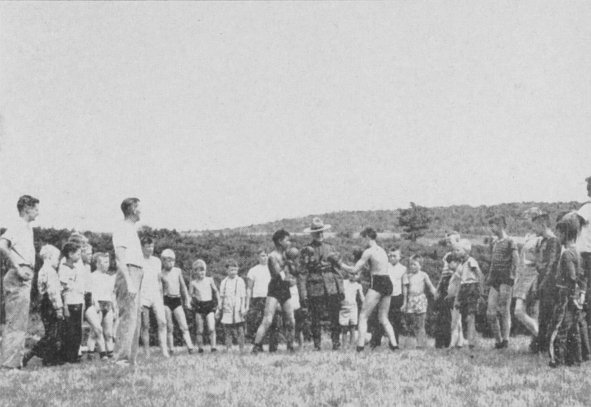
Camp staff—Back row (l. to r.): "Sonny" Shaw, Cpl. V. L. Apedaile, Mrs. Apedaile, Robert Patterson.

Front row (l. to r.): Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. R. Sandford, Sgt. W. J. Lawrence.

A Youth and Police Talk.

Swim period.

Boxing class.



"J" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13135 Cpl. and Mrs. D. Saul, a son, Steven Charles, May 24, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14023 Cst. and Mrs. C. K. McLean, a daughter, Karen Elizabeth, Sept. 8, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13749 Cst. and Mrs. W. J. Gairns, a son, James Edward, Aug. 10, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13474 Cpl. and Mrs. Trann, a daughter, Maureen Allana, Oct. 3, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12947 Cpl. and Mrs. A. M. Hughes, a daughter, Joanne Melissa, Oct. 9, 1950.

Long Service Medal Reg. No. 11526 Cpl. D. J. Evans recently was presented with the RCMP Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at a simple but impressive service at "J" Division Headquarters. The presentation was made by Brig.-Gen. F. W. Hill, CB, CMG, DSO, VD, who was Commissioner of the New Brunswick Provincial Police when Corporal Evans was a member of that force.

Dance The opening dance of the season was held at "J" Division Head-

quarters on October 27, the drill hall's decorations being reminiscent of Hallowe'en—shadowy bats, witches and jack-o-lanterns. The committee in charge can again take credit for a successful evening.

Regimental Dinner Co-operation with other organizations has always been highly regarded and when—instead of on a business basis—this is exemplified on a social plane, the resultant enjoyment passes expectation.

The afternoon and evening of November 18 marked a highly successful revolver shoot and regimental dinner when "J" Division members entertained the Chief and members of the Maine State Police.

During the evening the guests of honor, Col. F. McCabe, Lieut. D. Heron, Sgt. R. Sullivan, Tprs. J. T. Mullin, W. McGowan, R. Bernard, L. Gauthier and F. Clifford, were joined by FBI Agent D. Currie, officials of the Provincial Government and representatives of the Armed Forces, when 71 members of "J" Division played host at the Regimental Dinner.

Members of Maine State Police and RCMP "J" Division who participated in shooting match. Supt. D. L. McGibbon, Officer Commanding "J" Division is in the centre of the front row; second from the left is Colonel McCabe, Chief of the Maine State Police and second from the right is Lieutenant Heron of the same force.





An Interesting Menu

To Colonel McCabe and our own genial Dr. Bell go our especial thanks for their timely and appropriate remarks, while the committee-in-charge can definitely take a bow for an enjoyable evening which we hope will be but a forerunner of many more.

The results of the Revolver Shoot were as follows:

Main State Police	2344
RCMP "J" Division	2327

High Men:

Tpr. R. Bernard	532
Cpl. A. M. Hughes	523

Recreation Devotees of bowling and badminton have taken up where they left off last spring; those less active are taking comfort from the philosophy of Mark Twain who, it will be recalled, claimed to secure his exercise attending the funerals of his more energetic friends.

The Fredericton Golf Club held its annual Field Day for men Sept. 30, 1950. Sixty golfers turned out to try their skill

at beating the little white ball around the well-kept fairways and greens of Fredericton's scenic course.

The order of the day was a Thirteen Hole Match, driving, approaching and putting competitions, total points to count. The golfers were divided into First and Second Divisions with a trophy for each division. There were also prizes for runners-up.

The First Division Trophy donated by Seagrams & Company, was captured by S/Sgt. N. E. Wright of the Pay Office, Permanent Army N.B. area. The Second Division Trophy, donated by Hiram Walker & Company was won by Sgt. C. H. Cox, RCMP Division Headquarters, Fredericton, N.B.

Trophies are for annual competition.

Sergeant Cox and the Hiram Walker Trophy





Brig.-Gen.
F. W. Hill
pins medal
on Corporal
Evans.

"L" Division

Bowling A Police Bowling League consisting of members of "L" Division Headquarters, Charlottetown Detachment and the Charlottetown City Police has been formed. Keen interest has been shown and competition is close. A handicap system has been adopted, and a crested spoon is given each week for the highest individual score. A suitable award is also being arranged for the high individual scores at the termination of the schedule.

Shooting The rifle team, which competed for the first time in the Charlottetown Garrison League last year, is again being organized. After the experience gained last year, a good showing is anticipated.

A Modern Nimrod It seems that each year during the hunting and fishing season, a member of the Force performs some feat

worthy of notice. This year was no exception. While hunting partridge a member of Montague Detachment noticed a covey running across the edge of a wooded area. He raised his shotgun and to his great surprise both barrels discharged simultaneously. After regaining his composure—and when the smoke had cleared sufficiently—he found that he had bagged eight Hungarian partridge.

A farmer in the district who had been contemplating building a wood road through this section of the bush was heard to remark on his indebtedness to the constable for the labor he had saved him.

Harvest The gardens at "L" Division Headquarters have been harvested, and although members who proceeded on leave at a time when the crop was ripe claim discrepancies were noticed on their return, a bumper crop may be reported.

"O" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13794 Cpl. and Mrs. P. H. Bourassa, a son, Gregory Philip, at Toronto, Ont., on Aug. 18, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14109 Cst. and Mrs. W. G. Pritchett, a daughter, Penelope Anne (Penny), at Wallaceburg, Ont., on Sept. 14, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13460 Cst. and Mrs. E. H. Cubitt, a son, Jeffrey Harold, at Sudbury, Ont., on Sept. 29, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13999 Cst. and Mrs. S. B. Pratt, a daughter, Karen Mary, at Toronto, Ont., on Oct. 27, 1950.

Marriages Miss Mary T. Keogh to

Mr. Gerrard E. Hanlon on Oct. 21, 1950, at Colgan, Ont. Miss Keogh was, until she resigned to be married, our very popular Civil Service Mailing Room Typist.

A Record Referring to the announcements of births above, Cst. Gordon Pritchett is even more boastful than most proud fathers and claims at least a divisional record, in that Penny at birth weighed 11 lbs. 3½ ozs.

Citizenship Youth and the Police activity is apparently active within the Force as well as without. This was shown when Janet Lindsay, daughter of Cpl. D. M.



UNDERWEAR

Worn by the

**Royal Canadian Mounted Police
for Over 50 Years**

"THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE MOST SATISFACTORY"

The C. Turnbull Co. Limited • Galt • Canada • Established 1859

Lindsay, was awarded a trophy for outstanding citizenship by the North Toronto Kiwanis Club, for the school year 1949-50.

Recreation Club As forecast in our last Bulletin, a further smoker was held at Beverley Street Barracks on October 6, under the auspices of the Softball Committee of the Recreation Club. It too was enjoyed by all who attended.

Bowling The ladies of our Civil Service staff have taken the lead in the bowling activities at this Headquarters during the present season and are now "allowing" members of the regular Force to take part in their league. It is understood that some spirited games have resulted.

Badminton Cst. S. B. Pratt is busy organizing the activity of the Badminton Club which once more—due to the kindness of the Commanding Officer, No. 1 RCAF Depot, Toronto—is using the badminton courts, bowling alleys and swimming pool at that station on Monday night of each week.

Revolver Club Cst. C. E. Gaines has the interest in the Revolver Club's activities

well developed. This winter the club will use the 8th Army Signal Regiment Range, thanks to the courtesy of their Commanding Officer. These facilities are much more convenient than those which have been available during past years.

English Rugby Cst. C. T. Cripps is now an active member of the Toronto English Rugby Union.

Farewells Reg. No. 10588 Sgt. G. H. P. Woodall retired to pension on October 14, but is remaining in Toronto.

Sickness We regret to have to report that Margaret (Peggy) Currie, wife of Cst. D. C. Currie has been admitted to the Mountain Sanitorium, Hamilton. It is the sincere wish of all that she make a speedy and complete recovery.

At the time of going to press, Insp. K. Shakespeare is in Sunnybrook Hospital, where he was operated on for injuries received in a car accident. It is anticipated that his sojourn at that institution will not be lengthy although there is no doubt that it has been somewhat painful.

Old-timers' Column

The *Quarterly* has learned that Reg. No. 864 ex-Cst. Campbell Young is a patient in an Edmonton hospital. According to official records ex-Constable Young is now 88 years old and first joined the NWMP on Nov. 26, 1882. He served until Feb. 21, 1887 when he purchased his discharge. He was then a corporal. Later—in 1898—Mr. Young rejoined the Force in the Yukon but only served for approximately a month.

Campbell Young is a son of the late Hon. John Young, and before engaging in the NWMP was a member of the Victoria Rifles. During the North-West Rebellion he served at Prince Albert and remembers serving under Major Crozier.

The periodic hospital visits of members of the Force in Edmonton are appreciated by the old gentleman who served in western Canada so many years ago. ● ● ●

* * *

From an Old Soldier

Probably at one time or another most of us have felt like writing a letter to the editor of some magazine or newspaper, either in appreciation for something we have read or to "get a load off our chests", but the percentage who follow up that urge is relatively small. It's nice to get letters from readers—the complimentary ones are encouraging, the critical ones helpful. Because of its interest, we reprint here part of a letter recently received from a faithful subscriber in B.C., Mr. W. Hulme. Although he was never a member of the Force, Mr. Hulme's letter may be of inter-

est to ex-members who served at one time or another in cavalry regiments of the Imperial Army.

Box 90,
Gabriola Island, B.C.

To the Editor:

Sometimes it's a satisfaction to all concerned when a reader expresses his opinion. I've been a subscriber for quite a number of years and the *Quarterly* has been a real source of joy to me throughout. Living on an island as I do, I sure look forward to that grand magazine. Believe me there is not much left unread. My good wife thinks I use it up much too quickly.

This reason alone should enlighten you as to why I get so much kick out of the reading—I'm an ex-cavalry man myself; my old outfit, the 20th Hussars, even though disbanded, lives on. We all know that the horse has had its day but even yet I see that the RCMP realizes the fact that the training of a man still includes horsemanship. When a man can master a horse, it's half the battle in what he is up against, especially in police work. To see the Musical Ride at work is really a wonderful sight but there are not many who realize the hard work required to bring it to perfection. I was in one and I know. These are the kind of memories the magazine brings back to me. I'm only sorry that I was never in the outfit. . . .

I've made friendships through the magazine too—one with Sergeant Major Walker, an old 12th Lancer¹. We do

¹Probably Reg. No. 11632 ex-S/Sgt. Cecil Walker former Riding Instructor at "Depot" Division, who retired to pension a few months ago. Staff Sergeant Walker was author of the article "L'Esprit Cavalier" which appeared in the October 1948 *Quarterly*.

An interesting rock formation, Gabriola Island, B.C.

Photo—W. Midgley Campbell, North Vancouver, B.C.



not exactly know each other, but the 12th Lancers, the Scots Greys and the 20th Hussars formed the famous Fifth Cavalry Brigade under Gen. Sir P. Chetwood. Ever heard of us?

There may be many of our readers who would have much in common with Mr. Hulme and as he said "an old soldier (is) always ready for a yarn". ●●●

* * *

From Our Readers

A letter from F. J. Bigg of Meota, Sask., ex-Reg. No. 2911, says:

"It may interest you to know that in comparing the ages in the Obituary list in more than one year, I found that men who engaged in the last century had an average age of 81 years and those (who joined) in this century lived an average of 61 years. It seems that the difference can be partially accounted for in three or more ways: (1) Sound plain food; (2) early to bed and early to rise; (3) the care of horses in the barn (perpetual fresh air and exercise as opposed to automobiles); all patrols on horseback or by buckboard; enough chores to provide a healthy appetite.

"In these days of orange juice and corn flakes, with a dietitian in the kitchen, it might be of interest to consider the daily menu in 1893: Breakfast—dry hash, bread and tea, no butter; Dinner—roast beef (this was usually either a burnt offering or a bloody sacrifice), potatoes (washed with the broom which swept the floor), bread and tea, no butter. Supper—bread and tea. Out of our 50 cents a day we formed little mess parties and purchased some kind of smear—jam or sardines. The Sergeants' Mess cook made money by selling pie and coffee to hungry recruits at night. If you missed too often, he would make you feel almost a criminal!!!" ●●●

(Editor's Note: And they call them "the good old days".)

* * *

Hardships of Service

Probably every story that has been written about the march of the '74 "originals" and the first few years the NWMP spent in the West, has included some reference to the conditions under which the men travelled and lived; the hardships they endured. The sources of these tales are varied. Some,

are the reflections of men who participated in those epical events, and perhaps to some extent these have been slightly colored with the passing years; some have emanated from Annual Reports of the first Commissioners of the Force and if anything these are inclined to be tinged with official modesty. It is likely then that the most accurate sources of information would be from documents that were written on the spot—diaries, letters and the occasional official report.

Recently a musty old file dealing with the services of a man who joined the Force almost 70 years ago, found its way into the *Quarterly* office. The man was Reg. No. 663 ex-Cst. Daniel Alexander Fraser who joined the NWMP at Toronto on Apr. 4, 1882. As a member of the Mounted Police, Fraser did nothing to set the world on fire. And it is extremely unlikely that his name will be found in the pages of any history book, for six months after his engagement in the Force he had returned to the Ontario farm that was his home. But he is the central figure in this story. The letter reproduced below was written by Surgeon Augustus Jukes to Commr. A. G. Irvine on Oct. 5, 1882, and in his account of the sufferings of one man more than a little of the hardship endured by all members of the Force in the early days is revealed.

It must be remembered too that these men were not "soft" in any sense of the word. While a large proportion were ex-soldiers, many more were the sons of farmers—all young men inured to hard work. Among a group of recruits noted for their physical fitness Dan Fraser apparently was an exceptionally fine specimen of young manhood. And accustomed as the doctor was to examine rugged, healthy men, he was moved from his usual notations of "good prospect", "sound and well set-up", to record that Fraser had a "very powerful physique". The recruit was then 24 years old, slightly over six feet tall and weighed 175 pounds. The doctor also commented that Fraser was "an athlete—a big, powerful, sound man—good at boxing, walking, at throwing the heavy hammer, and at tossing the caber".

But such a fine body alone was not sufficient to withstand the rigors of western service, and six months later Dr. Jukes

wrote to the Commissioner requesting that Fraser "be promptly invalidated". The letter reads as follows:

Fort Macleod, N.W.T.,
Oct. 5, 1882

Colonel Irvine,
Commissioner, NWMP,
Fort Macleod.

Sir:

In compliance with your instructions respecting the disability of Constable Fraser—Reg. No. 663, I have the honor to report as follows.

On or about the 22nd day of May last, during the passage of the recruits up the Missouri, Constable Fraser was attacked with acute ophthalmia. The boat was excessively crowded, and in addition to our own detachment of 210 men, there were 175 more, including passengers and crew—as well as many sheep and cattle. The nights were damp—often very wet and cold—and the men, lying everywhere about the decks, were much exposed to the weather. A large percentage required daily medical treatment, and many became seriously and some alarmingly ill. During the remaining eight or nine days on the *Red Cloud*, and the subsequent trip of 12 days across the plains from the Coal Banks to Fort Walsh, exposed to heat, dust and the intense glare of the sun incident to such a journey, little improvement in Fraser's condition was manifested. The circumstances in which he was necessarily placed were exceptionally unfavorable, but on reaching Fort Walsh he gradually amended, and in about two weeks, being comparatively well was returned to duty.

During the early part of July, the heat at Fort Walsh during the day was excessive—the thermometer occasionally registering 95° in the shade—while the nights were always chilly and often cold. These conditions together with camp life under canvas and the slight protection to the eyes afforded by the forage cap, brought on a relapse shortly before the detachments ordered to Macleod and Calgary—in which latter Fraser was included—started on the 12th of July for their destinations. This second attack proved even more intractable than the first, and continued exposure to the same unfavorable conditions during a 12-day journey from Walsh to Macleod

and the subsequent life under canvas outside that pre-eminently windy and dusty post, rendered all treatment for the time abortive. There was no possibility of improving these conditions. The three beds constituting the entire equipment of the pestiferous hut known as "The Hospital" were already occupied and it is questionable whether had there been a vacancy, confinement in such a place with other patients would have materially bettered his condition. The low, close, unwholesome barracks constituting the men's quarters within the Fort, allowed less than 300 cubic feet of air per man, and were already overcrowded. They were only rendered habitable at this time by keeping doors and windows open both day and night. But the strong light, the heat and intolerable dust in the tents so aggravated the disease from which Constable Fraser suffered that before the departure of "E" Troop—to which he was attached but which he was unable to accompany—to Calgary, I was obliged to get him into one of the buildings within the Fort, where the conditions necessary for his recovery were but little improved.

Under such circumstances—and in spite of all medication and treatment—his eyes have assumed a form of chronic inflammation, which under a continuance of such unfavorable conditions affords no hope of improvement. Loss of sight is a serious deprivation to all, but especially to one, dependent, as this man is, upon daily labor for his bread. I believe that under good management and more encouraging conditions his perfect recovery may reasonably be expected. Under existing circumstances he has long been—and must continue, unfit for service of any kind, with a strong probability of ultimately losing his sight should his present circumstances continue unchanged. I therefore recommend that he be promptly invalidated. He is a man of exemplary character and habits, who, by his kindly disposition has won the respect and affection of all about him. He likes the Force and regrets leaving it. The inception and continuance of his painful disability being in a great measure due to the unfavorable conditions in which the discharge of his duty has placed him, I think he is entitled to a free passage home. ●●●

Book Reviews

THE FRASER, by Bruce Hutchison. Illustrated in black and white by Richard Bennett. Clarke, Irwin and Co., Toronto, Canada. Bibliography and Index. \$4.50.

Here is the story of the Fraser River which eternally carves its ruthless way through the length of the Province of British Columbia. Canadians—and indeed the world—are indebted to Mr. Hutchison for this book, which is published under the "Rivers of America" series. No one could be better qualified to bring us the feeling of this great river than the author for he has travelled its country with love and awe in his heart, and studied diligently its secrets and its powers.

The fearsome river received its name from Simon Fraser, who traversed its length in 1808. This was the beginning. Since then many a hardy soul has lost his life in its rapids, from the days of the Gold Rush in 1850, when men attempted and overcame its seemingly insurmountable difficulties in search of riches—men from the United States, men who came by sea up the Pacific Coast and the unforgettable Overlanders, who having crossed the prairies by wagon and on foot, made their way down the Fraser in frail rafts. When the gold failed, or they could go on no further, men stayed to farm and trade, founding small settlements which are the towns of today.

A mountain river, draining hundreds of lakes and streams, the Fraser's course is one of wild magnificence. Its canyon, older than remembered time, is a gorge, narrow and ugly, planless, meaningless and void. It seems to have no sense of direction or purpose, nothing but a turbulent onrush of waters hurtling over and between the rocks. Tearing forever down through the mountains, brown with the accumulation of mud and clay it has snatched along its way, the river finally debouches into the Pacific forming a delta which now accommodates the city of Vancouver and an area of rich farming country which supports a fine dairy industry.

Mr. Hutchison takes us on a conducted tour up the entire length of the river—through a country vast, wild, beautiful and endlessly rich, holding out a wonderful promise for the future of Canada. There

is a most interesting chapter on salmon, which gives us a new respect for that red-fleshed delicacy; and a chapter on trout fishing which will make any angler itch to go out with rod and reel.

The book is peopled with colorful characters who had much to do with shaping the destinies of the Province of British Columbia and of the whole of Canada—Mackenzie, Douglas, Mathew Begbie, the "hanging judge", an adventurer named Smith, who preferred to be called "Amor de Cosmos" (Lover of the World) and so proved himself. There is Robert Carson, who established a little kingdom for himself high up in a green valley in the hills—and many others whose memory is perpetuated in place names throughout the province today.

Finally, one is left with the feeling that though man may use the river for his own purposes for a short period of time, his days are as grass; but the river is eternal.

O.E.W.

BOTTLE FATIGUE, by "Vip" (Virgil Franklin Partch). Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York, N.Y., Wm. Collins Sons and Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada. \$1.50.

Partch is a cartoonist whose crazy, distorted style is well-suited to the depiction of what happens when man meets Martini. "Vip's" report on several zany aspects of modern drinking has little to offer on the morality or otherwise of drunkenness, but his exaggerated and frenetic drawings are sure to evoke many wry smiles or even guffaws from drinkers and non-drinkers alike.

Several of the fiendishly split heads of Vip's horrid looking luses suffering from over-indulgence of the night before give point to the old Chinese saw about a picture telling more than a thousand words. And if you've ever had a hangover, you'll agree.

W.N.W.

CANADA, edited by George W. Brown, University of Toronto Press—Saunders—Toronto, Canada. Illustrated. Bibliography and Index. Pp. 621. \$6.50.

This is another in the United Nations Series of books and is edited by George W. Brown, Professor of History, University of Toronto. The Series originated in the University of California as part of its contribution to the war effort; general editor of these volumes is Robert J. Kerner,

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Canada's efforts in the war and later in peace have brought to the fore the fact that we are no longer of colony status. Many of us find that hard to believe, yet if we don't believe it ourselves, it is that much more difficult to sell the idea to other nations of the world. As Canadians it is our duty—and it should be our pleasure—to know as much about our country and its progress during the last 50 years as we can assimilate.

The contributors to this volume are an impressive array of authorities on history, geography, economics, religion, politics, education and other cultural aspects of our way of living. Their efforts to tell us about Canada and her peoples, while aimed at a world-wide audience, should still be of interest to all Canadians.

The book is divided into six sections and traces the whole pattern of our 20th century progress. It should be of particular value as a reference work especially in homes where there are children of school age.

G.G.

I SPIED FOR STALIN, by Nora Murray, with an introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Noel Mason-MacFarlane, KCB, DSO, MC. Oldhams Press Limited, London, England, Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada. Pp. 256. \$2.50.

There have been a number of books published within the last few years by Russians who have managed to escape from under the shadow of the hammer and sickle and in some ways they are all similar. They express the author's profound relief, the wonder, the happiness of living for the first time in a world devoid of terror and suspicion. The similarity between those books and Nora Murray's *I Spied for Stalin* ends there.

Mrs. Murray is literally a child of the Revolution—she was born on a troop-train—and her father was one of the original group of revolutionaries who eventually reached positions of power in Communist Russia. (Vassily Savvich Korzhenko was for 20 years one of the chiefs of the Russian secret police, and his last post was Director-General of the Soviet Foreign Office under Litvinov.) Because of her father's position,

Nora's early life differed somewhat from that of other children, there was no poverty or personal tragedy but plenty of material comfort, if little real happiness. Eventually of course her father was the victim of the system he helped to create, but even prior to that Nora realized the terror, the bitterness, the jealousy and brutality of the Communist regime.

Then came the time when she was forced to work for the police as a spy. From then on the romantic pattern is woven into the story, for she falls in love with the Englishman John Murray whom she is supposed to be watching. Through her eventual marriage to Murray she was able to leave Russia and after eight years of silence published this book for, as she says "... one day my children will be old enough to read it and then, like you, will be able to judge for themselves ... Russia ... that nightmare in which I lived for 20 years ..."

It's a good book, and an interesting one, the sort of reading that should be compulsory for some of our more "crimson-tinted" citizens, who might learn just what life behind the Iron Curtain really is like. J.G.

THE SECRETS OF DOUBLE ACTION SHOOTING, by Bob Nichols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N.Y. \$3.

This is purported to be the first book to outline the potential maximum deadliness of the revolver and should be of particular interest to law-enforcement officers.

Although countless double action revolvers have been manufactured both on this continent and abroad, the author states that only one make—Smith & Wesson—has the smooth trigger and action so essential to double action accuracy and speed performance. Considerable space is devoted to outlining the merits of Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers, and it is admitted that the former is not only the best single action weapon in the U.S.A. but very popular with police departments.

Double action shooting is not a new departure for at the turn of the century a man named Ed. McGivern began performing weird feats of accuracy and speed shooting with an S. & W. revolver. This man could hit a tin can, tossed in the air, as many as six times before it dropped to the ground. It was also reported that he

could fire five shots in three-fifths of a second.

In order to excel in this type of shooting, some alterations must be made in the revolver and these are described in detail; considerable practice is necessary to ascertain the best grip and stance for accuracy purposes.

This book will be read with interest by policemen who in the ordinary course of their duties must fire in self defence, their life dependant on split second action. It is hardly anticipated that many hand-gun enthusiasts will change over to double action shooting. E.C.A.

MY 66 YEARS IN THE BIG LEAGUES, by Connie Mack. The John C. Winston Co. Ltd., Philadelphia, USA and Toronto, Canada. Pp. 246. Illustrated and indexed. \$3.

To the baseball fan young or old, Connie Mack's book, "My 66 years in the Big Leagues", is, if nothing else, a grand trip back down the memory lane of baseball and provides an opportunity to pause here and there and "shake" with the immortal greats of yesteryear. Such names as Marquard, Waddell, Johnson, Mathewson, Plank, Cobb, Bender, Speaker, Frisch, Grove, Coombs, Baker, Ehmke and a score of others too numerous to mention, appear time and again through the pages of this book. Mr. Mack knew these men from rookie days to stardom and was instrumental in developing many of them to the peak of their greatness.

Instead of a sports thriller the grand old man of baseball produced a tranquil and interesting tour through baseball's hall of fame with frequent stops here and there occasionally back-tracking, then on again, according to his fancy at the moment. Readers who delight only in drama and melodrama may find none too much to their liking in "My 66 years in the Big Leagues", but sports fans in general will like the book and be proud to own it. To those who lived in the time when the heroes of this work were the cynosure of all baseball fans, it will occasion profound enjoyment in the bitter-sweet nostalgia that steals over them as they renew acquaintances and live again with the idols who have long since joined the league of all-time greats. W.W.S.

OBITUARY

Reg. No. 11388 ex-Cst. Joseph Olivier Racine, 64, died Mar. 1, 1950 at Casselman, Ont. Formerly a member of the Preventive Service which he joined in 1927, Mr. Racine became a member of the RCMP on Apr. 1, 1932. He was discharged when his term of service expired two years later. On Sept. 5, 1939 he re-engaged in the Force and was invalided to pension on May 26, 1946. For most of his service he was stationed in "A" Division, although for a time he served at Coaticook Detachment, "C" Division.

Reg. No. 10070 ex-Sgt. Frederick John Spindler, 54, died Oct. 5, 1950 at Brockville, Ont. Mr. Spindler joined the Force at Ottawa on June 12, 1924 and retired to pension Aug. 11, 1950. Except for brief periods in Toronto and Montreal, all of his service was in "A" Division.

Ex-Insp. John Fraser, 68, died at Ottawa, Ont., on Aug. 18, 1950. He joined the Dominion Police on Nov. 24, 1912 and became an officer of that force on Oct. 1, 1918. When the Dominion Police was absorbed by the RCMP in 1920 Mr. Fraser was given the rank of Staff Sergeant, but was promoted to Sub-Inspector in the RCMP on Aug. 1, 1936. On Apr. 1, 1939 he was promoted to Inspector and July 1, 1943 he was retired to pension. Among his survivors is a son in the Force, Reg. No. 12567 Corporal William of Guysboro, N.S. Ex-Inspector Fraser was born in England and prior to coming to Canada served in the British Army for almost eight years. During World War I he was in charge of Enemy Alien Department in the Dominion Police and in his long service at H.Q. in this Force he filled several important positions.

Reg. No. 12157 ex-Chief Engineer John Mason Sharp, 68, died at Halifax, N.S. on Aug. 18, 1950. Mr. Sharp joined the "Marine" Division Apr. 1, 1932 after previous service with the Preventive Service and RCN. In World War I he served in the RN from 1914 to 1920 and at the outbreak of World War II transferred to the Canadian Navy with other members of the "Marine" Division. He was retired to pension on July 7, 1942.

Reg. No. 6320 ex-Cst. Cecil Charles John Whitehead, 54, died in September 1950, at Parksville, B.C. He joined the Force on Sept. 26, 1914 at Vancouver and was discharged when his term of service expired two years later. Mr. Whitehead was a veteran of both World Wars.

Reg. No. 5816 Cst. Alexander Gamman, 58, died in Montreal on May 26, 1950 from bullet wounds received when trying to stop a bank hold-up man. Constable Gamman first joined the Force June 1, 1914 and served until May 31, 1917. He re-engaged in the RCMP on Oct. 10, 1939 at Calgary and was transferred to Regina in 1940 and then to Montreal.

Reg. No. 9438 ex-Cst. William James Perry, 62, died Nov. 4, 1950 at Halifax, N.S. Mr. Perry joined the RCMP on Sept. 9, 1920 and was discharged to pension Jan. 15, 1940. Previously he had served with the Dominion Police from Apr. 4, 1915 to Dec. 15, 1917. He served continuously in "H" Division.

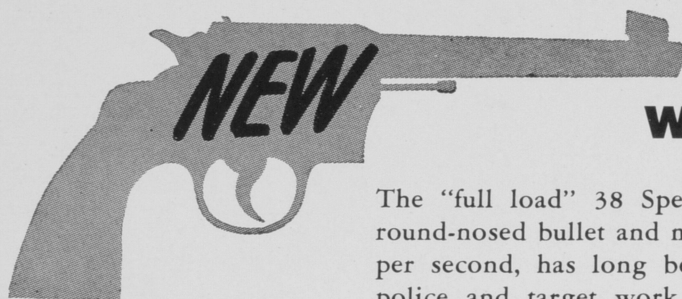
Ex-Supt. G. B. Moffatt, 95, died at Victoria, B.C. on July 4, 1950. As Reg. No. 189 Mr. Moffatt first joined the NWMP on June 17, 1878 and was discharged—time expired—three years later. On Sept. 1, 1883 he was appointed an inspector in the Force and seven years later was promoted to superintendent. On Mar. 1, 1903 Superintendent Moffatt retired because of ill-health. (See *Old-timers' Column*, April 1950 *Quarterly*.)

Reg. No. 10061 ex-Cst. Emsley Waldon Lloyd, 46, died at Toronto, Ont., on Nov. 6, 1950 as the result of injuries received in a car accident. He joined the Force at Toronto on Jan. 23, 1924 and was discharged June 25, 1926 at Vancouver, B.C.

Reg. No. 10803 Cst. Dieudonne Joseph Tudore Martel, 41, died on June 1, 1950 in a Montreal hospital. Constable Martel joined the Force at Ottawa on May 17, 1930 and served continuously in "A" Division. At the time of his death he was employed in the Fire Prevention Branch.

Reg. No. 2548 ex-Sgt. William Blyth, 78, died at Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 8, 1950. Mr. Blyth first served the NWMP as a bugler from Jan. 1, 1887 to Mar. 31, 1889. He rejoined the Force Nov. 1, 1889 and served until Aug. 31, 1904 when he purchased his discharge. On May 20, 1905 he re-engaged in the Force and served until discharge to pension May 19, 1914. Ex-Sergeant Blyth was stationed in many places in Western Canada, including Banff, Regina, Vegreville and Fort Saskatchewan. After leaving the Mounted Police, Mr. Blyth served as Warden of both Fort Saskatchewan and Lethbridge Provincial Jails.

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