

R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



Royal Canadian Mounted Police

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APRIL 15, 1946

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Deputy Commr. R. L. Cadiz, 1908-1944

Editorial...

For determination and outstanding courage one N.C.O. and two constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police recently were awarded the King's Police Medal (For Gallantry). They qualified for the coveted decoration by their distinguished action in preventing crime, arresting criminals, and attempting to save life—Reg. No. 12963, **King's Police Medal Awards** Cst. W. H. Warner and Reg. No. 13610, Cst. T. J. Keefe for conspicuous gallantry in apprehending dangerous bank robbers (see *R. v. Lauzon*, 11 R.C.M.P.Q. 179); and Reg. No. 10288, Cpl. J. W. Pooke for conspicuous gallantry at Athabasca, Alta., on Apr. 20, 1945, when he rescued infant Gloria Bart from a burning building in a vain attempt to save her life.

Constables Warner and Keefe, it is clear from the actions of one of the men they arrested, would have been murdered without compunction had the criminal's revolver functioned properly. The desperado's Odyssey of crime, and that of his no less dangerous confederate, however, were brought to an abrupt finale because of the courage, dash and good judgment of the two constables, and once again justice triumphed over flagrant villainy.

As for Corporal Pooke, flames were shooting from the windows of the house when he learned that a baby was inside. One man in attempting a rescue had been driven back by intense heat and smoke; but Pooke, in a second attempt and without thought of self, succeeded where the other had failed. The baby, though still alive when carried from the blazing inferno, was so badly burned that she succumbed soon afterwards—but this points up rather than detracts from the meritoriousness of the corporal's action.

All three policemen showed heroism, great fortitude and resourcefulness in the face of grave danger. Each had a close call from Death, but an amazing chain of circumstances and good luck saw all of them through without mishap. The awards reflect honour not only on the brave peace officers directly concerned, but on the entire Force, and will be whole-heartedly welcomed, by all ranks.

* * * * *

In July, 1938, the *Quarterly* published an article that traced the growth of the R.C. M.P. Marine Section from its sailing-ship days to the period just preceding the outbreak of World War II. Eight years have passed since then—**R.C.M.P. Marine Section** momentous ones for all of us—and in this number of our magazine we carry on with the story. Here, in what might be termed phases II and III of the Marine Section's existence, the same writer tells graphically of the splendid contribution made by a handful of men and ships in the battle for the ocean life-lines, and outlines the subsequent post-war period of reorganization.

To us the story makes fascinating reading, for it reveals the exploits of many of our comrades whose deeds until recently have been shrouded in secrecy. With reorganization now well under way, the *Quarterly* looks forward to further written contributions by members of the Force's Marine Section.

Our cover shows the newly-commissioned R.C.M.P.S. *French*. This colour photograph was taken by C.P.O. Eric Heywood, R.C.N., and the illustrations in the article are R.C.N. photographs.

* * * * *

Following his retirement to pension on Jan. 31, 1944, after 44 years in harness as a soldier and policeman, ex-Deputy Commissioner Cadiz settled down in Vancouver, B.C., to what we hope will be many years of well-earned leisure. As one of its past chairmen, he has watched the *Quarterly's* development and progress with a jealous eye—his letters show that he continues to do so—, and we are pleased to run his picture as our frontispiece in this issue.

Colonel and Mrs. Cadiz have endeared themselves to a host of friends wherever they have been, and in retirement they have the cordial goodwill of Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen everywhere.

Notes on Recent Cases

R. v. Galbraith

False Pretences—Pseudo-Medical Man Exposed—National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations—Modus Operandi

On Christmas day, 1945, a penniless young man arrived in Cornwall, Ont., and applied to the Salvation Army for succour, passing himself off as a former salvationist from their branch at Chilliwack, B.C.

Through the intercession of the Salvation Army authorities the new-comer, who went under the name of Derek Heflin, was temporarily employed in a local hospital dispensary. He claimed that he had studied medicine at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S., but members of the hospital staff doubted this when it became evident that he was utterly unfamiliar with even commonplace medical terms.

In February, 1946, a newspaper item stated that Dr. Derek Heflin had been presented with a Royal Academy Certificate at a ceremony in Montreal, Que. Dr. Heflin, the write-up continued, was a native of Salsburg, Austria, and prior to 1933 had been a professor of psychiatry at Heidelberg University in Germany. A graduate from the Royal Academy of Medical Arts and Sciences, London, Eng., in 1938 he had enrolled at the University of Vienna but his studies there were interrupted by the German occupation.

He had recently married the daughter of a prominent Cornwall family.

On the face of them some of these particulars were ludicrous, for Heflin whose age had been given from time to time as not more than 27 would have been a mere lad of 14 when he was supposed to be a professor in Germany. A routine inquiry launched by the R.C.M.P. disclosed several other inconsistencies in his life story. For example the man had never, in any way, been associated with the Salvation Army at Chilliwack; Dalhousie University authorities had never heard of him, and the diploma mentioned in the newspaper was bogus.

Under close questioning on Feb. 26, 1946, the mystery man stated that his parents had

been killed in Europe and that upon his arrival later in Canada he had attended Dalhousie University. In faultless English and with scarcely a trace of an accent, he maintained that he knew a number of prominent people in Canada and produced "official" documents to substantiate his pretensions. An accomplished singer and pianist, he seemed to have many attainments for his age. However, despite his polished manners and nonchalance, the more he talked the more convinced the investigators became that he was an imposter with a vivid imagination—perhaps covering up past illegal activities.

Upon learning that he had not notified the divisional registrar of his change of address they arrested him.

Questioned a second time, he explained blandly that he wasn't Heflin at all but that his name was Hans George Schulte; that he was a prisoner of war, and that in August of 1945 he had escaped from camp 133 near Medicine Hat, Alta. He spoke in German and showed his interrogators several photographs of P.O.W.'s, claiming that one of the men whose depiction was hazy was himself. With three other German airmen whom he named he had escaped from a P.O.W. hostel in July, 1944. These assertions seemed true for actually the four prisoners designated had escaped from the hostel in question at that time. But all four of them had been recaptured next day (See *R. v. Schulte*, 10 R.C.M.P.Q. 286), and a check confirmed that Schulte was still confined.

Confronted with these facts the suspect finally admitted that his real name was John Galbraith and that his home was in Edmonton, Alta., where he was born in 1926. This new information was confirmed by the R.C.M.P. Central Modus Operandi Section, Ottawa, Ont., where the records also revealed that Galbraith had served a term of imprisonment at Lethbridge, Alta.,

for stealing an automobile, and that he was presently wanted by the police of that city on several worthless cheque charges.

While in gaol at Lethbridge he met the four German P.O.W.'s who were also serving time for a similar crime, and his acquaintance with them had furnished him with the data that had made his second story about himself so plausible.

Galbraith had never received instructions in medicine, but claimed that he was very interested in the subject and had read from medical books in his spare time. He had had the fake diploma printed in Montreal by a firm of job printers that did "commercial printing". This firm had also printed 100 sheets of stationery, and envelopes to match, with the letter-head "Canadian Medical Association", which he had used later to support his fantastic story of his being a refugee intellectual.

To expedite matters, charges against Galbraith in Cornwall under the National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations and the National Registration Regulations were withdrawn, and on March 6, he left the city under escort for Lethbridge to stand trial.

At Lethbridge on March 11, the accused appeared before Police Magistrate B. Metcalfe on three charges of False Pretences, s. 405 (3) Cr. Code. He was convicted on all three and ordered to pay fines and costs totalling \$252 which amount was paid.

Galbraith's series of bewildering lies were featured in daily newspapers across Canada and created a minor national sensation. It is difficult to ascribe any reason for them but one thing is certain—they labelled their concoctor as definitely given to romanticism.

R. v. Jonasson

Murder—Crime Detection Laboratory—Circumstantial Evidence Gives Quietus to Accused's Testimony

Early in the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1945, a farmer came upon Baldwin Jonasson, a middle-aged farm-hand, lying on the road approximately 11 miles north of Portage la Prairie, Man. Jonasson's throat and left arm were badly cut, but, though in critical condition from loss of blood, he was conscious and able to speak. He said that he had had an accident and that his car was in a ditch further up the road with the dead body of his girl companion in it.

The farmer, assisted by his brother, rushed the injured man to a hospital in Portage la Prairie and communicated the facts of his discovery to the R.C.M.P. in that city.

The investigators found the body of 16-year-old Pearl Dell in Jonasson's coupe which was ditched on a lonely road and almost concealed by willow trees. She was on the seat in a sitting position and her head leaned against the door on the right. Her throat was cut deeply from ear to ear, and coagulated blood adhered to her clothing and every visible part of her body.

The windshield of the car was broken and most of the glass was on the floor boards. There was no blood on the pieces

of windshield remaining in the frame, nor any on the instrument panel. The motor had been turned off and the key was still in the ignition switch.

In the ditch beside the car were a few fragments of glass, and near the right running board was the empty cardboard scabbard of a straight razor.

The ground was muddy and slippery from a recent rain and the route taken by the car was easily followed—a zigzag course indicating the car had been in and out of the ditch several times on both sides of the road. The tire tracks led to a meadow and near the gate, one gate-post of which had blood stains on top, a blood-stained razor was lying open in some weeds. In the meadow the investigators found a claw hammer and some broken glass.

At the hospital, Jonasson told the police that on Sunday night he and Miss Dell were driving through heavy rain to the farm where they were employed, and the car ran off the road throwing both of them partly through the windshield. He lifted the girl off the edge of the glass on which her neck rested, but her throat had been slashed and she died in his arms. He managed to drive a short distance, but the car

got out of control again and he ran it into the ditch where it stopped. He had been in the vicinity all night and all the next day and night, and during this interval had crawled to where he had been picked up.

He did not try to explain away the blood-stained gate-post, and his account was contradicted by the fact that most of the windshield glass had fallen inwards.

Because of these and other inconsistencies Jonasson was questioned again. This time he changed his story. The girl, he said, had committed suicide. First, she had asked to see his hand and when he held it out she cut his wrist with a razor. He then got out to crank the car, which had stalled, and when he was about to get back in the car she cut her throat, threw the razor out of the window, and, finally, kicked out the part of the windshield in front of her. Afterwards, Jonasson concluded, he drove along the road a short way, struck a culvert and was thrown against the windshield, which cut his throat.

A post-mortem examination by Dr. J. W. Kittlewell, Portage la Prairie, showed that a very clean regular laceration extending from the left side of the thyroid cartilage across to the right of the neck had completely severed the right carotid artery and jugular vein. This incision lacked the jagged appearance which usually characterizes incisions caused by broken glass, and there were no particles of glass in it. In the doctor's opinion the wound had been caused by a strong and extremely sharp instrument and signs of violence indicated that it had not been self-inflicted.

On the forehead was a crescent-shaped laceration one-half to three-quarters of an inch long whose ends extended into a concentric contusion, and the underlying frontalis muscle was crushed. Death had resulted from a massive exsanguinating hemorrhage.

At the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina, Sask., scientific examination established that the glass particles retrieved from the ditch and meadow were parts of one windshield; that the blood on the razor was of the same type as Jonasson's, and that the hammer was free of blood stains. There was insufficient blood on the gate-post top

to be properly classified, and a sample of the deceased's blood had hemolyzed making it impossible to determine its type.

Jonasson was charged with Murder, s. 263, Cr. Code, and on Nov. 11, 1945, appeared before Mr. Justice J. E. Adamson and jury at Portage la Prairie. W. D. Card, K.C., and H. Sparling, both of Portage la Prairie, appeared for the Crown and defence respectively. The accused pleaded not guilty but was convicted on November 17 and sentenced to hang at Headingly, Man., common gaol on Feb. 8, 1946, on which date he paid the penalty for his crime.

At the trial the accused testified in his own behalf, but after a few vague replies in cross-examination resorted to the refuge of saying "I don't remember". Medical evidence was adduced to the effect that it would be impossible for the victim, fatally wounded as she was, to throw a razor 40 feet (distance from the car to the point where the razor was recovered), as the accused alleged she did after using it on her throat.

It is believed that Jonasson and Miss Dell drove into the meadow and there an argument took place between them; that he dealt her a sharp blow on the forehead with the hammer, and then slashed her throat with the razor. Thereafter he attempted to commit suicide with the same weapon but his nerve deserted him before he could effect his purpose. He denied ownership of the razor but it was identified as having at one time been his.

The court complimented both counsel on the way each had handled his case. "Mr. Card", Mr. Justice Adamson said, "conducted the case with efficiency and moderation; it was almost a model of the way a Crown case should be conducted."

Commenting on the case afterwards the Crown prosecutor said in a letter to the Commissioner of the Force:

"I cannot let the opportunity pass of expressing to you my appreciation and admiration for the work done by your Force here, not only generally but particularly in this matter. . . . The demeanour of members in the witness box and their full and fair answers to questions were a credit to your Force."

1946

Canadian Criminal Procedure

(Annotations)

By

A. E. POPPLE, LL.B.

Author of *Snow's Criminal Code* (5th Ed.); *Justices, Police and Prosecutor's Manual*, etc., etc.

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R. v. Lauzon et al

*Armed Robbery—Theft of Automobile—Escape From Lawful Custody—
Courage Under Gun Point—King's Police Medals Awarded*

Heavy betting and free spending by two men and a woman at Covehead race track near Charlottetown, P.E.I., on Sept. 12, 1945, attracted attention, and R.C.M.P. investigators checked up on the trio on the remote chance that they might be linked with a series of major bank hold-ups perpetrated in Ontario.

No official information regarding the fugitives or details of their depredations had been provided. The police patrol was based solely on suspicion engendered by press and radio publicity given Ulysses Lauzon, 23, and Joseph Beverly Peltier, 19, both of Windsor, Ont., who on July 19, 1945, escaped from the county gaol at Kitchener, Ont.; yet it resulted in the capture of two desperados wanted in five provinces and the recovery of many thousands of stolen dollars.

At the time of their escape, Lauzon and Peltier were awaiting trial for bank robbery.

Peltier was recaptured in Montreal, Que., on August 31 while attempting to negotiate some stolen bearer bonds, but Lauzon was still at large.

At the race track, Reg. No. 12963, Cst. H. Warner and Reg. No. 13610, Cst. T. J. Keefe located a Ford coupe in which it was alleged that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Jensen of Halifax, N.S., and another man—the party plunging at the parimutuels—, were travelling. Before the final race of the afternoon had been run two men and a woman approached the car and, when asked by the police to do so, produced registration certificates. These certificates appeared to be *bona fide*, but the men's answers to certain questions were not satisfactory and the driver of the car had no operator's licence. So the three of them were told that they would have to go to Charlottetown for further questioning.

Constable Warner got into the coupe with Jensen and his wife, the former driving, while Constable Keefe and the other man—Walter Peter Kerr of Chatham, Ont., according to his registration certificate—followed in the police transport. These arrangements were permitted because at that time the constables had no definite suspicions of the strangers' identities.

After going about two miles Jensen seemed to lose control of the car, and it swerved off the road to the right and bumped along the ditch for 75 feet or so before stopping. Mrs. Jensen's head struck the windshield. She groaned, then slumped as if in a faint. An expectant mother, she was the first concern of the police, and Constable Warner tried to make her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances before he got out of the car. Meantime Constable Keefe had stopped the police car and, with Kerr, hurried up on foot to see what was wrong.

When Constable Warner turned after backing out of the car, he found himself staring into a revolver held by Jensen. By this time Kerr also had drawn a revolver and the two constables, neither of whom was armed, found themselves at gun point.

Jensen, who appeared to be the leader, ordered the investigators to lie flat on the ground. The command was ignored. Instead, Keefe started a slow advance, and both revolvers turned in his direction. Warner rushed forward at that moment, and Jensen, diverting his aim to him, pulled the trigger four times. The only response was four hollow clicks.

Warner seized Jensen firmly and knocked his revolver to the ground where unfortunately it bounded out of reach of both constables. Jensen screamed to Kerr to shoot Warner, but the latter prevented this by holding his captive in front of him as a shield.

Keefe was now edging closer to Kerr, talking calmly to him—reasoning with him that escape was impossible because they were on an island; that if he shot, neither he nor Jensen would escape to the mainland or get away with it.

With Jensen helpless in his grip, Warner urged Keefe to rush Kerr. "His gun isn't loaded", he said.

"Oh, it isn't eh?" replied Kerr, and he fired a shot that whizzed between the two constables.

Warner added his comments to Keefe's argument which was beginning to have effect on Kerr. Finally the latter's bravado deserted him and he handed over his revolver.

The other weapon was found to be fully loaded, with four of the cartridges marked by the firing pin. The cartridges were of the rimfire type and the revolver, designed for centre fire ammunition, failed to explode them—very probably the policemen owe their lives to this fact. Believing that sudden action on his part might have precipitated gun play, Keefe had made no attempt to get hold of this weapon; rather he had preferred to keep Kerr's mind occupied with persuasive talk. By thus drawing Kerr's attention and keeping him occupied, Keefe exercised sound judgment, as it turned out; had he attempted to reach Lauzon's weapon the outcome might have been far different.

In Charlottetown it was established that Mr. and Mrs. Jensen were in reality Lauzon and his wife, Eileen Cornell Lauzon, 20, and that Kerr was Walter Koresky, 22, also of Windsor. The national registration certificates were forged, their names and addresses fictitious. When searched, Lauzon and Koresky each had in his possession over \$2,000.

Lauzon's avowed intention had been to shoot both constables, put their bodies in his car and head for Borden where he planned to throw them off the wharf, or overboard during the ferry journey to Cape Tormentine, N.B.

In a cabin at Cavendish, P.E.I., which had been used as temporary quarters by the three prisoners, eight \$500 Victory bonds were found that subsequently were identified as loot taken during a bank robbery in Ontario.

The automobile they were travelling in was one they had stolen on August 31 in Quebec City, P.Q. They had substituted New Brunswick licence plates, also stolen, but Michigan and Quebec plates as well were recovered with the car. On September 17, both men were arraigned in court of sessions at Quebec City before Judge A.

Geron, charged with Theft of Motor Car, s. 377 Cr. Code, and pleaded guilty. Each was sentenced to one year in gaol with hard labour.

Lauzon voluntarily explained how he and Peltier had made their getaway from the Waterloo County Gaol which up till then had been considered escape-proof. He had secreted four saws on his person, which the guards didn't find and, with a pal in an adjoining cell singing to drown the noise, used them to saw through the bars, filling the resulting slits with soap as he progressed. When the singing stopped, it was a warning to cease operations quickly. The bars revolved, he said, which made them extremely hard to hold. He fashioned a 30-foot rope of blankets, also a hook from a spring off his cell cot, to scale an 18-foot wall that surrounded the building and which he had sized up when entering the place on the day his incarceration began. In the escape, the rope with the hook attached was thrown over the wall and the escapers shinned up it.

On November 19 at Kingston, Ont., Lauzon, Peltier and Koresky appeared before County Magistrate J. B. Garvin, with Ontario Deputy Attorney General C. L. Snyder, K.C., Toronto, Ont., representing the prosecution, and J. S. Allan, K.C., Windsor, and H. A. McNeill, Kingston, representing the defence.

Peltier and Lauzon were charged jointly on three separate charges of Robbery While Armed, s. 446 (c) Cr. Code, as follows: (1) Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ayr, Ont., May 9, 1945, in which the total haul consisted of \$53,700 in bonds and \$19,600 cash—up to that time the biggest bank robbery in Canadian crime annals; (2) Canadian Bank of Commerce, Port Perry, Ont., Aug. 6, 1945, which netted \$2,832; (3) Royal Bank of Canada, Bath, Ont., Aug. 20, 1945, where the take totalled \$300,000 in bonds and securities and about \$11,000 cash—creating a new record as the biggest robbery in Canadian history. They were also charged jointly with Escaping Lawful Custody at Kitchener, July 19, 1945, s. 189 (b) Cr. Code.

Both pleaded guilty to all charges and each was sentenced to 12 years on the first charge, the same on the third, eight years on the second, and three years on the

fourth—all sentences to run consecutively, making a total of 35 years' imprisonment.

When recaptured in a Montreal bank on August 21, Peltier had been shot in the back by the teller, the bullet almost severing his spinal cord and leaving him a paralytic for the remainder of his life. He had been wheeled into court on a stretcher to face trial with Lauzon. Made consecutive to the eight-year term he is serving for bank robbery at Windsor in the summer of 1945, his new sentences render him subject to a total of 43 years' imprisonment.

Koresky was charged jointly with Peltier and Lauzon for his part in the hold-up of the Port Perry branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce on August 6, and the Bath branch of the Royal Bank of Canada on August 30. He pleaded guilty to both charges, and received three years' imprisonment on the first, and 12 years' imprisonment on the second—both sentences to run consecutively, making a total of 15 years' imprisonment.

All terms will be served in Kingston Penitentiary. At the request of the Crown, five lesser charges against Lauzon and Peltier were withdrawn—including one for stealing revolvers from the Bank of Toronto, Preston, Ont., on May 4, 1945, and another for robbery at Port Perry. Mrs. Lauzon was released from custody on November 5, following withdrawal of the holding charge on which she had been held.

In the afternoon of Jan. 22, 1946, Constables Warner and Keefe were presented with the King's Police and Fire Service Medal by Lt.-Gov. J. A. Bernard of Prince Edward Island. The ceremony took place in the Confederation Chamber of the Parliament Buildings at Charlottetown.

After pinning the medals on the breasts of the two constables the lieutenant-governor said:

"Actions such as you have performed while in your line of duty as guardians of the law have been regarded by your superiors as being worthy of special meritorious consideration and this investiture therefore gives me much pleasure.

"That the action occurred in our province brought to it as well as to you constables unexpected and favourable publicity and it is to the credit of the Royal Canadian Mounted

Police that the training you have received has been utilized in bringing you this honourable recognition.

"Your courage and bravery in the face of what might well have been tragedy are ex-

amples of heroism which cannot be refuted, and in presenting you these medals I wish to add my congratulations and best wishes for a successful future in your chosen profession, the upholding of the law under all conditions."

R. v. Miktaeyout

Manslaughter—Eskimo Wives Traded—Complete Court of Law Sits in Far North—Criminal Code of Canada Applies to Every Person in Every Part of Canada

In July, 1942, while locked in the ice at Pasley Bay during her west-east voyage through the North-west Passage, the now famous *St. Roch*, only floating detachment of the R.C.M.P., learned that an Eskimo woman of the Netsilinguit tribe had murdered her husband the previous month at Victory Harbour near Thom Bay on the south-east coast of Boothia Peninsula.

In due course a patrol set out from the R.C.M.P. detachment at Pond Inlet on the north shore of Baffin Island, and on May 6, 1943, the investigator reported by wireless that the suspect had confessed. There had been no eye-witnesses, but the body was available and circumstantial evidence had been obtained.

Behind the tragedy lay the old story of the eternal triangle, a bane not uncommon even in the Far North. Miktaeyout, the suspect, had for five years been the wife of Equalla who was a good provider and one of the best hunters of the tribe. However, early in 1940 an influential native named Ohokto decided that Equalla would be a suitable husband for his daughter, Kachootenosk, and persuaded him to take her as his wife. In the deal Miktaeyout was given to Kookieyout, a shiftless, unattractive individual and no good as a hunter or trapper.

Miktaeyout protested the arrangement to no avail. Once, upon following her erstwhile spouse to another camp, she was lashed to a sled and returned to Kookieyout, and several times was subjected to threats and abuse. For two years she put up with her unwanted husband, sinking lower and lower from the enviable status she had enjoyed as the notable hunter's wife. Finally, on July 24, 1942, she shot Kookieyout while he slept.

Early in the morning of that fateful day two native men of the village had gone to

Kookieyout's tent and asked him to go hunting with them. He had declined, saying he was too tired, but while there they examined his rifle and found it to be unloaded. In the evening a shot was heard, and two other men who were cooking seal meat in the open saw Miktaeyout come out of her tent. She was crying, and told them Kookieyout was dead. They looked inside the tent and saw him lying on his side with a bullet hole in his head; the rifle was on the ground beside him.

The bleak and timeless North unleashed obstacles that delayed the inquiry, but eventually the law was in motion. On June 6, 1943, the body of the deceased was taken north to Fort Ross at the southern tip of Somerset Island and buried.

This was done preparatory to an inquest which tentatively was to take place in the autumn when R.M.S. *Nascopie*, the Hudson Bay Co. supply ship, would call at Fort Ross during her annual cruise to the Eastern Arctic. But ice conditions prevented the vessel from docking there, and the inquest and trial had to be postponed.

It was the second year that the ship had failed to reach the two small clapboard houses which comprise the fort, and in the following spring the personnel of the H.B.C.'s trading post had to be brought to the outside by plane because of lack of provisions. Meanwhile the R.C.M.P. investigator who had assembled the witnesses and prisoner for the expected court proceedings released them with an injunction to be on hand the next year at ship time. Then on Oct. 18, 1943, he left the fort on a lone, circuitous patrol back to his detachment. He arrived at Repulse Bay on the north-west corner of Hudson Bay on December 14, and on New Year's day struck out almost due north up Melville Peninsula

toward Pond Inlet; the total distance of the round trip which occupied 146 days, was 3,550 miles, and the temperature was below zero all this time.

In 1944 the trial was again deferred because the ice-packed waters of the eastern approach to the North-west Passage made it impossible for the *Nascopie* to reach shore at Fort Ross.

On Feb. 5, 1945, for the third time a patrol mushed across the 400 miles of snow and ice-fields from Pond Inlet to Fort Ross, and gathered together Miktaeyout and the witnesses of the shooting for the trial. In the autumn the ice-breaker, sailing with her usual cargo of trading goods, once again carried a special jurist, coroner, doctor and lawyers. This time she succeeded in anchoring off Fort Ross.

Following a post-mortem of the ex-humed body on Sept. 3, 1945, by Dr. Denis Jordon, which established that death had been caused by a bullet entering the left temple and passing through the brain, Sub-Inspr. J. A. Peacock, B.Sc., LL.B., of the R.C.M.P., in his capacity of coroner for the N.W.T., and jury held an inquest, and

later the same day the accused appeared before Major D. L. McKeand, Stipendiary Magistrate, and jury, charged with Murder, s. 263 Cr. Code. Sub-Inspector Peacock conducted the prosecution and Capt. R. M. Macleod, LL.B., R.C.A., appeared for the defence. The accused pleaded not guilty to the charge but was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the custody of the R.C.M.P. at Pangnirtung, N.W.T.

The *Nascopie* on her return trip dropped the prisoner off at Pangnirtung. Aboard the sturdy ship that for years had brought supplies like manna from heaven, Miktaeyout sailed past the spot where in 1831 Capt. John Ross, R.N., established the proximity of the North Magnetic Pole which with its adjoining territory he took possession of "in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth", past the haunt of Capt. Francis M'Clintock and other valiant searchers for the survivors of the Franklin Expedition. Thus the Canadian Arctic in its slow but persistent way rings down the curtain on another of its grim dramas.

Building Good Citizenship

THE R.C.M.P. maintains its historical tradition of pioneering. With the co-operation of the Toronto Police Department and the Kiwanis Boys' Club, officers are meeting groups of boys and, like the story-tellers of old, recounting to them true tales of the adventures that form the vivid and stirring background of the world's most famous police force.

This association between boys and the R.C.M.P. is the sort of activity that will produce excellent citizens. The boys will recognize the police as friends and realize that the laws and traditions of the country are something to be proud of and something to be maintained. Equally important, the boys will come to appreciate their heritage, the exciting colour and sweep, the romance and adventure, the beauty, the vigour and the challenging strength of their country. The stories the R.C.M.P. can tell should thrill any boy for, unlike a foreign movie or magazine yarn, they spring genuinely from the cities and towns, the lakes and forests, the prairies and mountains of home.

These meetings between the Mounted Police and boys suggest other programs. Prospectors, trappers, soldiers, seamen and airmen, loggers, fishermen, sailors of the Great Lakes—all have stories to tell which should fill the vacant hours with accounts that stir the blood and fire the imagination. Tell boys of the deeds of their countrymen, and the young mind will have no use for shabby, mean, criminal conduct.

The R.C.M.P. and the Kiwanis Club are performing a splendid service and should earn the satisfaction of achieving splendid results.

—Toronto Telegram.

Agent Provocateur

by SGT. W. H. KELLY

THE term "agent provocateur" originated in France, probably about the end of the 18th century, and is linked closely with political (foreign and domestic) espionage. It was applied to persons who resorted to the then very common form of political tyranny which encouraged, procured or counselled others to commit overt actions so that these others would be liable to arrest. In those days every citizen was regarded as a potential traitor and anyone who could be persuaded to commit an offence was considered disloyal to the State.

Agents provocateur were recruited from among persons of doubtful character who were ready to do anything for money. The sinister interpretation of the words, which no doubt is due to this connection, prevails in the minds of some people to this day. A person who persuades another to commit an offence, which *except for persuasion would not have been committed*, solely to have him punished for it, is still rightly called an *agent provocateur*. But our courts have enlarged the meaning of these words by applying them to peace officers who in certain circumstances carry out legitimate police investigations, investigations which if not undertaken would make it possible for persons to engage in illegal practices without fear of prosecution.

There is a tendency to put policemen working on such investigations in the category of those whom the expression was first meant to describe. Thus applied the expression is a misnomer and every policeman should object to it. True the methods used in police investigations and in the activities which originally gave rise to the words in question are similar. But—and this point is all important—the motives behind them are entirely different.

If in the interests of justice a peace officer misrepresents his true occupation he does no more than his proper legal duty.

AFTER making sure that offences are being committed and that no other form of investigation is likely to stop them, the peace officer usually must, through disguise or misrepresentation of his official status, participate in one of them. This procedure, which is known to some as "the test purchase method" and to others as "making a buy", often is the only way to close a "source" of certain kinds of illegal traffic and to bring the perpetrators to justice.

The test purchase method enables an investigator to get directly at the root of a crime. Without someone "on the inside" it is virtually impossible to detect parties responsible in the drug and liquor traffic, black market activities and so on, or in various forms of continuing offences, and the test purchase method has been used with marked success in combating these evils.

When the test purchase method is used the investigator resorts to pretence, sometimes even to false statements. He must conceal the fact that he is a policeman or an agent collaborating with the police—this in the interests of justice, for otherwise he will be unable to prove the existence of activities defeating the ends of justice.

But the use of subterfuge in the detection of crime is quite a different thing than its use in the instigation of crime.

The subjoined remarks of Robertson, C.J.O.¹, are authority for this contention:

"He was obeying orders that, as a police officer, he was bound to accept from his superior officer and loyally to execute as in the interest of law and order. He is not to be stigmatized as one who, shamelessly, will lie and deceive whenever it suits his purpose to do so, because of his efforts to ascertain the manner in which the business of Drayton Motors was carried on in so far as prices were concerned. It is not a fair statement of his position to say that he was trying to procure a breach of the law. He was trying to act as an ordinary citizen would act who desired to buy a used car from a dealer. Any flaws in his acting may fairly be assigned to the fact that, by training, he is a policeman and not an actor, rather than to a propensity to lie."

When a case investigated by the test purchase method comes before the court, the prosecution is permitted to disclose that it received certain information but not what that information was. The suspicious train of circumstances that led to the discovery of the evidence upon which the charge is based cannot be revealed as it forms no part of the *res gestae*, is regarded as irrelevant. In other words the court has jurisdiction to look only at the charge before it, and under the rules of evidence, the police witness is prohibited from divulging the reasons why it was necessary to employ the test purchase method. Is it any wonder then that the court often has little sympathy for evidence secured in this way?

Doubt is usually cast upon such evidence because of the way it was obtained and it sometimes does not receive the weight it deserves. Defence counsel of course makes much of possible abuses liable to spring from the test purchase method. He leaves no stone unturned to show that it strikes at the very principles which underlie British justice. One must believe that his pleas have had their intended effect, for some judges and magistrates object strenuously to false

representations made by a detective while using the method. There is, however, no more justification for this attitude than there is to distrust the evidence of a plain clothes officer who has captured a man evading arrest, on the grounds that the officer should have been in uniform—and of course there is no valid reason for drawing a distinction between a detective or other peace officer in plain clothes and a peace officer in uniform.

The mere fact that a policeman acts anonymously, that he does not reveal his identity before associating with the illegal transaction to which the suspect is an alleged party, hardly makes him an *agent provocateur*. The courts, however, refer to him as such without defining the term or even differentiating between the actions implicit in its original meaning and those of a peace officer engaged in the discharge of his legal duty.

The peace officer has sound reasons for arguing that under the circumstances he should not be classed as an *agent provocateur*. The courts themselves make this clear. For surely the fact that they accept his evidence is proof of its admissibility, of its legality. The appeal courts as well as the lower courts have accepted such evidence with little or no reservation. By so doing they show in a very definite way that the test purchase method is acceptable police procedure.

Support for this view is to be found in these remarks of Gillanders, J.A.²:

"The use of police spies or *agents provocateurs* or, to use a term of opprobrium employed at times by persons critical of the practice, 'stool pigeons', has long had a well recognized and useful place in the enforcement of certain laws. It is well recognized that certain laws could not be adequately enforced and the frequent and notorious breach thereof prevented without the employment and use of police spies."

We may be sure that these same courts would roundly criticize the evidence of anyone acting as an *agent provocateur* within the original meaning of the term. No self-respecting peace officer would

¹R. v. White (No. 2), 84 C.C.C. at p. 144.

²R. v. White (No. 1), 84 C.C.C., Part 2, p. 132.

stoop to being an *agent provocateur* in this sense, and it is unfair to class a policeman who performs his duty with a person who actually is an *agent provocateur*.

The term, being applied synonymously to both, leads one to think that it is used to refer to peace officers merely for want of another term whose meaning will be understood. But whatever the reason and however inappropriate the term may be, there is this consolation—its constant misapplication has given it an additional and less sinister connotation.

* * *

RECENTLY the Crown had occasion to appeal a decision which inferred, without saying so in as many words, that the evidence of a person obtained by the test purchase method should be corroborated the same as that of an accomplice.

The case arose out of a black market transaction in Ontario. Without identifying himself, a member of the R.C.M.P. went to a used car lot where he let it be known that he was interested in buying a used car. Offered one for \$2,650, more than \$1,000 above the ceiling price, he accepted and paid over the stipulated amount in marked money. As soon as the transaction was complete other peace officers entered the office, seized the money, and arrested the salesman.

In a trial under Part XV of the *Criminal Code* the local magistrate found the accused guilty.

An appeal from this decision, taken before a County Court in a trial *de novo*, quashed the conviction, the judge stating:

"I do not think I can find on the evidence, with the weight I must attach to *agent provocateur*. . . . The evidence on which I am asked to convict is the evidence of a man who goes out and confesses he deliberately lies to produce this offence, therefore, it is reasonable to expect, and I must give consideration to that phase, a man who would go out and lie to obtain an offence and induce an offence, how far will

he go in stretching the truth to obtain a conviction? Undoubtedly, he will put it in the most favourable light for the charge he has laid. That is self-evident, no one will contradict that."

The Crown's application for leave to appeal, taken under provisions of P.C. 4600 which confers right to appeal from the ruling of a county judge hearing an appeal from a summary conviction matter where the appeal court feels that the points raised in an application to appeal (in this case these points related to the weight to be given evidence obtained by the test purchase method) are of sufficient importance to the enforcement of the War Orders and Regulations, was granted by the Ontario Court of Appeal.

The appeal itself was heard by that same court, which sent the case back to the County Court to be reheard *de novo*. A great deal of law was discussed at both of these hearings on the propriety of obtaining evidence by the test purchase method and on the relative value of such evidence.

In the hearing of the application to appeal², Laidlaw, J.A., observes at p. 139:

"With much respect, I am of the opinion that the learned judge improperly discredited the police constable. I can see no reason to criticize his conduct in any way but, on the contrary, am impressed with the view that he was carrying out his duty as an officer of the law in a proper and necessary manner under the circumstances. That he resorted to false representations or disguise for the purpose of obtaining the evidence does not necessarily discredit him or invalidate his evidence. Indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for officers of the law to prevent or successfully combat crime of certain kinds (including offences charged against the accused), except by employment of measures involving masquerade, deceit and false representation, *Reg. v. Mullins* (1848), 3 Cox C.C., 526."

In the appeal hearing¹ Gillanders, J.A., quotes this from Maule, J., at p. 531 in *Reg. v. Mullins supra*:

"An accomplice confesses himself a criminal, and may have a motive for giving in-

formation, as it may purchase immunity for his offence. A spy, on the other hand, may be an honest man, he may think that the course he pursues is absolutely essential for the protection of his own interest and those of society; and if he does so, if he believes that there is no other method counteracting the dangerous designs of wicked men, I can see no impropriety in his taking upon himself the character of an informer. The government are, no doubt, justified in employing spies; and I do not see that a person so employed deserves to be blamed if he instigates offences no further than by pretending to concur with the perpetrators."

Nevertheless the individual policeman who carries out his duty conscientiously in the necessary manner contemplated by the test purchase method continues to be a helpless target for censure. In this connection the observations of Stuart, J.A.³, also are interesting:

"As long as the law permits the employment by the Crown of so-called 'stool pigeons', I do not think we should allow any repugnance to that system to influence our decision with regard to the intention of the Legislature in the use of the words in question. Indeed, the fact that, after several expressions of this repugnance by individual members of the court, of whom I have been one, the Legislatures have not interfered, seems to me to be fairly good proof that in the public interest it is advisable, or at least considered by the Legislature to be advisable, not to forbid the practice."

On the subject of misrepresentation Wigmore⁴ asserts in effect that

(a) A spy who obtains information about the commission of an offence is not thereby necessarily open to discredit but if he employs trickery or commits himself in a partisan manner, his evidence may be open to suspicion.

(b) A spy or pretended confederate is not an accomplice, though to apply

this distinction is not easy. When the witness has made himself an agent for the prosecution before associating with the wrongdoers or before the actual perpetration of the offence he is not an accomplice; but he may be if he extends no aid to the prosecution until after the offence is committed. A mere detective or decoy is therefore not an accomplice (reference to *Reg. v. Mullins*, 1848, 3 Cox C.C. 526).

(c) The onus is on the accused to prove a Crown witness is an accomplice.

That a person who secures evidence by the test purchase method is not an accomplice and does not require corroboration is clearly laid down by Walton, J.⁵:

"In the first place, the fact that the woman was a police spy in no way invalidates her evidence, nor must her evidence be regarded as that of an accomplice. As the law stands at present, it seems established that a police spy does not need corroboration."

A person who enters into a conspiracy for the sole purpose of detecting and betraying it does not strictly require confirmation as does an accomplice, but says Erle, J.⁶, his evidence should be received by the jury with caution. Thus:

"If he only lent himself to the scheme for the purpose of convicting the guilty, he was a good witness, and his testimony did not require confirmation as that of an accomplice would do. . . . At the same time, from the facts of his joining the confederacy for the purpose of betrayal, and that he had used considerable deceit by his own account in carrying out that intent, the jury would do well to receive his evidence with caution. . . ."

In another case *Avory, J.*⁷, states:

"There is no ground for saying that when the police have information that an offence is likely to be committed, and go to the place for the purpose of detecting it, they thereby become accomplices merely because they assent to the informer going there too, for the purpose of entrapping the offender."

³ *R. v. Hills* (1924), 44 C.C.C., 329, (Alta. App. Div.) at p. 339.

⁴ Wigmore, paraphrase of Third Edition ss. 969 and 2060.

⁵ *R. v. Bickley* (1909), 2 Cr. App. R., 54.

⁶ *Reg. v. Dowling*, 3 Cox C.C. at p. 516.

⁷ *R. v. Heuser* (1910), 6 Cr. App. R., 76 at p. 77.

On an appeal from a conviction where the trial judge did not warn the jury that it was dangerous to convict on the evidence of the principal witness for the Crown and it was contended he should have done so Macdonald, J.A.⁸, dismissed the appeal on the principle that,

"If a police agent—as often occurs—pretends to take part in a crime to secure a conviction it is not necessary for the trial judge to submit to the jury the question of whether or not he is an accomplice unless there is evidence from which a jury might reasonably infer it."

On this same point it was held by a majority of the court in another case⁹ that,

"The evidence of the detective or spy does not need corroboration, nor does the jury have to be warned of the danger of convicting on their evidence. Although juries are to be warned against accepting the uncorroborated evidence of accomplices, they may disregard the warning and convict, notwithstanding the absence of corroboration. But even in this rule, the practice does not apply to a detective or spy who participates in the offence for the purpose of obtaining evidence—his evidence does not require corroboration."

In the case just referred to Riddell, J., observes, at p. 484:

"The evidence for the prosecution is assailed because it is the evidence of detectives and not corroborated. But the detective or spy—call him what you will—is in law wholly different from the accomplice."

Further authority for saying that so long as the agent is attached to the prosecution in some form before attempting to associate with the wrongdoers he is not an accomplice is to be found in *Corpus Juris Secundum*¹⁰, which under the heading "Feigned Complicity" reads:

"The rule established by the weight of authority is that one who feigns complicity in the commission of a crime in order to entrap the person on trial is not an accomplice, even though he may have actually encouraged or counseled the commission

of the crime, or assisted in its perpetration. The rule stated has been held to be particularly true where the accused is continuously engaged in the proscribed conduct and the particular violation which he is provoked to commit is merely an instance in a uniform series."

More, (to quote *U.S. v. Becker*, C.C.A. N.Y. 62 F 2d, 1007, 1009, referred to in *Corpus Juris Secundum* under this same heading) these words are of interest: "the reason that a decoy is not regarded as an accomplice of accused is that the decoy does not have the same motive for fabricating his story".

Under the heading "Detectives and Informers" the same work reads as follows:

"A detective who is engaged in attempts to discover violations of the law is not an accomplice of one charged with such a violation, even though the detective may have been instrumental in procuring the specific violation of the law on which the prosecution is based. Familiar illustrations of this principle are found in cases where detectives, investigating alleged illegal sales of liquor, purchase such liquor for the purpose of securing evidence, or where detectives join in a conspiracy or a criminal organization for the purpose of exposing it and bringing the criminals to punishment.

"Where informers, under the direction of public authorities, continue to act with their guilty confederates until the matter can be so far advanced and matured as to insure the conviction and punishment of such confederates, the informers are not accomplices. Accordingly, informers, 'spotters', inspectors, and various other paid officers and agents have, notwithstanding their participation in the transaction on which the prosecution is based, been held not to be accomplices of accused in criminal proceedings under intoxicating liquor laws and in prosecutions for violation of narcotic laws; neither is a person who is employed or used by law enforcement officers to obtain evidence of a criminal act by a third person an accomplice of his in a prosecution for such act, nor are the officers themselves accomplices in such case."

That the courts regard the test purchase method as being in the public

⁸*R. v. Williams et al* (1935), 2 D.L.R., 651 (B.C.C.A.).

⁹*R. v. McCranor* (1918), 44 O.L.R., 482 (App. Div.).

¹⁰Vol. 22, Nos. 787 and 788.

interest, and that it would not be possible otherwise to detect certain types of crime is recognized by Martin, J.A.¹¹:

"It further appears that this conviction was brought about because the police had reason to suspect that the law was being violated in the house in question, and so laid the trap outlined in the case stated to stop such violation and to secure the conviction of those concerned therein, and as something was said during the argument about the employment of 'stool pigeons', so-called, this is an opportune time to make some observations thereon in the public interest, because the law and practice in that behalf continue to be persistently and harmfully misrepresented in various quarters which misrepresentation has tended to hamper and impede police officers, magistrates and others in the discharge of their duty to see that the law is enforced according to long established legal precedent and usage. By the loose term 'stool pigeon', I believe is popularly meant a person known in the law as a police spy or *agent provocateur*, either specially or regularly employed by the police to assist them in the detection of crime in a variety of ways as decoys or ostensible confederates, by laying traps to apprehend criminals though such traps are also constantly laid by the regular members of the police force in general or those attached to particular branches thereof for special service.

"To any one at all familiar with the history of our criminal jurisprudence the suggestion that such special agents have not been employed from legal time immemorial will come as a surprise, for the contrary is notorious, and unless special means were employed to secure convictions in special classes of cases the law could not be enforced and would become mischievous laughing stock or dead letter. Without attempting to enumerate even the ordinary classes of cases in which such means are necessarily resorted to I shall mention, by way of illustration merely, those connected with offences against the safety of the state, the noxious drugs traffic, the liquor traffic, 'knocking down' fares on railways,

stealing in the mails, and sexual offences against young persons and others, and one has only to pick up, at hazard, almost any volume of the English or Canadian criminal reports to find illustrations of such traps being laid and convictions obtained thereon as a matter of course. Among said offences those connected with the unlawful sale of liquor and drugs are particularly hard to suppress because of the facilities the traffic offers for making large and speedy profits and the extent to which they are notoriously carried on reaches even to quarters which ought to be above suspicion yet from which the lawbreakers receive active support or sympathy, hence special means must necessarily be invoked to combat an evil of such wide and sinister ramifications. . . .

"Such being the law and practice in regard to this long established and unfortunately necessary system for the protection of the law abiding people of the land, it only remains for the courts to see, in cases which come before them, that in its operation there shall be no abuse, and in justice to all concerned, I feel it right to say that no case of abuse has yet reached this, the highest court of the Province."

McPhillips, J.A., dissented, taking an opposite view as to the employment of police agents.

Approval of such methods is to be found also in the words of Lord Alverstone¹², though he voices a personal antipathy for them:

"I do not like police traps any more than does anybody else, but at the same time there are some offences the commission of which cannot be found out in any other way and unlawful acts done in consequence of the trap are none the less unlawful."

While there is no doubt that evidence legitimately produced by the test purchase method is not to be looked upon as that of an accomplice, it would appear to be the rule to regard it with suspicion on the assumption that the witness may colour it. In this connection, Lamont, J.¹³, states:

"I do not say that in their efforts to secure evidence in cases where crimes have been committed the officers of the law are not sometimes entitled to resort to pretence

¹¹ *R. v. Berdino* (1924), 3 D.L.R., 794 (B.C.C.A.), at p. 796; vide also *R. v. Chandler* (1913), 1 K.B. 125.

¹² *R. v. Mortimer* (1910), 80 L.J.K.B., 76.

¹³ *Amsden v. Rogers* (1916), 30 D.L.R., 534, (Sask.), at p. 536.

and even false statements. There may be cases where that is necessary in the interests of justice to enable them to secure the evidence, and the fact that the officer has resorted to subterfuge may not cast discredit upon the evidence which he discovers by means thereof. But, in my opinion it is a different matter where the false statements are made, not for the detection of crime committed but for the purpose of inducing its commission, and inducing its commission in order that the person making these statements may be able to prefer a charge for the offence committed at his solicitation. The evidence of such a witness must, in my opinion, be scrutinized with great care. (Reference to *Connor v. People* (1893), 36 Am. State R. 300). . . .

"Every case must be determined in the light of its own particular facts, which will not be without bearing on the credit that is to be given to the testimony of the witnesses called. I have, however, no hesitation in saying that where the zeal or otherwise of an officer of the law leads him to make false statements to secure the commission of an offence in order that he may be able to prosecute the offender, his evidence must be weighed in the light of the possibility that the same motives might have a tendency to induce him to colour his testimony in order to secure a conviction."

* * *

THE foregoing jurisprudence has been set down for the information of peace officers generally and in defence of their actions when called upon to do undercover work. These cases well illustrate how truly difficult the policeman's position is. On the one hand the courts acknowledge that the undercover method is necessary, that as a means of securing evidence it is valid; without it, to repeat the phrase of Martin, J.A.¹¹, the law would become "mischievous laughing stock or dead letter". On the other hand, both the court and the public look askance at the police for using the method.

What this all means is that the policeman must render service to the public whose servant he is, however unpopular the manner of rendering that service

may be. Where his duty is concerned, he has no alternative; his function is to enforce the law, and his course of action is clear.

Before using the test purchase method to secure evidence the investigator ought to acquaint himself as fully as possible with all the conditions under which the undercover man will be working. He should insist on two main points:

- (1) That the undercover man (when it is necessary to employ an outsider) be reliable and of unimpeachable character.
- (2) That evidence obtained by the test purchase method be, wherever possible, corroborated.

The very fact that such a person's background and credibility will be considered when the evidence is weighed is a primary reason why extreme care should be exercised when choosing an undercover man. Besides being trustworthy, he should be well disposed to follow instructions to the letter.

To employ one who has a criminal record or whose personal integrity is not above reproach is to invite harmful criticism, for some courts denounce the practice of using undesirable characters in police work. Consider, for example, the strong words of Hopkins, C.C.J.¹⁴,

"The evidence for the prosecution depends entirely on two spotters, Coffee and West, who swear they purchased a case of beer from the defendant. . . . These men cannot be called independent witnesses, their living depends on getting convictions. Their reputation as a class shows they are unreliable. In my opinion men who will accept occupations of this kind are quite as unreliable as accomplices and it is unsafe to convict on their evidence where they are flatly contradicted. Especially in this case where they induce the commission of the offence they are accomplices and their reputations are such that I cannot conceive of the License Department employing them had they known what they had to admit on their examination, and if their character is such that they should not be employed why ask a conviction on their evidence."

¹⁴R. v. *Rodgers* (1926), 4 D.L.R., 609 (Ont.), at p. 610.

As to the second point, while it is true that corroboration is not technically essential common sense dictates that it be obtained to buttress the evidence of witnesses whose actions are bound to be questioned. A case which depends solely upon evidence of this type is never strong; besides it is seldom that some form of corroboration is not available.

I have tried to show that what, from a policeman's standpoint, is sometimes considered good police work, is viewed with disfavour by some courts. But there is another side to the question—a very important one.

Court cases attract widespread interest and a policeman's evidence is news. In describing court proceedings newspapers generally deal objectively with a peace officer's testimony and it naturally follows that when the court comments unsympathetically on it this lack of sympathy will be reflected in the press. Thus a reporter's account of a trial that rests on evidence obtained by the test purchase method might very easily undermine the public's confidence in the police by misconstruing the peace officer's actions as a deliberate attempt to incite the accused into committing an offence.

The public's moral repugnance toward spies, spotters, stool pigeons, informers and so on is natural, but objection seems to rest to a great extent upon the type of crime being investigated. For instance the public manifests little opposition to the methods employed in bringing to justice criminals guilty of such despicable crimes as white slavery or breaches of the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. But in black market cases, say those involving the illegal sale of gasoline—or

suppose for the sake of a more shining example that tobacco were rationed in this country; a test purchase of that commodity would be very unpopular even though it were necessary to ensure equitable distribution—the public attitude is far different.

In the elimination of sordid crimes that wreck human lives and leave an aftermath of misery and degradation the man on the street apparently feels that it is only right to fight fire with fire. Seemingly he associates this traffic with deeper and more serious elements of crime and abhorrence causes him to gloss over the method of investigation used.

If the public continues in ignorance of a policeman's difficulties in combating offences where the use of the test purchase method is an essential deterrent public opinion is apt to turn against the police, particularly if there is any suggestion that the offence was instigated by the investigator.

It is difficult enough to keep a policeman's standing on the high plane it deserves without having to cope with false or misleading impressions originating from indiscriminate use of the words *agent provocateur*.

It remains to be emphasized that the test purchase method ought not to be used promiscuously, or where more conventional methods may succeed. No method brings better results; but no method brings as much adverse criticism when improperly handled, is so apt to occasion public prejudice or to cast discredit on a police force.

Use the method as a last resort, but as with a loaded firearm make sure it is aimed in the right direction.

Police Science Solves Another Mystery

DURING the tense interval after Pearl Harbor, a milk bottle containing a piece of water-soaked paper was fished out of the Pacific Ocean. The writing was too faint to be deciphered, but it was plainly a case for the F.B.I. Various tests were made and various acids applied. At last six words stood out clearly. They read: "Two quarts of milk, no cream".

—Coronet.



The Marine Section of the Force

by Sub-Inspr. R. A. S. MacNeil, O.B.E.

WHEN in September, 1939, Canada elected participation in the greatest drama the world has ever known, she like every other democracy, was woefully unprepared. Her Navy, comparatively tiny but highly efficient, was, like its sister services, pitifully inadequate. The extent to which that Navy grew and the responsibility it shouldered in six years of war undoubtedly comprise one of the brightest chapters in the history of Canadian arms. And into this chapter a few modest sentences were written by the ships and the men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Marine Section.

For several years before the war, an agreement existed between the Naval Service and the Force whereby, in the event of war, the ships of our Marine Section would be transferred to the

Pictured above is R.C.M.P.S. *MacBrien*, "Commissioner" class, formerly a "Bangor" class mine-sweeper and escort vessel.

Royal Canadian Navy and the personnel allowed to volunteer. Though more or less informal, the arrangement assured the Navy of the immediate use, when they would be most needed, of some 30 vessels of various sizes and a number of trained and experienced seamen. Consequently between Sept. 3, and Sept. 10, 1939, most of our ships were on duty at sea wearing their new white ensigns. Of the personnel, 155 officers and men had volunteered for and been accepted by the Navy; the remainder were in the R.C.A.F., forming the nucleus of its new Marine Section for Air Sea Rescue.

* * *

The War at Sea

SOME of these volunteers took part in the early anti-submarine patrols and examination duties at the Approaches to Halifax. Those duties, however, were but a forerunner of many grimmer ones which in the next six years exacted a sick-

ening cost in ships and lives and took our men to minesweepers, corvettes, frigates, destroyers, aircraft-carriers and battle-ships on the convoy routes to the Western Approaches to the United Kingdom, to Iceland, Murmansk, the Mediterranean, the Pacific and ultimately to the Invasion of Normandy.

To most of our men—and most of the Canadian Navy for that matter—it was an anti-submarine war. So much has been and will be written on the Battle of the Atlantic that it is not this writer's purpose to enlarge on it except as it affected R.C.M.P. Marine Section ships and personnel. Yet in that respect the battle cannot be lightly dismissed here, for some of our members saw their most arduous and bloodiest service in that campaign. We were denied the preliminary inactivity that preceded the fighting on land and in the air. At sea the war opened with the torpedoing of the *Athenia* and mounted with murderous intensity until V-E Day, when hundreds of U-boats still were deployed against us.

The reason for the battle at sea is readily understood. Munitions, food, fuel and other vital supplies in prodigious quantities, also troops, had to be transported to Britain. It was done in ships, and the U-boats concentrated their efforts against those ships. The strategy was sound—that of severing the supply lines and denying us use of the oceans.

Our problem in turn was to protect the merchant convoys—by driving off or destroying the enemy. The phrase "The safe and timely arrival of the convoy" appeared throughout the years with constant reiteration in the sailing orders for the convoy escorts; and with good reason, for it held in check the temptation

—often very great—to ignore the convoy and fight it out with the Hun.

In the early stages, we could afford to view the battle with some confidence. The enemy confined his attacks for the most part to the Western Approaches—of grim memory—and assisted by the powerful French Navy we were able to provide reasonably adequate protection. Furthermore the U-boat at that time favoured the submerged attack in daylight, and this, considering the A/S (anti-submarine) resources at our disposal and the effectiveness of the still secret Asdic equipment, resulted in a heavy destruction of these vessels with relatively low Allied merchant shipping losses.

But with the fall of France the situation changed abruptly. Our troubles multiplied to the point where many times they seemed insurmountable. U-boats appeared in ever-increasing numbers and, instead of concentrating on the Western Approaches, attacked convoys all over the Atlantic. Our forces, now tragically reduced by the loss of the French ships, had to be stretched almost to the breaking point to provide close escort for the entire Atlantic passage.

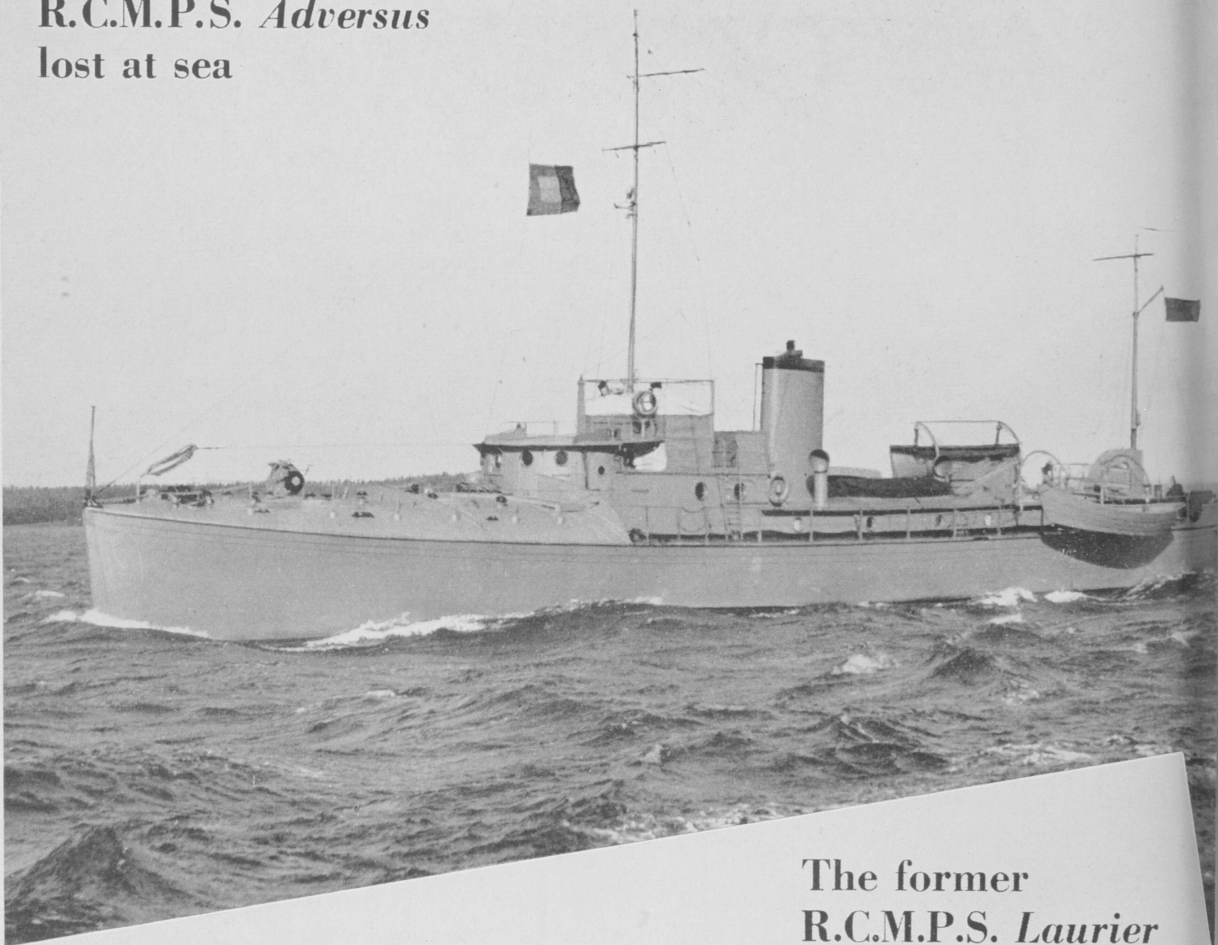
Then, on top of all this, the enemy changed his tactics. The secret of the Asdic was out, and he quickly grasped the futility of submerged attacks. His wolf-pack surface attacks at night against thinly-defended convoys brought him great success; but the development of radar and the acquisition by the Allies of many

more escort ships checked his aggressiveness to some extent.

The battle seesawed up and down with heavy losses on both sides until eventually, due to many factors, the enemy was beaten. At the peak of the fight our

**The story of the
R.C.M.P. Marine
Section at war and
of its re-establish-
ment as an inte-
gral part of the
Force for peace-
time duties.**

The former
R.C.M.P.S. *Adversus*
lost at sea



The former
R.C.M.P.S. *Laurier*



losses were enormous but they were always replaced; the enemy sank many more ships than we did submarines. But still he was beaten. Because, as in the Napoleonic wars, though our losses in ships ran into thousands as against his in hundreds, replacements always filled the gaps.

It was into this battle that most of the R.C.M.P. Marine Section ships and men were absorbed.

Our larger ships—*French*, *MacDonald*, *Laurier*, *Fleurdelis*, *Adversus* and *Alachasse*—at first were employed on anti-submarine patrols and the Examination Service. After a few months, when the convoys from North America to the United Kingdom were inaugurated, they formed part of the outward local escort for the convoys leaving the Nova Scotia ports of Halifax and Sydney. These duties necessitated heavier armament and the installation of depth-charge gear and Asdic equipment, with the result that our normally peaceable-looking ships fairly bristled with guns and presented a very war-like appearance. The ships continued on the duty of local escort—that is to the Western Rendezvous, as it was known at that time—until the new construction program produced more suitable ships to take over the escorting of the convoys. Our ships then were relegated to the familiar and exacting if less exciting duties—patrol and examination.

It was well that Canadian ship-yards accomplished the magnificent job they did, for very soon the convoys required close escort for the entire cross-ocean trip. The old police vessels lacked the endurance necessary for such work. Nevertheless many bitter comments were heard on board anent N.S.H.Q.'s lack of perception in denying our ships the opportunity to take part in it. The impatient ones, however, were to see plenty of action in European waters.

A number of experiences befell our ships and men about this time, and unfortunately some of them already have

been forgotten. *Adversus* was lost at sea; there were no casualties and the captain even saved the ship's confidential books. *Laurier*, with a Marine Section officer in command, had the honour of being senior ship of the inward escort for the Netherlands cruiser that brought Princess Juliana and the two infant princesses to Canada in 1940. She later formed part of the outward escort for the convoy so courageously defended by Capt. Fogarty Fegan, V.C., in H.M.S. *Jarvis Bay*, when attacked by an enemy surface raider.

One evening at dusk shortly after this, *MacDonald's* former captain experienced the doubtful glory of being bombed by friendly aircraft off Nova Scotia. The ship was almost capsized by near-misses, the exchange of signals being highly diverting but unpublishable.

As the ships retired from escort duty, most of them passed into other hands, and Marine Section personnel were required to man the new corvettes and minesweepers coming forward from the ship-yards. In these ships and later in frigates and destroyers some of our officers served throughout the remainder of the war in command at sea. To relate their experiences would take volumes; little more than passing reference and a very sketchy recapitulation may be given here.

Our men, in several cases as Senior Officers, served all over the ocean in close escort groups, and in striking forces comprised of corvettes, frigates and destroyers. Service in striking forces, or support groups as they later were known, was highly prized, and within certain limitations these groups were free to roam the ocean and seek out U-boats for destruction. There was no convoy to worry about, except of course when such a group was used to reinforce the close escort of a heavily attacked or threatened convoy.

On one occasion while leading a group of three lend-lease destroyers one of our officers gained contact with a U-boat at

the end of a four-day hunt by aircraft and surface vessels. The U-boat surfaced in the dark, fired two torpedoes at a flank destroyer, then dived. The torpedoes exploded harmlessly on the surface. The destroyers searched for the submarine but poor weather prevented further Asdic contact. The next afternoon, while still hunting, the ships heard Haw Haw gloating over the sinking of two British destroyers in that locality.

One gratifying aspect of the battle was the association it offered with the stout-hearted men who carried on the fight at sea after their countries had been overrun. None who had the privilege of serving with French, Polish, Norwegian and Dutch units will ever forget their high sense of duty and boundless determination to ensure Germany's defeat at whatever cost. And the cost for some of them was great.

Sometimes they worked in separate groups, but more often as ships became available they were welded into mixed fighting units—especially when the fight was toughest. And they worked superbly together. One group consisted of a British destroyer, *H.M.S. Harvester*, commanded by the Senior Officer, one Free Norwegian, two Free French, one Free Pole and one "Free Canadian", *H.M.C.S. Dauphin*. The Polish destroyer was the *O.R.P. Garland* famous for her exploits; *H.M.S. Harvester* gave a similarly magnificent account of herself before she was sunk with very heavy casualties.

One Marine Section officer, in command of a frigate, was credited with a confirmed submarine kill, and several others participated in actions assessed as "probables", "possibles" and "certain destruction". Survivors from torpedoed merchantmen and their escorts were brought to shore by the hundreds. There is no way of knowing how many actions our men fought in in defence of convoys, but the total over six years is very high. Some indication may lie in the ten decorations, including two foreign and six

mentions in dispatches, awarded Marine Section personnel in the Navy. Yet honours and awards do not tell the whole story; usually, in sea warfare, they go to the few for the devotion and courage of the whole.

While the more fortunate of our men were serving operationally and at close grips with the Hun, many others were filling a variety of important and difficult administrative posts on shore—all part of a gigantic and complex organization designed to cope with the multitudinous tasks involved in keeping a fighting fleet at the peak of efficiency. What these men accomplished, working at all hours of the day and night, year in and year out, was one of the factors which contributed to victory in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Ships at the end of a long hard ocean crossing had to be made ready for sea again in a matter of days—sometimes hours. The combined operations of the enemy and the assaults of North Atlantic winter gales imposed a back-breaking task on the repair staffs at the dockyards. And always there were the routine jobs of providing each ship with fuel, victuals, ammunition and man-power, which usually were done in a race with the operations staff who ultimately ended the contest with the signal that began with the familiar sentence: "Being in all respects ready for sea and prepared to engage the enemy. *H.M.C.S.* ——— will proceed at . . ."

Our people fitted into this vast organization like pieces into a jig-saw puzzle and a list of their duties reads like a dockyard nominal roll. "Port Minesweeping Officer", "Boom Defence Officer", "Assistant King's Harbour Master", "Berthing Master", "Compass Adjuster", "Engineer Officer i/c Repairs", "Chief Examination Officer", "Staff Officer Local Craft", "Staff Officer to Captain (D)" and "Port Signal Officer" are some of the jobs "taken in hand and made good"—to use the ancient and yet ever new sailor's phrase—by Marine Section

members whose peacetime experience so admirably fitted them for their war duties.

With their comrades at sea, these men, striving toward the same great goal produced a united effort that contributed largely to the attainment of that goal. There was a privilege which by the very nature of things was denied the great majority of members of the Force—that of direct participation in the war against Hitler. That privilege was accepted with a high sense of duty and responsibility. In the words of the Chief of the Naval Staff, "These vessels with their trained crews were an important factor in the build-up of an efficient escort Navy, and gave us a real measure of help at a time when it was most needed".

ABOUT 25 of the officers and men of our Marine Section best qualified by their knowledge of small craft volunteered for the R.C.A.F. Marine Section for Air Sea Rescue. With them went *Arresteur* and *Detector*, two high speed launches that already had proved their worth during a short span of anti-smuggling service; in the years that followed, they rendered worthy service in succouring the distressed.

Round these ships and few men was built an organization which in a few years numbered its small craft in hundreds, its personnel in tens of hundreds. The value of the service rendered by the R.C.A.F. Marine Section in saving lives is incalculable. Ditched aircraft were salvaged, their crews saved, supplies were transported to outlying or otherwise inaccessible posts and a host of other duties were discharged in a manner of which many an airman has cause to be proud.

It is a curious anomaly that, while all were working toward the same goal, the energies of many of our men were concentrated upon killing and destruction and those of many others were absorbed into the loftier task of saving human lives and succouring the unfortunate. But

whether their work called for destruction of life or the saving of it, we feel they did that work well.

* * *

WITH the close of this all-too-brief account of the R.C.M.P. Marine Section at war, let us turn our thoughts to the happier task of rebuilding our service for the peace.

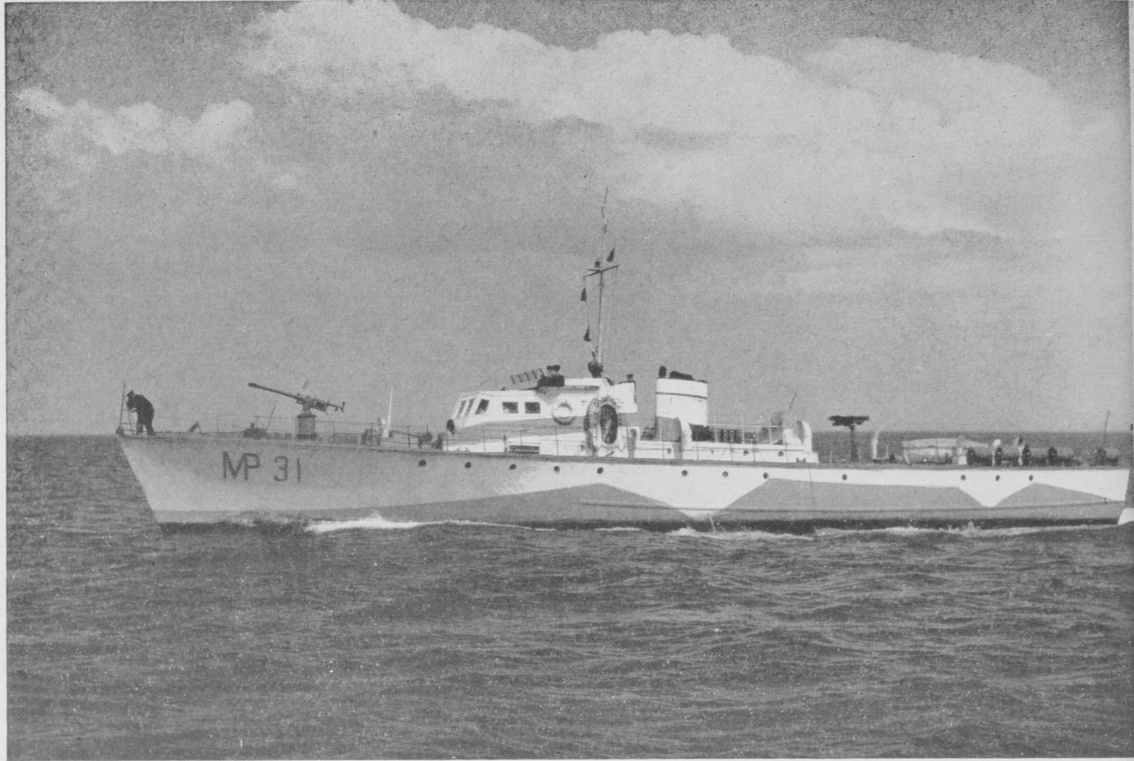
Reorganization

On V-E Day, our Marine Section's activities in the war came to an end. The re-deployment of the Allied forces on a greatly reduced scale in the Pacific made possible the release of many ships and men, including those of our Marine Section. By the middle of June the Commissioner had received the assurance of the Naval Service that the release of our personnel would be expedited as far as possible, and when Japan surrendered our men were returning to the Force in slowly increasing numbers.

Two major problems confronted the Force—the almost complete deterioration of its fleet after six years of war, and a 41 per cent reduction of personnel due to casualties and other causes. To some extent these problems had been anticipated, especially that relating to the lack of ships, and negotiations were opened in March, 1945, to obtain suitable patrol ships.

A survey showed that only three of our pre-war ships—*Arresteur*, *Detector* and *French* (later renamed *MacKenzie*)—would be fit for service without heavy expenditure, and also emphasized our need of some modern ships embodying all late developments, which would be economical to operate.

By the end of June arrangements with the War Assets Corporation were made whereby the R.C.M.P. obtained a balanced fleet of modern ships which fall into three distinct classifications and are capable of discharging the responsibilities this Force is called upon to assume at sea. The ships of each class have been sub-



R.C.M.P.S. *Fort Selkirk*, "Fort" class, formerly a "Fairmile" class motor launch.

jected to the utmost rigours of sea warfare and were not found wanting. Their adaptability to peacetime law-enforcement and life-saving duties presented little or no difficulty, and at this writing the conversion program is almost completed.

Forming the backbone of our new fleet is the "Bangor" Class—minesweepers that were later converted for escort duties. These are our "big ships", capable of great endurance and able to remain at sea even during the most severe winter gale. Diesel powered, they are economical to operate and can attain very satisfactory speeds. With them on the job, no rum-runner will remain "unpicketed" off shore, no distress call will go unanswered because of bad weather.

Eight of these ships were obtained. They are designated the "Commissioner" class and all but one of them have been renamed to commemorate former commissioners of the Force: *French*, *Macleod*, *Irvine*, *Herchmer*, *Perry*, *Starnes* and *MacBrien*; the exception was renamed

Colonel White for Lt. Col. Frederick White, C.M.G., who in 1878 was appointed Comptroller of the North West Mounted Police and served some 45 years in that capacity. The conversion program of these ships is especially interesting, for the contemplated mess-deck and living quarters arrangements will provide convenience and comfort unheard of in wartime when the crews were considerably larger than the peacetime crews will be.

The "Fairmile" class motor launch is too well known to require any elaboration here. Four of these game little vessels were obtained and renamed for forts that figured prominently in the Force's history. Designated the "Fort" class, they bear the names, *Fort Pitt*, *Fort Walsh*, *Fort Selkirk* and *Fort Steele*.

They are expensive to operate, but present plans call for their being re-engined with Diesels. In this regard the Admiralty is carrying out some very interesting experiments, and the Naval Service on our behalf is investigating with a view to lowering operating costs.

The changes probably will involve a reduction in speed of a knot or two, but this is acceptable. These vessels will be used for "in between" duties where a ship of the Commissioner class is unnecessary and a small vessel is not able to meet the need.

Small craft such as motor boats or small launches discharge a multitude of duties. They patrol small bays, rivers and harbours and cooperate closely with local police detachments. In order to standardize, and to benefit by interchangeable parts and equipment, 13 small vessels, all of a class known as Harbour Defence Patrol Craft, were acquired for the purpose just mentioned.

Forty-eight feet in length and powered with twin Kermath "Seawolf" engines, they were developed by the Navy for harbour duties, and are similar in design to our "D" class boats of pre-war days. These craft are designated the "Detachment" class and named for detachments that have played an important part in the Force: *Cutknife*, *Aklavik*, *Brule*,

Carnduff, *Chilkoot*, *Fitzgerald*, *Grenfell*, *Little Bow*, *Moosomin*, *Shaunavon*, *Slide-out*, *Tagish* and *Yellowknife*.

* * *

WITH the acquisition of our new fleet, the agreement with the Naval Service was renewed. Under the terms of this agreement, which is mutually very satisfactory, the Navy makes periodic surveys of hulls and machinery and refits and emergency repairs to our ships, and provides a great many other facilities including technical advice and training for gunners, radar operators and other specialists. Needless to say this arrangement relieves the Force of maintaining a large technical staff on shore—a thing the Navy must do in any event—and enables us to place practically all members of our Marine Section where they can be most effective—at sea. In turn, the Force agrees to make available to the Navy, in the event of real or apprehended war, the ships and trained personnel of the Marine Section.

R.C.M.P.S. *Little Bow*, "Detachment" class, formerly a Harbour Defence Patrol Craft.



Besides acquiring the new fleet, another long stride toward greater efficiency was taken. This had to do with the personnel.

Before the war, members of the Marine Section, unlike other members of the Force, wore navy-type uniforms and were given marine ranks. This was not entirely satisfactory. It was difficult for members while carrying out duties on shore to cooperate closely with other members of the Force; also there was the slight sense of isolation from the Force proper felt by the Marine Section—a situation undesirable in a homogeneous organization.

This, however, has now been remedied by appointing members of the Marine Section to the same ranks as other members of the Force and by issuing police uniforms—with some modifications—to them. The regulation brown uniform of the R.C.M.P. is now worn for duties on shore, and blue battle-dress with a black beret is worn at sea and in the dockyards. The latter uniform, an innovation resulting from experience gained during the war, is comfortable, practical, and as anyone who has observed the Royal Marine Commandos can testify, smart in appearance. Worn with chevrons of yellow worsted and the regimental cap badge, it is a happy compromise between the extremes of purely naval and purely military uniforms.

Pay and allowances coincide with that of all other members of the Force, and this final move completes a process of amalgamation which apart from the interruption of the war years had been taking place since 1932.

* * *

A LOSS of 41 per cent of trained and experienced personnel is a serious one in a small organization, and before all our officers and men had returned from the services, some concern was felt. The picture brightened somewhat, however, when a count of those who had survived Doenitz's U-waffe and other

hazards showed that enough experienced officers, N.C.O.'s and men had re-engaged to form a solid core for the re-established service and to help inculcate the new members with the high sense of duty which has characterized the service in the past. Men who were able seamen in 1939 returned to the Force after relinquishing commissions in the Navy and brought with them a wealth of experience from years of command, in some cases extended.

Moreover they have exceptionally good material with which to work. Whatever the explanation, the popularity of the Marine Section with young Canadians is gratifyingly evident in the type of men presenting themselves for engagement. The standards are high; it is doubtful if there are higher in any similar organization. Young men suitable in every respect, most of them with operational experience in the Navy behind them, have been coming forward for months. Their record of service in war if carried into the peace bodes well for the Marine Section.

Plans for training these recruits in police work have been completed and, by the time this article appears, the first class will be well advanced in an intensive three months' course at Rockcliffe, Ont.

Before the war the Marine Section played an important part in eliminating a smuggling ring that cost the Federal Treasury uncounted millions of dollars. Each year between 70 and 80 distress calls were answered and brought to a successful conclusion.

With new ships to replace the old; with men returned wiser in the ways of the sea and perhaps with a deeper sense of responsibility because of what they have been through; with new and able men to replace the grievous losses of the past six years, the Marine Section of the Force is ready again to resume its policing of Canada's Atlantic and Pacific coasts.



His Excellency Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. Viscount Alexander of Tunis,
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., LL.D., A.D.C.
Governor General of Canada.

The Marquis
of Lorne.



The First Vice-Regal Tour of Western Canada

by JOHN PETER TURNER

CANADIANS have indeed been honoured by the appointment of Field Marshal Viscount Harold Rupert Leofric George Alexander, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., as their new Governor General. During the invasion of Sicily and Italy he had the 1st and 5th Canadian Infantry Divisions and Armoured Brigade under his general command, and throughout World War II won the esteem of all Canadians. One of Britain's most brilliant military strategists,

a man of prowess and diplomacy, he has come to our Dominion preceded by his fame.

His coming makes it appropriate at this time to recall details of the first vice-regal tour through the Canadian North West. The year was 1881, and thus far the closest any Governor General had come to setting foot in this region occur-

red four years previously when the Earl and Countess of Dufferin visited Manitoba.

* * *

SIXTY-FIVE years ago a great transition was taking place in Western Canada—a territory which but recently had resounded to the war-cry of savages and the tread of countless buffalo. The Indian was receding, albeit reluctantly, from his primordial way of life and settlers were deploying over the plains with gathering momentum. Explorer, corporate trader and finally the tireless rider in scarlet tunic had paved the way. All these things presaged a new and greater West and more and more the people were relying for guidance and protection upon the ubiquitous virile North West Mounted Police then in the ninth year of its existence.

There remained but one step to be taken—transportation. The Government of Canada, with an eye toward influencing the Crown colony of British Columbia to enter Confederation, had promised that a transcontinental railway would be built; in fact work on it had already begun.

Early in the year it was decided that His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., P.C., Governor General of Canada, should visit Western Canada. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, daughter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and charming chatelaine of Government House at Ottawa, was not included in the plan; it was deemed inadvisable for her to incur the discomforts and rigours of such a journey.

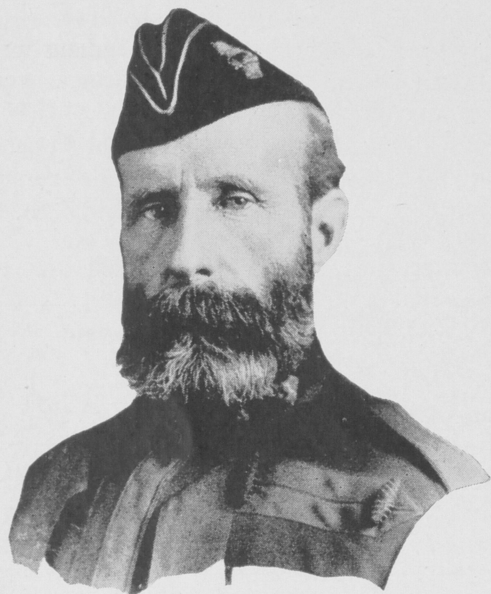
Late in the spring Commr. A. G. Irvine of the N.W.M.P. received instructions to arrange for an escort to accompany His Excellency on the tour, and preparations were started at once. Provisions were cached at suitable points, equipment and stores gathered, officers and men specially chosen, the best horses and vehicles selected.

Insp. P. R. Neale went to Winnipeg in June to purchase horses, wagons and buck-boards which, with three army ambulances bought in St. Paul, Minn., and hired drivers, were shipped the 60 miles to Portage la Prairie the farthest point west on the new uncompleted Canadian Pacific Railway.

Meantime, while the nucleus of a selected escort, consisting of seven N.C.O.'s, 16 constables, 31 horses and three wagons with Reg. No. 13, Sgt. Major Thomas Lake in charge, left N.W.M.P. headquarters at Fort Walsh for Fort Qu'Appelle a Hudson's Bay Company post 315 miles north-eastward, Supt. W. M. Herchmer with seven men and 14 horses set out from Battleford by main cart trail bound for the same destination, a distance of 280 miles.

Unforeseen difficulties arose and trouble beset seemingly everyone concerned in the preparations. At Portage la Prairie Inspector Neale had barely set up camp when a violent thunder-storm scattered tents, wagon-covers, bedding and other equipment; on the trail to Fort Qu'Appelle 100 miles from Fort Walsh the horses of Lake's party stampeded and 15 of them were lost, and to the north some oats which Superintendent Herchmer had intended to pick up at Fort Carlton, H.B.C. post midway between Battleford and Qu'Appelle, had been sent to Battleford. As a climax to this series of set-backs, three constables carrying Indian annuity money arrived at Carlton from Qu'Appelle on horses so jaded that Herchmer had to replace them with four of those he had selected for the tour.

Oats were an essential travelling commodity in those days and of course it was imperative for the success of the tour that they be made available in quantity at strategic points. Herchmer instructed that two tons of the oats at Battleford be returned to Fort Carlton and from there he took them to Qu'Appelle, arriving on July 21. While his men were laying in a cache in the Touchwood Hills and another at Humboldt, he learned



Commr. A. G. Irvine.

that Lake's party, its rations almost exhausted, was slowly approaching from the south and immediately sent out supplies and assistance. On the 26th the travel-weary detachment arrived—its only reverse the lost horses and these were replaced by hired ones.

On July 31, his mission at Qu'Appelle finished, Herchmer with eight N.C.O.'s, 32 constables and 50 horses, one light and five heavy wagons set out for Fort Ellice, principal H.B.C. post on the upper Assiniboine—his object being to store oats at suitable points along the trail. Next day a messenger overtook the party, with instructions from Ottawa for Herchmer to go to Portage la Prairie and there take over the transport from Inspector Neale.

Herchmer pushed on to Fort Ellice where he hastily completed his arrangements, then, leaving Lake in charge of the main escort party encamped in good pasture-land a few miles from the settlement, moved on to Portage la Prairie.

Inspector Neale had in his care nine hired men, two police recruits doing teamster work, 39 horses, two of them incapacitated, and 12 wagons. Herchmer relieved him of his command, and on

August 8 took charge of more transport and stores that had been shipped to the end of the newly-laid steel of the C.P.R., several miles west of Portage la Prairie. Five miles further west he made camp.

All now was in readiness—a spick-and-span get-up awaited His Excellency's arrival.

* * *

THE wait wasn't long. As a brilliant afternoon was waning, smoke was seen in the east and the vice-regal train rolled slowly on unballasted rails to the end of the line. Accompanying the vice-regal party was Asst. Indian Commr. Elliott Galt who had brought along two wagons loaded with presents for the Indians. Herchmer consulted with the Governor General's military secretary and it was decided that His Excellency should take a steamer up the Assiniboine to Fort Ellice where he would be met by the Mounted Police escort.

Following upon these arrangements Herchmer retraced his steps to Fort Ellice and on August 12 camped near where Sergeant Lake and the main escort were staying. The escort presented a fine appearance—the men in white helmets and new tunics, the horses groomed to a glossy sheen, the transport teams choicely matched.

Next morning shortly before the steamer bearing His Excellency was due Herchmer and 20 men on horseback trotted down the winding road from the high plateau on which Fort Ellice was perched and were lined up at the landing-place as the boat steamed to shore.

The distinguished visitor disembarked and acknowledged the "Royal Salute", sounded by the trumpeter, after which he remarked favourably on the pleasant spectacle before him and followed by his aides inspected the escort.

While the baggage was being unloaded, a four-horse team got out of hand and bolted. Before the high-spirited animals could be brought under control the wagon had upset throwing the teamster to the ground and breaking his collar-

bone; the injured man was sent to Winnipeg on the returning steamer for medical attention.

The Governor General's party consisted of a chaplain, the Rev. Dr. McGregor of Edinburgh; a surgeon, Dr. Sewell; a military secretary, Lt. Col. F. De Winton; aides-de-camp, Major Chater, Captain Bagot of the Royal Artillery and Captain Percival of the 2nd Life Guards; an artist, Sidney P. Hall of the London *Graphic*; correspondents of the Toronto *Globe* and the London *Times*, and a French chef and six servants.

In the lavish entertainment that followed, Chief Factor Archibald McDonald of the H.B.C. and his wife were hosts. A keg of Demerara rum was broached and to round out an occasion that was replete with Western hospitality a sumptuous repast was served. His Excellency attended an Indian council that afternoon and was guest of the McDonalds for the night.

* * *

NEXT afternoon the party left by trail for Fort Qu'Appelle, His Excellency riding in one of the army ambulances.

Countless details devolved upon the Mounted Police throughout the tour. Apart from serving as escort, they performed such duties as unpacking and repacking the baggage and equipment, pitching and taking down the tents, fitting and repairing the saddlery and other harness. The regular nightly routine provided for two reliefs—one from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m., the other from 2 to 6 a.m. In the daily routine, reveille usually was at 3 a.m., with the cavalcade on the trail by 6, a stop being made at 10 for breakfast and another at 3 p.m. for dinner—then a further advance was made to suitable camping grounds for the night. This schedule was altered at Mounted Police and H.B.C. posts.

At the mission of Lebret Father J. Hugonard and his assistants had erected an arch of green boughs under which

the visitors passed to be met by a large gathering of half-breeds and Indians who presented an address and in turn were addressed by His Excellency.

A few miles further on was Qu'Appelle. The travellers arrived there in the evening of August 17 and were met by an escort led by Insp. S. B. Steele. Here the civilians who had been hired at Portage la Prairie were paid off, and the Force henceforth assumed all transportation duties.

Half-breeds and Indians gathered to stare at the son-in-law of the Great White Mother, and the setting sun shone on a colourful picture. Lodges of the red men dotted the river bottom, lithe young warriors in gaudy costumes astride their ponies galloped back and forth on the plains, and the flashing scarlet of the Mounted Police lent a special touch of brightness to this thoroughly Western scene.

During his brief stay at Qu'Appelle the Governor General was made comfortable in the H.B.C. post by Chief Trader W. J. McLean and his wife, the former having met His Excellency at Lebret.



Supt. W. M. Herchmer.



Fort Carlton, N.W.T.

On the 18th, with Inspector Steele in charge of the guard, His Excellency attended a council of the Indians who afterwards held a big war-dance in his honour.

On the morrow the cavalcade wended its way out of the valley and after six days of easy travelling through the Touchwood Hills and across the Salt Plains came to Gabriel's Crossing on the South Saskatchewan where the well-known Metis plainsman, Gabriel Dumont, operated a scow-ferry.

Crossing the river was arduous work. Some of the escort swam the 80 horses over and others made numerous trips transporting the baggage and wagons. Each time, the loaded ferry drifted downstream a mile or so before reaching the opposite bank and had to be hauled up to the landing-place with ropes for the next passage. "The men", said Superintendent Herchmer afterwards, "worked admirably—their handiness and cheerfulness under most trying circumstances were most favourably commented upon."

At Duck Lake Chief Beardy, decked out in his most brilliant raiment, embraced the Marquis warmly and in Cree and broken English showered him with encomiums. The Cree chief had always been a trouble-maker, but judging from his present conduct a new-comer would

have thought him one of the most fervent and law-abiding of the Queen's subjects. He capped this highly-effusive reception by holding the vice-regal hand tightly and solemnly declaring that they were blood relatives—his father was reputed to be a white trader called Sutherland, a name connected with His Excellency's forebears.

Though amusing the situation was startling and His Excellency, laughing aside the intimate pretension, presented a souvenir token of his visit and lost no time in resuming the journey. That evening he arrived at Fort Carlton where he and his party found quarters for the night awaiting them in the H.B.C. post.

In the morning, after attending an Indian powwow, the visitors sailed down the North Saskatchewan on the company's steamer *Northcote* and at Prince Albert changed over to the steamer *Lily* which took them to Battleford, Capital of the Northwest Territories. Shortly after the vice-regal departure from Carlton, Herchmer with the escort and transport took the overland trail westward and in the morning of the 29th arrived at Battleford. In the preliminary preparations for the tour, a relay of horses had been sent to this point from Fort Walsh by Commissioner Irvine who had correctly calculated that the animals purchased in Winnipeg would

bring the Governor General's party this far.

His Excellency reached Battleford the day after Herchmer did and was escorted immediately to Government House, residence of the Hon. David Laird, lieutenant-governor of the Territories.

That afternoon hundreds of Indians and whites took part in a grand powwow with Lord Lorne, at which Insp. W. D. Antrobus was in charge of the guard of honour, and the following day His Excellency inspected the N.W.M.P. barracks.

Calgary, the next important stop in the itinerary, lay 300 miles to the south-west.

Indian Commr. Edgar Dewdney, who later succeeded Laird as lieutenant-governor, joined the party at Battleford, and on September 1 they set out with an escort of 45 men and 80 horses. John Longmore, commonly known as Johnny Saskatchewan, acted as chief guide and

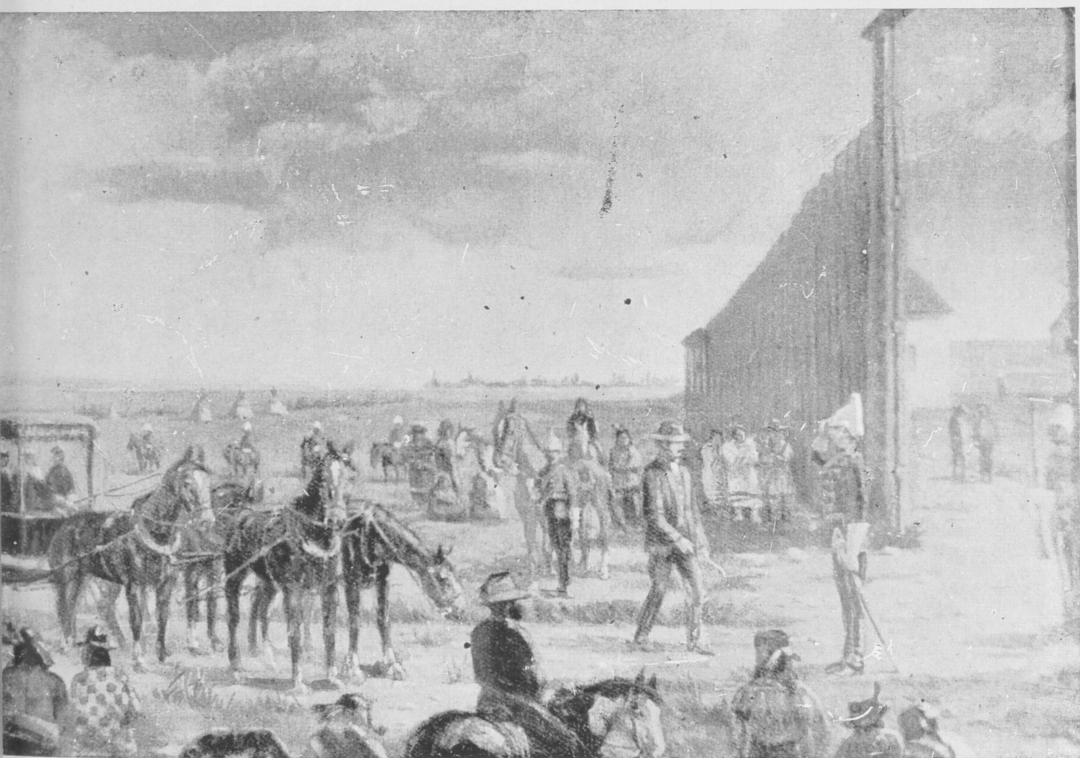
assisting him were Poundmaker, one of the foremost Saskatchewan Crees, and Louis Laronde, guide and interpreter of "D" Division, N.W.M.P.

Through virgin country, in which water and wildfowl were ample but wood was scarce except around Sounding Lake, the cavalcade blazed its own trail, and in many places was forced by obstacles of Nature's own designing to pursue a roundabout course.

A week after leaving Battleford the travellers sighted a small herd of buffalo near the Red Deer river. Three of the animals were bagged and Poundmaker caused consternation among some of the Easterners when he sat on one of the carcasses, tore out the quivering liver and calmly ate it raw.

Near Sounding Lake the party overtook a supply train that Herchmer had sent ahead from Battleford on August 24. The train, carrying fodder which would

A painting by R. Lindemere of North Battleford, Sask., depicting the arrival of the Marquis at the N.W.M.P. barracks, Battleford, N.W.T., Aug. 31, 1881.





Chief Crowfoot.

be needed before Calgary was reached, had made very poor time and Herchmer was reluctantly forced to transfer some of the oats to his own already overloaded transport.

The nights grew colder, bringing discomfort to members of the escort who were travelling light with little warm clothing or bedding, and in the mornings the tents were covered with hoar-frost.

Longmore had planned to cross the Red Deer at a point south of Hand Hills, but the river banks were so steep that no crossing could be made there and the travellers had to go considerably out of their way before a suitable place was found. Longmore said that he knew nothing whatever of the country on the other side of the river so he was sent back to Battleford and Poundmaker replaced him as chief guide.

Herchmer aware that the party was behind schedule was concerned. Their indirect course had taken more time than had been anticipated and there was danger of the provisions running out. To go directly to Calgary would in the cir-

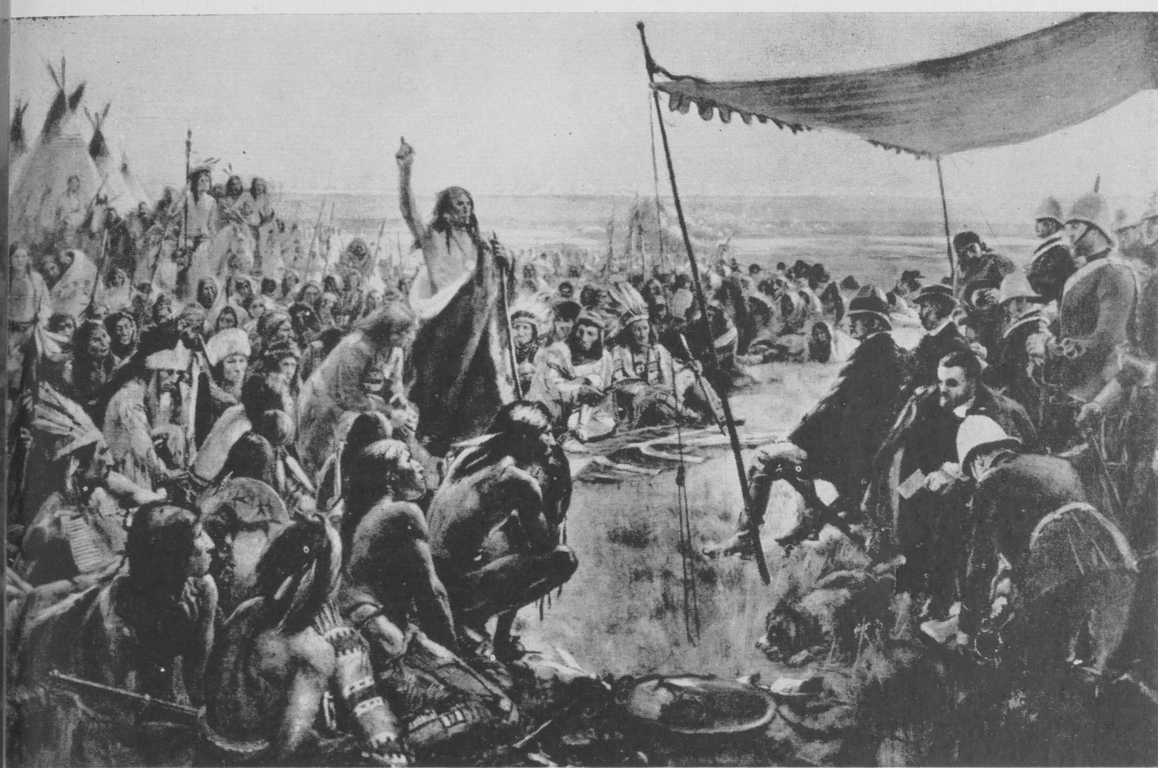
cumstances be imprudent, Herchmer thought, so they struck out for Blackfoot Crossing where supplies were obtainable. A cold drizzle that lasted 12 hours set in shortly after the Red Deer was left behind, but when the weather cleared good time was made and on September 9 the vice-regal party reached the famous crossing.

To the south-east from Fort Walsh Commissioner Irvine and his adjutant Supt. John Cotton, with some N.C.O.'s, men and horses had gone to Fort Macleod from where the Commissioner sent oats and a relay of horses to Calgary. The Commissioner and his adjutant arrived in Calgary on August 24 and settled down to await the vice-regal party. Unaware that His Excellency's itinerary had been changed he dispatched several carts of oats to the Red Deer, but later, upon receiving a letter from Herchmer advising him of the altered plans, he set out for Blackfoot Crossing with more oats and some spare horses.

At the crossing on September 10 the day after the vice-regal party arrived



Poundmaker of the Crees.



"The Last Great Council of the West".

Photo of the painting by Sidney P. Hall.

there, a large number of Indians including Crowfoot chief of the Blackfoot, and many other dignitaries congregated and took part in a grand powwow. His Excellency and staff in full-dress uniform mounted a platform of a sort erected for the purpose, while the guard of honour under Herchmer drew up on both sides of them and Indian Commissioner Dewdney and Chief Crowfoot walked to their appointed places.

Though the guard had been assembled at a moment's notice and preparations had necessarily been hurried, efficiency was the key-note; in his report Superintendent Herchmer said:

"The men turned out in a manner that would have done credit to any troops stationed in permanent stations. His Excellency and party were loud in their expressions of admiration at the men's appearance. . . . Notwithstanding the fact that they had travelled over 850 miles of prairie, they were thus enabled to supply a guard of honour at a few minutes' notice fit to appear on a general inspection."

No sooner had the Governor General sat down than over 200 mounted Indians

galloped up and in their wake flowed a horde of men, women and children on foot. Rifles cracked and bullets whistled overhead ominously close, and De Winton, entirely unaccustomed to displays of Indian exuberance, sidled up to Herchmer and inquired in a low voice, "Are your men loaded?"

As the ceremony got under way the copper-skinned hosts in war bonnets and robes of state ranged themselves in a long semicircle, some of them squatting on the ground, others remaining on their ponies—a striking picture of frontier might and grandeur which Hall subsequently painted and titled "The Last Great Council of the West".

Crowfoot then addressed His Excellency. He dwelt on the failure of the Government to provide the Indians with sufficient food and supplies, but voiced appreciation of the fair treatment accorded his people by the Mounted Police. An hour or more passed with speaker following speaker in much the same strain. The interpreter was Jean L'Heureux an Old Country Frenchman who some years

before had cast his lot with Crowfoot and even shared the chief's lodge.

In the afternoon the march to Calgary was resumed but prior to the vice-regal departure Blackfoot Crossing felt the fury of a sudden and violent hail-storm that forced everyone to run for cover. Toward the end of the next day Commissioner Irvine and Superintendent Cotton met and joined the cavalcade which was in need of the extra horses and oats they brought.

On the 12th, under the direction of Cotton, the party crossed the Bow river, entered Calgary and occupied the camp previously set up by the Commissioner.

Westward the glimmering peaks of the Rockies drew the attention of the Marquis who gazed spellbound at the beautiful scene before him. In high spirits he visited the H.B.C. and I. G. Baker stores, the Mounted Police barracks and many of the settlement's humble dwellings.

Among the latter was that of an Irishman named Sam Livingstone who in 1849 left his homeland for the California gold-fields. He became an expert Indian fighter, buffalo hunter and trapper and was associated with Kit Carson. Crossing the Rocky Mountains to the Bow river country in 1870 he had wandered here and there along the North Saskatchewan until eventually he settled down on the north bank of the Elbow river. His Excellency was so interested in this well-known pioneer that he stayed and took pot luck at the old man's table.

While the cavalcade rested at Calgary, His Excellency beguiled the time fishing and hunting and exploring the district.

* * *

On the 15th His Excellency and staff escorted by Herchmer started from Calgary for Fort Macleod. Commissioner Irvine and Superintendent Cotton had preceded them by a day. At a leisurely pace the cavalcade proceeded, visiting the Indian Department farm at Fish Creek and at lunch time stopping at the ranch of "Honest" John Glenn who apologized profusely for being



Supt. John Cotton.

obliged to ask his distinguished guest to eat meat and pudding from the same plate.

Further on, when about half way between Calgary and Fort Macleod, the column came to a wayside eating place—the little log shanty of Joe Trollinger and his bride Lucy, a Blood squaw. His Excellency paused there long enough to eat and rest, and added his name to the unrecorded list of famous personages who at one time or another had partaken of Lucy's cooking which was acclaimed far and near for its matchless delectability.

Near High River a stop was made at the Emerson and French ranch, and "The Leavings" on Willow Creek, 25 miles north of Fort Macleod, was selected as a camp site for a night; at the latter point the column received fresh horses and a load of oats which the Commissioner had forwarded from Macleod.

On the 17th, in the morning, the vice-regal party met Irvine and Cotton about eight miles from Macleod; the two officers had ridden out to welcome it to the father of all police posts in the far West.

At the head of the escort that followed the Commissioner and Cotton was Supt. L. N. F. Crozier, officer commanding "C" Division at Fort Walsh who had arrived at Macleod with a large number of his men several days previously. Behind this escort was a crowd of Indians, whites, and half-breeds, some on horseback, some on foot. A salute was fired from two 9-pounder field-guns that had been moved from the fort to a high ridge overlooking Willow Creek, and Mounted Policemen lined the trail at intervals as the distinguished visitors crossed the Old Man's river; at the main gate of the fort a guard of honour under Insp. F. J. Dickens awaited them.

Seldom if ever had the old fort witnessed such pageantry. Indians by the hundreds, Blackfoot, Bloods and Pégans, resplendent in paint and gay attire, mingled with lean and stalwart cattlemen, freighters, store-keepers and half-breeds. The Mounted Police were everywhere, and gracing the entire assemblage was a sprinkling of white women dressed in the best finery of their limited wardrobes.

Lt. Col. J. F. Macleod, C.M.G. (ex-Commissioner, N.W.M.P.), and his wife were greeted heartily by His Excellency and commended for the conspicuous part they had played in building the West.

While preparing for the reception, Mrs. Macleod discovered that her only garment befitting the occasion, a black plush coat trimmed with silver fox, was gone at the elbows (fine clothes rarely came to Fort Macleod), but with true Western resourcefulness the good lady had blackened her elbows.

Macleod himself had also been faced with a problem—he had a black frock coat but no silk hat, and the black, broad-brimmed felt he substituted was incongruous. Never was any man more ill at ease than he as alternately he smiled toward His Excellency and frowned in irritation at the offending head-gear; he seemed barely able to repress a desire to tear it from his head and tramp on it.



Lt. Col. J. M. Macleod, C.M.G., in his robes as magistrate for the N.W.T.

The occasion was of course sufficient reason for a long powwow among the Indians, intermittent speeches, horse-racing, dancing and singsongs. In the background during these activities was

the ceaseless beat of raw-hide drums. Traders at improvised booths benefited from the easy-flowing money and Canadian one-dollar bills which had but recently appeared were displayed as novelties.

Next day Commissioner Irvine received the following letter:

"Fort Macleod, 18th September, 1881.

"Sir,

"I am commanded by His Excellency the Governor General to desire you to express to Superintendent Herchmer his entire satisfaction with the admirable manner that officer has performed his duty while in command of the force of Mounted Police which has escorted His Excellency from Winnipeg to Fort Macleod. I am further to request you to convey to the non-commissioned officers and men who formed the escort His Excellency's thanks for the services rendered by them while on the march, and the pleasure it has afforded him to witness the discipline and efficiency of the corps.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"F. De Winton, Lt. Col., Mil'y Sec'r."

Unmistakable signs of winter were in the air, and it was decided that the D Division part of the escort should return immediately to its headquarters at Battleford. Accordingly in the morning of the 19th, Herchmer turned over command of the escort to Superintendent Crozier.

In the afternoon the Marquis held a council with the Bloods and Peigans, and Herchmer, who had not yet departed, commanded the guard of honour. Years later, "Norrie" Macleod, Colonel Macleod's nephew, in referring to the doings of that afternoon said it was the "best turn-out of Indians" he had ever seen, "so many genuine costumes, bows and arrows, not to mention the old brass, bell-mouthed blunderbuss carried by Button Chief".

Commenting on the tour, Herchmer later reported that the "percentage of loss in horses had been small, taking into consideration the length of the trip, the

loads carried and the pace of travel, and bearing in mind also that the majority of the horses employed were remounts" and that "the old police horses had in nearly every case been working hard up to the last moment".

Regarding the men in the escort, he stated:

"I cannot close this report without drawing your attention to the great assistance rendered me by . . . Sergeant Major Lake. Of this non-commissioned officer's conduct I cannot speak in too high terms, nor can I overrate the cheerful manner in which the whole escort, non-commissioned officers and men, performed their several duties, some of which were particularly arduous ones . . . duties, it must be remembered, that did not cease when camp was pitched each evening. Day and night, the horses received the greatest care. . . . I believe it to be unprecedented that not a horse was incapacitated from work by sore back or shoulders. I attribute this entirely to the great care and attention exercised by Staff Sergeant Horner. From His Excellency, his staff and the gentlemen accompanying him I and my command received the greatest kindness, consideration and assistance.

* * *

NEXT day, September 20, following a consultation with Colonel De Winton, Commissioner Irvine and a small party rode southward with news of His Excellency's intention to visit Fort Shaw in Montana, U.S.A. By steady riding he and his men travelled the 200 miles to Fort Shaw in record time, arriving on the 22nd, and were heartily greeted by Col. Jacob Fort Kent, the officer commanding.

Pleased at the prospect of a visit from the Governor General of Canada, the genial commandant, after sending an escort under Lieutenant Todd to meet the vice-regal column, set about with his officers and men making arrangements for the forthcoming reception. Next morning, assured that all would be in readiness, he with the Commissioner rode out to welcome His Excellency.

Meanwhile, escorted by Superintendent Crozier and the men of C Division, His

Excellency and entourage had left Macleod on the 20th and gone to Pincher Creek where quarters for the Marquis were provided in the home of Colonel and Mrs. Macleod while a camp for the other visitors was established nearby. Next day His Excellency visited the farm of the police, also that of the Indian Department.

Bad weather prevented a detour that had been contemplated to Kootenay Lake, and on the 22nd the journey to the United States was resumed. The travellers passed across an open plain, leaving in their wake a well-defined path known afterwards as the "Governor General's Trail", crossed the Kootenay, Belly and St. Mary's rivers and turned due south on the Sun river trail to American territory.

The weather changed, and a bright sun in a cloudless sky revealed in great detail the vast sweep of plains and the bold outlines of the Rockies which here near the international boundary culminate in the huge obelisk of Chief Mountain. Deeply impressed His Excellency penned these fitting lines to the towering massif:

Among white peaks a rock, hewn altar-wise,

Marks the long frontier of our lonely lands.

Apart its dark tremendous sculpture stands,

Too steep for snow, and square against the skies.

In other shape its buttressed masses rise

When seen from north or south; but eastward set,

God carved it where two sovereignties are met,

An altar to His peace, before men's eyes.

Camp that night was on United States soil a short distance beyond the Milk river, and after dark while out gathering fuel with some companions one man made a gruesome discovery. He came upon a dried-up Indian corpse sewn inside an old buffalo hide and thinking it was wood took it along. For days after he was the butt of much good-natured banter.



Supt. L. N. F. Crozier.

Next night camp was pitched on the South Blackfoot Reserve near Hamilton and Hazlett's trading store which dispensed a variety of comestibles and liquid refreshments. Jerry Potts, famous guide and interpreter of the Force who had conducted the party from Fort Macleod, imbibed freely of the latter, worked himself into a bellicose frame of mind, and recalling a difference he had had with a local Indian decided to settle it in true Western fashion. Fortunately the police picquet took a hand in the matter and despite Jerry's protests bound him, put him in a wagon and left him there to cool off for the night.

The following day, September 24, the troops under Lieutenant Todd arrived and the entire train moved southward to Birch Creek where camp was made. During the night the American horses stampeded and in the morning could not be found. An extensive search would have entailed too much delay and the party moved on without the animals, though the men stopped long enough to brush up and burnish their accoutrements. Colonel Kent reached the Blackfoot Agency with the Commissioner and afterwards, meeting up with the party, took practical charge of arrangements for the remainder of the trip.

LATE in the afternoon of the 28th they arrived at Fort Shaw. Seventeen guns boomed a salute to His Excellency; the entire garrison paraded and presented arms; a guard of honour was furnished, and the regimental band played "Hail to the Chief", then broke into "God Save the Queen" as the vice-regal conveyance swept past curious spectators and drove under an arch which had been specially constructed over the main gate for the occasion.

Unaccustomed to such fanfares several of the police horses, disturbed by the music, reared and plunged threateningly, but steady hands quietened them.

Then a near-calamity occurred—the Governor General's team bolted. With experienced hand the police teamster gave the frightened animals their heads. Skilfully he manoeuvred them into a running circle until they eventually drew up in front of the commanding officer's quarters where the Marquis alighted unhurt and entered the building, which had been kindly placed at his disposal.

That evening with Colonel Kent as his guest, His Excellency dined with several members of his staff. A splendid reception was given to the others of the party; Commissioner Irvine and Superintendent Crozier were guests of the American officers, and after taking full charge of the horses, the American soldiers threw their mess room wide open. Cigars, beer and sandwiches were supplied and everything possible was done for the comfort and entertainment of the red-coated Canadian police.

The barracks at this military post were more elaborate than those of the Mounted Police. The adobe buildings had wide verandas, shade trees lined the four sides of the square, and throughout there was a spacious comfort not associated with the small log buildings typical of the initial outposts of the N.W.M.P.

In the morning, arrangements were made for His Excellency's departure. The military band marched and played reveille to the tune of "The Regular

Army", while Crozier and his men paraded for the last time in their capacity of escort to the Marquis of Lorne.

In bidding them farewell His Excellency said:

"Officers, non-commissioned officers and men—our long march is over, and truly sorry we feel that it is so. I am glad that its last scene is to take place in this American fort where we have been so courteously and hospitably received. That good fellowship which exists between soldiers is always to the fullest extent shown between you and our kind friends. This perfect understanding is to be expected, for both our Empires, unlike some others, send out to their distant frontier posts not their worst, but some of their very best men. I have asked for this parade this morning to take leave of you, and to express my entire satisfaction at the manner in which your duties have been performed. You have been subject to some searching criticism, for on my staff are officers who have served in the cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Their unanimous verdict is to the effect that they have never seen work better, more willingly, or more smartly done while under circumstances of some difficulty caused by bad weather or otherwise. Your appearance on parade was always as clean and bright and soldierlike as possible. Your force is often spoken of in Canada as one of which Canada is justly proud. It is well that this pride is so fully justified, for your duties are most important and varied. You must always act as guardians of the peace. There may be occasions also in which you may have to act as soldiers, and sometimes in dealing with our Indian fellow-subjects you may have to show the mingled prudence, kindness, and firmness which constitute a diplomat. You have, with a force at present only 250 strong, to keep order in a country whose fertile, wheat-growing area is reckoned about 250 millions of acres. The perfect confidence in the maintenance of the authority of the law prevailing over these vast territories, a confidence most necessary with the settlement now proceeding, shows how thoroughly you have done your work. It will be with the greatest pleasure that I shall convey to the Prime Minister my appreciation of your services, and the satisfaction we have all had in having you



Fort Shaw, Mont., U.S.A.

with us as our escort and companions throughout the journey.”

By 9 o'clock His Excellency was again on the road, accompanied by the Mounted Police and a detachment of American troops. At the parting of the ways a few miles out a halt was made and each man in the police escort was presented to the Governor General who had expressed a wish for an informal good-bye. He shook hands with all and smiled adieu.

Finally amid cheers the vice-regal party, with the American infantry now in charge of the escort, moved off in the three army ambulances bound for the terminus of the Utah Northern Railway at Dillon in south-eastern Montana.

At Helena a public reception was declined as the United States was in mourning for President Garfield who had died on September 19, a victim of an assassin's bullet.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY after the Governor General's parting with the Mounted Police, Commissioner Irvine struck out on his return to Fort Macleod; next morning, that of the 30th, Crozier and the escort started after him. Near the South Blackfoot Agency cold weather and snow-storms were encountered and Crozier had to leave several horses with ranchers along the way. He and the escort crossed the Milk river during a blinding blizzard but they reached Fort Macleod without mishap on October 7.

Some of the escort who were members of "B" Division, Qu'Appelle, stayed at Fort Macleod for the winter rather than attempt the hazardous journey across the plains, and those from Fort Walsh remained for a short time because Star Child, a Blood Indian accused of murder-

ing Reg. No. 335, Cst. M. Graburn in the Cypress Hills two years earlier, was about to be tried; there were disturbing rumours afloat and it was deemed advisable to have as strong a force on hand as possible.

The N.W.M.P. escort travelled many miles during the vice-regal tour—from Fort Walsh to Fort Ellice, 443 miles; from the end of the C.P.R. tracks to Fort Shaw, 1,229 miles, and finally the mileage involved when the men returned to their respective posts.

Lord Lorne's tour did much to cement that feeling of kinship which today prevails throughout the British Commonwealth. In reporting the tour, Commissioner Irvine drew attention to the great benefits accruing from it to the country:

"The interest shown by His Excellency in everything concerning the prosperity and welfare of the settlers has left a lasting impression on them. He at all times took every opportunity of visiting their homes and conversing with them on their personal welfare and their plans for the future. He gleaned from all the information that could be obtained in reference to their opinions as to the prospects and natural resources of the country. The personal interest shown by His Excellency in the settlers will, I am aware, ever be remembered with feelings of loyalty and pride.

"Among the Indians, too, His Excellency's visit has been productive of much good. As the direct representative of Her Majesty the Queen, His Excellency's presence in their midst, and the trouble and care taken to enquire into their wants, has had the effect of strongly impressing the Indians with the kindly devotion of the Great Mother towards her red subjects. . . .

"The numerous and exceptionally great kindnesses extended by His Excellency to the Police Force shall ever be proudly

fostered by the corps. No words of mine can adequately express the earnest and heartfelt appreciation that prevails throughout all ranks."

* * *

IN due course the Governor General returned by rail to Winnipeg where during an address to a large audience he paid this tribute to the Force:

"Canada has been fortunate in organizing the Mounted Police Force, a corps of whose services it would be impossible to speak too highly. A mere handful in that vast wilderness, they have at all times shown themselves ready to go anywhere and do anything. They have often had to act on

occasions demanding the combined individual pluck and prudence rarely to be found amongst any soldiery, and there has not been a single occasion on which any member of the force has lost his temper under trying circumstances, or has not fulfilled his mission as a guardian of the peace. Severe journeys in winter and difficult arrests have had to be effected in the centre of savage tribes, and not once has the moral prestige, which was in reality their only weapon, been found insufficient to cope with difficulties which, in America, have often baffled the efforts of whole columns of armed men. I am glad of this opportunity to name these men as well worthy of Canada's regard—as sons who have well maintained her name and fame."

Origin of the P.L.D.G.'s

*I*N the autumn of 1878 when it was learned that the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria, was to come to Canada as the consort of the Marquis of Lorne, Canada's Governor General, the government decided that a Canadian military corps should be provided to escort Her Royal Highness when she arrived in Ottawa.

To this end the then Prime Minister instructed John Stewart, a young man who had served two years in a troop that had existed in Ottawa more or less spasmodically for six years, to organize and command the new unit which was appropriately named the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. The first move was to start recruiting and a primary step in that direction was the appointment of Reg. No. 280, ex-Cst. John Herron of the North West Mounted Police as sergeant major.

Born at Ashton, Ont., on Nov. 15, 1853, Herron had gone to Winnipeg in 1873, where on November 24 of the next year he joined the Force. On May 7, 1878, when his time expired he took his discharge at Macleod, N.W.T., and returned to Ottawa to live. It was shortly after Herron arrived in the Capital that Lt. Col. Fred White, C.M.G., Comptroller of the N.W.M.P., requested him to help in the formation of the P.L.D.G.'s.

In the spring of 1881, because of his intimate knowledge of Western terrain and conditions, ex-Constable Herron was commissioned to purchase and transfer some 100 horses to various outposts in the Territories in preparation for the vice-regal tour which was expected soon to take place. With five N.W.M.P. recruits he set forth during the second week in June and saw the task through.

Herron decided to remain in the West, and with Captain Stewart, his former O.C. and the first to command the P.L.D.G.'s, went in for ranching. Together they formed the Stewart Ranching Company which, with Herron as manager, became one of the largest horse-breeding establishments in what now is Alberta.

Herron spent his last days at Pincher Creek, Alta., where he died on Aug. 19, 1936. His colourful and distinguished career as a policeman, soldier, rancher and parliamentarian is recalled at this time because the unit he helped organize was among those to welcome His Excellency Viscount Alexander to Ottawa on Apr. 12, 1946.

G.S.H.

The Forgotten Woman

by One of Them

Many and varied are the experiences of the man on detachment. So, too, are those of the unpaid and patient members in the Force, though not of it, who maintain the men who maintiens le droit.

THOUGH an assiduous reader of the *Quarterly*, I look in vain through each number for any mention of the mainstay of the Force—my colleagues will know well enough that I refer to the detachment man's wife. You smile and ask, what do we do. What, gentle reader, don't we do?

We mow the lawn; we scrub out the office and keep it clean; we answer the phone; we never dare ignore a knock on the office door—the first cake I ever attempted was a charred ruin by the time I got back from answering that door; we are the matrons, unpaid until some kind soul warns us, and we refresh the memories of our masters when they enquire with bewildered look, “What the devil did I do last Thursday afternoon?” What do we do? What don't we do?

When I left my home in the East, my sister Emily, who thought I should take along a six-shooter and a saddle, called in farewell, “See if you can't catch yourself a real ‘Mountie!’”

I never thought of her words again until I was at the little country hospital on the prairies, which was my destination. There were two Mounted Policemen in the town, but the badges of orthodoxy—the red coats and the horses—were missing. But, horse or no horse, one of them came in handy when a fine old gentleman patient in the ward upstairs suddenly cried out that he had succumbed to the lure of the South Seas and wanted to bask on the surf-pounded sands outside

the hospital—that at 4 o'clock on a December morning with the temperature about 40 below zero.

And so my “Mountie” and I were married. I lent him \$5 to make up the \$500 necessary as stipulated in *Rules and Regulations*, section 222, and he went into a frenzy over something he called “permission” which he had overlooked until after the invitations were out.

My mother and sister Emily came West for the wedding. The bridegroom and best man wore such beautiful red coats. They were really gorgeous. Emily spent most of her time ogling (unsuccessfully) a young man from the next detachment, and thought that the wives should wear some kind of uniform too. My mother said if she were 20 years younger she'd set her cap for a redcoat herself, but a Mrs. (Corporal) Smith who was present declared, “You can't eat them”.

Off we went to what was his, and of course my, first detachment. I received a long harangue on what could be called “Keeping Your Nose Out of the Office”. The office, I discovered was a place of greater sanctity than the something or other in Mecca, not to be entered except to answer the phone or the door during his lordship's absence to say that he was away. And, oh yes, for the purifying cause of washing the place out.

“Wild horses”, I said to myself one morning after he had gone, “wouldn't drag me into his old office.”

The door swung open at the first tentative touch of my hand on the knob. "I suppose", I sneered, still to myself, "I should take off my shoes and make an obeisance."

There in the corner was a cell. I took the only practical way of learning if anyone was inside—I pulled the door open and looked in. The ghost of Pandora must have giggled over my shoulder when I wondered how a felon must feel. Slip went my heels on the metal floor and clang behind me went the treacherous door which I clutched for support.

"Serves me right", I breathed. I pushed on the door, but it refused to budge.

"It must be stuck a little", I said, aloud this time. I pushed harder.

By 11 o'clock that morning I was quite worn out, what with shouting and trying to reach the door handle. It was 8.30 in the evening before the lord of the manor, the wretch, came home and released me. That was over four years ago, but last week when he came in singing, off key of course, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" I toyed with the idea of letting him have some rice pudding smack between the ears.

A few days after my cell experience I began to get lonesome. I had painted the kitchen cupboard twice and was trying to think of something else to do. Finally I settled down to write a letter to mother and Emily. They had made me promise to write every three days

so that they would know I hadn't been scalped.

I wished some neighbour would call, if only to try the first doughnuts I had ever made. *He* had gone out that morning muttering something about a tennis court—at least that's what I thought it was—and that he would be back at 2 o'clock.

At 1.30 p.m. I looked up from the letter I was writing, and there they were—visitors at last. Coming up the walk was an elderly woman, and believe me, the green coat she wore did nothing for her figure. She had on a black straw sailor with a blue feather which lurched precariously with every step she took. Bringing up the rear were two small boys.

I had the door open before they reached the front step. "I'm so glad you came", I gushed, almost yanking them in. Though I did think they might have taken off their overshoes, I pretended not to notice and rattled on, "You're my very first visitors".

They seemed a little taken aback by the eagerness of my welcome, but there was no time for questions. Before I got them settled, an Indian in a bright green shirt who chewed snuff and a gentleman with a beard appeared at the door. Wait until I tell Emily I have entertained a real Indian, I gloated as I ushered them in.

These five were only the vanguard. Soon visitors overflowed into the kitchen.

"My Very First Guests"



and I had to use the cups from my dinner-set.

While pouring I tried to make conversation with the Indian. "You heap big chief gottum lots wampum?" I asked archly.

His grunts made me wish for my *Girl Guide Manual*, though I was sure one grunt meant "yes".

"You catchum plenty scalps at Frog Lake massacre?" I went on desperately.

He gave me a look which was a dead ringer for one that a doctor in the hospital where I had trained once gave an intern who recommended amputation of the head for a patient suffering from a troublesome scalp ailment.

"Hardly, madam", he replied in dignified tones. "My paternal grandparent was a mere youth at the time."

The man with the beard asked me twice when court would start, but rather than betray my ignorance I affected not to hear him.

Then the office door slammed, signalling the master's return. He came through to the pantry where I was cutting up the last of the bread. Incidentally there were only two trains a week—no more bread until Monday. But what was bread where my very first tea party in my own home was concerned?

"What the hell are you doing?" he screamed. "You've filled the house with an assorted gang of hen-roost robbers and wife beaters."

I feebly waved my hands in explanation.

"Send them around to the office", he snarled. "To the office door at the side. And in future, anyone who comes to the front door, send them around to the office door at the side."

Three days afterwards I sent the minister's wife and his maiden sister from Toronto around to the office door at the side. They didn't speak to me for months.

"What", I asked one peaceful evening, "are those things I sign at the end of the month after I've been matron?"

My devoted one was reading and kept his nose buried in the book. "Something to do with rules and regulations", he grunted.

"Well", I persisted, "what is a moiety cheque?"

"It's a contribution we make each Christmas for distressed members of the Force", he growled. "Can't you see I'm reading?"

The next day the officer commanding the sub-division came, and stopped long enough in the living-room to exchange a word or two with me. I took the bull by the horns.

"Inspector, do matrons get paid?" I ventured.

"My dear lady, of course they do. They get—"

"Sir, I want you to see the basement", my lord interrupted.

"In a moment", said the inspector. "As I was saying, they get—"

"Sir, I have a case pending that I'd like to get your opinion on. It raises some very interesting points", fairly howled the master in desperation.

The inspector's tone grew frosty. "Be patient, man." And turning to me. "As I started out to say, matrons are entitled to . . ."

After the inspector had gone I did some figuring, then stalked into the office. "Fork over \$37.80", I ordered. "Prisoners' meals, matron fees and my share of the moiety."

He paid.

* * *

AND in case this should catch the eye of some policeman's wife who is ignorant of such things, it's nothing but blackest deception that we have to clean their buttons and shine their boots—that isn't in the *Rules and Regulations* at all. I looked.

As one who has had five years' experience, let me advise my detachment sisters that there's nothing like a visit to the next detachment to compare notes. Believe me, as husbands the Mounted Police are all alike. One bride was in tears

when she told me about the time she tried to surprise her husband by forcing herself to buy a new muskrat coat—when she went down to make sure that the joint account would stand the strain, what do you think she found? He had spent \$100 on a camera.

I myself once had to put up with a retriever pup (during the winter, too) in place of an adorable blue-figured jersey dress with shirred waist and front pockets.

Another girl's husband went scientific on her. She told me it was bad enough to have to throw biological specimens out of the ice box, but she finally balked when he wanted her to swallow a tube so that he could do a gastric analysis. That was after the time the garden plot, in which she had carefully put \$2 worth of gladioli bulbs, was littered with plaster-filled footprints—she always blamed the class at Regina for that. As a peace offering, he volunteered to make a dress form for her. You know how it's done, of course. You wear a sweater, then cover it with plaster-filled wet tape. They had to get a doctor to cut her free, and now she buys her clothes through the mail order catalogue like the rest of us do.

Another detachment wife told me that her father gave them a dining-room suite for a wedding present. In three moves they never managed to get a house with a dining-room, so they sold the suite. You guessed it, the next move was to a house which had a huge dining-room.

But even moving from place to place can be fun. The only time I regretted a transfer was when I had just been appointed to the chair of a local women's club—I had patiently attended the meetings for three years. However, in the next place we went to, even though it was a foreign-language settlement, I had the satisfaction of organizing a company of Canadian Girl Guides.

I now can smile at incidents I once thought grim. Who among us hasn't had

the experience of seeing the breadwinner get up in the small hours of the morning in response to a call which eventually takes him 30 miles or so away? Have you while he is away settled down with a newspaper and gazed in horror at a head-line such as, "Policeman Murdered by Bandit?"

* * *

I SHOWED this effusion to Mrs. (Corporal) Smith and she looked wistful.

"My child", she said gently, "I reached my first detachment by driving 30 miles in a cutter. It was a log house, and I still shudder when I think about the bedbugs. I could tell you a story. One, did I say? Hundreds of them. Wait until you have been in for 30 years."

I happened to leave this manuscript where it caught the eye of the constable in charge, and only quick action prevented it from becoming fuel.

"I will", he threatened, "be fired, canned, discharged, kicked out, and probably get a term in the guard-room in the bargain."

Later I heard him asking the magistrate if offences under the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Act were extraditable. Then I caught sight of a letter addressed to "The Recruiting Officer, French Foreign Legion, Sidi Bel Abbes, French North Africa".

The deeds of the sons of the Force are chronicled. But what of the Force's daughters? The patient, self-immolated, obscure daughters? The watchers, the waiters, the hewers of wood, the drawers of water (I'll fill the water pails as soon as I get back)? Ah, Investigation! How many water pails and wood boxes have been left as barren as the Sahara in thy name!

Yet we are not altogether forgotten. Superintendent K. used to sum up our virtues, and kindle a glow of self-satisfaction in every bride by assuring them sagely, "We know, we know. You see, we dipind on the wives".

NAVAL CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS NO. 1

THE NAVAL COLLAR: When sailors favoured pigtails as a mark of their distinctive occupation, the tar and grease applied to keep the pigtails stiff soiled the jumper—so colourful “Jack Tar” wore a wide collar. In 1857, the addition of three rows of white tape was authorized—and contrary to popular belief are *not* symbolic of three great British naval victories. The reason remains unknown.



In The Best Of Tradition It's Always

Player's Please

MILD or MEDIUM
CORK TIP and PLAIN

PLAYER'S MILD

Plain—have "Wetproof" paper which does not stick to the lips.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

*The Arctic trails have
their secret tales*

*That would make your
blood run cold.*

—Service.



AN ARCTIC TALE

BY W. H. B. HOARE

IT WAS a rather weird experience, and though it was years ago I still recall the details vividly. It happened one winter while I was travelling alone the 70 miles from the mouth of the Coppermine river on the Canadian Arctic coast to Bernard Harbour where I was to spend Christmas. Broken ice and pressure ridges were piled high against the sheer rugged cliff that skirts Cape Krusenstern, and I decided to cut across the low ten-mile portage behind the cape and save my five weary dogs a tough pull.

Fine weather had held for several days, a rare phenomenon in that district at that season; but now there was a portentous calm, and I felt that a blizzard was about to strike. If one did, travelling would be next to impossible, for all landmarks would be obliterated and my compass was practically useless so close to the magnetic pole.

Halfway across the portage, I came to a deserted Eskimo village of nine igloos. It was a good camping place, and something inside me—prudence or that so-called sixth sense, call it what you will—seemed to be clamouring for attention, warning me not to go any further until the weather was less threatening. However, being anxious to get to Bernard Harbour without delay, I pushed on.

I had gone no more than three miles when it started. A light puff of air sent up a spiral of snow, and within ten minutes howling winds were blowing the ground drift of loose snow to a height of at least 20 feet. The blizzard was becoming more severe with each passing moment, and I was headed right into it. Soon the lead dog was obscured from my view. I clung tightly to the tail line of the sled as I ran, aware that if it slipped from my grasp I would be stranded.

Realizing presently the futility of trying to buck such weather, I wheeled the dogs and let them race at top speed before the storm back to the deserted village.

I chose the only igloo whose walls had not been breached by the village's late inhabitants, and after unhitching and feeding the dogs, I cut away the block that filled the door-way of the snow porch. Next I put fresh snow on the bed platform, carried in my sleeping sack and grub box, then from the inside sealed up the door-way for the night.

After I had quickly cooked and eaten a meal, I placed my single deerskin on the snow bed, my sleeping sack on top of it and crawled in. A long odd-shaped bundle lashed securely in deerskins lay on the other side of the bed, and drowsily I wondered what it was. It belonged to

the Eskimos who had camped here, and they would call for it later. That much I knew. For when Eskimos leave a place in a hurry they frequently cache some of their belongings in sealed igloos. I had often noticed this in my travels. The bundle beside me, however, was much longer and narrower than others I had seen; but I was too tired to satisfy my curiosity and before long fell fast asleep.

The storm was one of those freaks of nature that begin in very mild weather, then in a few hours the temperature drops to 35 below while the wind increases in velocity to 50 miles an hour or more. During the night, I awakened chilled to the bone, got up, lit a candle and undid the raw-hide thongs of the mysterious bundle sufficiently to allow me to pull out three deerskins of many that were neatly folded on top. One of these I placed under my sleeping sack, hair side up; the other two I used as covers. In the darkness again and now quite warm I tried to sleep.

But a haunting presence seemed to be near me, seemed to fill the igloo. As the wind howled wildly outside this presence seemed to chant in accompaniment, "It is wrong—it is-s wrong—it is wro-o-o-n-n-ng—to take those skins—to take those skin-n-n-ns. Put them back—put them-m-m back—put them ba-a-a-ck".

This is foolish superstition, I upbraided myself. I tried to sleep but the unearthly lament persisted, kept me awake. Finally I got up again, put the kettle on the primus stove and brewed a good strong pot of tea.

While waiting for the tea to steep I approached the bundle, candle in hand. With my free hand I turned down layer after layer of deerskin. When I reached the last one, a finely-tanned fawn skin, the light flickered and threw weird shadows on the wall, and I had a premonition I was in for a shock.

Trembling, I lifted this skin. To my amazement, there before me was my old Eskimo friend, Ha-la-lak. He was

dead of course. His wide eyes stared up at me; in the wavering light they seemed to be very much alive, to be dancing with amusement. His mouth was twisted into what looked like a grin of welcome, as though he were glad to see me.

I drew back with a shiver, then suddenly recalled an Eskimo custom I had all but forgotten. When an Eskimo of this region dies, his relatives wrap up his remains and leave them in the place of death because his spirit is supposed to hover there for awhile; after the spirit departs, the body is removed to the burial ground. It was a practice of which I was well aware; yet I had never actually encountered it, and this unexpected introduction to it through the discovery of my old friend startled me greatly.

By now the tea was ready, and I gulped down a cupful. Remembering that Ha-la-lak had shared many a pot of tea with me, I gravely bowed to his remains and said, "Wish you could join me, old man".

I wasn't being flippant. I really meant what I said, for I had always enjoyed his company. After that the turmoil inside me ceased. Tranquility was restored to the igloo.

Murmuring, "Friend Ha-la-lak, my need is greater than thine", I once again crawled into my sack, pulled the skins over me and settled back comfortably. The wind now sang a different refrain.

"You're welcome, you ar-r-re welcome—you are welcom-m-me. Sleep gently—slee-ee-p gently—sleep gentle-e-e-y."

For three days and nights I remained storm-bound. But during them I rested more peacefully than ever before or since in bad weather. Even though dead, Ha-la-lak somehow was good company and I was glad to have him there with me. When the storm cleared I lashed him in his deerskins again, re-sealed the door of his Taj Mahal and, bowing reverently in front of it, said under my breath, "Good-bye, old man. Sleep well".

With a shout to my dogs, I was away.



Tashme

by Cst. W. R. COOPER*

FOR security reasons it became necessary early in 1942 to evacuate the Japanese people from the protected area of the Pacific coast. A matter of military strategy, the undertaking was the biggest emergency transfer of population in Canadian history. In its initial stages, some 8,000 Japanese were given temporary accommodation at Hastings Park, Vancouver, B.C., and from there, as settlements were established, moved to their new homes.

Six of these relocation centres are still operating, all of them in British Columbia the province in which most of the Japanese in Canada are located. They are known officially as interior housing projects and it is incorrect to refer to them as internment camps.

*Reg. No. 14248, Cst. William Robert Cooper has been in charge of Tashme Detachment since May, 1945.

TASHME, most isolated and most complete of these projects, is situated in a valley 2,300 feet above sea level on the site of old 14 Mile Ranch so named because it was 14 miles from Hope, B.C. Giant mountain barriers hem the place in and invest it with an aloof beauty and mystical aura of a Shangri-La.

The name Tashme though it sounds typically Japanese is of thoroughly Canadian origin. It came about this way. When the evacuation took place the British Columbia Security Commission, now Department of Labour, Japanese Division, whose primary function, in the words of Order-in-Council P.C. 1665, was "to plan, supervise and direct the evacuation" and "to provide for the housing, feeding, care and protection" of the evacuees, consisted of Mr. Austin C. Taylor, a prominent Vancouver industrialist, Asst. Commr. (now Deputy

Commissioner) J. Shirras of the British Columbia Provincial Police and Asst. Commr. (now Deputy Commissioner) F. J. Mead of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The first two letters of the surname of each of these officials were linked together to form TA-SH-ME, a word destined to outlive the settlement for already it has been used to name several Japanese babies.

All the lumber used for renovating and construction work at Tashme was obtained on the spot. The supply was unlimited as the settlement lies not only in the heart of the mountains but in the heart of some of the richest forests of the province. Timber limits were leased and from the outset many experienced Japanese loggers were employed at felling trees.

A saw-mill was erected on the grounds to cut the logs into lumber, and soon a number of dwellings began to take shape. As each little hut was finished it became the home of an evacuee family and gradually the congestion at Hastings Park was relieved.

Wood and lumber continued to be the main product of the settlement even after building operations were completed. It is marketed elsewhere by the Department of Labour and some of it in 1943 helped to alleviate the acute fuel shortage in Vancouver.

On the property, when the security commission acquired it, were a small ranch house, two large barns and several outbuildings. One of the barns was quickly converted into a two-storey apartment house by Japanese carpenters and workmen; the other served first as a hospital but now is a recreation hall, and one of the outbuildings became a well-equipped butcher shop.

A large U-shaped structure was erected and divided into three parts: one side provides office accommodation, the middle is a store and the other side is a warehouse. Subsequently a school, quarters for the Occidental staff,

and the hospital were finished.

There are ten avenues in the settlement, each with approximately 30 houses resembling army huts, that have no basements and are covered on the outside with tar paper. Each hut accommodates a large family or two small ones, and in the latter case both families share the middle room which in every house serves as a kitchen, dining-room and living-room, and from which the bedrooms are separated by curtains.

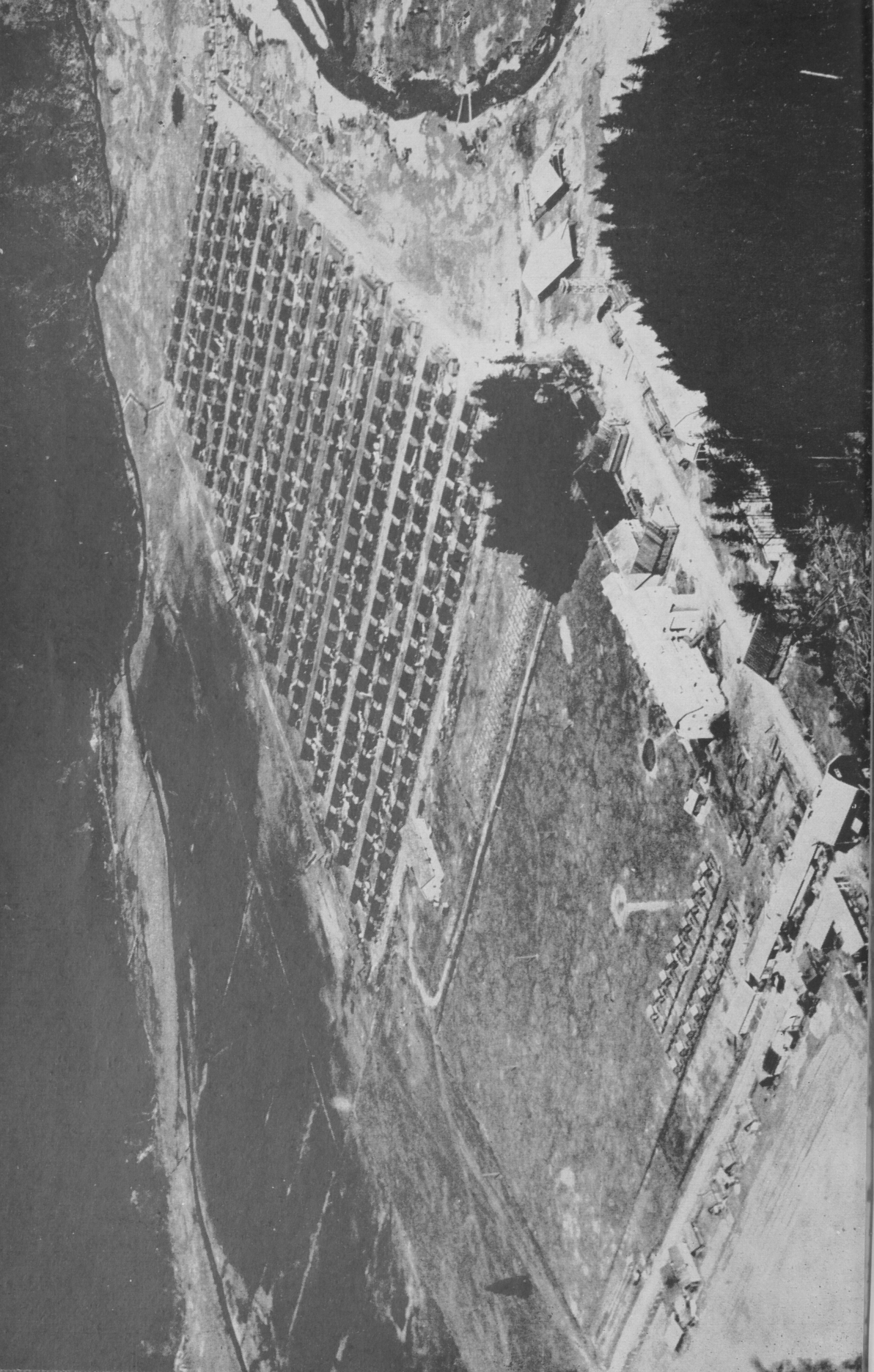
Outwardly the huts seem alike with their adjoining flower gardens, tiny and colourful, their wood piles neat and all of a size. Inside, however, some are interestingly different; it is remarkable what a little originality and effort have accomplished.

Several are well finished and have built-in tables and cupboards. Some have been partitioned, and in a few instances other rooms have been sectioned off; this practice, however, is discouraged as it involves the use of extra stoves and heaters. The beds are built purposely high off the floor so as to provide storage space underneath for trunks and boxes. When company comes, quaint little wooden benches appear from nowhere and a cushion for each is gracefully placed in position as the visitor sits down.

Four apartment houses near the centre of the settlement provide living quarters for some of the older people and numerous families. Each apartment consists of a large room, and large community kitchens, one to a floor, furnish facilities for cooking and eating.

Down on what is known as Pig Avenue, a bunk house some distance from the others and locally called the "bull pen" has been assigned to a dozen or more un-

Life in Tashme, one of several relocation settlements prepared for the Japanese evacuated from British Columbia coastal areas after Canada declared war on Japan.



certain minor administrative duties, but of course it is always subservient to the authority of the Occidental supervisor. There is no lack of would-be politicians eager for prominence in civic affairs, and a place on this committee constitutes the realization of their highest aspirations.

Local problems and grievances are brought before this tribunal and each is discussed at a general meeting before being referred to the proper authority for attention. The committee very often acts as arbiter in family disputes and its rulings are usually accepted and followed. Judgment is sometimes difficult though, for no Japanese will admit he is in the wrong if there is the slightest possibility that by doing so he will lose face among his people. The Japanese are a race given to censure and bitter criticism of one another, and to lose face is a calamity of the worst kind.

* * *

HERE are three main religions at Tashme—Buddhism, Church of England and United Church. The population is preponderantly Japanese nationals and Buddhism therefore predominates. The other two denominations are represented by missionaries who concentrate on secular education.

Education upon which the Japanese place great importance, has not been neglected. All instruction is in English and students are encouraged to use this language, their weakest subject, in everyday speech. Indeed, they are also urged to develop all their thoughts along Canadian lines.

Ninety per cent of the students attend the public school, grades I to VIII inclusive, where the regular British Columbia provincial curriculum is followed. Teachers are chosen from the best-educated young Japanese Canadians and given a brief but thorough training sponsored by the Department of Labour. The bulk of education work at Tashme devolves upon this school whose classes begin at 8.30 in the morning and end at

3 in the afternoon. Attendance is good and the results have been extremely satisfactory—in fact they compare favourably with the accepted grade standards of elementary Canadian schools anywhere.

There are also subsidiary schools at Tashme. The kindergarten is run by Church of England missionaries with two classes a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

The high school, grades IX to XII, with an attendance of about 100 pupils, is conducted by United Church missionaries. By special arrangement with the Department of Labour, the public school classrooms are made available for the high school students at 3 in the afternoon and 6 in the evening. Japanese graduates assist the Occidental teachers, and courses in commerce and home economics are given. The evening classes enable day workers to take up studies, and though the "double duty" entailed is rather onerous to some students, all do surprisingly well.

The social side is a very important part of life at Tashme. The Boy Scouts, numbering about 150 members, Girl Guides and Wolf Cubs come under the Tashme Young People's Organization and have been doing splendid work. The Parent Teachers' Association also is very active, and it is considered an honour to belong to it. There are several other prominent groups: The Shin-Wa-Kai, an adult society; The Tashme Young Buddhists' Association; The Anglican Young People's Association, and so on.

These groups meet in the recreation hall. Formerly a cow stable, the lower floor of the same building is used as an assembly-room by the economics and music groups, and the stalls, though attractively painted in green and white, seem an odd setting for piano and music book. The musicians—some of them are accomplished artists—occasionally give concerts, and dances and other entertainments are staged there in the Christmas season.

Conforming to native habit, residents of Tashme, save for some of the girls accustomed to the privacy of a modern bath tub or shower, obviously enjoy public bathing. Bath houses have been built for the purpose, but unlike the ones in Japan, those for the men and boys are separate from those used by the women and girls. These ablution centres are popular resorts, for there the local gossip is bandied about while the bathers sit on little benches and soap themselves, before soaking in the large community reservoir.

Food is always a topic of interest. The impression that rice and plenty of it will alone satisfy the Japanese inner man is quite erroneous. Raw tuna fish flavoured with soya sauce and mustard, or rice cakes garnished with seaweed, are favourite dishes at Tashme, though one doubts if either would appeal to many Canadians. Most Japanese in the settlement relish Occidental as well as Oriental food, and only one Oriental meal a day is customary—usually rice and chopped fried meat, or fish and vegetables. In the hospital both kinds of food are served.

Medical service for all residents is free and Tashme is fortunate in its modern, well-equipped hospital. An Occidental doctor is in charge and has as assistants a Japanese doctor, a Japanese dentist, three trained nurses one of them Japanese, and many Japanese nurses' aides. Every precaution is taken to maintain the good health of Tashme's 2,300 residents, and consequently there is very little illness—20 patients in the hospital at one time is unusual although there is accommodation for 50.

* * *

SOYA sauce is as essential to the Japanese diet as olive oil is to the Italian. A small soya factory operated by the Department of Labour and manned by Japanese workers manufactures enough of this commodity and miso paste, a by-product, at Tashme to supply the needs across Canada.

Tashme is too high above sea level for good all-round farming, but the residents

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are encouraged to till land in unused parts of the valley and free seed is provided for the purpose. The Japanese are excellent gardeners and many have private plots that not only help materially to reduce the maintenance cost of the settlement but provide good farm training for the workers. Barley, oats, celery and cabbages are grown in gardens that are planted and tended with characteristic care. With live-stock however the Japanese are not successful; pigs were raised at first, but the experiment proved uneconomical.

The people have other occupations also, and many are employed as stenographers, truck drivers, mechanics, butcher shop helpers, store clerks and so on throughout the settlement.

The general store stocks groceries and dry goods of all kinds, and like the butcher shop receives payment in coupons, not money. Books valued at \$2.50, \$5 and \$10 containing coupons worth from one cent to 50 cents are purchased from the cashier. Shopping therefore has its headaches, involving as it does both scrip and ration coupons.

As in most isolated places a great deal of merchandise is bought through catalogues, and every day finds the post-office jammed with parcels from well-known mail order firms.

Tashme is invariably a surprise to visitors. It is hard for the stranger to believe that this snug, self-supporting little principality is tucked away in such an isolated spot. But the settlement is real enough, and it is dependant upon few other than its own resources.

A bakery furnishes the entire settlement with bread; laundry and pressing concerns are open for business; dress-makers and tailors are plentiful. There is also a shoe-maker with an efficient staff, and a barber shop where shampoos and face massages soothe tired nerves with city efficiency and technique. On 9th Avenue the jeweller's long nimble fingers deftly repair the community's timepieces, while on 10th Avenue Joe the photographer, who shaves only when called

upon to take pictures of weddings, gives good 24-hour service on films.

* * *

HERE is a marked difference in the outlook of the Canadian-born Japanese (*Nisei*) and that of the nationals (*Issei*). Yet the former differ just as much from Occidentals in this respect. Caught in a conflict between two cultures these Canadian Japanese are in a class by themselves and at Tashme as elsewhere theirs is the problem faced by all first-generation children of foreign parents who have settled in America. But the difficulties of the orthodox Oriental are even greater for he does not take readily to the customs and laws of our country.

Strict parental authority, traditional among Japanese, is the source of much family trouble. In a great many cases the fathers frown on the freedom enjoyed by young Canadians and do everything in their power to counteract its influence on their own offspring. Ordinarily, Japanese children submit implicitly to their parents' will and even an adult seldom makes a decision without first consulting his father. Thus, with little or no contact with the outside, the young Japanese at Tashme and the other relocation centres are now much more Oriental in their views than they were three years ago.

* * *

MANY and varied are the duties of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Tashme. In the beginning, the Force established road blocks on the communication routes where every passer-by is checked by a guard. It was deemed inadvisable to allow the Japanese to wander at will, so all their movements are kept under surveillance by means of a rigid permit system. No resident is permitted to leave the settlement without adequate reason being shown. Death of a relative seems to be the best and therefore the most popular excuse, and it is astonishing how great in number are the relatives each deceased Japanese has.

Invariably the residents bow politely as

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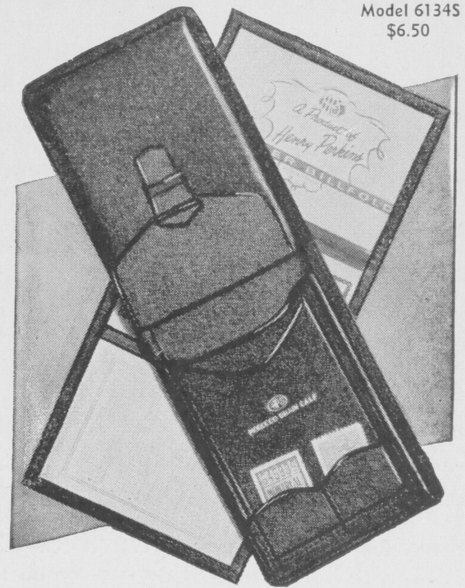


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the police make their regular patrols through the settlement. The constable finds himself instinctively returning the gesture, and after a few months he begins to wonder whether he will be able to break himself of the habit by the time duty calls him to some other detachment.

Preparing the monthly report is always a task, for many parole certificates suffer a tragic fate—according to the harassed owners some go through the family wash, others become part of baby's breakfast and still others simply disappear into thin air.

Japanese reluctance to discuss private matters with persons not of their race seems to dissolve where the Force is concerned. Each day a steady stream of worried faces flows into the detachment office. There is seldom a dull moment. Just as the constable through an interpreter is trying to untangle the snarled skeins

of a family difference he is interrupted by a rush call from the bunk houses where a fight, usually of the verbal kind, is in progress. That settled, and the participants friends once more, a new problem is awaiting him back at the office.

Tashme and its sister settlements were the solution to a very serious problem. The mass migration, affecting more than 21,000 persons, an undertaking unique in the annals of this country, was effected without mishap. In sharp contrast to the sufferings of refugees in other parts of the world, scrupulous attention to the needs of the evacuees was observed. And it is gratifying to record that the residents of these relocation centres, many of whom plan to return to their homeland, have frequently remarked the impartial and courteous treatment they have always received at the hands of the R.C.M.P.:

Adventure Road to Stalag Luft III

by Cst. G. W. Mortimer

Reg. No. 10740 ex-Cst. R. J. J. Ball's bent for excitement conditioned him early in life for the risks and danger that were his when with other prisoners of war he participated in the largest and most skilfully planned escape of the war.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT BALL and I greeted each other in the rotunda of the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg, Man., and shook hands, and I knew that I was in for an enjoyable afternoon. He was in civvies but I recognized him instantly, for though I hadn't seen him since we were introduced to each other and on that occasion he had been in Air Force uniform, no one could mistake his amazing friendly smile.

Listening to this man of the marvellous grin and firm hand clasp was sure to be a pleasure. Here was a man who had run headlong into life and still was on his toes grinning at the thought of it, a man who had been slapped around by the war and taken it with a smile as if it had all been fun.

He was bare-headed, and under his overcoat wore an open-neck sport shirt. No scarf. Outside, the snow was sweeping down the wide expanse of Main Street before a strong north wind. I looked out the window, shivered and sniffled my runny nose; in the presence of this man who seemed to effervesce with the most of the best I began to doubt my alleged health.

We went into the dining-room and over our meal I learned things about my companion. Born some 37 years ago at

Kitchener, Ont., where he attended school and spent his boyhood, Rod as he is known to his friends had, in answer to the call of the times to "Go West, young man, go West", joined a harvesters' excursion and gone to Saskatchewan.

The open spaces and outdoor life appealed to him, kept him in the West, and he turned to trapping for a living. He "made a pretty fair go of it", he said, but wouldn't tell me where he had operated—seems a few game wardens liked his traps so much they kept some of them permanently. Anyway, things in general during 1928-29 got a little tough and Ball decided to turn to something else.

The prospects of a fairly good future in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and his desire for a life of outdoor adventure and action, prompted him to apply for engagement in the Force. He was accepted, and at Regina, Sask., on Nov. 4, 1929, signed on as a constable.

It was a Saturday morning about 11.30. His first request threw the office staff, which was rushing to clear its work baskets for the week-end, into an uproar. He wanted ten days' leave to clean up his personal business. I can't understand how he managed it, but he started out in the Force drawing pay for being on leave.

Upon completing his training at "Depot", Ball was transferred to Vancouver, B.C. He wasn't there long. One day the officer commanding strolled out behind the stables and took exception when he found that his personal instructions to have a certain horse walk-exercised were being ignored. Ball was putting the horse over the jumps. Almost immediately the energetic constable found himself guarding dockyards at Esquimalt.

After a year at Esquimalt, he got his chance to go North. Insp. T. V. Sandys-Wunsch, while on an inspection tour of the dockyards, picked him to accompany a patrol to the Liard river district. The officer, two N.C.O.'s and Constable Ball left on June 11, 1931, and upon reaching Lower Post Liard started building a detachment. They completed the detachment in September, and the inspector and N.C.O.'s left later in the autumn; Ball stayed in charge of the new post until it was closed in September of the next year.

Upon his return to the Outside, Ball became a member of the riot squad at Vancouver, and accompanied it to Edmonton, Alta. In April, 1933, he went to Calgary, Alta., then back to Edmonton, from there to Peace River, Grand Prairie and finally to Lake Athabasca where he was stationed until November, 1941.

Out of Stony Rapids and Goldfields, both of which are on Lake Athabasca, Ball made many long and eventful patrols. I remembered reading of one in a file at Headquarters, Ottawa, Ont.,—the case of Dirk Bursee. Bursee had been missing all one winter, and Ball found him the next spring in a small lake in the barren lands. It was a really amazing patrol.

"Just luck, that's all. Just luck", was Ball's way of passing off my praise.

That life was right up Ball's alley. In the bush, on the trail or river, in fine weather or blizzards, he was entirely at home. Exceptionally strong, rugged and virile, he was ideally suited for Northern

police work; and he enjoyed every minute of it. He did everything well and kept himself occupied with the 1,001 things open to a man when alone in the North. The cold never bothered him; in fact he delighted in it. When he told me that he rarely missed a daily roll naked in the snow no matter how low the temperature, I understood how an open-neck shirt was natural protection for him against the icy Winnipeg blasts. His physical fitness certainly paid off later on in Europe.

When war was declared Ball ached for the action and adventure Europe offered, wanted to join the Armed Services at once. But first he had to get his release from the Mounted Police and this did not come until his time expired on Nov. 4, 1941.

* * *

HE joined the Royal Canadian Air Force next day and was in Manning Depot at Edmonton on the 7th. His ambition to be a fighter pilot was blocked because of his age; then 32, he was too old. He was given the option of a discharge with possibly a commission in the Service Police or going through for what many believe to be the most dangerous of occupations in the R.C.A.F.—air gunner. Eager for action he jumped at the latter chance and within seven months of enlisting was overseas.

As a rear gunner in a Halifax, Ball soon was making regular flights over Europe on bombing missions. Nearly every trip had its exciting moments and he liked every bit of it.

One time while he was away on a short course and a few days' leave his crew got so badly shot up that it had to disband, and, crewless, Ball found himself grounded. The rear gunner who replaced him had been killed.

Soon, however, Ball was back over Europe with another crew—and for eight months all went well.

Then on June 19, 1943, his flight operations came to an abrupt stop. While

flying low over France about 1 a.m. on the way back from a bombing, the big aircraft ran into what seemed to be the heart of heavy flak at Caen and one of its wings was blown off. At 150 feet it had been impossible for any of the crew to bail out, and in a matter of seconds the plane crashed upside down half a mile from where it had been hit.

It plowed through the ground at terrific speed and shattered into a thousand pieces. Torn free by the impact, the rear gunner's turret, with Ball in it, rolled away from the fuselage.

"The turret hitting and rolling free is probably why I wasn't killed", said Ball with a grim smile.

Shaken but still conscious, he struggled out of the turret and managed to get to his feet. He was in a field of high, ripening wheat. One of the plane's engines was on fire and by its light he saw the main part of the fuselage. It seemed to be fairly well intact. He took one step toward it, but his leg gave way and he fell. Until that moment, though he was bruised and cut from head to toe, he hadn't felt any particular pain in any one spot. But now, lying on the ground, he knew that his leg was broken. He started to crawl but lurched sideways as one of his arms buckled under him, useless. Also broken, he was sure.

Finally, after exhausting effort, he reached the fuselage. Peering through a hole in one of its sides, he saw that the radio operator had been cut in two by the radio and was lying in a huddle with two other mangled bodies. The three of them were definitely beyond help.

Ball had just begun to look for the three other members of the crew when he heard a moan coming from somewhere near the front of the fuselage. He called out but got no reply. He worked his way around to where the moan had come from. The pilot was hanging head down in the cockpit and bleeding badly. His legs were jammed between the rudder and the seat.

With a lot of effort Ball freed the smashed legs, got the pilot out of the cockpit and lowered him to the ground. In the dark it was impossible to see much, but Ball did what he could. His probing fingers felt a big hole in the pilot's head, so big that a rolled-up handkerchief didn't fill it. He folded the handkerchief into a bandage, wrapped it around the pilot's head "babushka" style, and had just finished tying it when the Germans were upon him.

After making him prisoner, the Germans quickly inspected the wreckage and its immediate area. They found one other member of the crew but he also was dead. That left the mid-upper gunner still unaccounted for. This man, Ball learned later, had been thrown a tremendous distance from the wrecked plane into the deep wheat and had escaped detection until next day. When the Germans found him he was alive but badly injured.

* * *

THE Germans superficially examined Ball and, with a splint composed of strips of cloth and the rung of a chair, crudely set his leg. They ignored his injured arm altogether, but he was able to make it fairly comfortable by holding it close to his body and buttoning his sweater and jacket around it as a sling.

The pilot was carried away on a door. His loss of blood had been considerable and it seemed improbable that he would live. In the dim light Ball was certain he saw him turning green in death.

Ball was taken to a small village nearby and confined in an awe-inspiring old-fashioned gaol which had the largest courtyard he had ever seen—about a quarter of a mile square, he thought. The building was of heavy stone and reinforced with very formidable-looking carved-oak buttresses and beams. Inside, the cell block reminded him of pictures he had seen of Sing Sing. The cells were arranged in tiers and connected by lattice-work catwalks and they faced into



Photo property of Ft. Lt. A. Z. Pengelly, reproduced through courtesy of *Maclean's Magazine*.

North Camp Stalag Luft III as seen from a "goon" box.

a single room. The whole place exuded an atmosphere of old age and solidity.

Ball's cell was small and its only appointments were a bed and a bed jerry. The bed was suspended from the ceiling by huge chains with links six inches in circumference, and the jerry—even it looked medieval—was a high old-fashioned thing with two handles on it like an ancient beer mug. Suffering from his injuries and in these surroundings, Ball got little sleep that night.

Next morning he was taken by truck to Paris. The stations there were crowded to capacity and transportation was all tied up by incoming trains filled with wounded Germans from the Russian front. These wounded had been loaded onto the trains, unattended by doctors or nurses, and during the trip many of them died. In Paris the dead bodies were cremated by the score. The living, pending their removal to hospitals in the south of France, were cared for to the best of the city's limited means; but with very

few doctors and nurses and an absolute lack of medical supplies the former French capital was an abode of terrible suffering.

Two days passed before a train headed eastward and Ball, who had received no medical attention whatever in Paris, wasn't sorry to be on it.

His two-guard escort took him to Du Lag Hospital at Obberrousal near Homburg and Frankfurt. A former mental institution that still retained its padded doors and barred windows, Du Lag was being used as an interrogation hospital for wounded and burned airmen of all the Allied nations.

Ball was given a quite comfortable room and his leg splint was adjusted. But, as all fractures were set at Homburg some distance away and the Germans always waited until they had at least six break cases before ordering a transport to take the patients there, his injured arm wasn't attended to for two days.

The place at Homburg fascinated Ball. In the room to which he was taken, three doctors and four nurses, all of whom were swathed in oil-cloth from head to foot, put him on a simple operating-table and set his broken arm. They wrapped the arm in something like grass matting, then with toilet paper and finally with a plaster bandage that they took from a pail of water. Quickly but skilfully they flicked the dripping bandage into place and plaster flew from it across the room, up the walls and over the ceiling. They worked with feverish haste and in very short order the arm was firmly encased. A peculiar sight, mused Ball on recalling this experience, those bespattered workers in their plaster-spotted room.

Ball went back to Du Lag much impressed by the therapeutic efficiency of the Homburg infirmary. He received no further treatment there, however, and weeks later after the swelling had gone down and his arm had reassumed its normal size the cast wobbled loosely on his wrist like an elongated bracelet.

The interrogating officers at Du Lag, smart, intelligent-looking men, carried large record books that were conspicuously marked with various R.C.A.F., R.A.F. and A.A.F. squadron numbers and crests. With one of the books impressively opened before them, they had interviewed Ball the first day he arrived at the hospital and in perfect English told him nearly as much as he himself knew about his training, postings and operations.

When in answer to a request for the number of his "kite" Ball said that all he could give was his own name and number, they didn't seem to mind; throughout the interview their attitude was that of men who knew all they wanted to know and cared little whether Ball cooperated or not. At one phase they informed Ball that the mid-upper gunner and the pilot were still alive. Ball doubted that the pilot still lived, but did not argue the point.

The P.O.W.'s were allowed to wander about the hospital grounds, and Ball soon learned that one wing only of the building was reserved for prisoners pending their interrogation. The other wing served as a sort of rest resort for better-class bombed-out citizens. These "guests" and the P.O.W.'s mingled on the lawns, but were not permitted to talk to one another.

The lovely grounds and grand sunshine pleased Ball and he said he rather liked his stay at Du Lag. He continued to receive good treatment and even retained the sheeted bed he had inherited with his room which was a luxury intended, he feels sure, for some wounded German officer but which fell to him when the German didn't show up.

* * *

FROM Du Lag Ball was sent to Stalag Luft III at Sagan, half way between Berlin and Breslau, where some 10,000 British and American airmen were imprisoned. This place consisted of three camps, each separated from the others by dense forest, and Ball was confined in the middle one.

Hope of escape was the one thing that kept the men's spirits up during their captivity. A number of tunnels were started in middle camp, but after several of them were discovered by the Germans, who were always suspicious and on the alert, progress on the others slowed down. No actual break was effected from this camp.

While in this camp Ball unexpectedly met his former pilot. It was like meeting someone from the dead. Though alive, the poor chap had by no means fully recovered. He was fairly well patched up but bore horrible scars from his injuries. In their preliminary examination the Germans had overlooked two fractures in his foot and a day or so after Ball happened upon him he was returned to hospital for further treatment.

At this stage of the war more and more Flying Fortresses were being shot down.



Prepared from **PRIME, RICH BEEF!**

Before long the Americans in the middle camp outnumbered the British ten to one and the Germans, deciding to reserve the camp exclusively for them, moved Ball and the other prisoners into the north camp.

North camp like the remainder of Stalag Luft III was in the centre of a very sandy area which had been forested with pine trees 200 years ago. Its compound was 425 paces by 450 paces, or about a quarter of a mile square, and littered with foot-high tree stumps. Cutting the stumps out had been left to the P.O.W.'s and they did it readily for the firewood it afforded them.

Two high parallel barbed-wire fences, seven feet apart and packed in between with great rolls of barbed-wire reaching to the top, surrounded the compound. Forty feet inside this was a safety wire. To go past it was to invite death from guards' bullets. The numerous sentry towers, each 15 feet high and equipped

with a searchlight and a machine-gun, were manned 24 hours a day.

Beyond the wire barrier on all sides was the dense forest, its great trees in rows about 12 feet apart with their upper branches intermingling and casting deep shadows below. The trees offered no more than scant protection to anyone who might escape and reach them; the underbrush had been cleared to about 12 feet from the ground, leaving an open vista in which there was little or no place for concealment save behind the bare tree trunks.

When Ball arrived at the north camp, X, the escape organization, was well established and operating smoothly. It had lost some of its best men with the departure of the Americans but their going had left vacancies for volunteers and Ball was one of those accepted.

Every accepted volunteer was classified according to his qualifications by the X chief of his block. Miners, car-

penters and engineers were detailed to work in the tunnel, tailors to turn out disguises, artists to forge counterfeit papers. Anyone who spoke German fluently was given the job of cultivating a "goon"—Ball's name for a guard—, keeping him always in sight and when possible bribing him to smuggle in items needed by X.

Men without special ability became either "penquins" or "stooges". The penquins disposed of the sand from the tunnel while the stooges kept watch on the goons.

Over 300 in number, the stooges worked in shifts and used an ever-changing system of signals to warn their comrades of approaching Germans. For instance, a tin can on an incinerator meant a certain thing until the goons, getting suspicious after knocking it off several times, forced the stooges to change to another signal. Under the aegis of this security system the workers in the tunnel carried on free from fear of detection.

The huts in which the P.O.W.'s lived were 100 feet long, and each contained sleeping quarters, a washroom and a small kitchen. They had been built on piers about two feet from the ground to enable the guards to see under them. But one detail had been overlooked—the washroom and kitchen of each hut had cement floors that rested on a solid foundation of concrete and brick into which the guards could not probe.

And it was from a kitchen that the tunnel started; through the four-foot-square base that supported the stove. The stove had been moved back and the tiles upon which it had rested were chipped out of the base then reset in a concrete slab made from some cement that had been left over when the camp was built. The result was a trap door similar in every detail to the original base.

When Ball arrived the tunnel was well started. It went straight down 30 feet from the trap door, then cut off toward the woods through light sandy soil that had to be shored solidly all the way.

Bed slats, commandeered in increasing numbers from the beds, were used for the shoring. Unfortunately these slats were but two feet long and as a consequence the tunnel's height and width were limited to this dimension.

In this cramped space the diggers worked in pairs. No. 1 digger, while lying on his side and propped on one elbow, scraped the sand down and pushed it toward his feet where No. 2 digger, who lay with his head in the opposite direction, loaded it into boxes that were pulled on trolleys by improvised ropes to the entrance.

Sturdy enough to carry a man, or two loaded sand boxes, the trolleys were ingenious affairs. The wheels were hand-made of wood and fitted with tin tires cut from cans, and their hubs were equipped with ball-bearings that had been smuggled into camp. After the passageway got fairly long the diggers lay flat on the trolleys and pushed themselves forward to their work.

Fortunately a magazine that told how to make an air-pump had been found in camp and, following its directions, X artisans made one by fashioning a pipe and bellows out of some tin cans and kit bags. This contrivance worked perfectly and enabled the toilers to carry on without interruption in the tunnel even when the trap door was closed.

Sand falls occurred frequently. A sudden swish, and invariably they buried No. 1 digger whose partner had to act quickly to get him out alive.

The job of disposing of the sand from the tunnel was a parlous one, for this sand contrasted conspicuously with the dark brown surface soil. At the tunnel shaft the penquins loaded the sand into long sacks that hung inside their trouser legs, then they wandered over to a softball or volleyball game where, shielded by the players and spectators, they pulled release strings and a dozen scraping feet soon made the load blend with the ground.

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Meanwhile the other workers—the forgers, tailors and so on—were also busy. They too had to work cautiously, as the Germans, always searching for anything that might aid a prisoner to escape, made a practice of rushing into the blocks at irregular hours and ransacking them thoroughly, even ripping up floor boards and tearing out sections of the walls.

Countless times they had to hide their work at a moment's notice and consequently progress was slow. A few of the artisans worked in an enlarged space at the bottom of the tunnel shaft, but the others had to use the huts and there, with a resourcefulness heightened by the constant spying upon them, they built hiding-places whose trap doors were so cleverly concealed that the goons never found them.

Some of the goons who could be tempted into accepting bribes of food helped the P.O.W.'s no end. Through them information was sent to outside

contacts, and material needed for making bogus passports and identification cards, and even magnets and radio parts, were smuggled into camp. A receiving set was built, and each day news came over it, it was read in all the huts.

Clothes were made from odds and ends of cloth brought into camp, identification papers from fine pages torn out of Bibles, compasses from softened gramophone records, razor blades, pins and broken glass, and maps were copied on duplicators which consisted of jello with pulverized indelible-pencil lead serving as transfer ink. Ball showed me two of the maps and all their details showed up clearly.

* * *

THE tunnel was 340 feet long by the beginning of the second week in March, 1944, and had miniature rooms at 100-foot intervals. On the 12th, diggers bored carefully upward till they came to tree roots, installing ladders on the side as they went.

Two days later the tunnel was ready.

The entrance door was cemented down to await a suitable night for the break.

About 600 men had sweated on the project but only a third of them would be able to get through the tunnel in one night. The key men numbering around 50 were to go, and 20 others of the workers were selected by secret ballot; of the remainder, 140 names were drawn from a hat and Ball's name was among them.

It was decided that the escape would be attempted during the night of March 24 which promised to be moonless and windy. A stroke of bad luck occurred in the form of a fresh fall of snow in which tracking would be greatly facilitated, but as contacts had been notified and the night was otherwise ideal the prisoners resolved to chance it.

At the tunnel end a digger pushed a stick up. Only four inches of earth intervened.

As night wore on, final preparations were completed, and all the carefully-planned machinery slipped into action. Papers and disguises were taken from their hiding-places and made ready, blankets were laid at the bottom of the entrance to muffle noise, and boards, for the men to lie on while being pulled to the exit, were nailed to the trolleys.

At last the go signal was given. The lead man dug through the four inches of earth, stuck his head out; then quickly withdrew it. The men behind him sensed at once that something was wrong. Something was, and in a flash a wave of disappointment rippled down the line.

The tunnel's mouth was short of its objective. Instead of being inside the woods it was in the open. The trees were ten feet away. Even more disconcerting, a bare 15 yards from the gaping hole a goon box was silhouetted against the sombre sky.

But there was no turning back. Too much had been planned for this night to do that.

The lead man climbed out and crept to the protection of the trees, letting out a rope as he advanced with which to signal the next man when to follow. It took an hour for the first 20 men to reach the trees. Lining up, they audaciously marched away as if they were a squad of guards changing shift. In the darkness the sound of their feet passed unnoticed — the goons were always changing guard and the tramp, tramp of marching feet in that area was commonplace.

After a few hundred yards, the escapers broke off and headed in different directions. They had their instructions: some were to travel by train, others by road, still others through the woods.

The same procedure was followed by those who came after—they lined up in groups of ten and marched away, practically holding their breath for they were well aware that a goon box was barely a spitting distance from them.

Eighty-three prisoners passed through the tunnel before a guard with a dog came along and discovered it. In a short time the whole country-side had been aroused in this the biggest man hunt of the war. The radio warned all civilians to be on the watch; SS troops, Gestapo, Luftwaffe and even navy men, by the thousands, threw out a dragnet, and Hitler Youth Groups were organized into parties to aid in the search.

Ball's course took him through the woods and by morning he was a good distance away. In the fresh snow, however, he was unable to cover up his tracks and before long was picked up and taken back to the camp. Most of the escapers were recaptured; of them all, only three got out of German-occupied territory. Those caught by local police, civilians and guards were returned to Stalag Luft III, but 50 taken by the Gestapo were held at Gorlitz.

A few days later a horrifying announcement was made by the camp commandant—all the escapers recaptured by the Gestapo had been shot. The men

couldn't believe it. The Geneva Convention gives P.O.W.'s the privilege of attempting to escape; to be shot for escaping would be downright murder! Surely the Germans were merely trying to frighten the prisoners from attempting further escapes.

But when 50 urns containing the ashes of their dead were sent to the camp, the awful truth was realized. The story of this infamy began to go the rounds; soon every prisoner of war was talking about the 50 airmen who had been herded into a courtyard and mowed down by machine-guns for escaping from Stalag Luft III.

The grossly brutal act without doubt served its purpose—from that day on attempted escapes were fewer.

Intense and solemn gloom spread through the north camp. Powerless to avenge their slaughtered comrades, the P.O.W.'s did what they could and paid tribute by erecting a memorial and burying the urns around it. They expressed their sentiments also by auctioning off the clothing of the deceased and sending the proceeds to the dependants. Generous amounts were bid for practi-

cally useless articles—150 quid for old uniforms, 20 for badly-worn sweaters, and so on. It seemed pitifully little for men who had been butchered in return for their part in the planning and executing of the most spectacular escape of the war.

* * *

IN the soft luxury of the Royal Alex, Ball's story seemed fantastic; but it pieced together perfectly. The thought struck me that any further excitement in the life of this dark man with the touch of gray at his temples would be anticlimax. But I was wrong.

He handed me two small diaries jammed with a day-by-day record of his life as a prisoner of war from Jan. 27, 1945—the march from Stalag Luft III to Tarmstadt near Bremen and east again to Lubeck near Hamburg, the coming of the Royal Cheshire regiment, Ball's release on May 2, 1945, his plane trip to England, V-E Day and his liner trip to Canada.

His arrival home on June 7 of the same year. That, for ex-Constable Ball, was the climax.

Printer's Error

THE following correction appeared in a local newspaper: "We stated last week that Mr. John Doe was a 'defective' in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police farce."

—*Overseas Mail.*

Respect for Policemen

A POLICEMAN is important not simply because he wears a uniform, but because he stands as the appointed representative of the community to assure its protection under laws which it has established. As such the respect shown him is simply the respect shown the community. If there is contempt instead, then it reflects not on the policeman or on the police force, but on the people who have given him his authority.

Perhaps that is not stressed enough to the young, and taken too easily for granted by adults. The magnitude of crime is not the sole measurement of enforcement.

—*Hamilton Spectator.*

Old-Timers' Column

Anniversary of The North-west Rebellion

by A. N. Mouat

LAST year, 1945, marked the 60th anniversary of what officially is known as "The North-west Rebellion". Due to lack of space the *Quarterly* was unable to allude to this historic milestone in a proper manner, but we now wish to point out that Canada should not forget the part played by those courageous fighters of a bygone era who shouldered pack and rifle and ventured forth into the still untamed West. Few of those veterans remain, but to those few the *Quarterly* pays tribute.

The author of the following account of the steps taken to quell the insurrection, A. N. Mouat of Victoria, B.C., was in the rebellion from beginning to end, kept a daily diary throughout the campaign, and as he himself states, "fortunately I have a wonderful memory, with a knowledge of the North West gained by many years' service with the Hudson's Bay Company".

"The alarm bugles", he says, "blew in Winnipeg about 7.30 on the morning of March 25, the day before the Duck Lake fight. I was sworn in at 8.30, and before 11 a.m., that is within four hours after the alarm had sounded, the first detachment of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, fully equipped, 100 men in all of which I was one, marched out of the drill shed for the C.P.R. station. We were a young lot with practically no military training, but many of us were all-round athletes and in healthy condition. Many of us had some years of experience in the West. Having gone out early in 1882, I spent three years on the great plains and therefore had knowledge of the customs and habits of the natives.

"I took part in the record march of the Main column from Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing, averaging 21 miles a day under most adverse circumstances. I was present at the action of Fish Creek, the four days fighting at and capture of Batoche, the relief of Prince Albert and Battleford, and took part in the operations after Big Bear's band from Fort Pitt."

THE insurrection broke out on Mar. 18, 1885, when Riel formed a provisional government with temporary headquarters at Duck Lake, imprisoned the Indian agent and others there and seized government stores and supplies.

On March 22, Lt.-Gov. Edgar Dewdney at Regina, N.W.T., wired Prime Minister John A. Macdonald that the "situation looked very serious" and as a result Major Gen. Fred Middleton, commanding the Canadian Militia, was appointed to command all forces in the field, including the North West Mounted Police. Middleton left Ottawa for the West on March 23, travelled by way of the United States and arrived at Troy Station, N.W.T., (now Qu'Appelle) five days later. Having arranged for commissariat and transport, on April 2 he moved on to Fort Qu'Appelle.

In the meantime word had been received of the serious reverse on March 26 of a small force consisting of 56 N.W.M.P. and 43 volunteers from Prince Albert, under Supt. L. N. F. Crozier who had gone from Fort Carlton to Duck Lake to salvage government stores and other property.

The rebels, Metis and Indians about 350 strong under Gabriel Dumont, were in ambush in poplar bluffs and opened fire when Crozier and his men were at a disadvantage in deep snow. Within an hour Crozier was forced to retire to Fort Carlton with a loss of 12 killed and 11 wounded—in all, approximately 25 per cent of those in action.

* * *

MIDDLETON's general plan of operation was:

- (a) The first or Main column under his personal command was to march from Fort Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing, at the elbow of the South Saskatchewan river, to be met there by:



Militia at Winnipeg, Man., just before their departure to the North West in 1885.

(b) a second column (the Battleford column) under Lt. Col. W. D. Otter which was to proceed by river and trail from Saskatchewan Landing 32 miles north of Swift Current. The two columns would then move down the river along both sides and attack the rebels at Batoche. This arrangement was however altered following reports that Battleford was in imminent danger, and Otter was instructed to proceed to that point as speedily as possible. (It was afterwards learned that the situation at Battleford wasn't as serious as reports had intimated.)

(c) A third column (The Alberta Field Force) under Major Gen. T. Bland Strange was to march from Calgary to Edmonton, then on to Fort Pitt where it would meet the Main column. Strange left Calgary on April 20.

* * *

The Main Column

NUMBERING about 400 all ranks—French's Scouts (Qu'Appelle district), Winnipeg Field Battery and 90th Winnipeg Rifles—, Middleton's force left Fort Qu'Appelle on April 6 and set out via Clarke's Crossing for Batoche, the rebel's stronghold 230 miles distant. The trail was in bad condition, the weather very cold; it was

23 below zero, and a heavy blizzard compelled the small army to make camp early in the afternoon. Severe weather continued for several days, but an average of 21 miles a day was maintained even though the infantry were on foot.

April 9 brought the sad news of the massacre on April 2 at Frog Lake by Chief Big Bear's band. All the white men in that ill-fated settlement, except Bleasdel Cameron, clerk of the Hudson's Bay Co., were killed. He and two white women were made prisoners.

Enroute to Clarke's Crossing, Middleton's column was strengthened by "A" Battery, R.C.A., Quebec City; half of "C" Company, Infantry School, Toronto, Ont.; Boulton's Scouts, Manitoba, and the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. After the battle of Fish Creek, April 24, the column was joined by two companies—the Midland Battalion, Ontario; Dennis' Surveyor Corps, Ontario, and a Gatling gun under Lt. A. L. Howard, U.S. Army, who represented the manufacturers of the Gatling gun.

The column arrived at Prince Albert, N.W.T., on May 19. It had marched 300 miles, fought and defeated the rebels at Fish Creek and Batoche, taken many prisoners including Riel and, with the relief of Prince Albert, completed the special task assigned it. There were 110 casualties made up as follows:

	Killed, or Died from Wounds	Wounded	Total
General's staff	—	2	2
A Battery, R.C.A.....	5	14	19
C Co., Infantry School....	1	6	7
Boulton's Scouts	2	9	11
French's Scouts	2	2	4
Dennis' Surveyor Corps....	1	2	3
10th Royal Grenadiers.....	2	18	20
Midland Battalion	—	7	7
90th Winnipeg Rifles.....	9	25	34
On board S.S. <i>Northcote</i> ..	—	3	3
Total	22	88	110

Leaving the N.W.M.P. under Lt. Col. A. G. Irvine (N.W.M.P. Commissioner) at Prince Albert, General Middleton and half of his infantry forces on May 22 left on the S.S. *Northwest* bound for Battleford. The remainder of the infantry followed on May 23 and 24 aboard the S.S. *Baroness* and the S.S. *Alberta*; the mounted men and artillery went by trail. At Battleford on May 24, Middleton met with Otter's column; also there, were the N.W.M.P. under Insp. F. J. Dickens who had arrived after abandoning Fort Pitt and assumed command, and 50 N.W.M.P. under Supt. W. M. Herchmer attached to the Battleford column.

On May 26 Poundmaker and his people surrendered to Middleton at Battleford. Poundmaker and his principal councillors with others who had participated in the murder of two government officials, were held as prisoners. On May 31, Middleton with his infantry boarded three steamers at Battleford and left for Fort Pitt where he had arranged to meet Major General Strange.

* * *

The Battleford Column

THIS column under Lieutenant Colonel Otter, about 550 all ranks, was made up of N.W.M.P. and scouts under Superintendent Herchmer; "B" Battery, R.C.A., Kingston, Ont.; half of "C" Company, Infantry School, Toronto; Governor General's Foot Guards, Ottawa, Ont., and the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto. It left Saskatchewan Landing on April 18, reached Battleford six days later and went into garrison there.

Over a week went by and Otter, having learned that Poundmaker and his band, and other Indians, were camped 35 miles from Battleford, determined on a reconnaissance in force, hoping to make that redoubtable Cree Indian declare himself and prevent



Militia, under Major General Middleton, travelling up a coulee at Qu'Appelle on the way north in 1885.

the junction of his forces with Bear Bear, should such be his intention. Without communicating with Middleton (which he could have done by wire) who was still on his march to Prince Albert, Otter left Battleford on the afternoon of May 1 with 325 all ranks, camped that night several miles away and made an early start the following morning.

Poundmaker's camp was descried, near Cut Knife Hill, at day-break and the Indians, though evidently taken by surprise, quickly assembled and lost no time in attempting to surround the troops. From coulees and ravines they poured a vicious cross-fire on the troops and at 2 p.m. Otter, realizing his position was not tenable, decided to retire. He arrived back at Battleford late that night.

His casualties were:

	Killed, or Died from Wounds	Wounded	Total
N.W.M.P.	3	1	4
B Battery, R.C.A.	—	4	4
C Co., Infantry School.....	1	1	2
Gov. Gen. Foot Guards....	2	2	4
Queen's Own Rifles.....	—	5	5
Battleford Rifles	1	1	2
Transport Service	1	—	1
Total	8	14	22

It has been said that Otter's attack on Poundmaker was ill-judged and unnecessary and that had Poundmaker not held his braves back the result would have been disastrous. Why Otter ignored Middleton has never been explained.

The Alberta Field Force

THE Third column comprised 500 all ranks and included Major (Inspr.) S. B. Steele's Scouts (N.W.M.P. and other volunteers); the 65th Mount Royal Rifles, Montreal, Que.; 92nd Winnipeg Light Infantry, Winnipeg, Man., and the N.W. M.P. with one 9-pounder gun under Insp. A. B. Perry. It was in three divisions and arrived at Edmonton, N.W.T., between May 1 and May 10.

On May 14 the column left Edmonton, partly on scows down the Saskatchewan, the transport and scouts by land. All reached Fort Victoria on May 16, from which point the 92nd with the 9-pounder and horses moved by land to Fort Pitt, the 65th con-

tinuing on the scows with forage and other supplies.

Big Bear's band was encountered at Bear's Butte on May 27 and driven from a strong position, the column suffering no casualties. The pursuit was continued and next day at Frenchman's Butte another skirmish took place, but Strange, thinking he had not sufficient force to effect Big Bear's capture, retired about six miles to open ground. Strange's casualties were three wounded—one member of the N.W.M.P. and two of the 65th. The following day (May 29) he returned to Fort Pitt.

General Middleton arrived at Fort Pitt on June 2 and arrangements were decided upon whereby the Alberta Field Force was to march to Frog Lake. Strange and his men reached that point on June 5.

* * *

The Pursuit of Big Bear

WITH mounted men, artillery, and 150 infantry, from the Main column, Middleton on June 3 took up the chase determined to run down Big Bear who was being trailed by Major Steele and his scouts. At dawn on June 4 he caught up with Steele who informed him that he had had an engagement with Big Bear at Loon Lake. Three of Steele's men had been wounded, one police and two scouts.

Believing that Big Bear's band was becoming disorganized and might scatter Middleton telegraphed Lieutenant Colonel Otter at Battleford instructing him to take a force across the river and patrol on Squirrel Plain, north of Battleford. At the same time he telegraphed Lieutenant Colonel Irvine at Prince Albert to cross at Carlton and patrol north toward Green Lake. With Strange moving toward Beaver Lake and his own troops following the trail northward Middleton felt it would be difficult for Big Bear to escape. Leaving camp early he picked up Steele's party, crossed Little Red Deer river, and called a halt at 6 o'clock in the evening, after a march of 25 miles. Mosquitoes, bull-dog and other flies were very troublesome.

Middleton with his mounted men continued on Big Bear's trail, leaving behind the tents which were an impediment, camping on the night of the 7th within sight of Loon Lake.



Reg. No. 773, Sgt. W. C. Smart, Csts. C. C. Colebrook (605), F. Nicholls (1119), and D. (John L.) Sullivan (766) with *Mista-ha-a-musgva* (Big Bear) at Prince Albert, N.W.T. in July, 1885.

At abandoned Indian camps and along the trail traces of the white prisoners were found—boxes, torn photographs, bits of coloured wool twisted and tied on bushes, and sometimes scraps of writing stating that the prisoners were all right. There were also signs that the Indians were being sorely pressed and were in distress from lack of food.

Middleton kept up the chase until June 9 when it was found that the Indians had passed through a muskeg that was apparently an impassable barrier for the troops. Experienced scouts declared that it might be done but half the horses would be lost. Reluctantly Middleton decided to return to Fort Pitt and arrived there on June 11 after a fatiguing march.

After the fight with Steele's party of police and scouts at Loon Lake Big Bear had released his prisoners, about 40 in all. They reached Fort Pitt on June 22, several in ill health from the hardships they had suffered.

Campaign Ended

WITH Batoche taken, Riel and most of his councillors captured, Poundmaker and several chiefs made prisoners, Big Bear and his band disorganized and all the white captives freed, Middleton issued orders for

the disbandment of his forces, with the exception that pending further orders the undermentioned troops should remain as garrison at the places named: 92nd Winnipeg Light Infantry (less 50) at Fort Pitt; A Battery, R.C.A., at Battleford, and B Battery, R.C.A., at Prince Albert.

The Winnipeg Field Battery went by trail to Swift Current, thence by rail to Winnipeg; the mounted men, scouts and others proceeded by trail to their respective points.

On July 2 Big Bear and a few of his band were captured near Fort Carlton by a small detachment of police under Reg. No. 773, Sgt. W. C. Smart who had been stationed there by Commissioner Irvine following receipt of Middleton's telegram on June 6. Big Bear had travelled a long way from Fort Pitt.

The infantry, on three steamers, left Fort Pitt July 4 via the Saskatchewan river for Grand Rapids, thence travelled on barges across Lake Winnipeg up the Red river to West Selkirk, 20 miles north of Winnipeg, and by rail to Winnipeg. On the voyage down the river they were joined at Battleford by the infantry of Otter's column.

At Telegraph Coulee, between Battleford and Prince Albert, on July 7 the Winnipeg-bound voyagers sighted the 7th

Fusiliers who were camped there with a large quantity of stores; some of the stores were taken aboard the steamers. This battalion (the 7th) had arrived at Saskatchewan Landing on May 9, hoping to reach the firing line, but to their great disappointment were employed on scows taking supplies to Clarke's Crossing and other places. With the Halifax and part of the Midland battalions they rendered valuable services under most trying circumstances.

It is worthy of note that the Main column under the personal command of Middleton from the time it left Winnipeg until it returned, March 25 to July 15, travelled a total of 1,900 miles—575 on foot, 1,000 on river and lake and 325 by rail.

The number of troops called out in connection with the rebellion was approximately 5,400. Nova Scotia sent 400; Quebec 1,000; Ontario 1,900; Manitoba and the Northwest Territories 2,100 (including the N.W.M.P.).

Many of these men never reached the firing line as some were assigned to duty on lines of communication, as detachments at Indian reservations and other places throughout the North West.

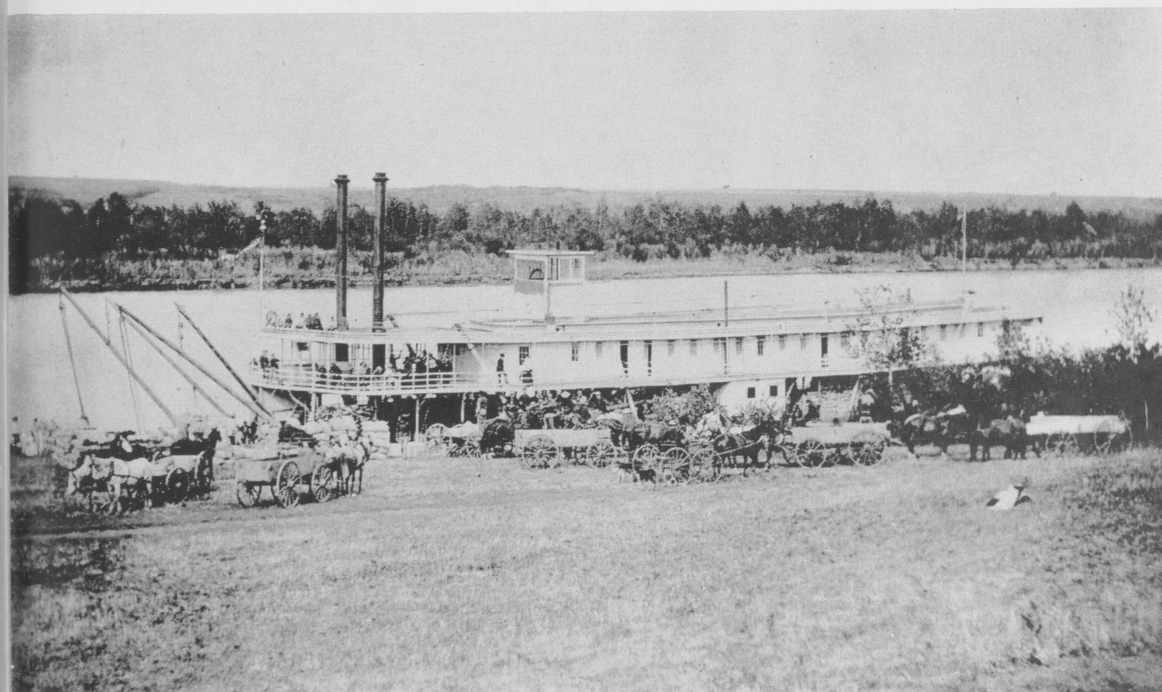
Following is a recapitulation of casualties during the insurrection:

	Killed, or Died from Wounds	Wounded	Total
Duck Lake	12	11	23
Main Column	21	88	109
Battleford Column	8	14	22
Alberta Column	—	6	6
N.W.M.P., additional to Duck Lake, Cut Knife Hill, etc.	2	2	4
Total casualties troops engaged	43	121	164
Illness and accident.....	3	—	3
Civilians, Battleford murdered	3	—	3
Frog Lake Massacre murdered	9	—	9
Total	58	121	179

Total Casualties of N.W.M.P. in 1885

	Killed, or Died from Wounds	Wounded	Total
Duck Lake	3	6	9
Cut Knife Hill.....	3	1	4
Battleford	1	1	2
Fort Pitt	1	1	2
Frenchman's Butte	—	1	1
Loon Lake	—	1	1
Total N.W.M.P.	8	11	19

Steamer *North West*, one of the vessels in which the infantry sailed to Grand Rapids, 1885.



Agnes Mary Howe

At her residence in Vancouver, B.C., on Oct. 29, 1945, Agnes Mary Howe, widow of the late Supt. Joseph Howe of the North West Mounted Police, passed peacefully away. Though she had not been in good health for the past year, her death came as a distinct shock to her many friends.

Over 50 years ago Agnes Mary Cameron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron of Trenton, Ont., arrived at Regina, Sask. (then N.W.T.), with her mother and sisters. There she met Superintendent Howe, and in 1892 they were married at Toronto, Ont. In the ensuing years Superintendent and Mrs. Howe were stationed in the Northwest Territories at Battleford (Sask.) and Regina, and Calgary and Fort Macleod (in what is now Alberta).

During the North-west Rebellion, 1885, Superintendent Howe was wounded in the leg at the battle of Duck Lake when a small detachment of the Force and 200 volunteers under Supt. L. N. F. Crozier were attacked by 2,000 rebels.

In 1901 Superintendent Howe served in the South African War as second in command of the Canadian Mounted Rifles. On his return to Canada he commanded "D" Division, Fort Macleod. But his health had been impaired by the arduous campaign in South Africa and on Aug. 17, 1902, he died suddenly.

After her husband's death Mrs. Howe and her two children resided in Calgary until 1920. Moving to Vancouver, Mrs. Howe with her cheerful and kindly nature soon drew about her many close friends, including members of the Force and their families and members of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association.

To her more intimate friends she sometimes spoke of the early days in the West and of the good times she and others associated with the Force had at the barracks in Regina, and of her many interesting experiences at posts she had known.

Mrs. Howe took a prominent part in the official reception for the late King George V and Queen Mary when, as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, they visited Calgary in 1901. On that occasion Superintendent Howe, who was in command of the Mounted Police escort accompanying the



Agnes Mary Howe.

Royal party, was presented with an autographed photograph of Their Royal Highnesses. The picture is still in possession of the family.

After the C.N.R. station was built at the forks of the Elbow and Bow rivers on the old Mounted Police barracks site in Calgary, veterans of the Force, serving members and Calgary citizens erected a memorial stone to mark the historic spot that had for so long served the Force as its headquarters in the district. Mrs. Howe, representing her deceased husband, was accorded a place of honour at the well-attended ceremony.

Mrs. Howe's sisters, Mrs. Maude Macdonnell, widow of the late Col. James A. Macdonnell, railway contractor, Vancouver, and Lady Isabelle Bourinot, widow of the late Sir John Bourinot of Ottawa, predeceased her. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Audrey Camidge, wife of R. A. Camidge, London, Eng., and one son, A/Supt. Joseph Howe, "H" Division, R.C.M.P., Halifax, N.S. Her brother W. B. Cameron, writer, lives at Parksville, B.C.

Funeral services were held at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Vancouver, and the remains were buried in Mountain View cemetery of that city.

"Griz" Adams

In the disastrous fire that swept the municipal hospital at Maple Creek, Sask., Reg. No. 621, ex-Cst. George Alexander Adams—"Griz" to old-timers—set aside his worldly gear and joined the spiritual host of Scarlet Riders, who had built better than they knew, and now rides the plains afar. (See Obituary).

Adams was 18 when he joined the North West Mounted Police at Toronto, Ont., on May 10, 1882. With other recruits he proceeded via Chicago, Ill., to Bismark, N.D., and continued by the steamer *Red Cloud* up the Missouri river. The vessel was loaded down with everything imaginable, from cordwood to pack mules, from card sharks to policemen—all frontier bound. After a short wait at Fort Benton, Mont., they continued by means of an I. G. Baker Co. bull team over the Old Bulls hook trail to Fort Assiniboine where they were very well treated by U.S. military authorities, and after resting up they left by bull team via Kennedy's Crossing for Fort Walsh, N.W.T. (Sask.).

That trip always amused Griz. "We, the personnel", he stated whenever he talked about it, "walked all the way."—The teams were too heavily laden to permit the men to ride.

There was no room for the new-comers in the barracks at Fort Walsh, so Griz and his companions went under canvas on the space between the north row of buildings and the north stockade.

After his squad passed out under the exacting eye of Reg. No. 419, Sgt. T. S. LaNauze (father of ex-Asst. Commr. C. D. LaNauze—now magistrate at Lacombe, Alta.), Griz's first job was hauling water at the fort with an old cart and pony. Later he was put on patrol duty.

Griz remained at Fort Walsh until it was abandoned in 1883, then helped to move to the post at Maple Creek which became headquarters of "A" Division. At the new location he assisted in erecting the knock-down sectional buildings that had been shipped from the East. Presently he was back at his old job—general patrol. He also served at Farwell, Ten Mile, Willow Creek and Graburn detachments.

He and Reg. No. 959, Cst. R. E. Tucker were outriders to the Lady Macdonald party when that titled lady arrived at Maple Creek en route to Fort Walsh where she visited the grave of her nephew, Supt. E. Dalrymple Clark, adjutant of the Force, who died Oct. 2, 1880. Supt. A. Shurtliff, the officer commanding, rode with Lady Macdonald in the police democrat. The time was short—they had only seven hours to go the 70 miles to Fort Walsh and back to Maple Creek. It was accomplished, however—at the end of the wild race against time the outriders were no longer red riders, but two sweat-and-dust-covered figures, hardly recognizable.

After purchasing his discharge, Griz took up ranching on Adams Creek—a small stream named for him, that joins Fish Creek in the south Maple Creek district. He spent his final days quietly, a good citizen and a pleasant neighbour. D.A.F.

Last Serving N.W.M.P. Officer

When Commr. S. T. Wood, C.M.G., was appointed head of the R.C.M.P. on Mar. 6, 1938, only ten serving commissioned officers could claim membership in the Force at the time it was known as the North West Mounted Police. The ten, and their ranks then, are: Asst. Commrs. D. Ryan and T. Dann; Supts. C. F. Fletcher, A. H. L. Mellor and G. C. P. Montizambert, and Insprs. C. R. Peters, H. M. Fowell, F. E. Spriggs, K. Duncan and R. G. Warnock. Of them all, only Duncan remains in the Force. Now an assistant commissioner, he is, in other words, the only officer in the Force today who served in the N.W.M.P., the R.N.W.M.P. and the R.C.M.P.

As most of our readers probably know the prefix "Royal" was added to the Force's name in 1904, and the name was changed to "Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in 1920.

As the *Quarterly* goes to press we learn that Assistant Commissioner Duncan is scheduled to go on leave May 1, 1946, pending retirement to pension. In effect the N.W.M.P. has been struck off the strength. There are no more of them.

Book Reviews

by J. C. MARTIN, K.C.

THE UNKNOWN MURDERER, by Theodor Reik. Pp. 260. George J. McLeod Ltd., Toronto, \$3.75; Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, \$3.

This book, dated 1945, and ably translated from the German by Dr. Katherine Jones, deals with the application of psychology in the field of criminal law before the criminal is known.

It is a highly provocative book and for that reason difficult to review because the reader is tempted at times to be led into argument. For example, the author says (p. 43): "Doubts have been thrown, and rightly so, on the adequacy of the psychological knowledge and understanding of judges in problems of this kind (i.e., of establishing a connection between the deed and the personality of the criminal). It is like trying to get to the deepest layers of the earth with the child's spade. Do not let us speak of common sense which guides the judge in his examinations. Stupid things with tragic consequences are still done in the name of common sense. The way in which the judges, the public prosecutor and the defending counsel learn to know the accused is the most cursory that can be imagined, the material at their disposal is the scantiest, the method they employ the most superficial."

At p. 45 he writes: "The kind of psychological thinking which dominates the law courts becomes most dangerous when it is thrown as a weight into the scales of Justice. The scales are, indeed, falsely weighted whether it is a question of the expert's opinion about a witness's capacity for remembering, or of making a judgment about the nature of a suspect's impulses so as to arrive at a conclusion as to his guilt or innocence. It is not my business to show in how many thousands of cases the naive trust in one's own psychological insight or in the understanding of other people's mental processes has led to the most terrible miscarriages of Justice."

These extracts would appear to be an argument that psychological training should be part of the equipment of a judge, but later we find the following (p. 54): "Alexander and Staub assumed it was right and

important to 'introduce' psycho-analysts into the courts of justice. They prophesied that psycho-analysis would never again leave these courts. In a review of their book—I expressed a doubt as to the desirability of psycho-analysis in the law-courts. I was afraid that the functionaries of the law would misunderstand psycho-analysis and would teach the criminal that what he used to do by instinct was done in accordance with certain rules." And again (p. 55): "No, I do not wish for the 'introduction' of psycho-analysis into court. I had rather it stayed outside. I think a law-court is not the right place for psycho-analysis. Its influence goes deeper; its research into criminology will lead to a recognition of the many problems involved in criminal justice."

It is difficult to reconcile these expressions even amongst themselves. It is equally difficult to reconcile them with the view of Prof. Hugo Munsterberg stated in his book *On the Witness Stand*: "The time will come when the methods of experimental psychology cannot longer be excluded from the court of law. It is well known that the use of stenographers in trials once met with vehement opposition; while now the shorthand record of the court procedure seems a matter of course. The help of the psychologist will become not less indispensable."

The case which the author cites as the outstanding example of judicial error is that of the murder of a domestic servant in 1886. A number of clues pointed to a tanner, Gregor Adamsberger, who in his turn sought to inculpate a youth named Franz Kunz. The latter, however, refuted the tanner's suggestions and produced what seemed to be a conclusive alibi. Adamsberger was convicted and sentenced to be imprisoned for life. In 1890, Kunz attempted suicide and confessed in detail how he himself had murdered the woman. This author stresses the point that the court was unduly influenced by public opinion, yet, as he tells the story, it seems that the emphasis should fall elsewhere. The court must proceed on the evidence before it and, while Kunz must have been a convincing liar, the fact remains that his word was the

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decisive factor both at the trial and in the final solution of the crime.

From another angle, the author gives a highly interesting account of primitive methods of crime detection, to show that, almost universally, they have originated from some form of animistic religion. But here again there may be argument. It seems far-fetched to attempt a parallel between the aborigine directing his search for a murderer by the crawling of an ant over the grave of the victim, and the American detective who deduced the time of a murder from the thought that flies, lying dead on a window sill and killed by the same poison as the victim, had probably been attracted to the window by the light of dawn.

Nothing that is said here is meant to belittle the stimulating effect of this book. Its author is at his best when he expounds the nature and interpretation of clues, and "the seven golden W's" of crime detection, and what he says is bound to be of importance to anyone concerned in that pursuit.

GAUNTLET TO OVERLORD, by Ross Munro. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 477. \$3.

The name of Ross Munro became familiar to newspaper readers in Canada and elsewhere through dispatches from various fronts during the war. It was always a guarantee of careful and conscientious reporting. In this book he has undertaken to tell of the part taken by the Canadian Army in the operations at Spitzbergen, at Dieppe, in Sicily, and on and after D-Day. The same qualities have gone into the book as into his other work. While his account is largely matter of fact, he shows in many ways that he was keenly sensitive to the horror and tragedy of war as it affects the individual. When he has occasion to deal with a controversial topic he does so tactfully and without bias.

The book is open to criticism on two grounds. First, the reportorial method has been carried to extreme in beginning with the D-Day landing and then going back to

tell of the earlier operations. The landing in Normandy was the climax to which the other operations were designed to lead, and did lead, and the chronological order would better enable the reader to place the events in their proper relation to each other. This applies especially to the raid on Dieppe. Second, the lack of an index is notable when one wishes to follow the references to a particular unit or person. There is no doubt that Mr. Munro's book will have a semi-official status and that it will be consulted many times until an official history is written, and probably afterwards.

THE FALAISE ROAD, by Alan Wood. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 64. \$1.

This is a day-to-day account, written by an Australian war correspondent, of the bitter struggle after which the British Second Army and the Canadian First Army "looked back along the 34 kilometres of the Falaise Road, the 21 miles of R.N. 158 which it has taken them over a month, and the lives of thousands of men, to travel". It tells in vivid and sometimes poignant detail why it was that, while the Americans were making spectacular gains across France, the British and Canadians seemed to be standing still. The Americans, to adopt Mr. Wood's metaphor, were swinging along the wide arc of an opening door, the British and Canadians "had to hit at the hinge".

The appended Chapter VIII, "The Truth about France", contains some startling statements. For example, the author says "You can take any town in France and divide it according to incomes; of those with an income above a certain level, 90 per cent were collaborationists. Of those with an income below that level, 99 per cent were not collaborationists".

It may be that this author's opinions, like others, will meet with something less than unanimous agreement. However, there is no doubt that his account of the actual fighting will appeal to Canadians, especially as he writes with generous and outspoken admiration for Canadian troops.

Obituary

Reg. No. 621, ex-Cst. George Alexander Adams, 83, died at Maple Creek, Sask., Dec. 10, 1945. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 10, 1882, to May 9, 1888, and from Sept. 4, 1888, to Sept. 3, 1891, and was stationed in the Northwest Territories at Fort Walsh (Sask.) and Maple Creek. He was a veteran of The North-west Rebellion, 1885.

Reg. No. 2262, ex-Cst. George Oliver Ambrose, 81, died at Calgary, Alta., Jan. 22, 1946. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Feb. 8, 1889, to June 30, 1891, and from Oct. 26, 1891, to June 13, 1894, and was stationed in the Northwest Territories at Macleod and Pincher Creek in Alberta. A veteran of the First Great War, he served overseas in the 50th Battalion.

Reg. No. 5964, ex-A/Cpl. John Bannister Bibby, 68, died at Calgary, Alta., Dec. 22, 1945. He served in the R.N.W.M.P. from Aug. 29, 1914, to Aug. 28, 1917, and was stationed at Macleod, Alta.

Reg. No. 2660, ex-Cst. David Francis Carson, 75, died at Grey, Ont., Jan. 30, 1946. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 3, 1891, to May 2, 1897, and was stationed in the Northwest Territories at Regina (Sask.) and Macleod (Alta.).

Reg. No. 9962, ex-Cst. Edgar Armon Dean, 51, died at Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 31, 1946. He served in the C.E.F. during the First Great War from June 20, 1918, to Aug. 26, 1919, and in the R.C.M.P. from Aug. 17, 1923, until he was pensioned on Aug. 16, 1943, being stationed at Ottawa, Ont.

Ex-Asst. Commr. Richard Field, 69, died at Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 12, 1946. Engaged in the N.W.M.P. Dec. 19, 1896, with Reg. No. 3167, appointed to commissioned rank of inspector Nov. 1, 1910, and after continuous service retired to pension Oct. 1, 1933. He served in the ranks and as officer commanding at many points throughout Canada including Fort Saskatchewan, Fort Chipewyan and Edmonton in Alberta, Dawson, Y.T., Vancouver and Fernie in British Columbia, and Winnipeg, Man.

Reg. No. 8996, ex-Cst. Joseph Herlbert Horton, 46, died at Minto, Ont., Nov. 19, 1945. He served in the Force from Dec. 16, 1919, to July 9, 1921, and was stationed at Lethbridge, Alta., Vancouver, B.C., and Regina, Sask.

Reg. No. 10602, Cst. Andrew Edward Kennedy, 48, died at Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 10, 1946. He served in the R.C.M.P. at Ottawa from June 8, 1929, until his death.

Reg. No. 2857, ex-Cpl. Frank Lukey, 75, died at Victoria, B.C., Jan. 4, 1946. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Jan. 14, 1893, to Nov. 2,

1895, and from Oct. 28, 1897, to Oct. 27, 1900, and in the R.N.W.M.P. from Feb. 3, 1905, to Feb. 2, 1908, from June 22, 1908, to Aug. 17, 1910, and from Sept. 2, 1914, to Sept. 1, 1915. While in the Force he was stationed at many points including Lethbridge and Edmonton in Alberta, and Regina, Sask. He was in charge of one of the gangs of Insp. C. Constantine's Trail Party that built the road from Edmonton to Fort St. John, B.C., in 1905, and was a veteran of the Boer War and First Great War.

Reg. No. 732, ex-Cst. George John Miles, 84, died at Toronto, Ont., Feb. 11, 1946. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Apr. 22, 1882, to Apr. 21, 1887, and was stationed in the Northwest Territories at Lethbridge (Alta.) and Battleford (Sask.).

Reg. No. 739, ex-Sgt. Laurence O'Keefe, 84, died at Marcelin, Sask., Mar. 26, 1946. Last survivor of those who made the epic retreat from Fort Pitt to Battleford, Apr. 15, 1885, he served in the Force from Apr. 5, 1882, to Apr. 5, 1890, and from June 5, 1902, to June 4, 1917, and was stationed for many years at Battleford, Sask.

Reg. No. 10829, ex-Cst. Robert Nelson Southam, 37, died at Fort William, Ont., Feb. 25, 1946. He served in the R.C.M.P. from July 8, 1930, to Sept. 22, 1932, and from Oct. 4, 1939, to Oct. 3, 1940, and was stationed at Regina, Sask., Nipigon and Port Arthur, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., and Montague, P.E.I.

Reg. No. 9044, ex-Sgt. William Henry Trepanier, 78, died at Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 19, 1946. He served in the Dominion Police from May 1, 1893, to Jan. 31, 1920, and in the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, the date that Force absorbed the Dominion Police, to Oct. 31, 1930, when he took his pension. Throughout his service he was stationed at Ottawa.

Reg. No. 5093, ex-Sgt. Leonard Harry Worgan, 60, died at Ladner, B.C., Feb. 1, 1946. He served in the Saskatchewan Provincial Police from Feb. 21, 1910, to May 31, 1928, and in the R.C.M.P. from June 1, 1928, until pensioned on May 31, 1931, and was stationed in Saskatchewan at Broadview, Yorkton and Regina.

Ex-Asst. Commr. George Stanley Worsley, 79, died at Victoria, B.C., Dec. 19, 1945. Appointed inspector in the N.W.M.P. Apr. 1, 1901, he retired to pension, after continuous service, on June 5, 1931, having been stationed at many points throughout Canada including Edmonton, Alta., Regina, Sask., and Ottawa, Ont. He commanded "B" Squadron, R.N.W.M.P. Cavalry Draft, C.E.F., in Siberia 1918-19. Educated at Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., he served in many parts of the British Empire with the Imperial Service.

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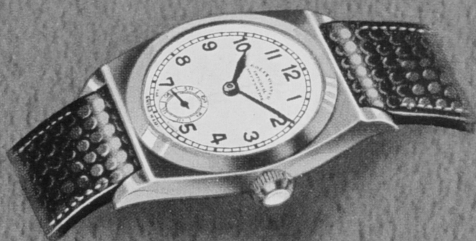
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