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. 42, No. 3



REVUE

TRIMESTRIELLE
de la
GRC

SUMMER/ÉTÉ 1977

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Vol. 42, No. 3



REVUE

TRIMESTRIELLE de la GRC

SUMMER/ÉTÉ 1977

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Our Cover

This striking photo was snapped by Cpl. Larry Olafson at Frobisher Bay, N.W.T., in 1970 during the visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the Territories.

La couverture

Nous devons au cap. Larry Olafson cette merveilleuse photo prise en 1970, à Frobisher Bay, lors de la visite de Sa Majesté la Reine dans les Territoires du Nord-Ouest.

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Editor's Notes...

As the *Quarterly* is back on schedule it is necessary now to stick to our deadlines. As you can understand, there is no point being on time with one issue if we fall behind on the next one. The cut-off dates for receiving material, therefore, will be those mentioned in the Spring 1976, *Quarterly*: the middle of November for the Winter Edition, middle of February for the Spring, middle of May for the Summer and the middle of August for the Fall. This will allow us six weeks publishing time to have the *Quarterly* out in January, April, July and October, respectively. If information or articles are sent to us after the cut-off date, they will appear in the next issue. We will publish the material we receive. If it is incorrect we will publish it that way.

Recently we received a change of address with handwriting so illegible we could not make out the name of the subscriber. Also, although he gave us his new address he did not give us his old address, so we weren't able to check that. We went so far as to take the change of address to some of our handwriting experts. Even they couldn't identify the name. Admittedly, most address changes are not this difficult, but we do have trouble with some. Please write clearly and include all necessary information.

A note to members: there is no longer a section on the A-78 which you can check off to inform the *Quarterly* of a birth. If you do not send it to us directly we will not receive it. If you do not include all pertinent information (refer to Spring 1976, *Quarterly*, p. 2) such as your name, Reg. No., place, date, name and sex of your new child, we cannot "invent" the information. Also, we do not automatically receive a change of address for members who are going to pension. As with the births, if you do not inform us of a change, we don't know you have made one.

With this issue we are introducing a new feature to *Quarterly* readers, the "Outdoor Corner," by Cst. Keith Larson. Some of his ideas you might already have heard about, but for most of them you are likely to say, "Why didn't I think of that myself?"

With the Fall 1977, *Quarterly*, we will be re-instating the "Letters to the Editor" section. If you have something which pleases you, or something which doesn't, let us know. We will not be able to publish every letter, but will certainly try to give as good a cross-section as possible, good or bad. It will be a sounding board for your ideas, so do not hesitate to tell us exactly what you think. Ed.

Notes du rédacteur...

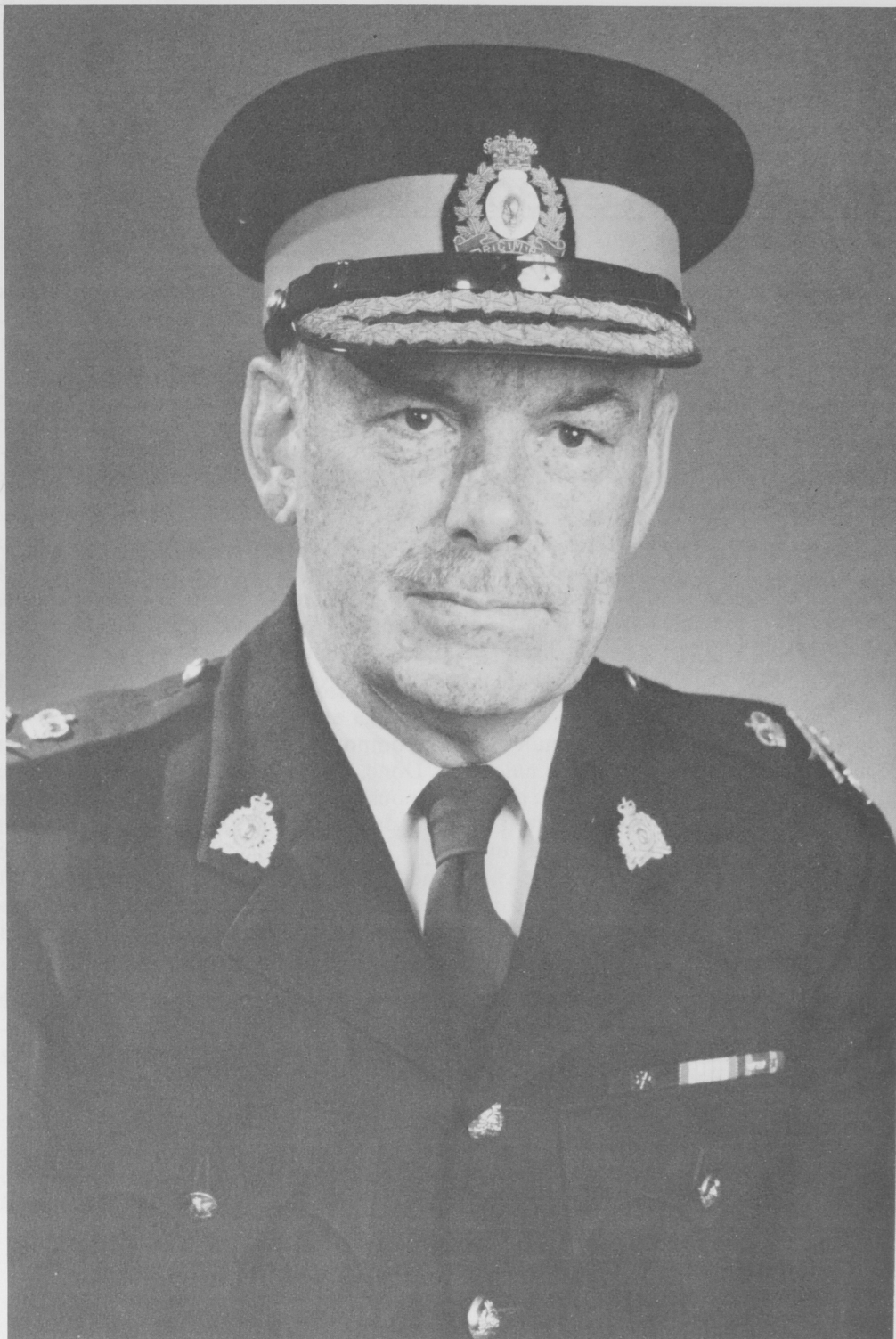
La *Revue trimestrielle* ayant rattrapé son retard, il nous faut plus que jamais respecter nos échéances. En effet, rien ne sert de publier un numéro à temps si nous accusons un retard pour le suivant. Les dates limites pour la réception des textes seront donc celles inscrites dans la *Revue* du printemps 1976, soit: la mi-novembre pour le numéro d'hiver, la mi-février pour l'édition du printemps, la mi-mai pour l'été et le milieu d'août pour l'automne. Cela nous donnera chaque fois six semaines pour publier à temps les numéros de janvier, avril, juillet et octobre. Les articles qui nous parviendront après la date limite paraîtront dans le numéro suivant. Nous publierons tels quels les textes que nous recevrons, même s'ils contiennent des incorrections.

Nous avons reçu dernièrement une formule de changement d'adresse tellement illisible que nous n'avons pas pu déchiffrer le nom de l'abonné. En outre, il nous a donné sa nouvelle adresse, mais a omis l'ancienne. Nous nous sommes même donné la peine de faire vérifier la formule par nos experts en écriture. Ils n'y sont pas arrivés eux non plus. Il est vrai que la plupart des changements d'adresse ne nous causent pas autant d'ennuis, mais certains nous donnent du fil à retordre. S'il vous plaît, écrivez lisiblement et n'omettez aucun renseignement.

Avis à nos membres: la formule A-78 ne comporte plus la case que vous pouviez cocher pour nous faire part d'une naissance. Donc, nous n'en saurons rien si vous ne communiquez pas directement avec nous pour nous en informer. Si vous n'inscrivez pas tous les renseignements appropriés (voir la *Revue* du printemps 1976) tels que vos nom et matricule, le nom et le sexe de votre nouveau-né, le lieu et la date de naissance, nous ne pourrions les « inventer ». De plus, les changements d'adresse des membres qui prennent leur retraite ne nous sont pas automatiquement communiqués. Comme pour les naissances, nous serons forcés de vous oublier si vous ne nous avisez pas des changements.

Dans ce numéro, nos lecteurs auront droit à la nouvelle chronique du gendarme Keith Larson, intitulée « Outdoor Corner ». Il se peut que vous connaissiez déjà certaines de ses « trouvailles », mais pour la plupart d'entre elles, vous vous direz probablement: « Pourquoi n'y ai-je pas pensé moi-même? ».

La section « Lettres au rédacteur » apparaîtra de nouveau dans la *Revue* d'automne. Si quelque chose vous plaît ou vous déplaît, dites-le-nous. Nous ne pourrions pas publier toutes les lettres, mais nous tâcherons de vous en donner un échantillonnage satisfaisant. Ce sera votre tribune, alors n'hésitez pas à dire exactement ce que vous pensez.



Commissioner M. J. Nadon/Le commissaire M. J. Nadon.

Commissioner Nadon Retires

Le commissaire Nadon prend sa retraite

by David BITTLE

par David BITTLE

Maurice J. Nadon will retire from his position as Commissioner of the RCMP on September 1, 1977. Deputy Commissioner Robert H. Simmonds will then become Commissioner.

I interviewed Commissioner Nadon twice. The first time in his office, then with his wife at their home on Tweed Avenue, in Ottawa. On both occasions I found him to be honest, direct and open, certainly deserving of the title "One of the most respected Commissioners the Force has ever had." His wife, Madeleine, as down to earth as he is, responded sincerely to any questions I asked her, never failing to interject the good-natured humour for which she is so well known.

Commissioner Nadon was born on July 8, 1920, at Mattawa, Ontario, and moved to Ottawa with his family (11 in all) to finish school.

He joined the Force in January, 1941. As it was during the war, he, like most of his friends, had decided to join the RCAF and become a pilot. On the way back from submitting his application he happened to pass the Justice Building, where RCMP Headquarters were at the time, and thought he would walk in and obtain an application for the RCMP as well. After he had completed the application he returned to the Justice Building, and handed it to a sergeant at the desk. The sergeant confided in him:

"Son if you're smart you'll never join the RCMP."

He submitted the application anyway, and was called a month later. A month after he had joined the Force he was called for the RCAF.

M. Maurice J. Nadon quittera son poste de commissaire de la G.R.C. le 1^{er} septembre 1977. Le sous-commissaire Robert H. Simmonds lui succédera.

J'ai interviewé le commissaire Nadon à deux reprises, d'abord à son bureau, puis avec sa femme dans leur maison de l'avenue Tweed, à Ottawa. A chaque fois, je l'ai trouvé franc, ouvert et certainement digne du qualificatif: «Un des commissaires les plus respectés que la Gendarmerie ait jamais eus.» Sa femme Madeleine, qui a comme lui le sens des réalités, a répondu avec sincérité à toutes mes questions, en y ajoutant quelques pointes de cet humour enjoué qui semble faire partie de son caractère.

Né le 8 juillet 1920, à Mattawa (Ontario), Maurice Nadon a suivi sa famille à Ottawa pour y terminer ses études.

Il s'est engagé dans la Gendarmerie en janvier 1941. Nous étions en pleine guerre et il avait décidé, comme la plupart de ses amis, de s'enrôler dans la R.C.A.F. et de devenir pilote. Il venait tout juste d'en faire la demande lorsqu'il passa devant l'édifice du ministère de la Justice, où se trouvait alors la Direction générale de la G.R.C.; il décida d'y entrer et d'y demander, là aussi, les formulaires d'admission. Mais lorsqu'il revint à l'Édifice de la Justice remettre ses «papiers» dûment remplis, un sergent lui confia:

«Fiston, si tu es intelligent, jamais tu ne t'enrôleras dans la G.R.C.»

Le jeune Nadon présenta quand même sa demande qui fut acceptée un mois plus tard. Un mois après s'être engagé dans la G.R.C., il fut appelé par la R.C.A.F.

I asked him if he thought he might ever become Commissioner.

"No," he replied. "Everyone's ambition when they join the Force is to become a sergeant. The sergeant is probably the most well known individual, certainly better known than any officer. He is more visible to the public because of his investigations and more likely to be involved in true police work. Even after I was commissioned I didn't consider it. As a person advances in rank his ambition rises of course, but I've never actually had the time to sit back and figure out the angles."

During his early service Commissioner Nadon was employed in Quebec and Eastern Ontario in the Criminal Investigative field. It was while he was on detachment at Rimouski, in 1944, he met Madeleine for the first time, though they were not to be married until several years later.

Recalling her early married life, when her husband was still a constable, Mrs. Nadon remembered the one time she wasn't certain if she could trust her husband or not.

"I had been sick in the hospital for three months and at that time, as a constable, he was earning about a dollar and a half a day. There was no such thing as a government medicare programme then, and additional bills were difficult to pay. He had been working with counterfeit money for a while, and one day he phoned me at home to tell me he had been paraded in front of the C.O. I immediately had visions of briefcases full of counterfeit money, and I said, 'Maurice, don't tell me you've paid our bills with that?' 'No,' he replied, 'I've been promoted to corporal.'

Until his promotion to corporal, I must admit I did want him to leave the Force, feeling he could do better for himself on the outside. Now, of course, I'm glad he didn't follow my advice."

Je lui ai demandé s'il avait jamais pensé devenir, un jour, Commissaire:

« Non, a-t-il répondu. L'ambition de chaque recrue est de devenir sergent. De tous les policiers, le sergent est probablement le mieux connu et il jouit certainement d'un plus grand prestige. Il se fait connaître du public grâce à ses enquêtes et il est plus susceptible de faire du vrai travail policier. Je n'y ai pas pensé même après avoir été promu officier. Il est normal qu'une personne qui monte en grade ait plus d'ambition, mais en fait, je n'ai jamais eu le temps de spéculer sur mes chances de succès. »

M. Nadon a passé ses premières années de service au Québec et dans l'est de l'Ontario dans le domaine des enquêtes judiciaires. Il a rencontré Madeleine pour la première fois en 1944, alors qu'il était en poste à Rimouski, mais ils ne se sont mariés que plusieurs années plus tard.

Évoquant sa vie de jeune mariée, alors que son mari était encore simple gendarme, M^{me} Nadon se rappelle la seule fois qu'elle a mis en doute l'honnêteté de son mari.

« J'avais passé trois mois à l'hôpital, et à l'époque, il gagnait un dollar et demi par jour comme gendarme. Il n'existait alors aucun programme d'assurance-santé et nous avions du mal à régler les factures qui s'amoncelaient. Mon mari s'occupait de fausse monnaie depuis quelque temps, et un jour, il me téléphona à la maison pour me dire qu'il avait été convoqué par le commandant. Je me mis à imaginer des visions de valises pleines de faux billets, et je lui dis: « Maurice, ne me dis pas que tu as payé nos factures avec ça? » « Non, répondit-il, j'ai été promu caporal. »

« Jusqu'à sa promotion, je dois admettre que je voulais qu'il quitte la Gendarmerie parce que je croyais qu'il aurait un meilleur avenir ailleurs. Maintenant, bien sûr, je suis heureuse qu'il n'ait pas suivi mon conseil. »

When he was a constable, Commissioner Nadon admitted, he did consider leaving the Force. But this was because of an attraction from outside the Force as opposed to a problem from within it. He had always been interested in sports and thought enough of them to write to various companies and request information about starting a sports shop. As he had six or seven years service at the time, it seemed to be the right occasion to make a move if he was ever going to make one. However, he never went so far as to actually look for a business.

He remembers his work during the war years with a particular fondness, being proud of the fact that his investigations were so thorough no one else could do anything more with them. Perhaps he took longer to perform them than the average individual, but the final results demonstrated his thoroughness.

"Back in the early 50's we used to publish our own Annual Report. Every year they would mention several investigations which were out of the ordinary, and one year I investigated four out of the five they quoted."

Commissioner Nadon was always intrigued by investigations. During one investigation a certain individual's books were seized and held as evidence. The man's lawyer appeared and demanded the books be returned, claiming his client was unable to continue business without them. Cst. Nadon refused, saying they contained crucial evidence which the Crown would use in the event the accused denied his guilt. The lawyer promptly had his client prepare a statement admitting his guilt, then co-signed the statement as a witness!

During the war there were no specialized squads to handle particular types of complaints, and Cst. Nadon handled many diversified types of investigations. Once he investigated dairies which were supposedly producing more ice cream than their sugar ration would allow. It was necessary not only to obtain and analyze their recipe, but also analyze their produc-

Le Commissaire avoue qu'il a songé à quitter la Gendarmerie du temps où il était simple gendarme. Non pas parce que son travail lui causait des ennuis, mais bien parce que d'autres choses l'attiraient à l'extérieur. Il s'était toujours intéressé aux sports, au point d'écrire à diverses sociétés pour se renseigner avant d'ouvrir un magasin d'articles de sports. Il avait alors derrière lui six ou sept ans de service et il lui semblait que l'occasion d'entreprendre quelque chose était venue. Toutefois, il n'est jamais allé jusqu'à vraiment chercher un commerce. Il aime surtout se rappeler son travail du temps de la guerre. Il est fier du fait que ses enquêtes étaient tellement poussées que plus personne ne pouvait les retoucher. Il y mettait peut-être plus de temps que la moyenne de ses collègues, mais les résultats illustraient la qualité de son travail.

« Au début des années 50, on publiait notre propre rapport annuel. On y trouvait chaque année le récit de certaines enquêtes qui sortaient de l'ordinaire, et une année, j'avais eu la charge de quatre des cinq enquêtes mentionnées dans le rapport. »

Le commissaire Nadon a toujours été fasciné par le travail d'enquête. Pendant l'une d'entre elles, la comptabilité d'un suspect avait été saisie. L'avocat de l'inculpé se présenta et demanda la restitution des livres déclarant que son client était incapable de s'en passer pour la marche de ses affaires. Le gendarme Nadon refusa, disant qu'ils contenaient des éléments essentiels dont la Couronne pourrait se servir si l'accusé plaidait non coupable. L'avocat, prépara sur-le-champ un document attestant la culpabilité de son client, et il le cosigna lui-même comme témoin!

Pendant la guerre, il n'existait aucune escouade spécialisée pour traiter des affaires particulières. C'est pourquoi le gendarme Nadon a effectué différents types d'enquêtes. Il a un jour fait enquête sur des laiteries soupçonnées de produire plus de crème glacée que ne leur permettaient leurs quotas de sucre. Il fallait donc



"Trying... to stay behind my desk (has been my biggest challenge)... I find I'm almost a sort of prisoner..."

« Essayer... de rester derrière mon bureau (a été mon plus grand défi)... j'ai découvert que j'étais une espèce de prisonnier... »

tion over a year's time. Making a case out of documents only — for there was no other proof — he concluded they were using several hundred thousand pounds more sugar than they were permitted.

In an incident related to government contracts he investigated a person alleged to have a contract in Ottawa, but who was selling sub-contracts to other textile dealers in the Montreal area.

"One day you had to learn all about the textile industry — what constituted a government contract and how someone went about getting one. The next day you had to learn how to make ice cream. Another day I would be investigating coupons for butter or gas. This is the beauty and challenge of police work as I see it. One day you are talking to a wino in the street and the next day to the president of a company. A policeman is thrown into all types of situations, which is why he is able to adapt so quickly."

I asked him if he thought the appointment to Commissioner was the high point of his career.

"Not necessarily. I think it depends on what point in your career you are at. After it is all over, certainly. But if

non seulement obtenir et analyser leur recette de fabrication mais aussi analyser leur production sur une période d'une année. A partir des seuls documents — il n'y avait aucune autre preuve — il conclut que leur consommation excédait de plusieurs milliers de livres la limite permise.

Dans une affaire touchant les contrats du Gouvernement, il a enquêté sur une personne qui détenait un contrat à Ottawa mais qui revendait des sous-contrats à d'autres marchands de textiles dans la région de Montréal.

« Un jour, je devais tout apprendre sur l'industrie textile, sur ce qu'était un contrat du Gouvernement et sur les moyens d'en obtenir un. Le jour suivant, il me fallait apprendre à faire de la crème glacée. A un autre moment, je faisais enquête sur les coupons de beurre ou d'essence. C'est là l'intérêt et le défi du travail policier, tel que je le vois. Un jour, vous parlez à un « robineux » sur la rue, le lendemain à un président de société. Le policier est plongé dans toutes sortes de situations, ce qui explique pourquoi il peut s'adapter si facilement. »

Je lui ai demandé si sa nomination au poste de Commissaire constituait pour lui le point culminant de sa carrière.

« Pas vraiment. Je crois que cela dépend de l'échelon de carrière que vous avez atteint. Vu après-coup, cer-

you'd asked me this question earlier, I would have considered the biggest landmark in my career to be the day I was made corporal."

Following his commission in 1958, he was transferred to Vancouver, B.C., where he supervised Criminal Investigations in the lower mainland of British Columbia. He returned to Montreal in 1961 and in 1962 was transferred to Quebec City where, as Officer Commanding Quebec Sub-Division, he was responsible for all RCMP investigative work in the eastern half of the province.

In 1965 he was moved to Headquarters at Ottawa where, during the next five years he held several key positions in the Directorate of Criminal Investigations and attained the rank of Chief Superintendent.

In 1967 he was Security Officer for Heads of State at Expo '67, Montreal, and in that capacity was instrumental in setting up security arrangements for VIP's, including Queen Elizabeth II, Charles de Gaulle, Haile Selassie, Prince and Princess Takamatsu of Japan, Dmitri S. Polyansky and Antonin Novotny.

In the summer of 1970, he was promoted to the rank of Assistant Commissioner and took over the command of "O" Division, with Headquarters in Toronto.

Being the Commissioner's wife, Mrs. Nadon has always participated in Force functions with her husband. Though she admits she is the nervous type, it never bothered her to meet people. Coming from a family of fifteen, and having entertained members and their wives while her husband was O.C. in Quebec, she always looked forward to travelling and seeing new faces. She enjoyed all of the transfers, all of the trips. There was an incident in Toronto, however, she says she will never forget.

She was afraid of the move to Toronto at first, because she was still learning to speak English. She was worried at the time her lack of facility with the language

taînement. Mais si vous m'aviez posé la question plus tôt, je vous aurais répondu que le jour où j'ai été nommé caporal a été l'événement marquant de ma carrière."

Après sa promotion de 1958, il a été envoyé à Vancouver (C.-B.), où il a dirigé les enquêtes judiciaires pour la partie sud de la Colombie-Britannique. Il est retourné à Montréal en 1961 et a été muté à Québec en 1962, où, en qualité de commandant de la sous-division de Québec, il était responsable de tout le travail d'enquête de la G.R.C. dans la partie est de la province.

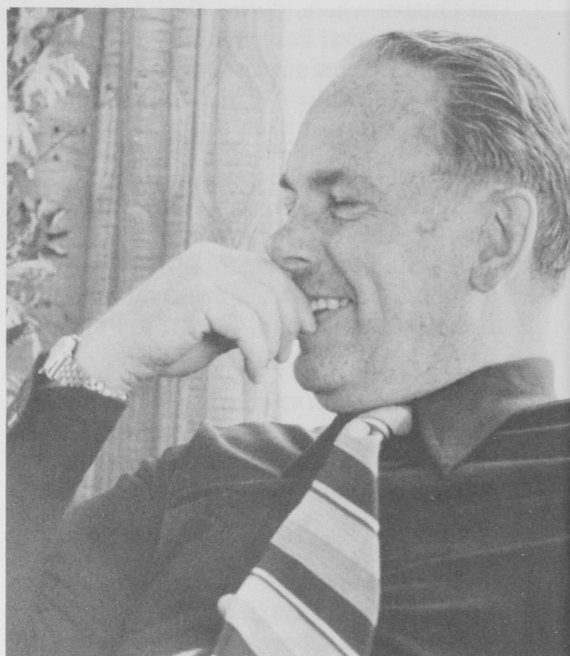
En 1965, il est passé à la Direction générale à Ottawa où, pendant les cinq années suivantes, il a occupé plusieurs postes clés à la Direction des enquêtes judiciaires et obtenu le grade de surintendant principal.

Responsable de la sécurité des chefs d'État à l'Expo 67 de Montréal, il a joué un rôle capital dans la mise en place du dispositif sécuritaire assigné aux personnes de marque, y compris la Reine Elizabeth, le général de Gaulle, l'empereur Haïlé Sélassié, le prince et la princesse Takamatsu du Japon, MM. Dmitri S. Polyansky et Antonin Novotny.

À l'été de 1970, il a été promu au rang de commissaire adjoint et a pris le commandement de la division «O», au quartier général de Toronto.

En raison du poste qu'occupait son mari, M^{me} Nadon a toujours été à ses côtés lors d'événements sociaux. Elle dit être nerveuse bien qu'elle ait toujours aimé rencontrer les gens. Issue d'une famille de quinze enfants et ayant été hôtesse pour les membres de la G.R.C. et leurs familles lorsque son mari était commandant à Québec, elle a toujours aimé voyager et voir de nouveaux visages. Elle a aimé chaque nouveau poste, chaque voyage. Toutefois, il y a un incident, à Toronto, qu'elle n'oubliera jamais.

Au début, elle appréhendait le déménagement à Toronto parce que sa connaissance de l'anglais était encore im-



would one day cause her embarrassment. It did.

"We were in the receiving line at a cocktail party and I was called upon to introduce the wife of a former Inspector of the Force. As the evening progressed I had introduced her to a number of people as Mrs. So-and-so, ex-member of the Force. After a while she said to me, 'Madeleine, we're not ex-members. We're retired members.' I asked her what the difference was, so she explained that a retired member has gone full service and has retired to pension. An ex-member could be anyone who spent even a year in the Force. With this information fresh in my mind I proceeded to say the next time, 'This is Mrs. So-and-so, retarded member of the Force.' She turned around to me, saying she preferred the term ex-member after all."

In July, 1972, he returned to Ottawa in charge of all RCMP Criminal Operations. On January 1, 1974, he was appointed Commissioner and assumed overall responsibility for the Force.

He and his wife both agree they could tell numerous anecdotes, many of them stemming from his travels as Commissioner.

"In the period of a year I visited all the Division and Sub-Division Headquarters in the Force. Usually I would speak for half an hour or so, then give the members an opportunity to ask questions.

On one occasion I had told the group that all members of the Force can aspire to become Commissioner, just as any citizen can aspire to become Prime Minister. One young lad stood up and said, 'Sir, as we all have aspirations to become Commissioner, perhaps you could tell us what your salary is.'

On another occasion after my talk, an older corporal stood up. He began, 'Mr. Commissioner, I don't have a question but I do have something to

parfaite, et elle craignait que son manque d'aisance dans cette langue ne lui cause quelque ennui un jour. C'est ce qui arriva.

"Nous étions les hôtes d'un cocktail et je devais présenter la femme d'un ancien inspecteur de la Gendarmerie. Au cours de la soirée, je la présentai à un certain nombre de personnes comme étant M^{me} Untel, ex-membre de la Gendarmerie. Après un certain temps, elle me dit: «Madeleine, nous ne sommes pas ex-membres, mais bien membres à la retraite.» Je lui demandai quelle était la différence et elle m'expliqua qu'un membre retraité avait fait tout son temps de service et pris sa retraite alors qu'un ex-membre pouvait être n'importe qui ayant passé quelque temps à la Gendarmerie. Munie de ces renseignements, je la présentai la fois suivante comme: «Voici M^{me} Untel, membre «retardée» de la Gendarmerie.» Elle se retourna et me dit qu'après tout, elle préférait le terme «ex-membre».

En juillet 1972, Maurice Nadon retourne à Ottawa en qualité de responsable de la sûreté. Le 1^{er} janvier 1974, il est nommé Commissaire et prend la tête de toute la Gendarmerie.

Sa femme et lui s'entendent pour dire qu'ils pourraient relater de nombreuses anecdotes dont la plupart ont trait à ses voyages en tant que Commissaire.

"En l'espace d'une année, j'ai visité les quartiers généraux de toutes les divisions et sous-divisions de la Gendarmerie. D'habitude, je parlais pendant environ une demi-heure pour ensuite donner aux membres l'occasion de poser des questions.

"Un jour, j'avais dit à un groupe que tous les membres de la Gendarmerie pouvaient songer à devenir Commissaire, tout comme n'importe quel citoyen peut aspirer à devenir Premier ministre. Un jeune homme se leva et dit: «Monsieur, vu que nous aspirons tous à devenir Commissaire, vous

say. Sir, we have something in common. We've both gone as far in this Force as we can hope to go.'

Unions and associations were quite topical at that time, and it was about this which the corporal wished to speak.

'I've had problems in the Force,' he continued, 'and most people have problems at one stage or another, but the Force has looked after me. I don't blame these youngsters for asking questions about this or that, but I didn't need any association or union to look after me. Obviously you didn't either, Sir!''

Before becoming Commissioner he was interviewed by the Solicitor General. He assumed others were also being interviewed for the position, although he did not know how many. Following the first interview, he was interviewed by the Prime Minister.

"In my case there was no committee formed, as is sometimes done. Incumbents to the position were recommended to the Minister who, in turn, made his own recommendation."

The day he was appointed Commissioner was an event in itself, and quite an upheaval for his family. Ottawa had been hit by one of its more than usually bad snowstorms, and traffic was at a standstill. His daughter heard the news on her car radio. His son, who had already left to go on a skiing trip out west, did not learn of the appointment until later that evening. Mrs. Nadon was told by a neighbour who had heard the report on the radio. He had not even heard the official word himself. Mrs. Nadon gave her reactions.

"All I can say is that I was both proud and excited about Maurice's appointment. As a matter of fact, a neighbour and I had a bet going, as to who was to be appointed. She came over to give me the money, with her congratulations."

pourriez peut-être nous dire combien vous gagnez. »

Un autre jour, un vieux caporal me dit après mon discours: « M. le Commissaire, je n'ai aucune question, mais j'ai quand même quelque chose à dire. Monsieur, nous avons quelque chose en commun: ni vous ni moi ne pouvons espérer plus d'avancement au sein de la Gendarmerie. »

Les syndicats et les associations étaient tout à fait d'actualité à l'époque, et le caporal voulait justement en parler.

« J'ai eu des ennuis dans la Gendarmerie, poursuivit-il, car la plupart des gens ont des ennuis à un moment ou à un autre. Mais la Gendarmerie a veillé sur moi. Je comprends ces jeunes qui s'interrogent sur ceci ou cela, mais je n'ai pas eu besoin de syndicat ou d'association pour s'occuper de moi. Et vous non plus, Monsieur, à ce qu'il paraît! »

Avant de devenir Commissaire, M. Nadon a rencontré le Solliciteur général. Il crut que d'autres avaient été interviewés pour le poste bien qu'il ne sût pas combien exactement. Après la première entrevue, il vit le Premier ministre.

« Dans mon cas, il n'y a pas eu de comité de créé comme il arrive parfois. Les candidats au poste étaient recommandés au ministre qui, à son tour, faisait sa propre recommandation. »

Le jour de sa nomination fut tout un événement en soi et toute une surprise pour sa famille. Ottawa avait été frappé par une de ses tempêtes plus qu'habituelles et la circulation était au point mort. Sa fille entendit la nouvelle à la radio, dans sa voiture. Son fils, qui venait de partir en voyage de ski dans l'Ouest, n'entendit parler de rien avant tard dans la soirée. M^{me} Nadon l'apprit d'un voisin qui l'avait entendu à la radio; il n'avait eu aucune confirmation officielle lui-même. M^{me} Nadon nous parle de sa réaction.

It is almost ironic the Commissioner's family heard the news on the radio and not from him. However, it is in keeping with the fact he never told his family anything about what happened at the office. His wife would never even learn, for example, that close friends of hers were being transferred until the official list was posted.

What does a man do the day he is officially appointed as Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police? For others it is difficult to say, but Commissioner Nadon was shovelling his driveway in an attempt to get his car off the road.

When asked what he considered the biggest challenge of his career, Commissioner Nadon replied:

"Trying to handle the business of staying behind my desk and not being able to get out on my own when I wanted to. I'd like to be out all the time if I could, but I find I'm almost a sort of prisoner, at least more than I would like to be."

Commissioner Nadon is the type of man who says little of his own accomplishments. Even when queried directly, he will attempt to play down his own importance as much as possible. Were it not for the fact the Force has written his biography, it would be virtual-

« Tout ce que je puis dire, c'est que la nomination de Maurice me rendait à la fois fière et emballée. D'ailleurs, une voisine et moi avions fait des paris sur cette nomination. Elle est venue m'apporter l'argent et ses félicitations. »

Il est presque ironique que la famille du Commissaire ait entendu la nouvelle à la radio et non de lui. Toutefois, il observait ainsi son habitude de ne jamais rien dire à sa famille sur ce qui se passait au bureau. Par exemple, sa femme n'apprenait jamais que de proches amis avaient été mutés avant que la liste officielle ne soit affichée.

Que fait un homme le jour où il a été nommé officiellement Commissaire de la Gendarmerie royale du Canada? Pour d'autres, il est difficile de le dire, mais le commissaire Nadon lui, tentait de débayer son entrée pour sortir sa voiture.

Quand on lui demande ce qu'il considère avoir été le plus grand défi de sa carrière de Commissaire, il répond:

« Essayer de rester derrière mon bureau et ne pas être capable de m'occuper moi-même de certaines choses. J'aurais aimé aller partout si je l'avais pu, mais j'ai découvert que j'étais une espèce de prisonnier, du moins, plus que je ne voulais l'être. »

Le commissaire Nadon est de ceux qui parlent peu de leurs propres réalisations. Même lorsqu'on lui demande direc-

"As a person advances in rank his ambition rises of course, but I've never actually had the time to sit back and figure out the angles."

« Il est normal qu'une personne qui monte en grade ait plus d'ambition, mais en fait, je n'ai jamais eu le temps de spéculer sur mes chances de succès. »



Commissioner L. H. Nicholson, retired, bestows the title of Commander Brother in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem on Commissioner Nadon.

Le commissaire retraité L. H. Nicholson confère au commissaire Nadon le titre de Frère commandeur de l'Ordre très vénérable de l'Hôpital Saint-Jean de Jérusalem.



ly impossible to learn that he is a graduate of the Canadian Police College, or that he is a member of the Executive Committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police (I.A.C.P.) and a member of the Canadian delegation to the General Assemblies of the International Criminal Police Organization (Interpol). He received the RCMP Long Service Medal in 1961 and has since added the Bronze, Silver and Gold Clasps and Stars. He was made Commander Brother in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem on May 14, 1976.

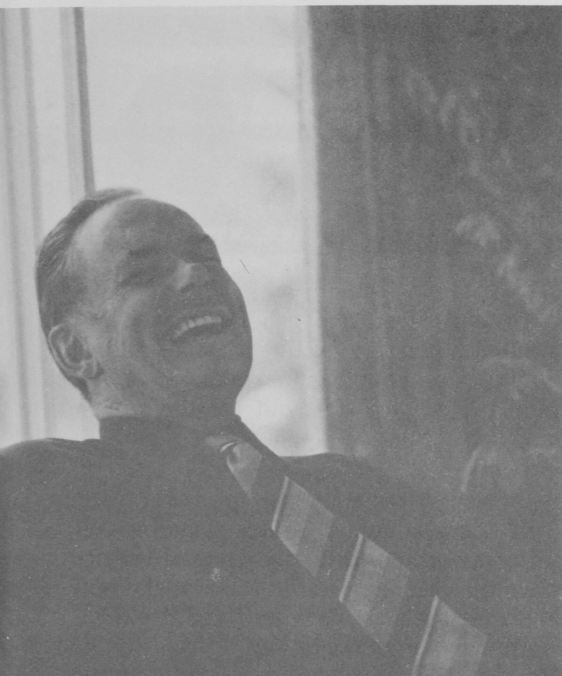
Looking back on her husband's life in the Force, Mrs. Nadon feels it has all been worthwhile, and good for the entire family. There were times in the early years when she wouldn't see him for three or four weeks if he had gone on an investigation, but she knew those times wouldn't last forever. She was always proud of her husband and wanted him to do a good job. She never interfered with his work, even though she sometimes felt she was competing with his briefcase, and the briefcase was winning.

"Sometimes during the evening at home when he had his briefcase open, I would come up and start talking to him. Five minutes later in the conversation he would look up and ask, 'Are you talking to me?'"

tement, il essaie de diminuer son rôle le plus possible. Si la Gendarmerie n'avait pas publié sa biographie, personne ne saurait qu'il est diplômé du Collège canadien de police, qu'il est membre du Comité exécutif de l'Association internationale des chefs de police (A.I.C.P.) et qu'il a été membre de la délégation canadienne aux assemblées générales de l'Organisation internationale de police criminelle (Interpol). Il a reçu la médaille d'ancienneté de la G.R.C. en 1961, à laquelle se sont ajoutées les médailles de bronze et d'argent, l'agrafe d'or et les étoiles. Le 14 mai 1976, il a été fait Frère commandeur de l'Ordre très vénérable de l'Hôpital Saint-Jean de Jérusalem.

Lorsqu'elle revoit la carrière de son mari au sein de la Gendarmerie, M^{me} Nadon a le sentiment que ce furent là de bons moments, pour elle et sa famille. Dans les débuts, elle le voyait partir pendant trois ou quatre semaines pour une enquête, mais elle savait que ces temps ne dureraient pas toujours. Elle a toujours été fière de son mari et a toujours eu son succès à cœur. Elle n'est jamais intervenue dans son travail, même si quelquefois il lui semblait qu'elle faisait concurrence à la paperasse et que celle-ci l'emportait.

"Parfois, le soir à la maison, lorsque sa serviette était ouverte, j'allais le voir pour lui parler. Cinq minutes plus tard,



Plans for the future are indefinite. For the first six months though, Commissioner Nadon intends to take it easy and fulfill his one burning desire. Never has he had the chance to sit down and read a book from cover to cover, if he chose, without interruption. After the six months are over he may go back to university, or, as he would like, build a log cabin with his own hands.

However, all of these plans are in the future and may or may not happen. Whatever he does though, it will be with the same perseverance and dedication he displayed while he was Commissioner of the Force. Whether or not his wife will ever get him to go shopping with her, as she is determined to do, remains an unanswered question.

Note : Photographs of the Commissioner in his office were taken by Cpl. Gerry McCall of the RCMP Scenes of Crime Section. Photo sequences of the Commissioner and his wife were taken by Sgt. Don Guerrette of the Scenes of Crime Section.

il me regardait et disait: « C'est à moi que tu parles? »

Le Commissaire n'a que de vagues projets d'avenir. Pour les six premiers mois par contre, il a l'intention de se reposer et de satisfaire un désir très cher, soit prendre le temps de lire un livre de la première à la dernière page, sans interruption, ce qu'il n'a jamais pu faire. Les premiers six mois passés, il pourra retourner à l'université, ou, comme il aimerait, construire une cabane en rondins de ses propres mains.

Toutefois, ces projets appartiennent à l'avenir et peuvent ne pas se réaliser. Peu importe ce qu'il fasse, il le fera avec la même détermination et le même dévouement dont il a fait preuve alors qu'il était Commissaire de la Gendarmerie. Quant à savoir s'il ira magasiner avec sa femme, comme elle le désire, cela reste une question sans réponse.

Note : Les photos du Commissaire à son bureau ont été prises par le caporal Gerry McCall de la Section des lieux du crime. Les photos du Commissaire et de sa femme ont été prises par le sergent Don Guerrette de la même Section.

o u t d o o r c o r n e r

by Cst. Keith LARSON



Keith Larson was born in the northern New Brunswick town of Bathurst, and has been involved with the outdoors from early childhood. At four years old he was already going fishing with his father, and visiting the diamond drilling camps his grandfather owned. At age eight he had joined the Boy Scouts. Even after the death of his father, he was off to the bush every week-end. If not with the Scouts, he was with one of his uncles, fishing and hunting. By fourteen he was heading to the woods alone, determined to learn all he could. Today he's still doing it.

Keith joined the RCMP on December 1, 1975, at Fredericton. His first posting was to the Olympic Games, and subsequently to C.I.B. Police-Community Relations Section in Ottawa. As an Assistant Scout Leader in Aylmer, Que., most of his weekends are spent in the woods of Eastern Ontario and Western Quebec, some of which are spent teaching youngsters much of what he knows about survival in the outdoors.

One thing the ecologically-minded fisherman should never do is throw an undersized or unwanted fish back into the water. It should be placed in the water gently. Otherwise, the shock of hitting the water's surface can stun it momentarily and make it susceptible to predators.

~ ~ ~

If you ever pop a hook through your clothing because of some outlandish cast, or because the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, don't curse. Just wrap your fishing line around the hook enough times to fill the gap between it and the barb, then back it out of your clothing.

~ ~ ~

Instead of scaring fish away with unwanted noises, try putting a dab of rubber caulking on your oar locks, tackle boxes, etc., before you start out for the season with your boat.

~ ~ ~

If you are having trouble cleaning soiled or tarnished lures, try using a denture cleanser. Merely let the lures soak until the water is clear, then buff and dry them with a paper towel or rag.

~ ~ ~

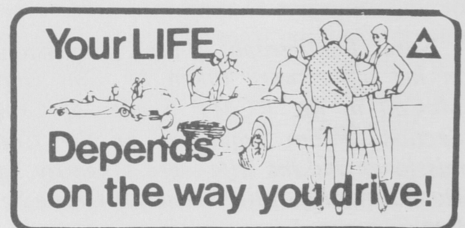
If you ever come across another fisherman whose luck or skill brought him to a good hole, give him a wide berth so you do not disturb his fishing. Courtesy is contagious.

~ ~ ~

If you are plagued by dirty dishes on a weekend hike, and hot water is limited because of the time needed to heat a kettle three or four times, use cool water to wash the dishes and hot water to rinse them. A hot water rinse lowers the bacteria count and makes the dishes easy to air-dry.

~ ~ ~

Smelly camp coolers can be easily deodorized by placing three or four charcoal briquettes in them overnight.



looking back / revenons

100 YEARS AGO

The efforts of the police to prevent the introduction of liquor from the United States to the North-West Territories of Canada have been eminently successful. It is believed that, with one exception, every attempt to violate the law in this respect has been immediately detected, the liquor seized, and the traders fined or imprisoned.

The case referred to as the exception occurred near Fort Macleod on the 14th and 15th of April, when the police succeeded in breaking up a whiskey ring which for some time previously had evaded their vigilance. Two men were arrested on the 14th and 106 gallons of whiskey seized: the following day two others were caught, and a few days afterwards a barrel containing 45 gallons of whiskey was found on the prairie. A fifth man who was met on the prairie by a constable of the police force cut loose a keg of whiskey which was attached to his saddle, and by the fleetness of his horse succeeded in making his escape. The four men who were captured were fined \$200 each or in default six months imprisonment.

From the annual report of Commissioner J. F. Macleod of the NWMP, 1877.

75 YEARS AGO

On January 13, a prairie fire was started by a Canadian Pacific Railway engine about two miles east of the village, but it was put out before any great damage was done.

In April, there were several prairie fires but they did little harm with the exception of one which started on the north side of the railway near Dunmore and which,

100 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

Les efforts de la Police à cheval du Nord-ouest en vue d'enrayer la contrebande d'alcool en provenance des États-Unis ont été couronnés de succès. Nous osons croire que toutes les violations de la loi à cet égard, sauf une, ont été immédiatement découvertes, l'alcool saisi et les fraudeurs condamnés à l'amende ou à une peine d'emprisonnement.

L'incident, qui constitue l'exception, a eu lieu près du Fort MacLeod les 14 ou 15 avril lorsque la police a réussi à démanteler un réseau de contrebande qui avait trompé sa vigilance quelque temps auparavant. Le 14, deux hommes ont été arrêtés et on a saisi 106 gallons de whisky; deux autres ont été pris le lendemain et on a retrouvé un baril de 45 gallons de whisky dans la prairie quelques jours plus tard. Au même endroit, un gendarme a surpris un cinquième homme qui a réussi à s'enfuir grâce à la rapidité de son cheval, ce, après s'être défait du tonnelet de whisky attaché à sa selle. Les quatre hommes capturés ont été condamnés à \$200 d'amende, ou à défaut de paiement, à six mois de prison.

Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire J. F. Macleod, de la P.C.N.-O. (1877).

75 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

Le 13 janvier, une prairie fut mise en feu par une locomotive du chemin de fer Canadien Pacifique, à environ 2 milles à l'est du village, mais l'incendie fut éteint avant d'avoir causé de sérieux dommages.

Au mois d'avril, il y eut plusieurs feux de prairie, mais ils firent peu de dégâts, si l'on en excepte un qui éclata du côté nord du chemin de fer, près de Dunmore, et se

burning in a north-easterly direction, destroyed a large quantity of feed. Sheep-owners were the principal sufferers from this fire, the origin of which could not be traced.

A fire started on September 29, between Medicine Lodge and Ten Mile detachments in a mysterious way. It was supposed to have originated from a shod horse having struck a flint and ignited the grass. Settlers and police put it out before it had done much damage.

Early in October, prairie fire smoke was discernible from Maple Creek in various directions and the air was full of it until heavy rain on the 9th and 10th put out the fires and cleared the air.

One of these fires, at Gull Lake, was said by a railway engineer to have been started by a locomotive, but the origin of another large fire about fifteen miles distant could not be traced at all.

From the annual report of Commissioner A. Bowen Perry of the NWMP, 1902.

50 YEARS AGO

Inspector F. Humby, reporting for "B" Division (the Yukon), pending the arrival of Superintendent T. M. Shoebotham, who had been appointed to command the division, reports a total strength of 39, a slight increase on last year; however, he repeats the recommendation that it be raised to 50. He writes:

"This territory is becoming more and more popular as a holiday resort, tourists increasing every year, a larger number every year making the round trip, i.e., from Skagway to Dawson, thence, down-river to Fairbanks, Alaska, and out by way of Anchorage, Alaska: this year some 9,000 entered by way of the White Pass Summit, all of whom are examined by the constable at that detachment in his

propagea dans la direction nord-est, détruisant beaucoup de foin. Ce sont les éleveurs de moutons qui ont le plus souffert de ce feu, dont l'origine n'a pu être déterminée.

Le 29 septembre, un incendie mystérieux se déclara entre les postes des détachements de Medicine-Lodge et de Dix-Milles. L'on a supposé qu'un cheval ferré avait frappé un caillou et que l'étincelle produite par le choc avait enflammé l'herbe. Les colons et les gendarmes ont éteint le feu avant qu'il ait causé beaucoup de dommages.

Au commencement d'octobre, de la fumée de feux de prairies était visible de Maple Creek dans diverses directions, et l'air en a été rempli jusqu'à ce que d'abondantes pluies, le 9 et le 10, aient éteint les feux et éclairci l'atmosphère. Un de ces feux, au Lac-des-Mauves, aurait été provoqué, au dire d'un mécanicien de chemin de fer, par une locomotive, mais l'origine d'un autre grand feu, à environ 15 milles plus loin, n'a pu être déterminée.

Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire A. Bowen Perry de la G.C.N.-O. (1902)

50 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

L'inspecteur F. Humby, qui présente le rapport pour la division "B" (le Yukon) en attendant l'arrivée de l'ancien surintendant T.-M. Shoebotham, qui avait été nommé commandant de la division, rapporte que l'effectif total est de 39, une légère augmentation comparée à l'an dernier. Il réitère, toutefois, la recommandation que l'effectif soit porté à 50. Il écrit:

« Ce territoire devient de plus en plus populaire comme lieu de tourisme et le nombre des touristes augmente chaque année. Le nombre des touristes qui font le voyage aller et retour, de Skagway à Dawson, descendent la rivière à Fairbanks, Alaska, et sortent du pays par voie d'Anchorage, Alaska, s'accroît chaque année. Cette année, environ 9,000 touristes sont entrés dans le pays par le

capacity of Deputy Immigration Inspector.”

From the annual report of Commissioner Cortlandt Starnes of the RCMP, 1927.

25 YEARS AGO

Royal Visit. — Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Canada during October and November, and it was the special responsibility of this Force to ensure the safety of the Royal couple. This pleasant duty was accomplished, I am glad to say, without any incident coming to light that might have marred the tour. Much of the credit for this is due to the thousands of persons who gathered at the various cities, towns and villages across the nation to welcome Their Royal Highnesses, and I should be delinquent if I did not take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation for their thoughtful co-operation. At the conclusion of the tour Their Royal Highnesses graciously invited Assistant Commissioner M. F. E. Anthony, who was in charge of all security arrangements, and the four members of the Force who had acted as their personal orderlies to accompany them on their return journey to Great Britain.

From the annual report of Commissioner L. H. Nicholson of the RCMP, 1952.

sommet de White-Pass. Le gendarme de faction à ce détachement les a tous examinés en sa qualité de sous-inspecteur de l'immigration.

Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire Cortlandt Starnes de la R.G.C.C. (1927)

25 ANS EN ARRIÈRE

La visite royale. - Lorsque Leurs Altesses Royales la princesse Elizabeth et le duc d'Edimbourg ont visité le Canada en octobre et novembre, la Gendarmerie était spécialement chargée de veiller à la sécurité du couple royal, tâche agréable qui n'a été marquée, je suis heureux de le déclarer, d'aucun incident fâcheux. Le mérite en revient aux milliers de gens qui sont accourus dans les villes et villages acclamer Leurs Altesses, et je m'en voudrais de ne pas profiter de l'occasion pour les féliciter de leur bienveillant concours. A la fin de leur voyage, Leurs Altesses ont gracieusement invité le sous-commissaire M. F. E. Anthony, préposé aux mesures de sécurité, et les quatre gendarmes qui formaient leur garde personnelle à les accompagner jusqu'en Angleterre.

Extrait du rapport annuel du commissaire L. H. Nicholson de la R.G.C.C. (1952)

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Cold Turkey

by Cst. K. F. McGUIRE

At times we introduce an article to set our readers into the right time frame, the right historical frame, the right geographical frame — or whatever. In this instance, nothing we would write could possibly set the stage better than Cst. McGuire's own introduction. Ed.

I have been a member of the Force for eight years now and during that time a subscriber to the Quarterly. During this time one can't help but be amused by the way some crimes are solved and the "bad guys" apprehended. Quite often the Quarterly relates these stories to our members and I'm sure most readers get a kick out of them.

We have all often heard the term "Cold Turkey" used by policemen in real life and in the movies when they catch someone. Well, the members of this Detachment have a story to relate which you may wish to publish that may shed some light on where that term may have been derived from.

On the morning of April 16, 1977, Cst. J. S. Jones of the Baie Verte Detachment received a phone call that overnight, someone had broken the lock off the dining room at Week's Hotel in Baie Verte, Nfld. The Manager, Mr. Bart Philpott, said that some food had been taken from the kitchen. At the time, Cst. Jones was on call at home with the "Code-A-Phone." He in turn passed the information on to me. Upon arrival at the office, I first had to release a prisoner who had been locked up from the night before. While at the office, Cst. Jones came in, in civvies, to see what was going on. He left shortly afterwards and I went to the hotel to begin the investigation.

I talked to the manager and the staff and learned that the Hotel Bar was closed at about 12:30 a.m. by the barmaid. Names of the last people to leave were obtained. I was told the culprit(s) gained en-

try by smashing a padlock on the dining room doors, going on through the dining room into the kitchen and stealing a cooked 15 lb. turkey used to make cold sandwiches, a pkg. of sliced cheese, sliced ham and tomatoes.

In an effort to ensure none of the hotel guests were responsible, the rooms were checked and searched. All the involved guests were very agreeable and quite willing to help. The usual questions were asked such as what time did you get in? did you see anyone? and so on.

Among the guests was an Irish singing group, popular in Nfld. They were playing at the "Socialite Club" for the weekend and had arrived at the hotel around 2:00 a.m. At that point they saw no one, remaining in their room drinking most of the night through. After the investigation inside the hotel, the outside grounds were checked. A footprint was found in the freshly fallen snow on the rear fire escape to the hotel. At the foot of the fire escape, more footprints were found leaving the back step in a wide circle, then returning to the same steps. These were photographed and measured. The footprints circled an old wooden garbage box at the back of the hotel, in which we found a white plastic garbage bag sitting on top of the new snow, indicating it had been placed there after the snowfall. Inside the bag were the remains of the turkey, on its serving plate, some partly eaten tomatoes, a drink glass, empty cigarette packages and soap wrappers. The bag and contents were taken back to the hotel. Hotel staff members said it was their turkey, and the glass and soap wrappers had come from one of their rooms. The white garbage bag was probably from one of the waste containers. Fortunately the staff had not yet cleaned the rooms for that day.

It thus became a matter of rechecking the hotel rooms and the one in which the

garbage bag was missing would no doubt, turn out to be the room in which the culprit(s) were staying. The only bag missing was one from the band members' room at the back of the hotel, right next to the rear fire escape door. There was little doubt that the band was "drunked up," had become hungry, and had done the "fowl" deed.

By this time, the band was playing back at the club. I drove there and interviewed the band spokesman. I explained we had found the missing turkey, that fingerprints were no doubt on the glass and that from the footprints we could even prove who had thrown the "remains" in the garbage box. So, taking all this into consideration, we wanted an admission from them or we would arrest the whole lot for Breaking and Entering. The spokesman complied in a cautioned statement, admitting their drunkenness. He had broken in and they

had all eaten the food after which another band member had thrown the leftovers away. All four were subsequently charged with B.E. and Theft. We had nailed them — "Cold Turkey!"

Had the footprints not been found on the rear fire escape, and in the rear yard, we would probably not have assumed that anyone had been there. Neither would the leftovers have been found in the garbage box. Without this evidence, the crime would most likely have gone unsolved.

After returning to the office, a file was opened and the details of the investigation written down. Feeling quite proud of the outcome, I showed it to Cst. Jones, who had come in to work by then. On reading it he began to laugh and said, "Those footprints were mine. I went over there to take a look around on my way to the office this morning."

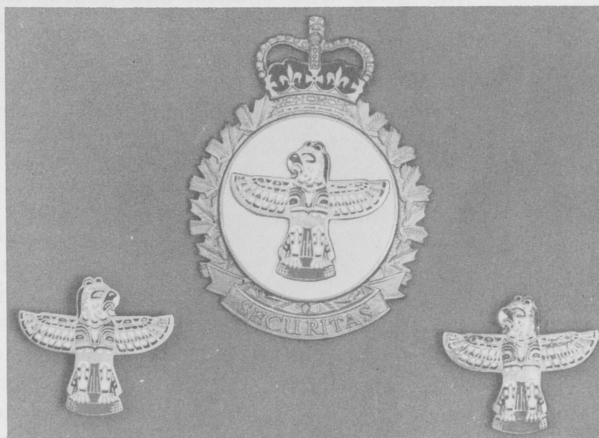
Thunderbird

by Major R. H. COLE

The Forces' association with the Canadian Armed Forces is well known, particularly with that branch of service once known as the Canadian Provost Corps. In 1939, the RCMP were given permission to form a provost company which would be known as the No. 1 Provost Company (RCMP). The Volume 12, No. 2, October, 1946, issue of the Quarterly features an article entitled "Battle-dress Patrol" by then A1Commr. (Later Commissioner) L. H. Nicholson, M.B.E., who dealt with some of the duties of that Company.

Since then, the Army, Navy and Air Force have been unified into the Canadian Forces and the policing unit of those three sections are now collectively called the "Security Branch of the Canadian Forces." This is their new insignia and story behind its being adopted. ED.

Indian legend identifies the Thunderbird as an "enormous bird that dwarfed the



Pictured in the centre is the hat badge worn by members of the Security Branch, with the collar insignia shown on both sides of it.

mightiest of eagles; when it flapped its huge wings it produced thunder; when it rolled its huge eyes it produced lightning."

In April, 1972, Her Majesty the Queen graciously approved the Badge for the Security Branch of the Canadian Forces. The Badge is an adaptation of the mythical thunderbird and from that design has evolved all insignia, badges and symbols of the security Branch, the basic motif remaining intact and authentic as much as possible. Final approval by the Queen was the culmination of over six years of planning, discussion, research and comprehensive consideration and examination by a myriad of expert and lay individuals.

The thunderbird is a mythical Indian spirit, probably derived from the eagle, whose name signifies the voice of thunder. It is one of the most common emblems of the Northwest Coast Indian tribes and is often the crowning figure on carved totem poles before a chief's house. It is believed to be a symbol of supremacy and power in the life of the tribe. The mystique surrounding this emblem varies according to the legends of the tribe concerned. The common features of its attributes, however, concern its role as a protecting spirit, one who gives wise counsel and guards the tribe from evil and misfortune. These attributes make it an appropriate symbol for the Security Branch of the Canadian Forces. It is a bold and striking emblem, distinctive in appearance and identifiably Canadian.

The heraldic significance, although relatively straightforward, merits some elaboration in this article. Of significance is the fact that the face depicted on the chest of the bird symbolizes the bird's ability to transform itself into human or any other form; for our purposes the face alludes to the dual role assigned to the Security Branch and is meant to symbolize both the overt and covert operations.

The motto — SECURITAS — is a latin word meaning "peace of mind", "making

sure" and "securing". The latter meaning is accepted as the intent of the motto.

Early in 1966, the amalgamation of the Security, Intelligence and Police elements of the three services as a single entity of the Canadian Forces was approved in principle. In anticipation of the ultimate amalgamation, and as a result of a decision to develop distinctive insignia and badges for proposed single entities, a steering committee was appointed by the Director General of Intelligence to consider and recommend appropriate insignia, symbols and badges for the Security Branch. By early 1967, the committee, composed of a member from the RCAF, one from the Navy and two from the Army, decided upon the thunderbird as a basis upon which to design an identifying insignia. Their proposals were submitted to the Director of Ceremonial for design preparation and submission for formal approval in June, 1967.

The basic design, to be used as a Badge, headdress and collar insignia, as well as for other selected items, was described as "a thunderbird set in a wreath of maple leaves with a scroll bearing the word SECURITAS — silver or white metal with black markings".

The Badge that ultimately evolved was arrived at only after long and tedious research and by enlisting the aid of the best known critics, not the least of whom was the artist, with his vast experience of Heraldic matters, a considerable amount of which was gained from the College of Arms. It was examined by noted authorities on ethnology, both in the National Museum of Canada and the Provincial Museum of British Columbia. It was examined and favourably commented upon by a traditional and hereditary Chief of the Kwakwaka'wakw people of the Northwest Coast, for authenticity and detail. Indeed, even the motto was researched as to precise meaning to preclude any risk of a double meaning being attached that would discredit the service in any way. As a result of the research and after many prototypes, the finished

design as we know it eventually evolved. The painting of that Badge is dated November, 1971.

The thunderbird, identifiably Canadian and distinctively Northwest Coast, is found in a multitude of forms and has as many myths and stories associated with it. The thunderbird and description as finally accepted does not necessarily belong to, nor did it evolve from, any specific tribe. It is, however, authentic as

to detail and colour with a distinctive Northwest Coast Indian flair or flavour of design.

The thunderbird was generally accepted as an honourable bird, a good spirit, one dedicated to helping man. In the mythical world of ancient Indian lore it was never identified as a doer of evil or a bearer of treachery with malice. We can rightfully wear the Thunderbird with pride.

Suggestion Award Program

The following members of the Force have been awarded cash and presented with a certificate from the Suggestion Award Program.

Cst. S. Ayliffe received an award of \$50.00 for his suggestion to reflect only the current tariff and the non-recurring installation cost on an original Local Purchase Order. Insp. G. T. Train, Officer i/c "E" Division Telecommunications, presented Cst. Ayliffe with his Certificate on March 10, 1977.

Sgt. R. Zarusky received an award of \$200.00 to be divided equally between Cpl. J. B. Bagg of "D" Division and himself. He suggested that all police transport be equipped with electric door locks which would be controlled by the operator of the unit. This suggestion re-activated a similar one previously made by Cpl. J. B. Bagg which had been rejected at the time. Insp. Smith, Regina Sub-Division, presented Sgt. Zarusky with his Suggestion Award and certificate on January 28, 1977.



Insp. G. T. Train, left, presents a certificate to Cst. S. Ayliffe.



Insp. Smith makes the presentation to Sgt. Zarusky.

Robert W. Service Bard of the Klondike

by Edward F. BUSH

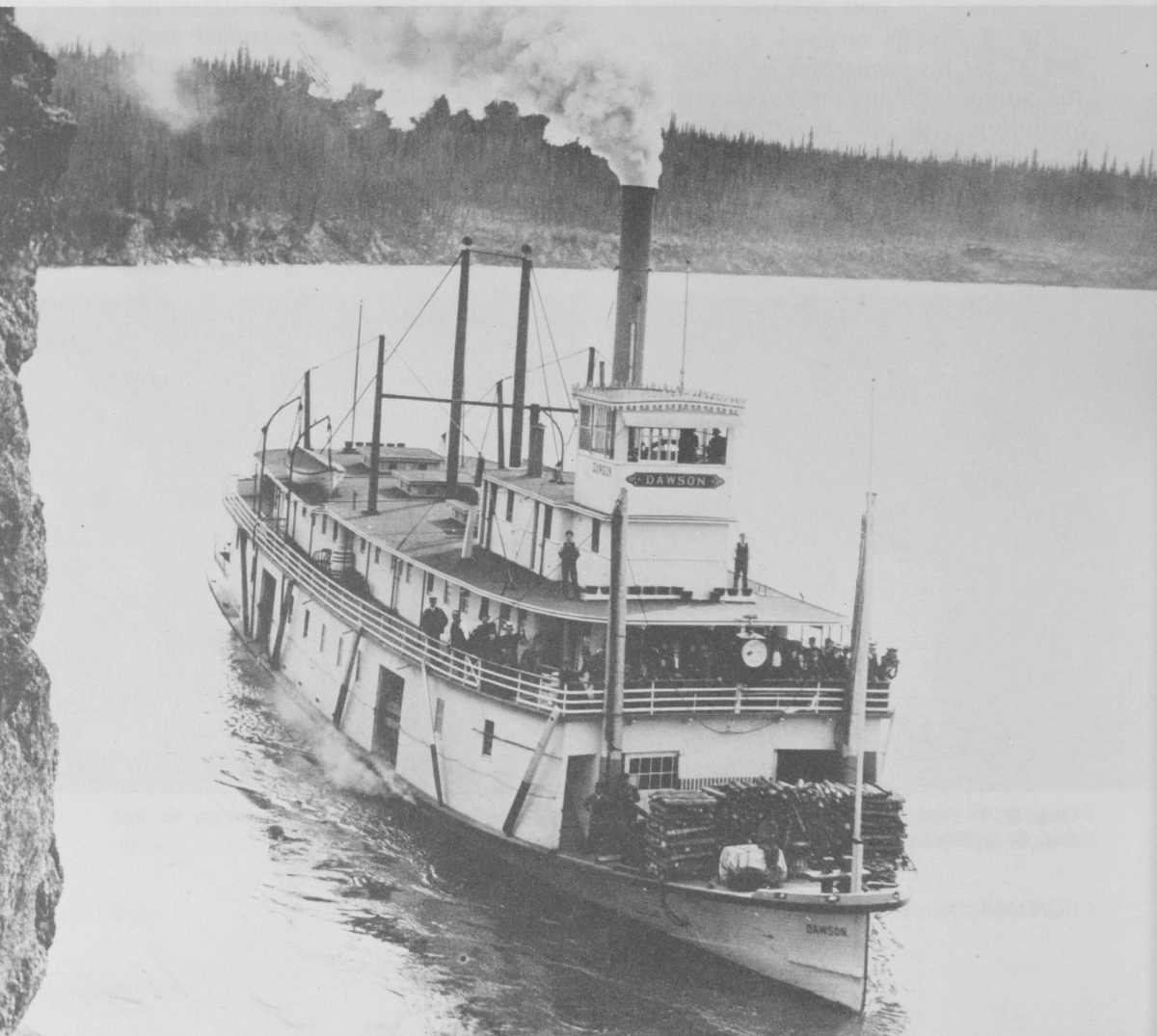
Rollicking verse such as “The Shooting of Dan McGrew” and “The Cremation of Sam McGee” immortalized the 1898 gold rush to the Yukon, even though the author, an unknown bank teller, had never been within 350 miles of the golden creeks of the Klondike.

There seems to be no end to the tales and legends of prominent characters and/or events during the Klondike Gold Rush and the years immediately following. Some are

myths and some are true, although some of the latter are even stranger than myth.

No doubt one such figure was Robert W. Service, the Bard of the Klondike, who, in his poetry, generated some of the very myths which abound about life in the Yukon during the gold rush. His poems “caught on” all over the world, and romanticized life in the north to the extent that many people, connected even in the remotest of ways,

The sternwheel steamer *Dawson* on which the poet left Dawson City in 1912.





Robert W. Service outside his cabin in Dawson City. The cabin has been preserved and is a National Historical Site today.

authenticated their connections with such facts as "knowing Sam Steele of the NWMP in Dawson City in 1902," even though he was in South Africa fighting the Boers at that time. Many "Stampeders" claim to have known Service in 1898, although he didn't arrive in the Yukon until 1904, and at that, worked in Whitehorse for the first few years. There are many more examples.

This article and pictures, reprinted with

the kind permission of both the author and B. C. Outdoors where it first appeared, will no doubt explode some of those myths, such as how Sam McGee was cremated. Credit must also be given to Dodd Mead & Company for the quotations taken from The Collected Poems of Robert Service. Ed.

*"A bunch of the boys were whooping
it up in the Malamute saloon;
The kid that handles the music box
was hitting a jag-time tune;*

*Back of the bar, in a solo game,
sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his
light-o-love,
The Lady that's known as Lou."*

When these opening lines from a ballad called "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" appeared in 1907, the Klondike Stampede of 1898 was already a memory. But this rollicking verse and others like it from the pen of a Whitehorse bank teller quickly made the Klondike better known than it had been at the peak of the gold rush. The author, Robert W. Service, had arrived in the Yukon four years earlier as an unknown bank clerk, yet such was the spell of his verse that in another four years he was a celebrity whose three volumes of poetry set records for sales throughout the English-speaking world.

There are other stranger-than-fiction aspects of Service's life. He wrote the lines of "Dan McGrew" in his teller's cage one night and was almost shot by a companion who mistook him for a burglar. Then a few years later during World War I he was nearly executed by a firing squad when he was mistaken for a spy. The great Klondike Stampede of 1897-99 attracted hopeful stamperders from around the world — but not Service. While thousands headed north from Victoria, Seattle and Vancouver, he went south. Yet his verse would provide him a greater fortune than all but a few of the 30,000 men who ventured to the Klondike. Although the Malamute Saloon and Dan McGrew were figments of Service's imagination and when he wrote the poem he had never been within 350 miles of the gold fields, such a hold did the ballad take that Klondike veterans swore there had indeed been a Malamute Saloon in Dawson. One, Mike Mahoney, even testified that he had witnessed the shooting of Dan McGrew.

Robert Service was born in Preston, Lancashire, on January 16, 1874, but was raised in Glasgow, where he began a half-hearted banking career. In the spring of 1896, at the age of twenty-two, he emigrated to Canada and spent the better

part of eight years wandering up and down the Pacific Coast as far south as Mexico, doing odd jobs and taking pot luck.

Tiring at last of his nomad's life, Service returned to Victoria and took up again the career he had so lightly abandoned in Glasgow seven years before. On October 3, 1903, he joined the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, subsequently serving during his first year in branches in Victoria, Vancouver and Kamloops. Then in November, 1904, he was transferred north to Whitehorse.

Although he had taken no interest in the territory when it was so much in the news, the prospect of the posting thrilled Service. The Yukon still retained an aura of romance and adventure and he could scarcely credit his good fortune, travelling up the magnificently scenic Inside Passage first class, on full pay and expenses. At the time Whitehorse was a village of perhaps 500 people, some 350 miles short of the fabulous Klondike and Dawson City.

Service lived with the bank manager, L. M. DeGex, and his wife, but did not find banking any more to his liking in Whitehorse than in Victoria. Nevertheless he attended to his duties conscientiously, and in his free time hiked, snowshoed, swam and took part in the social amenities the little community offered. From the outset Service set himself a goal — that of financial independence, and to this end lived frugally and saved his money. He had no inclination for drink, cards, women and the sundry diversions which proved the ruination of many on the frontier.

But if not a participant, Robert Service was a good listener and keen observer. Far from inveighing against those who fell victim to the pitfalls of the mining camp, Service felt compassion for their plight as victims of the winner-take-all scramble for gold. Many of the characters featured in the ballads soon to flow from his pen were men and women who had revelled in the fleshpots, often to their ruination.



First Avenue in Dawson City as it was at midnight on June 10, 1904.

Service had dabbled in the writing of verse since his childhood. He began again in Whitehorse, taking as his theme the great Klondike gold rush. According to some accounts, it was at the behest of the manager's wife, according to others at the suggestion of E. J. "Stroller" White, editor of the *Whitehorse Star*. In any event, the romance of lawless gun-toting desperadoes; of penniless adventurers setting out to seek their fortune or lose all in the attempt; of the host gamblers, camp followers, prostitutes, card sharps, saloon keepers and dance-hall girls captured his imagination — even though he had never witnessed or taken part in a gold rush. The Klondike was never the lawless place Service depicted, thanks to the vigilance of the North West Mounted Police, but it was lively enough to suit most tastes. Service's initial inspiration came to him in the middle of the night. For some reason not made plain in his memoirs he came downstairs to work in his teller's cage, and was nearly shot for his pains by a nervous colleague. But with the initial line, "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up," Robert Service was on his way, for this was the opening line of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

The name of a customer culled from the bank's ledger supplied the poet with a title to perhaps his best-known ballad, "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

*"There are strange things done in
the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret
tales
That would make your blood run
cold;
The Northern Lights have seen
queer sights;
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake
Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee."*

Over the years Sam McGee wasn't to appreciate the poet's liberty with his name. He found humorous sallies from would-be wits — "Is it warm enough for you, old man" and the like— wearing very thin. Sam, in fact, survived his "cremation" by some fifty years!

Thereafter poem after poem found its way into Service's dresser drawer. On Mrs. DeGex's suggestion, Service typed up and bound his first collection for dis-

tribution among his friends at Christmas. On the spur of the moment, he used a \$100 Christmas bonus from the bank to finance trial publication, sending the manuscript, with some trepidation, to the Toronto publishing house of William Briggs. Briggs brought out his book under the title "Songs of a Sourdough" in 1907. Then he returned Service's \$100, with the astounding news that they had sold 1,700 copies of his book from galley proofs, and could not get enough of his work.

An agent for William Briggs years later recalled his introduction to the ballads of Robert Service. He had been given some copies of the poet's work to take with him on a trip West in 1907 to test the response of readers. He began to read some of the verses at random to a fellow passenger in the smoker, and before long a crowd had collected, spilling over into the corridor. The response was similar throughout the continent. Service's first volume, published in Canada by Briggs and in the U.S. by Barse and Hopkins under the title "The Spell of the Yukon", sold more than 1.5 million copies, a colossal success for an unknown writer. The obscure Whitehorse bank teller was now known around the world, even though Service had seen no more of the great stampede over the Chilkoot Pass or the rich creeks of Klondike than his most distant reader.

With the success of his poems, Service took three months' leave on "the outside," as Yukoners referred to the rest of the country. When he returned, he was informed that he was to be transferred to the bank's Dawson City branch, 350 miles down the Yukon River. Here again fate smiled for the now famous poet of the Klondike would at last see the setting for his dramatic and historic ballads. He arrived in Dawson by stage on April 14, 1908, and was somewhat disappointed in Dawson City. The full spate of the great stampede, which had made Dawson brag that it was the biggest Canadian town west of Winnipeg in 1898, was nearly ten years in the past. The picturesque and colorful settlement of board-walks, false-fronted frame buildings and garish

theatres and bars at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers had settled into an increasingly staid middle age. Although mining was still the principal industry, large companies had now taken over and the Dawson of 1908 was not the free-wheeling mining camp of 1898.

This disillusionment, however, wasn't to stifle Service's muse. He applied himself to his teller's routine, quietly accumulating his savings, and living with fellow employees on the second floor of the bank's original log premises next to the police barracks. His chief pleasure, as in Whitehorse, was long solitary rambles in the hills back of Dawson, winter and summer. He shortly got to work on what was to be his second volume of poems. It had the same theme as the first: the vibrant colorful days of the gold rush when fortunes changed hands with the roll of a dice or the turn of a card. In 1908 there were still plenty of old-timers about, men — and some women — who had humped their way over the passes and down the Yukon in 1897-99, and who had braved the hazards of the typhoid-ridden boom-town in the summer of '98. Service was a much better listener than a talker and in his memoirs writes of "... absorbing Yukon lore by every pore.... At times it seemed as if I had never lived anywhere else."

He feared that his second book, being the product of deliberate effort rather than fortuitous inspiration, would be a flop. He need not have worried. The public from Vancouver to Halifax, San Francisco to London were avid for more of his poems. "Ballads of a Cheechako" met the same ecstatic acclaim as his first had done. Service recalls that this was the first occasion of dispute with a publisher. William Briggs objected to the inclusion of a poem entitled "The Tenderloin" because the subject, they contended, was indecent. Service objected that art should not be subject to moral strictures, but finally consented to the poem's removal in return for a five per cent increase in royalties.

If anything were needed to accord the official accolade to Service it was provided by the visit of the Governor-General, Earl Grey, to Dawson in the summer of 1909. Grey insisted that Service be invited for breakfast in Government House and the same evening to the banquet held in Grey's honor. Service was reluctant to go, shying away from so grand an affair, and had to be summoned by the bank manager. The recognition accorded him by the Governor-General demonstrated the wide appeal of his verse, although Service always thought of himself as the working-man's poet.

By now he was becoming wealthy, drawing some \$5,000 per year in royalties, considerably more than his bank salary of \$900 a year. He found the routine of the bank increasingly irksome, although his work must have been satisfactory for in the fall of 1909 he was offered the managership of the Whitehorse branch. He then decided to burn his bridges and tendered his resignation. The manager, D. N. Sanson, was flabbergasted at such irrational and irresponsible behavior, but on learning the extent of Service's royalties from his books, congratulated him on his initiative. His resignation became effective on November 15, 1909.

Service then moved out of the bank mess and rented a two-room log cabin on Eighth Avenue on the eastern outskirts of Dawson. His cabin was furnished with monastic simplicity: a bed, small table, stove, two chairs and in the summer a hammock slung on the porch overlooking the town.

At last he was his own master, able to order his life as he chose. This long-sought autonomy was to last for nearly fifty years. He kept irregular hours, doing much of his work in the small hours of the night, rising late, and breakfasting in a small cafe run by a Norwegian. He kept himself fit by regular and strenuous exercise, hiking off into the hills even in the most severe weather. He set himself up with calisthenics, and revelled in cold baths, even to the point of rubbing himself

down in the winter with ice or snow. He took pride in his fitness and physique all his life. Although now a very wealthy man, his tastes in food and drink remained the simplest.

Freed from the treadmill of office hours, he was able to lie abed while the rest of the townsfolk were scurrying off to their day's work or getting to bed in preparation for the next. Since he had been raised in the Protestant work ethic, at first he felt uneasy in his retirement. But his time was not wasted in the little log cabin overlooking the town and distant Yukon River. In the spring of 1910 he began work on his first novel, the only one written in Canada.

He was now attempting an unfamiliar medium for which he had little talent, but he had been talked into the endeavor by his publishers. He later admitted that he had no notion of how to go about it, but finally completed a melodramatic pot-boiler, *The Trail of '98*. It had the gold rush as a background and an impossibly idealistic hero and heroine to go with it. The book embodied some of Service's own experiences in the Yukon, including fighting a fire in Whitehorse while he was with the Volunteer fire department. Service did not allow his starcrossed lovers a happy ending, and consigned wicked Dawson to the consuming flames.

His New York publisher, Dodd Mead, brought the book out in 1911. It had a mixed reception. Undoubtedly it captured the spirit of the time, as had his verse, but if Service's reputation had rested solely on this novel, and the four or five others he wrote later in France, he would be forgotten today. His reputation and popularity were such by this time, however, that *The Trail of '98* was generally accepted by his avid public.

With his third book out, Service left Dawson in October, 1910, for an extended holiday on the "outside." He returned the next year, but instead of travelling first class, challenged over 300 miles of Arctic wilderness by canoe. He travelled by river



Modern Dawson City, with the clear Klondike River joining the silty Yukon at left centre. On the bank of the river is the sternwheel steamer *Keno*, now a museum, and beside it the Bank of Commerce where Robert Service worked.

boat down the Mackenzie River to Fort Macpherson, seventy miles inside the Arctic Circle in the Mackenzie Delta. In late summer he left Fort Macpherson with a small party to cross the Mackenzie Divide to the Yukon. The party travelled by scow, with Service following in his canoe, and assisting in the arduous task of poling up the Rat River to the height of land, a region of barren and trackless muskeg where compasses were next to useless. Although not sure of their location, the party reached the Bell River. From here Service went on alone by canoe, descending the Bell and Porcupine Rivers to the Yukon through a completely uninhabited wilderness. Service realized the hazards of travelling alone in a region where the slightest mishap could cost him his life, but he had always revelled in pitting his courage and stamina against the elements and came through without misadventure. At Rampart on the Yukon River he boarded the stern-wheeler Tanana and,

lean and bronzed by the summer sun, arrived at Dawson at midnight on August 11.

In his final year in Dawson, Service produced his third volume of verse, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone", published in 1912. It followed the same magic formula as his previous ballads — desperate gold seekers, the rough-and-tumble of the mining camp, and man in a harsh and merciless environment where only the fit could survive.

Service's departure from Dawson on June 29, 1912, poses a question: Did he know then that he was leaving forever or did he intend to return? The *Dawson Daily News* reported in a few lines, without comment, his departure aboard the sternwheel steamer Dawson. This item would indicate that the paper had no inkling that he would not be back. Otherwise the leaving of such a celebrity as Robert Service would have rated more than a few

lines in the local paper. The conclusion is either that Service himself intended to return, or that being of so reserved a nature, he kept his plans to himself in order to avoid the fanfare of a send-off. In his autobiography, "Ploughman of the Moon", he records that he had decided to leave the Territory for good, but was deeply moved as the little cabin on the hillside and the town he had come to know and love so well slipped astern. Service's imaginative romanticizing notwithstanding, this may well have been the case. What is certain is that if such was his intention, the poet kept his plans very much to himself.

In any case Service did not remain long in Canada. He accepted a commission from the Toronto Daily Star to cover the Balkan War. In 1913 he married Germaine Bourjoin, the daughter of a well-to-do French distiller, by whom he had one daughter. Shortly after his marriage Service, by now a wealthy man, bought a villa on the coast of Brittany at Lancieux, later acquiring a second villa on the Riviera. Although he retained his British citizenship, he was to live the rest of his life in France.

With the outbreak of war in 1914 Service hurried to England to volunteer, but because he was forty-one, was rejected. He returned to France as a war correspondent. In Dunkirk, however, he was mistaken by the jittery authorities for a spy and saved from the firing squad only by the timely intervention of the British port authority. Fate had again smiled on the poet. He then drove an ambulance with a volunteer American unit attached to the French forces until laid up by a plague of boils. He ended the war as a correspondent with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, renewing briefly his association with Canada. In 1916 a volume of Service's wartime poems was published which reflects vividly the horrors and disillusion of the most terrible of all wars to that time, and perhaps also a growing maturity in the work of Robert Service.

After the war he continued a physically active and productive life in France. His literary output was prolific, including one thoughtful handbook entitled "Why Not Grow Young?" Published in 1928, it was an interesting manual on the art of adjusting to middle age. Service certainly kept active, perhaps overdoing it a little, for his doctor cautioned him against taking up boxing at fifty. He was liked and respected by his Breton neighbors.

Service the man is an enigma. Those who met him were invariably surprised by the contrast between the image conjured by his rollicking verse and the rather shy and reserved man before them. Both Laura Berton (Pierre Berton's mother) and Martha Louise Black, a veteran of '98, wife of the territory's last commissioner and an M.P., commented on the poet's quiet modest nature in contrast with the two-fisted, hard-drinking roisterer they had expected. Service was not out-going or gregarious. He once wrote in later years to a correspondent that all he wished the public to know of him he had written in his memoirs.

Although literary critics have considerable reservations on the merit of Service's poems, his work enjoyed — and continues to enjoy — a broad popularity. Although he spent only eight years in Canada, such was the impact of the bank teller's verse that Canadians adopted him as their own and his name appears in virtually every anthology of Canadian verse.

The poet re-visited Canada several times but never did return to the Klondike, even though on one occasion he was offered free passage by an American airline. He tells why in his preface to Laura Berton's *I Married the Klondike*. He treasured the memory of Dawson as it had once been, and would not spoil that image with the sight of the ghost town to which time and circumstance had so sadly reduced it. Service lived to be eighty-four, dying at Lancieux on September 13, 1958.

To his countless fans in all walks of life Robert W. Service epitomizes the far

north, our vanishing frontier and the great stampede of '98 when thousands of ill-conditioned and ill-equipped men from the four corners of the earth sought their fortune on the banks of the Klondike. Only a few found the gold they sought; only one captured the mood of the land and those who challenged it:

*"There's gold and it's haunting
and haunting
It's luring me on as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great, big, broad land 'way
up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has
lease;*

*It's the beauty that thrills me with
wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with
peace."*

Note: The author, Edward F. Bush, is one of the historical researchers and writers for the National Historical Parks and Sites Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. He graduated with a Master of Arts in History from Carleton University in Ottawa in 1969, and several of his articles concerning Canadian history have been published. **Ed.**

"Have You Seen These Fellows Lately?"

by Assistant Liaison Officer Ralph DE GROOT
Bonn, West Germany

During a recent call on the West German Polizei-Fuehrungsakademie (Police Academy for Executive Personnel) at Muenster, the Director, Herr Guenter Kratz, was kind enough to produce a parchment copy of what may be the world's oldest known Warrant to Arrest.

The warrant is part of the Academy's 6000 volume and document collection on Police History in Germany, housed in a special library visited by authorized researchers from across the world. This particularly valuable and unique collection is maintained in addition to the main 35,000-volume library used for research by the Academy's enrolled candidates.

While we at first considered the document to be the equivalent of a Wanted Poster, A.P.B., or Look-Out Notice, informed sources assure us it must be considered as a Warrant of Apprehension.

We had the Alexandria warrant, issued in 145 B.C., translated:

*Warrant of Apprehension
(Alexandria, 145 B.C.)*

"On the 16th Epiph of the year 25 (i.e., of the reign of King Ptolemy Euergetes II). A young slave of Aristogenes, son of Chrysippus, delegate from Alabanda, has run away in Alexandria, his name is Hermon, he is also called Neilos, a native of Bamyke, Syria, approximately 18 years old, of medium height, beardless, straight legs, a dimple on his chin, a lenticular wart on the left side of his nose, a scar above the left corner of his mouth, barbarian letters tattooed on his right wrist. He wore a belt containing 3 min¹ of minted gold, 10 pearls, an iron ring from which hang a salve phial and a scraper, and on his body a chlamys² and a leather apron. He who brings him back receives 2 talents and 3000 drachmas of brass;³ he who discloses

¹ Mina - an ancient weight and money unit of varying value.

² Chlamys - a short oblong mantle fastened with a clasp in front or at the shoulder.

³ Brass - currency.

his whereabouts receives, if he is in a sacred place, 1 talent and 2000 drachmas; he receives 3 talents and 5000 drachmas if he is with a solvent man against whom legal proceedings can be instituted. Kindly notify the officials of the strategist.

With him escaped Bion, a slave of Kallikrates, a court official of high rank, stocky, broad-shouldered, powerfully built legs, blue-green eyes. When

he ran away, he wore a tunic and a small slave-coat and a small woman's coffer valued at 6 talents and 500 drachmas. He who brings him back receives the same amount which is offered for the above named. He is also to be reported to the officials of the strategist."

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these subjects is kindly requested to notify the nearest RCMP detachment!

University Graduates

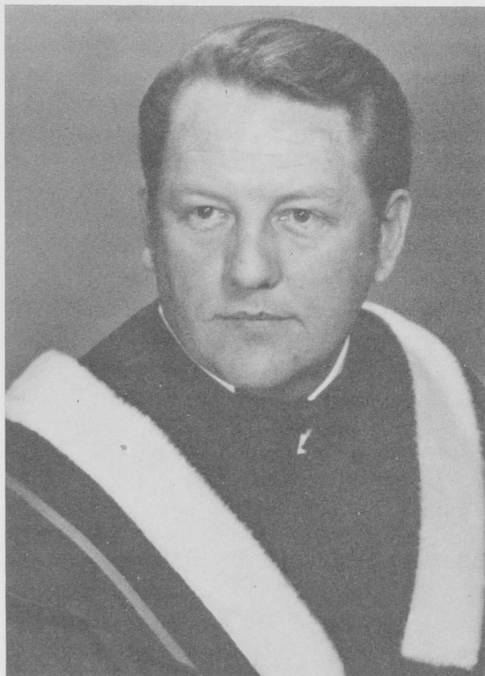
In May, 1975, Sgt. Frank G. Palmer graduated from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg with a Bachelor of Laws degree.

A native of Wellington, Ontario, Frank joined the Force in Toronto in January, 1959. After recruit training in Regina, he served on detachment and in C.I.B. in "D" Division until 1964, when he took his

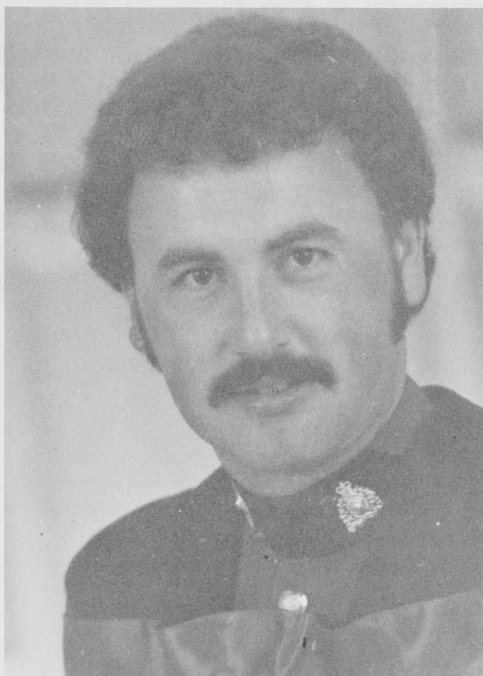
discharge time expired. After 4½ years of municipal police service in Winnipeg, Frank returned to the fold in May, 1968. He served in G.I.S. and Commercial Crime in Winnipeg until September, 1972, when he entered Law School.

In addition to serving as President of the Law School student body in his 3rd year, Frank was the recipient of several

Sgt. Frank G. Palmer.



Cpl. Keith W. MacMillan



moot court and academic scholarships. The most significant of these resulted in his attendance at Dalhousie University Law School in Halifax from September, 1975 to May, 1976, when he graduated with a Master of Laws degree.

Since July, 1976, Sgt. Palmer has been a member of "HQ" Legal Branch and he resides in Ottawa with his wife Joyce, daughter Jill and son Brock.

* * *

In May, 1976, Keith W. MacMillan graduated from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Laws degree. A native of Avonmore, Ontario, Keith joined the Force at Ottawa on September 9, 1966. Following recruit training in "Depot" and "P" Divisions, he was posted to Calgary. After serving in Calgary, Cochrane and Banff he requested a transfer back to Calgary in 1971, where he married a Cochrane girl, Patricia Simp-

son. He started two years of midnight shifts in the Guardroom, while attending the University of Calgary full-time during the day.

After two years towards a Bachelor of Arts degree, Keith was successful in gaining acceptance into the law program. With his wife and one year old daughter, Karen, he moved to Sherwood Park in September, 1973. While working midnights in the Edmonton Guardroom, he completed the first year of his law degree. The Force decided to sponsor Keith during his last two years and the summers were spent with the Edmonton Commercial Crime Section. Following graduation, he was transferred to "HQ" Division where he is a member of the Legal Branch. Now a corporal, Keith is living "up the road" from his original farm home with his own family which now includes a son, Gordon, born in 1975.

The following members have also completed their degrees during 1976.

RANK	NAME	DEGREE	UNIVERSITY
C/M	A. B. Munroe	B. Comm.	Dalhousie
C/M	S. J. Burrell	M. Science	New Brunswick
C/M	F. L. Fromm	B. Sc. Hons.	Saskatchewan
C/M	S. A. Boote	B.A. — Linguistics	Carleton
C/M	S. E. Pomainville	B.A. — Law and Socio.	Carleton
C/M	J. K. Clark	B. Science	Toronto
C/M	W. R. Merritt	B.A. — Science	Waterloo
C/M	L. M. Cruess	B. Sc.	Carleton
C/M	M. A. Hazleden	B. Sc.	Western
C/M	G. J. Verrett	B. Sc. Hons.	Carleton
C/M	M. D. Lystiuk	B.A. — Psychology	Carleton
C/M	A. L. Crandall	M.A. — Intl. Affairs	Carleton
C/M	A. J. Stevenson	M. Sc. — Pharmacology	Ottawa
C/M	B. J. Johnson	M. Sc. — Biochemistry	Alberta
S/Cst.	E. A. Short	B. Comm.	Concordia
Sgt.	H. B. Stanbra	B.A. — Econ. & Pol. Sc.	Carleton
Sgt.	J. G. O'Connell	B. Adm. — Commerce	Ottawa
Sgt.	W. M. Bell	B.A. — Political Sc.	Toronto
Cpl.	J. G. G. Magny	B.A. — Law & Psych.	Carleton
Cpl.	H. M. Dop	B. Ed.	Calgary
Cst.	P. E. Finner	B.A. — Commerce	St. Francis
Cst.	D. J. U. Murnaghan	B.A. — Psychology	P.E.I.
Cst.	J. O. D. Chalifour	B. Adm. — Administration	Moncton

Commissioner's Commendations Presented to Assistant Commissioner J. J. R. Quintal and Superintendent I. W. Taylor

On April 14, 1977, Commissioner's Commendations for Outstanding Service were presented to Assistant Commissioner J. J. R. Quintal and Superintendent I. W. Taylor in recognition of their contributions to the successful completion of Olympic security operations.

Commissioner's Commendations, as the citation read, are given only rarely, and then usually to mark some clearly defined incident which reflects great credit on the individual and the Force. In this case it is not for one isolated action though, but involves the accumulation of merit over a long period of time. In Commr. Nadon's words:

"In the more than two years leading up to, and during, the 1976 Olympic Games, Assistant Commissioner Quintal and Superintendent Taylor played indispensable and leading roles in the successful planning, co-ordination and implementation of a very complex

security operation.... They exhibited such outstanding leadership that I want to officially recognize their effort with a Commissioner's Commendation."

Following the retirement of Chief Superintendent Ouimet, Assistant Commissioner Quintal was appointed Federal Security Co-Ordinator for the Olympics in August, 1974. He was responsible for the overall planning and co-ordination of Olympic-related security operations within the RCMP, as well as those of other police forces and government departments, such as D.N.D., Customs and Immigration, External Affairs, etc. Olympic security arrangements also needed to be closely coordinated with those developed for the security of the Royal Family during their visit to Canada, handled by Assistant Commissioner Giroux.

One important but little known facet of his task was to prepare the public for the

L-R Commissioner Nadon presents Commendations to A/Commr. Quintal and Supt. Taylor.



security programme. Public cooperation is a necessity in this type of operation, and Olympic planners felt it was imperative to prepare people for the massive influx of policemen to Montreal for the Olympic period. A programme of media relations was prepared, therefore, to inform people attending the Olympics that security forces would be very much in evidence during the Games. Media people from Canada were invited to view a dry run of the security forces in operation so that not only would they know what to expect during the real exercise, but through their news coverage would acquaint the general public with what to expect.

To illustrate the diversity and the magnitude of the task, Olympic security was a 100 million dollar operation, and the carrying of the Olympic Flame alone involved the co-ordination of no less than 32 different forces!

The success of any security programme depends in large part upon the effectiveness of its intelligence system, as Superintendent Taylor was more than aware. His role was to coordinate the efforts of the Security Service in this regard, and provide the Federal Security Co-ordinator with information which might have impact upon the prevention of an incident similar to the one which occurred in Munich.

Superintendent Taylor was appointed to his position as Security Service Olympic Co-ordinator on May 1, 1974. As head of the special nine-member team he was directly responsible to the Deputy Director General-Operations — of the Security Service, and functionally responsible to Assistant Commissioner Quintal to provide information and develop programmes for the Olympic Security Service Operations which were separate from, but complementary to, those of Criminal Operations.

To prepare for the Olympics, intelligence was initially gathered from sources through the world. Information received from the Security Service was

assessed and authenticated by Superintendent Taylor's team, and when warranted, relayed to the Federal Security Co-ordinator. Interrelation with other police forces was essential throughout the entire project, as was the ability to receive and relay information to the appropriate command level with no delay.

Of Superintendent Taylor's 29 years with the Force, 24 have been spent in Security Service. He has had considerable exposure to overseas liaison, having had two overseas tours. He served in Germany as Chief Visa Control Officer and for three years in Hong Kong as Officer in Charge of Visa Control for the Far East. His general operational background in Security Service made him a natural choice for the position.

"For me, the high point of the project," he told the Quarterly staff, "was the day of the closing ceremonies. The success of any security project is determined by the fact that nothing happened. From a Games point of view it was disappointing to see the events come to a close, but from a security point of view everyone was certainly smiling. Though athletes were still in the Olympic Village after the Games were officially over, the main threat had been removed."

Superintendent Taylor was surprised to hear of the award. Having been posted to "D" Operations, in September, 1976, the Olympic events were part of the past, and no longer in his thoughts.

Both officers considered the award to be quite an honour. They did not hesitate to add, however, it is an honour which reflects the dedication and perseverance of all those who participated in the security task.

Note: *At the time of this writing, Chief Superintendent Marcoux is also to be awarded the Commissioner's Commendation for his role in the Olympic Security Operation. As the date is yet to be determined, however, it is impossible to include his presentation in this edition of the Quarterly. Ed.*

There Is Still Wildlife Around Montreal

by Sgt. J. LALIBERTÉ

The friendly shout of a ship's horn through the thin, early morning fog, told me that once more visitors from the faraway Atlantic were making their way up the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Being lucky enough to live at the edge of the Seaway, "with ships driving up my back yard" all the time, I had decided to take a week's vacation at the beginning of September to do a little wildlife photography. My models were to be some of the waterfowl which abound in Canada's inland waterway, close to downtown Montreal. (In fact, one of the man-made islands right under Champlain Bridge is host every year to the between 12 and 15 thousand gulls, who use the "out-of-the-way" but "within-sight" spot to bear, hatch and raise their young with a reasonable amount of safety.)

One morning I nearly dropped my camera kit when I saw a heron land in the rocks about a hundred feet to my left. Out came the photo machine, and after a few silent seconds I had assembled the camera and adjusted the aperture to the low-light level. I sneaked up among the boulders to try to get my first photo of the day, swearing at the sun for not being high enough at 7:00 a.m. With the 200 mm lens set, I inched my way up to my quarry.

Hérons and cranes are not the most trusting birds. The moment I stood out from among the rocks and started to squeeze the motor-drive switch, about 75 feet from the bird, it took off, its four-foot wings swooshing through the air.

At that range my 200 mm had not given me a very large image, but I felt confident I had a few good shots. Such a start fired up my enthusiasm, and the paddling felt easy as my 16-foot canoe sliced through the dead-calm water, aimed at an island

about a mile upstream. The odds were in my favour that there I would get excellent shots of some Mallard ducks. These birds have a cool temper compared with other species, as I had found while photographing a female and her young on the same island last summer. The mother had come back to her nest, with me standing about fifty feet away. One of the ducklings followed me around so persistently I had to run back to my canoe to get away from it.

About 300 feet from the spot I expected to find the birds, I lifted my paddle and glided. A curve in the shore of the island concealed my approach, so I resumed my soundless movement.

Six of them were breakfasting on roots as I rounded the bend. Before they could spot me, my oar was out of the water and resting across the canoe. The camera, which I had taken out and assembled during my first pause, started eating up film at

This sentinel, mirrored in the water near the dike which separates the St. Lawrence River and the Seaway, let me get within twenty to twenty-five feet from him.





One of the numerous inhabitants of the St. Lawrence Seaway islands, this kildeer must be photographed with a thousand millimetre mirror lens. Like herons, kildeers are among the group of birds which are least tolerant of photographers.

a couple of frames a second, just as my subjects noticed me.

Mallards fly like fighter planes, and these wasted no time on take off. As they climbed up, the golden light revealed the warm tones of their plumage. All were young birds, born the same summer, but already they exhibited the power which would enable them to fly south before the next winter. (Mallards are not afraid of the cold, however. A few years ago I photographed some at Hog's Back in Ottawa, during zero degree weather, as they swam in the Rideau River.)

Following them with the lens, I could see them turn 180 degrees and head towards Champlain Bridge, over the embankment which separates the Seaway from the St. Lawrence River.

Paddling across the Seaway itself (up to now I had been canoeing in the expansion basin of the Seaway system), I soon reached the embankment. I started walking cautiously on the service road which tops the embankment, peeking at the river's edge through the brush which lines the dike.

The superstructure of a large cargo ship seemed to bear down on me from the other end of the road. Having cleared the locks a few minutes earlier, another ship was negotiating the bend near Champlain Bridge, its pilot most intent on steering the proper course through the relatively narrow channel. With my telephoto lens I could make him out, and felt proud that a fellow Canadian was so efficiently handling such a responsibility.

Some movement in the sky caught my eye, and turning my lens, I spotted a small hawk going into a power climb, probably intent on catching a woodchuck for an early lunch. He was hard to follow and stayed up just long enough for me to get a couple of shots. His presence made me realize that man had not yet destroyed everything around the city.

Getting down on the river of the dike, I came upon a lone sandpiper, who tolerated me within 40 feet, allowing me a choice of poses before he flew off. I kept to the narrow pebble beach, looking far ahead to make sure I did not miss a shot by startling a bird into flight.

My caution was rewarded. Two herons were frozen in wait, a quarter of a mile away, and had not seen me as I started taking photos of them. Pausing every 25 feet or so, I kept trying to get closer, each time taking a photo I hoped would be bigger and better than the last. I was still further than 300 feet away when they took off in their slow, but powerful, style, heading down river for some other fishing spot. Walking towards herons is no way to get close-ups of them.

Heading back across the waterway, I resolved to build a blind for my next season of wildlife photography.

Sgt. Laliberté adds, that as protection for his equipment, he places his Nikon, motor drive, 500 mm and 200 mm lenses in a plastic breadsaver type of container. In the event of an unplanned tipover, the kit floats and stays dry. Ed.

Microminiaturization of Records

by S/Sgt. Ron NEDIG

The Force recently started a program of microminiaturizing records at Headquarters. The responsibility for the micrographics unit falls under the Dormant Records Section of "R" Directorate.

So far, work completed has been of a minor nature as renovations are necessary to prepare a proper air conditioned, air cleaned area for handling processed films and loading film into jackets. It is expected that the unit will be operating to capacity sometime in 1977.

With the equipment received to date, they have been converting historical files to microfiche and in particular service files of N.W.M.P. members. The paper has become very brittle and hard to handle with age and if the information is to be retained, microfilming is the best route to follow.

Following the N.W.M.P. service files,

the unit will concentrate on old nominal roles and general orders which will be preserved for their historical value. When production reaches peak capacity, plans are to concentrate on various categories of active operational files at Headquarters.

As a point of interest, the first file charged out in microfiche form to Cpl. Don Pearson of Benefits Section on November 17, 1976, was that of Reg. No. 322 ex-S/Sgt. George Sackville Cotter. Cotter served in the Force from June 9, 1879, and was discharged time expired on June 8, 1884. He ranched for four years re-engaging June 8, 1888 and retired to pension on April 30, 1904. Cotter passed away on December 16, 1947 at the age of 88 years and is buried at Dunnville, Ontario. A former friend, Doctor R. D. Blott of Dunnville, recently took up the torch to have the Force provide a headstone for Cotter's grave, which is why his service file was drawn.

And You Think You Have It Rough...

These days it seems almost everyone works harder than everyone else and receives less pay for their efforts. A man on Detachment does more than a man at Headquarters, and vice-versa. Well, if you think you are hard done by, consider this item we found in the May 1972, RCMP Gazette.

Regina's first constable, appointed July, 1892, was ex-Corporal James William of the Mounted Police. He was Irish and had been in the Mounties for 11 years. He was paid fifty dollars monthly and was given one free uniform each year. His duties were spelled out in some detail for he was "to look after the

licenses of transient traders, billiard table licenses, dogs and dog tags, obstruction of streets, refreshment houses, matters affecting the public health, bread, buildings, market, impounding stray animals and birds, ring the town bell (secured in 1890 and capable of being heard fifteen miles away) at 12, 13, 18 and 19 o'clock on every week day, wait on the Council and perform any other duty belonging to the Office of Constable, act as health inspector without extra salary and maintain law and order generally, besides acting in the capacity of license inspector under the Liquor License Ordinance." As you may divine he was kept busy and he did it all on foot and unarmed.

Getting Away From It All

by Cst. M. G. D. DUNCAN

When we return from summer holidays, most of us enjoy telling our friends what we have done. S/Sgt. Pat Costello, NCO i/c General Investigation Branch in Prince George, B.C., certainly has a story to tell this year. While on vacation in southern Alberta, he saved the life of a drowning truck driver from Calgary.

In the late morning of August 9, 1976, S/Sgt. Costello was driving along Highway No. 3 at Crow's Nest Lake, six miles east of Coleman, Alberta, when he came upon an accident. A tanker truck, carrying a load of dissolved salt, had failed to negotiate a turn in the road. It had struck a length of highway guardrail and had overturned into the fifty-foot deep waters of the lake.

S/Sgt. Costello stopped and prepared to help. Douglas Ivan Majors, the driver of the submerged truck, had no difficulty in freeing himself but was having trouble staying afloat. Crow's Nest Lake is fed by mountain streams and is freezing cold even in the middle of summer. S/Sgt. Costello donned a life preserver vest, dove into the water and rescued Mr. Majors.

Returning to shore with the victim, S/Sgt. Costello was met by two Blairmore residents, James Pizzy and Albert Osusuka, who performed artificial resuscitation and heart massage. Majors was taken to hospital and subsequently recovered. Attending physician, Dr. John Irwin, later commented that Majors had "come very close to drowning." It was later estimated that recovering the vehicle cost in excess of \$10,000.00.

On January 4, 1977, S/Sgt. Costello was honoured in Edmonton by Lieutenant-Governor Ralph Steinhauser. Following a dinner given by the Lieutenant-Governor for S/Sgt. Costello and his wife, S/Sgt. Costello was presented with an award from the Royal Canadian Lifesaving Society. He also received a silver goblet bearing the inscription:

"In appreciation — the family of Doug Majors"

It is probably safe to say that when S/Sgt. Costello emerged from the icy waters he was "too cold for comment". Had he said anything though, I imagine it would have been: "This is one vacation I'll remember for a long time".



S/Sgt. Pat Costello

When Sitting Bull Left Canada

by Dr. George SHEPHERD

When Dr. Shepherd received his Fall 1976, Quarterly, one of the first things he noticed was the re-print of his article, "When Sitting Bull Came to Canada". In a letter to the Quarterly, he told us he had written another article which concluded the story of Sitting Bull's visit. At our request he very kindly submitted "When Sitting Bull Left Canada".

The late 1870's, when Sitting Bull and his Sioux sojourned at Wood Mountain in Saskatchewan after the Custer Massacre of 1876, could be likened to a cold-war period of modern times. Hot warfare was liable to break out at any minute. If this had happened, the whole American and Canadian Northwest would have been set aflame.

It was an embarrassing situation for the American government. The Custer Massacre had been heralded around the world. Equally well-known was the fact that about five thousand Sioux had crossed the Medicine Line into Canada, and were living peaceably under the control of a mere handful of the North West Mounted Police. This was the epic story of the famous Force.

The Canadian government was also in an embarrassing situation. Ten years after Confederation they were faced with an urgent, but delicate international problem. Thousands of miles from Ottawa, with the frailest communication system, the thin red line of police carried on, despite hardship and danger, in the best of their tradition to "Maintain the Right".

For a while, the Sioux were still able to live by the hunt, but the buffalo were fast disappearing. Everyone recognized it would be beyond the Dominion's ability to feed and care for so many Indians.

Both governments knew the Sioux must eventually return to reservations in the

U.S.A. The problem was how to get them there. At last, Washington sent a Commission to ask them to return. The Mounted Police officers learned with amazement and dismay that this so-called peace commission was to be headed by General Terry, the man who had directed the campaign against the Sioux, and who had been fighting them the previous summer.

The United States government had asked for the negotiations, later to become known as the Sitting Bull-Terry Conference, to be held at Fort Walsh. They further requested that Sitting Bull and some of his head men be brought there for the purpose of inducing the Sioux to return to the U.S. In early June of 1877, Assistant Commissioner A. G. Irvine, with Major Walsh and Adjutant Dalrymple Clark, went down to Wood Mountain to see what could be done about such a meeting.

As the police officers rode into the Sioux camp, a long line of large and muscular Indians greeted them enthusiastically. When they shook hands with the police, the Indians almost pulled them off their horses. That evening Col. Irvine walked around the Sioux camp, the rows of lodges laid out in long lines just like streets. Irvine watched the little Indian boys playing sham war games, generally riding two to a horse.

But there was a sadder touch to Irvine's stroll. Though most of the Indians had small ponies, some of the larger horses were those captured in the Custer battle. Col. Irvine saw one old grey horse with E7 branded on the hip, indicating that he was from E troop of the 7th U.S. cavalry. A great many of the Sioux carried American carbines and belts of carbine ammunition taken from the 7th cavalry — Custer's regiment. A story had it that an Indian

named White Clay Tracks was credited with having actually killed Custer.

That night, Irvine and Dalrymple Clark slept in a small Hudson's Bay tent in the Indian encampment, and were almost asleep when an Indian poked his head through the flap. Clark was astonished to see it was Sitting Bull. The old Chief was invited in and quietly seated himself at the foot of Irvine's bed, while the police interpreter was sent for and Irvine questioned Sitting Bull about the Custer fight.

Sitting Bull said he knew the soldiers were coming twelve days before Custer arrived at his camp. He said Custer rode arrogantly into the attack, with trumpets blowing and flags flying. Sitting Bull did not see Custer himself. Toward the last, U.S. cavalymen were fighting with the butts of their rifles and revolvers. In many cases the breeches of the rifles were stuck and they were unable to reload their carbines. They had no swords, which Irvine thought was a grave mistake. The Indians pulled the cavalymen off their horses and killed a great many of them with coup sticks.

It was after one in the morning when Sitting Bull left the officer's tent. The Sioux wouldn't even consider going to Fort Walsh to treat with Terry.

The report had circulated around the Sioux camp that if the Sioux leaders ever left Wood Mountain, they would be handed over to the United States authorities as prisoners as soon as they arrived at Fort Walsh. This, Walsh declared to be utterly false, and he gave his word the Sioux would have safe conduct to return to their camp.

His trump card was that if the Sioux refused to come to Fort Walsh on the direct invitation of the Police, they would be the first Indians to ever refuse. Even though Walsh thought the conference was foredoomed to failure, he felt the meeting should be arranged and carried out according to schedule. It was a motley cavalcade that left Wood Mountain: red-coated Mounted Police and befeathered

Indian chiefs and guides in slouch hats and buckskin jackets. With many smokes along the way, the Sioux were still uneasy about what awaited them at the distant Cypress Hills and Fort Walsh. The journey was made through the most desolate country, a distance of about 160 miles, and at times both wood and water had to be carried. A winter trip from Fort Walsh to Wood Mountain was often a gruelling four-day experience.

Meanwhile, the Terry Commission, headed by Brigadier-General A. H. Terry, and the Hon. W. G. Lawrence and other officials, had left St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 14, 1877, for the far west. Travelling by the Union Pacific to the Great Salt Lake, Utah, they were destined to make the overland journey to Fort Walsh by wagon, carriages and horse back. By October 10, the Commission left Fort Benton on the Missouri for Fort Walsh, which lay over the treeless plains 180 miles to the north.

It was an impressive start. Included with the personnel were high ranking American officers, three companies of U.S. cavalry, one infantry company and two war correspondents. These were Jerome B. Stillson of the *New York Herald* and Charles Dehill of the *Chicago Times*. It was hoped the conference would be the grand finale to the long drawn-out warfare which was holding up settlement of the plains area of the United States.

This small army was met at the U.S.-Canada border by an escort of Mounted Police, headed by Col. J. F. Macleod. In his report to the *New York Herald*, Stillson made note of leaving the border in the vicinity of Wild Horse Lake, and the contrasting colors of the red-coated Mounted Police with their red and white pennons fluttering from their lance tips, and the blue uniforms of the United States cavalry. He also mentioned his first sight of Fort Walsh, nestling in the Battle Creek Valley with its twelve-foot high log stockade, enclosing the white-washed log buildings of the fort, all under the protection of an unfurled Union Jack. Added to

the military scene he could hear bugles blowing at sunrise and sunset.

The Terry Commission camped east of the Fort Walsh stockade. The Sioux were camped to the north of the main gate of the fort. Sitting Bull had declined to enter the stockade, saying he had never been inside a white man's stockade before, and he did not desire to camp in one now.

The actual conference took place during the afternoon of October 17, 1877, in the officers mess room at Fort Walsh. The officials of the Terry Commission were seated at a small table, while the officers of the Mounted Police, in dress uniforms, were seated nearby. The American war correspondents were given every facility to observe the hearings. Sitting Bull entered the conference room and was seated on buffalo robes directly in front of Terry. He was accompanied by Spotted Eagle of the Sans Arcs of the No Bows, who, in the days before guns, hunted with the spear and knife. With them were Short Neck and Black Bull of the Uncapappas, a most formidable array of savage war lords. To add insult to the white man's conference, the squaw of chief The-Bear-that-Scatters was included in the group, an unheard of proceeding for an Indian War Council. From the very start of the talks it appeared as though the conference was doomed to failure. The Sioux had entered the room and shook hands cordially with the police officers, totally ignoring the Terry Commission.

General Terry opened proceedings by giving a glowing, if somewhat overdrawn, account of life on Indian reservations. The Sioux listened in stony silence until Sitting Bull rose and, in angry sentences, tore Terry's offer to pieces. He asked why the White men would come speaking with forked tongues and with blood on their hands, while still killing his people. He cried that in Montana the grass was stained with the Indians' blood, while in the country of the Great White Mother there was peace. Other Sioux chiefs said in effect, "I don't like you" and "You have come here to tell lies". The squaw of "The

Bear", let loose a torrent of invectives. When Terry asked the interpreter what she was saying, he turned quietly to Terry and, in a low voice, said, "She says, General, that you don't even give her time to breed".

The conference broke up almost in disorder. As the Sioux stalked from the room they shook hands effusively with the Police Officers, casting disdainful scowls at the Americans. The whole affair was a complete failure.

Healy's Great Ride

The *New York Herald* reported that a famous scout, Johnny J. Healy, who had crossed the Line with the General Terry contingent, had vowed to shoot Sitting Bull if the conference failed. The newspaper correspondents with the Commission told Healy he would be hanged if he shot the old chief. The story goes that Healy replied, "Give me ten minutes' start and all the Mounted Police in Canada won't catch me". It had been arranged that Healy would deliver the news of the conference for the *New York Herald*. When he was asked how long it would take him to get the despatches for the *Herald* through to Helena, some 340 miles away, which was the nearest telegraph office in Montana, he replied, "Forty-eight hours". "You can't do it in three days", said General Terry. "I will, and will take the news of Sitting Bull's death too", said Healy.

Healy had his thoroughbred horse picketed outside the fort, and waited with his rifle in hand, until he could find Sitting Bull alone. He finally found the old chieftain standing by his teepee, an easy mark for a good shot. But fate was kind to the old warrior that night, and perhaps to Healy too. Healy ran back to get his despatches and to take a quick check of his horse. He found his saddle horse entangled in its picket rope, and useless for a long ride. However, the despatches still had to go through. After some delay an army officer's horse was found, and Healy, forgetting about shooting Sitting

Bull, was soon flying away over the bench lands that lay south of Fort Walsh with his exclusive news of the failure of the conference.

It was dark when he left, but by pushing on all night, Healy had covered close to one hundred miles and was at Milk River by morning. Here he found a freighting outfit camped, and he obtained the loan of a mountain bred cayuse. After a hurried breakfast by the camp fire, he was away again. The trail over the plain was good but it was hard riding in the coulees. By mid-afternoon Healy began to feel a wrenching pain in his back. He stopped only long enough for water, eating hard tack and venison as he rode along. At Twenty-Eight Mile Springs he was able to make another horse change with a ranch man. From there to the Manas, he sped along as fast as his tough little ranch pony would carry him. His legs had become stiffened and seemed set in the saddle like a vise. The sand from the plain burned in his eyes until his vision became partly distorted. In twenty-four hours from the time he left, he was climbing over the hill into Fort Benton. As Healy dismounted at his own house, the horse he had ridden staggered, rolled over and fell to the ground.

After a hot bath and a bite to eat, Healy was off again. This time he had a finely-bred horse to make the run to Helena on the old stage road. He slept in the saddle, leaning over the horse's neck. Another horse was found at the end of sixty miles and the ride down Prickly Pear Canyon was made on schedule. The change of horses and a different gait was a great relief to his aching muscles. The last thirty miles were the most difficult. A good horse was found at the stage station and Healy, as he was so sore that he could hardly move, was lifted into the saddle. His head grew dizzy as he struck the Prickly Pear Valley, but his heart lifted when he saw the lights of Helena twinkling in the far distance. He braced himself for the last effort and, within an hour, the plucky horse and still pluckier rider were flying down the old diggings road. They

came around the corner of towering Mount Helena, and down again over the sharp foothills that mark the sides of the gulch, and then into Main Street. The sleepy telegraph operator heard a shout outside and opened a window. "Well", he asked. "War news for the *New York Herald*", yelled a voice and a bundle was tossed through the open window. The next morning the *Herald* had an exclusive report on the Terry Council meeting, three days after it had taken place. Healy had carried his despatches the 340 miles from Fort Walsh to Helena in forty-three hours, and the *Herald* had "scooped" the news of the failure of the Terry Conference.

The balance of the story of the Sioux stay at Wood Mountain is one of dogged determination by the totally inadequate force of policemen. The highest degree of courage, patience and tact, were required often with split-second timing. The task of the police remained the same, to prevent bloodshed and open warfare at all costs. By quiet, but persistent, representations to the lesser chiefs, Walsh was successful in starting small groups of the Sioux back south. The situation was complicated by some of the remaining Sioux venturing over the Line into the U.S.A. to hunt. This brought sharp repercussions from Washington and a reprimand for Walsh from Ottawa — for allowing starving Indians to hunt buffalo south of the Line.

Soon the Sioux were reduced to eating their horses, even dead ones. So pitiable was their plight that police personnel shared what they could of their own scanty rations. In July of 1880, Walsh was informed that Broad Tail, Dull Knife, Stone Dog and Little Hawk were taking their people to American posts on the Milk River. A year later, in May, 1881, Sitting Bull and the starving remnants of his once mighty people surrendered to Lieutenant Brotherford at Fort Buford. His surrender ended this epic story in Mounted Police history, which deserves to be far more widely known than it is. That this was accomplished, without the loss of a single

life on either side, is one of the marvels and miracles of our early West. So high was the old chieftain's regard for the Mounted Police under Major Walsh that he said they were not men but devils. In return the police dubbed themselves Sitting Bull's Angels.

The end of the famed old warrior of the plains was as stormy and as violent as his life. He had been making some trouble, assigned, or one might say banished to the Standing Rock Agency, and the army finally decided to place him under arrest. Buffalo Bill (Col. W. F. Cody), in whose Wild West Show Sitting Bull had starred for one summer, thought this an opportunity to gain a little more prestige, since both of them had got along well together, and asked to be allowed to make the arrest. Cody, however, was sent off on a false journey and some Sioux Indian police were assigned to make the arrest.

Early in the morning of December 15, 1890, the Sioux police, under a Lieut. Bullhead, entered Sitting Bull's log cabin and dragged the old chief from his bed. "Catch the Bear", leader of Sitting Bull's bodyguard, hated Lieut. Bullhead, and as soon as he could discern him in the dim light, he shot him down. As Bullhead fell he fired at Sitting Bull. At the same moment Red Tomahawk shot the chief in the

back of the head. Sitting Bull was dead before he struck the ground. A hand-to-hand struggle then ensued and, in a few moments, twelve were dead and three were wounded. So ended the career of this mighty chief of the plains, a victim of the onward march of white settlement. But this has been dealt with so many times before that it is unnecessary to do so here. We can leave the old chief to the verdict of history, and history will be good to him.

Dr. Shepherd has been associated with the RCMP for many years, and worked closely with Commissioner Stuart Taylor Wood in the purchase of the site for Fort Walsh. In fact, it was Commissioner Wood who encouraged Dr. Shepherd to write the story of Sitting Bull, and gave him access to some of the history of the Force to enable him to do it.

Dr. Shepherd is Curator of the Western Development Museum in Saskatoon, and is considered to be one of the leading experts in Western Canadian history. At 88, he is still writing and his expertise is frequently sought (most recently by Reader's Digest), to verify the authenticity of historical articles. He has published two books dealing with the homesteading days of Saskatchewan, "West of Yesterday" and "Brave Heritage". Ed.

Transferred?

The *Quarterly* is **not** automatically notified of transfers within the Force and if a friend forwards your magazine to your new post, our addressograph plates remain unchanged. But it is a simple procedure to visit your nearest Post Office, fill out one of their free Change of Address Announcement cards and send it to us.

Impressions of Grade 3 Inuit Children

submitted by Sgt. P. W. PERTSON

From time to time we receive impressions of the Force written by children, who, for the most part, live in southern Canada. The impressions differ little from coast to coast. Most children have been subjected to years of T.V. and programs such as "Emergency", "Adam 12" and so on, and they generally tend to mix their impressions with these T.V. programs.

Here, however, are two impressions of the Force, written by grade 3 Inuit children attending the Mangilaluk School, Tuktoyaktuk, N.W.T., a small community on the Beaufort Sea. You will notice how they view the Force in relation to their way of life, but at the same time T.V. programming, made possible through the Anik satellite, is beginning to creep into their "world view". Here then, are their impressions as we received them.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police
by Leonard KOTAKAK

Greg is a police. Both of them got mustache. Corporal Sprecher's dog's name is Caesar. The police always check the city people's licence when they are too drunk they take them away. Sometimes the police use helicopter boat truck to rescue people. The police always keep their guns loaded. It's just for emergency. They have handcuffs in a box. The police always practise shooting their guns up land. I like when the police have their uniform on. I like how corporal Sprecher looks in that red one. I won't mind to have his hat. I won't mind to see Greg use his uniform. If I had a big big dog like that I feed it diet stuff. Greg used to wear glasses but he doesn't wear them any more. I think his eyes alright. I like him. He drives skidoo fast with his. Sometimes the police chase crooks but sometimes they have to

break the door down with hard boots. They got a pickup. I wish to be a police. I could've checked all the people's licence. I could've brought a sandwich just in case I got hungry. I could've always kept my gun and hand-cups on my belt and wear those cowboy boots. If there was some crooks I would call for help and check their licence. I don't want to be a crook if I get big. In the bank there's little TVs and they hooked into police station and if police see the TV they go to jailhouse.

The RCMP
by Kathy Doris RADDI

I like Corporal Sprecher and Constable Greber and Constable Farr. They jog and do exercise too. The police work. The bad people go to court, and tell them what they did. They learn jodo. They have to learn to use guns. They go out with boat and find people, and they look for boats. They don't have nursing stations, the police give the eskimos pills. They go with dogteam. The police take the guns and the knives away. They walk on the sidewalk in the city. The End.

RCMP PENSIONERS

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The Key Word Is "Service"

Submitted by Insp. L. L. PEARSON
Officer in Charge — Police Dog Service

In this era of scientific and technological advancement, every day we are informed some new machine can do something quicker and more efficiently than a human being. Little, however, is ever heard of the animals who can do things better than a person.

The following cases from the Police Dog Service illustrate that a properly-trained dog can often save valuable time by performing a task much faster than a man ever could. They also prove that a dog may be used in ways other than the often thought traditional role of "finding lost persons".

Public Archives' Search

On November 22, 1976, Cst. D.R.J. Jean, Dorval P.S.D. Service, was requested by the Airport Policing Branch and the Canadian Bomb Data Center to contact a Mr. D. Cameron of the Public Archives. Mr. Cameron, Head of the Photo Control Section, asked Cst. Jean to assist them in trying to locate a nitrocellulose problem in the film section.

The Public Archives Photography Collection consists of approximately 5,000,000 items in 10,000 separate boxes. Some of the negatives have a nitrocellulose base and, when deteriorating, give off a harmful and highly-explosive gas. It would have taken the Public Archives' staff a number of man-years to search and locate all the negatives.

Mr. Cameron had found a few samples of the deteriorating substance and sent them to Cst. Jean. For approximately two weeks experiments were conducted to determine whether or not "Smokey" could find the nitrocellulose. "Smokey" found them with no more difficulty than ordinary explosives.

On December 16, 1976, Cst. Jean and "Smokey" searched the Public Archives Photo Section. As in a library, all the boxes were on shelves and the rows were ceiling high. "Smokey" indicated about 20 to 25 boxes, high and low, as he went over the first two rows. These boxes were brought down for "Smokey" to sniff. The ones "Smokey" indicated were checked by the Public Archives personnel, and found to contain nitrocellulose negatives, which were deteriorating.

The search lasted six to seven hours, including "Smokey's" rest periods. The Public Archives staff seemed to be quite pleased with "Smokey's" performance. They were so pleased, in fact, that W. I. Smith, Dominion Archivist, wrote a letter to Commissioner Nadon, saying:

"Should 'Smokey' ever fall from grace in the eyes of the RCMP, I have been instructed by the staff of the National Photography Collection to tell you that all would be forgiven and a home and full-time employment, with all benefits, would await him at the Public Archives!"

Sudden Death of Marsha Ann Biggar

On October 30, 1976, a house in Florenceville, N.B., burned completely to the ground, after an oil stove exploded. Only half of the kitchen floor remained intact. At the time of the fire, seven children, ranging in age from 5 to 14, were in the house.

Cpl. B. G. A. Spencer, NCO i/c Fredericton Kennels, was on another case when Cst. Murphy of Florenceville Detachment asked if the P.S.D. Section could assist them in their search. Marsha Biggar, age 5, was missing after the fire, and it was possible she was in the ruins of the house.

Prior to Cpl. Spencer's arrival, local Members and firemen had searched the house for five and a half hours. Twenty men had searched the woods surrounding the home in case Marsha had run away and hidden. No one had found any sign of her.

When Cpl. Spencer arrived, P.S.D. "Sultan" began searching the basement. He drew attention at first to a mound of dirt, where the remains of a cat had been found. As the search continued to the upstairs of the home, "Sultan" started to paw at some boards covering a pile of rubble. Under the boards, Marsha Biggar was found, burned beyond recognition. In all, "Sultan" had located her within fifteen minutes.

Break, Enter and Theft

At 7:40 p.m. on January 13, 1977, Cst. J. G. Brewin of the P.S.D. Section, North Vancouver Detachment, left his residence with Police Service Dog "Bandit", to carry out a tour of duty. Forty minutes later that same night, members of a surveillance team from the same Detachment observed two men entering a house. The men were carrying two rifles and a revolver. Both of them were known to be locally active in prostitution, drugs and other crime.

A few moments after the two men were seen with the weapons, they both left their residence. They were followed for some time by unmarked police vehicles. At an appropriate time and place, they were stopped and arrested. Two rifles were seized, but the revolver could not be located. The subjects were returned to detachment cells while investigating members prepared a warrant to search their residence for the handgun.

At 10:40 p.m., Cst. Brewin and P.S.D. "Bandit" were requested to assist the members in searching the subjects' residence and yard for the revolver. Cst. Brewin entered the house a few minutes behind the other members, and was informed that no revolver had yet been

found. He was, however, shown an RCMP "Sam Browne" belt and holster which had been discovered in the house. This indicated the handgun was not only an illegally possessed weapon, but was quite likely a service revolver, stolen from an RCMP member.

Cst. Brewin then endeavoured to assist in the search. As he did, he spotted a shotgun and a rifle standing in a nearby closet. It occurred to him that the two guns appeared remarkably similar to two he owned. The closer the examination, the closer the resemblance grew. He then realized the two guns were indeed his. He shouted his discovery to the other members, all of whom were just as astonished. The two subjects must have broken into his home between the time he left for work, and the time they were seen entering their own residence. The two rifles which had been seized earlier were also identified as Cst. Brewin's property. The revolver up to this point had still not been recovered, but by now they felt certain that we were searching for his issue .38 special service revolver.

Cst. Brewin then hastily made a trip across town to his residence where he confirmed that his house had indeed been broken into. Enquiries next door revealed the culprits had driven into his driveway 15 minutes after he had left.

His service revolver was found in the subject's house, in the pocket of a prostitute's coat. It, along with three rifles, one shotgun and some bullets were entered as evidence in seven charges laid against each of the two subjects.

Accidental Death of Elise Joubert

At 3:15 a.m. on December 12, 1976, Mr. Barry Scott, Fire Chief of the Village of Canterbury, N.B., phoned Woodstock Detachment to tell them of a multiple-dwelling fire. Firemen from Canterbury, Meductic, Woodstock and Nackawick were already fighting the rapidly-spreading blaze when RCMP members arrived. The members were told the fire

had started in the most southerly of a row of burning houses on the west side of the street. The house had been burned to the ground and was now smouldering. Three inhabitants of this house had been taken to hospital, but a teenage girl was missing.

The following afternoon, Cpl. Spencer arrived with a Police Service Dog. When

the house had cooled enough the dog started to search for the lost girl and at 2:55 p.m., found fragments of a body, later identified as the remains of Elise Joubert. The remains were so badly burned they would have been impossible to locate without the dog.

Did You Know...

Condensed from "Britain in Focus"

Lloyd's of London, which is probably one of the best-known names in insurance, is not an insurance company. It is made up of individual members who personally assume the risks, and in due course, earn a profit or pay the losses. In the event of an underwriting loss, a member of Lloyd's is liable not only for the money he has put up as a deposit, but for his entire personal fortune.

There are presently about 10,000 underwriting members of Lloyd's. In the 17th century, in the early days of the Lloyd's market, members met in a coffee house run by Edward Lloyd. These individuals, who came to be called underwriters because they wrote their names beneath the wording on insurance policies, guaranteed commercial ventures on a personal basis.

While underwriting members of Lloyd's still transact business as individuals, the complexity of modern commerce and the enormous sums of money involved have brought about a change in the old system when each underwriter personally transacted his own business. Members today are formed into syndicates, which range from a few to over 700 members. Each syndicate has an underwriter who accepts risks on behalf of his syndicate.

To be eligible for membership to Lloyd's a person must put up a deposit in cash or recognized securities. While these are transferred in trust to the Corporation of Lloyd's, they remain the member's property, can be freely exchanged against other approved securities, and entitle the member to continue drawing full income against them. Apart from this deposit, a member must have readily realizable assets of £100,000. Assets regarded as "readily realizable" are those which command an immediate market, such as quoted securities, properties free of mortgages and the surrender value of life policies.

Syndicates at Lloyd's keep their books for each underwriting year open for three years, in order to present a more accurate picture of the year's trading than would be possible if the account were closed after only twelve months. For the 1973 account, about 7,000 members made an overall profit of £109.5 million, equivalent to 9.21% of premium income. However, their business is high risk and the 1974 account is not expected to show such a good return. After some of the air disasters this year, they may be right.

DRIVE WITH CARE

The life you save may be your own.

Booze On The Fort Ellice Trail?

by Sgt. Ron DOUGLAS

In 1873, about the same time that the Force came into being, Adam Archibald, Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories, re-enacted an order-in-council establishing total prohibition in the Territories. The first had had an error in form when originally passed by Archibald. The law, which was almost impossible to enforce because of its many loop-holes, existed until 1891, when the government repealed the Prohibition section of the North West Territories Act.

Even during those days of prohibition, there were members of the Force who, not unlike the local citizenry, had little use for the liquor laws as they existed. Reports of drunken carousing at Regina NWMP barracks frequently appeared in newspapers and were voiced in Parliament. The newspaper reports usually originated in the columns written by Nicholas Flood Davin, publisher of the Regina "Leader," an avowed enemy of Commissioner Herchmer. On the Commissioner's orders, drunkenness was punishable by dismissal from the Force.

The eventual repeal of the Liquor Law was no doubt brought about by reports of Officers of the Force between 1887 and 1890. In part, Commissioner L. W. Herchmer, in his annual report of 1887 wrote:

"The importation and manufacture of a good article of lager beer, under stringent Inland Revenue regulations, would, in my opinion greatly assist the satisfactory settlement of this vexed question. Nearly all the approbrium that has been cast upon the Police generally, and my management in particular, can be directly traced to public sentiment on the attempt to enforce this law."

With the softening of Liquor Laws, the NWMP established "Wet Canteens" for its members, and 4% beer at 5¢ a pint was in-

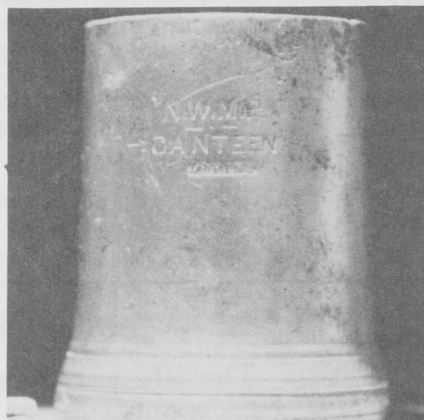
troduced as a temperance measure to keep the men from hard liquor. Whether or not members were personally issued with beer mugs from the canteen is not known. However, a few years ago, a heavy-gauge pewter mug was found on the farm of a Mr. Roziere in the Oak Lake District of Manitoba. Stamped into the mug was the logo:

N. W. M. P.
CANTEEN
½ PINT

Oak Lake, Manitoba, is situated just west of the border of Manitoba and the North West Territories as they existed during the latter part of the last century, and was on the route followed by patrols travelling between Winnipeg, Fort Pelly, and points west and north. Therefore, it is a good possibility that the mug was lost by a member while on patrol along the Fort Ellice Trail.

If any reader has any knowledge of the origin of mugs similar to the one pictured, we would be interested in hearing about it. Contact the author at "D" Division, H.Q. R.C.M. Police, P.O. Box 5650, Winnipeg, Man. R3C 3K2.

Half pint NWMP pewter mug.



A Five Part Miracle

by S/Sgt. Graham E. WALTON

In the early evening of January 7, 1975, at Regina, Saskatchewan, George Maveal slipped, fell and struck his head on a 30-inch high brick wall. Through the sub-zero temperature of that night he lay unconscious and bleeding, remaining undiscovered until sometime the next day.

A neighbour out walking her dog found him lying in a pool of blood. Because she could see no visible sign of life, her first reaction was to think George had been robbed and murdered. She called the police, who, after checking the body, removed it to the hospital for examination.

Preliminary examination revealed the rectal temperature of the body to be 26°F. The body was placed in a thermo reactor to raise the temperature. Various life support systems were connected. Two specialists worked on George for one and three quarter hours, attempting to stimulate a heartbeat with an electric shock apparatus.

The specialists were so certain George was dead, they gave instructions his wife should be called to come and identify the body. Two interns were sent for to come and disconnect the equipment and remove the body to the morgue. But then, a miracle happened. A heartbeat was detected. George was alive, even though he had been completely frozen.

He was, however, still in a deep coma. The doctors explained to his wife that he was technically alive, but the artificially-induced heartbeat could not be guaranteed. It might continue for hours, days, weeks or even months, then suddenly stop. Even if it did continue, there was no guarantee he would regain consciousness. If he became conscious, he would probably be a vegetable, because of the irreparable brain damage caused by lack of oxygen.



Ex-Cst. George Maveal as he is today.

George was placed in intensive care. Then he regained consciousness; the second part of the miracle. He was able to think and converse with no apparent brain damage; the third part of the miracle.

The specialist then told George he was faced with one of two possibilities if he wanted to continue living. Either all extremities of all limbs would have to be immediately amputated in order to forestall gangrene, or he could endure a great deal of pain for a few weeks without pain-killing drugs. His body would soon enough indicate which areas would have to be amputated and which had recovered. It seems that the human body is a wonderful machine and can repair itself to a certain degree.

The fourth part of the miracle: only his fingers and thumbs required amputation. George's right foot remained intact and only part of his left foot had to be amputated. George experienced a number of difficulties during this part of his recovery.

Because his body had been frozen the skin was peeling from his entire body surface. Skin grafts, therefore, were out of the question. Healing took the best part of a year, a year in which he was required to remain as still as possible. Even his muscles could not be massaged to keep them from deteriorating. Muscle deterioration and joint damage all pointed toward the fact that George would never walk again.

Of necessity George had to escape the cold Saskatchewan winters. His left hand almost became gangrenous with just a slight exposure to the cold. His doctor advised him to move immediately to a warm climate. George decided to move to Honolulu.

He arrived in Hawaii in a wheelchair, determined to some day walk again. A nurse at the Ilikai Hotel worked with him in the swimming pool, exercising his limbs every day. In a relatively short time, with the therapeutic Hawaiian climate, a lot of guts and determination, and the support of his lovely wife Helga, George started to walk. The miracle was complete.

Two years after suffering his near-fatal accident, George now drives his own car,

hits a tennis ball with a special racquet, and in general, looks disgustingly healthy. His skin has taken on a dark tan, and surprisingly, he has developed a healthy crop of body hair which he did not have before his accident. One cannot understand the restrictions on his activities and the mental frustrations caused by not having the use of his fingers. The amputations are the only outwardly-visible signs of the accident. Only George knows the real after-effects.

Ed. Note: *George Maveal is ex-Cst. Maveal, who served with the Force from 1945-1949. He remained very close to the Force in his position as an insurance agent, lecturing to Senior NCO's and Officers in Regina on Estate Planning. He now lives at 1777 Ala Moana, Apt.1525, Honolulu. Because his story is being sold to a national publication, it has been necessarily edited for the Quarterly. Certain details have been omitted to avoid conflict of rights.*

We have been saddened to learn that since this article was prepared and submitted, ex-Cst. Maveal passed away suddenly in Honolulu near the end of May. Our condolences go out to his loved ones.

Slick Way to Prevent Flag Thefts

Belleville, Ont. (CP) — The Public Utilities Commission has found a slick way to prevent flag thefts.

Neil Britton, commission general manager, said Monday that after a flag was stolen from a flag pole at the commission building, the pole

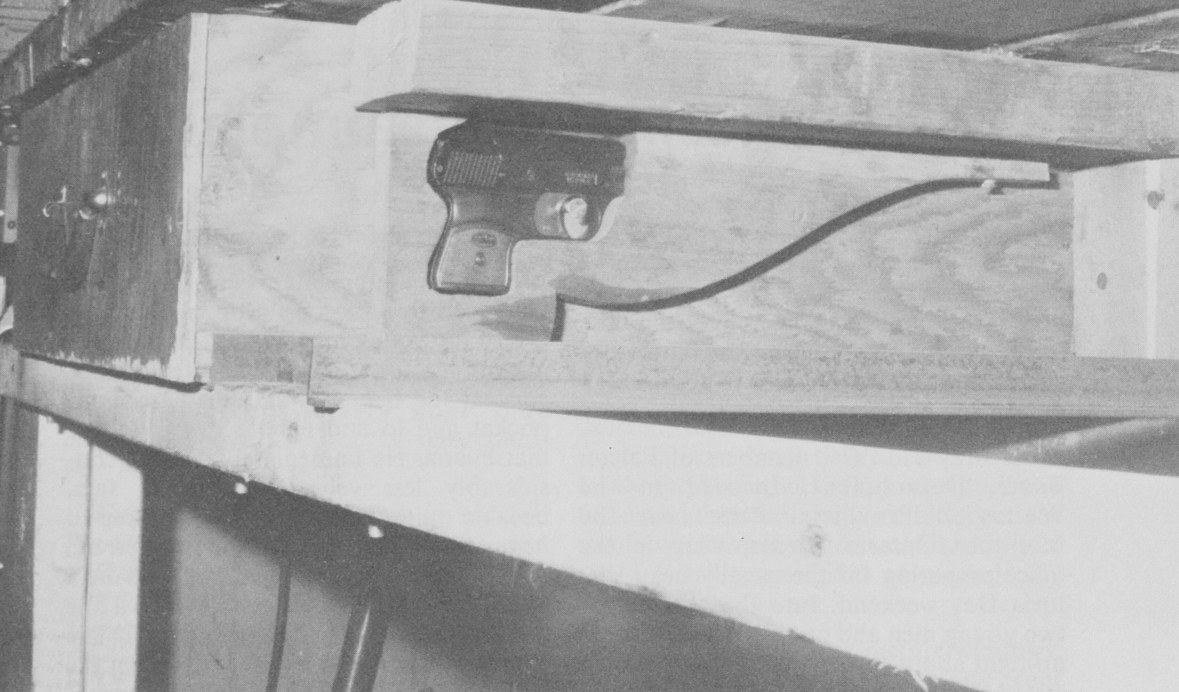
was covered with petroleum jelly.

The problem now is that the Commission has to use a utility truck to get the flag down.

(Sept. 22, 1976) Journal Pioneer, Summerside, P.E.I.

DRIVE WITH CARE

The life you save may be your own.



... and they tried to open the cash drawer without making a sound.

With A Bang

by Cst. Dave DORSEY

On March 10, 1977, Labrador City Detachment received a call for help from a local citizen. Two members drove to his house and found the man was holding two juveniles he had caught trying to steal money from him.

The complainant ran a small skate-sharpening business in his basement, and over the previous two months had been missing money from his cash drawer. The two juveniles explained to the members that, with the help of a friend, they had stolen money from the cash drawer on four other occasions.

Their plan had been simple and effective. While the complainant was sharpening their skates, they would simply just open the cash drawer directly behind him, and take a handful of money. The man could not hear them, as the noise from the sharpener muffled any sound the drawer made when it opened. This time though, the drawer made a lot of noise.

The man knew the thefts were occurring, but did not know who was responsible. He decided to make a device to find out.

He obtained a starting pistol and cut out the design of it on a piece of wood, which he attached to a hinge. He placed this under his work bench beside the cash drawer.

A screw was put in the side of the drawer, so that when the starting pistol was put in position, the screw fit through the trigger guard. When the drawer was pulled open, the screw pulled the trigger and the pistol fired.

This noise could be easily heard when he was using his sharpening equipment. All he had to do was turn his head to see who the culprit was. This is one time a starting pistol was used to finish an event, rather than begin it.

"I'd Like to Make a Complaint"

by Cst. G. B. CARR

Many members posted throughout Canada at Provincial and Federal Parks come across a great variety of routine and not-so-routine occurrences during the busy summer months. One such occurrence provided us with a good laugh during the summer of "76".

On May 21, 1976, members of Falcon Beach Detachment, located in the Whiteshell Provincial Park near the Manitoba/Ontario border, were in the office preparing for the usually busy Victoria Day weekend. Into the office came two young men and one woman obviously up-tight about something. One of the men stated that he wanted to lodge a complaint about being "hassled" by the Parks Officers. He went on to say that he and his friends were just enjoying themselves in their campsite, listening to music and so on but the parks officers kept bothering

them telling them to quiet down or leave.

As the young man was talking I happened to notice a plastic bag sticking out of the young man's jacket pocket. He noticed my observation and attempted to conceal the bag. It was pulled from his pocket and lo and behold it was full of marihuana. He immediately became considerably less vehement and, in fact, became quite red-faced. He was asked to have a seat on our side of the counter, the local magistrate was contacted and in a short time swift justice had obtained a fine and costs from our "complainant". The ironic part of this story is the fact that the second young man became quite upset with his friend when he realized they had lost the weight out of their complaint — about 1 ounce to be exact. They decided to forget their original mission and left the office, leaving us doubled over in laughter.

Aux membres retraités de la GRC

S.V.P.

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Vous avez été muté?

Les mutations à l'intérieur de la Gendarmerie **ne sont pas** automatiquement communiquées à la *Revue Trimestrielle*. Alors, pourquoi ne pas épargner à un ami l'effort de vous envoyer lui-même la revue, en nous faisant parvenir une formule de changement d'adresse.

Landscaping with Bulbs

A television news reporter was asked why he wore a flower in his lapel every night. "Because I report on the world's ugliness," he replied, "and speak repeatedly of disasters and man's inhumanity to man, I want my viewers to realize things of beauty still do exist. My flower is an example." We in the Quarterly sincerely hope that publishing this article will in some small way propagate this beauty.

The article was prepared by Malak Photographs Ltd. on behalf of the Netherlands Flower-Bulb Institute. All photographs are by courtesy of Malak. ED.

It's no secret that a wonderful way to decorate your home — inside and out — is to do it with beautifully colored flowers. The secret is in WHAT, WHERE, WHEN and HOW to grow them for the most decorative display throughout the year.

There are some important tips to know before you begin landscaping an area. First, for example, is to know WHAT kind of flowers to plant, and WHAT will

do best in the different seasons. For best results, with a minimum of effort during any season, bulb flowers should be used. They are the easiest to grow; all you have to do is keep them watered and simply wait for the blooms.

Now that one of the WHAT's has been decided, the next step is WHERE. Plant the bulb beds where they can be seen from inside the house, as well as outside. Look for areas that are easily visible from the windows. Picture windows, for example, could frame an original of marvelously colored bulb flowers.

The scene from many picture windows, however, may be of the street and front "foundation" planting, an area usually without flowers and color, just containing lawn and shrubs. But, you can break this "rule" and put a bulb bed where you can see it from your window, and where it will look luxuriously picturesque.

Another decorative tip on WHERE to plant is to find spots in the garden that can easily be seen when walking to and from the house. These too are usually neglected

This casual, modern planting of Dutch tulips, hyacinths and double-daffodils is as delightfully brilliant as it is unexpected at the foot of the garden stairs. Who could pass such a delicious spot without pausing to admire — and to inhale the perfume of the hyacinths?



Here tulips with an underplanting of garden flowers say welcome to your guests in a way that cannot be expressed otherwise.





Tulips come in many colors and can be matched to the color scheme of your home. They are most attractive when planted near the entrance.

areas, but are excellent sites for flower bulbs, and will dress up the grounds dramatically.

Another WHERE idea is to plant in other scattered spots, such as at the base of trees, or around evergreen shrubs; these areas can be beautifully enhanced by flowers.

For a general WHERE tip, we can take a lesson from the Dutch, who made the bulb flower famous. Holland's philosophy about planting flowers can be summed up in one phrase, "Put them in view".

As for HOW, avoid any hodge-podge planting. Even if you have only a small space in the yard for a garden, don't plant one of these and two of those. The results will be disastrous. The blooms will look like a polka-dot flower bed, ill at ease.

Plant in clumps. These clumps, or "mini masses", should have from 15 to 20 bulbs of the same variety, so that when they blossom the eye will have something to focus on, rather than jump from here to there and see nothing.

In order to have a beautifully



As soon as your Spring flowers reach the end of their flowering life you could plant your summer annuals. You should allow the leaves of your tulips to yellow and wither before you remove them. This will allow the bulbs to flower again next spring.

landscaped area with flowers throughout the year, you must know WHAT bulbs to plant, and WHEN to plant them.

You can have flowers in each season by using different kinds of bulbs from the many divisions and classes, and you can stretch out each season to last longer.

With a succession of blooms, Spring, for example, can be stretched from the March-blooming crocus to the June-flowering Parrot and Lily-flowered tulips.

And Spring is a spectacular time for bulb flowers, with some of the most magnificent ones blooming at this time. But, in order to have these flowers burst forth in your Spring garden, you must plant them in the Fall, before the ground hardens.

The golden trumpets of Daffodils proudly announce the arrival of Spring. Daffodils also bloom in many other shapes and colors — including pink, white, lime and yellow — which dress up any garden admirably. They look wonderful anywhere that suits you, but seem most natural when planted in groups of



Crocus are among the first harbingers of Spring and come in many colors. Plant handfuls of these reasonably priced bulbs in your lawn and they will show up every spring for years to come.

the same colors and kinds, drifting through trees or woodlands.

One of the most popular Spring flowers is the hyacinth, with its sweet fragrance which is the very essence of Spring. Hyacinths come in such a wide range of colors that it is easy to choose the exact shades you like best. They blossom in the truest and largest variety of blues of any Spring flower, and also bloom in vivid pastels of yellows, pinks, oranges, whites and reds. Hyacinths look superb in clusters, due to their uniform shape and height, and whenever using Hyacinths, remember that the simpler the grouping the more effective it will be.

No garden would be complete without the magnificence of tulips. Thanks to the experience of Dutch hybridizers, tulips now bloom in so many shapes, sizes and colors, that almost any effect you wish to create can be captured. There are literally thousands of varieties among fifteen classes of tulips available to ensure that your garden is the scene of a tulip festival from March to May. They flower in multi-rainbows of colors, from white to almost black, from softest pink to deepest purple. They come in broken colors, bi-colors, striped, streaked and even tinged colors. In addition, modern tulips have lacinated petals, fringed petals, curled petals and pointed petals. Some tulips have tiny flowers while others produce blooms as large as a man's hand.

Other bulb flowers that bloom in the Spring are Miscellaneous Bulbs, such as crocus, *eranthus*, *galanthus*, *chionodoxa*, *scilla*, *muscaria* and *allium*; these flowers should also be considered, for they can add beauty and mystery to your garden throughout the Spring.

If you are starting a garden for the first time it is a good idea to remember the following:

1. The soil should be loose, not too heavy, not too light. While almost any garden soil will grow bulbs, it is always better to work on glumpy clay and sifty sand, adding peat moss or rotted compost, half and half, and digging it in 18 to 24 inches deep.

Be sure the soil is well drained. Bulbs rot in water-logged soil. If the location selected for bulb planting is soggy, dig two or three feet and lay six to eight inches of gravel or weeping tiles, replace the soil and let it stand two or three weeks before planting. But the initial selection of good garden soil will eliminate the need for preparation.

2. For each bulb, dig a small hole, six to eight inches deep for the larger ones, i.e. crocus, anemone. Set them firmly but gently, points up, so the whole base touches the soil, and cover them with soil, mounding it slightly to allow for settling.

divisional dispatches...

Headquarters Division Ottawa, Ontario

Second Annual Saskatchewan Night A 2nd Annual Saskatchewan Night was held Saturday evening, March 26, 1977. Once again, with the help of Sgt. Larry Reddy in Regina, and his friend in the Saskatchewan Dept. of Tourism and Renewable Resources, appropriate decorations contributed substantially to the success and nostalgia of the evening, which was attended by some 130 native and adopted Saskatchewanites. Approximately a half hour was set aside during the festivities to pay tribute to S/S/M J. A. C. (Jac) Price who retired to pension April 11, 1977.

S/Sgt. Tony Hagymasi, the Don Rickles of Mississauga, a personal friend of Jack's and adopted Saskatchewanite, was brought in at great expense to set the presentation tone. Jac, who is known for his quick wit, sharp tongue, honesty and sincerity, did not disappoint those in attendance with his reminiscences of his early service in Saskatchewan. A stein, appropriately engraved, wishing Jac good luck on his retirement, was presented. Excellent music, spot dance prizes, and a door prize of a 3-speed bicycle, all contributed towards the success of the evening.

Double Day The 14th day of April, 1977, was a double red-letter day in the life of Miss Gertrude Sauve, a Public Servant employed in the Records Compilation Section of Identification Services, "L" Directorate.

On this day, Miss Sauve not only opened the two-millionth FPS file, but also had the honour of having



The two-millionth FPS file is examined by Miss Sauve and Supt. Hodgins, O i/c "B" Branch Identification Services, while Sgt. K. Deline, NCO i/c Criminal History Files and Mrs. L. Moskaluk, Public Service Co-ordinator for "L" Directorate, look on.

Commissioner Nadon present her with a long service pin in recognition of 25 years of service within the Public Service (all of it in Identification Services).

L-R Insp. R. I. MacEwan, S/S/M J. A. C. Price, A/Commr. A. T. McHaffie and S/Sgt. L. J. Swift. On the table in front of Jac is a plated and framed licence plate, commemorating Jac's involvement with the licencing service organized within Headquarters Division.



Interestingly, the creation of the first million FPS files took 51 years (1910 to 1961), whereas the second million was created in only 16 years (1961 to 1977). The relative effects of increased police efficiency, increased crime rates and population increases on shortening this timespan is left for the reader to imagine.

Retirement The first retirement from Security Service, after its becoming a Division, was one of its longest serving members, S/S/M J. A. C. Price. Jac retired on April 11th, 1977, after more than twenty eight years in the Force. His service included about two years on Detachment in "K" and "E" Divisions, before joining the Security Service in 1951. He moved to Headquarters in March 1960 and remained there until his retirement.

At a presentation ceremony on April 6th, Jac received several gifts, including a fiber glass canoe to go along with the good wishes of his many friends at Headquarters and across the country.

Jac has returned to "the land" and will be spending the next couple of years building a new home at Bancroft, Ontario.

New Honorary Chaplain Following the retirement of Rev. J. R. Miller as Honorary Chaplain for the Force in the Ottawa area, the Solicitor General of Canada appointed Rev. J. A. Davidson, Minister of Dominion Chalmers United Church, as his successor.

Reverend J. A. Davidson was born in Winnipeg in 1919. He spent most of his early life in Saskatchewan, and earned a B.A. from the University of Saskatchewan.

During the Second World War, he served in the Canadian Army overseas. After leaving the Army in 1946, as a Captain in The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, he studied for the Ministry at St. Andrew's



Reverend J. A. Davidson.

College, Saskatoon, obtaining his Bachelor of Divinity Degree.

Following his ordination in 1949, he served in a rural pastoral charge in Saskatchewan for two and a half years. In January, 1952, he again joined the Army — this time as a Chaplain. He served with several garrisons in Canada and Germany. He was Chaplain at the Royal Military College of Canada when he resigned in June, 1961, to become Minister of Sydenham United Church in Kingston.

In 1971 he became Minister of Dominion Chalmers Church, and in 1972 he received a Doctorate of Divinity from Queen's University.

Dr. Davidson is the United Church of Canada representative on the Canadian Council of Churches Advisory Committee for Chaplaincy Service in the Canadian Forces. He began his duties with the RCMP on April 1, 1977.

A Division

(Headquarters — Ottawa, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 28802, Cst. and Mrs. Gary Chaters, a son, Brent Gary, born February 19, 1977, at North Bay, Ontario.

Annual Bonspiel The "A" Division Annual Bonspiel was held on February 25, 1977, at the RCMP Curling Club. Twenty-four rinks participated, and prizes were awarded. "A" flight and the J. H. D. Poudrette trophy were won by the rink of Jack Diepold, Dave Stewart, Dwight Dowbiggin and Mary Sousa. Runner-up was the rink skipped by Phil Burton, with L. McMullin, Marie Beriault and Mike McDowell. "B" flight was won by the Fred Winters' rink, with Ray Cardinal, Liz Winters and Maureen McMillan. Cam Fortin, with Marcel Larocque, Claude Beaudet and Sue Theriault was the

"B" flight runner-up. "C" flight was captured by Don Day, with Dale Smith, Guy Norman and Larry Comeau. "C" flight runner-up was Stan Campbell, with Chuck Coates, J. P. Huard and Alma Stone.

The day included an afternoon luncheon, and wine and cheese. Following the curling activities, a spontaneous party erupted at the "A" Division messes, and by all reports the evening concluded another successful spiel.

Benefit Hockey Game On March 27, 1977, the "A" Division Hockey Team lined up against the Ottawa City Police team at the Ottawa Civic Center for the Annual Ken Spratt Memorial Police Benefit Hockey Game. This year the proceeds were split



L-R Dave Stewart, Dwight Dowbiggin, Mary Sousa and Jack Diepold are presented with the J. H. D. Poudrette Trophy by Supt. Tuttle.

between the Canadian Arthritis Society and Operation "Go Home".

On hand for the opening ceremonies was RCMP Commissioner Maurice Nadon; Chief of the Ottawa City Police, Leo Séguin; Reverend Norman Johnston, City Police Chaplain and founder of "Operation Go Home" and A/Commr. J. U. M. Sauve, C.O. of "A" Division.

Approximately 3,000 spectators watched as the RCMP team prevailed over the City Police team, winning the game 4-2.

Alain Cyr of the RCMP, was awarded the Game's Most Valuable Player and Alain Methot of the City Police was awarded the Ottawa City Police M.V.P. which is an in-house trophy awarded every year to a member of the Ottawa City Police team.

Benefit Gets a Snow Job SNO-DO "100" is an annual event held each February in which local media, politicians and businessmen obtain pledges to drive snowmobiles up to 100 miles in aid of worthy causes. One of the "causes", the Big Brother Organization, was experiencing difficulty in meeting its operating budget. Feeling we could assist in some small way, we obtained the Commanding Officer's consent to enter a snowmobile in the SNO-DO "100"

Our celebrity driver was Cst. Guy Champagne of the "A" Division Traffic Section. After obtaining pledges of \$150.00, Guy completed the 100 miles in a little over 3½ hours after experiencing mechanical difficulties.

Next year we're considering entering a dog team. It doesn't break down and the dogs are edible.

First Row LR: M. Charlebois, G. Vermette, G. Nixon, P. Prudhomme, D. Riopelle and J. P. Lehoux. Second Row: J. Braun (Coach) and T. Hamilton (Trainer). Third Row: B. Ettinger, D. Morin, L. Power, T. Gieger E. Escobetto, R. King, B. Jessiman, A. MacDougall, A. Cyr, B. Chase, B. Cauchon, C. Charette (manager).



Honorary Degree Presentation 1976 was the Centennial year for the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont. On October 6, a special convocation was held and six ex-cadets were awarded honorary degrees. One of these ex-cadets was former Commissioner G. B. McClellan. The degree was given with the following citation:

No. 1921, Commissioner G. B. McClellan: Ever since the days of Number 13, A. B. Perry, graduates of this College have gone on to serve with distinction in the Royal North West Mounted Police and, later, with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Today, we call before you one whose service to Canada in this way has been an outstanding example of the service of our graduates in this field of endeavour.

Number 1921, George Brinton McClellan, graduated from the College in 1929 to face the hard times of the great Depression. After doing a variety of jobs, including editorship of a small newspaper in Northern Quebec, he joined the RCMP in 1932 as a constable, third class. He was selected from among a list of five thousand candidates, he asserts — more on the basis of the discipline and training received at RMC than on his academic and work record.

Anyway, it paid off. He rose rapidly through the ranks. In three short months in 1939, he was corporal, then sergeant, and was commissioned.

During the Second World War, although he eagerly volunteered for overseas service, he was considered more valuable to security operations at home. He served in Vancouver and then Toronto as officer in charge of Intelligence.

For his work in operations, training, and in other fields with Norwegian forces in Canada during World War II he was awarded the King Haakon VII Cross of Liberation.

After the war, he became Director of Security and Intelligence at Headquarters. He then went on to command in Toronto, and in Alberta, and was promoted successively to Assistant Commissioner, and Deputy Commissioner. In 1963, he became



Commissioner McClellan delivers the Convocation Address at R.M.C. (photo courtesy of R.M.C. Newsletter).

Commissioner of the Force, serving until his retirement in 1967.

But other work called him, and he became the first Ombudsman in Canada, serving the Province of Alberta in this capacity from 1967 to 1975. He continues to serve the Government of Alberta as Chairman of the Rental Approval Board.

Mr. Chancellor, on behalf of the Senate of the College I am proud to present to you so that you may confer upon him the Degree Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, Number 1921, George Brinton McClellan, whose service to Truth, Duty and Valour has brought honour to this College, enhanced the worldwide respect for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and established the office of Ombudsman as a most honourable one in this country.

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Members of the eight rinks which participated in the Labrador City and Wabush Mixed Curling Bonspiel.

B Division

(Headquarters — St. John's, Newfoundland)

RCMP Mixed Curling Bonspiel The second RCMP Mixed Curling Bonspiel for Labrador City and Wabush took place at the Carol Curling Club, Labrador City, on February 27, 1977. The eight rinks were made up of experienced and beginning curlers, and three games were played by each rink. The team of Sally Turcotte, Cpl. Peter Roberts, Cst. Dennis

Rideout and Cst. Harold Nippard emerged the victors, winning every game they played. The winning rink was presented with trophies and the RCMP Curling Bonspiel Plaque by Inspector M. R. Evans of Corner Brook. The runner up team and the last place team were also given awards by other members of this Detachment.

C Division

(Headquarters — Montreal, Quebec)

Canadian Cross-Country Ski Marathon On February 26 and 27, 1977, Constables Marc Beaupre and Raymond Cusson of the Montreal Crime Section took part in the Canadian Ski Marathon. In two days of competition Marc Beaupre covered 50 miles and Raymond Cusson, 40 miles. Skiers from around the world entered the marathon.

This marathon is a unique event, gathering over 3,500 ski buffs of all ages and categories. Such participation in a 100-mile (160 km) event over a period of two days made this marathon the most attended winter sports event in North America.

Although a 100-mile race is organized for the experts, the marathon is above all a participation-oriented event. The skier remains free to ski alone, with his family, or as a team member, the number of sections he wants (each section being at least 10 miles long).

Participation, endurance and fun are the key words to this marathon. In fact, the Canadian Ski Marathon is not "just another race"; it is a major event and an important social phenomenon. It is also a tough endurance test which offers a unique oppor-

tunity to live an outstanding group experience and to discover your limits.

Brief historical background In 1967, a group of 200 cross-country skiers, under the leadership of Don MacLeod (founder) decided to celebrate the Centennial in an unusual way. They organized a cross-country ski marathon between Montreal and Ottawa.

At the time, cross-country skiing was not a popular sport in Quebec, and trails were simply non-existent. Therefore, the skiers had to make do with available patches of land in fields, woods, or across lakes and rivers, under severe conditions. Some lost their way; others ended up in icy waters. Nevertheless, many reached their goal, and stimulated by such a valuable experience, decided to do it all over again the following year with greater participation.

The marathon now is in its twelfth year. It has become a corporation and has given birth to a club. All year round, officials organize the race, making preparations for entries, accommodation, communications and trail maintenance.

The Trail The Canadian ski marathon trail is a wild trail leading from Lachute, Quebec, to Cantley, Quebec (10 kms. north of the Ottawa-Hull urban centre). A little over 160 kms. long, it is divided into 10 sections or stages, 15 to 20 kms each. On Saturday, the race covered the first five sections between Lachute and Montebello; on Sunday, activities moved west, between Montebello and Cantley, to cover the last five sections. Checkpoints located close by access roads represented the end of a section and beginning of the next one. Transportation between the various checkpoints consisted of a special bus service for the coaches.

Weather Since the temperature has a direct effect on performance, before waxing the skis we had to take into account that on Saturday the temperature was +1° C, making the snow sticky. On Sunday it was 0° C, and rain covered the snow with a layer of glazed frost. On the first day, the skiers eagerly set out in good spirits. The second day, aching muscles made the participants realize the ten mile stages were both physically and psychologically demanding.

Representing the RCMP in this marathon, Constables Beaupre and Cusson gained tremendous experience as cross-country skiers, and hope they will be able to arouse interest in this now very popular sport.

Submitted by Cst. Raymond Cusson

Marathon canadien de ski de fond Les 26 et 27 février 1977, les gendarmes Marc Beaupré et Raymond Cusson de la Section des infractions commerciales, à Montréal, ont participé au Marathon canadien de ski de fond. Pendant ces deux jours de compétition, Marc Beaupré a parcouru 50 milles et Raymond Cusson, 40 milles. Des skieurs de tous les pays étaient inscrits à cette épreuve.

Le marathon est un événement unique en son genre qui rassemble plus de 3500 adeptes de tout âge et de toute catégorie. Ce grand nombre de skieurs engagés pendant 2 jours dans une course de 100 milles (160 km) a fait du marathon le plus grand mouvement de participation dans le sport d'hiver en Amérique du Nord.

Bien qu'on y rencontre des professionnels, le marathon est avant tout un événement de participation. Seul, en famille ou en équipe, le skieur amateur est libre de faire le nombre de sections de son choix (on doit compter un minimum de 10 milles par section).

Participation, endurance et plaisir sont les mots clés du marathon. A la différence des autres courses, le marathon est aussi une rencontre sociale importante ainsi qu'une épreuve d'endurance qui vous donne l'occasion de vivre une expérience de groupe extraordinaire. Le marathon vous permet de découvrir vos capacités de même que des régions qui nous font oublier la monotonie du quotidien.

Petite histoire du marathon En 1967, un groupe de 200 skieurs de fond avec pour chef de file Don Macleod décidèrent de célébrer le centenaire de façon inusitée en organisant une course de ski de fond entre Montréal et Ottawa.

A l'époque, ce sport n'était guère connu au Québec et les pistes étaient inexistantes; les skieurs durent alors s'accommoder de bouts de terrain à travers champs, bois, lacs et rivières, et de conditions difficiles. Plusieurs s'égarèrent, d'autres se retrouvèrent à l'eau. Cependant, nombre d'entre eux atteignirent leur but et, stimulés par cette expérience enrichissante, décidèrent de recommencer l'année suivante, mais cette fois, avec un plus grand nombre de participants. Le marathon a maintenant 11 ans et il réunit une corporation et un club. Des officiels mettent toute l'année à organiser des détails tels que les modalités d'inscription, le logement, les communications et l'entretien des pistes.

La piste La piste du marathon canadien de ski de fond est un parcours accidenté qui a son point de départ à Lachute et qui se termine à Cantley, à 10 km au nord de l'agglomération Hull-Ottawa. Elle compte un peu plus de 160 km et elle est divisée en 10 sections ou étapes de 15 à 20 km chacune. Le samedi, les skieurs font les cinq premières sections, entre Lachute et Montebello; le dimanche, la course se déplace vers l'ouest pour les cinq dernières étapes, entre Montebello et Cantley. Des postes de contrôle, situés aux points d'accès des routes, marquent la fin d'une étape et le commencement de la suivante. Un service d'autobus spécial assure les déplacements entre ces postes de contrôle.

Le temps Pour le fartage des skis, il a fallu prendre en considération qu'il faisait plus d'un degré Celsius le samedi, ce qui rendait la neige collante, et qu'il tombait une pluie verglaçante le dimanche. En effet, il ne faut pas oublier que la température influence toujours la performance du skieur. La première

journée s'est déroulée dans la joie et l'effort, mais le deuxième jour, les muscles endoloris au réveil nous ont rappelé que les autres étapes de 10 milles seraient difficiles tant au plan physique que psychologique.

Les gendarmes Beaupré et Cusson qui représentaient la Gendarmerie à ce marathon, ont pu parfaire leur connaissance du ski de fond. Ils espèrent avoir stimulé l'intérêt de leurs lecteurs pour ce sport maintenant populaire au Québec.

Par Raymond Cusson

Compétition de natation Le 21 décembre 1976, le gendarme Raymond Cusson a participé à une course à relais en natation d'une durée d'une heure, au Centre de développement physique, à Mon-

tréal. Chaque équipe était constituée de trois nageurs. Terminant au premier rang sur cinq équipes en effectuant 175.5 longueurs de piscine, l'équipe du gendarme Cusson établit un nouveau record pour la région de Montréal et remporta la médaille d'or.

Out-of-Print Quarterlies We have received a letter from an ex-member who would like to hear from anyone interested in his collection of Quarterlies. He has the complete series from January 1953 to January 1974. Should anyone wish further information, would they please contact:

Mr. J. L. Thibault
12060 Cousineau
Montreal, Quebec,
H4K 1P5.

D Division

(Headquarters — Winnipeg, Manitoba)



Out-Of-Print Quarterlies We have had a request from the "D" Division Library to try to locate out-of-print issues of the Quarterly. The library needs the April 1946 issue, which is the only one missing in their collection between 1940 and 1976. They are also interested in obtaining any issues prior to January, 1940. If anyone can help out, would they please contact:

"D" Division Executive NCO,
"D" Division Headquarters,
Box 5650,
Winnipeg, Manitoba,
R3C 3K2.

Commanding Officer's Commendation At a presentation ceremony, Chief Superintendent W. G. Buchanan, "D" Division C.I.B. Officer, presented

L-R C/M A. M. N. Holden receives a 25-year Certificate of Service from Supt. J. R. Corley, O.C. Brandon Sub-Division.



Cst. B. Montemurro receives his Commendation from C/Supt. W. G. Buchanan.



Insp. G. J. Druchet of Winnipeg Sub-Division, right, presents an RCMP Long Service Medal to Sgt. J. Houlihan of Thunder Bay Airport Detachment.

the Commanding Officer's Certificate of Commendation to Cst. B. Montemurro, for his participation in the rescue of two members of Headingley Highway Patrol, from a civilian aircraft which crashed near Winnipeg on June 9, 1976.

Long Service Medal Presentation On February 23,

Depot Division
(Headquarters — Regina, Sask.)

New Member On Oct. 30, 1976, W. Fraser MacRae was sworn in as a S/Cst. and assigned to Spl. "O" Duties in "E" Division. Fraser is the son of Supt. W. F. MacRae, Training Officer at the Academy.

Having lived "on the square" since he was 5 years old, he is no stranger to training, and it seems only fitting that he should choose to continue his life with the Force. Many will remember Fraser as the "paper boy" delivering the Leader Post to the houses at the Academy, and selling the paper from his stand at the Division Mess.

In recent times he has been employed as a public servant, working in Stores Services and the Armourer Shop.

Assigned to "D" Troop 76/77 he completed his long association with the Academy on December 17, 1976, and is now located in Vancouver, B.C.

The Academy Life at the Academy is very quiet these days. Presently there are only 4 troops of regular members and one troop of S/Csts. in training, but a steady influx of troops has begun and shortly we will be back to heavier workloads. The slack period we are going through has had its good points, however, as it has allowed us to run other courses, including Divisional training programmes in First Aid, and Public Relations.

1977, Sgt. J. Houlihan of Thunder Bay Airport Detachment was presented with an RCMP Long Service Medal, by Insp. G. J. Druchet of Winnipeg Sub-Division. The presentation took place at a special gathering in Thunder Bay, with members, their wives, and Judicial and M.O.T. personnel in attendance.

Hockey On the weekend of March 11 and 12 "Depot" supplied ice for the elimination rounds of the Municipal Police Hockey Tournament. The event was sponsored by the Regina City Police.

Teams from Calgary, Edmonton, Fort Garry, Regina and Winnipeg City Police Departments, as well as the "Depot" team, participated. On Sunday the finals were held at the Jack Hamilton Arena and, in the "B" event, Fort Garry edged out the Regina City Police team with a goal in the final second of the game. On the "A" side, a stubborn Calgary team would not give up and struggled to a hard-fought win over the classy favourites from Winnipeg.

To wrap up the Academy's hockey season the RCMP minor hockey annual tournament was held. This tournament involved 16 teams (4 RCMP) for 7 to 14-year old boys.

At the tournaments the RCMP Royalties Club (wives) sold refreshments and made a good profit. Most of their profits are being presented to a worthy charity while the remainder will be used later to start future good service projects. We tip our hats to all those involved in the organization of these tournaments.

"Depot" was also the scene of the Western Canada RCMP Hockey Tournament for the 1976/77 hockey season. Remembering last year's tournament, most



Supt. MacRae welcomes his son Fraser into the Force.



Most Valuable Players Presentation — L-R: John Michalak and Dennis Wolfrey of Depot Division, Supt. W. F. MacRae (making the presentation) and Dave Shardlow of "K" Division.



Dan Stevens of "F" Division receives "Best Goalie Award" from A/Comm'r. G. W. Reed, right, C.O. "F" Division.



Top scorer Wayne Baskill of "F" Division, left, with C/Supt. T. M. Light.

spectators and players were looking forward to this year's tournament enthusiastically.

This year there were two significant changes. First was the fact that "F" and "Depot" Division co-hosted the tournament. Second was the addition of a hockey team from "G" Division, their first participation in this tournament. Teams from "D" Division, "E" Division and "K" Division were also in the tournament as well as teams from the two co-host Divisions.

The first three games of the round-robin series were played on March 17, 1977, and it was evident from the outset the tournament would be as exciting as it was last year. After the fifteen games in the round-robin series, "F" Division emerged the winners with five wins and no losses and received the by into the final game on Sunday afternoon. "K" Division and "D" Division won the two semi-final playoff berths.

A special comment about our new addition: "G" Division arrived from all points in the north; one member even came from Griese Fjord. The rest of the team came from scattered detachments, a distance of 2,500 miles between the two outlying posts. Although some members had had little or no practice this year, when they skated onto the ice in their bright yellow and blaze orange uniforms, they were ready for the opposition. By the time the round-robin was over, the other five teams knew they had played against the hard hitting "G" Division team. Our thanks to them for helping to make our tournament a success.

Saturday night was a time for fun and relaxation and an occasion to renew some old acquaintances. A cocktail hour was held in the Regina Area Cpls. Mess and following that there was a players banquet. The

headtable party consisted of the Commanding Officers of the two co-host Divisions, a representative from each of the participating Divisions, guest speaker Mr. M. G. "Torchie" Schell, and special guest Mr. Les "Metro" Pavelick.

After the dinner Torchie spoke for a few moments about "Where are the NHL and WHA leagues headed?" Our special guest was not your average comedian. For the next 45 minutes, everyone in the Division Mess was in a fit of laughter.

The next part of the program was of particular interest to the players as individuals. The awards were: best goaltender — Dan Stevens, "F" Division; best defenceman — Dennis Affleck, "D" Division; best forward — Dennis Wolfrey, "Depot" Division; top point collector — Wayne Boskill, "F" Division; most valuable players — (selected by the teams participating) Dave Shardlow, "K" Division, John Michalak and Dennis Wolfrey, both of "Depot" Division.

The stage was set for the last two remaining games. "K" and "D" Divisions battled it out in the semi-final with "K" Division winning with a six to three score and the right to move into the final at 2:00 p.m.

A very fast four goals by "F" Division was too insurmountable for the "K" Division team to overcome. Although the rest of the game was a classic, "K" Division couldn't close the gap. Final Score: "F" Division — 9, "K" Division — 7. First, second and third place medallions were presented to each member of the respective teams. The Commanding Officers of "F" and "Depot" Division presented the "Alberta Centennial Trophy" to "F" Division.

Another tournament had been successfully completed. A lot of tired people were going home. Some

of them were disappointed losers, harried organizers and happy winners, but everyone went home having enjoyed a tremendous weekend of hockey, fun and friends.

Note: "Torchie" Schell is ex-S/Sgt. M. G. Schell, retired February 9, 1970, from "F" Division, and is now employed as the Western Scout for the National Hockey League.

E Division

(Headquarters — Victoria, B.C.)

Births To Reg. No. 33009, Cst. and Mrs. R. Nordlund, a son, Michael Robert Frederick, born March 14, 1977, at Nanaimo, B.C.

To Reg. No. 24481, Cpl. and Mrs. C. E. Nielsen, a son, Martin Stacy, born March 3, 1977, at Victoria, B.C.

Regimental Dinner On March 11, 1977, Kamloops Sub-Division held their 4th Annual Sub-Division RCMP Regimental Dinner at Canadian Forces Station, Mt. Lolo. Headtable guests included C/Supt. D. D. Cliffe, representing the C.O., "E" Division; Supt. R. Williams, O. C. Kamloops Sub-Division; Major W. R. Doucette, C.O., CFS Mt. Lolo; Mr. Mike Latta, Mayor of the City of Kamloops; Insp. D. L. Render, O.I.C. Detachment Policing, Kamloops Sub-Division; Insp. A. V. Edwards, O.I.C. Kamloops City Detachment; Sgt. C. W. Powell, President of the Sgts. Mess, CFS Mt. Lolo.

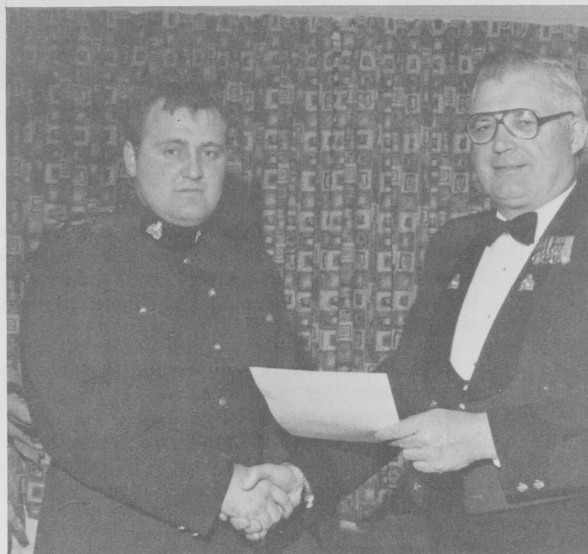
During the evening Mayor Mike Latta gave a speech on Police-Community Relations. He emphasized the need for policemen to meet members of the public on a more personal basis, rather than isolating themselves, as they appear to do. Too often, he felt, RCMP members were only visible when passing in patrol cars. Mayor Latta also expressed his pleasure and appreciation of the programmes being started in Kamloops to bring the police and the public closer together.

A cocktail hour preceded the main course of filet mignon, superbly prepared by the Food Services Staff of CFS Mt. Lolo, under the direction of Sgt. Art Rogers. At the conclusion of the dinner everyone retired to the Sgts. Mess for an evening of reminiscing and fun.

Commendations At the dinner, C/Supt. Cliffe presented Commanding Officer's Commendation to Cst. R. N. Kitchen of Clearwater Detachment and Csts. B. W. Beeson and T. E. Edwards of Kamloops City Detachment.

At 6:10 p.m., on July 19, 1976, a call was received from the Parks Branch of the Wells Gray Provincial Park, that three people, one a two year old boy, had gone over the "falls" at the South end of Clearwater Lake, and were stranded on an island in the river which was in flood.

A helicopter was requested and flown to Clearwater around 7:30 p.m. It picked up Cst. Kitchen, who had obtained some rope and a climbing belt.

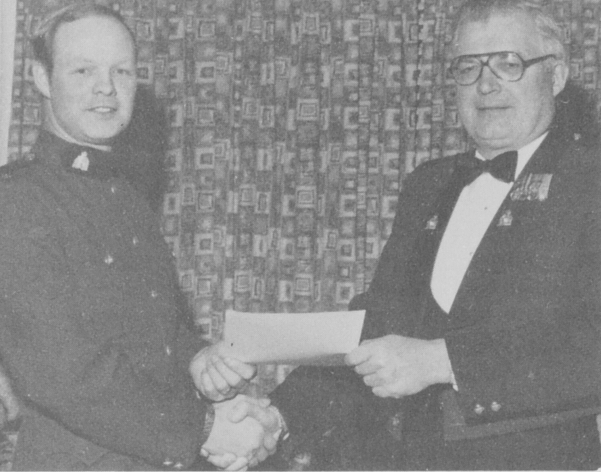


C/Supt. D. D. Cliffe presents Commanding Officer's Commendations to Cst. R. N. Kitchen...

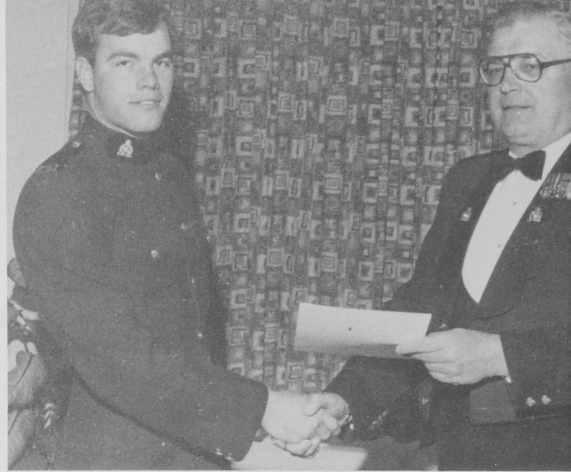
On arrival, it was obvious the helicopter could not land on the island because of the high water, seventy foot trees, and impending darkness. As it was an emergency, Cst. Kitchen and James Franklin (helicopter pilot) decided that Cst. Kitchen would be suspended from a rope (approximately 100 feet) below the helicopter, and flown over open water 300 yards to the island.

This was done, and Cst. Kitchen was landed on the island and picked up the small child in his arms. Flying back to the campsite, the base of their operations, the helicopter dropped too low, and put Cst. Kitchen in the river up to his waist. The people on shore signalled the pilot to fly higher, which he did, and then dropped both of them off at the campsite. Cst. Kitchen was then lifted back to the island. He tied the woman to the rope and she was flown to the campsite. Franklin returned and picked up the husband, then Cst. Kitchen, from the island, and returned them to the campsite.

By the time this operation was completed, night had almost fallen.



... Cst. B. W. Beeson...



... and Cst. T. E. Edwards.

Prior to the arrival of the helicopter, Cst. Kitchen, knowing the local area well, had the presence of mind to arrange, and obtain necessary rescue equipment in the event the helicopter would be unable to land on the island.

With no prior training, or fear for his own safety, he was flown over the flooded river to rescue three stranded people from an island. With the child in his arms, his own safety had been further endangered, as he had been lowered to his waist in this fast-moving water and could not protect himself in any way. After this harrowing experience he returned to the island to rescue the child's mother and father.

On Sept. 28, 1976, at 12:10 a.m., acting on information about a stolen Corvette, Csts. B. W. Beeson and T. E. Edwards checked out a suspicious Corvette in the Plaza Hotel parking lot in Kamloops. Although the car did not have the reported California registration, the two constables stopped it, and asked the driver for identification.

The driver searched through his pockets, and two wallets. Cst. Beeson noticed one wallet contained an unusually large number of twenty dollar bills, so the driver was asked to step out of his car. As the man complied, Cst. Beeson noticed more money on the seat of the car, and a lump in the man's shirt at his belt line. Cst. Beeson reached for it, and retrieved a .357 Magnum revolver.

The two constables then tried to position the man properly for a more thorough search. He began to struggle, telling Cst. Edwards, "You'd better back off or you'll get shot". During the ensuing scuffle a shot went off. Cst. Edwards then saw that the driver had another revolver. He grabbed the man's hand, attempting to deviate his aim.

In self-defence Cst. Beeson placed a choke hold on the driver, causing him to go limp. The gun was confiscated. The man was taken to hospital, as he did not immediately regain consciousness. Later, it was felt that Wright, the driver of the Corvette, had attempted to shoot Cst. Edwards in the head. The fact that Wright was an exceptionally muscular man,

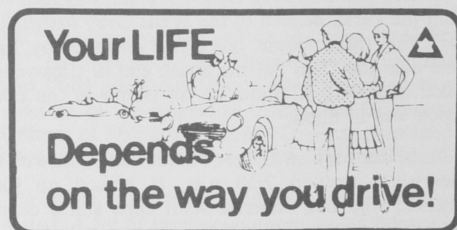
and that both revolvers contained live ammunition, made him a most formidable adversary.

Cst. Beeson's alertness in spotting the car and noticing the money and suspicious bulge under Wright's shirt, was undoubtedly responsible for arresting this dangerous criminal, wanted in both Canada and the U.S.A. Cst. Beeson averted a potentially fatal situation by getting the man under control and disarming him.

The Corvette was towed to the police station and searched. A case was found in front of the passenger's seat containing \$25,647.44. Various other items were also found: another .357 Magnum, shells for the revolvers, a plastic bag with three sticks of dynamite, and licence plates from Nevada, Idaho and B.C., as well as the initially reported California plates.

Wright had lifted two .357 Magnums from two Deputy Sheriffs at gun point, in Ogden, Utah. He was also wanted for kidnapping in this incident, and in California for several robberies. His record dated from 1960 for kidnapping, armed robbery, aggravated assaults, and rape, which proved he was a very violent person.

The large sum of money and two pieces of jade jewelry bearing Grouse Mountain Resort labels found in the stolen car, linked him to a jewelry robbery at a Grouse Mountain resort. Subsequently Wright was indeed found to have been the perpetrator of this crime.





C/Supt. Light, left, presents a plaque to S/Sgt. Grover.

F Division (Headquarters — Regina, Sask.)

Farewell A gathering at the Senior N.C.O.'s Mess on Wednesday, February 23rd, 1977, honoured S/Sgt. P. M. (Mort) Grover and his wife, Mary, prior to Mort's going to pension on February 25th, 1977. During the evening they were presented with a suitably engraved plaque by C/Supt. T. M. Light, C.I.B. Officer, on behalf of the "Third Floor Gang". A second plaque was presented by Supt. C. Morin, O.C. Regina Sub-Division, on behalf of the Regina Area Recreation Club. During the usual Friday "Happy Hour" at the Senior N.C.O.'s Mess, on February 25th, the Mess President Sgt. Hugh Simon, presented Mort with the traditional engraved stein.

Mort, who would have completed 27 years service in June, 1977, was a very popular member to all who came to know him since his arrival in this Division in 1971, after spending his earlier service in the Maritime Provinces. Mort has left for Saint John, New Brunswick, where he has accepted a position with Irving Oil Company.

G Division (Headquarters — Yellowknife, N.W.T.)



Insp. D. S. Webster, left, presents Commanding Officer's Commendations to S/Sgt. L. F. W. Kendel...

Commanding Officer's Commendation At 9:40 p.m. on August 6, 1976, a family fight was reported to the Inuvik Detachment. Responding to the call, S/Sgt. L. F. W. Kendel, Cpl. J. W. Matthews and Cst. G. R. Pritchard found the situation much more serious than initially indicated. Instead of being faced with a domestic quarrel, they were confronted with an armed man who had barricaded himself inside his house, and was holding his children hostage. Obviously well-armed, the man fired repeatedly at the three members, hitting parked and passing cars.

For several hours they tried to persuade the man to surrender; to return the shots could have jeopardized the safety of the children. All the talk, however, was to no avail. Only when one of his children was able to open a door, did the crisis end. While Cpl. Matthews distracted the man, S/Sgt. Kendel and Cst. Pritchard were able to rush in and disarm him. Fortunately, no one was injured.

... to Cpl. J. W. Matthews...



... and to Cst. G. R. Pritchard.



On December 11, 1976, the Commanding Officer's Commendation was presented to these three members by Insp. D. S. Webster, O. C. Inuvik Sub-

Division, who remarked that the members' actions were indeed commendable, considering the accused had been involved in this type of incident before.

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

Unknown Quantity In March, 1976, Cpl. Mike Ennis, i/c Kentville G.I.S., thought of an idea to raise funds for the Kings County Mentally Retarded Association. Mike and his wife, Jeanne, have been involved with the Association at the local level for some time. They know that community financial support is essential to help the mentally retarded take a useful, positive place in today's society.

The idea, although not original, definitely proved to be both practical and successful. A hockey team, known as the "Red Devils" was formed to play benefit games in the Kings County area. The team consisted of the members stationed at Kentville, employees of the Department of Lands and Forests, and volunteers from neighbouring units.

The first game was played against the Berwick Old Timers who supported the cause with great enthusiasm. A Berwick merchant donated a handsome trophy to promote the game into an annual event. The community, as a whole, supplied most of the necessities to stage the game. Mike and other

members promoted ticket sales to a degree professional hockey clubs only dream about.

The players entertained a sellout audience. During the last ten minutes the action dramatically changed as pies were thrown and fake fights staged. The much harassed, and pie-covered, referee and linesmen were required to call some most unusual penalties.

When the final whistle sounded the "Red Devils" had scored the most goals. However, the real winners were the mentally retarded. The opposing captains presented the Association with a cheque for \$1,200.00. The spirit of the community was such that the winner of a \$25.00 door prize turned it over to the association.

This benefit game achieved such wide spread public acclaim that three others have been staged in various arenas against the Lions Club All Stars, Canning Minor Hockey Coaches and, again, the Berwick Old Timers.

First Row L-R: **Chuck Blakney, Dave Murphy, Don Snow, Linda Ferguson, Charlie Wood, Carl Mahoney, Dan Duffy.** Second Row: **Steve O'Handley, Clarence Burgess, John Askew, Jim Wiles, John Amirault, Bob Lowe, Ross Campbell, Ian Atkins, Ernie Barnard, Mike Ennis, Jerry Veinett and Ralph Bauckman.**





C/Supt. Wright, right, makes presentations to Cst. Harold Greeno



... and C/M Harold Ross.

The Canning vs Red Devils game was widely publicized and attended by the Honourable A. G. Brown, M.L.A. Minister of Recreation, who donated a trophy for annual competition and presided over the opening face-off. Interested citizens donated new uniforms to the Red Devils to replace those previously worn. The old uniforms had ranged from those of the St. John's Saints to the Burnaby Bruins.

The game proceeded as scheduled before another sellout crowd. From the opening whistle Cst. Linda "Fergy" Ferguson led the attack, and repeatedly "got the draw" from her counterpart, Mrs. Fred Scott. Mrs. Scott centered one of the most productive lines for the coaches. As on previous occasions, pie throwing dominated parts of the game with the Red Devil bench receiving the greatest portion. The Canning Coaches are excellent pie throwers!

At the end of 60 minutes the score was 10-10. The audience demanded a winner. It was decreed that the female centres would each be given one penalty shot to break the tie. "Fergy" took the first shot and deked the opposing goal tender right out of his long johns, driving home a low, blistering drive from close in. Mrs. Scott was not as fortunate. Her knee-high shot to the stick side was easily stopped by the cat-like quickness of the Red Devil goal tender, Charlie Wood, of the Dept. of Lands and Forests. And so, another trophy and \$1,300.00 for the Mentally Retarded was won.

The idea of promoting games such as these was originally conceived as a one-shot deal. This one shot has blossomed into a series with endless possibilities. Much needed funds, about \$4,000.00 to date, are now going to an organization which is making good use of them. The ultimate winners are a group of children and adults who will have a better chance at a normal life. The fans who support these games have found genuine enjoyment and uninhibited laughter. At the same time, fans and players alike, leave the

arenas feeling they have made a worthwhile contribution to their community. Hopefully the people of these communities also feel "cops" aren't such bad guys after all. The latter is an unknown quantity, but nevertheless, worthwhile.

Retirement Presentation On February 25, 1977, two long serving members of "H" Division retired, having reached maximum age. At a social in the Division Sgts. Mess the Commanding Officer, C/Supt. D. J. Wright made presentations to Cst. Harold Greeno and C/M Harold Ross.

Old Timers Hockey Team In January, 1976, an "old timers" hockey team was formed in Halifax with the purpose of fostering police-community relations, and keeping the "old guys" in shape. Exhibition games were played throughout Nova Scotia in support of various worthwhile community projects.

This season the team became an integral part of old timers hockey in Nova Scotia, with 19 games played or scheduled to date.

The highlight of this year's activity has been participation in the National Old Timers Hockey Tournament at Saint John, N.B., where 72 teams participated. Although our three games resulted in 1 tie and 2 losses, attending this auspicious tournament was a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

All indications now are that "old timers" hockey in "H" Division is here to stay.

"H" Division Hockey Team Again this year, a hockey team was formed to participate in the Force's Eastern Hockey Tournament at C.F.B. Galetown. Several practices were held at Halifax, with as many of the eligible members from "outside" units as possible, attending.

The trip to the tournament was to be by bus with all members leaving Halifax at 1 p.m. Our first stop was at C.F.B. Shearwater to pick up the "O" Divi-



Members of the Old Timers Hockey Team. First Row L-R: Laurie Lavoie, Laurie Ward, Darwyn Stutt, Pete Garner, Norm Atkinson and Cam Reid. Second Row: Gil White, Bill Jesso, Preston Robbins, Don Burgess, Gary House, Bob Ballum, Neil Hallett, Eric Bishop and Larry Warren. Missing from the photo are A. P. Aucoin, G. M. Carisle, E. J. Pettit, S. G. Clarke, C. L. Craig and C. W. Purcell.

sion team, then on to Truro, 60 miles away, where an enjoyable 1½ hours was spent while a flat tire was repaired. Our next stop was 2 miles west of Sussex, N.B., when the motor of the bus gave out. We spent an enjoyable 2 hours at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cornfield, R.R. #1, Sussex, who took pity on the 30-odd members stranded by the break-down. The Cornfield's were most hospitable and while frantic phone calls were made for alternate transportation, the Cornfield's produced great quantities of coffee and delicious home-made pies. Thanks to the members of Sussex Detachment, transport was arranged for the two teams to meet the "C" Division bus which came to pick us up. We arrived at Gagetown at 11 p.m.

We continued our hospitality to "O" Division by "letting" them win our first game 2 to 1. We then settled into our true form by beating "B" Division 3

to 0, tying "A" Division 5 to 5 and beating "L" Division 7 to 2 to win the Consolation Title.

We enjoyed the tournament and the hospitality shown by the residents of C.F.B. Gagetown, and we are now preparing for next year's tournament.

Reunion All former RCMP Marine Division members are advised that a reunion is planned for September 23rd and 24th, 1977, at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Interested parties are urged to contact, as soon as possible, Mr. F. A. Christian, 3645 Rosemeade Ave., Halifax, N.S. B3K 4L9. Phone 902-454-9590.

If there are any veterans (with Marine Division Service) residing in your area, please bring this notice to their attention.

J Division

(Headquarters — Fredericton, N.B.)

Birth To Reg. No. 32742, Cst. and Mrs. Bryan R. Moffatt, a daughter, Rebecca Marie, born at Perth Andover, N.B., on March 10, 1977.

M Division
(Headquarters — Whitehorse, Y.T.)

Marriage Reg. No. 28934, Cst. R. R. Davidson to Miss Janet Elaine Butts, on February 25, 1977, at Lethbridge, Alberta.

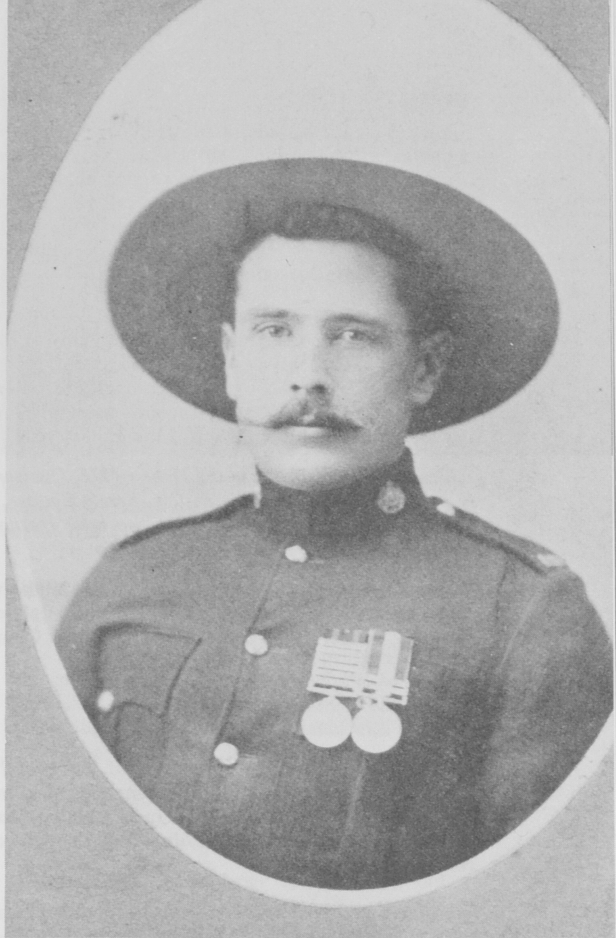
Rendezvous Week The week of February 21-27 is "Rendezvous Week" in the city of Whitehorse. People from south of 60°, as well as the N.W.T., Alaska, and north of 60° congregate in Whitehorse to celebrate. While it is an exceptionally busy week for the members of Whitehorse Detachment, the members and staff manage to find the odd moment to partake in the festivities. Two such activities that we were able to participate in were the first Annual Yukon Bed Race and the Tug-of-War.

Approximately 40 teams, consisting of 5 persons each, entered the bed race. The event was run off in heats, with 3 beds to a heat. The best time won the contest and the first prize of \$500.00. The RCMP team consisted of Cpls. Ken Gabb and Bert Shaw, Csts. John Pilszek and Jules Martin, and S/Cst. Greg Seddon.

As the decision to enter the race was made at the last minute, a great deal of effort was exerted by Sgt. Ujin Hummeny, S/Cst. Doug MacAuley, and Cst. Phil Barrett and his wife, to build the bed and have it in racing condition.

Well, when the last bed crossed the finish line and the times were tallied, the RCMP entry was not the winner. However, we had a respectable showing and will start training early for next year's race.

As far as our tug-of-war entry went, a valiant effort was exerted by our male team. They even



Regimental No. 4007, ex-Cst. Frank Goulter.

Come on ladies, you can pull harder than that...



employed nautical skills in successfully untying the complicated knot which had mysteriously become tied to the opponents' patrol wagon, namely the "Rendezvous Keystone Kops". Overall we came in second to the big, overwhelming brawn of the White Pass and Yukon Route team, consisting mainly of truck drivers and freight handlers.

The majority of the female staff of "M" Division and Whitehorse Detachment, as well as many of the members' wives, were remanded to the rope to represent the Force in the womens' competition. After much straining and groaning, the girls succumbed to the pressure of the opposition. Maybe next year.

The Oldest Oldtimer *In the Winter 1977, Quarterly published a note wishing ex-Cst. Frank Goulter a happy 100th birthday. Since then we have learned many others joined in to congratulate him.*

Frank has received messages of congratulations from Her Majesty the Queen; Prime Minister Trudeau; Leader of the Opposition, Joe Clark; Com-

missioner Pearson of the Yukon Territory and many others.

C/Supt. H. Nixon, C.O. "M" Division, along with ex-Cst. G. I. (Cam) Cameron, ex-Cst. Alan Innes-Taylor, and Charlie Taylor, a long time native Yukoner, journeyed to Carmacks to pay the Goulters a visit. C/Supt. Nixon carried a message of congratulations from Commissioner Nadon and presented Frank with a special plaque from the members of "M" Division commemorating his service in the NWMP. The inscription read:

Reg. #4007, Frank Goulter
was engaged in
the R.C.M.P., Regina, Sask.
11 May 1903

Presented on the occasion
of his 100th birthday
21 Jan 77 by
the Commanding Officer "M" Div.
and the members of
the N.C.O.'s Mess

N Division

(Headquarters — Rockcliffe, Ont.)

Musical Ride Reunion Members of the 1974-75 Musical Ride will be holding a reunion on the second weekend in February at the 1978 Quebec Winter Carnival. Should anyone wish details, would they please contact:

Cst. Jerry Martell
20 Aurora Crt., Apt. 609,
Agincourt, Ontario.
Home Phone: 416-497-7663
Bus. Phone: 369-3861

Members of the Band's trombone section in a 19th century pose in the dining room of the "Big House". L-R: Murray Cuthbert, Dean Tronsgard, Jim Gayfer and Dana Kaukinen.



Here and There While travelling throughout Canada in 1976, the RCMP Band members had the good fortune to perform at historic Lower Fort Garry located at Selkirk, Manitoba, only a short and pleasant drive from busy downtown Winnipeg.

Our appearance at the Lower Fort was part of a Police/Community relations program organized by Selkirk Detachment with the co-operation of Maurice Tarr, superintendent of this important National Historic site. For the many thousands of citizens and tourists who journeyed to the site for this event in late June, it was a sojourn into the past long to be remembered. Force uniforms from bygone eras, as well as equipment, past and present, were on display.

Built nearly 140 years ago, the Fort was once headquarters of a proud and tireless Governor whose intent was to rule half a continent from within its walls. Now, the Fort is one of the few relics of Western Canada's oldest commercial enterprise — the fur trade.

In 1951 title to the ancient property was transferred from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian Government and during the intervening years restoration has been undertaken to bring the surviving buildings to their original condition. In 1969 the Big House was fully completed and in 1970, the southwest bastion, the only two storey covered bastion in the Fort, the northeast bastion with its red roofed powder magazine, as well as a Red River frame house outside the walls, were all completed for public viewing. The latter is restored as a typical settler's home of the 1830's. A blacksmith shop has also been re-erected on its original site.

One of the highlights of our tour through the buildings was the visit to the fur loft restored in 1970, which is located on the third floor of one of the three oldest buildings within the walls of the Fort. The loft vividly portrays the process of weighing and baling furs for shipment to York Factory, and together with



Dr. Victor Szyrnski, left, is presented with a copy of his book by C/Supt. Roy Moffatt, Director of the Canadian Police College.

the "Big House" are the jewels of this Prairie restoration program by Parks Canada.

As members of the Force prepare Summer vacations to different parts of Canada, why not include this tiny oasis of history huddled alongside the Red River — a site closely associated with the Force. It was from these gates that the Mounted Police rode out on June 7th, 1874, toward their legendary rendezvous with destiny at Fort Whoop-up.

By S/Sgt. Garth Hampson

Presentation At a brief ceremony in Ottawa, Ont., C/Supt. Roy Moffatt, Director of the Canadian Police College, presented a copy of a new publication, "Understanding of Stress", to Dr. Victor Szyrnski, M.D., Pl. D., F.R.C.P. (C), F.R.C. Psych. (Eng.), F.A.C.P., Professor of Psychiatry, University of Ottawa.

The Booklet, written for the RCMP, is the fourth in a series of studies by Dr. Szyrnski and will be used as reference material for those attending courses at the college.

P Division

(Headquarters — Vancouver, B.C.)

Birth To Reg. No. 19522, Sgt. and Mrs. G. A. Loepky, a son, Christopher Shaun, born February 19, 1977, at Richmond, B.C.

Retirement On December 9, 1976, members and wives of the Commercial Crime Section gathered at Richmond, B.C., to mark the retirement of S/Sgt. Frank Long. Frank left the RCMP after 22 years to take up a position with the Department of Agriculture.

The evening was highlighted by the showing of "To Track a Shadow" starring no other than Frank Long. This was a training film which had been produced back in 1967 when Frank was a corporal. Presentations were made to Frank and his wife Aletha, by Supt. R. N. Mullock, Officer In Charge of the Vancouver Commercial Crime Section.

book reviews

MY NAME IS MASAK: by Alice French; Publisher: Pequis Publishers Limited, Winnipeg, Man., Pp. 110, Illus. Index \$9.00.

Masak was born on Baillie Island, N.W.T., an island in the Beaufort Sea. As a little girl she did the things any other Eskimo child did, with the possible exception that her father taught her English, a knowledge which would stand her in good stead as fate was later to decree.

When Masak was seven, her mother contracted tuberculosis and Masak and her brother were placed in a Residential School in Aklavik. Suddenly she was one of a crowd, living by rules completely foreign to a little Eskimo girl, rules made by white people for white people, complete with all the traditions of a white society. *My Name Is Masak* tells that story.

The author has chosen to write of her life as a little girl rather than as an adult, and is thus able to avoid the analysing question — "why?" She does not complain about the system — she merely tells it as it was. However, any reader with eyes to see will surely ask that very question — "Why?"

My Name Is Masak is a beautiful, perhaps even a poignant story. No one will close the book, without having a clear understanding of the meaning of the term — "culture shock."

It is little wonder northern natives are digging in against the too-rapid onrush of what we call civilization. This book will make reflective readers realize why they are so concerned. JCR.

OUTDOORS CANADA: A unique and practical guide to our wilderness and wildlife, published by The Reader's Digest Association (Canada Ltd., 215 Redfern Ave., Montreal, Que., in conjunction with the Canadian Automobile Association, 150 Gloucester Ave., Ottawa, Ont., January, 1977, Douglas R. Long — Editor, Pp. 384, size 9 x 12 inches; over 1000 photos, maps, illustrations and charts; Price \$24.95.

In the Summer, 1976, issue of the *Quarterly*, we published a review of *Scenic Wonders of*

Canada, a book also published jointly by Reader's Digest and the Canadian Automobile Association. It is an excellent book, and to say *Outdoors Canada* is an equal and complimentary edition is also to say it is excellent.

The book is broken into sections which deal with specific topics. For instance, the second section describes more than 300 Canadian mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, insects and shellfish.

The third section deals with Canadian flora, the fourth with understanding weather, the fifth, the outdoors. Another section deals with outdoor cooking, and yet another with what I feel is very interesting — how to enjoy the outdoors. It touches on many outdoor activities such as swimming, boating, canoeing, fishing, hiking, stargazing, photography, and so on — something for almost everyone. Furthermore, each one of these is broken down into do's and don'ts, nice little tips which could well save one's life!

The last section is entitled — Outdoors: Where It Is. It deals with areas right across Canada where we might find hiking trails, canoe routes, points of interest, etc. and gives uncluttered but clear maps of where one might find areas to enjoy the outdoors. When one considers the migration from the "asphalt jungles" to the country every weekend, a book such as *Outdoors Canada* becomes all the more essential.

Perhaps many hints in this book might seem "old hat" to a seasoned veteran, but as Herman Smith-Johannsen says in his forward, "The most vulnerable person in the wilderness is one who thinks he knows it all." Very true — nature can be, and often is, very unforgiving to the unacquainted and unprepared. This book assists even the most fledgling novice to become acquainted and prepared.

One other thought permeates the book — to enjoy yet protect our wilderness, to live in harmony with it lest we mar it forever.

No doubt, another A+ for the writers, editors, artists and all the others who made this a great book. JCR.

Birds Can't Sing in Ontario?

Lakefield, Ont. (CP) — Village Council approved an interim anti-noise bylaw Tuesday which limits the length of time birds can sing and makes it illegal for any human to sing, whistle, repair a motor or drive a clattering vehicle over smooth pavement.

Birds can sing for less than half an hour between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. and less than 15 minutes between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m. The bylaw does not make a distinction between wild birds and pets.

The anti-noise bylaw was one of three bylaws council asked Earle Cuddie, council's

clerk-treasurer, to prepare after a resident complained to council last week about the amount of noise, littering and loitering in this community 10 miles from Peterborough.

Mr. Cuddie said some aspects of the noise bylaw are almost impossible to enforce and suggested that sections dealing with musical instruments and motor repairs be eliminated for that reason.

(Sept. 30, 1976). *Journal Pioneer, Summerside, P.E.I.*

(We understand portions of this law have since been repealed! Ed.)

promotions

Headquarters Division

C/Superintendent — Supts. J. B. James, N. Brisbin.

Superintendent — Insp. R. C. Currie, D. J. Webster.

P Division (Lower Mainland, B.C.)

Corporal — Cst. L. H. Bredenhof.

K Division (Edmonton, Alta.)

Sergeant — Cpl. T. J. Barnes.

retirements

The following members of the Force retired to pension during the period February 1, 1977, to March 30, 1977.

Reg. No.	Rank	Name	Div.	Date
18086	Sgt.	R. E. Dafoe	K	Mar. 4
18118	Sgt.	P. S. Dornan	H	Mar. 5
17310	Sgt.	M. R. Nan	O	Mar. 16
17121	S/Sgt.	E. E. Chetner	O	Mar. 20
16864	S/Sgt.	R. Nichols	O	Mar. 30

OBITUARIES

Reg. No. 25308, Cst. Dennis Modest Nicklos Shwaykowski, 31, died April 6, 1977, while on duty at Red Deer, Alberta. Born on August 25, 1945, at Benito, Manitoba, he joined the RCMP on December 3, 1966. Following training at "Depot" Division he was posted to "A" Division Protective

Sub-Division, and subsequently to "K" Division on Nov. 4, 1968, serving at Edmonton, Tofield and Red Deer.

Regimental No. 12141, ex-S/Sgt. Frederick Harland Faulkner, 82, died February 2, 1977. He was born

on January 16, 1895, at West Jeddore, N.S. Prior to joining the Force in 1932, he served with the RCNVR during the latter part of W.W. I. He left the Marine Division for a short time in 1933 but re-engaged in March of the same year. He left the Force again in 1939 at the beginning of W.W. II to join the RCAF, where he attained the rank of Flying Officer. He re-engaged in the RCMP on Oct. 21, 1945, and was discharged to pension on Nov. 30, 1950. He was promoted to Skipper on April 1, 1934, to Master "B" Class on December 1, 1938, and S/Sgt. on Oct. 21, 1945. During his career with the Force he served on the P.B. "Scatarie," and the Cruisers "Preventor," "Baybound" and "Chaleur."

Regimental No. 13774, ex-Cst. Donald William Warren, 54, died December 6, 1976, at Oakville, Ont. He was born on July 27, 1922, at Windsor, Ont., and joined the RCMP on November 10, 1940, at Toronto, Ont. Following training at Rockcliffe, Ont., he was transferred to Edmonton, and subsequently to detachments at Vermillion and Smoky Lake. He took his discharge on November 10, 1942, time expired, to join the RCAF.

Regimental No. 16367, ex-S/Sgt. Edwin Douglas Anderson, 63, died March 28, 1977, at Vancouver, B.C. Born July 4, 1913, at Red Deer, Alberta, he joined the British Columbia Provincial Police on March 16, 1936, and engaged in the RCMP on August 15, 1950, when the BCPP was amalgamated with the Force. He was promoted to corporal on Nov. 1, 1951, to sergeant on May 1, 1958, and to staff-sergeant on May 1, 1966. He was discharged to pension on February 5, 1971. During his career with the Force he held postings at Prince Rupert, Kelowna, Campbell River, Nanaimo Det., Kimberly Det., Duncan Det. and Vancouver.

Regimental No. 5426, ex-C/S/M George Frederick Griffin, 94, died April 8, 1977, at Surrey, B.C. He was born on February 3, 1883, at Everton, England. Before joining the RNWMP on August 12, 1912, he had served with the 18th Hussars for 12 years, attaining the rank of sergeant. Following training at "Depot" Division, he was posted to Rockcliffe, Edmonton and Regina. He served with the C.E.F. from March, 1918, until April, 1919. He was promoted to corporal on November 1, 1912, to sergeant on Jan. 1, 1913, to sergeant-major on April 1, 1914, and to C/S/M on December 1, 1938. He was discharged to pension on August 11, 1941.

Regimental No. 15605, ex-Cst. William James Gibbard, 47, died April 11, 1977, at Bayhead, N.S. Born September 16, 1929, at Ottawa, Ont., he joined the RCMP on November 2, 1948. Following training in Regina, he was posted to Rockcliffe, and subsequently to Lunenburg Detachment and Windsor Detachment. He left the Force on February 13, 1950.

Regimental No. 11311, ex-Cst. Albert Batts, 92, died March 20, 1977, at Vancouver, B.C. Born

December 29, 1884, at Flinton Waldrist, Berkshire, Engl., he served with the Berkshire Constabulary for eight years before coming to Canada. He served with the British Columbia Police as a Special Constable for a year and a half, prior to joining the Alberta Provincial Police on March 1, 1917. He engaged in the RCMP on April 1, 1932, when the A.P.P. was amalgamated with the Force, serving at Gleichen, Brooks and Calgary, Alta. He was discharged to pension on September 30, 1937.

Regimental No. R/1344, ex-R/Cst. Martin John Terrence Fortune, 55, died January 31, 1977. Born February 17, 1921, at Victoria, B.C., he joined the Force on October 11, 1950, at Montreal, P.Q. He was transferred to "E" Division in 1959, and was discharged on April 15, 1966, when the RCMP Reserve — "E" Division was disbanded.

Regimental No. 10251, ex-Cpl. Jean Albert Louis Chamberland, 70, died February 22, 1977, at Ottawa, Ont. Born April 1, 1906, at Ottawa, he joined the RCMP on March 4, 1927. Following training at "Depot" Division, he was posted to Vancouver and subsequently to Esquimalt. He left the Force in 1930, but re-engaged later that same year, serving at Regina, Fredericton and Ottawa. He was promoted to corporal on April 1, 1941, and was discharged to pension on December 15, 1947.

Regimental No. 6452, ex-S/Sgt. Edward Cameron, 92, died March 4, 1977, at Richmond Hill, Ontario. He was born on May 13, 1884, at Kilmarnoch, Scotland. He immigrated to Canada and served with various town police forces for the nine years prior to joining the RCMP on August 30, 1915, at Macleod, Alta. He was promoted to corporal on Oct. 1, 1917, to sergeant on May 4, 1920, and to staff-sergeant on Oct. 1, 1936. During his career with the Force, he was posted to Battleford, Prince Albert, Yorkton and Regina. He was discharged to pension on March 31, 1945.

Regimental No. 8403, ex-Cpl. Ralph Hartley Clewley, 76, died February 24, 1977, at North Vancouver, B.C. Born August 1, 1900, at St. Stephen, N.B., he joined the RCMP on July 16, 1919, at Fredericton. He was promoted to corporal on Feb. 1, 1928, and left the Force on July 28, 1933. During his career he was posted to Jasper, Saskatoon, Kindersley, Nipawin and Melfort.

Regimental No. 11154, ex-Cpl. John Edgar Fountain, 72, died March 12, 1977, at Edmonton, Alta. Born September 18, 1904, at Lincoln, England, he immigrated to Canada in 1920. Prior to joining the RCMP, he served with the Canadian Field Artillery for five years, attaining the rank of sergeant. He engaged in the Force on Nov. 5, 1931, at Regina, and was promoted to corporal on December 1, 1944. He spent his entire service at "K" Division, being posted to Coutts, Manyberries, Lethbridge, Edmonton, Banff, Field, Calgary, Irricana, Regina, Drumheller, McLennan

Detachment and Leduc Detachment. He was discharged to pension on December 14, 1951.

Regimental No. 10893, ex-Sgt. James Alexander Grierson, 73, died March 27, 1977, at Perth-Andover, N.B. He was born February 11, 1904, at St. Vincent, Ontario, and joined the RCMP on December 9, 1930, at Ottawa, Ont. After training at Regina, he was posted to Montreal; and subsequently to Pangnirtung, N.W.T.; Rockcliffe, Ont.; Huntingdon and St. Jean, Quebec. In 1937 he was transferred to "J" Division, and served at Fredericton, Woodstock, Perth and Chipman. He was promoted to corporal on November 1, 1943, serving at Port Elgin Det., Sussex Det., and Moncton Det. He was promoted to sergeant on January 1, 1951. He was discharged to pension on December 8, 1955.

Regimental No. 16191, ex-Cpl. Charles Clayton Parsons, 63, died April 26, 1977, at St. John's, Newfoundland. He was born August 25, 1913, at Brigus, Nfld., and joined the Newfoundland Constabulary on August 2, 1934. In 1940 he transferred to the Royal Artillery where he attained the rank of Warrant Officer. After the war he transferred back into the Newfoundland Constabulary and remained with that police force until it was absorbed by the RCMP on August 1,

1950. He spent his career with the Force in St. John's, being promoted to corporal on May 1, 1952. He retired to pension on September 26, 1965.

Regimental No. 9470, ex-Cst. Harold Cole, 79, died March 12, 1977, at Thunder Bay, Ont. He was born in Devonport, Eng., on September 1, 1897, and served with the Canadian Army between 1916 and 1919, before joining the RCMP on August 18, 1920, at Regina. He left the Force, time expired, on August 8, 1923. Five years later, he joined the Ontario Provincial Police, but resigned in 1931.

Regimental No. 9578, ex-Cst. Clifford Marcel Valentine, 74, died February 24, 1977, at Fort William, Ont. He was born June 21, 1902, at London, Eng., and joined the RCMP on October 9, 1920, in London. He left the Force, time expired, on October 8, 1923.

Regimental No. 16328, ex-S/Sgt. Edward Arthur Wales, 66, died April 15, 1977, at Maple Ridge, B.C. Born Sept. 11, 1910, at Vancouver, B.C., he joined the British Columbia Provincial Police on May 25, 1935, attaining the rank of corporal in 1948. He joined the RCMP on Aug. 15, 1950, when the BCPP was amalgamated with the Force. During his career with the Force he was posted at Prince Rupert, Cranbrook and Vancouver. He was promoted to sergeant on May 1, 1951, and to staff

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RCMP QUARTERLY,
RCMP HEADQUARTERS,
OTTAWA, CANADA
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REG. NO. (IF APPLICABLE)

1296* (12/76)

sergeant on Nov. 1, 1957. He retired to pension on March 11, 1966.

Regimental No. 3964, ex-Cst. William Joseph Hoven, 89, died April 9, 1977, at Renton, Washington, U.S.A. He was born in October, 1887, in New York, and joined the RCMP on Nov. 23, 1902, at Dawson City, Y.T. He purchased his discharge from the Force on May 28, 1906.

Regimenatal No. 16167, ex-S/Sgt. John Joseph Hogan, 66, died April 19, 1977, at St. John's, Newfoundland. He was born December 28, 1910, at Carbonear, Nfld., and he joined the Newfoundland Rangers on Feb. 10, 1941, where he attained the rank of corporal. He joined the RCMP on Aug. 1, 1950, when the Newfoundland Rangers were absorbed by the Force. He was promoted to sergeant on November 1, 1957, and to staff sergeant on May 1, 1960. He retired to pension on March 19, 1967. During his career with the Force he served at Deer Lake, Corner Brook, Grand Falls and St. John's, Nfld.

Regimental No. 12357, ex-Cst. Donald Gordon Ross, 67, died Feb. 24, 1977, at Victoria, B.C. He was born June 20, 1909, at Johannesburg, South Africa, and joined the RCMP at Ottawa, Ont., on June 2, 1934. He received his training at Depot

Division and on Oct. 1, 1935, was posted to North Battleford Detachment in "F" Division. He later served at Swift Current, and for a short period at Depot, before purchasing his discharge April 2, 1938.

Regimental No. 14797, ex-S/Sgt. Edward Arthur Hayes, 54, died April 20, 1977, at Toronto, Ont. Born October 15, 1922, at Tichborne, Ont., he served with the Canadian Army between 1943 and 1946 before joining the RCMP on January 6, 1947, at Ottawa, Ont. Following training at "Depot" Division, he was posted to "J" Division, serving at such Detachments as Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews and Plaster Rock. In 1954 he was transferred to "N" Division and in 1960, to "O" Division, where he served at Toronto, Kitchener and Hamilton. He was promoted to corporal on Nov. 1, 1957, to sergeant on Nov. 1, 1964 and to staff sergeant on Nov. 1, 1967. He was discharged to pension on May 26, 1970.

Regimental No. S/198, S/Cst. William Burkitt, 46, died June 1, 1976, at Delta, B.C. Born January 14, 1930, at Winnipeg, Man., he served with the Royal Canadian Navy between 1953 and 1955, before joining the RCMP on November 7, 1961. His fourteen years with the Force were spent in "E" Division, at Vancouver.

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