

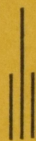
Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

July 1941

Canada's Finest!

"DREWRY'S DRY"

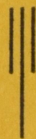
finest of fine
ginger ales



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*perfect for those
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—you'll get*

"DREWRY'S"

Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

VOLUME 9

JULY 1941

NUMBER 1

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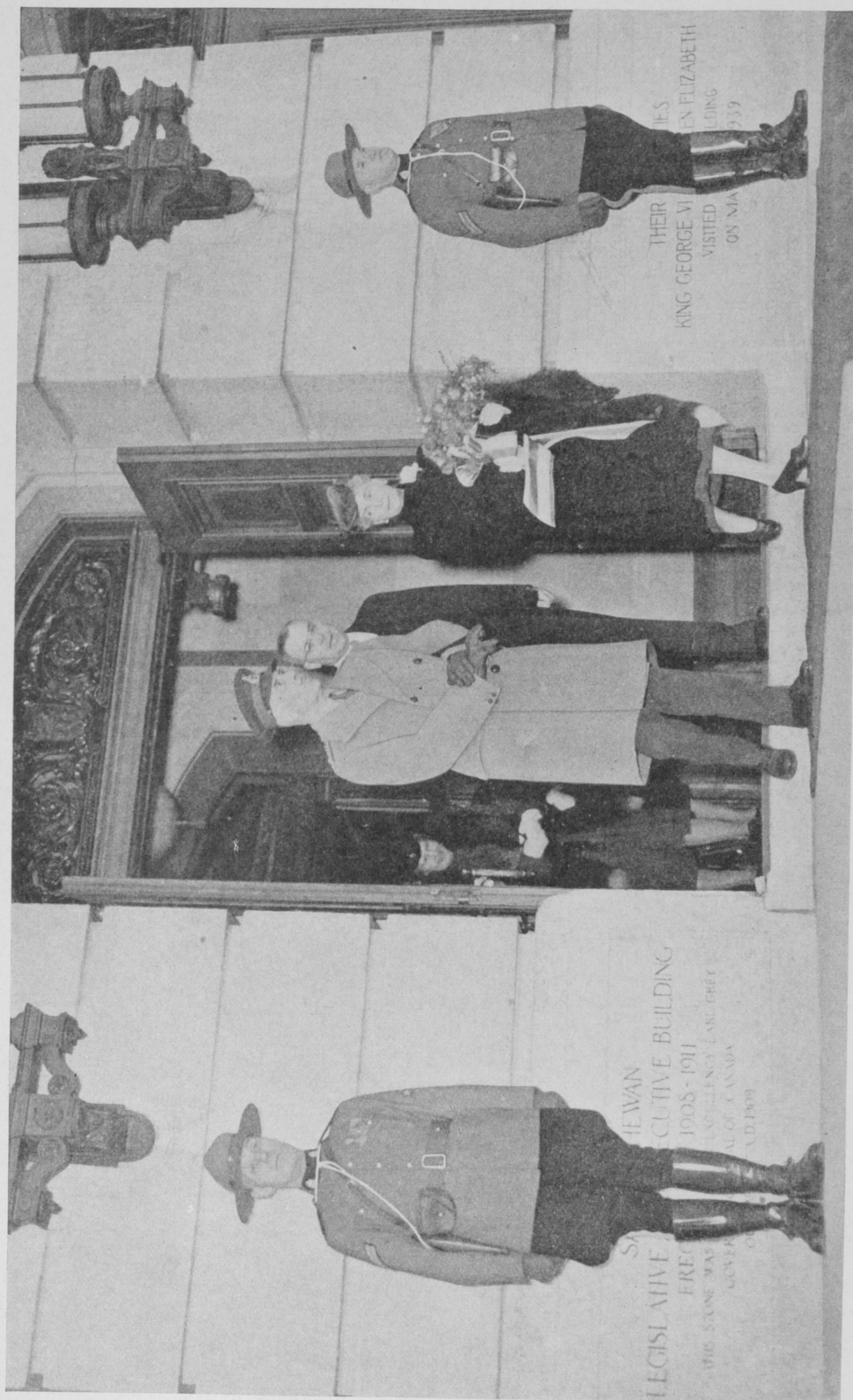
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CPL H. WILKINS

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL PREMIER W. J. PATTERSON PRINCESS ALICE

THEIR EXCELLENCIES LEAVING THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING AT REGINA, SASK.

—Photo courtesy Regina Leader-Post.

CPL T. F. THOROGOOD

Editorial

Canada's Victory Torch is aflame! By their support of the 1941 Victory Loan, Canadians have proved that they are conscious of their responsibilities; that they realize this is their war.

The Light Burns

Members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were privileged to play an important part in helping put the Victory Loan over the top. Every division and sub-division of the Force, from the Yukon to both oceans contributed substantially not only by actual money subscriptions but by participation in various ways: parades, displays and demonstrations. By the great opportunity afforded them as servants of the public, every member of the Force was singularly privileged to play an important part in this patriotic cause.

In Ottawa, Montreal, Cornwall, Brockville, the R.C.M.P. Band gave concerts, and joined in many parades and services. Judging from comments of the press and public, the stirring music aroused in many people a desire to "give the tools." The campaign was successful; the work well done.

The Torch has arrived in Britain; Canada is on the march.

* * *

On Apr. 23, 1941, Regina barracks was honoured by a visit from the Governor General, the Earl of Athlone. The Earl and Princess Alice spent a busy day in Saskatchewan's capital and received a truly royal welcome. In the morning they were officially received at the City Hall and Parliament Buildings. Princess Alice inspected the Girl Guides and a smart guard of honour at the Parliament Buildings. Meanwhile the Governor General inspected the Boy Scouts. Music was rendered by a band from the Regina Rifles. Everywhere they were greeted with cheers and cries of affection.

Visit of the Governor General to Regina

After lunch the ladies' organizations entertained Princess Alice, while the Governor spent the afternoon inspecting the Services. The local R.C.N.V.R. produced a pleasing dry-land display, following which the Governor reviewed the Army and then proceeded to the R.C.A.F. where members of the R.A.F. Service Flying School from Moose Jaw contributed a fine display of formation flying.

The distinguished visitors concluded their calls by dropping in at the R.C.M.P. barracks. Here they were received by Asst Commrs C. D. LaNauze and T. H. Irvine who conducted them on a complete tour of the buildings. After looking in on the division mess, the royal guests witnessed part of a 'Police Holds' class in the gymnasium and a demonstration of life-saving in the new swimming-pool. But where His Excellency really enjoyed himself was in No. 1 stable, the riding school and tack room. He is a cavalryman through and through, and one immediately sensed this fine soldier's love of the cavalry as he compared notes with Corps Sergeant Major G. F. Griffin, who served in the cavalry under the Governor General at Aldershot in 1902.

His Excellency manifested deep interest in the chapel tablet to our old riding master, the late Insp'r Frank Church. He had known Inspector Church intimately in his old regiment, the Horse Guards, and spoke highly of his horsemanship.

A visit to the scientific laboratory and the museum followed; these were concluded by tea in the officers' mess where His Excellency met and chatted with all the officers.

The Earl of Athlone is no stranger to the Force. As aide to the Duke of York in 1901, he well remembers riding our horses and enjoying a gallop at Calgary in western saddles, complete with cavalry uniform and top boots.

After an official dinner at Government House the visitors departed for Winnipeg, but not before His Excellency expressed his personal thanks to Csts H. D. Kelly and P. Usborne of "F" Division for their services as drivers during the sojourn.

Two beautiful photographs, one of the Earl and the other of Princess Alice, now hang in the officers' mess at Regina, a present from the Governor General and a highly-treasured memento of their friendly visit.

* * *

Law enforcement has undergone many changes in recent years. Under the Defence of Canada Regulations and other measures arising out of the war, wider powers have been invested in the police than ever before. These greater responsibilities must be thoroughly understood and efficiently discharged.

Canadian Police College Police work has become a specialized career demanding intelligence, education and tact. To provide the best possible training for all police personnel in Canada, the Canadian Police College was established several years ago. Dedicated to the prevention and detection of crime, the college provides instructions not only in general police routine, but in the application of modern scientific aids to crime detection. Students are taught the most advanced methods of combatting the activities of saboteurs, fifth columnists and other enemies of our way of life who subtly thrive on the very principles they decry and for which free people are fighting.

Leading experts in many different fields have given willingly of their time and knowledge by lecturing the classes. Elsewhere in this edition mention is made of the closing exercises of classes seven and eight at the Canadian Police College, Ottawa and Regina. A glance over the list of subjects included in the syllabus will give a good idea of the scope covered in a single three-month course; and reveal the magnitude of the contribution made by outside lecturers. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are indeed fortunate in having these public-minded citizens supplement, free of charge, the comprehensive course of instruction imparted by the college's own capable staff lecturers; the *Quarterly* wishes to express the Force's appreciation of their generous and valuable assistance.

* * *

With this announcement, that annual event, the Commissioner's Gold Medal Essay Competition, commences for the third time. The title, "Suggestions I believe would improve the Efficiency of the Force," remains unchanged; the prizes are the same as before, \$50 and an engraved gold medal for the winner, \$35 for second place, and \$15 for third.

Essay Contest All detachment members and others engaged in active police work are urged to take part this year. Officers, non-commissioned officers, constables, also civil

servants and stenographers connected with the Force—, *all* are asked to compete; your first-hand knowledge of the problems that confront you will assist you to offer useful and constructive criticism for the betterment of the Force.

The *Quarterly* solicits a sweeping and wholehearted interest in this competition. Prove that you are truly concerned about the efficiency of the Force. Put your suggestions on paper. Present *your* side of the case; no-one but you better appreciates your own problems and obstacles. What an opportunity to air your personal ideas! Literary ability and learned phraseology are of secondary importance; subject matter is what counts. Start thinking now! Submit an essay in the Commissioner's Gold Medal Essay Competition.

The rules were outlined in the July, 1940, *Quarterly*. Here they are:

(a) Each contributor must write his name, regimental number (if in the Force) and address on a separate sheet; seal it in an envelope and attach to the essay. The envelopes will be numbered by the editor, and opened by the commissioner *after* the winners have been selected. Envelopes are then resealed permanently.

(b) Essays to be written on one side of paper only, with generous margins, typed in double space, quadruplicate. No minimum or maximum length is set.

(c) All manuscripts to be mailed direct to the Editor, R.C.M.P. *Quarterly*, Ottawa, Ont., by Dec. 1, 1941.

* * *

A glance through past editions of the *Quarterly* will reveal that it has gradually undergone many changes. The editorial committee hopes and believes these innovations have been for the best; and if increased interest **Volume Nine** and circulation is any indication, their judgment has proved correct.

This issue is the gateway to the ninth volume. It introduces the double column which is commonly acknowledged by readers as more restful to the eye than the uninterrupted line across the page. Another minor improvement is the introduction of volume number and date at the top of pages and the use of story titles on right-hand pages instead of the usual running head.

After experimenting for the past two years with various cover colours the editorial committee, in the light of opinions expressed by many qualified persons and bearing in mind other pertinent factors, have agreed that the present cover is most practical and attractive and have accordingly decided to adopt it permanently.

The continued interest and support of all readers, contributors and advertisers encourages the *Quarterly* to aspire to even greater success in volume 9.

* * *

The editorial committee congratulates the following members of the Force on winning cash prizes for their articles in the April *Quarterly*.

Prize-winning Articles Cst. H. A. Maxted—"Foreign Exchange Control—Why?"—\$10.

Cst. I. O. Smistad—"A Visit to Greenland"—\$10.
Sgt H. Kearney—"Canada's Reindeer"—\$5.

Notes on Recent Cases

Cruickshanks v. The King

*Forfeiture of Vehicle under Customs Act—Circumstantial Evidence—
Action Upheld on Appeal by the Exchequer Court and
Supreme Court of Canada*

During the summer of 1939, unlawful importation of large quantities of alcohol necessitated an extensive investigation in the province of Nova Scotia. It was quickly learned that the case involved the landing of alcohol at various points from the motor vessel *Three Boys*. The product was to be subsequently transported in automobiles to other districts for distribution and sale.

William E. Cruickshanks was suspected of taking an active part in the conspiracy; although he was well known to the police, with a total of twenty-one convictions relating to liquor and spirits recorded against him, no definite evidence could be secured of his complicity in this rum-running case. The conclusions reached rested entirely upon circumstantial evidence, which was not considered sufficiently strong to support a prosecution.

The first information received involving Cruickshanks came from two co-conspirators, Stanley V. Williams and Jacob L. George of Peasebrook, N.S. They disclosed that their premises had been rented to store the smuggled alcohol; also that on the evening of Sept. 7, 1939, they helped load fifteen cases of alcohol into a Hudson coupe, light blue in colour. Three occupants were in the car. One, they identified as Laurier Richards, a co-conspirator. None, however, was able to supply the licence number of the machine.

Examined under oath later, Richards revealed the nature of the enterprise and implicated the crew of the *Three Boys*. He stoutly denied any activity by himself regarding the spirits landed and stored at Peasebrook; but acknowledged his acquaintance with Cruickshanks. He stated that Cruickshanks had visited

him at Canso, N.S., in early September of that year.

Further enquiries at Canso, which is only a few miles from Peasebrook, disclosed that Cruickshanks and Richards were at a hotel in Canso on the evening of Sept. 7. This date, according to the testimony of Williams and George, was the day on which the alcohol had been loaded into the Hudson coupe.

A waitress at the hotel not only gave a fair description of the Hudson car but told the police it was the property of Cruickshanks. This she learned from Richards, who had warned her not to mention the car's presence in Canso.

The waitress's evidence that Cruickshanks was in the hotel Sept. 7 was corroborated by tracing a long-distance phone call which the suspect had made that night to his home in Halifax.

Meanwhile the investigation continued in Halifax. Cruickshanks' premises in that city, a building on the adjoining property, and a shed connecting the two were thoroughly searched. A quantity of kindling taken from the adjoining premises was discovered to be wood from broken alcohol cases and identified as the same kind of material used in the construction of the cases previously found at Peasebrook.

Cruickshanks' automobile was placed under seizure. Markings in the trunk compartment indicated the probability of jolting wooden cases. Photographs clearly showed these scratches. But the colour of the vehicle was dark blue instead of light blue as described by the deponents at Peasebrook and Canso.

The person responsible for the repaint job was eventually located; his integrity, however, was questionable and it was believed that should he be

called as a witness his testimony might jeopardize rather than assist the prosecution. A Duco-paint expert, by carefully removing the outer coating of paint from the car, revealed that the hue beneath compared favorably with the colour described in the evidence.

This constituted the complete evidence in possession of the police; although circumstantial in character, it was considered strong enough to substantiate the seizure. The seemingly detached activities of Cruickshanks, when considered together, undoubtedly connected the Hudson car with the illegal traffic.

The department upheld the seizure and under the provisions of s. 174 Customs Act declared that the vehicle be and remain forfeited. Notice of non-acceptance of the minister's decision was filed, however, and the case was referred to the Exchequer Court, which, after hearing witnesses and considering the evidence, dismissed the petition for return of the automobile. Later the action was appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada. Their decision was handed down on May 2, 1941; the findings of the Exchequer Court were upheld and the car remained forfeited.

R. v. Demers

Subversive Statements—Defence of Canada Regulations Criminal Intent

An interesting decision which will be of assistance in future to decide what are "statements intended or likely to be prejudicial to the safety of the state or the efficient prosecution of the war," has been handed down in the Court of Sessions of the Peace in the City of Quebec by Mr Justice Thomas Tremblay.

During February, 1941, word came to the Quebec Detachment that Patrick Demers of St Redempteur, Que., who worked in the Quebec Power Company, frequently indulged in comments decidedly unfavourable to the Allied war effort. During lunch hour he declared his views openly before fellow employees. Enquiries elicited the information that a number of persons were prepared to furnish evidence against Demers.

"We will perhaps not be worse off under the German regime," Demers had been heard to say, as well as the unpatriotic avowal that "If the English were mishandled a little it would be a lesson for them." Once he remarked to S/Cst. Lucien Monette, also an employee of the Quebec Power Company, "I am sure England will have herself crushed by Germany; it will be a good thing;

we have been driven long enough by the English, and Hitler's system is better for freedom."

The accused was brought to trial at Quebec City on Apr. 28, 1941, before Mr Justice Thomas Tremblay, in the Court of Sessions of the Peace. Demers pleaded not guilty to a charge under s. 39(c) Defence of Canada Regulations. After the evidence was heard he was adjudged guilty. In view, however, of the nature of character evidence tendered concerning him and a plea for leniency, only a nominal fine was prescribed.

In his judgment, Mr Justice Tremblay stated in part as follows:—

"I am of the opinion that the statements made to Constable Monette fall under the provisions of Article 39 of the Defence of Canada Regulations. When a country is at war, the nationals of the country are not permitted to wish her defeat and to assert that the political system of the enemy would be more favorable for freedom. In itself the statement made by the accused to Constable Monette, indicates a lack of loyalty, and it is certainly possible to say that those words were prejudicial to the safety of the State and to the efficient prosecution of the war.

We are faced here with one of the psychological contradictions which are a bit hard to explain, most particularly when a nation is at war. The accused, according to the evidence furnished by the defence, is an honest man and a conscientious worker who has given proof that he wanted the victory of the Allies over Germany, by subscribing generously to it with money, every time he had the occasion. On the other hand, he allowed himself to say words and to emit opinions which are absolutely in contradiction with his ordinary conduct. Have those statements been made in a moment of dejection or pessimism by news unfavourable to the Allied armies? Or have they simply been made to see the reaction they would produce on those to whom he spoke and to establish the degree of patriotism of his hearers? Or was the accused speaking those words by a spirit of contradiction? I do not know.

At any rate, I am disposed to give him the benefit of the doubt, with respect to his intention. However, it is not required to prove criminal intention in order that the words he is charged to have said, come under the provisions of penalty provided for by the Defence of Canada Regulations.

This has already been decided by the Court of Appeals of Ontario, in the case of *The King vs Stewart*, 73. C.C.C., page 141. Words likely to be prejudicial to the safety of the State or to the efficient prosecution of the war, are in themselves reprehensible and punishable, even if the person who uttered them did not have the intention to be prejudicial to the safety of the State, and even if, in effect, they had no effect whatever on the minds of those who heard them. One never knows what harm words, like those spoken by the accused, may do. They may fall on a ready ground, and at the end of a period of time more or less long, cause the germination of revolt, uprising or treason, among those who hear them.

This point of view has also been accepted by the Court of Appeal of British Columbia in the case of *The King vs Bronny*,¹ 74 C.C.C., page 154. It was decided there that:—

¹Published in *Quarterly*—Oct. 1940, Vol. 8, No. 2, p. 133.

"The Court need only be satisfied with that degree of certainty in criminal prosecutions, that the conduct of the accused was likely to prejudice the safety of the State."

The intention of the Defence of Canada Regulations was to protect the public safety. These regulations forbid in absolute terms certain acts or words which are likely to be prejudicial to the preparation and conduct of the war, or to the safety of the State. It therefore seems that the purpose of the said Regulations as well as the terms used therein, is to make it clearly understood that the prohibitions decreed in them, are absolute; and that it is no defence, in a prosecution started under the provisions of the said Regulations, to claim that the words which have been said were uttered in ignorance or without the intention to be prejudicial. When the said Regulations use such terms as "In the nature of," "likely to," they do not apply to the intention the accused might have had in saying the words, but to the character of the words said by the accused. Words thus spoken, must be considered objectively, and not in relation to the intention of the person who said them.

The learned counsel has pleaded that the Defence of Canada Regulations were made for the defence of Canada, and that to incur the penalty provided in them, one needs to harm the safety of Canada. As the accused said nothing against Canada, nor against the efficient prosecution of the war, the words he is charged with having said, do not come under the said Regulations. To this I shall answer that the incriminating words make no distinction between the defeat of England and Canada. When a man says the German system is better for freedom, and that we should not perhaps be worse off under the German regime, I understand it means that it would be just as well for us to replace the King of Canada by Hitler, who is our enemy. I therefore declare that the accused has incurred the penalty provided for by the Defence of Canada Regulations."

The decision which has, in part, been included above is particularly valuable since it further clarifies the interpretation of the Defence of Canada Regulations concerning statements which may be considered to be subversive; also, it

reinforces previous decisions which have established that the intention behind the making of such statements is unimport-

ant, but that the words alone brand their utterance as reprehensible and punishable.

R. v. Dand

Export and Import of Securities without Permit— Hindering War Effort—Conspiracy

Andrew Dand, erstwhile illegal importer and exporter of securities, operated in Toronto. Officials of the Foreign Exchange Control Board collaborated with members of the R.C.M.P. and trapped the offender neatly. Dand, the first broker in Canada to be taken into custody under the Foreign Exchange Control Regulations, was not a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange. He traded securities amounting to over \$200,000. His profit in Canadian funds totalled \$51,000 in ten months.

Dand's accomplice, a broker in Detroit, escaped trial, as the offence is not extraditable.

Two charges of conspiracy to commit indictable offences and eleven charges under the Foreign Exchange Control Order were laid against Dand. He entered a plea of guilty in all cases.

Crown Counsel submitted that a reasonably severe sentence be imposed. In his opinion this was the only way to put a stop to such dealings. The presiding justice, while sentencing Dand, stated, "This practice does hinder our war effort." Dand was sentenced to a fine of \$4,000 and thirty days imprisonment.

The Crown entered an appeal on a plea that the punishment was inadequate. The appeal came before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario and was heard by Chief Justice Robertson. After hearing the pleas of the Crown, Mr Justice Masten and Mr Justice Gillanders ordered that the fine, namely, \$4,000, remain the same but that the term of imprisonment be increased to three months.

R. v. Diamond and Smith

Conspiracy—Arson—Attempted False Pretences—Jurisdiction— R.C.M.P. Scientific Laboratory

On Aug. 2, 1939, Mendel Diamond, a successful Jewish merchant of Winnipeg, loaded seven boxes of furs into his four-door Plymouth sedan. Before leaving on his customary tour of the three western provinces to display his samples and take orders he insured the lot for \$6,000.

Diamond travelled across Manitoba into Saskatchewan reaching North Battleford on Aug. 9. Here a minor repair was made on his car, the gas tank was filled and, immediately after supper, he departed for Alberta. Unfortunately for Diamond he began playing with matches and the law, and a few miles

from North Battleford his car took fire. A motorist passing at 7.15 p.m. produced a camera and photographed the furiously burning car, then drove Diamond into North Battleford. From the rear trunk, Diamond had salvaged a bundle of furs which he valued at \$350. He reported the matter to the local R.C.M.P. detachment and wired his assistant in Winnipeg to notify the insurance company.

Police investigation could unearth nothing incriminating, although Diamond's explanations were weak. He claimed that a lighted cigarette butt might have been thrown down behind the seat cushions by one of two transi-

ents he had picked up about seven or eight hours before the fire. Yet the mechanic who had repaired the car only an hour previously had seen no signs of fire.

At the R.C.M.P. Scientific Laboratory, Regina, examination of the debris from the gutted car disclosed no trace of hides or furs. A fragment of glass, however, was identified as a piece of a wide-mouthed sealer. No glass receptacle had been listed in Diamond's statement recording the contents of the automobile prior to the fire. The question arose, had this container been filled with inflammable liquid?

The C.I.B. and the insurance adjusters in Winnipeg checked Diamond's movements after his departure from Winnipeg. Enquiries were made at every express office in towns he had passed through. Each customer he had called upon and others he might possibly have solicited for trade were interviewed. In Yorkton it was learned that he had stayed at the home of Louis Smith from Aug. 3 to Aug. 8. Smith is a Jewish fur buyer and further investigations revealed that Diamond had unloaded his furs at Smith's residence. The investigators centred their attention here.

Smith and his brother Sam were partners in the firm of the Yorkton Hide and Fur Company. From their evasive statements it became obvious that they were lying. Enquiries at the Yorkton express office revealed the fact that, shortly after the fire, a shipment was forwarded by Sam Smith to Louis Smith, c/o a prominent fur merchant in Montreal.

The Montreal C.I.B. learned that Louis Smith during a trip east had called on the Montreal firm to negotiate a loan, and that he had wired his brother, Sam, at Yorkton, to ship all furs and other coats with the exception of racoon furs and racoon coats. The Montreal firm took the furs as security and loaned Louis Smith \$1,000. Examination of the

furs shipped from Yorkton showed that they tallied with the list in the insurance claim entered by Diamond, although not all the furs and skins were accounted for.

D/Sgt H. Fielder, i/c C.I.B. North Battleford, proceeded to Montreal, seized the fur coats and skins and traced their origin to numerous wholesale firms in Montreal and Toronto. He discovered that in many cases the skins could be positively identified as being shipped to Diamond at Winnipeg before the trip that ended when his car took fire.

In Winnipeg when the furs were shown to Diamond he readily identified them as being part of his claim, intimating that Smith must have stolen them. This complicated proceedings so far as prosecution against Diamond was concerned; for Louis Smith had ample opportunity to pilfer part of the load without the knowledge of Diamond who had not unloaded his car or opened the boxes after leaving Yorkton. This weakened the prosecution's case considerably.

Subsequent statements by Diamond and Smith, indicated that there was an understanding between them. A letter signed 'Gold' which had been sent to Smith and which the police proved was written by Diamond convinced the investigators they were on the right track.

Following Diamond's identification of the furs seized in Montreal, a bitter antagonism flared up between Diamond and Smith. This encouraged the police who grew more hopeful and kept the flame of discord alight. Each suspect seemed bent on proving his own statement true and discrediting the claim of the other. Meanwhile, the racoon coats and skins, referred to in Louis Smith's wire from Montreal, were found in Louis Smith's shop. These were seized and later identified by Diamond as part of his claim.

The happenings of the entire affair seemed too coincidental to be anything

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but the result of a well-planned schedule. It was decided to prosecute and considerable thought was given as to what charges should be laid. There was little doubt that a conspiracy had taken place and a false claim for insurance made; it was therefore believed safe to assume that the offence of arson had been committed.

By January, 1940, the police investigation seemed complete, but difficulty was encountered before the case was heard in court. Delay after delay occurred, caused by the question of jurisdiction, illness of the Crown attorney, whose successor necessarily had to take time to study the bulky file of the evidence, and other unexpected circumstances.

On Nov. 25, 1940, however, Diamond was arrested and charged with Attempted False Pretences, s. 405, C.C. At the

time he intimated he would plead guilty and implicate Smith as an accessory.

On Dec. 19, Diamond appeared in district court before Judge Hannon; and, on his counsel's advice, pleaded guilty to charges of Attempted False Pretences, Conspiracy and Arson. The defence put in a strong and successful plea for leniency; pictured Diamond as a dupe of Louis Smith who had planned the whole affair, gained possession of the furs, and double-crossed Diamond by disposing of the goods in Montreal. Diamond was sentenced to three months imprisonment and fined \$400.

Shortly before Diamonds' trial Louis Smith was arrested on the conspiracy charge. He was remanded for trial at his preliminary hearing and tried in Yorkton, Sask., early in February, 1941. He was sentenced to fifteen months at hard labour in Regina gaol.

R. v. Fulton

Breaking, Entering and Theft—Recidivist—Modus Operandi

James W. Fulton, alias William Fulton, has a wide and varied criminal record that started in 1917. He committed offences in England, the Maritime Provinces and Ontario. On Aug. 14, 1940, he was released from Dorchester Penitentiary.

Within a month he was busy at his old tricks. He stole a bicycle at Rothwell, N.B.; and a series of thefts from boarding-houses indicated he was on the prowl again. His usual *modus operandi* was to represent himself as a railway man or a contractor in charge of road-work, seek lodgings at some boarding-house and leave in an hour or so after arranging for a room. Money, watches and property of other boarders went with him.

On Nov. 25, 1940, Fulton was engaged by Miss Bradshaw of Quispamsis as a timber cruiser. During Miss Bradshaw's absence from her home Fulton informed the maid that he had been

authorized to cruise the timber and that, in the meantime, he was to have a room and board in the house and to do odd jobs. On the morning of Nov. 26 he made preparations to sharpen the axe and saw, and sent the maid to a neighbour's for a file. While she was gone he 'cruised' through the house, picked up several articles and disappeared.

A charge was preferred and a warrant issued.

On Jan. 16, 1941, a man resembling Fulton was accosted at McAdam. When questioned he produced a National Registration Certificate bearing the name of Leo Caudet of St Joseph, N.B. Investigation revealed that the certificate and other documents had been stolen at Edmundston, N.B., on Oct. 3, 1940.

Fulton was not heard of again until Feb. 14, when he stole a gold watch and some money from a boarding-house at Painsec Junction, N.B. On Feb. 24 a

close check on the thief's movements revealed that he travelled by train from Berry's Mills to McGivney, N.B. When a theft occurred at McGivney Junction the investigators apprehended Fulton for the *modus operandi* signified that it

was his work. He was taken to Saint John for preliminary hearing. He appeared before His Honor Judge L. P. D. Tilley at Hampton, N.B., on March 13, and was sentenced to six years in Dorchester Penitentiary.

R. v. Hoar

*Armed Robbery—Identification Parade—Firearms Registration—
Fragmentary Finger-prints—Confession—Claim of Insanity*

In a daring noon-hour hold-up, on May 22, 1941, a lone bandit entered the Bank of Toronto, Yorkton, Sask. At the point of a revolver, he threatened the cashier, the accountant, and a young boy who happened to be present, and forced them into the vault. He then scooped up some travellers cheques, drafts and \$3,300 in cash and escaped northward in a gray Chevrolet.

A girl employee of the bank released her associates and the boy from the vault when she returned from lunch. The police were immediately notified of the hold-up. The accountant was morally certain that the thief, although wearing a mask, was William H. Hoar, a prominent real-estate broker and insurance dealer in Calder, Sask. Two young men who had witnessed the robber's departure from the bank described him and his car.

The police gave chase ten minutes after the offence was committed. It was learned that the wanted car had travelled at high speed north out of Yorkton. A heavy dust storm obliterated all tire tracks, thus making it impossible for the pursuing investigators to discern whether the bandit had turned off the main highway. Eleven miles from Yorkton, the police hailed a bus and ascertained from the driver that no vehicle answering the description obtained had passed that way. (It was later established that the thief had turned off the highway three miles out of Yorkton.)

The police car continued north and patrolled several villages; it was believed

that the suspect might have visited one of these places in an attempt to set up an alibi. Meanwhile, at six in the evening, Hoar was picked up by the police in Calder.

Hoar claimed he had been inspecting land at Kessock and had not been near Yorkton all day. To substantiate this statement he told his interrogators that he had purchased gasoline at MacNutt, a town sixty miles east of Yorkton. When questioned about two revolvers registered in his name, he informed the police that he had given one of them to an army officer and had lent the other one to a tenant of his, living outside of Calder. The tenant was visited and admitted having had the weapon but insisted he had given it back to Hoar. After some denials, Hoar acknowledged that this was true, stating that he did not know what disposition had been made of the gun.

The investigators searched the prisoner's car and found pieces of white adhesive tape, which could have been used to fasten a mask into place, and white string, a broken rubber band, and two boards marked, "Sundry," such as are used in banks for binding bills together. The missing money and revolver, however, were not found.

A charge under s. 446(c) C.C. was preferred against Hoar. A Yorkton grocer asseverated that he had seen the accused in an automobile parked in front of the bank about five minutes before the hold-up occurred; that he had spoken to him but received no reply

to his greeting, although he had known him for years.

The bank employees and other persons who saw the bandit leave the bank identified Hoar without hesitation from a line-up of ten men all approximately the same height and age.

Fragmentary finger-prints on the door of the vault were photographed by one of the investigators. The accused's shirt and tie were also taken as a possible clue; for the bandit had worn a metal mask padded with cotton and it was thought that under microscopic examination in the R.C.M.P. Scientific Laboratory, Regina, minute particles of the padding might be detected clinging to these articles of apparel. The necessity for this procedure and the identification of the photographed finger-prints was obviated that evening when Hoar confessed to the crime, pleading insanity. He stated that he had wrapped up the

money and revolver and forwarded them to the Calder Electric Light Company where he was employed as secretary-treasurer. A shareholder, who was at the railway station in Calder, received the parcel and took it to his store pending Hoar's return home.

Hoar, whose age is sixty-five, had resided in Calder for over thirty years. He was an agent of several land companies, a justice of the peace, and well connected in other business ventures. Motive for the crime could not be determined, although it was generally assumed that he had become involved in serious financial difficulties and resorted to crime in a desperate attempt to liquidate his debts.

The accused appeared before the court on May 31, pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to two years less one day in the common gaol.

R. v. McKenzie

Wilful Damage—Single Finger-print only Material Evidence— Criminal Identified and Convicted

At 6 a.m. on May 11, 1940, Andrew Samuel of New Victoria, N.S., phoned the New Waterford Detachment. His 1940 Pontiac sedan had been damaged during the night and circumstances indicated the destruction had been wilful. New Waterford Detachment notified Sydney Detachment and requested the assistance of the Police Dog Egan, then made a patrol to the scene of the crime.

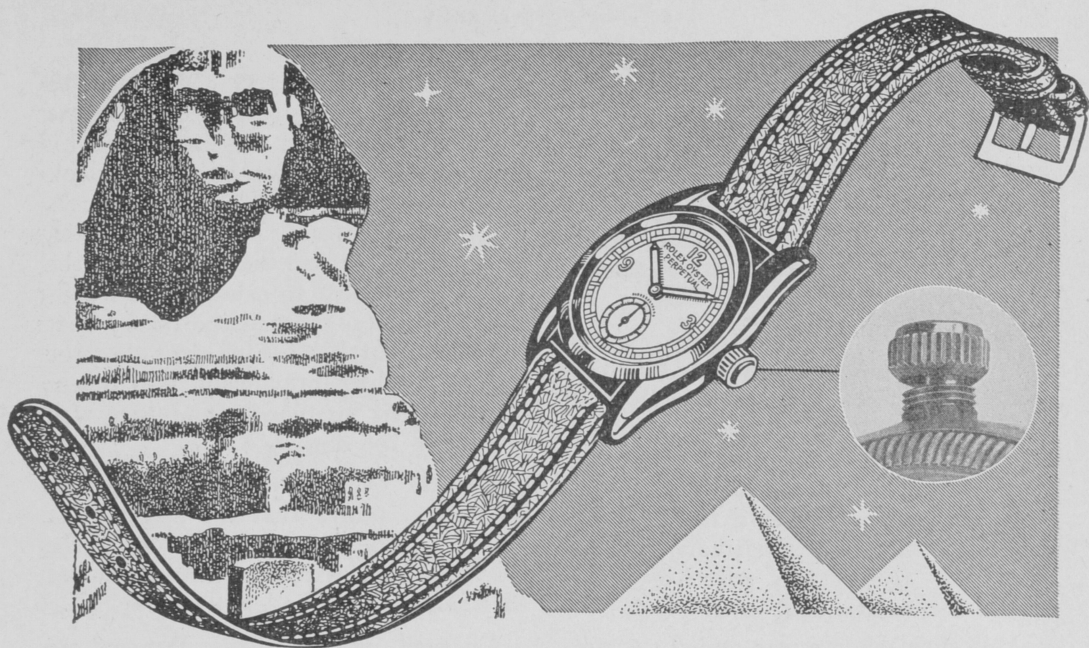
The dog accomplished little, however, as the car had been moved to a garage before the police arrived at the Samuel home. An R.C.M.P. finger-print expert from Ottawa, present in Sydney as a witness in a murder trial, was called to examine the car for finger-prints. He had the car removed to Sydney where a thorough examination was conducted.

Damage to the car was considerable. Three windows on the left side were broken; the windshield, rear-vision

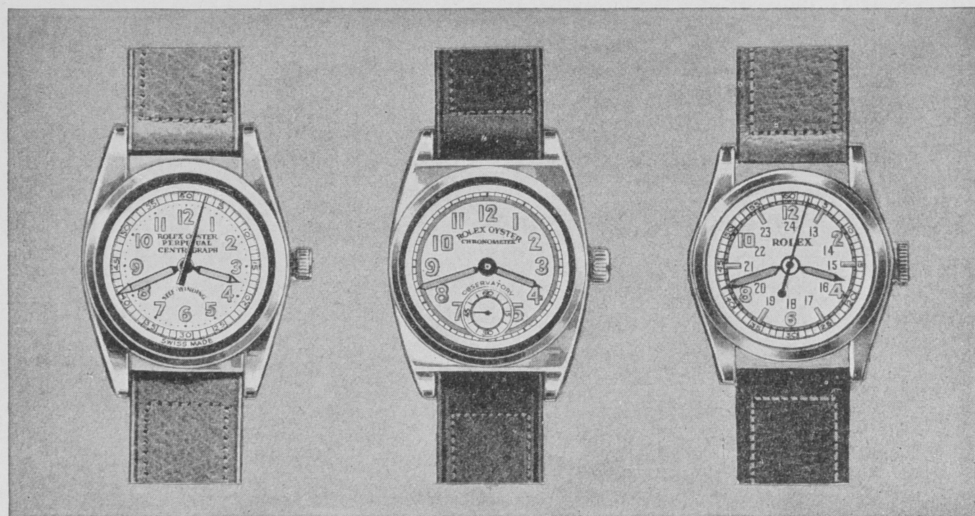
mirrors, radio panel, headlights and rear lights were also smashed; all the paint on the car was scratched and scored, obviously the work of some person bent on revenge.

This surmise was strengthened by the fact that the unknown had also vented his spite on a 1932 Cadillac parked outside the garage. The Cadillac was not in use and was owned by Samuel's son, Robert. Its headlights, windshield and wipers were destroyed.

Bloodstains were found on the steering wheel of the Pontiac sedan. This signified that the guilty person had probably been bare-handed and had suffered cuts while breaking the glass. A three-pound stone in the Cadillac had apparently been thrown through the windshield. Two excellent finger-print impressions were discovered; one on the rear-vision mirror, the other on



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the outside "spotter" mirror of the Pontiac. The rear-vision mirror and the broken glass of the outside "spotter" mirror were carefully packed and sent to the Finger Print Section, Ottawa.

Eleven sets of finger-prints, comprising the suspect's and those of the Samuel family were also sent to Ottawa for comparison and elimination.

Andrew Samuel, the father, stated he had few enemies. He suspected Ronald 'Rannie' McKenzie, a bootlegger who lived across the road. McKenzie had been selling liquor to Samuel's other son, Duffney, who was married. Duffney's mother had repeatedly warned McKenzie against this practice, or "it would be just too bad."

McKenzie's house was raided the previous day and it was assumed that the bootlegger believed Duffney's mother responsible for the raid and had vented his anger on the Samuel cars. During the raid several people, including the son, Duffney Samuel, were arrested.

Duncan Gillis, Harold Jenkins, Annie McKenzie, (Mrs Harry McKinnon, who was living with McKenzie as his wife) and Duffney Samuel were questioned. All had been present at a drinking-party given by the bootlegger, McKenzie. Duffney Samuel was obdurate when interviewed.

When he discovered, however, that his mother had not been responsible for the raid, his attitude changed, and he offered to help the police catch the culprit. Cuts on his left hand, he explained, had occurred when he broke a drinking glass during the party.

McKenzie was closely questioned. Cuts showed on the knuckles of the middle and little fingers and on the back of his left hand. He told the police he had hurt his hand while working in a coal-mine a few weeks earlier. Investigation revealed that McKenzie had not worked at the mine since the previous August. McKenzie also claimed that on the night of the crime he had gone to

bed following the party at 10.45. The approximate time at which the crime had been committed was established by the fact that the Pontiac panel clock had been broken at 1.05 a.m. Samuel's dog, particularly unfriendly to strangers, had been loose in the yard; yet the animal had failed to cause any disturbance. This strengthened the theory that the guilty party was McKenzie. For the bootlegger had previously visited the Samuel yard frequently and was well known to the dog.

But the deciding factor of the case was the certainty that the finger-print found on the "spotter" mirror of the car coincided with the impression of McKenzie's right index finger.

Charged with Wilful Damage to Property, s. 510 (d) (v) C.C., McKenzie was arrested on Jan. 7, 1941. He appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate James L. McKinnon and was remanded on bail to appear before the Supreme Court on Jan. 11, 1941.

At the trial, over which Mr Justice W. F. Carroll presided, a close check of the statements of the various witnesses revealed discrepancies in the accused's supposed activities. McKenzie claimed he had ridden in the Samuel car often and had probably, during such trips, left his finger-prints on the vehicle. It was proved, however, that McKenzie had not been in the Pontiac for over a month, and that the car, particularly the "spotter" mirror, had since been washed and cleaned several times. An attempt to establish an alibi cracked when the testifying witnesses were subjected to cross-examination. The judge warned the witnesses to keep strictly to the truth.

The Crown Prosecutor, Malcolm A. Patterson, stressed the importance of finger-print identification and declared that the finger-print found on the car irrevocably connected McKenzie with the crime. Photographic prints and enlargements prepared by the finger-print

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expert were presented as exhibits. The expert addressed the jury and explained the points of comparison found in both prints.

The accused was found guilty and sentenced to two years suspended sentence, with conditions: (1) to pay within ten days the sum of \$200 to the complainant; (2) to cease living with another man's wife at once; (3)

to report to the R.C.M.P. once every two months for two years.

In his address His Lordship, Justice Carroll, commended the investigators highly and pointed out that finger-print identification evidence, although somewhat new to the higher Courts of Nova Scotia, was in order as such evidence was consistently and freely used elsewhere in Canada and the British Empire.

R. v. Parsons

*Illegal Operation of Radio Transmitter—Communist Propaganda—
Assaulting Peace Officer in Execution of His Duty—Cooperation*

On Dec. 20, 1940, several citizens of Toronto reported that, while trying to tune into the BBC on short wave, they had accidentally turned on a propaganda broadcast, which was announced as being sponsored by the Communist Party of Canada.

The program began with the an-

nouncer identifying himself as The Voice of Free Canada, then a tinny version of the 'Internationale' was rendered; following this a ten-minute discourse, obviously read from a prepared script, ridiculed and attacked democratic leaders. The slogan, "Workers of the World Unite," was projected over the

air, followed by a second rendition of the 'Internationale.' The speaker then announced the time of his next broadcast and ended by stating that he spoke for the Communist Party of Canada.

The case presented difficulties; the transmitter was installed in an automobile, which enabled the operator to change location quickly and frequently.

With the assistance of the Radio Branch, Department of Transport, Toronto, the R.C.M.P. investigated; the enquiry covered a very wide field. J. Carlyle, a devotee of skiing, a radio mechanic and a communist sympathizer, residing in Toronto, was suspected. He was arrested and eventually disclosed that his real name was Allen Beswick Parsons. The arrest took place on Jan. 15, less than four weeks after the first illegal broadcast. On Parsons the police found a driver's permit for a Chrysler sedan, also the script of a talk which had been illegally broadcast on Jan. 10, 1941. Later the car containing a complete radio transmitter was located.

The range of the set was estimated to be approximately two thousand miles. Parson's procedure had been to drive to a secluded spot in the country, erect an aerial and broadcast his propaganda.

When arrested the suspect tried to escape by striking R.C.M.P. Cst. D. W.

Mascall with a flashlight. This constable, whose athletic prowess is well known, quickly subdued the prisoner, who was later sentenced under s. 296 (b) C.C. to six months imprisonment for assaulting a peace officer in the execution of his duty.

On Apr. 15, 1941, while being escorted from the Toronto Jail to the Sessions Court in the Toronto City Hall, Parsons assaulted one of the sheriff's officers in a second attempt to escape. He was later convicted on charges of escaping custody and assaulting a peace officer in execution of his duty, and was sentenced to one year on the first charge and six months on the second, the sentences to run concurrently.

In court Parsons was charged under s. 39 (a), (b), and (c) of the Defence of Canada Regulations. He was found guilty on all counts and on April 22 was sentenced to two years less one day, plus three months indeterminate, imprisonment; the sentences respecting the three charges under the Defence of Canada Regulations to run concurrently.

Exhaustive investigation resulted in information concerning Parson's accomplices. Action against them was taken under s. 21, Defence of Canada Regulations.

R. v. Payne

Customs Act—Hold-up—Prompt Action by Police— Familiarity with District

At 9.25 on the evening of June 11, 1941, a customs official at the Quebec-United States border phoned the R.C.M.P. detachment at Hemmingford, Que., stating that an American car, travelling at about seventy miles an hour, had sped past the Hemmingford Customs without reporting.

The detachment dispatched two police cars to block off the village highway. Almost immediately a car, advancing at a terrific rate of speed, appeared; it was flagged and brought to a stop in front of the barricade. When questioned,

the driver, Sammy Payne, admitted he had no automobile registration or driver's permit; he claimed that the Buick sedan he was driving belonged to his brother, who lived in Columbia, N.Y., fifteen miles south of the border. Payne said he was on his way to Washington. When told he was on the wrong road he apologized and was quite willing to return to the United States and continue his journey.

Payne was, however, detained by the investigators. Back at the detachment he was searched; a blackjack was found

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in his hip pocket, a loaded .38 calibre revolver was discovered inside the belt of his trousers, and watches, diamond rings, pliers, razors, pens and numerous small articles were taken from other pockets.

A/Cpl L. C. Cahill, in charge of the Hemmingford Detachment, was familiar with the district on both sides of the border, but could not recall ever hearing of Columbia, N.Y., so close to the Canadian border. He phoned the customs and asked to speak to an American customs official from the town of Mooers, N.Y., which is just on the other side of the international boundary. He was informed that there was no Columbia, N.Y. and that Payne was probably the man wanted at Mooers for a hold-up which occurred half an hour previously.

When Payne was later confronted with the two victims of the robbery, George Laventure—a blind farmer—and his wife, in the presence of three U.S. immigration officials, he denied all knowledge of the Laventures or the crime.

But the fact that the car was registered in Laventure's name pointed to Payne's guilt, and he finally confessed.

En route to Valleyfield to spend the night, Payne spoke freely of his activities; he recounted how he had held up the old couple at the point of a revolver. Forcing them to sit down, he bound their hands and feet to the chairs and ransacked the house. He left in their car, intending to dispose of it in Canada and join the Canadian army.

The next day a copy of complaint was produced by two U.S. troopers. Payne was taken to the Customs House, where he was rejected by the customs official, and turned over to the American troopers.

This case is noteworthy because of the prompt action taken by the Hemmingford Detachment. The distance between the Hemmingford Customs and Hemmingford village is only three miles. The car was reported travelling very fast. Had not the police acted promptly, the bandit would probably have escaped.

R. v. Straus*Evasion of Foreign Exchange Control Board Regulations—
Attempted Smuggling of Diamonds*

Substantial withdrawals from her bank account prior to a visit to the United States drew the attention of the police to Mrs Paula Straus, Netherlands national, residing in Toronto. She had obtained a permit to purchase \$5 in United States currency and explained that the trip was possible because she had received a gift of \$20 from an American friend.

Mrs Straus boarded the New York train at Toronto and was kept under constant surveillance. A Canadian customs officer questioned her in the usual manner regarding funds in her possession. She stated that she was carrying only \$5 in United States currency. Shortly before reaching Niagara Falls an R.C.M.P. investigator requested her to leave the train at that city. She was informed then that she was to be subjected to inquiry and search.

Upon arriving at the station she asked permission to visit the ladies' wash-room. A matron accompanied her. A subsequent examination of the wash-room resulted in the discovery of a small, carefully sewn, cloth pouch. Inside were five diamonds valued at \$4,665.

Mrs Straus admitted that the pouch had been fastened around her waist. She had planned to take the jewels to the United States for sale. It was also ascertained that she had previously sent four diamonds concealed in a jar of face cream to New York for sale.

The accused was charged under s. 40 (1) (H) and 24(1) of the Foreign Exchange Control Regulations, and entered a plea of guilty. A fine of \$1500 was imposed, with an alternative sentence, in default of payment, of six months imprisonment. The fine was paid. No action was taken to confiscate the diamonds.

R. v. Tomm*Excise Act—Ingenious Location of Still*

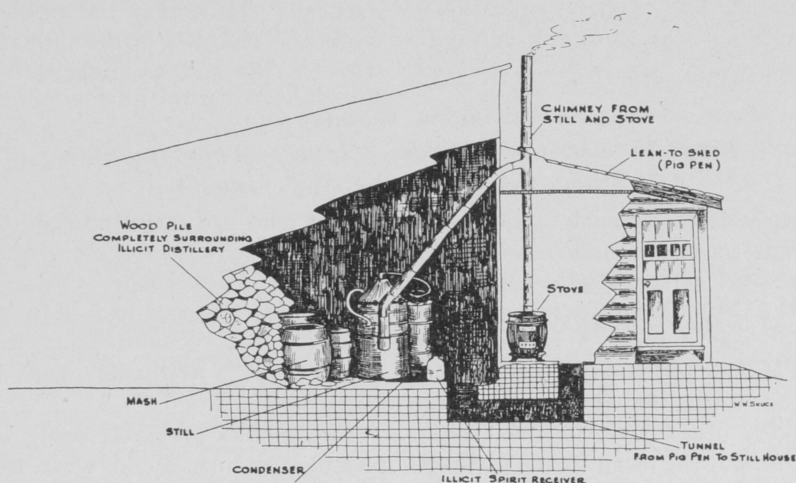
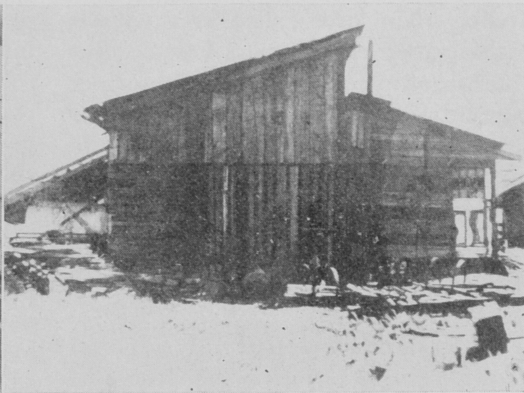
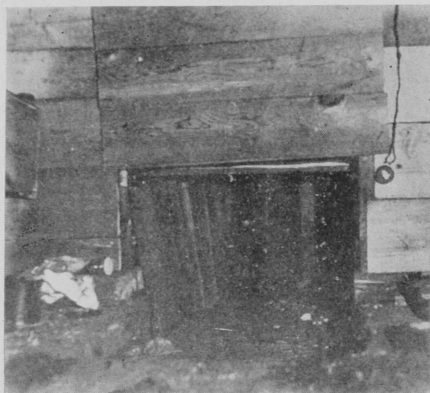
The alleged operation of an illicit still in the vicinity of Fraser Avenue bridge, Vancouver, aroused the interest of the police during the latter part of April, 1941. The informer was indefinite about the still's location; but he did state that it was operated by two Germans, who, he believed, owned a piggery and wood business on Mitchell Island across the Fraser River from Vancouver city.

The investigators discovered that there were several hog ranches on the island operated by Chinese. Two hog ranches, however, were owned by white men—one owner was thought to be a German. Proceeding to the supposedly German-owned ranch, the investigators hailed a truck that was on the point of departing. The driver seemed unwilling to give out any information about the place. He admitted grudgingly that he

owned a wood yard and raised hogs. He spoke with a distinct German accent. He was requested to return with the investigators while a search of his premises was conducted.

The man's name was Otto Tomm; until a few weeks previous he had had a partner, Herbert Forster, but the association had broken up.

The property had the appearance of an old saw-mill. Three of the four worn buildings were searched but nothing of an incriminating nature was found: in one was sawdust; in another on the beach was some old mill machinery; another was a smoke house, used for making sausages. The fourth structure was approximately twenty-five feet square and had a lean-to on one side, approximately twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. Smoke issued from



the chimney of the lean-to. Inside the lean-to was a small stove which apparently kept the place warm for the seven or eight pigs there.

The main building had a large slat door, the slats being spaced every four inches. Through these spaces the investigators saw that the interior was filled with fourteen-inch-length firewood. There seemed to be a decided odour of mash about the place. (The similarity in odour of freshly-cut wood and mash renders discrimination difficult).

The searchers persisted and, in a stall of the piggery inside the lean-to, located a trap-door in the floor. This proved to be the entrance to a six-foot tunnel that emerged in the centre of the wood pile which the investigators had seen in the main building through the slatted door. In one corner of the hollow wood pile a large still was in operation.

Tomm was immediately placed under arrest. He broke down and confessed that he and his partner, Forster, had made the still during the past two months; that Forster had been the operator. The venture had been unsuccessful from Tomm's point of view, as the alcohol manufactured was of inferior quality.

Forster, when interviewed, admitted having been Tomm's partner, but claimed they had quarrelled over money matters. He denied any knowledge of the still. He also was served with a Notice of Seizure.

The accused were charged jointly with an infraction of s. 164 of the Excise Act—Possession of Illicit Still—before Police Magistrate E. O. Darling at Brighthouse, B.C., on Apr. 17, 1941. Tomm pleaded guilty; Forster pleaded not guilty. Tomm was remanded for

sentence, then later called as a witness for the prosecution against Forster. But his testimony contradicted his former statements: he swore that his former partner had nothing whatever to do with the illicit manufacture of alcohol. The case against Forster was accordingly dismissed. On Apr. 25, His Worship fined Tomm \$200 or in default six months hard labour. The fine was paid.

The outstanding feature of this case was the ingenuity with which the still was concealed. The exterior appearance of the building was innocent enough: the hollow wood pile with a cleared

space in the centre for the still, the underground tunnel from the piggery to the hidden space—the only means of reaching the still—showed that infinite pains had been taken to keep the whole thing secret. The still connections were especially well camouflaged; they passed through the wall against which the lean-to was built and joined with the pipes from the stove in the piggery; as shown in the illustrations, a false ceiling in the piggery hid the pipe connections effectively. A casual observer would naturally think that the smoke issuing from the chimney came only from the stove in the lean-to piggery.

R. v. Wood

*Forgery—Uttering Worthless Cheques—Photographs—
Modus Operandi—R.C.M.P. Gazette*

On Dec. 4, 1940, Special Investigator B. B. Harris of the Canadian National Railways called at the Modus Operandi Branch, R.C.M.P. Headquarters, Ottawa, to report a forgery. A man calling himself Thomas McDonald had cashed two forged Canadian Bank of Commerce money orders, one in the Union Station, Ottawa, the other in the Ottawa House tavern, Hull, Que.; the money orders, originally written to the amounts of \$4.80 and \$4.20, had been increased to \$40.80 and \$40.20, respectively.

Headquarters records failed to establish the man's identity. Particulars of the offences were published in the *R.C.M.P. Gazette*, a confidential weekly publication for distributing useful information to all police forces in Canada.

On Dec. 16, Mr Harris reported that money orders similarly increased had been passed in Toronto, Ont. The perpetrator was identified in Toronto as Roy Wood, alias James Trimble. He had also cashed worthless cheques, rubber-stamped 'Marien & Wilson Ltd., Contractors', in Toronto, Cornwall and Montreal. The amount in each case was about \$18.

By means of photographs obtained from the forger's finger-print file Mr Harris positively identified Wood as the

person who had operated in Ottawa and Hull. The chief constables of Niagara Falls and Port Hope, Ont., reported that bogus cheques had been passed in their cities by a man using the names Harvey R. Williams and Thomas Mathewson.

The *modus operandi* being identical, photographs of Wood were forwarded at once from the central M.O. Section. Both chief constables identified Wood as the man who had operated in their cities.

A complete summary of these offences and Wood's photograph were published in the *R.C.M.P. Gazette*. This resulted in reports from the chief constables of Verdun, Que., and Fort Erie, Ont., that similar offences had been committed in their cities and that the *Gazette* photograph of Wood had been identified as that of the man who had defrauded the complainants.

Wood was later arrested and convicted on eleven charges based on information received from as many different places.

He faced sixteen charges of false pretences, fourteen charges of uttering and ten charges of forgery.

He was sentenced to five years in Kingston Penitentiary.

R. v. Yablonsky***Possession of Still—Police Dog Chief—Flight of Accused on Horseback—Pursuit in Snowmobile—Appeal—Conviction Quashed***

A Ukrainian moonshiner failed to escape the law in Alvena, Sask. district after police dog Chief got on his trail. Numerous complaints were received that Ben Yablonsky was making and selling liquor. In February it was decided to investigate and the police dog was taken along.

When questioned, through an interpreter, Yablonsky denied ownership of the land south of his home and claimed he didn't know who farmed it. During the interview he was nervous and disturbed, probably because of the fact that previously he had been convicted under the Excise Act.

Meanwhile, Chief was taken to the section of land south of Yablonsky's home. With his trainer he followed a sleigh track from the suspect's yard, across a roadway and through a field into a bluff about a third of a mile from the house. Here a copper still was found in a dug-out, and a forty-five-gallon barrel full of mash was discovered in a manure pit ten yards away. The still, an elaborate contrivance, showed signs of much use. Chief later found the coil, although it was hidden in the thick foliage of a tree.

The investigators returned to the house only to discover that Yablonsky had fled on horseback shortly after they had set out on their search for the still. Chief was taken to the spot where Yablonsky was last seen,—a cattle trail that led through the bluff to a straw stack. The dog could not distinguish the fresh scent at this point because numerous other horse-and-cattle tracks criss-crossed in a tangled web of hoof marks. He was taken back to the bluff and when given command to run free, soon picked up the tracks of Yablonsky's horse which proceeded in a north-

easterly direction. The trail zig-zagged continuously; it soon became apparent that Yablonsky was doing everything possible to make tracking difficult. First, he had gone south, then doubled back north; going south again, he finally changed his course to due west to a road. The investigators employed a snowmobile to continue the chase. At Alvena they learned that Yablonsky had passed through half an hour previously; he was captured two miles further on, hiding behind a straw stack in a farm yard. His exhausted horse indicated that the suspect had ridden hard.

The accused was arrested and taken to Wakaw where a charge under s. 164 (e), Excise Act, was laid against him.

He was tried at Wakaw on Feb. 14, 1941, by Justices of the Peace L. Marechal and W. T. Guest. The previous day, a neighbouring farmer said that for at least four years Yablonsky had worked the quarter section of land where the still had been found. The accused entered a plea of not guilty, but was adjudged guilty. He was sentenced to six months hard labour and ordered to pay a fine of \$500 and costs and in default of payment of fine, he was to serve a further term of six months hard labour. The sentence was appealed.

The appeal was heard before His Honour Judge Hambridge, Humboldt, Sask., on May 25, and the conviction quashed. Sufficient evidence was produced to prove that Mrs Yablonsky, wife of the appellant, owned the land and illicit still.

This case is worthy of note because of the excellent work done by the dog Chief and his trainer. The animal located the missing coil and was instrumental in effecting the quick apprehension of the accused.

Maintiens Le Droit

HON. ERNEST LAPOINTE, speaking in his capacity of Minister of Justice, has just paid a well-merited tribute to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, praising "the devotion of all its members and the satisfactory results of their work." When the war is over, he said, he believed the people of Canada would have reason to be grateful to the R.C.M.P. for the way in which they had done their work in keeping order in Canada.

The Minister of Justice is without doubt in the best position to judge the merits of the Force in their present activities. But the public also realizes the usefulness of the police in this time of war, when there is need to keep a close watch on saboteurs and others who, besides trying to stir up discontent, would do anything in their power to hamper the campaign against the enemy. It is safe to say that any man who is interned at the instigation of the R.C.M.P. deserves to be kept where he can do no harm to the country. The police are highly trained, know the rights of citizens, and proceed about their business in a constitutional way. They do not resort to Gestapo methods, have no desire to do so, and would not be permitted to do so. Because of this, and because of their long record of service in protecting and helping the public, they are respected and not feared.

It was on the 23rd of May, 1873, six years after Confederation, that Parliament authorized the establishment of the North West Mounted Police as a body to deal with the problems likely to arise with the opening up of the western prairies to settlement. It was intended to call them "Mounted Rifles," but the Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, scratched out "Rifles" and put in "Police." The Force proved its efficiency from the start, with the result that there was law and order throughout the great territory over which they held sway; even when gold was discovered in the Klondike, the mining region was kept in order, despite the adventurers who poured in from all over the world. They furnished many recruits for the Canadian Mounted Rifles and the Strathcona Horse in the Boer War, and for the battalions in the former World War, and after they were linked with the Dominion Police in 1920 and renamed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, their duties were broadened. Today their number is about 4,000 and the territory under their direct supervision is as large as the whole of Europe. They operate by land, sea and air, always efficiently. And every law-abiding Canadian is thankful that such a force is in evidence in these days of warfare when a watch has to be kept for traitors who would bring harm to their country if they could.

—*Montreal Gazette.*

* * *

During a discussion on the Defence of Canada Regulations in the House of Commons, June 9, the Right Honourable Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice and Minister in Control of the R.C.M.P. said: "I should not like to close without expressing an appreciation of those whose work I am in the best position to judge. I pay tribute to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the devotion of all its members and the satisfactory results of their work. At no time have I had to make complaint either as to their ability or as to the conscientious manner in which they have acted in the execution of their duties. When this war is over—and I hope it will be before too many years and we shall have achieved victory—I believe the people of Canada will have reason to be grateful to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for the way in which they have done their work in keeping order in Canada."

Democracies, Dictatorships and Police

by ACTING CORPORAL R. F. KARROW

In a dictatorship the populace live in terror and dread of the secret police; in a democracy the police are servants of the people. The author, pointing out the great contrast between the two police systems, pictures a peace officer's duties in this country in the event of an Axis victory. What can the Canadian policeman do to help defeat Nazism?

AT THIS hour, when our country, our Empire, and all free peoples are engaged in a supreme effort to destroy a philosophy of force, as represented by the Axis Powers, it behoves every policeman worthy of the respect of his colleagues to ask himself—most searchingly—"What can I do to maintain and strengthen democratic institutions?"

In seeking for an answer, it is both interesting and illuminating to note what Aristotle said twenty-two centuries ago:

"If liberty and equality, as is thought by some, are chiefly to be found in democracy, they will be best attained when all persons alike share in the government to the utmost."

In 1790, John Philpot Curran, in a speech on the right of election, said, "The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance." Only a few months ago the Prime Minister of Great Britain repeated this warning. Said he, "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." One cannot escape the forcefulness of the wisdom thus expressed. It is advice which applies equally to every policeman and citizen of a democracy.

To illustrate the opposing philosophy of the dictator, I quote from a reported speech given by Mussolini in December, 1930, thus, "We have buried the putrid body of liberty."

Concerning Mussolini, it is sufficient to say that he has made the tragic blunder of burying the slightly sick body of democracy and replacing it with a government based on a system

raked from ashes that burned out many centuries ago.

Democracies and dictatorships both have their police organizations; but the use of these agencies differ widely. In a democracy, the police function within the framework of the judiciary system provided by the Constitution. If, in the practical application of the Constitution, defects are observed, I think it is not so much the fault of the Constitution but rather it is the fault of the people themselves, a free people, who have failed to discharge honestly and conscientiously their responsibilities. One cannot escape the maxim that the greater the degree of freedom, the greater the degree of responsibility.

It is true that in the enforcement of laws, the legislation of which rests in our Parliament, the policeman merely acts as an instrument of the government. Let this not conceal from us, however, the importance of showing those with whom we come in contact that our ethics demand that above everything else we value democratic institutions and the rights and freedom of the individual. The full realization of these fundamental principles of democracy by police administrators and all members of law-enforcement organizations is of far greater importance now than at any time in history.

The motto of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is *Maintiens le Droit*. But the possession, alone, of a motto is not enough. We must so perform the duties of our office that we create in the minds of all people, no matter what station in society they occupy, a com-

plete confidence that right will be upheld. The mere adoption of a high-sounding slogan does not accomplish this; but the proper attitude toward our work, and those with whom we come in contact, will go far to convince the public that such a motto has a meaning for us. We must show ability to perform our duties in an efficient and impartial manner; we must display sympathetic understanding; to all we must exhibit courtesy and tact, and a firm determination to ascertain and report facts. Ours is not an easy task. The enemy is always ready to take advantage of a democratic judiciary system, which is slow and easy-moving in comparison with the direct and ruthless methods employed by totalitarian states.

The present dignity and prestige of the office of a peace officer, in democratic governments, are a direct result of a determination to recognize the rights and freedom of the individual. Citizens in a totalitarian state cringe in fear and terror of the police; whereas the police in a democracy are regarded as protectors by law-abiding citizens.

At great sacrifice, the ancestors of people in free countries have left a heritage which, I am sure, is at times not fully appreciated. Freedom of speech and freedom of worship for the individual have been made possible by Magna Charta and later milestones in British history. And as civilization has progressed, the status of the peace officer has risen. From a privately-hired "keeper" of considerable brawn, but doubtful intellect, he has graduated into a highly-trained specialist—with emphasis on the intellect—employed by the state to act entirely within the law.

In a dictatorship, on the other hand, there is the monstrous creature known as the Secret Police. In Germany, the regular police continue to function; but they are subservient in every respect to the Gestapo. The secret police are the principal weapon with which the dictator enforces complete submission

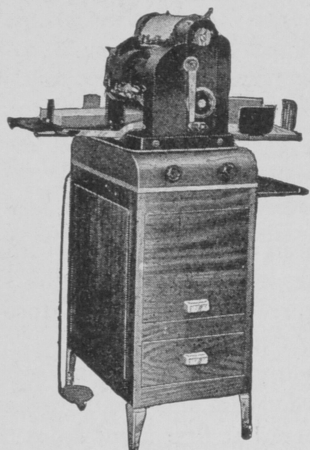
and regimentation upon his people. This dread organization is the machine by means of which he inflicts torture, and every sadistic form of punishment . . . death. The secret police have greater power than the army since they pervade every phase of society; the General Staff, itself, is under their constant furtive eye. One writer recently put it this way:

"Imagine Scarface Al Capone endowed with unlimited state power and one has a fair picture of the secret police organizations which are omnipotent in the Soviet Union, in Germany and many other European countries today."¹

This very fitting description should, I think, fix clearly in the minds of all, particularly those of us familiar with the Capone gunman type, the viciousness of the secret police.

It is doubtful if any occupational group in a democratic society would be more adversely affected than the police by an Axis victory. Let us try to visualize what the effect would be on us, as policemen, should our form of government be supplanted by a dictatorship. In order to intimidate and terrorize Canadian citizens, to impress them with his dynamic programme and policies, the dictator would seize upon racial, religious and class prejudices. All social and economic ills would be blamed, in typical Nazi fashion, upon some racial, religious or class minority. Pity the luckless group upon which the dictator fixes his greedy eye. The police are the instrument which he would use to "prove" that the bogey he told the people about is as bad as painted. That such proof is obtained through torture and brutality would occasion no concern to the dictator; he has in mind only one objective—power. With a dictator in office it would become our duty to intimidate with unspeakable acts of terrorism any person who, by word or deed, offended the state.

¹*Atlantic Monthly*, February issue: review by William Henry Chamberlain on *Out of the Night*.



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To have opinions at variance with the party would constitute sufficient cause for a man and his family to be confined in custody with no opportunity to communicate with the outside world. In many cases, imprisonment in Germany has been followed by prolonged periods of terroristic acts designed to destroy any will to opposition; frequently the only release has been death itself. In first gaining, and later maintaining and increasing his power the secret police are the dictator's right arm. The trained impartial investigator would be replaced by a fanatical party zealot for whom liberty of the individual has no meaning.

Active participation in an organization like the Gestapo would fill policemen who believe in freedom for the individual with abhorrence. To policemen, as to average citizens, an Axis victory would entail the 'loss of individual freedom' and all that this phrase implies.

The police profession would be prostituted by a despotic dictator's cruel and unholy schemes to crush all opposition, in whatever form it appeared. Gone would be the prisoner's right to consult counsel! Gone would be Habeas Corpus and trial by jury! Gone would be the right of free assembly! Gone would be all the hard-won stepping-stones in our civilization where the rights and freedom of the individual are of paramount importance.

Policemen can very substantially contribute to the strengthening of democratic institutions. During this epoch-making test, we must accept the full measure of our responsibility to ensure that the citizens of Canada retain full confidence in the strength, vitality and advantages of democracy. By doing so we will automatically equip ourselves for the increasingly important role which we will be called upon to play in the society of the future.

Charcoal and How He Grew Blacker

by MIKE MOUNTAIN HORSE*

The sixth of the white man's decalogue is: "Thou shalt not kill." No qualifications or conditions under which the rule may vary are mentioned. It was through running contrary to this commandment that the hero, or villain, of this story became famous, or infamous.

IN THE early days of the North West Mounted Police, my people were instructed that under the white man's law, whosoever killed a fellow-being would be forced to pay for his crime by hanging on the scaffold. This was thoroughly drilled into their minds; and while we now know that leniency is occasionally provided under extenuating circumstances, the Indians at that time were entirely unaware of such a possibility.

Charcoal, also known as Bad Young Man, and Johnny Dried Meat, a Blood Indian of temperamental disposition, discovered that on several occasions his wife had held illicit trysts with a young brave of the reserve south of Fort Macleod. He repeatedly warned the lover to withdraw his attentions, but without success; and finally a crisis was reached wherein Charcoal had either to act or lose his honour among his tribe.

Considerable calumny has been hurled at my people and at Charcoal for the ensuing events; but it seems to me entirely wrong that the tribe should be condemned for an unadvised view-point, or that even Charcoal, who was merely ignorant and proud, should be branded a criminal and a degenerate by those who knew little or nothing of his attitude in the matter. True, his ignorance or defiance of the white man's law led him, in a moment of desperation, to kill a policeman—a crime which rightly

has never been countenanced in Canada. Still I think it only fair that the facts should be correctly presented before the public forms judgment.

Through my own close study of this Indian murder case and the information I have gathered at first hand from those who were familiar with it, I believe I have the first strictly accurate story.

* * *

IT WAS haying time on the Blood Reserve in the year 1896. Contracts called for large amounts of hay to be delivered by the Indians to the main agency of the reserve; the North West Mounted Police detachments at Standoff, Kipp, Macleod—"D" Division headquarters; and Lethbridge—"K" Division headquarters. Large numbers of Indians were camped southwest of Hill-spring on the southern border of the reserve. This special haying camp was under the supervision of Cliff Clark, farm instructor of the reserve at that time. Charcoal was working there.

One morning Charcoal asked his wife to assist him in the hay field.

"I am not well this morning, I don't want to go," Pretty Kangaroo Woman, also called the Wolverine, replied.

Accordingly he excused her and went away alone.

Later in the day, however, Charcoal returned home unexpectedly and found his wife entertaining, in a fashion too hospitable even for an Indian hostess. Her paramour, a young brave named Medicine Pipe Stem, was one of her distant relatives.

"Young man, listen to me," Charcoal admonished, "my wife is your relative. Nevertheless discontinue these meetings,

*Mr Mountain Horse is a full Blood Indian. He served with honour, and was wounded, in the Great War of 1914-18. Backed by a good education he has made a close study of the early history of his people and is regarded as a reliable narrator of his forebearers' annals in the southern Alberta country. He is contributing to the present war services by lecturing in behalf of the Red Cross.—Ed.

and don't gossip. This will be a secret among the three of us. I have no inclination to let people know that I discovered you two; they would have a very poor opinion of me, if they knew. So I will do nothing further."

The illicit lovers, however, refused to heed his warning. The young brave again had the temerity to intrude on Charcoal's household. And for the second time he was discovered by the wronged husband. The Indian prides himself on his stoicism and ability to conceal his emotions at all times. Charcoal managed to hide his feelings.

On an October morning, shortly after the second episode, Charcoal again requested his wife to accompany him to the fields. "Come with me and tramp the hay down in the rack as I pitch it up," he said.

"I have a severe headache," his wife complained. "I do not think I can go."

Despite his aroused suspicions, Charcoal went to his labors alone; and hitching his team to the mower, commenced cutting hay. About a quarter of a mile away he observed Medicine Pipe Stem raking hay. Keeping an eagle eye on him, Charcoal's suspicions deepened when his rival suddenly disappeared.

The suspense was too great. He had arrived at the extremity of his endurance. And if his heart were flamed with murderous hate, who shall say that, under the circumstances, this condition would have existed only in an Indian's breast?

Believing that the amorous young man was once more visiting his wife, he decided to ascertain just what was going on. To unhitch his team and make his way home was but the work of a few minutes. On arrival at his teepee he learned that his wife had repaired to the river bottom to fetch wood. With still greater ire and jealousy—for he remembered the "severe headache"—Charcoal armed himself with a rifle and rode to the river. In a clearing by the bushes his wife's horse was



MIKE MOUNTAIN HORSE

grazing. Further on was another horse, bridled, also grazing. Both animals were unattended. Proceeding through the surrounding brush, his face contorted with vicious purpose, Charcoal came to a half-built log stable. Peering through the apertures between the logs he spied his wife in sinful tryst with her lover. Without preamble, Charcoal shot through the chinks of the log structure at the invader of his domestic felicity. Severely wounded in the head, one of his eyeballs hanging from its socket, the young man sprang with the swiftness of a rattler to attack him.

Fighting like maniacs, alternately beating each other down, falling and rising again and again to deliver savage blows, the two engaged in mortal combat. The younger had the advantage of youth and strength, but this was more than offset by his terrible wound; and Charcoal, spurred on by mad fury, finally managed to beat him into complete insensibility. Medicine Pipe Stem was left for dead.

He had reaped according to his sowing.

* * *

NEXT morning, two squaws out searching for firewood met at the scene of the conflict; and hearing moans, they discovered the injured man inside the log structure.



CHARCOAL

"Tell my brother to come for me," he said. "I am sorely wounded. Charcoal shot me."

But the message was never delivered. Apparently the women were afraid of becoming implicated and did nothing except gossip with their own tribe. Charcoal, either hearing or surmising that his work had been incomplete, returned and finally dispatched his enemy. An ancient, inexorable law had been fulfilled.

Later, an Indian, while trying to catch horses in the vicinity of the log stable, came upon the corpse. The police were notified and an investigation disclosed signs of the bloody struggle. The Police Surgeon pronounced Medicine Pipe Stem to have been dead about ten days. The investigators and the coroner, W. S. Anderton, decided that it was first-degree murder. A bullet had entered near the right eye and lodged in the brain. Supt S. B. Steele of the North West Mounted Police issued a warrant of arrest for the killer; and Insp A. M. Jarvis was assigned to follow up the case.

Strangely enough Charcoal did not fall under suspicion during the early part of the enquiry. Another Indian, Eagle Shoe, who had previously quarreled with the slain man, was the first suspect. Instead of appearing before the

police or the Indian agent and attempting to vindicate his conduct, Charcoal sought refuge in flight. Six persons accompanied him, his two wives—Pretty Kangaroo Woman, and Sleeping Woman—one of his wives' mother, his grown daughter and two boys.

Expecting disclosure sooner or later, Charcoal apparently gave way to desperation for he was the first to strike. From that time, his hand was turned against all who opposed him. Making a nocturnal visit on Oct. 12, to the home on the Blood Reserve of Mr E. McNeil, a former government farm instructor on the reserve, Charcoal shot through the window and wounded him in the side, just above the hip bone. The bullet passed through a partition hitting a window casing in the next room and falling to the floor. The ministrations of Robert Wilson, the Indian Agent, whose rudimentary knowledge of surgery enabled him to cleanse and dress the wound, saved McNeil's life. But this was only one of the many escapades made by Charcoal from his hiding-place in the days after his flight from justice. He visited the lodge of Little Pine, another Blood, and according to him, confessed his guilt, avowing that he also intended to kill the Indian Agent and Red Crow, chief of the tribe.

Pitching his teepee in the Chief Mountain country, Charcoal made many excursions in quest of food and other commodities. On Nov. 2, he visited the Mounted Police detachment at Cardston where he was surprised and took cover behind a water-trough just as Sgt W. Armer approached, lantern in hand, to water his horse. Charcoal fired, grazing the sergeant who promptly retreated to a safer position.

Charcoal fled. Shortly afterwards, Inspector Jarvis's police party, assisted by scouts, took up the trail in pursuit; but the fugitive had disappeared and was not heard from for several days.

One morning, in a frenzy of despair, Charcoal walked to the top of a hill near

his teepee, and, gazing out over the Belly Buttes, the scene of his boyhood days, sang his battle song. Then, thinking of old friends and customs, his life prior to becoming a fugitive, he wept aloud, his family witnessing his anguish. What a cross he bore, as he looked down at the territory where he had known liberty, respect, and security under the red-coated law! His tribulations will never be appreciated by those who have not thoroughly known the red man's inherent ways under the free existence of his former life.

Upon his return, his daughter, noticing the tear stains on his face, wept also. "My father," she sobbed, "I wish that I might kill her." Her eyes flashed accusingly as she remembered the faithless wife. "She is the cause of all our misfortune. You have been a good husband to her, but she has never appreciated your kindness. Let me kill her."

It is to Charcoal's credit, I think, that even in his extremity, he would not listen to such talk. "My child," he said, "You must not speak so. I know what is going to happen to me. But you are still young. You must go on with your life."

Inspector Jarvis' patrol finally discovered Charcoal's camp, betrayed by smoke from his fire. The main company proceeded afoot on a tedious journey through the timber, reaching the fugitive's camp at day-break. Snow had begun to fall. His trail was easily discernible.

Chief Scout Green Grass warned the police and Indians not to shoot until the teepee was surrounded. Then a general attack was to be made at a given signal. But Charcoal forestalled these instructions. He stepped out of his teepee, rifle in hand, shading his eyes as he carefully scanned the wooded area before him. Always on the alert and with an uncanny faculty of scenting human presence, he ducked back into the lodge. The attackers let loose a barrage of shots at the top of the dwelling, rushed their

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objective from the front, only to find that Charcoal, his two wives and one son had escaped by a back way. His mother-in-law, the girl and his other son were taken into custody.

Reports of Charcoal's flight from this time on vary; the story officially accepted by my people is that he and the remainder of his family retreated to the Blood Reserve. Here they stole two horses, which were afterwards found by the Peigan Indians at the river, where the town of Brocket now stands.

Except for stealthy trips to the Blood Reserve for food, Charcoal stayed within the "timber right" of the Peigans at the Porcupine Hills. The man-hunt swung this way and that. Often the trail was lost, only to be picked up and followed keenly until lost again. Insp'r Geo. E. Sanders of Macleod Detachment joined in the search. Fleeing from place to place, the desperate Indian succeeded in eluding arrest, but each time left evidence of his activities.

One night, when raiding the Peigan camp for a fresh horse, Charcoal was surprised by a resident brave, Coming Door.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Are you Charcoal?"

Charcoal replied with gun-fire that missed its mark. Coming Door returned the shot. The marauder got away unscathed.

On a later nocturnal visit to the Peigan Reserve, Charcoal took his young son with him. Leaving the lad at the riverside with instructions to wait, he swam his horse across the river and headed for the Old Agency.

After his arrest he told the Indian prisoners in the Macleod guard-room that he had entered a teepee and stood among boys who were playing a hand game. "No-one recognized me," he said. "I saw a Kootenay Indian sitting there, got ready to shoot him but re-

membered I had left my boy at the river. This stopped me from firing."

When Charcoal returned to the riverside, his son had disappeared. The boy had gone to the home of Woodman, a Peigan Indian. Woodman took him to the Mounted Police detachment at The Leavings, a mile away. Questioning the boy that night, the police learned of Charcoal's haunts on Beaver Creek in the Porcupine Hills.

Next morning, the boy led them and the Indians to his father's hideout. In the meantime, however, Charcoal had not been idle. Foreseeing that his son might be induced to betray him, he had moved his camp a mile or so northward.

"There he is guiding the mounted police to the place we just left!" he said to his wives as he watched the column approaching his previous camp-site.

Once more he evaded his pursuers.

* * *

NOT without good reason, as you shall presently see, Charcoal suspected that his wives were awaiting an opportunity to desert him. When he had occasion to leave his refuge in quest of food, he invariably tied them to widely-separated trees. One morning, however, he neglected this routine. He only tied their hands behind their backs, roped their legs, and left them on the ground some distance from each other. Before leaving, he informed Pretty Kangaroo Woman that he had decided to kill her upon his return.

After he had gone, Sleeping Woman turned to her sister in distress. She suggested that they roll toward each other. This they did and set to work to loosen their bonds. By using her teeth, Sleeping Woman, after great difficulty, released Pretty Kangaroo Woman's hands. The squaws had barely gained the protection of the encircling wood when Charcoal returned.

He ran to the edge of the brush and shouted to them to come back; though

one wanted to return, the other prevailed upon her not to do so. They finally arrived at the Blood Reserve after much hardship. Rides-at-Door, a Blood Indian, made them captive and turned them over to his Chief and the Indian Agent who summoned the Mounted Police.

Charcoal was now alone.

* * *

NOVEMBER came. Snow lay deep on the ground. One day the fugitive rode forth on a food-hunting expedition to an Indian camp and houses on the north side of the creek, just east of the Peigan Agency. Arriving at Jack Spear's house, he knocked at the door.

"Whose house is this?" he enquired.

Numerous Indians gambling inside recognized his voice. No-one answered his call; for they knew his reputation of shooting on sight. They immediately scrambled for cover. Some leaped behind the big cast-iron stove; others sought safety behind an all-too-small table. A generously-proportioned elderly lady, vainly attempted to squeeze herself into the side-board.

Eventually, one fellow, more courageous than his companions, replied to Charcoal's question.

"Where does my friend Running Crow live?" came the second query.

"At the next house."

At Running Crow's home, Charcoal, still in the saddle, called out requesting that food be brought to him. Running Crow decided to trap him. Armed with a rifle, he stationed himself behind the stove while his two wives, with axes aloft, took up positions on either side of the door. He then invited the visitor to dismount and enter.

A premonition of impending danger warned Charcoal. Taking a short cut he jumped his mount over an old root-cellar and fled. Shortly afterwards, Constable Hatfield of the Peigan Detachment, accompanied by Indian scouts,

arrived and was informed that Charcoal had departed.

Pursuit was delayed until next morning, Nov. 5, when eight Indians took up the easily-discernible trail, but lost it at the junction of the Pincher Creek trail. Bit Face Chief, a Peigan Indian, was sent to Pincher Creek to inform the police of the direction the fugitive had taken. Sgt W. B. Wilde, who was in charge of the detachment, quickly organized a patrol to join the chase. Stand Off and Big Bend Detachments were also notified and a patrol at Macleod was ordered to stand by for special duty. Wilde came upon the trail ahead of Hatfield and sent Constable Ambrose to warn Kootenay Detachment.

* * *

CHARCOAL, striking south on Nov. 10, came to a farm-house from which he stole some food. The Peigan trailers sighted him in the vicinity of Chipman's Creek in the act of making a fire. But before they came to close quarters, Charcoal remounted and galloped off. As he rode he sang his battle song; his desperation seemed to have changed to a hysterical joy of combat. The posse was in hot pursuit.

"Come back, my friend," Many Chiefs, a councillor of the Peigans, shouted, "no harm will befall you!"

Charcoal pulled up and looked back. But his momentary hope was quickly dispelled by Coming Deer.

"Charcoal, you're going to learn that it doesn't pay to be foolish," he screamed.

On hearing these bitter words, the fugitive dashed madly on.

Jack Spear, riding a gray horse—the fastest and hardest mount among those of the Peigans—closed in on the fleeing criminal. But Charcoal merely turned and looked at him. That look alone sufficed to make Spear fall back. Twice the gray drew near; twice the pursuer hauled him in as Charcoal swung in his seat to glare—though the glare turned



SGT WILLIAM BROCK WILDE

to derisive mirth as the retreats were made. Many Tail Feathers, noted Scout, and Charlie Holloway, interpreter, of the North West Mounted Police, both asked Spear to change mounts but he ignored them. Spear knew that their horses were too exhausted to keep up, yet he stubbornly refused to exchange with either. To this day, Jack Spear's horse is spoken of by the Peigans as the "run away gray."

Several members of the posse, whose mounts were spent by the arduous chase, were forced to grip the tails of the horses ahead to keep in the running. When he saw that his pursuers were tiring, Charcoal turned and begged the Indians to keep away. He assured them he was not on the offensive against his own people.

By this time Wilde had arrived from Pincher Creek with a fresh horse, Major. Riding hard, he rapidly overtook the fleeing red skin and came up along his left side.

* * *

I AM not criticizing this intrepid young officer; but I believe better judgment could have been used. Sergeant Wilde

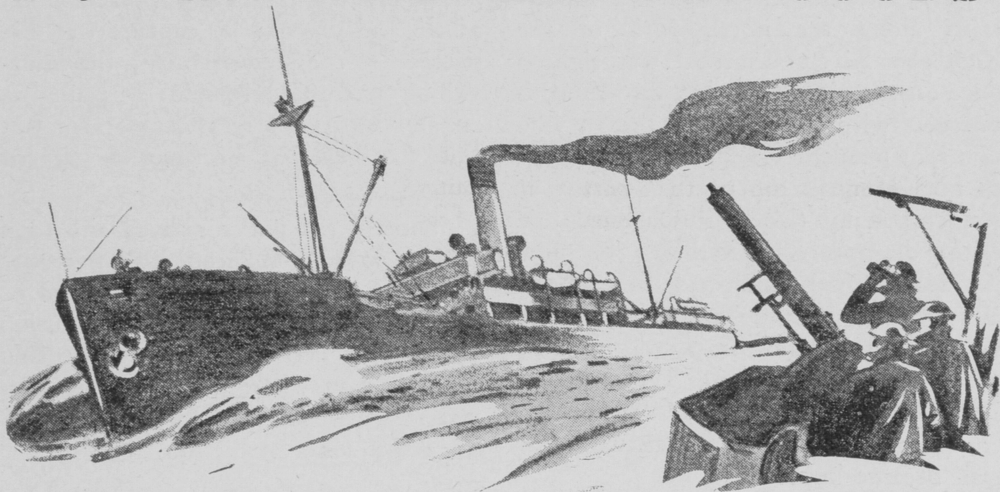
was of highly-strung and impatient nerve. In my opinion his action in coming up on the left side of the elusive one was suicidal. He had out-distanced the other pursuers by nearly a mile. He shouted at Charcoal, attempted to seize him. Charcoal's 44 Winchester rifle across his lap, was half-hidden under the blanket which swathed his body. The trigger was probably cocked, as it was the practice of the Indians to keep their weapons thus ready for use. Twice Charcoal motioned him back; when he saw that the policeman was not to be dissuaded, Charcoal pressed the trigger. That unexpected shot was fired from only a few feet. The sergeant swayed and tumbled from his saddle. The bullet had entered his abdomen. Charcoal rode on for a short distance. Then coming back and circling around the prone figure he sang his war-song.

Uttering a final war-whoop he sent another bullet into the fallen officer. Catching the horse of the vanquished, he leaped to the saddle and, applying his quirt, continued his flight southward through the deep snow. In his mad frenzy, he defiantly waved to Holloway and the Indians to follow him. But there was little inclination to accept the challenge. His terrible deed had stopped them in their tracks.

The scouts' horses were entirely fatigued. To continue after Charcoal, mounted on Wilde's fresh horse, was futile. However, Many Tail Feathers became so angered upon seeing his superior murdered, that he climbed upon Charcoal's discarded horse and followed the slayer. As dusk closed in on that memorable day, he was still on the trail. Two others took Wilde's body to the farm-house of John Dipadore, a Frenchman who lived near-by. The remains were taken to Pincher Creek.

Many Tail Feathers, who had held to the pursuit all through the night, was joined in the morning by Inspector Sanders from Macleod with a strong party of police, several Indians and some

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volunteers from Pincher Creek. The fugitive's tracks led toward the mountains along the north fork of the Kootenay River. Charcoal was sighted once on the mountain-side, covering his pursuers with his rifle. The Indian who saw him prudently kept the knowledge to himself until the party was out of range; but by this time Charcoal had again disappeared. Doubtless he now realized the role which had been gradually forced upon him—an outlaw among whites and Indians. Inspector Sanders' party, guided by Many Tail Feathers and another Indian, Green Grass, grimly clung to the trail, until eventually the task became hopeless.

* * *

MANY and varied reports have been chronicled on the capture of Charcoal; but I believe that the following is the first disclosure of the actual facts.

In his last wanderings, Charcoal returned to the home of his two brothers, Left Hand and Bear's Back Bone. Both men had previously been in custody, and upon their release had promised the police they would help in effecting Charcoal's capture.

On Nov. 12, the inevitable knock sounded on the door. The wanderer sought admittance and food. Recognizing his brother's voice, Left Hand whispered instructions to his wives to assist in subduing him; then raising his voice he invited Charcoal to come in. Any suspicion of betrayal Charcoal might have had was dissipated after they had fed him and given him a smoke. One of the squaws, an unusually powerful woman, manoeuvred into position and, at a signal from her husband, sprang upon the unsuspecting guest, bearing him to the floor. Simultaneously Left Hand flung himself upon the captive. Together they held him while the other wife hastily summoned

the neighboring Indians who came and bound him securely. He was placed upon a bed, and news of his capture was dispatched to the police. During the interval he attempted suicide by plunging an awl into an artery of his arm but this was detected in time to prevent death.

Shortly the police arrived and took the prisoner to Macleod. The trial was held and the accused was convicted of murdering Sergeant Wilde. Execution occurred on Feb. 10, 1897, on a scaffold erected in the horse corral. The hapless warrior went to his end bravely with the death song on his lips.

* * *

FOR his part in bringing about the arrest of Charcoal, Left Hand was officially awarded a chieftainship by the Department of Indian Affairs. The Indians themselves, however, never recognized his authority. In fact they all regarded his action as treacherous and unbrotherly in the extreme and adopted a very belligerent attitude toward him. Many red men gathered at the Catholic Mission and paid their last respects to the dead. After the ceremony, a gambler—childhood friend of the deceased—accosted Left Hand; and after hurling at him all the vile epithets he could think of, thoroughly thrashed him with a whip. But for timely intervention, others would have repeated the punishment.

* * *

SO ENDS the story of Charcoal—a wronged man bent on protecting his honour—who through ignorance of the law became more and more involved by deeds of desperation. It seems to me that the actual climax was ludicrously at variance to the oft-related versions on the sagacity and bravery employed to take him.

In reality, Charcoal was captured by a woman of his own kin.

Instruments of Crime Detection

by SERGEANT S. H. LETT, M.M.L.S.,
Scientific Laboratory, Regina, Sask.

Illustrations of some of the instruments used in the Police Scientific Laboratory; also explanations of their operation. Photographs from recent cases stress their importance.

IN ANY laboratory, whether equipped for the advancement of commerce, science or crime detection, accuracy must be the key-note. To ensure this accuracy many delicate precision instruments have been devised; the operation and uses of these is a never-ending source of interest to contributors of exhibits, and other visitors to the Scientific Laboratory at Regina.

It has long been acknowledged that in order to take full advantage of the various aids to investigation offered by a police laboratory, the investigator in the field must have a working knowledge of the scope and limitations of the work carried out by the technician. A great deal of valuable material has been written concerning the technical aspects of modern criminal investigation; yet it is a well-established fact that a few hours spent in the laboratory affords a much better understanding of the subject.

The magnifying glass used by the mythical Sherlock Holmes to stalk his quarry is now multiplied a hundredfold into a battery of prying and inquisitive magnifying lenses ranging from the large ballistic comparison microscope (Fig. 1) to the simple table magnifier (Fig. 15).

The **Ballistic Comparison Microscope** (Fig. 1) comprises two compound microscopes of identical magnification surmounted by a comparison eyepiece which consists of a series of prisms in combination with an ocular. The fields of the two microscopes are divided by a vertical diameter thus combining the left-hand half of the field of the one

with the right-hand half of the field of the other. Magnification may be varied by change of objectives up to fifty diameters.

The unit is equipped with camera, also an illuminant with vertical adjustment. The mirror over the camera permits of final adjustment and focusing of the image on the ground glass.

Reproduction II (Fig. 2) illustrates a contact print, fourteen diameters, and a comparison in land and groove engravings. On the left, from an evidence bullet, on the right from a test bullet.

Reproduction IV (Fig. 2) illustrates a projection enlargement of the area encircled in reproduction III, which is identical with reproduction II.

The **Twist Microscope** (Fig. 3) is used to determine the pitch, width and depth of rifling grooves on a bullet. The bullet is mounted on a spindle, and the microscope, which is fitted with a vertical hair-line, is focussed on one side. The bullet is then traversed until the hair-line is parallel to one side of the groove engraving. The angle thus obtained is recorded on a vernier scale which gives the angle of pitch.

* * *

In a recent case an examination of the evidence bullet disclosed that the pitch of rifling and the width of groove engravings corresponded with the specifications of one type of firearm, details of which were furnished to the investigators.

When the murder gun was found, the findings of the Laboratory through the use of the twist microscope, were corroborated.

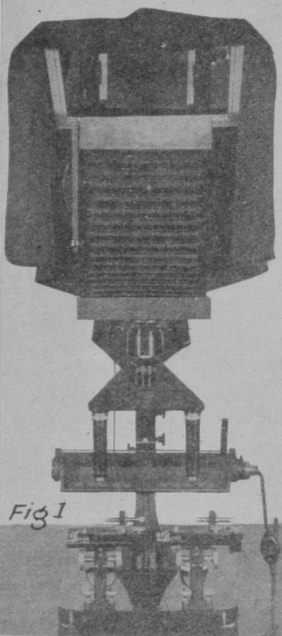


Fig 1

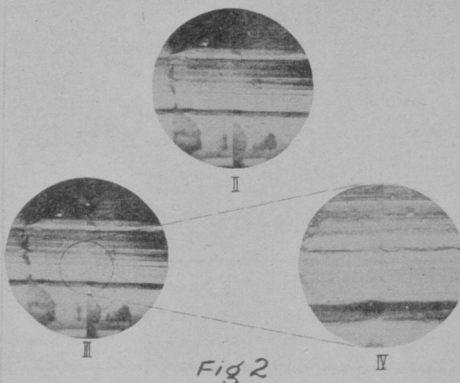


Fig 2

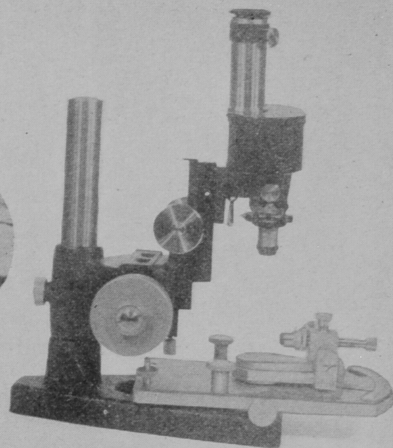


Fig 3

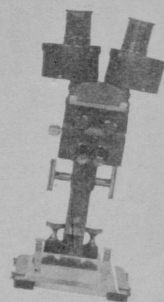


Fig 6

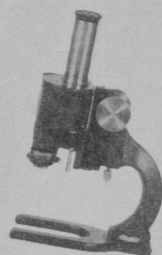


Fig 7

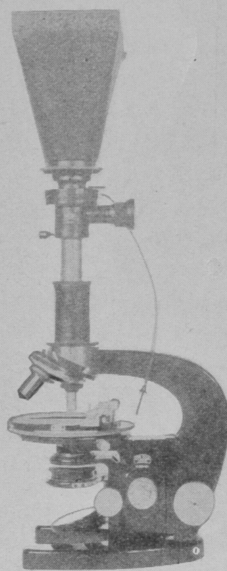


Fig 4

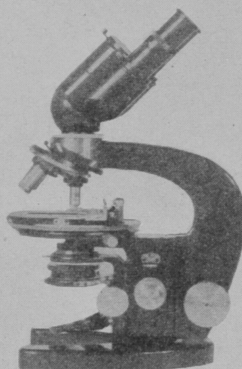


Fig 5

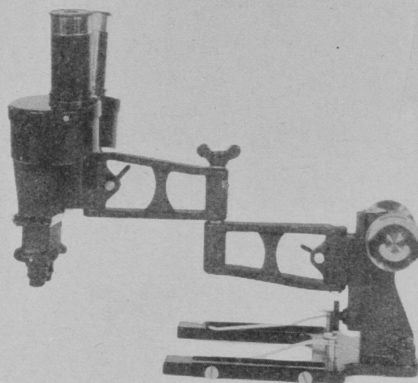


Fig 8

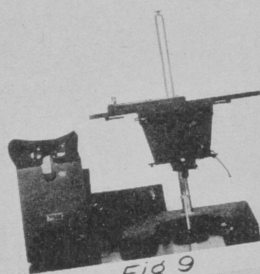


Fig 9

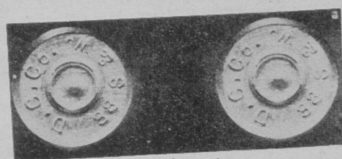


Fig 10

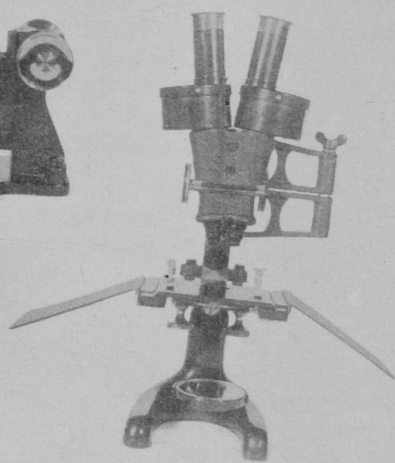


Fig 11

The **Laboratory Microscope** (Fig. 5) is one of the most adaptable instruments used in the criminological laboratory. It can be used for the identification of all such types of material as hair, fibres, dirt, dust, and many kinds of stains; in fact any microscopic material can be scrutinized under this microscope, and the findings may be photographed to preserve a permanent record for use in court.

Figure 4 shows the binocular eyepiece removed and camera substituted.

Binocular Microscopes (Figs 6 and 7) are used for the observation of objects that do not require high-power magnification. In reality these instruments are two microscopes, one for each eye, and permit viewing the object in stereoscopic relief.

Should it be desired to preserve a permanent stereoscopic picture, the **Ortho Stereoscopic Camera** (Fig. 9 right) is used.

With the combination of **Ortho Stereo Camera**, shown in the right of Fig. 9, and viewer, shown in the left of Fig. 9, photographic records of small objects can be viewed with the same impression of solidity and verity as actual scale models.

Should it be desired to preserve a permanent stereoscopic picture, the ortho stereoscopic camera is used. Details not defined in even the best of ordinary photographs or photo micrographs are seen clearly and unmistakably in the product of the ortho stereo camera.

Studying a **Stereogram** (Fig. 10) with the aid of the viewer, which is adjustable for interpupillary distance, we find complete harmony between visual accommodation and convergence, such as is present in normal and unaided vision. There is no eye-strain and an impression of plasticity and three dimensional effect is perceived.

This equipment has been used to advantage in a number of cases. In a

recent murder trial, for example, nine ortho stereograms in conjunction with the viewer were presented to the jury for examination.

The **Document Microscope** (Fig. 11) is designed for the critical examination of questioned documents. It permits transmitted-light examination of suspected signatures while the removable horse-shoe base and long adjustable extension arm (Fig. 8) permits the examination of a large document without constantly moving the microscope.

The **Synchriscope** (Fig. 12), constructed on the same optical principle as the ballistic comparison microscope, is used for the examination of questioned typewriting and printing. It is designed to permit the operator to make detailed examination of points of similarity or dissimilarity by enabling him to observe magnified images of the type impressions simultaneously in a single microscope field.

Evidence was recently given in several Defence of Canada cases where typewritten material of a subversive nature was identified as the product of a particular machine. In some cases it has been possible to illustrate outstanding type defects which were transferred to mimeographed stencils.

The construction of the **Small Comparison Microscope** (Fig. 13) was designed by Albert S. Osborn, internationally-known examiner of questioned documents. It makes possible the microscopical comparison of any two objects that can be brought within its field and which are seen in juxtaposition through a single eyepiece. It is particularly useful to the technician who seeks to compare under the microscope substances, surfaces and colours. Affording, as it does, a means of accurate investigation and of ocular demonstration before court and jury, it is of great assistance to the examiner of questioned documents. It is used for the examination of inks, colours, erasures, changes, interlineations, and over-writings and

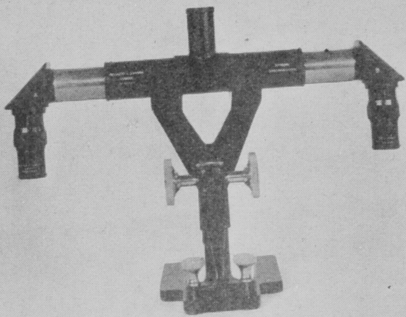


Fig 12

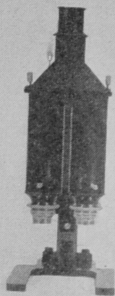


Fig 13

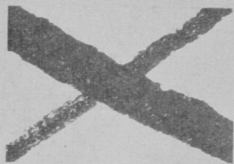
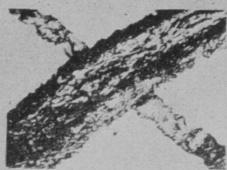


Fig 14

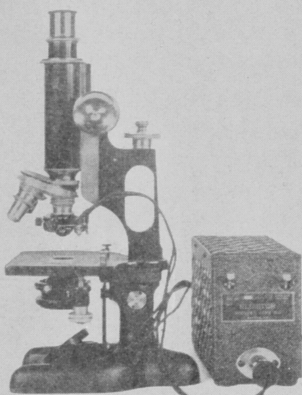


Fig 15



Fig 16

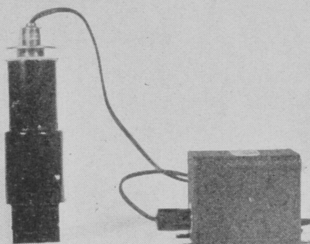


Fig 17

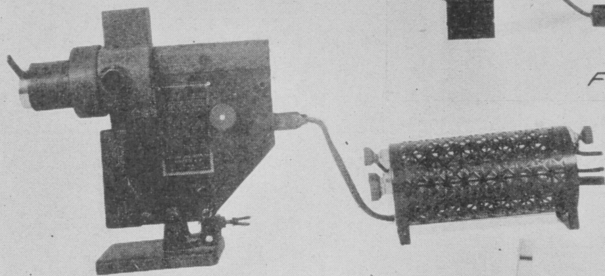


Fig 18

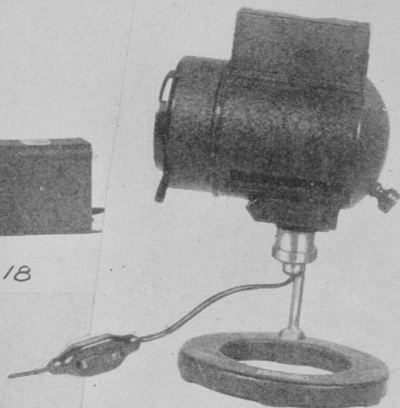


Fig 19

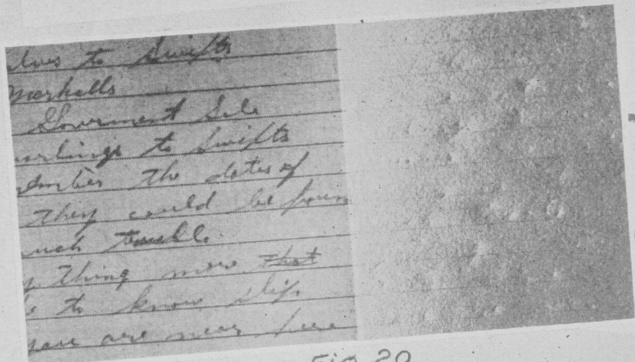


Fig 20

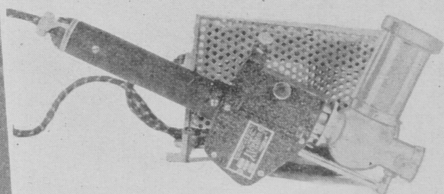


Fig 21

for the comparison of disturbed and undisturbed paper surfaces, pen and pencil points, the tint, texture and condition of paper surfaces, etc.

The **Silverman Illuminator** (Fig. 14), consisting of a circular source of light surrounding the object, furnishes a diffused illumination directly on the spot to be examined and discloses details not apparent with vertical illumination. Among other uses this illuminator will disclose the sequence of crossing strokes during the examination of questioned documents, details of which cannot be accurately examined by any other source of illumination.

The current resistor is equipped with two light switches, one for use during visual examination and one of considerably greater brilliance for photographic purposes.

Of historic interest to the Scientific Laboratory at Regina the microscope illustrated (Fig. 14) is the first instrument owned by Surgeon M. Powers, M.D., C.M., Med. Sc. D., director of the laboratory, who purchased it when he was a medical student at McGill University.

A fraudulent document may be produced by simply writing over a genuine signature, possibly obtained by some false pretence; by chemically erasing matter from a paper containing a genuine signature; or by adding to a document after its completion with a view to altering its contents. Microscopic examination may reveal characteristic ink runs and determine which of two crossing strokes is uppermost (i.e. written last). But in the absence of ink runs, the Silverman Illuminator is the only dependable means of illumination for microscopic examination as transmitted light and vertical illumination are both liable to give false appearances.

Fig. 16 bottom shows crossing strokes of India ink which were photographed with transmitted light. This type of illumination always reveals the heaviest

stroke as appearing uppermost. Photomicrograph (Fig. 16 middle) is of the same object as Fig. 16 top, but in this instance the Silverman Illuminator was used. There is no doubt that the lighter of the two strokes actually crossed the darker or bottom stroke. Fig. 16 top shows crossing strokes of Waterman's blue ink photographed with a Silverman Illuminator. Here, it is clearly shown that the heavier line crosses the lighter line.

Although of only low-power magnification the **Table Magnifier** (Fig. 15) affords protection against eye-strain during continued critical examination of handwriting and other objects. The table magnifier illustrated is furnished with a 6" lens and an adjustable holder.

Many other instruments are designed and constructed for specific types of examination requiring only low-power magnification. For example, the linen tester, employed for thread counting; the finger-print glass, with which every investigator is familiar; right down to the modern reading glass corrected for achromatic and spherical distortion.

Because of their great variety, the numerous objects subjected to microscopic examination require many types of special illumination, two of which are here illustrated.

(1) The **Mechanical Feed Arc Lamp** (Fig. 17) is suitable for almost all microscopic work, including photomicrography. It has a bull's-eye condenser and sliding focussing tube; the carbon electrode is driven by clock mechanism, thus permitting the lamp to burn for two hours with one setting of the electrode holders.

(2) The simple **Microscope Lamp** (Fig. 19) is illuminated with a 110 watt, 120 volt monoplane filament mounted in front of a silvered reflector. Bulb and reflector are adjustable, as a unit, to form the condensing system.

The size and intensity of the spot of light is controlled by moving the lamp

in its slideway and by means of a large iris diaphragm in front of the outside condenser lens.

Frequently, impressions of original writing are indented on another sheet of paper. The **Parallel Light Illuminator** (Fig. 18) provides a broad beam of light across such a sheet thus rendering the indentations more decipherable. It is not necessary that all of the original writing should appear providing there are sufficient markings to illustrate clearly their origin.

For example, the left half of Fig. 20 shows part of an exhibit seized in connection with a cattle-stealing case, and the right half of Fig. 20 is a parallel light photograph of the top sheet of a scribbler owned by the suspect. A comparison of the indentations outlined in the parallel light photograph with the written letter will leave no doubt that the right half contains an actual impression of the writing in the left half of the figure.

Portable Ultra-Violet Light, commonly known as **Black Light** (Fig. 21) is used for the detection of stains on garments or cloth of any kind, alterations or erasures on documents, invisible ink writing and many other purposes. The laboratory is also equipped with a 54" mercury vapour ultra-violet light for the examination of large specimens.

Ultra-violet rays as produced by the **Mercury Vapour Tube** or **Carbon Arc** are accompanied by visible light which masks the fluorescence and a special filter (Wood's filter) must be interposed to give only dark ultra-violet rays, which have a wave length of about 3660 on the Angstrom scale.

One of the most striking experiments for a demonstration is to expose some pieces of white paper to the ultra-violet rays. According to the methods and materials employed in their manufacture these pieces of paper under such inspection will disclose a wide range of

fluorescence from intense white to deep brown.

The principle under which the **Refractometer** (Fig. 22) operates is the measurement of the critical angle for total reflection between glass and the material under test, i.e. a drop of liquid to be tested is placed between two prisms; or a solid under examination is placed against the upper prism. For testing liquids, light from an illuminator passes upward through the lower prism, is reflected by material under test and passes out of the upper prism into the telescope. The telescope is then rotated until it is on the optical axis of the reflected beam of light and its position along a calibrated scale is noted. By referring to suitable tables, this position can be interpreted in terms of percentage composition as well as index of refraction. The index of refraction of a solid can also be determined with this instrument. A thermometer for the prism jacket ensures accurate control of temperature at all times.

A quantity of gasoline and oil, ready mixed for use in marine engines, was stolen from a boat. Ten bottles, each containing about one teaspoonful of such a mixture were submitted to the laboratory for examination. Use of the refractometer disclosed that the contents of only two bottles were identical. Subsequent investigation proved that these samples were of the same category as that which was stolen and that found in possession of a suspect.

The **Colourimeter** (Fig. 23) is used for determining the composition of liquid by comparing the colouration of light passed through the liquid with the colour of a known standard solution. Light passes through both the unknown and standard and then passes into the eyepiece by means of prisms so that each illuminates half of the field of vision. The depth of the unknown is changed by raising or lowering the cups until the colour matches that of the known. The concentration of the chemical pro-

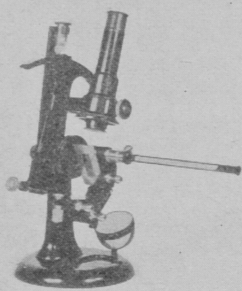


Fig 22

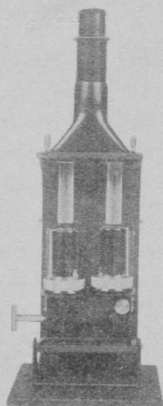


Fig 23

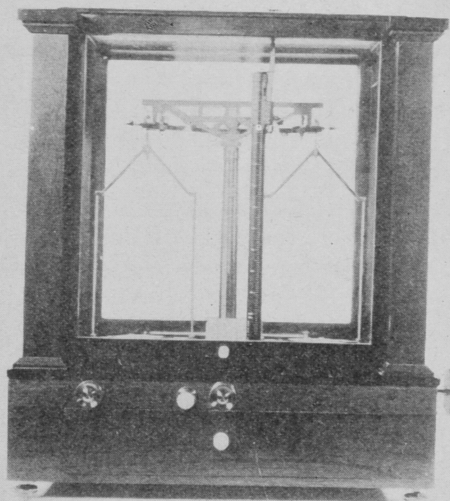


Fig 24

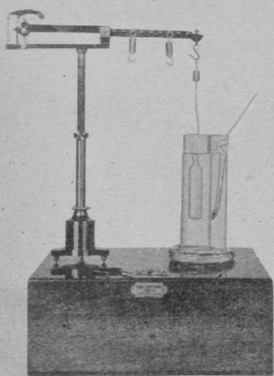


Fig 25

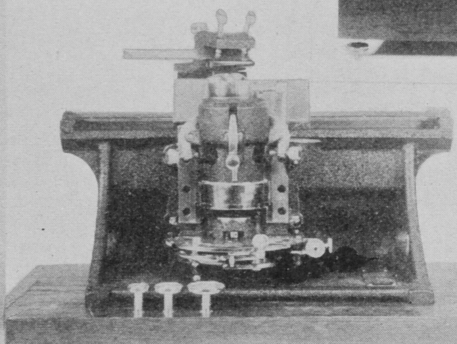


Fig 26

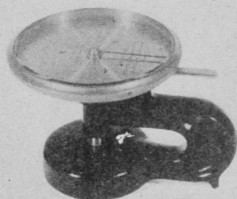


Fig 27

ducing the colour is inversely proportional to the depth of layer required for matching the colour.

In the Province of Saskatchewan, purple gasoline is sold tax free for use in farm equipment only. Many specimens of gasoline are taken from private automobiles and submitted to the laboratory for examination to determine what percentage of purple gasoline, if any, is being unlawfully used by drivers. Comparison of the questioned gasoline with known standards of gasoline maintained at the laboratory is made by means of the colourimeter and the percentage of purple gasoline in the mixture accurately determined.

The **Paper Micrometer** (Fig. 27) is an automatic instrument designed to measure the thickness of paper, one of the preliminary stages in the identification of paper.

The paper micrometer is also used to measure the thickness of rubber, the automatic pressure having a definite advantage over a hand micrometer with which the pressure exerted by different operators will materially alter the reading obtained.

Rapid determination of the specific gravity of fluids is obtained by means of the **Specific Gravity Balance** (Fig. 25). To determine specific gravity, this instrument is brought to equilibrium with the bob or plummet suspended in air. The plummet is then immersed in a solution which is in the glass cylinder and the balance again brought to equilibrium. The reading shown by the riders on the balance arm then gives the specific gravity of the fluid without further calculation.

This balance was used in the examination of exhibits submitted in an arson case. An oil mixture was found in a

cardboard box under the counter in the store of the suspect, who claimed that the liquid was floor oil which he had purchased from a certain dealer and stored in tins inside the carton.

It was believed that the substance in the carton consisted of floor oil mixed with coal-oil to induce greater inflammability. From known records the specific gravity of coal-oil was obtained. Examination of the suspected substance with the aid of the specific gravity balance disclosed the percentage of floor oil and coal-oil in the mixture.

There was no coal-oil in the floor oil sold by the dealer from whom the suspect purchased his supply.

The **Chainomatic Balance** (Fig. 24), which is designed for analytical purposes, is of usual construction except that a chain takes the place of fractional weights and the rider. All weighings from 1/10 mg. to 100 mg. are made by adding weight to the beam by means of a perfected chain. The length of chain supported by the beam is increased or decreased, thereby changing the weight carried by the beam when the

crank at the side of the case is rotated. This can be done while the beam is swinging and the case closed, a valuable means of saving time.

The **Precision Microtone** (Fig. 26) is capable of cutting accurate microscopic sections of tissue and hair. The feed is designed so that sections from two to forty microns in multiples of two can be cut. (One micron equals a millionth part of one meter — 39.37 inches).

After the sections of tissue have been cut, suitably stained and mounted on glass microscope slides they are submitted to examination by means of the laboratory microscope (Fig. 5).

To derive aid from these and many other modern instruments of crime detection, the investigator of today must thoroughly study the advance of laboratory methods. Thus he will be able to realize the application of such methods to the case in hand. He must also exercise constant care in the correct handling, marking and packing of exhibits to ensure their arrival at the laboratory in the best possible condition.

Police Work

THROUGH movies, radio, comic strips and other media the exploits of American G-men have so saturated current accounts of crime, criminals and crime detection that it is probable too few Canadians realize that Canada has one of the finest scientific police forces in the world. Accordingly it was a case of giving credit where credit is due when Mr Justice O'Connor in supreme criminal court this week praised the splendid police work that resulted in the arrest and conviction of two men who broke into the public library.

Mr Justice O'Connor was quoted as saying:

I do not think the public fully realizes the great advances in criminal investigation . . . as a result of opening an R.C.M.P. school at Regina and lectures at law school.

Both the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the city police, which cooperate closely, were included in the praise bestowed by the court.

The R.C.M.P. crime laboratory was established in Regina in 1937. Since that time many of the Force's own men and municipal police officers from various parts of Canada, including Edmonton, have taken courses there in scientific crime detection. Today, the R.C.M.P. compares favourably with any police force in the world.

—*Edmonton Journal*.

Rum-Runners Lose by a Nose . . . A Scarred Nose

by CORPORAL W. G. FRASER

The age of adventure is not dead! Stranger than fiction, this story of buried rum, hi-jackers, and sandy beaches reads like a chapter from Stevenson's Treasure Island. The ill-starred enterprise happened barely two years ago; not in the South Seas, but in Nova Scotia.

CAPE BRETONNERS, descendants of Old Scotland, are as a whole clever. Their shrewdness is readily apparent in business, both legitimate and otherwise. Occasionally it blossoms into illegal transactions to satisfy their expensive tastes, their desire for adventure and hunger for romance.

Back in '37 and '38 a sort of rum-running plague infested the neighbourhood of Eastern Beach. Rumours that a cache of rum existed thereabouts spread like a molten mass from a tipped-over crucible. The exact location of the cache was unknown. Considering the fact that the beach was three miles long and in some places over a hundred yards wide, and that even a large shipment of the spirits could be concealed in a comparatively small space, the task of finding the hidden stock presented much difficulty.

Mounted Police, assisted by members of the Mounted Police Marine Section, searched the beach diligently. Day succeeded day and the fruitless hunt continued. Private individuals, hi-jackers, ex-rum-runners became interested and did their utmost to find the elusive liquor. But the stuff had apparently evaporated. Or so most of us thought after many months of vain and unrequited endeavour.

Strange to say, a clue filtered in from that far-distant seat of learning where a "schooner" is a glass for beer—the city of Regina. A member of the Marine Section in Cape Breton received "authoritative" information regarding the cache's location. But before he could act he was transferred to the western training depot. There he met a member

of the land Force who had spent many hours seeking the secreted rum. In the course of their conversation the Marine Section member divulged the information he had received prior to his departure from Cape Breton. This knowledge was immediately transmitted by the land Force member to his eastern associates. But again the police were balked, for the lead proved false.

And then one Sunday evening in early January, 1939, word drifted in that two cars had been seen ten miles east of Eastern Beach late Saturday night. The information was limited; we received no description of the vehicles, and the licence numbers were not known.

The police machinery started to roll. A patrol immediately left for the district fifty miles away. On an abandoned farm, twelve miles from Eastern Beach, our long search came to an end. We discovered ten five-gallon kegs of rum.

The following day we came across a well-defined tire track in the firm sands that border the lake which lies between a portion of Eastern Beach and the mainland. Half the beach is separated from the mainland by this lake, and it was on the mainland side, five miles from the highway, that the tire print was found. Additional corresponding tracks were also discovered on the beach side two miles distant.

Shortly afterwards the long-looked-for cache came to light. Built just above the high-water mark with the top six feet underground, it consisted of an excavation eight feet long, seven feet wide and eight feet deep. The walls and roof were of spruce logs placed as piling and re-inforced with two-inch hardwood

planking. Its capacity was approximately 250 five-gallon kegs.

At the time of discovery it contained only a strong odour of rum and the remnants of a broken keg. Some person or persons, later ascertained to be hijackers, had accomplished what we had failed to do,—locate the hidden cache. Our disappointment was lessened, however, by the fact that, considering our chance of finding such a spot was a thousand to one, we had been creditably close in our calculations. For we had dug and searched the ground less than six feet away.

Reconstruction of the criminals' activities was now possible. It was assumed that the rum was transported by the car that had made the tire tracks across the frozen lake and there transferred into high-powered automobiles for delivery to city markets.

The car, used to carry the liquor across the lake, was a dilapidated 1929 Chevrolet sedan. Eventually it was found, and the owner questioned. Signs of rust, undeniably caused by hoops of a rum keg, found under the rear cushion in the car, checked all thought of protest and loosened his tongue. His testimony and incidents gleaned from further investigation unfolded a weird tale of modern piracy.

At 4 p.m. on New Year's Eve a car-load of men had appeared at a farm about one mile from Eastern Beach. They intimated they wished to hunt, and retired to the beach. Here they overturned driftwood logs, but showed little interest in the wild game that abounded. At 7 p.m. they departed.

Previously, during various expeditions the police had parked their cars on this farm. The farmer and his two bachelor brothers, who lived with him, grew accustomed to seeing us on their property. Frequently, if our work involved digging in the beach or searching the adjacent wooded areas, we wore loose-fitting working clothes rather than uniform.

Accordingly when on the following Thursday at about 5 p.m. another group of men drove into the farm yard posing as Mounted Policemen no questions were asked. They explained they were looking for a cache of rum.

It was a typical autumn evening. A sharp breeze blew in from the ocean, and a million stars shone frostily bright. One of the newcomers shouldered a shotgun and remained near the car. The farmer invited him into the warmth of the kitchen, but he refused.

"I have to watch the car," the man explained.

The farmer looked surprised. "The other Mounties who came here never watched their car," he stated.

But the stranger maintained that the police always posted a man in the woods to guard their cars.

The farmer shrugged and returned to the house.

The next morning, Friday, he was amazed and angered when he discovered that his horse and dump-wagon had been used during the night. Markings on the wagon revealed that rum kegs were involved. One broken wheel and the fact that the other had crashed through the ice of the lake signified that the loads had been heavy. The farmer, believing that the men responsible were Mounted Policemen, fully expected reimbursement for the damaged cart and rental of his horse.

On Saturday the same men returned just as two neighbouring residents walked down the beach. One of these neighbours was later identified as the owner of the car which had left the tire-track clue in the sands. The pseudo-police were heavy-bearded, husky men with the ruthless manner of innate bullies. They hastened to the beach and accosted the newcomers.

"Scram!" they snarled. "This is our territory."

The late arrivals looked puzzled. "What do you mean? We just came down to examine our smelt net."

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The gangsters frowned, then the leader stepped forward.

"Okay. We need your help. You'll have to stick with us whether you like it or not."

The native men thereupon were forced to assist in transporting ninety kegs of rum from the hide. The idiom that the fortunes of war are very often with the wicked held good in this instance. For these high-handed brigands were not once molested or questioned by the police.

The young men, whom they had commandeered, had parked their Chevrolet car some distance away. Driven by the owner the car, with twelve loads, was taken across the thin ice. Miraculously he escaped death during these perilous excursions, and lived to recount later his enforced participation.

Across the lake two high-powered cars waited to receive the illicit liquor. Making two trips to various points along

the road the men soon concluded their mission and the rum was confined to new caches.

By posing as policemen the hi-jackers had accomplished the impossible. They had located the old cache, removed the contents to new hiding-places, commandeered the assistance of near-by residents,—all without the slightest interference from the police.

In justification to the Force it is well to note that the schedule of the patrols in that vicinity did not coincide with the activities of the lawbreakers. The gods seemed to favour the criminals.

It was subsequently learned that several homesteaders, upon hearing of the proceedings, attempted to indulge in a little private hi-jacking to the tune of one keg per. Their efforts were unsuccessful, and resulted in 'shiners' and sore jaws.

The police learned all this, but the most difficult part of the case was yet

to be accomplished. The amount of actual evidence was discouragingly meagre; the identities of the participants unknown. Descriptions, as in many such affairs, were negligible.

The investigators visited every home in the district within a twelve-mile radius. Someone, somewhere, would surely remember or know of an individual characteristic of the wanted men.

Eventually it was learned that an erstwhile bootlegger and former resident in a near-by locality was the leader of the gang. This man had moved to the city and become moderately successful as an automobile salesman. It was also disclosed that one of his confederates had a cross eye and was known as "Turk"; another had a fresh cut on his prominent nose and a third, because of a pigeon-toed foot, walked with a slight limp.

The hunt settled down in grim determination. Through the keen perceptive powers of the constable in charge of a detachment in the industrial area the thug with the cut nose was identified in a few hours. This led to the rum-runners' undoing. Following a system of deduction the police soon identified the other men involved.

During an enquiry under the far-reaching powers of Section 134A of the Customs Act the entire proceedings were recounted. The evidence thereby obtained, although not used in later prosecutions, assisted greatly in preparing the cases for presentation before the presiding magistrate and resulted in the seizure of the cars used in the illicit traffic.

Six men were charged with offences under s. 66(2) (a) of the Nova Scotia Liquor Control Act and under s.193 (2) of the Customs Act. The charge was so laid that the penalty for unlawful possession of a quantity of liquor over four imperial gallons imposed a mandatory gaol term as well as a fine. There were no exhibits, but the testimony of witnesses established the existence of rum and the fact that there was more than four imperial gallons. For they

themselves had opened more than one keg and imbibed some of the contents which each deposed to be rum.

Lacking exhibits and evidence of continuity of possession (for the ten kegs seized during the initial stage of the investigation could not be connected definitely with the case), we were forced to lay charges under the minor offence of s. 193 of the Customs Act.

One of the offenders absconded before the cases were brought to court. The remaining five, represented by an experienced counsel, appeared before the magistrate. After days of wrangling the magistrate. After days of wrangling convictions were entered in all five cases.

Appeals were immediately entered. The cases were again heard at the next sitting of the County Court. Here the magistrate's decision was upheld.

The men pleaded guilty when later arraigned for the charges under the Customs Act.

For the offence under the N.S.L.C. Act each man was sentenced to three months imprisonment and fined \$200 and costs; or in default, an additional three months in jail. For offences under the Customs Act each was fined \$50 and costs or one month behind bars.

Their infractions achieved no gain for the six men. The rum they stole was later seized from the new caches by other hi-jackers who had watched the proceedings and awaited their opportunity.

The fact that the first hi-jackers succeeded in locating the original cache reflects no discredit on the police. One of the gang was the nephew of a big-time rum-runner. From his uncle he received accurate information as to the position of the cache. Even then he and his accomplices found it necessary to return and search the beach several times before finally unearthing the hidden stores.

Their treasure was a 'Castle in Spain' that burst like a bubble in the wind. These gangsters, no doubt, realize now that easy money is hard to get.

Saskatchewan Junior Bands

by ACTING CORPORAL D. G. CHATER

Music is the eye of the ear; Junior Bands widen the vision of the ear and ignite a spark that flares into a flame of inspirational pride.

MANY and varied are the responsibilities of the detachment member. In early summer of 1937, when asked to instruct the Bengough Junior Band in drill and marching, I was dubious about accepting the implied honour. I decided, however, that it was an opportunity to serve the community but explained to the executive I would act only in so far as my detachment duties permitted.

The venture was a success; so much so that two years later I received a similar request to give assistance to the Viceroy Jubilee Band.

As my knowledge of music is limited this is written from the view-point of a marching instructor only. In working out a syllabus for marching I adopted a method based on the principles taught by instructors of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I began with the correct standing positions and outlined the proper marching movements. In the case of the Bengough Band I discovered that, although they had received some training, there was a distinct lack of discipline. This had to be rectified by the only measure available—a very stern front. Some pupils seemed unable to grasp the difference between walking and marching; others found it difficult to acquire the proper swing of the arms.

Another difficulty was to achieve an eye-pleasing marching formation. For the players, who had to be placed according to the instrument they played, varied greatly in height. Some tall players when in the front line were inclined to overstep and set a pace that proved uncomfortable for the shorter players. But the major problem was the fact that inexperienced members often became so engrossed in their music that they marched out of line and broke up the formation.

Nevertheless there has been a decided improvement in deportment and rank.

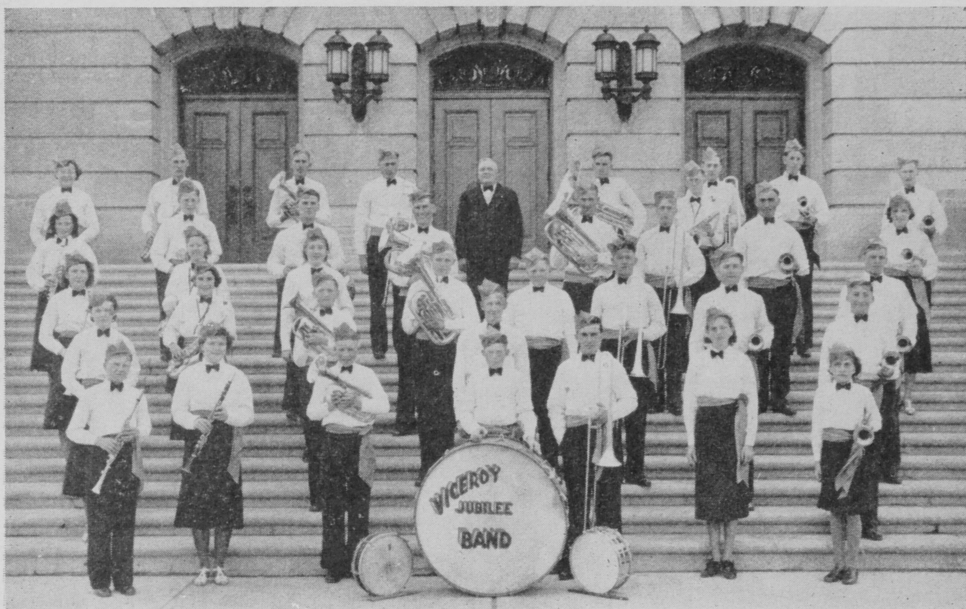
Some critics argued that marching lessons were unnecessary; that they created a military aspect and forced the band member to be a sort of compulsory soldier. These fault-finders, few in number, overlooked the fact that all organizations of this nature must train along lines prescribed for smart appearance.

On the other hand the majority of onlookers, including the band members' parents, have commented favorably and approve of the training syllabus. Remarks regarding turnouts heard at such places as Regina, Moose Jaw, Ogema, Saskatchewan and Scobey, Mont., U.S.A., signify general acclamation.

The public and the participants derive much benefit from such bands. During



BENGOUGH BAND, 1938



VICEROY JUBILEE BAND

warm weather, open-air concerts are given every Saturday evening; and the band is always on hand for parades, sports-day celebrations, and other festivities. Some players have formed dance orchestras. Then, too, such organizations are healthful and tend to eliminate juvenile delinquency; the players, busy with parades and practices, have less time to spend in mischievous pursuits.

The Bengough Band and the Viceroy Jubilee Band, both in junior-class category, are a credit to the Saskatchewan villages they represent. Both have achieved enviable records at provincial festivals and at the annual Regina Exhibition. Competitions are held during the exhibition; and the Bengough Band won the event twice, finishing up second on two other occasions. The Viceroy Band won the championship in 1939, defeating such bands as Bengough, Earl Grey, Assiniboia, Strasbourg and Edenwold. The adjudicator was Knight Wilson, Regina master musician.

The Bengough Band is under the tuition of Mr Bernard Mossing; Mr Walter Seibert instructs the Viceroy Band. Both teachers have army band experience. Assisted by the executive

they decided to form junior bands and taught boys and girls who showed interest how to play the various instruments. The ages of the players range from seven to twenty years. Anyone over twenty-one is barred. The strength of the organizations varies from thirty to fifty pupils; the number ebbs and flows due to the fixed age-limit and the fact that some members leave to attend college or engage in other activities away from home.

The Bengough Band has uniforms of royal blue and white. The cap is specially designed and all royal blue; the royal-blue cape is lined with red satin; the shirt and slacks are white; and the tie is blue. I might add that capes, even though thrown back over one shoulder, retard the arm-swinging movement of the marching players. Money to purchase these garments was donated by residents of Bengough.

The Viceroy Band also has its own uniforms. Their desire to acquire new and up-to-date garments resulted in a commendable show of initiative. They received permission to use a plot of land, sowed wheat, and at the end of

the season reaped a harvest that netted them approximately \$400.

I believe the time involved in this work well spent and to the interest of the community. The Bengough and Viceroy Bands have cemented good fellowship with similar organizations in the United States, including bands from Whitetail, Flaxville and Scobey, Mont. Periodically the American bands visit this country and our junior bands reciprocate. Most of the United States bands are established in the public schools with music as part of their curriculum. Their uniforms are very colorful, and each band usually has a drum major and several majorettes. The Bengough and Viceroy bands are following suit and endeavouring to train a number of these baton twirlers.

Many amusing incidents occur. The Bengough Band has been taught to act only on command. One Saturday evening the members met at the Bengough school auditorium. After commencement, I instructed them to march independently north down Main Street, circle the bandstand and return one block south where a further command would be given. As the group proceeded north I followed, observing the rear formation. After we had advanced a block or two, I was informed that a man in front of the hotel wanted to see me. I broke rank and hurried

to the hotel. The gentleman waiting to see me was my officer commanding. We conversed about police matters. Meanwhile the band followed out instructions. When no command was forthcoming at the designated place they kept marching south. The business section dropped behind. Still they went on and marched out Highway No. 34. Gleefully they headed for Montana.

Fortunately, Mr Mossing, who had preceded the band to adjust seats and set up the music stands, happened to glance up, and beheld his flock marching full strength southward over a distant hill. He jumped into a car, overtook the retreating squad, and commanded its return to the bandstand where an appreciated musical performance was rendered.

One of the outstanding features of the work is the surprising ease with which musical bodies of this kind can be formed, providing, of course, there is a competent music instructor and the necessary financial support for the purchase of instruments. Financial assistance is also required to meet sundry expenses.

The results achieved by Saskatchewan's Junior Bands are very gratifying. Junior Bands should be encouraged in all districts; for in times like the present martial music tends to inspire and maintain an even and balanced morale.



SCOBEEY HIGH SCHOOL BAND, 1940-41

Is the Lie Detector a Lie?

by DOUGLAS J. WILSON, M.A., PH.D.*

How may amperes chase an Ananias; a current catch a crooked conscience; or a light-beam land a liar? Can reflexes reveal reliability; or pulse-rate pick a prevaricating person?

LAST spring after classes were over a local reporter dropped into our laboratory in search of news. His disconsolate look and restless eye betrayed the scarcity of that commodity up until that moment.

"What's that thing over there," he asked sullenly, pointing to a box-like piece of apparatus somewhat smaller than an orange crate—as though "that thing" were responsible for all his misfortunes.

"That's a psychogalvanometer," I replied casually.

He winced at this and muttered a feeble "So long; not much news here."

"Wait a moment," I interrupted. "Do you know the popular name for this? It's a type of lie detector."

Instantly that look came over his face which is reserved only for reporters scenting a story. During the next few minutes we tried out our ability to detect lies in each other. We were highly pleased with our success and the reporter wrote a good story that day.

There probably is no such thing as a lie detector, except in name. And yet this account is designed to explain in part the operation of certain types of apparatus described by that phrase. But before resolving this paradox let us digress a moment.

An ancient writer declared in his haste that all men were liars. He would have been correct if he had added "some of the time." The arts of deception are among the most practiced of human accomplishments. It is no wonder then that crude tests have existed for

ages to discern truth from falsehood in the reports of others. Here is a cynic who reminds us that a man's wife is a perfect lie detector. Solomon discovered the liar of two women by a test that brought forth two types of behaviour. Some travellers support a well-known test for falsehood as practised in oriental countries. The test consists of all the suspects touching a white-hot iron with their tongues. The worst burned is the liar. The explanation offered by these writers is that the liar fears the consequences of a test that he fervently believes in and accordingly his tongue "dries up"; hence the bad burn.

Another example is that of the Arab Sheik who endeavoured to discover which of his men had stolen money from his English guest. He ordered each man individually to enter a tent where his donkey was tied and pull the tail of the animal. The magic beast had the power to discern the liar and would bray when such a one pulled his tail. One by one the men filed in while the Englishman looked on with patient scepticism. Finally, all the men had been "tested" and still no bray. Then the Sheik walked past all his men, sniffing their palms as he went. At last he singled out one man and, accusing him, obtained a confession. Prior to the test the Sheik had put kerosene on the tail of the donkey; and the liar alone was afraid to touch the tail lest the animal would bray. This story reveals two important facts about all tests for guilt deception. First, the attitude of the suspect; had the Bedouin disbelieved the test he would not have hesitated to pull the tail of the donkey. Secondly, the liar revealed himself by a type of behavior different from that of

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BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

the remaining honest men; in other words conviction for lying, and hence in this case stealing, came from within.

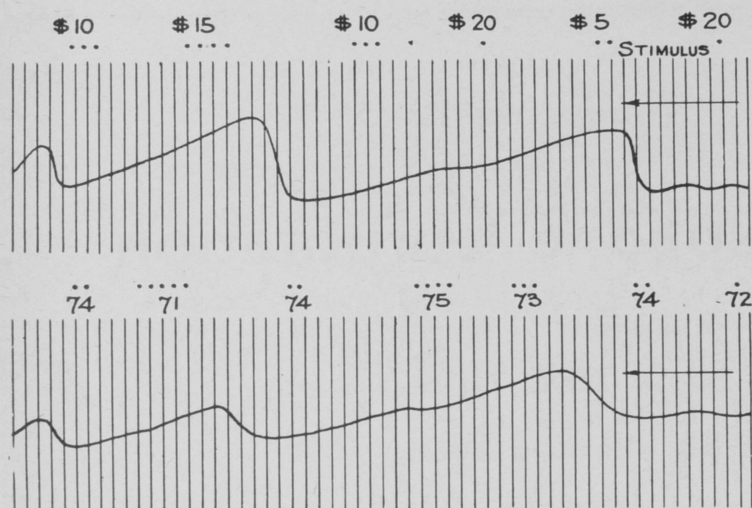
All methods by which we endeavour to detect guilt in others are eventually based on peculiarities of behaviour. The truant looks guilty—or else too innocent! The poker face adopted by a deceiver does not conceal the rising flush nor does the perfect alibi cover up a peculiar overtone in the voice. Let us go further in our analysis. Suppose the perfect liar can control his voice, his rhythms of movement, his slightest muscle changes, there still remain the internal happenings.

We can easily show that minute bodily changes occur during even mild emotional experiences. Some of these are: tightening of the visceral muscles; increasing of tremors, as, for example, in the finger-tips; glandular disturbances easily demonstrated in perspiration or tears or changes in the flow of saliva;

disturbances of breathing rhythms and so on.

These inner disturbances can usually be revealed by a delicate, balanced electrical system that can indicate differences in resistance due to perspiration changes. The changes affect the position of tiny mirrors in the galvanometer. By playing a beam of light on this mirror we can actually see the oscillations of the reflected beam; these in turn can be photographed. The sequence is, therefore, rather simple: emotion, glandular (perspiration) response, variation of skin resistance, electrical changes and photographic record.

It is interesting to note that popular speech has borne testimony to the inward changes during emotional states, as, for example, "the bowels of mercy," "believing with our heart," "a sinking feeling in my stomach," "my heart is in my mouth" and so on.



It can be gathered from the foregoing that the more segments of inner behaviour that can be recorded the better is our chance of detecting emotion. One rather well-known "lie detector" records pulse rate, finger tremors, glandular reflexes, word stimulus and response and breathing rhythms. These are all photographed on a $2\frac{1}{4}$ -inch bromide paper, developed, fixed and dried while the subject is still attached to the machine. Who wouldn't confess in the face of that!

The machine that we have experimented with at the University of Western Ontario records photographically, or reveals visibly to a group of observers, only one of the above factors, namely, the change in resistance of the palm of the hand. Let us see how it can be worked in an experimental setting. We ask a subject, placed in the electrical circuit, to select a colour from a list: orange, blue, green, red, yellow, mauve. He writes his chosen word and shows this to several observers. This last point is important. The experimenter who, of course, does not know the choice, then asks him one after another, "Was it green?" "Was it blue?" and so on. To all questions the subject replies "No." Obviously, one is a lie known to the subject and the other observers. The

machine usually shows a more marked disturbance for the reply to the correct choice. The fact that the machine is not always accurate is not disturbing when one considers the trivial nature of the artificial lie that had to be created. Sometimes we can alter the procedure by testing an accomplice; that is, in the example given we should ask subject B which one of the colours subject A chose. This is usually less reliable than with the true participant which may be significant for legal applications.

The accompanying chart shows typical records. The subject for both was a bank manager. In the first case he was told that his teller has stolen a sum of money; it was \$10, \$15 or \$20. He selected one and wrote it down in a secret place. He was then asked "Was it \$20?" The experimenter pressed a button as he commenced his question. This is shown as a dot. The answer "No" brings forth a movement of the light beam. "Was it \$5?" (two dots). And so on. In this case it was obviously \$10. The second record is that of the same subject who has selected one number out of 71, 72, 73, 74, 75. The conclusion that it was 74 turned out to be correct. We frequently get a deflection for the *first* question. We, therefore, repeat this later. The cross lines represent seconds operated by a time clock. It is observed that the lag i.e. the "period" of the galvanometer is about three seconds.

So much for the mechanics. The questions that usually remain are really more important. Can one beat the lie detector? Will such evidence be accepted

in courts in due course? Will not an innocent person, if cross questioned, show emotional disturbances? Aren't people different in degrees of nervousness? The answers to these questions are still controversial. It is likely that sophisticated persons will be able to "beat the machine" providing more sophisticated experimenters don't safeguard these loop-holes. In the long run this may be like paying for a dead horse with a bad check. The question of tension due to nervousness, indignation and other factors is controlled nicely by the fact that most machines have about ten banks of resistance and each person can be balanced to a zero point in the scale. From here on the deflectional differences for each question will be significant. The present writer believes that we in Canada at least will not see such evidence admitted in courts. Probably the chief use will be in obtaining confessions and even here Canadian

public opinion frowns on such procedures. Obviously, the more variables that can be recorded the more valid will the machine be.

We can now answer the question, "Why does a psychologist in good standing prefer not to call such devices "lie detectors"? The answer, of course, is that all the machine can register are some of these obscure bodily changes. Admittedly, these suggest emotionality. But which emotion? And is the alleged emotion known to be related invariably to lying? A physician's thermometer cannot register typhoid fever; it may report a temperature of 102°. But surely other symptoms must be used to supplement the bare observation of a column of mercury. Similarly, the steps between the known records and the unknown causes must be traced with caution. Yet, in spite of this, even I am surprised that the reporter was caught as many times as he was last spring.

Lie Detector

When George cut down the cherry tree,
And wrote a page in history,
He said, "I cannot tell a lie;
The one who did the deed was I!"

And so for near two hundred years
Each generation duly hears
Of George's fine integrity,
And what an honest lad was he.

But times have changed, and modern youth
Now seldom needs to tell the truth,
For just as he begins to chop
He looks around . . . and there's a "cop!"

—Los Angeles Police Associations Bulletin.

Cheap Literature

A RECENT case seems to prove that bad literature can influence the adolescent mind. A telegraph messenger read that a trouser pocket, elongated to the knee, provided an excellent hiding-place for "merchandise," as investigators never searched down low.

The young pilferer boasted no policeman would ever catch him. Meanwhile petty thievery was rampant in various offices in War Supply Buildings at Ottawa. A clever ruse on the part of the investigator brought about the miscreant's disclosure. He was caught with the goods despite the deep pocket.

It is to be hoped that now the youth realizes 'crime doesn't pay.'

Joe the Fox

by SPECIAL CONSTABLE J. S. JENKINS

The raison d'être of hens is primarily to lay eggs; here, however, they help catch a poaching miscreant. Fowl play!

IN Prince Edward Island all poachers are not named Joe; nor are all Joes poachers. It is merely coincidence that 'Joe the Fox' bears the same monicker as 'Joe the Poacher'.*

Both men had one thing in common; each was on my books for a considerable time before being liquidated. True enough, Joe the Poacher presented quite a problem; but this was nothing compared to my difficulties in apprehending Joe the Fox.

The Fox lived with his father and an aged uncle on a lonely third-grade road at the head of St Peter Lake. The lake's outlet is in the north of the province. From here it runs approximately two miles inland to a shallow cove within seventy-five yards of Joe's barn. I named the cove after Joe.

The lake was a favourite breeding-ground for black ducks. After the birds learned to fly, they seemed, for some unknown reason, unwilling to leave Joe's cove. Like Murphy's pool-room, the place was a regular hang-out. Choice flocks of black ducks favoured the shallows in the dawn or dusk of late-summer days. The heavy blueberry barrens that lined the east side of the lake provided an ideal feeding-ground for the birds; often hundreds of ducks could be seen working diligently to fill their crops.

Although Joe had been poaching for some time he was brought to my attention first in 1935. He shot a quacker belonging to a resident of the district. That was a mistake—a bad mistake—for Joe.

"This Joe," the quacker-owner complained, "is bad for the ducks. He don't raise any on his farm. When he wants one, he shoots it; but he shouldn't have shot my quacker." (English 'call ducks' are generally known as quackers and were employed as live decoys before the practice became illegal).

I examined Joe's cove closely; it was a natural poaching site. A thick growth of fir and spruce lined the banks; and a path from Joe's barn ended in a natural blind. It was a simple matter for Joe to stroll down to the cove at dawn or dusk, make himself comfortable, and pick his shot—simple as falling off a log.

I thought it would be just as simple to bag Joe. But I was mistaken. August dawns broke sublimely on St Peter Lake. Ducks tipped up and gabbled in Joe's cove. And I grew more and more impatient as I waited for the thrill of an easy capture. The setting assumed a sameness. Dawns, ducks, smoke from Joe's chimney curling lazily above the tree tops into the clear air, sounds of activity in the farm-yard; but no gunfire, no unusual disturbance . . . no Joe.

After each failure the bitter thought crossed my mind that another negative patrol must be written off.

I never showed myself near the cove. Later I learned that Joe was totally unaware of my interest in him. During my many forays I discovered much about my poaching friend. He never indulged in his 'marketing' oftener than twice a week, and in some instances cut it down to once. Apparently he was not a union man; for he worked either in early morning or late evening. No consistency

*An account of 'Joe the Poacher's' activities was contained in the January, 1940, *Quarterly*, page 246.—Ed.

in the man, except in his ability to evade capture. Another thing, he never fired into a large flock. No pig in the poke for Joe. He preferred to pick his bird with the same deliberation that Mrs McGinty chooses her Sunday roast at the butcher's. He usually selected a pair or trio.

In a sense Joe didn't cause as much harm as some hunters who enjoy the protection of the law. But a poacher is a poacher. And the law is law. Besides, Joe's disease was catching. Shooting out of season was becoming too common in the St Peter Lake district. I, in my line of duty, was the only effective serum capable of checking the spreading malady.

Another dawn, Sept. 10, 1940, came. While making my early morning rounds I visited my friend who had lost the quackers.

"Joe is still at it," he told me. "I hear shots coming from the direction of his place, and then ducks fly."

"Guess I'd better look him over," I nodded.

"You won't find any feathers," my informant offered. "Joe is too darn cute to leave any signs around. He's like a fox, Joe is."

"True," I admitted, "but even an old fox often falls for a very simple trick. Joe cooks the ducks before he eats them, doesn't he?"

Sudden interest flickered in his eyes. "I see," he said thoughtfully.

I took no risk in tipping my hand so early. For Joe had no phone; my quacker friend had no car. There was no way my intentions could be communicated to the crafty Joe.

I drove off reflecting that Section II of the Migratory Birds Convention Act grants wide powers in the right to search. A game or peace officer may enter a suspect's premises to examine the pantry shelves or the cook-stove oven.

During my eleven years as game officer I have rarely exercised my full powers, and then only as a last resort when the trail was hot.

As I sped down the highway I decided to play my trump card. I turned in at Joe's gateway, slowed down to avoid running over some hens that cluttered the road. My consuming interest at the moment involved the evasive poacher's bill-of-fare for dinner. Lady Luck was to favour me.

I stopped the car close to the house. Three horses had just been unhitched from a binder and were standing by the pump near the barn. The same number of men narrowly eyed my approach. I had never met any of them before, but recognized them from descriptions I had acquired.

The short, oldish, hump-backed man would be Joe's uncle. The father, a tall, elderly man with a shrewd face, flashed a glance towards his son, then looked at me again. Joe, himself, was also tall. He had a hatchet face, shifty light blue eyes and a sandy-coloured mop of hair. A typical poacher.

"Hello, Joe," I greeted easily. "Mind if I look around?" I showed my authority to search the premises for migratory game birds, or parts thereof.

"Go ahead," he answered. "Search your head off. You'll find nothin' here."

A slight breathlessness in his speech belied his bold words. I grinned. Even at this early stage he was obviously worried. I walked toward the chip pile and chopping-block, a favourite starting-place of mine. Joe and his father trailed along behind, while the uncle took charge of the horses. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that Joe's hands were twitching; several times he wet his lips with his tongue. Nervous? He was like a hen with her chicks before a thunder-storm. But there was no sign of blood on the chopping-block, no short neck feathers.

The buzzing of blow-flies drew me to the corner of the chip pile. Blow-flies are great friends of mine . . . at times. Helpful little friends, blow-flies—at a time like this. I approached them slowly; and my nose told me that somewhere near was something substantial—substantially putrid. A round object lay on the chips with a long, black, cord-like appendage trailing from it. It was a gizzard, ripe and juicy with the odour of a baker's dozen of rotten eggs; but I pounced on it like a trout rising to an angler's cast. A yard or so away were two more, one quite fresh.

"Chicken gizzards," Joe's father explained.

I slit the fresh gizzard with my pocket knife. Blueberries tumbled out.

"Maybe," I said shortly, "but you know and I know that only one species of fowl around here feed on blueberries. Black ducks. I'll have to . . ."

Joe's father had sidled away during the 'post mortem'. I waited a minute or two, still clutching the odorous gizzards, then entered the kitchen just as the old man emerged from a hall-way that led to the bedroom. He had worked fast, and at the moment looked very innocent. His unconcern vanished, however, when I raised my nostrils and inhaled deeply. For the appetizing smell of roast duck was strong.

I found a duck, roasted to a golden brown, in the oven. It nestled temptingly in the frying pan, a delicious bit.

The old man's expression changed. "Huh," he commented, "Duck, ain't it?"

"Yes," I answered slowly. "It's duck. What did you hide in the bedroom?"

His lips twisted. "I took the wrong pan, dang it. I hid the vegetables by mistake."

Resisting a desire to wrap myself around the cooked bird, I used brown



paper instead. As an exhibit my find would be invaluable. To complete the job I seized Joe's fire-arm, a double-barrelled ten gauge. It was his only gun

As I departed Joe's father stood in the door-way and ripped the hide off a salt codfish. His eyes glared into mine, and his fingers curled around the fish suggestively.

The duck and gizzards were placed in storage, but were not needed; for Joe pleaded guilty. He was fined \$10 and costs or thirty days. When his gun was confiscated he didn't feel so good.

He thought he had been used pretty badly and said so.

"Listen, Joe," I told him. "You've had a long run. You're lucky. You could have been fined \$300. Remember that."

He scratched his jaw. "Guess maybe you're right."

"What puzzles me," I continued, "is why you took so much trouble to burn the feathers and other parts, and left the gizzards lying around. How come?"

"I didn't throw them on the chip pile," he returned. "I buried them. Those damn hens scratched them up."

Which goes to prove that merely scratching the surface sometimes bags a criminal.

Meandering Critters

by CORPORAL D. A. FLEMING

Know the rancher; gain his confidence. His friendship will prove a fountain of cooperation and knowledge that will greatly assist the policeman in his duties.

IT'S the little things in life. Little things often make history; a boy once plugged a dyke hole with his finger and saved an entire community from drowning. The policeman who realizes the importance of little things will achieve commendable results. Difficult situations frequently confront the police stationed in western areas where cattle run at large. Occasionally a case remains unsolved because the investigator, through some oversight, neglects to gather all relevant information—little things—and is unable to complete the investigation to his satisfaction.

The average rancher is law-abiding and obliging; and appreciates a friendly call from the local detachment member. It behoves that member to manifest interest in the rancher's problems and habits; to acquire an intimate knowledge of the rancher's land and stock; learn if the coulees run north or south, where the cattle usually herd together; know the gate locations—the lines of least resistance for strays and thefts—; ascertain where all trails and roads end.

During such visits the policeman will learn that the kind of stock varies. Some owners breed a definite type, while a neighbour may cross the breed; in both cases the stockman holds steady to a certain type of bull. Familiarity with the breed, range, cattle, brands and so forth of each rancher is of triple value to the policeman. An animal that has strayed to an alien herd is very often located by means of such knowledge, and the owner notified before a report of the loss has been recorded. The animal is restored, the rancher's friendship is gained, the policeman is saved the

trouble of making a report, and the usual expensive inquiries are obviated.

The breeds of cattle most common to western Canada are the Hereford or Whiteface, the Shorthorn, which is, of course, red, and the Angus which is black. The Hereford, a somewhat smaller animal than the Shorthorn, is hardy and more adaptable to the western range. The Hereford will nose into the snow for food and rustle for himself where another creature would starve. The Shorthorn has larger bones. Some ranchers, therefore, cross the breed every few years to develop a larger-boned animal. A herd of Hereford, occasionally crossed with the Shorthorn, retains the characteristics and markings of the Hereford; a Shorthorn herd, when likewise crossed with the Hereford, retains the characteristics and markings of the Shorthorn,—and so on. There are few purebreds, although most ranchers try to achieve and maintain a fairly high standard. Horses stocked on these ranches include 'Percherons,' 'Clydes' and 'Belgians.'

Owners of large ranches rarely complain about small losses. Only when something is radically wrong do they report to the police. But the possessors of small ranches feel keenly the loss of even one cow or steer and report the matter without delay. Yet both the man who reports his loss and the non-complainer are entitled to the same protection.

It has been found that the large rancher neglects to report small losses for several reasons: He realizes he is most vulnerable; his holdings are so great that he is unable to individualize every animal; his scattered herds roam

at will over extensive leases containing numerous gates that minimize the rustlers' task; his many duties take him to distant parts of the range, leaving his cattle unguarded and unprotected. Report of small losses may arouse the anger of the perpetrator; and anyone bearing such an owner ill-will could easily destroy part of the lease or feed stacks without being detected.

The police member should strive to gain the confidence of all; for in some instances the fact that the big owner neglects to mention small losses may deprive the policeman of valuable information—information that may be the means of cleaning up a case and catching the cattle thieves.

Then, too, acquisition of the ranchers' confidence may result in useful tips concerning other matters. For the rancher, wise to the ways of the range, may witness incidents that escape the attention of the policeman. The rancher may see an animal, or animals, in a field by themselves, or come across a particular animal in a strange herd, or notice certain persons riding back and forth in areas that are beyond their usual riding range. The ranch owner's suspicions are aroused and word is passed on to his friend, the policeman. Should, however, an investigator, who does not enjoy the confidence of the rancher, seek information, he will find his attempt to dig out the facts as hopeless as trying to dig out a badger.

Rustlers are the leeches of the cattle industry. Generally astute individuals, with holdings in their own right, they often plan for days before carrying out their depredations. They usually know the range intimately and learn beforehand everything concerning the ranch they intend to raid. It is well known that many rustlers have endeavoured to obtain brands in their own names very similar to the brands on the animals they mean to steal, hoping thereby to simplify the task of altering the brands on the coveted cattle.

Rustlers employ various methods to carry out their nefarious deeds,—re-branding appropriating slicks (young calves not yet branded), trucking the animals off the range, hazing them to distant corrals; or they may simply butcher them on the range.

On the other hand, the creatures may be slaughtered to sell to the local butcher, whose daily turnover is small and who is anxious to purchase stock—usually fat, dry cows—at a low price. This type of stealing is usually carried out with a light truck or old car. The animal is spotted, and butchered when the time is propitious, then the thief disposes of the offal in some dry wash by breaking the ground down over it; nothing remains but bloodstains and tire tracks. The sun's action rapidly erases the blood marks; the tire tracks will disappear if there be a wind and the prairie be dry.

Frequently, however, the tire tracks lead to the thief. A cast, taken where the tire tread is clear and defined, will point out the direction taken by the thief and may establish the time the theft occurred. In some instances a thorough check-up of the suspected butcher shop results in conviction. The type of beef and size of the bones will reveal to the conversant investigator the type of animal it was when alive. A close examination of the hide will often disclose the identity of the brand. Green hides that have been salted and rolled up can be studied without causing damage to the pelts. Roll out one hide with the hair to the ground and the flesh side up; roll out a second hide flesh side down on top of the first. In this way the salt is held in place, and the butcher cannot complain that he will have to re-salt the hide when the investigator has finished. While checking the hide, it is well to examine the flesh side as well as the hair side for indications of the brand.

When ranchers ship their cattle the policeman should make every effort to

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attend the proceedings at all times. Manifestation of such interest pleases the honest cattleman, and the policeman's presence not only affords suitable opportunity to observe the animals in the stock yards and chute, but tends to dampen the ardour of man engaged in the illicit traffic of 'hot' cattle. Checking cattle in corrals affords excellent opportunity to practice reading brands.

Rustling in the old days was merely the process of stealing the cattle and driving them to hidden corrals. But today the *modus operandi* is different; the country is more thickly settled and ranges have been fenced. The modern rustler drives the cattle into an adjoining field, leaves them rest for a time, then hazes them into the next field. This process is repeated until the animals reach their destination, usually a well-concealed part of the range. This is known as "drifting" cattle.

When the cattle become 'range broke,' or in other words, 'drifting cattle,' the

rustler need no longer guard them. Until properly 'range broke,' an animal will stalk restlessly up and down inside the confining fence, searching for a way out. This is a likely indication that the creature does not belong there. A competent investigator will notice such signs and start asking questions.

When questioning a rancher, the policeman should realize that the cattleman appreciates a quiet approach and dislikes braggadocio. One young chap stationed years ago in the old "A" Division, while attending a roundup, bragged that he had never been 'piled.'

An old hand appraised him slowly, then said quietly, "Well, boy, you've never done much riding."

The young man boasted no more.

In the course of duty I learned that the western stockman is on the whole, sociable and congenial, and quite willing to answer questions. Know him well; and remember that *meandering critters* are also worth a study.

Indians of the Yukon

by INSPECTOR G. BINNING

Under government supervision, improved living conditions and the amenities of civilization are brought to the Yukon Indians.

LIVING in small groups scattered here and there, the Yukon Indians, whose total number does not exceed 1500, inhabit a vast area of 207,000 square miles. There are four permanent settlements: Moosehide, Carmacks, Ross River, and Old Crow. Moosehide, the principal village, is near Dawson.

In Moosehide the natives live in log cabins. A larger cabin serves as an entertainment centre for dances, held during the Christmas and New Year seasons. By permission of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, visitors from Dawson City are permitted to attend. A Christmas dinner, supplied by the Department of Indian Affairs, is partaken of in this large hall and presided over by the Indian Chief.

At Old Crow, the 175 resident Indians depend on muskrat-trapping for their maintenance. A good catch sometimes amounts to the surprisingly high figure of 40,000 pelts, but some years the number is much lower, for the catch runs in cycles.

The Indians were the original inhabitants of the Yukon. They differ from the prairie Indians. Those in the Northern section of the territory are of the 'Takuden' tribe; those in the middle section are 'Stick' Indians; and those in the south are of the 'Tlingit' tribe. It is believed all are descendants of Siberians or Japanese. Many resemble the Japanese in features and stature and there is a tradition that the Indians' ancestors came over the big water in war canoes. There are three languages or dialects; so great is the difference in speech that the Indians of northern Yukon and

those of the south are unable to converse with each other.

Previously, these Indians dwelt in teepees made from skins of moose or caribou, hair side out; lived entirely on game, fish and berries; and made their clothes from dressed caribou and moose hides. The white man came and changed all that. Nowadays the natives live in canvas tents; their food is purchased from the trading-store; mail-order houses supply their clothes.

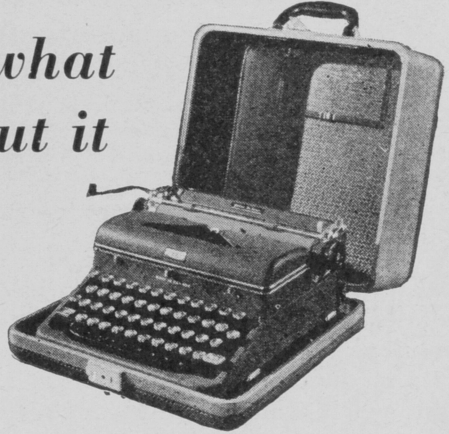
Education has not been neglected. As early as 1858, missionaries travelled about, teaching the Indians how to put their language into writing. Today, schools are conducted by missionaries at Moosehide, Selkirk and Mayo. During the summer, students come into the district for the purpose of holding classes in place of the missionary teachers; but as most of the Indians are on the move at that time, and as the student-teachers do not speak the native tongue, the value of such classes is questionable. However, several students have obtained good results by appending the English names to various everyday objects with which the Indians come in contact.

At Carcross a selected group of boys and girls, ranging from eight to sixteen years, attend the residential school with the consent of their parents. They are picked from all parts of the territory; if found suitable they are registered as pupils. The boys are given elementary training in carpentry, farming, blacksmithing, and the care of stock; some are taught to repair boots and shoes; the girls learn cooking, general domestic work and sewing. These young people are thus able to make their clothes and otherwise curtail the expense of their maintenance.

Inspector Binning was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Yukon Territory from 1934 to 1938. During those four years he learned much about the Yukon Indian.—Ed.

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The Yukon Indians are not Treaty Indians, but the Department of Indian Affairs makes grants of money and school material to aid in their education; aged and impoverished Indians are supplied with rations from the trading store on orders from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. These are, of course, paid by the department.

The department also renders free medical service. In outlying districts where no doctor is within call, the necessary remedies for simple ailments are supplied by the department to the missionaries or the R.C.M. Police member stationed on detachment, to be given out as the occasion arises. In the event of serious illness the Indian is taken to the nearest hospital.

The Yukon Indians have a very meagre knowledge of tribal history and, unlike most other Indians, have no totem poles. Every tribe is divided into two distinct parts: Crows and Wolves.

Their moral laws forbid the marriage of a Crow with another Crow and likewise a Wolf with another Wolf. All Crows are considered relatives to each other; the same holds for the Wolves.

Marriage is permissible only between a Wolf and a Crow. Strangely enough, matriarchy is adhered to—the mother's standing is retained; if she be a Crow the children become Crows; if she be a Wolf the children become Wolves.

Radio, mail-order catalogues, and other factors have done much to influence living conditions among the Yukon Indians. The younger girls dress as do their white sisters and dance to the same swing music. The airplane has played a part also; it is not uncommon for an Indian to proceed to his trapping ground by plane instead of by dog team, and use the same means of transportation to bring out his fur catch.

With the Yukon Indians, as elsewhere, time marches on.

Work and Play on Board Ships of the Marine Section

by W. D. JOHNSON*

An intimate view of the little-known activities of life at sea; the tasks and chores, the thrills and excitement, the return to port of cruisers that knew no respite from duty,—the ships that played their part in the Marine Section.

MEMBERS OF the land Force generally regarded the duties of the Marine Section as merely specialized routine: the ships went out to sea in the morning and returned at night, or left at night and docked again in the morning. This was far from a true picture. The majority of ships previously in the Marine Section (or cruisers as they were sometimes called) remained at sea from five to twelve days, depending on the size of the craft and its fuel and stores capacity.

Since it was the duty of this branch of the Force to search for rum-runners, the lives of seamen aboard the Marine Section ships differed greatly from the lives of men in the crews of other types of vessels. The tasks were not hard; nor were they easy. Sometimes monotony set in; then at times excitement prevailed, especially while chasing a rum-boat.

One of the main duties aboard ship was to stand 'watch'. A vessel with a first and second mate in the crew usually had two 'watches', each staffed by two seamen and a mate. At sea the day is divided into four-hour intervals, starting from twelve o'clock. These intervals are called the 'watches'; the twelve-to-four watch, the four-to-eight watch, the eight-to-twelve watch and so on. The four-to-eight afternoon watch is generally sub-divided into two-hour intervals, one division for each watch. These sub-divided watches are called

'dog-watches'. Thus the watch that ordinarily would be from four to eight is, because of these dog watches, from eight to twelve. This method is adopted to permit alternation of working hours of two watches each day. A little calculation will show that one day a man on watch works fourteen hours, ten hours the following day, and so on.

To stand watch a seaman has to have a good knowledge of many things: he must know how to steer a ship; how to 'box a compass' (know all the points of the compass); how to read a log (the speed and mileage indicator of a ship); how to row a dory or life-boat; how to tie knots that will not slip and yet untie easily. He must be able to distinguish without hesitation the port from the starboard side of the ship; and many other duties performed while on watch.

If running on a clear day, the usual method in the Marine Section adopted by the mates in charge was to have one seaman steer the ship, while the other kept a look-out, or worked in a near-by part of the ship. To avoid the monotony of standing at the wheel the seamen alternated their duties every hour. This procedure was also carried out when drifting; but when drifting with a rum-runner, the man at the wheel kept a look-out with the mate on the bridge.

This method, however, was not used if the ship was making way at night through fog, snow, rain, or stormy weather. At such times one man's entire attention was necessary at the wheel, while the other acted as look-out in the bow or in the wing of the bridge; nor was the usual method applicable if the ship were lying near or following a

*Mr Johnson is an ex-constable of the Force, Reg. No. 12285. He served in the Maritime Section from 1933 to 1937. On Feb. 10, 1941, he left the Force and is believed to be again at sea off the west coast. So far as can be ascertained he lives at 477 Lampson St, Victoria, B.C.—Ed.



rum-runner at night, as the second man had to work the controls of the searchlight.

Working hours varied on board ship and depended mostly on weather conditions. The men seldom labored after 5.30 p.m. unless called upon in case of an emergency. Usually there was brass to be cleaned,—yards and yards of it. In fine weather this was attended to in early morning before breakfast. The decks were scrubbed at least once a week with soft soap and soda; where oil had stained the flooring, lye was added to the water.

There was always painting to be done; rust to be chipped or scraped, after which lead paint, usually red, was applied; bilges to be cleaned; paint work to be washed. There seemed to be no end to the work, if the ship was to be kept in a creditable condition.

Sweeping the decks and cleaning up the living quarters prior to the captain's

inspection constituted the only work performed on Sunday. On that day the seamen standing watch remained on the bridge to carry out their necessary tasks according to prevailing conditions,—with the usual ten-minute recreational smoke every hour.

But the seaman's life while on watch was not altogether dull. At times interest and excitement abounded; there were nights when the ship lay near, or 'cased' a rum-runner that tried to get away.

The searchlight beam would show the quarry clearly, rolling in the swell of the sea. Suddenly a puff of smoke would shoot from the exhaust. The watchful seaman at the search-light controls would yell to the mate.

"She's away, Sir."

The mate would yank the engine-room telegraph to 'Full Speed Ahead.' Bells would clang while the waiting engine-room crew responded.

The chase was on.

The men off watch would come up on deck to look on,—and help, if necessary. The captain would rush to the bridge to take command.

Tense moments would follow as the rum-runner attempted to escape the probing beam of the searching light. Laying a smoke screen, the harrassed rum-boat would sometimes dodge back on either side of the dense curtain. Occasionally on dark nights in a calm sea this subterfuge was successful, but not often. Now and then, more daring rum-runners turned their craft and dashed madly toward the bow of the pursuing craft, veered away when a crash seemed imminent and shot off sideways or around the stern of the cruiser.

There was, too, the thrill of aiding vessels in distress. The message would be received; orders to proceed to the assistance of the disabled ship would be relayed to the captain. Such undertakings were often dangerous, but no casualties ever resulted from the efforts of the Marine Section in this type of work.

When off watch, the seamen did not spend all the time in their bunks. The average seaman is ambitious. Many times on calm days they study navigation books, chart courses, listen to the mate's instructions on reading the barometer or on 'taking sights' with a sextant. Some have other occupations that claim their interest, such as building model schooners, playing cards, reading magazines. And of course there is the never-

to-be-forgotten 'dobyng' or clothes washing. Much time off watch is spent eating and sleeping; the sea air and long hours on watch make the men hungry and tired. Some days when a Marine Section ship drifted idly along, the men would spend an hour or two fishing, or some enthusiastic individual would put out a shark hook. If his efforts succeeded, the struggle of getting the quarry on board ensued. Sharks are strong fighters and usually have to be killed before it is possible to get them over the side.

A seaman's life in the Marine Section while at sea was composed of work, leisure, and some hardship. High winds and rough seas converted the ship into a veritable 'bucking broncho.' At such times the seaman on watch had to guard against being thrown off his feet, which might cause bodily injury, or even death by drowning. The men off watch were also uncomfortable, for sleep is hard to get under such conditions; the motion of the ship was sometimes so violent that to stay in a bunk one had to grip the sides and hang on.

The majority of members agreed on one point: the most enjoyable work on board ship was the duty of getting the lines ready for docking. The crew realized then that the long, weary hours of watches were over, even if only for a short time; that they could forget the anxieties and dangers of the sea and enjoy once more the pleasure of again being on solid ground.

A Prisoner's 'Ups and Downs'

COMPLAINTS from enforced 'guests' of the country are frequently abusive and anything but complimentary to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Some guests, however, reveal a perspectiveness and understanding that is as interesting as it is rare. One such man writes the following:

On my way through your headquarters with Constable my escort, on Mar. 6, my belt of dark leather (the buckle has the letter 'A' on it) was left there. I'm having quite a struggle with my pants, so will you kindly send it to the above address, and oblige. . . .

L.H.N.

Nerve

by A. R. DOUGLAS*

In the line of duty, two members of the North West Mounted Police set out to quell an imminent uprising among Indians. With nerve as a weapon they succeed, and the exploit seems to prove again that strength is not always in numbers.

IT HAPPENED nearly forty years ago, but the incident stands out clearly in my memory.

At Moose Jaw, then a straggling railroad centre in the North West Territories, the sergeant in charge of the detachment received a dispatch from the commissioner in Regina to the effect that a band of Sioux Indians had illegally crossed the international border and were engaged in war-dances. The intruders were somewhere in the vicinity of what was known as the Dirt Hills, thirty miles or so south of the town.

Instructions from the commissioner were quite definite: the Indians were to be sent back to their own country at once. It was feared that their continued presence would incite law-abiding Canadian red men, whom they would undoubtedly contact, to unrest and acts of violence.

Shortly after noon on a day in late September, the sergeant and his subordinate, a constable with several years' service, proceeded to carry out orders.

It was late afternoon when the two horsemen espied a tiny wisp of smoke curling heavenward from a deep coulee in the undulating hills to the south-east. As they drew nearer a rhythmic beating of tom-toms, accompanied by shrill yells and an occasional discharge of firearms, came to their ears.

The policemen dismounted in the shelter of a butte which overlooked the

coulee, dropped the lines over their horses' heads and advanced on foot. Presently they reached a point where, screened by a dense growth of sagebrush, they commanded a view of the scene below.

In the centre of an irregular quadrangle formed by gaudily-painted teepees, a group of Indians and their squaws sat on the ground. Intently they watched a group of dancers, naked except for the loin cloth, whose copper-hued bodies hideously streaked with paint, twisted and gyrated in a series of grotesque motions, to the accompaniment of the monotonous thumping of tom-toms and guttural shouts of approval from the assembled on-lookers.

Perspiration dripped from the glistening bodies of the dancers. It was quite obvious that fire-water had contributed to their enthusiasm; the two policemen noted a syrup can being passed among the spectators from which a generous helping was taken by each.

Beyond the ring of teepees, two squaws tended a smoky fire of 'chips'. The carcass of a spitted calf, probably the property of some Canadian rancher, was being cooked in preparation for the feast that was to follow the dance.

"Quite a party," commented the sergeant dryly. "Must be a couple of hundred of them at least."

"Seems almost too bad to break up the show," the constable replied. "They sure are enjoying themselves."

"I don't mind breaking up the party, providing we can do it," returned the sergeant. "But I'm not particularly

*Dr Douglas, who lives at Beebe, Que., joined the Force in 1905, a year after graduating from McGill University with first-class honours. His regimental number was 4340, and he served for two years as veterinary staff sergeant.—Ed.

struck on those Winchester rifles they're carrying. These birds are not used to our way of doing things and might not understand what it's all about; we'll have to try and bluff them anyway."

As they returned to their mounts the sergeant outlined his plan of action. "I'll leave my horse with you and slip around the base of the butte," he explained. "The element of surprise is worth a lot in these cases; I'll drop in on them unexpectedly if I can."

Opening the flap of his revolver holster, the sergeant told his companion to mount his horse and lead the other animal. The constable was to appear on the scene only when the sergeant had reached his objective—the centre of the crowd. "Better pull that carbine out of the bucket," the sergeant indicated, "and have it handy across your knee . . . just in case."

Crawling on hands and knees, the sergeant approached the outer ring of braves, unnoticed, so engrossed were they in the dance. Springing to his feet, he leaped almost over the heads of the watchers and landed directly in front of them. His right hand was upraised in token of friendship.

The effect was perfect; it was quite evident that the red men had never seen a redcoat, and the sudden apparition startled them. The tom-toms ceased to beat and the dancers became immobile. It was not long, however, before they began to crowd about their unbidden guest. Shouts of "*ena-ka-kowan*" (the-man-who-dyes-his-coat-in-blood) split the air.

"Your chief," the sergeant demanded. "I would talk with your chief."

Slowly a dignified figure, much older than the others, resplendent in head-dress of eagle feathers and fully dressed in buckskin shirt and trousers, rose to his feet and approached the sergeant.

"I am Spotted Bull," he said in flawless English. "Why does my white brother come here?"

The sergeant was considerably relieved to learn that his speech would be understood; for his knowledge of the Indian tongue was limited to a few common phrases.

"I have come," the sergeant replied, "from the lodge of the big white chief at Regina to tell you that there must be no more pow-wows, and that you must return at once to your own country."

Word by word the chief interpreted the information to his followers. It was evident that they were not pleased. Shouts of derision followed, and the gruff hubbub of voices, coupled with the menacing threats of a war-cry from the younger braves, was emphasized by rifles raised high overhead.

It was a tense moment—a moment fraught with dire possibilities. The sergeant realized only too well that the slightest show of indecision or fear would be fatal. The Indians were ignorant of Canadian law; many were drunk enough to precipitate trouble in the batting of an eye.

"Tell them," continued the sergeant, with a seriousness that compelled attention, his features showing no emotion, "that they are brave warriors and mighty hunters; one white man can do little against so many. But look!" He pointed dramatically in the direction of the constable just beyond the nearest teepee—a grim figure with a carbine slung across his knees, sitting his horse like a centaur of old. "The white chief has many more redcoats like that, waiting in the hills beyond, who will come before the sun sets to avenge us if any harm is done. I have spoken."

It was the turning-point of what had seemed a hopeless situation. The old chief was wise and cautioned his braves to be reasonable and hearken to the policeman's advice. He had heard of these redcoats in days gone by and knew that they always meant business; that

they did not speak with a 'forked tongue.'

As the sun sank lower and lower, shadows lengthened across the land. The teepees were taken down and folded; *travois* were adjusted to piebald ponies; and the red men started their overland trek back to Uncle Sam's domain. In the distance, two "riders-of-the-plains," satisfied that the departing guests were actually headed in the right direction and showed no inclination to loiter on the way, wheeled their horses and started back for Moose Jaw.

"I have the honour to report," the sergeant wrote in his report to the commissioner, "that your instructions of recent date, have been successfully carried out and the Sioux Indians referred to in your letter have been returned to the United States.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant."

Two against many; nerve against numbers; and nerve won!

Hennesey Seized the Birds

RECENTLY police in an Ontario city raided a cockfight and seized both human and feathered participants. The spectators paid their fines, but the birds, after remaining in custody for a few days, were sold for \$50. On the authority of fanciers it is stated that the price is ridiculously low, but it is a high enough figure to suggest that the purchaser did not intend to serve the fowl on his Sunday dinner table.

Apparently the net result of the raid was the spoiling of an evening's amusement for several persons and the collection of a few hundred dollars in fines and proceeds of sale. The reprehensible sport of cockfighting will continue to flourish in Ontario as it has for many years.

In one town, at least, the sport is unchecked as long as a decent pretence of secrecy is observed. A generation ago, a new chief of police decided that moral reform was overdue, and he raided two or three cockfights, much to the chagrin of some members of the town's best families, who were enthusiastic breeders of game-cocks. They made no open complaint, but one evening the chief learned that a really gala affair was being planned in the near future. The place was Blank's livery stable, which he had raided successfully once before. The time was midnight on Sunday evening.

Hidden in a doorway on the Sunday appointed, the chief had the satisfaction of seeing several old acquaintances sidle furtively into the stable. He looked at his watch, and allowed fifteen minutes to elapse for the fun to get under way. Then he blew his whistle, and he and his force, Constable Hennesey, burst into the stable.

At opposite sides of the ring, two men were holding birds in readiness. The case was complete.

"Everybody stay where youse are," commanded the chief. "Hennesey, seize the birds."

Hennesey moved forward to obey. The handlers released the combatants. With a sickly grin, Hennesey moved back. The birds were stuffed.

For months afterwards the chief never stepped out on the street without hearing a "Cockle-doodle-do" from one or more urchins as they vanished around the corner. Moral reform in that town received a setback from which it has never recovered.

—Printed Word (Toronto).

Force's New Organ Dedicated

by CORPORAL H. H. RADCLIFFE

SERVICES in the R.C.M.P. Chapel are always impressive; particularly so was the special ceremony held on Sunday, Apr. 27, when the new Hammond electric organ was dedicated by The Right Reverend E. H. Knowles, L.L.B., D.D., F.R.G.S., Bishop of Qu'Appelle and Chaplain of the R.C. M.P. This fine instrument was presented to the chapel by Mr C. L. Burton, President of the Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.

Assisting at the service were The Reverend Canon E. H. Lee, L.Th., Assistant Chaplain, The Venerable J. K. Irwin, M.A., D.D., Archdeacon of Qu'Appelle, The Reverend Canon H. H. Creal, L.Th., and the choir from St Paul's Church.

Following the formal presentation of the organ by Mr Burton to the commissioner, officers and men of the Force, His Honour, Lt Gov. A. P. McNab of Saskatchewan, petitioned His Lordship, Bishop Knowles, to perform the dedication.

In his dedicatory address the bishop recalled the past and spoke of his association with the Force; his pleasant memories of it. Then he referred to the Chapel. Though not really aged in years, it was old in other ways,—old in a new country with many old ties. Other buildings had been replaced; but not the Chapel. It had been altered in some respects and various features had been added, but the work had been accomplished skilfully, without disturbing those things, which, as time went on, became sacred memories.

Stressing the influence of the chapel and its services on members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, His Lordship stated that every Force leader he had known had always been a "God-liking" man . . . "In this chapel," he continued,

"We have kept and revered the word of God."

Referring to the organ His Lordship said that the old harmoniums, although sometimes "balky" and discordant, had assisted greatly in past services. He expressed the certainty that all were deeply moved, that all appreciated the new organ which would accompany the worship of members for many years to come.

The service was well attended; approximately fifty guests as well as members stationed at Regina were present. Among the guests were Premier W. J. Patterson, Lt Commr A. C. Ellison, Lt Col G. A. H. Trudeau, members of other Forces and the Judiciary, Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, also Messrs F. L. Smith and H. B. Keenleyside, branch managers of Robert Simpson Western Ltd, Regina; included also were Mr Wilmott Haultain and Mr Peter McAra, friends of long standing who knew the "Depot" from its inception.

The chapel altar was tastefully decorated with flowers presented by Mrs Bishopric in memory of her father, the late Supt W. P. Lindsay, her mother and her brother, Reg. No. 12102, the late Trumpeter E. L. C. "Bing" Lindsay.

Prior to the church service, members of "Depot" and "F" Divisions paraded and formed three sides of a hollow square for the presentation of R.C.M.P. long service medals. His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, accompanied by Col A. G. Styles, A.D.C., presented the medals to The Honourable Chaplain, The Right Reverend E. H. Knowles; Sub-Insp'r H. H. Cronkhite; and Sgt F. Stoot of "Depot" Division; Sgt M. T. Berger and Cpl W. Osborne of "F" Division.

Belcher and Howard Memorial Tablets

by ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER C. D. LANAUZE

DURING the past two years our beloved chapel has been the scene of a number of impressive ceremonies: the unveiling of the memorial tablets to officers and men who have passed on; the memorial to Commissioner Sir James MacBrien; the memorial tower to the men who took part in the march of 1874; the memorial tablets to Commissioner and Mrs Herchmer; and recently, in April, the dedication of the new electric organ.

On Sunday, June 8, we had the distinction of having with us Mrs Robert Belcher of Edmonton and her family. The occasion was the unveiling of their memorial tablet to her husband, an esteemed member who took part in the march of '74. Also present was Mrs D. M. Howard of Wilkie, Sask., to unveil her tablet to the memory of her husband Inspr D. M. Howard.

It was fitting that both ladies were present as the two officers served in the North West Rebellion, and later in Lord Strathcona's Horse in the South African

War. Inspector Belcher retired in 1908 and became active in the Canadian militia, reaching the rank of lieutenant colonel. During the Great War he organized and took the 138th Battalion to France. He died in 1919. Inspector Howard was a pioneer officer in the Yukon and the Hudson Bay district. He retired from the Force in 1920 and died in 1939.

Mrs Belcher was very much the senior lady; she had married in the Force at Edmonton in 1880. Her presence in Regina aroused in us the same admiration and respect we felt when Inspr W. Parker of Medicine Hat—also an original—unveiled the memorial tower a year ago. This grand old lady had naturally played an active part in the pioneer days of the North West, and her reminiscences of the Force and of her years in Regina were extremely interesting.

It was remarkable how her family rallied around her; they came from near and far. One daughter came from



THE BELCHER-HOWARD MEMORIAL GROUP

Mrs Belcher in centre, Mrs Howard left, Dr Mewburn extreme right, all with Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze, at the Cenotaph

Montreal, one from Vancouver, another from Aklavik, N.W.T., and another from Edmonton. The only surviving son, Mr Arthur Belcher, flew from Charlottetown, P.E.I., and a grandson came from Westlock, Alta. Mrs Belcher's daughter from Edmonton, Mrs Hastings Mewburn, was accompanied by her husband, Dr Mewburn, son of our late and much-respected assistant surgeon of Lethbridge.

The ceremony was held during church parade. After the petition for the dedication by an officer, the tablets were unveiled by Mr Arthur Belcher and Mrs Howard. Our chaplain, Bishop Knowles, then made the dedication and afterwards preached, as he always does, a fitting and inspiring sermon, taking for his text:

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us" . . . Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 44.

At the conclusion of the service, the principals and other invited guests attended a reception held in their honour at the officers' mess—a house Mrs Belcher well remembered as the "Herchmer house" next which she and her family lived for several years. Following the reception our guests were taken on a tour of the barracks, a visit to the museum, and finally to the cenotaph, where Mrs Belcher spoke feelingly of many men whose names are on our honour roll.

It was a most happy day, one that will abide long in our memories, even as the memorials in the chapel commemorate the lives of many who have gone before.

Pungee Priests

*B*URMA's spiritual leaders are called pungees. In order that their minds may be devoted exclusively to spiritual things they are removed as far as possible from secular distractions. Strict rules govern their lives.

Their heads are shaven, they dress in yellow robes and collect food in black begging bowls. They dwell in monasteries called pungee chongs, where their time is spent teaching. Forbidden to handle money, they subsist on alms collected in the begging bowls from the people in the locality. Their method of begging is unique. They merely go from hut to hut and stand before the door. They neither ask nor demand anything. The tenants come presently and place food—rice and curry, or other eatables—in the bowls. When the bowls are full the pungees go home.

The advent of the tram car presented a problem. Money is required to travel in these public conveyances, and there are times when the pungees must make use of them. They overcome the difficulty easily by simply climbing in and sitting down. When the conductor appears someone else pays the fare, or when no Burman is present the conductor himself does the honours.

Or perhaps he purposely fails to notice the yellow-garbed figure.

Canadian Police College, Ottawa

Class Seven

SEVERAL hundred persons attended the graduation exercises of the spring class of the Canadian Police College on Friday morning, June 6, 1941. The ceremony was held in the auditorium of the R.C.M.P. barracks, "N" Division, Rockcliffe, Ont.

The occasion marked the close of almost twelve weeks' intensive study by members of Canadian Police Forces. Besides various divisions of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Quebec Provincial Police, Toronto and Ottawa City Police Departments were represented among the twenty graduates.

On the platform were Commr S. T. Wood, Chairman, Mr Justice T. C. Davis, Associate Deputy Minister, Department of National War Services, Mayor Stanley Lewis of Ottawa, Insp R. M. Wood, Officer Commanding "N" Division and director of the college, Chief P. J. Downey, Ottawa City Police Department, and Supt F. A. Blake, Adjutant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The Commissioner Speaks

Commissioner Wood, who gave the opening address and introduced the other speakers, expressed satisfaction at the close application the graduates had shown to their studies. In words of inspiration and pleasure, he congratulated all on having successfully passed their examinations.

"As most of you are aware," the commissioner asserted, "the Canadian Police College was established to provide that advanced training which is so vital to the efficient performance of the important functions of the police service.

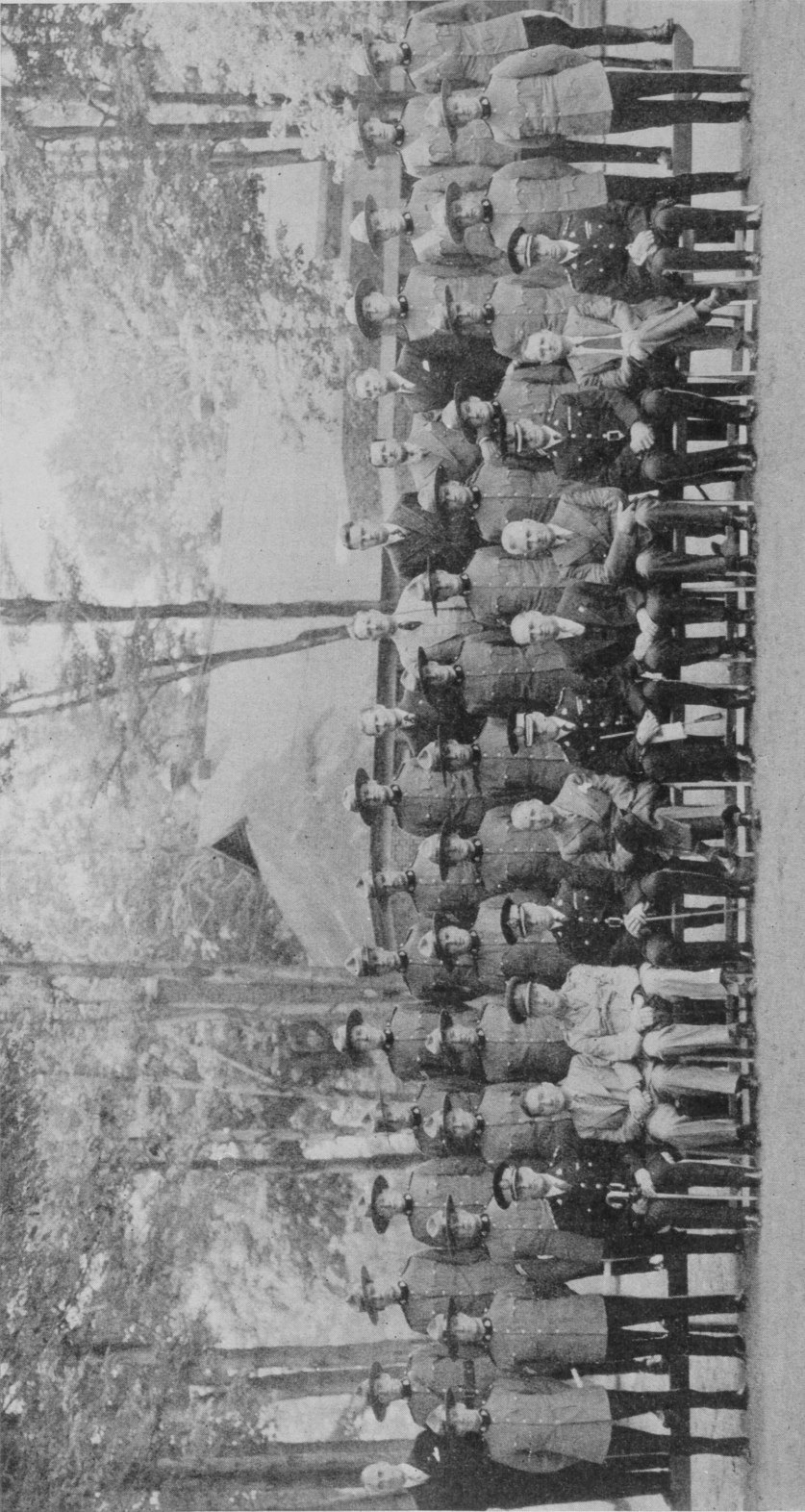
From the outset, instruction at this college has been open to all police forces in Canada. I am very glad indeed to see that of the twenty graduates in this

class, three other police forces, besides our own, are represented. I refer to the City Police Forces of Ottawa and Toronto, and also to the Quebec Provincial Police." The commissioner said he hoped that the tendency of other law-enforcement bodies to participate in such training would increase.

"As I explained last June to the graduates then, on our part we consider these courses a good investment, because we feel the time and expense involved is repaid by greater efficiency in the effort against crime throughout the Dominion and beyond, and finally results in closer cooperation between the various police forces. That is our actual experience and that alone is most beneficial.

You all deserve great credit for the earnestness with which you have applied yourselves to your studies and the enthusiasm with which you have entered into the spirit of the college and its intentions. The diligence and industry displayed is the more commendable because you have been separated from your families and regular work, at the most critical time in the world's history, which makes concentration and study no easy task.

The Force is now in the favourable position of being supplied with not only accommodation, but the necessary scientific equipment, together with fully qualified instructors in the various subjects dealt with in up-to-date police work. It has taken since 1932 to bring these police-college courses to the maximum of efficiency, and, having visited police training centres in England, France, Belgium and the United States, I do not hesitate to say that we now have at least the equal of any; as a matter of fact, we have facilities which



Front Row, left to right, Insp'r R. M. Wood; W. Gallay, B.A., M.Sc., Ph.D.; Col. H. Stethem; Supt. F. A. Blake; Mr. Justice T. C. Davis; Comm'r S. T. Wood; Mayor Stanley Lewis; Chief J. P. Downey; Insp'r H. R. Burchers; C. H. Bayley, B.A.Sc., M.A.Sc., F.C.I.C.; Insp'r R. Armitage. Second Row, left to right, Cst. W. J. Lawrence; A/Cpl W. Barratt; A/Cpl C. F. Deakin; A/Cpl R. J. Kent; Cst. W. Swindell; A/Cpl R. L. Crawford; A/Cpl J. A. A. Thivierge; Cst. J. N. Gallagher; Cst. D. W. W. Mascall; A/Cpl W. D. B. Munton; Cst. LeR. E. Roach; A/Cpl J. A. Turgeon; Cst. J. Batza; Cst. R. J. Hebert; Cst. W. H. Kelly. Third Row, left to right, Spl. Cst. C. R. Von Aichinger; A/Sgt G. H. Griffiths; A/Cpl L. V. Turner; S/Sgt V. J. R. Thompson, S.B.St.J.; Cst. J. R. Abbott; A/Cpl F. W. Pay; Cst. W. W. Fraser; A/Sgt N. E. Goodfellow; A/Sgt J. S. Cruickshank; Det. Sgt J. R. Semple; Patrol Sgt A. E. Lee; Det. Cst. B. O. Simmonds; Det. J. A. Matte; Det. J. A. Cavan; A/Cpl W. J. Monaghan; A/Cpl F. J. Spindler, S.B. St.J.; Cst. D. K. Chapman; A/Cpl G. M. Glanville.

exceed those of most of the countries I have mentioned.

You have completed what might well be called a post-graduate course in the police profession, and are otherwise keeping up to date with the rapid advances in the science of criminal investigation.

These police-college courses do not in any respect replace the old true and tried methods of investigation, but form a very valuable auxiliary.

It is not the purpose of these courses to make experts of you; but rather that you should come to know what assistance you may count upon from the laboratory staff in connection with your field work. The personal touch in this connection is a most valuable factor, and we want members to feel free to communicate with the laboratory staff in connection with their daily problems whenever the opportunity presents itself.

If for no other purpose, the bringing together of members of the Force from all parts of the Dominion, where, during the three months' course, you can discuss your problems with other members, is to my mind of great importance, as it broadens your view-point and you come to appreciate the work of members of the Force engaged in other fields. This, without doubt, increases the efficiency of the Force and the cooperation which we receive here at headquarters, and as between individual members of the Force.

The confidence which the public reposes in the Force today demands a high degree of efficiency and calls for daily attention to the question of public relations. This is a most important matter and one which every member should seriously consider; for it is safe to say that the reputation of the Force as a whole lies in the hands of each individual member.

And now to return to the graduates for a final word. Your graduation comes

at a time, when more than ever in the history of our country and our Empire, its police forces are called upon to exercise efficiency and service and are called upon for calm and strong leadership. I trust you will return safely to your respective forces, near and far away, with a firm resolve to do your very best to that end."

After wishing the graduates good health, continued success, and satisfaction in their service, Commissioner Wood introduced His Worship Mayor Lewis to the audience.

Mayor Lewis Speaks

Mayor Lewis declared that, as a Canadian citizen, he was proud of the high standard and prestige achieved by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The graduates had received a comprehensive course in the latest improvements in modern police work, and, he said, it was their duty to lead the way to a higher standard among their fellow workers.

One of the most horrible features of Nazism, in his view, was the Gestapo. Peace officers should always resist the tendency of allowing brief authority to unseat their judgment, he warned. The police forces of Canada were the servants of the people, whereas in Germany the people are the victims of the Gestapo. "Never lose sight of the difference," he said. "It is the difference between Nazism and democracy."

The Mayor said, amid laughter, that upon looking over the list of subjects taught, it looked most comprehensive except for lessons in knitting, cooking and darning. He did not know why these subjects were not included; if all the stories of the Mounted Police he had heard were true, they would be needed. Alluding to the universal popularity of the Force, His Worship said that while many people outside Canada did not know much about this country, most people had heard of two things: The R.C.M.P. and the Quintuplets.

The reputation of the country was truly resting largely on the shoulders of the former; but he thought it would be all right if they shared at a later date with the little girls, their reputation for always getting their man.

Mayor Lewis said he was glad to see among the graduates the name of John Ambrose Cavan, a member of the Ottawa City Police. "I commend him and I hope that other members of our local police force will be so favorably impressed with his good work that they will want to take this course."

Commissioner Wood, in introducing the next speaker, explained that he was a gentleman who had had a very close association with the work of the R.C.M.P. in the Province of Saskatchewan, where he was Attorney-General for several years. Mr Justice Davis, he said, was Saskatchewan's Attorney-General in 1928 when the R.C.M.P. re-assumed provincial duties there; these they have continued to fulfil ever since. The commissioner expressed regret that owing to pressure of parliamentary duties, the Right Honourable Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice and Minister in Control of the R.C.M.P., was unable to attend as pre-arranged. The commissioner, however, took much pleasure in calling upon Mr Justice Davis to address the assembly, and present diplomas to the graduates.

Mr Justice Davis Speaks

With a jovial smile, Mr Justice Davis asserted that he was in accord with Mayor Lewis' views regarding the absence of the domestic subjects on the course of study. He felt, however, that it was just as well because otherwise the wives of the police would have nothing to do. Despite the direction of this remark, it was greeted with laughter from the feminine part of the audience. Continuing in this humorous vein, the speaker pointed to what he considered to be a quirk of fate so far as the man in the ranks was concerned: recruits of

the R.C.M.P. were issued with uniforms that had a peculiar attraction to the opposite sex; but that they were not able to get married for six years because of the regulations seemed to him strangely incongruous. He mentioned that when the men did serve the required time and bought a ring out of their meagre pay, along comes Commissioner Wood and adds on another year.

In a more serious mood, the speaker said he felt honoured to substitute for Minister of Justice Lapointe. This was the second class he had attended in the Force. In 1938 he presented the diplomas of the first classes to be held at Regina when he was Attorney General of Saskatchewan, and in direct contact with the Force.

The speaker outlined briefly the administration of law-enforcement in Canada since Confederation, and dwelt at length on the achievement and history of the Force. Before 1870, he pointed out, the Hudson's Bay Company had exclusive rights to the region then known as the Northwest Territories and Ruperts Land; and they enforced such laws as existed at that time. He reviewed the period from 1873, when the Force was established, to its extended jurisdiction across the Dominion as we know it today, dwelling on such points as the joining of the provinces in Confederation.

Reverting to his personal associations with the Force, Mr Justice Davis stated that he became Attorney General of Saskatchewan in 1927; one of his first acts had been to recommend to Mr J. G. Gardiner, Premier, and the government of Saskatchewan, that the R.C.M.P., which had relinquished their authority to the Saskatchewan Provincial Police during the last war, be re-instated there. His reasons were that because facilities were limited, recruits for the provincial force, without any preliminary instruction, were merely handed a copy of the statutes and sent out to enforce them.



Called to **SERVICE?**

Army officers' uniforms must conform to regulations as to style, but you may be your own judge in the matter of tailoring. Tip Top uniforms, tailored-to-measure for all three branches of the Service, hold top rank position because they are correctly and carefully tailored of fine materials to give dependable, smart and comfortable wear under the most trying conditions.

Correct raincoats supplied for all three services

TIP TOP TAILORS

STORES EVERYWHERE

This was so because the province was unable to finance a separate headquarters with suitable training facilities. Under such restrictions, he claimed, it was impossible to maintain the kind of police force needed. His report was accepted and he came to Ottawa and concluded the final arrangements. He stated that many members of the S.P.P. were absorbed into the enlarged R.C.M.P., who were still serving. Among this worthy group, he mentioned particularly one outstanding officer—Asst Commr R. R. Tait, now Director of Criminal Investigation.

This gradual change had progressed to the extent that, today, the R.C.M.P. enforced not only the federal statutes throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, but also solely enforced provincial statutes in six out of the nine provinces: Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and

Prince Edward Island. He expressed the opinion that it would be a good thing if the other provinces would follow their example; for they would be assured of the highest service possible and at a reduced cost. "However," he said, "that is a matter for their decision. Meanwhile, the next best thing, to my mind, is the maintenance of the Canadian Police College for the assistance of other police forces and municipalities."

Mr Justice Davis paid high tribute to the work of the R.C.M.P. In his opinion all other police forces in Canada should be trained by the R.C.M.P. as they cannot possibly maintain the facilities necessary as can a Force the size of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The speaker stated that the war had brought about a great upheaval in national affairs; great changes of a primary nature were necessary in the activities of the police. The R.C.M.P. had

taken immediate action to control subversive elements, sabotage, and so forth; and they had fulfilled their task in the highest possible manner. "War-time is the testing time for any police force in a democracy." That this country was freer from the machinations of saboteurs and fifth columnists than any other country engaged in war was, he felt, due in great measure to the good work of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"In a dictatorship country, an all-powerful dictator can only exist and maintain power by his secret police. It is a force for evil instead of good. In a democracy the policeman must be honest and honourable, fair and just, and at all times must make people see that their interests are the interests of democracy."

Addressing the class, the speaker stated that no man in Canada has a greater responsibility than the policeman, and "I'm sure that you have acquired knowledge during this course which will help you to discharge your essential duties."

Detective Sergeant Semple Speaks

In his valedictory address, D/Sgt J. R. Semple of the Toronto City Police Department, president of the graduating class, stated:

Mr Chairman, Mr Justice Davis, Mr Mayor, Distinguished Visitors, Fellow Members of the Graduating Class, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having heard of the reputation of the Canadian Police College before coming here twelve weeks ago, most of us expected tuition of a very high standard in matters pertaining to law enforcement. Without going into details, let me assure you that realization has far exceeded everything we anticipated.

Under the capable and efficient direction of Insp R. M. Wood, we have been given an exceptionally fine course

in advanced police work. No time or effort has been spared by him or his staff to give a thorough coverage to any and all activities that might be of interest to the members, whether they represent the Royal Canadian Mounted Police or outside Police Departments.

It so happens that I come from another Police Force, but I have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and especially this section of it—the Canadian Police College—are doing more to elevate the officer to the proper level of his profession than all other law-enforcement agencies combined. I am satisfied that each member of the class will do his part in this regard and show his appreciation to the college by cooperating with and assisting it in every manner possible.

It is with feelings of regret and pleasure that we find we have arrived at our graduation day. Regret—that the many happy friendships we have made here are about to cease. Pleasure—that we have had the opportunity of forming those friendships and that we can also return to our individual positions, better qualified to carry on. To each and every member of the class may I wish happiness and success. To Commr S. T. Wood, Insp R. M. Wood, and to the staff of the college may I again extend our thanks, and wish you all even greater success in the future.

Presentation of Diplomas

Mr Justice Davis then handed diplomas to each graduate. The men ascended the platform as Inspector Wood announced their names, and as each came to attention before the Judge, he shook hands and warmly congratulated him. A spontaneous applause marked the conclusion of the awards, and the ceremonies ended with the singing of "God Save the King."

Graduating Class

Those graduating were A/Cpl W. Barratt, Windsor, Ont.; Cst. J. Batza, Ottawa, Ont.; Detective J. A. Cavan, Ottawa City Police; A/Cpl R. L. Crawford, Kirkland Lake, Ont.; A/Cpl C. F. Deakin, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Cst. J. N. Gallagher, Montreal, Que.; Cst. R. J. Hebert, Montreal, Que.; Cst. W. H. Kelly, Toronto, Ont.; A/Cpl R. J. Kent, St John, N.B.; Cst. W. J. Lawrence, Yarmouth, N.S.; Patrol Sgt A. E. Lee, Toronto City Police; Cst. D. W. W. Mascal, Toronto, Ont.; Det. J. A. Matte, Quebec Provincial Police; A/Cpl W. D. B. Munton, Ottawa; Cst. LeRoy E. Roach, Sydney, N.S.; D/Sgt J. R. Semple, Toronto City Police; D/Cst. B. O. Simmonds, Toronto City Police; Cst. W. Swindell, Montague, P.E.I.; A/Cpl J. A. A. Thivierge, Moncton, N.B.; A/Cpl J. A. Turgeon, Quebec, Que.

Staff Lecturers

The staff lecturers and their subjects were: Asst Commr R. R. Tait—Police Training; Surgeon M. Powers, B.A., M.D., C.M., L.M.C.C., Med.Sc.D.—Forensic Medicine, Toxicology, Stains, Hairs and Fibres; Insp R. Armitage—Fire Arms Control, D.O.C.R., Practical Criminal Investigation; Insp H. R. Butchers—Finger-prints; Insp R. M. Wood—Criminal Law and Procedure, Police Witnesses, Public Relation, Examination of Glass Exhibits, Metals, Memory and Observation Development; Sub-Insp R. S. S. Wilson—Civil Security, Sabotage, Narcotics; S/Sgt J. Leopold—Subversive Organizations; S/Sgt V. J. R. Thompson, S.B., St J.—First Aid; A/S/Sgt J. S. Cruickshank—Safe Blowing, Burglaries, Counterfeiting; Sgt J. A. Churchman, M.M., F.R.M.S.—Ballistics, Lock Picking; Sgt S. H. Lett, M.M.L.S.—Document Examination; A/Sgt G. H. Griffiths—Drill, Fire Arms Training; A/Sgt N. E. Goodfellow—Finger-prints; A/Cpl G. M. Glanville—Physical Training; Cpl W. J. Monaghan

—Memory and Observation Development; A/Cpl F. J. Spindler, S.B., St J.—Air Raid Precautions; Cpl L. V. Turner—Portrait Parle; A/Cpl F. W. Pay—Modus Operandi; Cst. W. W. Fraser—Plan Drawing; Cst. D. K. Chapman—Photography; Cst. J. R. Abbot—Plaster and Impressions; Spl Cst. J. G. Dickson—Photography; Spl Cst. C. R. von Aichinger—Police Dogs.

Honorary Lecturers

Honorary lecturers and their subjects were: L. E. Albert, United States Secret Service, Washington, D.C.—Counterfeiting; E. E. Bard, B.Sc., Explosives Division, Canadian Industries Ltd., Montreal—Explosives; C. H. Bayley, B.A.Sc., M.A.Sc., M.A., F.C.I.C., National Research Council, Ottawa—Examination of Textiles; E. L. Davies, M.Sc., Chief Superintendent, Chemical Warfare Experimental Station, Portland, England—Tear Gas; W. Gallay, B.A., M.Sc., Ph.D., National Research Council, Ottawa—Forensic Chemistry; C. Y. Hopkins, B.A., M.Sc., Ph.D., National Research Council, Ottawa—Examination of Paint, Smears, and Stains; H. B. L. Jones, B.A., Solicitor, Foreign Exchange Control Board, Ottawa—Foreign Exchange Control; John McGrath, United States Secret Service, New York, N.Y.—Counterfeiting; L. M. Pidgeon, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D., National Research Council, Ottawa—Incendiary Agents; Kenneth H. Rogers, M.A., Ph.D., General Secretary, Big Brother Movement, Toronto—Juvenile Delinquency; Staff Inspector C. W. Scott, Toronto City Police—Vice Investigation; W. J. Scott, K.C., Fire Marshal, Province of Ontario, Toronto—Arson, Sabotage; Arthur G. Slaght, K.C., M.P., Toronto—Fifth Column; Colonel H. Stethem, Director of Interment Operations, Ottawa—Enemy Aliens; Douglas J. Wilson, M.A., Ph.D., University of Western Ontario, London, Ont.—Criminal Psychology.

Canadian Police College, Regina

Class Eight

ON MAR. 31, the Canadian Police College, Regina, commenced its eighth class. Twenty-six members assembled and after being welcomed by Asst Commr T. H. Irvine, divisional officer commanding, settled down to hard work.

Members of Class Eight

All except one were from the three prairie provinces and British Columbia:

Sub-Inspr D. A. McKinnon, Halifax;
Sub-Inspr H. P. Mathewson, "Depot";
Sub-Inspr J. R. Lemieux, Saskatoon, Sask.;
Cpl W. Milligan, Ahern, Man.;
A/Cpl F. R. McIntyre, Killarney, Man.;
A/Cpl D. O. Forrest, Calgary, Alta;
A/Cpl J. Kerr, Carmen, Man.; A/Cpl J. A. A. Kirk, Imperial, Sask.; A/Cpl H. G. Wickstrom, McLennan, Alta;
A/Cpl L. Bingham, North Battleford, Sask.;
Cst. E. Stanley, Selkirk, Man.;
Cst. E. H. Stephens, The Pas, Man.;
Cst. J. G. Peace, Macleod Alta; Cst. E. P. Turner, Lanigan, Sask.; Cst. S. S. Rothwell, Regina, Sask.; Cst. P. E. Hughes, Prince Albert, Sask.; Cst. D. H. Beeching, Coronation, Alta; Cst. F. E. L. Player, Winnipeg, Man.; Cst. J. W. B. Watson, Abbotsford, B.C.; Cst. C. F. Gillespy, Regina, Sask.; Cst. L. V. Moxham, Regina, Sask; Cst. R. Whittaker, Grand Forks, B.C.; Cst. J. R. Hutton, Red Deer, Alta; Cst. R. Mulcaster, Smokey Lake, Alta; Cst. J. E. Murton, Vancouver, B.C.; and Cst. H. R. Hancock, Turner Valley, Alta.

On the evening of June 20, the officers of "F" and "Depot" Divisions, all class members and "Depot" instructors, with a few guests, enjoyed a very pleasant dinner in the officers' mess.

Brief addresses were given by Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze, Officer Commanding "F" Division, Supt T. V. Sandys-Wunsch, Officer Commanding, "Depot" Division, Surgeon M. Powers,

Director Canadian Police College, Mr J. A. Mooney, and Mr J. C. Boll. Sub-Inspr D. A. McKinnon proposed a toast to the King; Cpl W. Milligan gave the valedictory; and Cpl J. I. Mallow spoke on behalf of the instructional staff.

Present at the graduation exercises, which were held in the gymnasium on Saturday, June 21, were class members, the officers of "F" and "Depot" Divisions, the instructional staff personnel, the three senior recruit squads, and the wives and relatives of the graduates.

Superintendent Sandys-Wunsch introduced the Hon. A. T. Proctor, Provincial Minister of Highways, who delivered an address and presented the diplomas. Assistant Commissioner LaNauze also addressed the graduating members.

Staff Lecturers

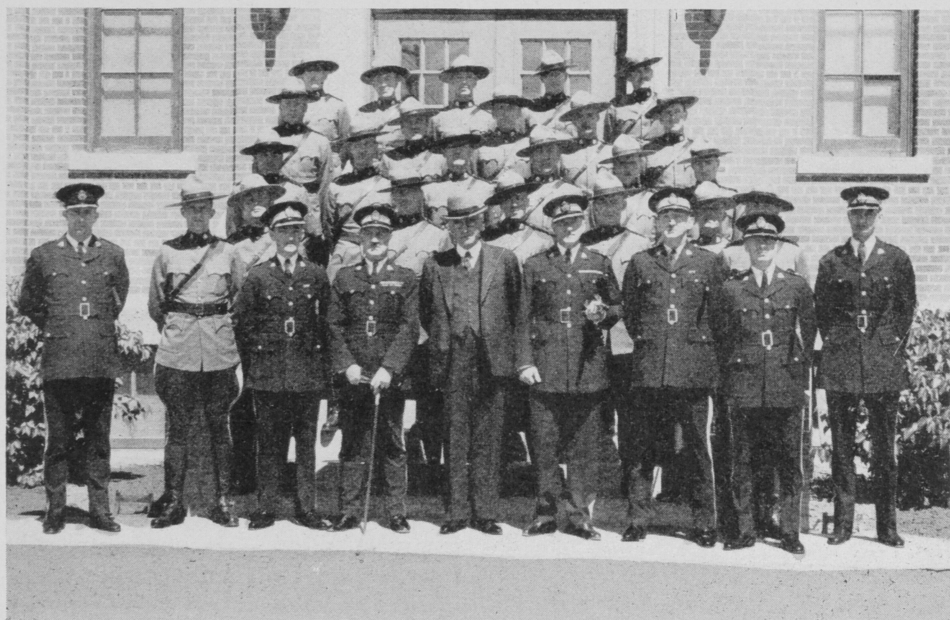
Staff lecturers and their subjects were: Surgeon M. Powers, B.A., M.D., C.M., L.M.C.C., Med. Sc. D., Director, Toxicology and Forensic Medicine; Supt H. Darling, Forensic Psychology and *Modus Operandi*; Inspr C. E. Rivett-Carnac, War Measures Act; D/Inspr F. W. Zaneth, Conspiracies, Burglaries, and Safe-Blowing; S/Sgt G. Harvey, Sudden Deaths; Sgt M. T. Berger, Opium and Narcotic Drug Act; Sgt J. A. Churchman, M.M., F.R.M.S., Ballistics; Sgt L. J. Hobbs, Criminal Code; Sgt S. H. Lett, M.M.L.S., Document Examination, Counterfeiting, and First Aid; Cpl J. A. Cameron, Sabotage; Cpl J. Robinson, Moulage, Plaster Casts, *Portrait Parle*, and Metals; Cpl J. I. Mallow, B.Sc., M.R.P.S., Finger-prints, Photography, and Plan Drawing; Cst. G. B. Green, Gas Training; Spl Cst. C. R. Von Aichinger, Police Dogs; S/Sgt F. J. Whitehead, Foot Drill; Sgt H. Robertson, Physical Training; A/Cpl G. Moore, Swimming and Life Saving.

Honorary Lecturers

Honorary lecturers and their subjects were: The Hon. Mr Justice P. E. MacKenzie, Saskatchewan Court of Appeal, Laws of Evidence; Commr T. W. S. Parsons, British Columbia Provincial Police, History of Police Duties; the late D. Ritchie, Chief Constable, Calgary City Police, Detective Work and Procedure; Warden T. P. Hayes, Regina Gaol, Care and Handling of Prisoners; Insp W. Capelle, Winnipeg City Police, Traffic Engineering, Enforcement and Education; T. J. Callaghan and H. A. Schaetzel, Supervising Agents U.S. Secret Service, Counterfeiting; S. T. R. Taylor, of Taylor, Scivener, Watson & Co., Automobile Accidents and Investigations; W. C. Lackey, Inspector of Fire Underwriters Investigation and Loss Information Bureau of Canada, Arson; J. C. Boll,

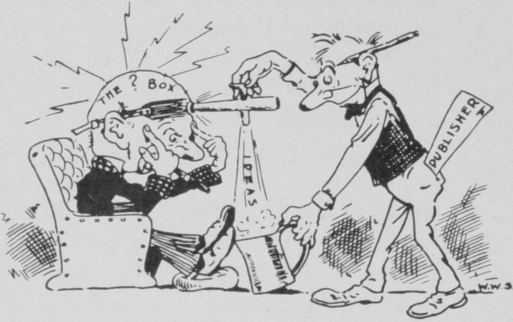
Director, Safety and Traffic Division, Provincial Tax Commission, Highway Safety; A. E. Fisher, Superintendent of Insurance and Administrator of Security Frauds Prevention Acts, Investigation of Fires with reference to the Financial Responsibility Law; Rev. H. Atkinson, B.A., Superintendent Manitoba Home for Boys, Juvenile Delinquency; Dr J. W. MacNeil, C.M., Commissioner of Mental Services, Mental Diseases; Sgt M. Morgan, U.S.A. Customs Patrol Service, Cattle Stealing and Cattle Brands; and Mr J. A. Mooney, Grains.

The Force notes with pleasure that representatives from the United States were again included. The only sad note intruded when the death of Chief Constable D. Ritchie, Calgary City Police, occurred shortly after the culmination of the term.



Back Row, A/Cpl F. R. McIntyre, Cst. H. R. Hancock, Cst. J. W. B. Watson, Cst. J. G. Peace, Cst. F. E. L. Player. *2nd Row*, A/Cpl H. G. Wickstrom, Cst. D. H. Beeching, Cst. P. E. Hughes, Cst. R. Mulcaster, Cst. J. E. Murton. *3rd Row*, Cst. E. P. Turner, Cst. C. F. Gillespy, Cst. S. S. Rothwell, A/Cpl J. Kerr, Cst. E. Stanley, Cst. J. R. Hutton. *4th Row*, Cst. E. H. Stephens, Cpl W. Milligan, A/Cpl L. Bingham, A/Cpl D. O. Forrest, A/Cpl J. A. A. Kirk, Cst. R. Whittaker. *Front*, Surgeon M. Powers, Cst. L. V. Moxham, Sub-Insp D. A. McKinnon, Supt T. V. Sandys-Wunsch, Hon. A. T. Proctor, Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze, Sub-Insp H. P. Mathewson, Sub-Insp J. R. Lemieux, Sub-Insp J. F. Thrasher.

The Question Box



(Inquiries on matters of a legal, technical or general import are invited from members of the Force. Such questions will be answered on this page in future editions of the Quarterly)

Q. What Act or rule of law governs the authority of magistrates or justices of the peace when they grant a period of time in which to pay a fine? What limitations, if any, are set upon such grants of time and under what authority can the time so granted be extended?

A. To my knowledge no Act governs the above. The rules of law which likely are applicable are (1) that which gives the court wide powers of discretion, within the bounds of statutory law, and (2) that of public policy.

If reference is made to sections of the criminal code relative to the enforcement of penalties, it will be noted that there is a wide use of the word "may," which is permissive and hence permits the exercise of discretionary powers. See s. 739 which, in addition to using the word "may," allows a certain latitude in the time within which the fine, etc., may be paid. And so with s. 740. Authority is given by s. 747 for the peace officer to cease to execute a distress warrant, or for the keeper of the prison to release the prisoner upon payment of the sums owing.

Another interesting section is 780; note the use of "may" and the concluding words—"unless such fine is sooner paid." Provision is made by s. 1038 for a penalty to be collected by way of civil

action, when no other provision is made, "in the discretion of the court." Here, then, is another instance where there would appear to be a discretionary power to extend the time for payment of a fine, because very often the court is loth to institute civil proceedings. S. 1141 limits to two years the time within which such proceedings may be commenced; this is the only "time limit" I know of in the Code, in this connection.

By inference, therefore, it would seem that a length of time may be given in which to pay a fine. It has been a matter of practice to do so for many years, and such practice has been legalized in some provinces where, by statute, authority has been given for fines to be collected even on the "instalment plan;" these statutes often set time limits.

Time is usually given on the grounds of public policy. Fines are a source of revenue, as well as being a punitive measure. Efforts are made to collect fines, rather than send the offenders to institutions which are necessarily supported by the public. Then, too, the principles of Magna Charta demand that the subject retain his liberty until the last possible moment. Finally, effect is subconsciously given to the adage that a man is "most heavily hit through his pocket book."

E.B.M.

Book Reviews

ALLENBY: A Study in Greatness. By General Sir Archibald Wavell, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 301 pages. \$4.50.

"History, and more especially military history," says the author of this book, "is dry, misleading stuff without a clear understanding of the character and motives of the chief actors. It is like tinned food: it lacks the vitamins necessary for health." Consciously or not, he has given careful heed to his own warning. The result is that not only does the book give a satisfying portrait of its particular subject, it contains painstaking, but never dull, accounts of campaigns in the Boer war, in France during and after the retreat from Mons in which Allenby took part, (and, by the way, the summary of the British military position in 1915 which appears at the beginning of Chapter VII, is very salutary reading at the present time,) and as well of the operations in Palestine and Syria upon which his fame chiefly rests. Always the reader is made to see how he developed as greater responsibility came to him along with greater scope for the exercise of his talents.

The book is well sub-titled 'A Study in Greatness.' If one were to name the ten outstanding figures in the world today, it is probable that the name of Sir Archibald Wavell would be in the list. The book is valuable, therefore, not only for what it tells of its subject, but also for what it reveals of its author. He admires in Allenby the commander the careful preparation for every operation and the determination and boldness with which, once begun, it was driven forward. In Allenby the man, he deprecates the want of control of an explosive temper, he admires the single-minded devotion to duty and, above all, the loyalty and modesty which together, as he impresses upon us many times, formed the keystone of Allenby's character.

The study is not complete in this volume. This is explained in the preface which is dated at General Headquarters Middle East in June, 1940. One sentence of the preface begins with the words "As there is little prospect of my having time to write the

remaining chapters at present—." In the light of what he has accomplished in the meantime, we may well believe that the distinguished author's other preoccupations left him little time for literary work, but we may join him in the hope that a victorious peace will make possible the completion of "Ploughshare," the record of Allenby's life after 1918. —J.C.M.

THE TIME IS NOW, by Pierre van Paassen. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35.

The eighty pages of this little book are written with a deep intensity of feeling, yet this has not prevented a coldly logical examination of German strategy. There is not an unnecessary word in the book.

It would be easy, especially for the subject of a British country, to raise an argument with the author upon some matters with which he deals. For example, it happens that these lines are being written on the anniversary of Italy's entry into the war. It may be true, as he contends, that the Italian part—in Libya, in Albania and Greece, and at Cape Matapan—was simply part of German grand strategy, but suppose that the Italians had won the battle of Cape Matapan, had overrun Greece at their first attempt, or had succeeded in invading Egypt. Without losing sight of the real menace, surely we may believe that it was not a part of Axis calculations that Italy's first year of war should be, as undoubtedly it has been, one long Caporetto. But this is a secondary matter; upon the book's main theme there can be no argument.

If there is anyone in the United States—or elsewhere—who still needs to have the i's dotted and the t's crossed in what has been written by the man who is now leading the German nation upon its criminal course, this book will not only do those things for him but will point out to him what the United States can do to halt that course. If the people of the United States heed the cogent appeal which is summed up in the title, they will take a much more active part in the war than they are doing. But

the appeal is directed to them alone, and what they do is wholly up to them. A Canadian had better leave it at that.

—J.C.M.

KABLOONA, by Gontran de Poncins. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. 339 pages and many illustrations. \$3.75.

Books about Canada's Arctic come chiefly from two sources. There is the more or less hardened northern resident who commits his reminiscences to paper, and the occasional traveller who records his or her impressions of a visit to some point in that vast hinterland. The former generally recalls things from the past, "the good old days" rather than present-day conditions and happenings. The latter, having paid a "flying" visit to the north—usually down the well-travelled regular trade routes—observes things unusual to his normal life "outside," and confines his story chiefly to these abnormalities. Both types of book provide interesting reading and valuable records; but, all too often, they relate only outstanding events and anecdotes.

Occasionally a third type of book appears such as the recently published *Kabloona* by Gontran de Poncins. Here we have an author who went to the Arctic, not as a casual traveller interested only in the observation of externals, but with the idea of "living" the Eskimo life by entering mentally and physically into their daily routine. To secure the necessary surroundings for this experiment, and to get as completely away as he could from contact with the "outside," he chose King William Land and the Netsilik Eskimo—a people and a country seldom visited by the white man. In charming but graphic style and language de Poncins tells of his efforts to achieve a mental conversion from European to Eskimo:

"living in the most rigorous climate in the world, in the most depressing surroundings imaginable, haunted by famine in a gray and sombre landscape sullen with the absence of life; shivering in their tents in the autumn, fighting the recurrent blizzard in the winter, toiling and moiling fifteen hours a day merely in order to get food and stay alive."

To those who know the North and to those who have never passed north of 60, this detailed and intimate picture of life

with Eskimo, least influenced by the white man, will afford pleasant and profitable reading. The Northerner will meet old friends as seen through the eyes of a visitor from distant lands; the "Southerner" will enjoy an interesting man who found that in Canada's Arctic the sense of brotherhood was a commonplace of life, instead of a product forced upon mankind by the exigencies and violence of war. —L.J.H.

I WAS WINSTON CHURCHILL'S PRIVATE SECRETARY, by Phyllis Moir. Longmans, Green and Co., Toronto. 221 pages. \$2.50.

The old crack "No man is a hero to his valet" is certainly given the lie in this charming, intimate pen-picture of England's great leader, Winston Spencer Churchill. Miss Moir, who worked for Lillian Gish the movie-star before taking the job as secretary for Mr Churchill, always had a great admiration for the famous cigar-smoking dynamo with the "thousand horsepower express elevator brain." Her close association with him did not lessen her esteem. Indeed, it confirmed her schoolgirl appraisal of him and convinced her quickly that this was the man England might turn to in time of serious danger. "It doesn't take long to sense that Winston Churchill is one of those rare spirits born to lead other men" says Miss Moir in the first—and somewhat highly personalized—chapter.

The common man's curiosity in any great person—and what is more natural?—will here be satisfied with a thousand tasty little bits of inside information that only a person in a private secretary's position could supply. The reader will learn that "Winnie" smokes fifteen strong, black, and very expensive cigars a day; that he works best in bed, with cigar ashes dropping all over; that he can sing the songs of the leading musical comedies for twenty years back; that he is a good brick-layer; that he won a fencing championship at Harrow in his school days; and so on.

We see Mr Churchill as a soldier, politician, statesman, historian and war leader—a prodigious worker with a boundless capacity for living and enjoying life. Displaying good taste and restraint, Miss Moir takes us right up close to the Prime Minister and

shows him to be a "strong brilliant man who can afford to break with tradition if he thinks it wise." —W.N.W.

AGENT OF DEATH: The Memoirs of an Executioner. By Robert G. Elliott, with Albert R. Beatty. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York, 1940, \$3; 315 pages.

This book will be eagerly read by those who revel in the grim details of capital punishment as sometimes recounted in daily tabloids. It is a macabre biography, told quite simply and frankly by a man who, in his capacity as official executioner of six different States, sent 387 condemned persons to death.

Here and there spots of gruesome humour lighten the awesome subject but one can hardly fail to miss the real significance of the book: it is a strong appeal for the abolition of the death penalty. Although Elliott all his life strongly denounced capital punishment, he maintained that even though he was the person who shot the death-dealing current through the criminal's body, he was no more responsible than the society that framed our laws or the jurors who sat on the case. His arguments against the death sentence are the ones usually encountered:

The possibility that an innocent person might be put to death; the fact that, in the past, it has not had a deterrent effect on potential murderers; the implied and inherent conception of revenge; the opportunity given for sensational outbursts.

The book describes several notable cases, among them the notorious Ruth Snyder and Hauptmann executions. The reactions of the doomed in the few minutes before being plunged into the unknown will arouse the interest of many readers. Those last few seconds are amazingly pictured in this biography. —D.J.S.

RETURN VIA DUNKIRK, by Gun Buster. The Musson Book Co., Toronto. 256 pages. \$2.00.

Terrific. Vivid. Glorious. These are the adjectives reviewers have tagged on this first-hand account of the travels and adventures of "Y" Battery, 2004th Field Artillery Regiment in Belgium and France, 1940.

And *Return via Dunkirk* is an exciting, straightforward story of an epic incident in

which it is no exaggeration to state every person in the world had a stake. Could anyone foretell the subsequent course of history had the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force failed?

In France till the last minute, "Y" Battery displayed all the way through, the kind of courage, endurance and *esprit de corps* that has characterized the most famous Empire units. And "Y" Battery was lucky to have a captain like Gun Buster along with them, to record their story so graphically. Gun Buster is no amateur writer; no beginner could have selected with such sureness, nor portrayed so dramatically, the many thrilling incidents that lead up to the awful climax on Dunkirk's beaches.

The book outlines the advance of the British from Cherbourg into Belgium, the nights of weary travel and the days of fighting, the hurried retreat to Dunkirk. Throughout its pages, the ever-present optimism and good humour of the British Tommy shows clearly in many sharply-etched examples.

Horror, blood, death, and bitter frustration—as when the battery had to demolish its beloved guns—all these make *Return via Dunkirk* a grim and gripping tale that would be cheap melodrama if it weren't the stark and grisly truth.

The story is an inspiration to those on the home-front, for the reader can see so plainly the heroism, pluck, nerve and discipline and, above all, the will to win of the British Army. —W.N.W.

BEHIND GOD'S BACK, by Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace Co., New York, 555 pages. \$3.50.

Through the exploits of Generals Wavell and De Gaulle we have become 'Africa-conscious,' but only on reading Negley Farson's latest book will many of us realize how limited our knowledge of Africa is.

Landing at Walvis Bay on the coast of South West Africa, the author travelled across to Durban, branching off *en route* to Cape Town. From there he sailed up the Indian Ocean to Dar es Salaam where he was joined by his wife. In *Behind God's Back* the reader virtually travels with this intrepid pair who purchased a car and set out with-

out help of any kind to drive across Africa at the height of the rainy season.

As the reader is introduced to many strange tribes and peoples and their weird customs, the book takes on real charm; many strange animals, as well as those of our alphabet-books, make their appearance along the eventful route and are ably described by Mr Farson.

Apart from the presentation of purely physical aspects, the book's great interest lies in its analysis of the political situations. Mr Farson interviewed Generals Smuts and Hertzog and records his chats with governors, walldo(h)s, police commissioners and leading German Feuhrers of every mandate, disclosing a true and comprehensive cross-section of the African political set-up.

Everywhere in Africa there is intense Nazi activity. And everywhere in Africa the educated native fears Germany. This fear has resulted in a block of Allied territory stretching across the continent, a buffer that disrupted the Axis dream of easy conquest by Germany from the south and Italy from the north.

In several respects the book may offend the strict Anglophile, but the author is quick to emphasize that England has shown unequalled fairness in her treatment of the African. Under British rule the native tribal life and institutions have been most fairly preserved and the "balance of nature" theory has been encouraged and allowed to predominate. As much cannot be said of other countries with colonies behind God's back.

—G.S.H.

FORENSIC CHEMISTRY, by Henry T. F. Rhodes. Chemical Publishing Co., Brooklyn, N.Y. 214 pages. \$5 in U.S.A. \$5.50 elsewhere.

This book has been written to fill a long-felt breach in present-day forensic chemistry literature. Mr Rhodes, who states in the preface that he has had experience in most of the operations he describes, has approached this wide field with a view to supplying a practical guide for all engaged in the chemistry of crime.

The material in *Forensic Chemistry* is divided into two parts: the application (1) of chemical methods to the identification of the person; (2) of chemical methods in the examination of stains, firearms, explo-

sives, questioned documents, counterfeit money and toxic agents.

It is believed that this volume touches upon too many off-shoots, and that, accordingly, the thoroughness the subject warrants has been sacrificed. The many methods of examination referred to, however, will arouse the student's interest sufficiently to lead him to the extensive bibliography upon which the author has drawn.

There are several points with which this reviewer does not agree. For instance, distilled water is recommended as a solvent for the chemical examination of blood-stains; yet it is an accepted fact that the best solvent is a normal saline solution. Teichmann's reaction and kindred haemin tests for blood are thoroughly discussed, although these are obsolete and no longer used. Concerning seminal stains, no mention is made of the Barberios Test, believed specific for prostatic secretion. Under "Examination of Blood Groups," the grouping of blood and seminal stains is mentioned; but nothing is said about the grouping of saliva.

Regarding questioned document examination, it is stated on page 134 that "The stripe method (of examining documents for sympathetic inks) is very unsatisfactory and resort should on no account be had to it." Yet leading examiners highly recommend it. No mention is made of a preliminary examination with ultra-violet light other than that quinine salts fluoresce strongly when so treated.

The chapter on "The Examination of Toxic Agents" is an intermingling of common and uncommon poisons under the headings, Volatiles, Alkaloids, and so on. It is incomplete, and lacks method and system of presentation. Of greater assistance would have been a procedure for the analysis of viscera, treated as a general unknown, with specific tests for the commoner poisons. An incomplete and unexplained list of abortifacients is suddenly introduced. The most readily available and probably most frequently used—quinine sulphate and pituitary extracts—are not mentioned.

On the whole, the book contains some good material but it appears to have been put together hastily, and without much thought towards efficient and pleasing presentation.

—M.P.

Old Timers' Column

R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association Hold Reunion

On Saturday evening, May 17, old friendships were renewed when the officers of "E" Division and sixty ex-members of the Force met in the Hotel Georgia, Vancouver, B.C.

Yarns of old days were swapped, and those modern egomaniacs, Hitler and Mussolini, faded into the background for a time, supplanted by the memory of another notorious bad man—Louis Riel.

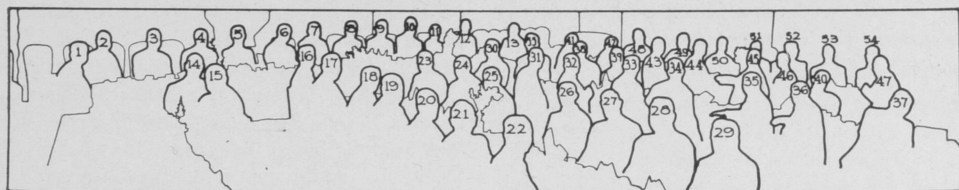
The occasion was the twenty-eighth annual dinner and roll-call of "A" Division, Royal North West Mounted Police Veterans' Association. This organization was formed on May 19, 1913. Several of the original members, still active in the association, were present, including J. W. F. Weeks, Reg. No. 789, C. R. Filtness, Reg. No. 3095 and J. J. Hamilton, Reg. No. 3126. The roll-call is an annual event, and the executive

is to be congratulated upon the success of the affair; it was a pleasure to see the fine spirit of comradeship that exists among these men of our old Force.

Asst Commr C. H. Hill, who recently resumed command of "E" Division after serving overseas with the Canadian Army, replied to a toast proposed by Reg. No. 884, ex-Sgt J. J. Roberts to the R.C.M.P. Roberts, a veteran of the Riel Rebellion and known as "Father of the Force," is eighty-seven years old. He joined the Force in 1882.

Insp'r D. L. McGibbon proposed a toast to the old Force, which was answered by ex-Supt G. C. P. Montizambert. "Monty," as he is known to his friends, served many years with the Force in Saskatchewan and Alberta. He retired as superintendent only three years ago.

Another old-timer, Reg. No. 789, ex-Sgt Jimmie Weeks, who joined the N.W.M.P.



1. 789, J. W. F. Weeks; 2. 3035, W. S. Jealous; 3. 1747, C. A. Tasker; 4. 3466, ex-Supt G. C. P. Montizambert; 5. Supt A. S. Cooper; 6. Asst Commr C. H. Hill; 7. 2357, Capt. W. J. Bowdridge; 8. Insp'r D. L. McGibbon; 9. 1188, C. H. Baker; 10. Insp'r J. Fripps; 11. 884, J. J. Roberts; 12. Rev. Geo. Pringle; 13. 1511, S. Huff; 14. 4219, F. Corby; 15. (Guest); 16. 4300, F. Squires; 17. 3189, J. E. McAlpine; 18. 2628, H. G. Mapley; 19. 5361, G. Clifford; 20. 5393, L. Stad; 21. 5561, A. R. Schulz; 22. 6391, J. P. Coulson; 23. 3659, W. P. Dundas; 24. 4373, C. F. Tracey; 25. 4137, T. Briery; 26. 6522, J. L. N. Ellis; 27. 4434, G. J. Duncan; 28. 3238, R. W. McLeod; 29. 4741, L. M. "Pop" Walters; 30. 3582, J. Hazard; 31. 8273, J. C. P. Patterson; 32. 8284, J. L. Drapeau; 33. 4306, A. Barber; 34. 5707, H. Hadley; 35. 4722, E. L. Howard; 36. Ed. Clark; 37. H. S. Ostoich; 38. 3126, J. J. Hamilton; 39. 2979, C. H. Rawson; 40. (Guest); 41. 1206, H. Banham; 42. (Not identified); 43. 11338, J. C. Cottrell; 44. 11311, A. Batts; 45. 5207, J. B. Rogan; 46. (Guest); 47. (Not identified); 48. 7741, E. A. Simmons; 49. 3735, B. E. Rogers; 50. 3095, C. R. Filtness; 51. (Not identified); 52. (Guest); 53. 6160, E. Colclough; 54. (Not identified); 55. 2435, Ed. Harris.

in 1882, is seventy-eight years old. Reg. No. 1206, ex-Sgt Harry Bankam, another veteran of '85, proudly remembers being an escort to the Earl of Athlone and the Duke of York when they visited Canada in 1901. The memory of Seymour Huff, Reg. No. 1511, frequently goes back to the glamorous days of Louis Riel.

W. S. Jealous, Reg. No. 3035, one of the early members of the R.N.W.M.P. who crossed over the White Pass into the Yukon, is vice-president of the association. Another Yukoner present was L. M. Lloyd-Walters, Reg. No. 4741, who spent the best part of his life in the far north and only recently came out with his family. He describes his experiences in a book entitled *Thirty Years in the Barren Lands*. Frank Corby, Reg. No. 4219, the energetic secretary of the association, is a Yukon man also; his proud moment occurred in 1935 when Lord Bessborough presented him with a long service medal.

Although many are getting up in years and the annual roll-call reveals an increasing number of vacant chairs as time goes on, the old-timers are still in there fighting. Ed Harris, Reg. No. 2435, admits seventy-six birthdays, yet to demonstrate his vitality he walks around Stanley Park and back to New Westminster once each year. It was lately announced that thirty-eight members of the association are serving the Empire in the present war.

—H.A.M.

"Calamity" Warren

A letter, dated May 12, 1941, from Reg. No. 787, ex-Cst. James 'Calamity' Warren who lives at 6956 S. Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill., to Reg. No. 1709, S/Sgt J. D. Nicholson who is still with the Force and works at headquarters, Ottawa, reads:

My dear old friend and comrade:

I received your letter some time ago, together with the *R.C.M.P. Quarterlies* you sent. I appreciate your kindness to me; my nephew Kenneth Warren and his son always enjoy the Mounted Police books so much, and so do I.

According to the radio just now, one of Hitler's head officers took a plane from Germany and landed in Scotland. He is being treated for a broken ankle. Too bad it isn't for a broken neck.

Old England is bound to win; ninety-five per cent of the people here are for assisting

Britain all they possibly can. Wish I were younger that I might go and help. The British flyers and the bombing planes from U.S.A. are doing a lot. If we get a few thousand of those big bombing planes over there, Hitler will begin to know he is in a war.

Well, Jack, I guess the old Force is getting pretty well thinned out, with very few of the Old Timers left. I was so pleased to receive the paper (Regina *Leader-Post*) with our pictures, taken in the barracks at Battleford. I could recognize almost everyone. Those were the great old days and to look back on them seems just like yesterday to me.

You can't imagine who I had a visit from recently. Bob Lattimer and his wife! He knew me immediately and called me 'Old Clam.'

Write as often as you can for I like to hear from you.

An Old Timer on Canvas

A painting by Richard Lindemere of Meota, Sask., shows the interior of an old-timer's cabin. The host is evidently an old mounted policeman. He sits puffing his pipe, and around him are grouped a young mounted policeman in uniform and two or three civilians. In the smoke clouds above the host's head a colourful panorama of Indians, buffalo and mounted policemen march in memory. The young men listen attentively as the older man recounts stories of the past.

The painting hangs in a hall of the Legislative Building at Regina, among a series painted by the same artist. It could be a picture of Reg. No. 358, ex-Cst. John Leader. 'Old Jack' lived in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan at Leader Point. He joined the North West Mounted Police at Kingston, Ont., Apr. 22, 1879. In 1884 he took his discharge at Regina, and the vellum parchment signed by Commr A. G. Irvine reads, "Very Good."

Jack Leader was eighty years old, considered the best duck shot on the Qu'Appelle Lakes. Like the old timer in the picture, he told his own story:

"I was stationed at Fort Walsh in March 1881 when a dispatch rider arrived from Fort Macleod. Reinforcements were wanted

at Fort Macleod at once; under Crowfoot, the Blackfeet were causing trouble at Blackfoot Crossing. A butcher employee of the Indian Department had refused beef liver to an Indian. The Indian pulled his rifle threateningly, and the butcher shot and killed him, then hastened to the police detachment at Blackfoot Crossing for refuge. Twelve hundred Indians surrounded the detachment and demanded that the butcher be given up. The police refused. The Indians danced around the detachment, jumped on the mud roof and insisted the butcher be handed over to them.

Constable Percival had by some daring means escaped from the detachment, crept through the surrounding Indians at night and reported to Fort Macleod.

Thirty of us rode the 160 miles in two nights and one day. There, a force of eighty men under Superintendent Crozier started for Blackfoot Crossing with two field guns. A band of Blood Indians joined us *en route*. The Blackfeet were their mortal enemies. Here was an opportunity to engage in combat.

Meanwhile, Inspectors Howe and Dickens, who had been on patrol and knew nothing of the uprising, ran into a group of Blackfeet and were captured. They were taken to the Indian camp and held.

Chief Crowfoot met Superintendent Crozier at Blackfoot Crossing and tried to trade his prisoners for the butcher. Superintendent Crozier refused, and ordered the release of his officers. Chief Crowfoot got stubborn; the superintendent had the field guns manned and trained on the Indian camp. He gave the Indian chief one minute to decide. Crowfoot deemed submission the better part of valour and surrendered. He and five minor chiefs were arrested and taken to Fort Macleod. The Blood Indians were disgusted because the police failed to kill all the Blackfeet. Thus the Blackfeet war ended before it began."

Maybe Richard Lindemere, the artist, had Old Jack Leader in mind when he painted the picture that hangs in the House of Parliament at Regina.

C.D.LaN.

Reg. No. 913, Cst. James Herron

Lost on the snow-covered prairie, struggling valiantly to find the trail, blinded and exhausted,—Death; all this Constable Herron experienced in the line of duty.

In 1891 Constable Herron was in charge of the detachment at Kipp. On March 2 he set out for Pot Hole on the Belly River, a routine patrol. The weather was threatening, the trail snowed under.

He didn't come back.

A search party attempted to follow his trail, but a blizzard swept down savagely. A second search party carried on, and about eighteen miles from Kipp came across Herron's horse. The animal, weak with fatigue and tangled in the stirrup leathers, had fallen to her haunches.

Further along the icy river bottom, Interpreter de Roche and Scout 'Black Eagle' found the constable's frozen body half buried in a huge drift. Tracks in the snow indicated that Herron had dismounted and rested on a low bank. Afterwards, weary and bewildered from aimlessly wandering over the bleak territory he finally dropped and perished from exposure.

The corpse was taken to Macleod and buried with full military honours. Constable Herron was widely mourned, for he had been a favourite with his comrades.

The Force is proud of such men. Men who carry on, men who answer Duty's call even in the face of unpredictable dangers and perils.

Reg. No. 866, ex-Cpl W. W. A. Smith, Ferintosh, Alta, expresses tribute to the memory of his fallen comrade in this poem:

*Not in the hour of triumph
'Mid the roar of a conquering cheer,
'Neath the flaunting banners of victory,
'Neath the eyes of loved ones dear;
But out on the open prairie,
'Mid the gloom of a winter sky,
Far from the touch of a friendly hand,
He laid him down to die.
In the midst of a silent circle
Formed by the horizon's verge,
With the drifting snow for a winding sheet,
The rushing wind for a dirge;
He fell, but he fell as heroes fall,
Without one craven cry,
One who bravely died at Duty's call,
Beneath the western sky.*

No. 1 Provost Company (R.C.M.P.)

Canadian Army

BLASTED by three torpedoes fired in the night from a Nazi submarine on Apr. 30, the S.S. *Nerissa* sank within five minutes of the first attack, taking all but thirty-five of the ship's complement to the bottom. Among the personnel were seven members of the R.C.M.P. Provost Company *en route* to England as reinforcements.

Of the seven, one was lost; two sustained leg injuries, all suffered exposure and discomfort. They were:

A/Cpl L. A. Denton (leg injuries); Cst. R. V. Currie (exposure); Cst. J. H. F. Mara (sprained ankle); Cst. G. F. Keelan (presumed unharmed); Cst. A. R. Nichols (exposure); 3/Cst. J. E. MacPhee (unharmed); Cst. C. J. Johnstone (missing—assumed dead).

Indirectly the *Quarterly* has received a letter written by Pte John Mara in which he describes the terrible experiences of that night on the Atlantic:

Military Hospital,
Londonderry, N. Ireland,
Friday, May 9, 1941.

We finally got our two feet on land although not at the place we were meant to arrive. I am in A1 condition again except for a slightly sprained left ankle.

.

We were rushed off from Camp Borden in quite a hurry. We had a miserable train journey, sitting up two nights in filthy coaches. We had a morning in Montreal, and I managed to get a few final things which I now regret buying, as it was just a waste of money.

The Voyage Begins

We reached the eastern Canadian port on Saturday night and when we awoke the following Monday, the ship was out at sea. It was only a small ship of about 5,000 tons and we travelled alone. We reached Newfoundland in a couple of days and spent one day there. As it was St George's Day and Newfoundland, being a Crown Colony, had a holiday, there was not much doing . . . In this city we had our first encounter with

cars driven on the left-hand side of the road. It seemed very silly, too, since most of the cars were American-made.

At this point we got rid of a stowaway—a wire-haired terrier that had come aboard the last trip and had been over to England and back. He was a very affectionate little pooch and when our whistle blew he came running down to the dock and tried to get aboard. Two stowaways did manage to get on, both soldiers, and stayed for the rest of the trip.

Life Aboard Ship

I was a little seasick the first day out but I think it was probably the tail-end of the 'flu. Our quarters were good and as it was a troopship, we were travelling as passengers. The crew were all English and I'd like to bet the cook had never tasted a decent cup of coffee, let alone made one.

We had the days free and had to amuse ourselves as best we could. There was a canteen aboard at which you could buy beer, soft drinks and cigarettes, and which was open at various hours during the day. Cigarettes were 15c for twenty-five or 15c for twenty if they were American. I had several hundred stowed away and I sure wish I had them now. The beer was rotten and I didn't touch it; ginger ale was my favourite beverage until it ran out and then a weak, orange-coloured liquid had to do.

The food was good but nothing like the food on ships during peace-time. We had two sittings for meals, troops eating first. Walking the deck, sleeping, eating, playing cards and reading was all there was to do until we reached the danger zone when we had various watches to do. This usually amounted to about six hours a day, and we were glad of it as it helped pass the time away.

The weather was fairly good all the time and the sea was always calm but the ship must have been rather flat-bottomed as she pitched and rolled continually. There were four in our cabin, the last in the stern of the ship; consequently it was very noisy as the propeller could be heard plainly. Com-

pared to the beds on the train and at Camp Borden, our bunks were quite comfortable, and I slept like a log most of the way. The last two days we slept with our clothes on and had to carry our life-belts with us or wear them all the time. We sighted one or two ships going the other way.

Torpedoed!

On the morning of Apr. 30, we were told that we were about two days out. A British plane picked us up; all that day we had a plane flying about the ship. About 11.30 (British time) that night, we had just finished playing cards. I had just put my life-jacket in my cabin and gone into the wash-room about four yards away.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion on the starboard side. We guessed it was a torpedo, and we were right. All the lights went out; I was thrown against the steel partition of the wash-room and dazed a bit. I had to strike a match to find my way out. Already there was water in the corridor; men were rushing past my cabin so I couldn't get in to get my life-belt. There was absolutely no panic and we got to our boat stations all right, mine being on the port side. Luckily the list of the ship was not great; it did not prevent launching the boat. But all did not go well and down went the stern first with me in it. I got my first sea bath right then and there. As luck would have it, I was holding tight as I had a hunch something would happen. Eventually the bow came down but the boat was swamped. Some of the boys got out and swam for it; two of them were R.C.M.P. lads and they got hold of a raft. The remainder of us, nineteen in all, stayed put because the air-tight drums in the bow and stern kept us afloat. With any more in the boat though, they wouldn't have.

The Killer Strikes Again

The sub came around to our side of the ship and passed within fifty feet of us. They let go another torpedo and it passed under our boat blasting into the stern of the ship, just opposite our cabin. The third charge struck just before the boilers blew up: the whole middle portion of the ship exploded leaving the stern and the bow afloat for a few seconds. It was just luck that we weren't hit by bits of the ship

flying about; we picked up pieces of it in the boat next morning.

There was absolutely no suction when the ship went down, as I came caross a negro the next day who had been swimming when the bow went down, narrowly missing him.

The sub came to the surface about half a mile away, showing all its lights; I'm glad to say we didn't drift near it. It came to the surface again about three hours later and signalled to other subs with flares. Not knowing at first what it was, we tried to signal to it with our flashlight.

All Night in Icy Water

We had only two of the ship's crew with us—one a steward who went mad and died within an hour, the other the ship's doctor, who didn't speak all night; apparently he didn't know much, if anything, about life-boats. They are fitted to carry a lot of equipment but we didn't know where anything was and because the boat was awash, the floor boards were loose and made it difficult to find things. The plug was out of the bottom so we had to stand in water up to our waists the whole night until we were picked up—eight and a half hours later. All the time we bailed water out with our hands and thus managed to keep about two inches of the gunwale in view most of the time. It didn't do much good but the exercise helped to keep us warm and the big waves only came up to our chests instead of going clean over us. Most of the night it rained, but there was little wind.

Seven of Nineteen Die

After a few hours some of the men started to go, and by the time we were rescued we had lost seven of the nineteen. Our feet were so stiff we could hardly move. We managed to get only two bodies overboard, the rest were floating about in the boat. It wasn't a pleasant sight. There were three of us R.C.M.P. chaps in the boat, all standing side by side. We kept in touch with the other boats and rafts by flash-light, and it was certainly comforting to know that someone else was about, even though we were nowhere near enough to them if anything happened. The signalling sub was an encouraging sight too as all we could see was the flares and we thought possibly it might be a rescue ship. We started to sing for a while but decided it was a waste of energy, and we needed all of that we had.

Rescue

I hardly stopped bailing at all from 11.30 p.m. until 7.30 a.m., when the rescuing destroyer was first sighted. About 6 a.m. our would-be escort plane spotted us and gave our exact position to the destroyer; we learned later that it had been sent the night before, after our ship's SOS had been picked up. At dawn we could see the other life-boats and rafts; we were all bunched together pretty well, within about a half-mile radius.

We were the first bunch the destroyer came upon, about 8 a.m. but they passed by us, much to our disgust, and came back later; most of us had to be hauled aboard with ropes. Never have I seen such a welcome sight as that destroyer! And the treatment they gave us when we got aboard—it was wonderful; something I will never forget. My fingers were so numb from being in the water, I had to be undressed. After a good rub-down, they put dry clothes on us, gave us breakfast, hot tea and a good shot of rum—and so to bed. All our clothes were taken away, dried, and given back in the afternoon.

Loss of Constable Johnstone

We lost Charlie Johnstone. He was with us up on the boat deck where the life-boats were, but no-one saw him after that. Only



LATE CST. C. J. JOHNSTONE

a very small number of all the people aboard the ship (including the crew) survived.

I sprained my ankle sometime during the night; but it was not till the following afternoon, when I started to get some feeling in my legs and feet, that I noticed it. We reached port late in the afternoon and transferred to a corvette which brought us here. We were admitted about 10 p.m. I didn't feel too bad as I had a good sleep in a hammock on the destroyer. I think it was one of the most comfortable things I've ever slept in.

Hospital Life

There are four of us R.C.M.P. men in hospital, two with colds and the other with badly cut-up legs and feet. I was wearing my battle dress and canvas shoes at the time, but the shoes came off somehow. All my personal kit went down. It was quite an experience but not as bad as it sounds as we knew we'd be picked up next day when the escort plane came out to meet the ship.

The food here in hospital is ten times as good as it was at Camp Borden. Apparently it is not so scarce here as we thought; or perhaps in hospital, one gets better rations. I've had afternoon tea twice in Londonderry and had all I could eat with lots of sugar and butter. Cigarettes are hard to get though and all the shops have signs up to that effect.

The Force will be very sorry to hear about Charlie Johnstone. He is the first casualty of our unit. However, we had the highest percentage saved of any unit by a long way and we are all extremely lucky to be alive. We were told that the next night they got the sub that did us in. It deserved the worst fate possible, for if there had been only one torpedo, which was sufficient to sink the ship, I think most of the people would have been saved. But using three made the ship go down in about five minutes."

* * *

Another letter from Pte Mara carries the warning: anyone coming across the Atlantic should carry a flashlight at all times; also, he should not put his life-belt aside for even a minute. And Johnnie should know, we think, after his harrowing experience.

* * *

Experience of Constable MacPhee

A letter written by 3/Cst. J. E. MacPhee is reprinted in part from the *Charlottetown Guardian*:

Dear Mother and Dad:—

I suppose you have already heard quite a bit about our experiences in crossing.

We were getting along fine until we got near this side. Just a day or two from making it, I had a feeling that something was going to happen and was sort of uneasy. Slept in the afternoon and got up about 10.20. Had my trousers and boots on. At 10.25 I was in the saloon and a minute later there was a terrific crash and the lights went out. I did not have my life-belt on. The explosion knocked me down and stunned me, but I knew we had been torpedoed. I got up as quickly as I could and started for the deck. We were down below. I had about twenty-five yards to go. It was pitch dark and the water was rising quickly. I passed right by my room but did not dare go in for my lifebelt or tunic. When I got to the bottom of the stairs the water was up to my knees. Got on deck and another torpedo hit us on the other side destroying some of the life-boats or breaking the ropes and rendering them useless for lowering. I started for my boat but there were about forty around it, so I started back for the one in the rear and was the second last getting into it. We cut the ropes and by this time the life-boat did not need to be lowered. The boat itself had gone down far enough to make the life-boat level with the water. We got out about twenty feet and our boat was filling with water when another torpedo hit the ship. There was a terrific explosion as everything blew up. Some of the debris went up a hundred feet in the air and showered down on us, along with tons of water. Our boat was now full of water and thirty of us in it. We put the plug in the bottom and got her bailed out with a bucket and a mess tin; got the oars out and started rowing to keep the boat headed into the waves so we would not again fill with water. The cries and screams of those left behind was terrible. After the last explosion I fished a life-belt out of the water and put it on. We were now adrift in the North Atlantic in an open boat. We were much overcrowded and could scarcely

move. Spent a night I would not want to go through again. At daylight we heard a plane in the distance and we felt very helpless, not knowing whether it was British or enemy. It proved to be British and we were so glad. It circled low around each of our boats, letting us know that we would not be there much longer. Some hours after, two British destroyers came racing to our rescue and were we glad when we saw them in the distance. They had been going at top speed all night. We had got in an SOS before the boat went down. Our ship went down very fast less than three minutes from the time we were hit. Lucky to be here. I forgot to mention that after we had pulled away from the ship we very nearly came in contact with a floating mine. Many of my friends are gone. Only one of our unit got "it," slept in my room, was on deck when ship blew up. Last I saw of him. We landed in Northern Ireland. Never saw such beautiful country, everything is so green. Even more beautiful than the Island at its best. Got thawed out there. I never saw more friendly and sympathetic people anywhere. The Dean of Londonderry came to see us and knowing that we had lost everything, gave us (about twenty-five of us) eight shillings apiece—about two dollars in our money. They gave us free cigarettes and did everything possible to make us comfortable. Only two of us, both R.C.M.P., did not go to the hospital. We are now in England. Saw Belfast, Liverpool, and London. We sure think a lot of the British Navy and Air Force. They spotted us first and flew over us directing the destroyers toward us. Two of our gang, R.C.M.P., still in hospital. I will never forget the hospitality of the people of Londonderry. Met many members of the police force, known as the Royal Ulster Constabulary. A Sergeant Galloway took me all through the barracks and introduced me to many of their men. They think a lot of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I have lost everything I had, handkerchiefs, which by the way are rationed here; my Christmas things and everything. But I am lucky to be here at all. Please don't worry, anyone as lucky as me, and to go through what I did is too lucky to get hurt on land. We get all our mail in bunches. Would be glad of some cigarettes; they are very dear here. Saw some

Islanders, Lieutenant Stewart, from Charlottetown; Jack Hallet, who is a lieutenant in the R.C.M.P. Provost Co. Don't worry about me.

Love to all,
(sgd) Jack.

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R.S.M. "Ted" Tutin always finds time to dash off a few letters to the *Quarterly*; a digest of those which arrived since last issue follows:

"Mar. 10, 1941

Major W. R. Day inspected the company today and seemed quite satisfied. We certainly have no kick about our comforts and cigarettes from you boys; we appreciate your kindness more than words can express.

The Company are in good health, only four away: "Bud" Fisher and P. L. Keele from accidents, a couple of others sick, so that's not bad."

"Apr. 4, 1941

Last week out of the blue they pulled a big move, giving us just three and a half hours to get under way. Some of the boys were on the go almost steady for seventy-two hours. But the result was a personal compliment from the G.O.C.

C. J. F. Pooley has taken unto himself a wife . . . a few are being allowed away on their third privilege-leave of seven days . . . F. J. Burke is in the holding unit with category "E" which means he may be lost to the company for some time . . . "Bud" Fisher is down there too, with a lower category . . . otherwise there are no cripples or hospital patients among members . . . Ken Smith is being transferred to the R.C. O.C. but remains with the Company as mechanic corporal. We've been without an authorized mechanic corporal since last mid-summer when LeClair got sick."

"Apr. 15, 1941

George Cutting got a bad shaking-up last night in a brawl . . . believe it or not, he was trying to quell it . . . At first we thought he had suffered serious internal injuries but on examination it was found he was O.K. except for several bad bruises, a number of aches and a split lip . . . Paddy Green just had a motorcycle spill, his second in about three weeks . . . first time he hurt

his ankle . . . don't know yet what damage he's done himself this time . . . Burke was a visitor from the Depot over the week-end . . . he's doing clerical work there and is fed up . . . Frank Smith, with the rank of staff sergeant, is in charge of identification of the new detention camp which by the way is commanded by Capt. George Ball . . . the second O.C.T.U. is completed, and Norm Cooper went with the No. 3 Company and Reg. Stewart to Jack Hallett at No. 2 Company . . . Charlie Wood went to No. 7 which is also the holding company . . . Eric Porter is already in London, commissioned to No. 6 Company . . . the selection board for the new class sits in a few days . . . we have seven candidates trying: Stevenson, Margetts, Ogilvie, Love, Eddy, Childerstone, R. G. Cooper . . . lately we've been out on some very successful schemes: on the last two the G.O.C. complimented us for our good work in handling traffic under all kinds of conditions . . . a small bit of leave continues, allows about one man away per section at a time.

* * *

On Apr. 22, Major Day wrote to inform the commissioner that the No. 1 Company is progressing very well. Although they have a great deal of work to do they are still getting good results. Lieutenant Lloyd was said to be doing very well in charge, ably assisted by R.S.M. Tutin.

On May 14, the commissioner received this note from Lt C. W. Graham, M.M., officer commanding the Canadian Provost Corps Depot:

"I have with me at the Canadian Corps Depot six members of the R.C.M.P.:

Lt C. Wood who was commissioned on Apr. 5 and is second in command; C.Q.M.S. J. Wynne, responsible for all rations, clothing, petrol, stores and mail; Sgt H. McCallum, gas instructor and caterer for the sergeants' mess; Sgt J. B. Harris, lectures to, and is responsible for, the Regimental Police Class; Sgt C. Stanyer, Transport N.C.O. and motorcycle instructor; Sgt J. A. Primrose, P.T. instructor.

The Regimental Police Class comprises thirty other ranks who are sent here from their respective units in the Canadian Forces. The course, which lasts three weeks, is held every month, gives instruction in



Salute to the Navy!

"Hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting,"—it is the motto and the practice of the British Navy. Thus it has hit from the Lofoten Islands to Montevideo. Thus it hit at Genoa and Cape Matapan. Thus it will go on hitting until victory is won.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

Navy Cut Cigarettes—Cork Tip or Plain End

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

these subjects: Police traffic control, traffic schemes, map reading, physical training, foot drill, orderly room procedure, care and handling of prisoners, Thompson (Tommy) sub-machine gun operation.

The School was recently given a general inspection by the Senior Canadian Officer overseas, Major-General the Hon. P. J. Montague, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., V.D. He inspected every branch of the school and paid us the highest compliments on the smartness and discipline of all ranks at the Depot; he was particularly impressed with the drill and motorcycle riding.

The health of all our men is exceptionally good and needless to say we are all waiting to have a "go" at Hitler and his crowd."

The *Quarterly* learns in a letter dated Apr. 2 from Lt J. E. B. Hallett, now O.C. No. 2 Provost Company, that there are two ex-members under his command: Reg. No. 8498, ex-Cpl W. D. Neilson, who joined the Force on July 24, 1919, and left on July 23, 1926, he is now A/R.S.M. of No. 2 Company and reported to be doing a real good job. Reg. No. 8457, ex-Cst.

H. W. McLaughlin who served the Force from July 23, 1919 to Nov. 30, 1922 in Regina, Edmonton and Peace River, is now a corporal with the company and has taken over investigation details.

* * *

Sgt J. A. Primrose of boxing fame has returned to Canada.

* * *

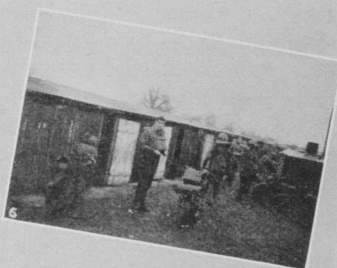
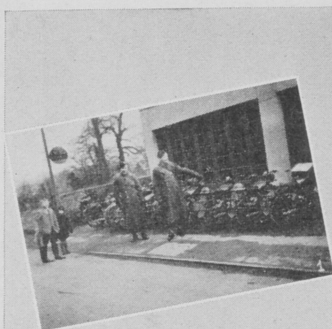
Reg. No. 9423 Cst. T. "Bud" Fisher is at present in the Ottawa Civic Hospital, having been returned to Canada about the middle of June. He is convalescing after a bad motorcycle accident.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Tutin, R.S.M. Tutin's daughter, became the wife of Gnr John T. Parker, of Walkerton, Ont. on Apr. 10, 1941. The wedding took place in Ottawa, Ont.

* * *

Reg. No. 11378, A/Cpl C. C. Winmill, who was shown in the last *Quarterly* as being a reinforcement for overseas service



1. The boys stop for tea—A. Lynas and J. R. R. Carriere.
2. "F" Section—O. Ness, E. E. Robinson, X. Leclair, A. R. Allen, R. J. Stinson, F. N. Brien, F. Smith, R. W. Kells.
3. All dressed up for Col Ralston.
4. "C" Section off convoy in company kitchen—P. Hole, A. J. Gillis, G. W. Mudge, H. C. Forbes, E. C. Richmond, (foreground) E. J. Hayes.
5. "See? It's snow." A. White, H. C. Forbes.
6. Billets on convoy.
7. L. G. Dagg, J. H. Carcoux.
8. E. D. Williams, E. Tutin.
9. G. W. Mudge, R. W. Hull, H. F. Law, J. R. R. Carriere.

with the Company, has been returned to his regular duties with the Force at headquarters.

* * *

Note the change of address for the Provost Company:

1 Provost Company, (R.C.M.P.),
1 Canadian Division,
Canadian Army, England.

* * *

Reinforcements for Provost Company:

Seventh Draft: (required for April 1941)

Reg. No. 12030, Cst. C. W. Clearwater
"F" Div., Humbolt, Sask.

Reg. No. 12545, Cst. J. A. Sherwood
"K" Div., Westlock, Alta.

Reg. No. 12757, Cst. J. A. McLachlan
"H" Div., Windsor, N.S.

Reg. No. 13318, Cst. G. H. Crawford
"D" Div., Brandon, Man.

Eighth Draft: (required for May 1941)

Reg. No. 12413, Cst. J. D. M. Bliss
"F" Div., Yorkton, Sask.

Reg. No. 13309, 2/Cst. J. E. Nightingale
"K" Div., Evansburg, Alta.

Reg. No. 11011, Cst. A. Morrison
"A" Div., Ottawa, Ont.

Reg. No. 13754, 3/Cst. A. J. Quail
"N" Div., Rockcliffe, Ont.

Ninth Draft: (required for June 1941)

Reg. No. 10831, A/Cpl R. R. Holmes
"J" Div., Fredericton, N.B.

Reg. No. 13485, 3/Cst. D. A. Carrothers
"L" Div., Chatham, P.E.I.

Reg. No. 13535, 3/Cst. J. E. Miller
"H" Div., Truro, N.S.

Reg. No. 13459, 3/Cst. J. H. Seguin
"C" Div., Montreal, P.Q.

"To keep the books straight" and to preserve an actual record of the gradual development of our Provost Company, the *Quarterly* from time to time lists a recapitulation of officers, also shows the companies to which they are appointed. The following table records the standing of some officers on Apr. 22, and all changes since the Dec. 31 list which appeared on p. 463 April, 1941 *Quarterly*.

Major W. R. Day, A.P.M. of Canadian Corps

Capt. J. R. Stevenson, D.A.P.M. of 1st Canadian Div.

Capt. G. W. Ball, Commandant of the Can. Det. Camp, Witley

Lt W. Dick, 2 i/c

Lt W. G. Lloyd, O.C. No. 1 Provost Co. (R.C.M.P.)

Lt C. F. Wilson, 2 i/c

Lt J. B. Hallett, O.C. No. 2 Provost Company

Lt P. S. Oliver, 2 i/c

Lt J. R. Stewart, O.C. No. 3 Provost Company

Lt N. Cooper, 2 i/c

Capt. S. Dalton, O.C. No. 7 Provost Company, Borden

Lt C. W. Graham, M.M., O.C. Canadian Provost Corps Depot

Lt C. Wood, 2 i/c

* * *

Further promotions and appointments are noted in recent advices from England, dated June 7, 1941:

Capt. G. W. Ball promoted to acting major

Lt W. G. Lloyd promoted to captain

Lt C. F. Wilson appointed O.C., No. 6 Provost Company

Lt J. R. Stewart promoted to captain

Lt E. Porter appointed adjutant, Canadian Provost Corps, London.

Information from a reliable source reveals that the members of the latest O.C.T.U. who received commissions and the companies they are now stationed with are:

Lt E. H. Stevenson, second in command No. 1 Provost Co.

Lt L. S. Grayson, No. 1 Provost Co.

Lt R. A. Ogilvie, No. 2 Provost Co.

Lt H. F. Law, No. 3 Provost Co.

Lt. H. M. Childerstone, No. 3 Provost Co.

Lt S. H. G. Margetts, No. 7 Provost Co.

Lt O. G. Supeene, second in command No. 7 Provost Co.

Lt M. E. Byers, second in command No. 6 Provost Co.

Lt F. A. Love, No. 6 Provost Co.

In the R.C.M.P. Provost Company, promotions keep piling up. It will be noted that no less than nine members have received their commissions since the last issue of the *Quarterly*. This brings the total up to a splendid showing, as a score or more members have become commissioned officers since the beginning of the war.

Division Notes

"A" Division

The "A" Division Rifle and Revolver Club closed a very successful season with the final shoot on Mar. 27, 1941.

During the season a number of friendly meets were arranged with various rifle clubs in the Ottawa district; competition was keen and provided a means of stimulating interest among the members of all the clubs concerned.

Many creditable scores were made, but the illustrious possible was not attained.

* * *

Members of the Rifle and Revolver Club would benefit from lessons—if they could be taken—from that little fellow "Dan Cupid" who has been scoring direct hits on the bachelors of the division.

Happiness and long life together are extended to:

Cst. T. E. Mills on his marriage to Miss Edythe Kerr of Fredericton, N.B. The marriage took place at Ottawa, Ont., on Apr. 10, 1941.

A/Cpl J. R. McFarland on his marriage to Miss Mary Nesbitt Abraham of Ottawa. The marriage took place on June 24, 1941.

* * *

On May 16, 1941, the "A" Division Athletic and Social Club held an informal dance at the Chez Henri Hotel, Hull, Que., to honour S/M L. Reddy, Sgt J. J. Doyle and Cpl C. M. Smith on their retirement to pension and to present the prizes won by members of the Rifle and Revolver Club during the season.

The mementos to the pensioners and prizes to the winning marksmen were presented by the commissioner.

Sergeant Major Reddy and Sergeant Doyle received silver tea services. Corporal Smith was unable to attend the dance as he was in Montreal; a watch was forwarded to him.

* * *

Heartfelt sympathies are extended to: Cst. J. M. Hayes on the sad loss of his brother who died at Ottawa; Cst. J. B. E. Diotte whose mother passed away at Arnprior, Ont., on June 1, 1941; Cst. J. O. Racine on the death of his father at Cassel-

man, Ont.; Cst. A. D. McKay on the loss of his father at Wasaga Beach, Ont., on June 9, 1941.

* * *

A detail of sixty members of the Force took part in the policing of Parliament Hill during the Victory Torch Parade in Ottawa; the R.C.M.P. Band was on deck and led the singing of thousands of Ottawa school children massed on the lawns.

"C" Division

Cpl E. Brakefield-Moore, formerly H.Q. Sub-Division's able *Quarterly* representative, has arrived in Montreal with his wife and child. We are happy to welcome them into the "C" Division fold.

Little Irene, by the way, is a newcomer to Canada as well as to Montreal . . . she was born in Ottawa on Apr. 24, 1941, just before the corporal's transfer here.

* * *

Units of the regular Force and the Reserve took part in several of the many military parades recently held in Montreal. On May 24, over 100 uniformed members, together with our smart reserve, were fortunate enough to march behind our own excellent band. The occasion was a great demonstration in honour of Dollard des Ormeaux, French-Canadian hero and patriot; thousands of people witnessed the parade and broke out into prolonged and spontaneous applause as the Mounted Police section swung into view.

On Sunday, May 25, many members attended an open-air concert in Fletcher's Field in aid of the Queen's Canadian Fund. The concert, rendered by the R.C.M.P. Band, was well attended and netted a satisfying amount for this worthy cause.

* * *

Temporary Special Agent H. H. Black, a member of the volunteer organization that is doing sterling work in this division, is making technicolour movie records of all the parades in which the division takes part.

* * *

The accompanying picture shows the famous movie actress, Miss Norma Shearer, being greeted at St Hubert Airport by D/Insp C. W. Harvison. He dwarfed Miss Shearer in stature but was completely over-



—Photo courtesy Canadian Colonial Airways Ltd, Montreal.

come by her charm. Her visit to Montreal was in connection with the 1941 Victory Loan campaign.

Several members of the reserve have returned recently from a short training course at Rockcliffe. Our Rockcliffe personnel apparently exerted every effort to impress the reserves favourably, and succeeded. On their part the reserve men displayed much of that *esprit de corps* so long inbred in the Force.

"D" Division

"D" Division Revolver Club is again going strong; there are ten teams taking part and considerable enthusiasm has ignited a flare of rivalry among the various departmental participants. Some very good shots are developing, and the teams intend to hold competitive shoots with good prizes as an added inducement.

The tennis court at division headquarters these days is like the market on Saturday morning. Never an idle moment.

Golf is also a favorite pastime. The score-cards tell us there are some real good players, as well as some not so good.

Cst. A. L. Outerson was recently presented with the long service medal by Supt E. C. P. Salt at a meeting of the officers in Brandon.

A former constable of the R.C.M.P., F/O George W. Slee, of R.C.A.F., Ottawa, recently arrived in England.

The division recently lost one of its most popular N.C.O.'s when Sgt H. G. Nichols was promoted to sergeant major and transferred to "Depot" Division. Nick came to "D" Division in 1932 from Baker Lake Detachment and has since been stationed at Winnipeg.

Nick was active in all social events; on most occasions he acted as master of ceremonies. His departure leaves a vacancy that will be hard to fill. We regret his leaving us, nevertheless we are pleased that he received a well-deserved promotion; all members of the division heartily congratulate him and extend the hope that he will attain every success in his new sphere of duty.

At a social gathering held prior to his departure, members of the division demonstrated in an enthusiastic, and at times noisy, manner their esteem and respect. We trust that Sergeant Major and Mrs Nichols will be very happy in their new environment.

"Depot" Division

In view of the fact that His Excellency the Governor General and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, spent such a short time—one day—in Regina during their trans-Canada tour, and that they had many pressing engagements, "Depot" Division was signally honoured on Apr. 23, when His Excellency visited and inspected the barracks. He was accompanied by his staff: Commander E. C. Sherwood, R.C.N., A.D.C., Lt D. Lantier, R.C.N.V.R., A.D.C., and Sir Shulham Redfern, K.C.V.O.; Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, A.D.C., was also in attendance. The vice-regal party was augmented by His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan and Messrs Main and Manson, officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Miss Nancy Miles was one of the first stenographers to flash a diamond, third finger, left hand, after the outbreak of the war. Keen regret was expressed that she had to sever her connection with the Force. On Apr. 12 her nimble fingers bade farewell to the typewriter keys to take up can-

opening as the bride of S/Sgt Fred Caswell, R.C.A.F., Calgary. Prior to her departure to sail on that oft-travelled, waterless sea, Asst Commr T. H. Irvine, on behalf of all members and the staff, made a presentation of a small gift and extended to her the best wishes of all. Best of luck, Nancy,—pardon, Mrs Caswell!

* * *

The Torch, symbolical of Canada's "Carry on" spirit was on parade in Regina on May 29, furthering the Victory Loan campaign. All units of the Regina garrison, Veterans, Home Guards, Nursing Associations, Legion of Frontiersmen, Scouts and Guides, school cadets and many civil associations were represented. Many bands, some from across the border participated. A/Cpl J. C. Coughlin and Csts F. G. Baxter and W. W. Macleod, from "Depot" Division, were detailed as torch guards, while sixteen other ranks under Sub-Insp J. F. Thrasher made up the escort for His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan.

* * *

During recent days a further attraction has been added for tourists and others at the barracks—seventeen foals, offspring of police mares and the stallion King purchased more than a year ago.

* * *

The new swimming pool at "Depot" is very popular with the members. Instructions in swimming, life saving and so on are given during training hours; in the evenings and on holidays the water frolics are enjoyed without instruction, not forgetting the minutes splashed around during noon hour by those jaded members of the staff.

* * *

The eighth Police College class has been in session for the past three months,—this matter is referred to on page 82.

* * *

On Sunday, June 8, two plaques were unveiled and dedicated in the chapel to the memories of two former officers of the Force—Insp Robert Belcher, C.M.G., and Insp Donald M. Howard. The Hon. Chaplain, Bishop E. H. Knowles, officiated at the service, assisted by Canon E. H. Lee, Assistant Chaplain and the Reverends F. P. Clark and J. W. Carter. See page 73.

The unveiling petitions were presented by Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze.

One hundred and twenty years of service. That's the combined total of time spent in the Force by four members who said farewell to the division within a period of a few days: Asst Commr T. H. Irvine, C/S/M G. F. Griffin, S/Sgt B. J. O. Strong, and Cpl J. Lyon.

* * *

On the evening of May 30 Asst Commr T. H. Irvine was guest of honour at a farewell dinner in the officers' mess on the occasion of his departure on leave pending retirement from the Force. Among those present were His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan; the Right Reverend E. H. Knowles, honorary chaplain of the Force; Mr Justice P. E. McKenzie, Saskatchewan Court of Appeal; Brigadier W. W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., Officer Commanding M.D. No. 12; Air Commodore A. T. N. Cowley, Air Officer Commanding; Commr T. W. S. Parsons, British Columbia Provincial Police; Chief Constable M. Bruton, Regina City Police; Supervising Agent T. J. Callaghan and Agent H. A. Schaetzel, United States Secret Service; and several prominent citizens of Regina.

Asst Commr and Mrs T. H. Irvine left for the west coast two days later.

* * *

All members welcome Supt T. V. Sandys-Wunsch, Assistant Commissioner Irvine's successor as officer commanding the division, and his wife.

* * *

Sooner or later even the most friendly associations must end. This was impressed upon many when on June 11, Corps Sgt Major G. F. Griffin departed on two months' leave of absence pending retirement to pension. The corps sergeant major was stationed almost continuously at Regina since 1912, except for a short period from 1927 to 1930. Before joining the Force he saw service with the 18th Queen Mary's Own Hussars. He is a keen and outstanding horse-master. We expect to hear soon that he is devoting time and energy to his favourite pursuit, one way or another.

On the Tuesday before his departure all members of "Depot" and "F" Divisions assembled in the gymnasium to bid him farewell. Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze contributed appropriate remarks, while Supt T. V. Sandys-Wunsch read a letter of appreciation



C.S.M. G. F. GRIFFIN

from the commissioner. Then Insp W. H. Loughheed presented, on behalf of all members, an engraved gold watch. Mrs Griffin received a war bond.

On Wednesday all ranks lined the square to wave and bid farewell.

* * *

On May 31, S/Sgt B. J. O. Strong retired to pension. He is, however, remaining on as special constable in charge of the power plant, and has taken up residence on Dewdney Ave., not far from the barracks.

The staff sergeant was presented with a gladstone bag as an expression of goodwill from members of the sergeants' mess. All members wish him and Mrs Strong many years of happiness.

* * *

Cpl J. Lyon left Regina on June 1, on leave granted before his discharge to pension. Quiet in manner, not afraid of hard work, he has been on the "Depot" staff a long time, of late years as provost. He intends to live at Vilna, Alta, for the present, and all ranks wish him the best of health and happiness in the days ahead.

* * *

A belated frost early in June gave all garden enthusiasts at "Depot" a bad scare and caused actual loss to some. This spring

the weather was cool and wet, and, notwithstanding the frost, the barrack grounds look greener and more verdant than ever before. Garden plots were ploughed behind the stables for the use of members, but unfortunately the ground was not made ready early enough to permit full advantage being taken.

* * *

At the end of March, running feet pounded the gymnasium floor as players took part in a very successful badminton tournament; there was a large entry from members and their families, and the well-organized event ran through without a hitch.

Cst. W. K. Anderson loped off with three wins; he took the men's singles, and helped cinch matters in the men's doubles and mixed doubles. His struggle with Cst. H. D. Kelly of "F" Division was one of the best exhibitions ever witnessed at "Depot."

Mrs H. Robertson won the ladies' singles for the second year in succession.

On the final evening after the play-offs the prizes were presented by Mrs Scott, refreshments were served and then an impromptu dance provided a fitting conclusion.

* * *

On Apr. 4, shuffling feet, panting lips, grunts and groans, punching fists and gyrating bodies mingled and participated in a very successful boxing and wrestling tournament held in the gymnasium. The boxing was conducted under I.S.B.A. rules.

Members of the Force displayed their brawn and skill, and bouts were staged by visitors from the Regina City Police, the R.C.N.V.R., M.D. No. 12, and the R.C.A.F.

F/O A. E. Henderson, R.C.A.F., and Mr Nick Pappas acted as referees; Sub-Lt W. Spicer, R.C.N.V.R., and Lt V. R. Phillips, R.C.A.P.C. were the judges; A/A/ Surgeon W. A. Thomson was timekeeper and medical officer; Sgt H. Robertson was master of ceremonies; A/Cpl J. C. Coughlin was chief steward; and Cpl A. H. M. Downey was recorder.

The victors of elimination bouts that had been held previously, staged thirteen events. The winners were: O/S L. W. MacNeill and R. C. Thaceray; Sergeant Thomson, R.C.A.F.; Constables Barker, Duncan, Ferguson, Ruggles, Mills, Raby, and Turcotte; V/A Hughes; Mr Heron; S/Q/M/S Mac-

Donald, R.C.O.C.; Csts W. E. Johnson and C. Gilbert of the Regina City Police.

Constable Barker received the award for best performance—a silver cup.

Winners of the bouts staged by the visitors received cups, while those by the R.C. M.P. got silver medals; bronze medals were presented to the runners-up. All presentations were made by Mr Peter McAra.

The bouts were exciting, no bones were broken, and the tournament was a success in every way. Cpl J. C. Coughlin, "Depot" boxing instructor, is to be complimented on the grand showing his pupils made.

Under the keen supervision of Surgeon M. Powers a smart baseball team has been organized, and the first match was played on June 21.

Sgt H. Robertson is brushing the soft-ball team into shape. His aggregation is entered in the Service League and from the looks of things other teams won't gain any "soft" victories.

No hits, no runs, no errors in tennis yet; but the courts are in fine shape, and members are anxious to get going.

Thirty-eight rowers of the division have joined the Regina Boat Club. Sgt S. H. Lett has been elected club swimming captain and vice-president of the Saskatchewan division of the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association. Cpl G. Moore hopes to trim some swimmers into shape and have them ready to take part in the Wheatley Trophy Regatta between the Moose Jaw Aquatic Club and the Regina Boat Club.

Weekly dances at the club have been well attended, and the sailing section is receiving excellent support from R.C.A.F. and R.C. M.P. members of the club.

"E" Division

Softball is away to a flying start at Fairmont Barracks. Many and gory are the battles fought. The weekly game between the single and married men seems to be the favourite event. The single men win most of the games, as the married fellows show poor batting ability; it is suggested they bring along their wives to show them how.

Cst. J. R. Cheetham was the first casualty. He took a not-so-very-graceful swan dive

into third base and twisted his ankle. For four days he hobbled around on a twisted cane, trying to tell everybody that he *did* reach the third sack.

The married men should fare better in future sporting events; several of the single "stars" have been transferred to other detachments: Cst. G. R. Ferguson has gone to Yukon; Cst. W. E. Ireton to Osoyoos; Cst. I. G. Thorsteinson to Grand Forks; Cst. J. T. Bildfell and Cst. C. J. Keohane are doing duty at the Joint Service Magazine, Esquimalt, B.C.

Sympathies are extended to: Cst. A. Allen, whose father passed away on May 29; to A/Cpl T. G. Parsloe, whose father died recently in Vancouver, B.C.

A wedding of wide interest to members of the Force took place quietly on June 11, at Canadian Memorial Chapel, Vancouver, when Annebelle Fraser-Gosse became the bride of Asst Commr C. H. Hill, M.C., A.D.C., officer commanding "E" Division.

The former Mrs Fraser-Gosse is well known in Vancouver social and literary circles. She is the daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Angus C. Fraser, who were among the earliest pioneers of that city.

Asst Commr C. H. Hill has resumed command of "E" Division only recently after serving overseas with the Canadian Army as Asst Deputy Provost Marshal.

On June 9, in Vancouver General Hospital to Cst. and Mrs H. A. Maxted, a bouncing baby girl weighing 9¾ pounds. The young tike caused her mother plenty of grief on arrival and her father much anxiety. Latest reports, however, indicate the father is doing well. Mother and baby are fine.

Once again we must bow to feminine wisdom. A school teacher in Vancouver told her pupils that the motto of the Force is "get your man." Young Pat McGibbon, daughter of Insp D. L. McGibbon, very tactfully explained to the teacher during recess that she was mistaken and that the motto is *Maintiens le Droit*. The error was corrected by the teacher when the class reassembled; once again our mythical motto was debunked.

Shaughnessy Military Hospital in recent weeks seems to be getting more than its share of R.C.M.P. personnel. Cst. N. Krag and A. Fair underwent the knife for sinus trouble; while Cst. W. C. "Bill" Turner had his tonsils snipped out. All three are fully recovered and as peppy as ever.

* * *

Ex-Cst. C. W. Stanbury, now a lieutenant in Canada's Permanent Force has been the recipient of a singular honour. "Whit" recently joined the army in Victoria and soon afterwards received his commission. He was chosen to represent the Army along with junior officers from the R.C.N. and R.C.A.F. to form a guard of honour and escort the Victory Torch across Canada from Victoria, B.C. to Halifax, N.S. The Victory Torch, after being displayed in principal cities from coast to coast will be flown to England and presented to Prime Minister Winston Churchill as a token of esteem from the Canadian people and a pledge that they will do their part to stamp out Hitlerism.

* * *

Ex-Cst. C. R. R. Douthwaite, after taking his discharge, is also serving in Canada's Armed Forces. Gazetted as captain, he is now adjutant for the South Alberta Regiment.

"F" Division

Since the advent of spring, Regina barracks has received many visitors. The most distinguished of all was a very old friend of the Force, the Earl of Athlone, who was our guest on Apr. 23.

* * *

On Apr. 20, thirty Air Force officers paid a friendly call and were shown through the barracks. They had tea in the officers' mess and several later enjoyed a dip in the swimming pool.

* * *

On Apr. 25, Mr C. L. Burton, president of the Robert Simpson Company and several of his staff, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier, the Attorney-General and others were entertained at a dinner in the officers' mess. This event preceded the presentation of the new Hammond electric organ to the Force by the Robert Simpson Company. It was also the occasion of saying farewell to Supt L. H. Nicholson who volunteered to

join the army as a reinforcement officer and to Insp'r A. G. Birch on his transfer to Ft Smith, N.W.T. Twenty-seven sat down at the table and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

* * *

On Apr. 27, a large reception was held in the officers' mess for Mr Burton and other guests who were present at the dedication of the new organ by our Chaplain, Bishop Knowles.

* * *

May 30 was the occasion for a farewell to Asst Commr T. H. Irvine, who is retiring to pension; a dinner was given in his honour by the officers of "Depot" and "F" Divisions in the officers' mess. Thirty diners toasted "the King" and "the President of the United States," then our Chaplain, Bishop Knowles, proposed a toast to Assistant Commissioner Irvine in most fitting words, which received a suitable answer from the guest of honour.

* * *

A cordial welcome is extended to two police students from Afghanistan,—Mohammed Rafiq and Abdul Ahad. They came to "F" Division to complete their training in detachment duties. Abdul Ahad is stationed at Prince Albert; his companion at Saskatoon.

* * *

The market for marriage certificates opened and closed low. Only one such ceremony took place in this division, but there are more in the offing. Cst. E. C. Clendenning, a veteran Mackenzie River man, was married to Miss A. J. Richard at North Battleford on May 7. The division unites in wishing them well.

* * *

We welcome Supt H. Darling to "F" Division as director of the C.I.B., replacing Supt L. H. Nicholson. Superintendent Darling is no stranger to the west, and we feel sure he is glad to be back.

* * *

We also welcome A/Cpl J. H. T. Poudrette from "A" Division, who has come to the west for a short period to get an idea what police work on the prairies is like. Corporal Poudrette isn't new to Regina; he studied at the Police College in 1939.

* * *

Cst. H. Silver has left to go to Reliance, N.W.T.; we feel sure he will get along well

and will return with some good photographs of the northland.

* * *

Csts J. D. Bliss and P. W. Clearwater have departed to join the R.C.M.P. Provost Company; several others are anxiously waiting their turn to serve overseas in this company. Cst. R. V. Currie of Onion Lake Detachment almost lost his life when the ship, on which Cst. C. J. Johnstone was killed, sank while *en route* to England.

* * *

We have temporarily lost Cst. J. H. Poole, who has gone to Winnipeg to have an injured knee attended to.

* * *

Cst. W. A. M. Wood has been transferred to that super-radio squad at "D" Division.

* * *

Only one birth to record this term, but hope springs eternal . . . ! Mrs Kiggins of Milestone Detachment presented her husband with Patricia Anne on May 29. Both are fine.

* * *

We inspected Sgt J. E. E. Desrosiers' new grand-daughter at Hafford a short time ago; the sergeant has reason to be proud.

* * *

We also saw Mrs Brough's lusty-looking boy at Cut Knife and already he looks like a potential member.

* * *

Cpl C. B. MacDonell of Weyburn has three brothers overseas. Angus is a lieutenant in the Calgary Highlanders; Edward, a sergeant pilot in the R.C.A.F.; and Albert, an ex-member of the Force, is with the R.C.H.A. All are sons of the late Supt A. G. C. MacDonell, who served in the Force from 1881 to 1917.

* * *

High, high, up in the skies. That's where Miss M. P. Dollard picked her husband from. She married a member of the R.C.A.F. Miss Dollard was employed in the Modus Operandi office for nearly two years. Her reasons for leaving us are strictly matrimonial; and prior to her departure she was presented with two travelling bags in June 25. Apparently she intends to stick close to hubby. The happy bride was a popular and hard-working member of "F" Division headquarters staff who replaced a man after the outbreak of war. We wish her every success in her new *modus operandi*.

"G" Division

Cpl J. H. Davies was recently married and will reside at Baker Lake, N.W.T.

* * *

Love conquers all, even the cold of the north. We assume that Cst. J. C. Parsons of Eskimo Point, N.W.T., Detachment, said to Miss Mary Margaret Alexander of Ottawa, "Let's get married," and Mary answered, "Gee, let's," and now they're engaged. They will be married at Eskimo Point, where the happy couple intend to reside.

* * *

All news isn't good news. Cst. A. E. Bridges recently took seriously ill at Yellowknife, N.W.T. He was brought out and is now in an Edmonton hospital. The residents of Yellowknife feel keenly for Constable Bridges and hope for his speedy recovery.

* * *

Cst. A. T. Rivett of Rae, N.W.T., Detachment, is also on the sick list. He recently suffered a serious attack of pneumonia and is now convalescing.

* * *

Ex-Cpl W. D. Cain, formerly of Coppermine, N.W.T., Detachment, is now in No. 5 Provost Company, C.A., stationed in Ottawa, and sports three hooks. Good luck, Doug. . . . er ah, sergeant!

* * *

Miss Gilbert Boucher of Ottawa is now probably chanting, "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." She was employed as a stenographer at "G" Division headquarters. On May 31, she married Mr Roland Charron at Ottawa. All members of "G" Division headquarters staff attended the ceremony at the Basilica and afterwards a reception at the bride's home. The couple went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon. May blessings flow down upon them as the water flows down over the brink of that famous honeymooners' paradise.

* * *

We're deeply concerned about the stork's absence from this division. Some think he may still be on convoy service at Callendar, but after seven years it's about time he returned to the north. Anyway, we're hoping.

The northern reliefs for 1941 have been arranged. Here they are:

Insp R. Bettaney from Ft Smith, N.W.T., to Ottawa; Insp A. G. Birch from Regina, Sask., to Ft Smith; Insp S. Bullard from Aklavik, N.W.T., to Halifax, N.S.; Cst. A. McQueen from Ft Smith to "F" Division; Cst. A. B. Spencer from Ft Smith to "Depot" Division; Cst. G. E. Combe from Reliance, N.W.T., to "Depot" Division; Cst. M. MacLeod from Simpson, N.W.T., to "F" Division; Cst. D. P. McLaughlan from Lake Harbour, N.W.T., to "N" Division; Cst. T. T. Birkett from Ponds Inlet, N.W.T., to "O" Division; Sgt. H. A. McBeth from Baker Lake, N.W.T., to "N" Division; Cst. H. H. MacLeod from Baker Lake, N.W.T., to "N" Division; Cst. A. J. Watson from Whitehorse, Y.T., to "Depot" Division; Cst. E. Cross from White Pass Summit, B.C., to "F" Division; Cst. R. M. Handford from "K" Division to Whitehorse, Y.T.; Cst. G. L. M. Cameron from "Depot" Division to Dawson, Y.T.; Cst. G. R. Ferguson from "E" Division to Dawson, Y.T.; the following members to "K" Division, Cpl R. W. Thompson from Reliance, N.W.T.; Cst. G. Abraham from Providence, N.W.T.; Cst. R. N. Yates from Coppermine, N.W.T.; Cst. R. J. Goodey from Cambridge Bay, N.W.T.; Cpl A. Mason-Rooke from Dawson, Y.T.; and the following members to detachments in N.W.T., Cst. F. Stubbs from "H" Division to Ft Smith; Cst. G. A. Mansell from "K" Division to Ft Smith; Cst. C. W. Snyder from "K" Division to Yellowknife; Cst. J. E. Lumley from "Depot" Division to Yellowknife; Cst. H. M. Silver from "F" Division to Reliance; Cst. J. O. Brown from "Depot" to Reliance; Cst. S. J. McColl from "H" Division to Resolution; Cpl L. F. Willan from "K" Division to Coppermine; Cpl L. Weston from "O" Division to Aklavik; Cpl J. H. Davies from "C" Division to Baker Lake; and Cst. C. L. Delisle from "C" Division to Ponds Inlet.

"H" Division

Under the capable management of A/Cpl J. F. Milburn and Cst. H. G. Lomas, members of "H" Division enjoyed a smoker in the division recreation room on Apr. 10. The guest of honour was Cst. J. A. McLachlan of our Windsor Detachment; he was to

leave shortly for service overseas with the Provost Company.

Several toasts flowed down past appreciative tonsils and short speeches were given by some members. Later Csts. S. F. Hall and G. K. Collins took over and, accompanied by guitar and piano, did "Bing Crosbys." Everyone enjoyed himself.

* * *

A former boy seaman of the R.C.M.P. Marine Section, now Cadet W. M. LaNauze, R.C.N. at Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, has been midshipman R.N.V.R. and served on the *Nelson* in 1940. On Apr. 18, 1941, "Billy" was on leave in London; he writes as follows:—

"I suppose you heard about the big blitz on London Wednesday night? It was the biggest of the war to date and I got stuck right in the middle of it.

I arrived here on leave that afternoon. A friend and I went up town for dinner. About nine o'clock the siren started screaming and the guns commenced banging away. We decided to get back to Richmond while the getting was good. But luck was against us: the tube stations were closed, so we decided to stay the night and booked a room in a hotel in Piccadilly.

Things got pretty hot; the bombs fairly whistled down. About two o'clock I heard a roar above me like an express train. I leaped out of bed and instinctively covered my head for protection. There was a tremendous explosion, and the room filled with flying glass and debris that rained down around me. Fortunately, however, neither my chum nor I was hurt. I wrapped a blanket around myself and my pal did likewise. We looked like a couple of Indians as we groped our way from the wrecked room. After climbing over a lot of piled-up dirt, boards, and what-have-you, we finally reached the lower floor. There were no lights, but a few persons had torches and matches.

After a while we were told it was safe to return to our room and dig out our clothes. Some digging! All I could get was a pair of pants and a reefer. I had no shoes, stockings or shirt, and hung around like an orphan in the pants and reefer until five in the morning when the 'all clear' was given. From two o'clock onwards the blitz had

been going full pelt; the building we were in frequently shook on its foundations as the H.E.'s fell around it. At five we were given another room and managed to grab a few hours sleep.

Later in the morning we returned to the damaged part of the house and salvaged our gear. I never saw such devastation in my life; the room was a complete wreck. No wonder! An H.E. bomb had sailed clear through the building only a few yards from this room. It was a miracle that my friend and I escaped injury.

We were lucky all around as we lost very few of our belongings. I found all my stuff except a tie.

Upon my return to Richmond, I jumped into a hot bath, relaxed and felt a lot better. I slept like a log that night. The blitz was quite an experience, and I can safely say that I had enough excitement to last a while. I still have a fortnight left of my leave before I go back to Dartmouth to complete my next three months; then I shall pass out as a mid again."

* * *

Supt H. Darling of division headquarters was recently transferred to "F" Division, Regina, and he is now in charge of the C.I.B. there. The best wishes of the division follow him in his new office.

* * *

Cupid must have emptied his quiver on a non-stop flight through this division. Cst. S. Scott, a member of the Dockyard Detachment, married Miss Mary Marshall at Halifax on April 19; Cst. C. A. Milner, of the Preventive Service Section at division headquarters, married Miss Marie MacKinnon at Halifax on Apr. 1. Miss Mary E. Whalen, a member of the staff for nine years, resigned recently for a permanency in Mr Seymour Crawley's home. Mr Crawley is a resident of Halifax and the marriage will take place on July 1. To the grooms, our congratulations; to the brides, all happiness; to both, good health, wealth, joy and—well, our best wishes.

The division said farewell and good luck to Misses Gladys M. Wood and Theresa F. Saunders of division headquarters stenographic staff who have also recently resigned. Miss Wood, like Miss Whalen, was a member of the staff for nine years; she accepted a position with the Income Tax Branch of

the Department of National Revenue at Halifax. Miss Saunders, who has been with us two years, went to Ottawa to work in the Department of National Defence.

* * *

The call of the north beckoned Csts. F. Stubbs and S. J. McColl, two good comrades of this division. All members wish to convey the hope that good luck follow these two *kabloonas* to their new detachments.

"H.Q." Sub-Division

On June 4, the annual presentation of shooting and bowling prizes took place in the Standish Hall Hotel, Que. Over 400 members and their friends and guests were present. It was one of those evenings; highly entertaining. Everyone joined in the fun. The prizes were presented by D/Commr R. L. Cadiz, and hearty rounds of applause greeted every proud winner and the floor show which followed. Refreshments were served in the magnificent winter gardens and then everybody danced to the excellent music of the R.C.M.P. orchestra. One or two Lotharios evinced perfection in cheek-snuggling, and we don't mean to rifle butts. It was all in fun and fun for all.

* * *

Three teams from "H.Q." Sub-Division Rifle and Revolver Club were entered in the annual R.C.M.P. Revolver Competition sponsored by Dominion Marksmen, Montreal.

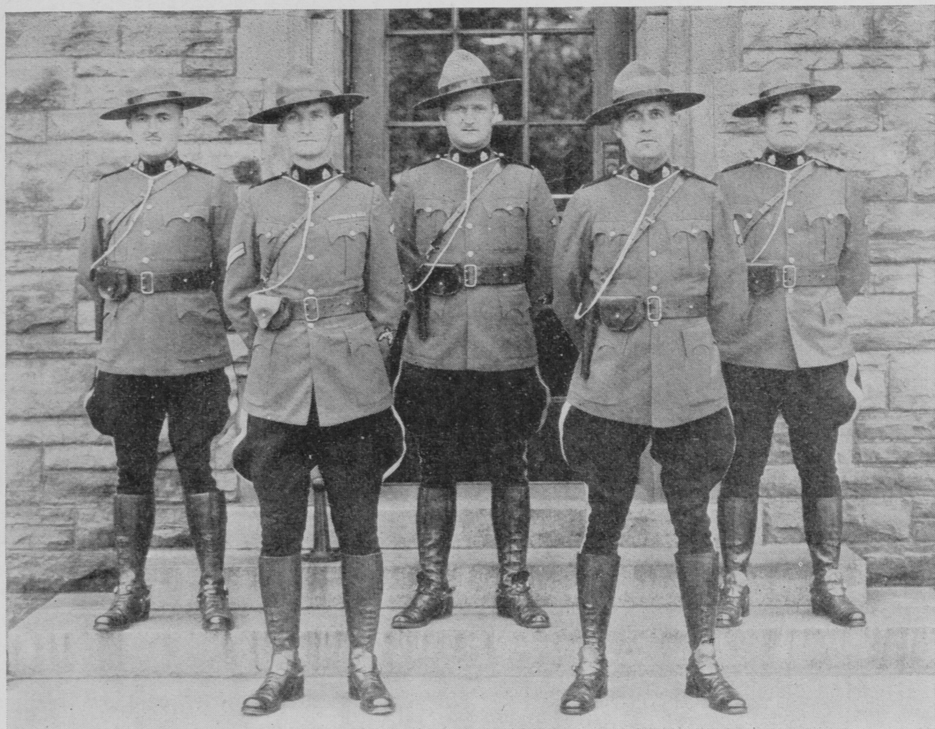
Our No. 1 Tyro Team captured the tyro championship of the Force with a score of 1887. Our Tyro Team No. 2 distinguished itself by winning second place in this competition with a score of 1860; our Senior Team came second in their group with a score of 1911.

This team was also successful in winning the Dominion Tyro Competition.

* * *

Cst. E. C. Armstrong, Sec. Treas. of our Rifle and Revolver Club, has been awarded the highly-prized "Expert Shield" by Dominion Marksmen, Montreal, with a score of 5911 x 6000. In this competition contestants use sporting rifles without slings and fire from three positions—prone, sitting and standing.

Rumour has it that Constable Armstrong is just as proficient with a certain bow and arrow. We're waiting to hear church bells ring.



R.C.M. POLICE AND DOMINION OPEN TYRO REVOLVER CHAMPIONS
(Left to right): Cst. L. H. Ward; Cpl W. B. Hunt; Cst. A. Wallace; Cst. C. E. Jarvis
and Cst. E. C. Armstrong.

S/Sgt Shea was the recipient of a gift as a token of esteem from members of this division on his recent retirement from the Force after a long term of service.

* * *

When Cpl G. H. Prime does a thing he doesn't fool. He recently fell so hard that only a registered nurse could save him. He was married to Miss Eve Curzon, R.N., on Apr. 19. The best from headquarters, Corporal and Mrs Prime; may all your troubles be little ones.

* * *

Since June 7, Miss Diana J. Macdonald has been general manager, vice-president, secretary treasurer—the entire executive committee—in the Lindsay household. That was the day on which she and Cpl M. F. A. Lindsay, B.A., L.L.B., were married. Congratulations, 'Frank.' All happiness to you both.

* * *

Miss Betty Mills, who was stenographer in the Photographic Section, has been transferred to the British War Supply Board. Her

new office is just a couple of blocks away, and she has promised to visit us frequently.

* * *

That contented chuckle you hear around the home of A/Cpl and Mrs F. Pay these days comes from the infant lips of a baby boy, Ian Maxwell, born on June 7. That proud strut in the corporal's walk up and down that *Modus Operandi* office signifies he *knows* the youngster is the best ever.

* * *

The golf-inclined members are out in force these days. Swings and misses and an occasional hit that sends the wee pill into the rough. Another duffer clinches his teeth and gropes mentally for an appropriate expression—or does he have to grope? On June 7, Sgt Ken Shakespeare succeeded in winning the second field day staged by the Province of Quebec Golf Association, at the Ottawa Hunt and Golf Club. His score was seventy-seven, four over par.

* * *

Our massive friend, Cpl "Tiny" Herman, left the Force and joined the Royal Cana-

dian Navy in April,—Sub-Lt Charles Bismarck Herman to you! No doubt he will erect goal posts on board ship to make it home-like. We presume that this time Tiny is really serious about retiring from the gridiron, but he's still carrying the ball—a different kind—to the Nazis. Before leaving he was the guest of honour at a farewell party at the Gatineau Golf and Country Club, given by friends in Ottawa athletic circles. Ottawa and the Force have truly lost—for the present only, we hope—a gentleman and sportsman second to none.

* * *

During the past two months roller-skating parties have been held under the auspices of the Social and Athletic Club. The gatherings have become almost as popular as the demand for cushions by the embryo skaters. Few have braved the rigours of the rink without accumulating the odd black mark against them; many have created a new kind of "Rhumba."

A humorous incident is told of one valiant warrior who retired to a very congested men's room adjacent to the skating floor; forgetting the eccentricities of roller skates even at most embarrassing moments, he lost his balance and went charging backwards through the swinging doors at the wrong time, landed in a heap in the centre of the rink and became the cynosure of all eyes. Was his face red!

* * *

A new Bachelor of Laws is in our midst. Cpl H. Langton, B.Sc., B.C.L., has successfully completed his law course at McGill University and has returned to this division. Congratulations, Hal!

* * *

Ex-Cst. V. A. Mulhall, now Observer Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F., breezed in from Montreal a few days ago and exchanged greetings with the boys. Last minute information has been received that Pilot Officer Mulhall flew the Atlantic and is now in England.

* * *

Ex-Cst. W. J. D. MacLaren is now overseas with the R.C.A.F. as Sergeant Pilot. "Bumps" many friends wish him well.

"J" Division

Cst. N. H. Cole had a golden opportunity (and no buts about it) to pass out cigars:

on Mar. 2, little Marney Isobel joined his household.

* * *

A bouncing replica of himself was presented to Cst. J. A. Grierson by Mrs Grierson in April. We wonder if the little lad will grow up to be a "gag" man; his initials spell that anyway, he's Gerald Alan.

* * *

We are pleased to hear that ex-Cpl M. M. 'Mike' Carmichael, who recently took his discharge from the Force, has been given a commission in the R.C.A.F. From hoofs to wings. He holds the rank of flying officer.

* * *

Cst. G. M. Baker of the C.I.B. staff, Fredericton, N.B., has been honoured by His Majesty the King, the Sovereign Head of the Grand Prior in the British Realm of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem by being admitted as a Serving Brother of the Order of St John on Feb. 28, 1941. This is the highest honour that can be bestowed upon anyone for First Aid Work, and Cst. Baker is to be congratulated.

* * *

Still another honour was bestowed upon one known to many members of the Force across the Dominion: Gordon, eldest son of Supt and Mrs Bruce was chosen as valedictorian at the closing exercises of the University of New Brunswick in May. He had completed four years in engineering and obtained his B.S.C., Civil Engineering. At the close of his college term he held the rank of captain in the C.O.T.C. During early April he enlisted in the 5th Armoured Division and was commissioned as lieutenant. He is at Camp Borden in training. His valedictory address was read by a colleague at the *Encaenia in absentia*.

* * *

Inspr J. P. Blakeney's son, Arthur, is doing well with the Canadian Forces in England. He has been there for about twelve months. 'Art' left his college career to enlist in the Army as a lieutenant. A sports-loving young man, Art was always a welcome participant in "J" Division headquarters sports.

* * *

William Allan, Insp F. A. Allan's eldest son, has also been on the other side of the pond for some months. Bill is with the

R.C.A.F. Before joining up he was employed at "F" Division headquarters. His younger brother, Tommy, enlisted in the R.C.A.F., before the war, and is now helping to train the vast Air Force here in Canada.

* * *

Inspr N. Anderson's only son, Norman, is also with the R.C.A.F., and is serving at one of the training depots in the west. Before signing up he was employed at "L" Division headquarters.

* * *

The badminton season wound up in April. Members from other clubs accepted invitations to the barracks for the closing and many friendly games were played. At the conclusion of play, refreshments were served by our club. All diners expressed the opinion that the season had been most successful and enjoyable. Members of our club attended the closings of some of the other clubs.

* * *

With the coming of spring, sports change. At noon and after five we hear the 'ring' of horse shoes around barracks—and they're not putting them on horses. This is a very popular sport among the single men. Cst. A. A. Yunker is still champion, but he will have to grease up the throwing arm this year to hold the title.

* * *

At the present time most members are busy in their gardens—many a back is aching; many an arm is raking—but still we persevere. We do not doubt that the results of our labour will compensate for the little torture we underwent at the beginning of the season.

* * *

Our beautiful St John River has emerged from its coat of ice and snow and is flowing in all its glory. It is still too cold for swimmers, but some at headquarters have ventured out in boats despite the swift current. Needless to say the boys from the prairie provinces here for the first time are quite thrilled with our river, which is approximately a mile wide at the Fredericton barracks.

* * *

Our team, entered in the Garrison Rifle League during the winter, finished in second place. In this league competing teams were made up from different military units in

Fredericton. The C.O.T.C. No. 1 team were the winners and each member received a War Savings Certificate as a prize.

For individual high aggregate score Sgt J. D. O'Connell won first place, and a War Savings Certificate as a prize.

In the final shoot Sergeant O'Connell made the highest individual score of 94, this score being made with open sights.

On our own range our members practiced with open sights during the past season.

Two teams were entered from this division for the Dominion Marksmen Revolver Championship Competition for 1941.

The first team comprised Sgt J. D. O'Connell, Cpl R. A. Stewart, Csts F. H. Russell, G. M. Baker and R. M. McNabb. The second team—Cpls N. Pettigrew, L. V. Brown, Csts E. J. Whalen, A. A. Yunker and P. Bourdages, Cst. E. G. Brethour being spare man. The results of this competition are not yet available.

"K" Division

The "K" Division Senior Revolver Team of Edmonton won the R.C.M.P. Revolver Championship; so Sergeant Ford, Corporal Mighall, Constables Eaton, Blair and Waters doff your hats and take a bow, and we hope when the official shoot is staged you will be right in there as winners of the Dominion Championship again. Sgt Andy Ford, just to prove that he could do it again, defeated all comers in the individual high score.

* * *

The R.C.M.P. Reserve members have formed a rifle club. Their progress in the art of shooting is commendable; many have received their bronze marksman badges, and a few their silver. Some of the men never before handled a rifle, but all are taking to the sport. Keen interest is also shown in revolver shooting. It is suggested that next winter a competition for the Reserves at the various headquarters be arranged.

* * *

In Calgary also, much interest is manifested by the Calgary Sub-Division in revolver shooting. Sixty-four members can be at ease and watch the approach of the Calgary Revolver Club secretary without any qualms; they are fully paid up. The



R.C.M.P. STENO'S RIFLE CLUB, "K" DIVISION, EDMONTON

Back Row, Cst. A. J. Waters, Misses Purdy, Munroe, Hale, Pemberton, Staley, Cpl J. H. Simoneau.

Middle Row, Misses Laight, Burkholder, Parks, McEvoy.

Front Row, Misses Heacock, Pratley, (Secretary), Lane, Fielding.

shoots are held three times a week at the Shouldice Butts, on the Bowness Road three miles west of the city. For the present spectators are advised to wear bullet proof vests, fore and aft, as many participants cannot hit the proverbial barn-door yet. But in time those confounded targets will stay put, or the revolvers will aim true, or something, and all members will be able to put them in the black.

* * *

Corporal McAdams and Constable Alvin represented the Force during the Victory Loan Parade in Calgary. Mounted on horses they led the civilian groups of the parade. Sergeant Banes was i/c the mounted section that headed the parade in Edmonton.

* * *

The Calgary Sub-Division has not forgotten the members who are serving with the Provost Company. Every month they send cigarettes across. Postcards and letters from overseas reveal that the smokes are appreciated and prove that we have a navy, for the parcels reach their destinations regularly.

* * *

The girl stenographers out this way are preparing for something or other,—maybe a man hunt. On Apr. 16, they formed a rifle club, and the records show that apparently they *don't* close their eyes when shooting. The targets are taking an awful beating. Fourteen girls attended the opening meeting, the R.C.M.P. Steno's Rifle Club

came into existence and went into action under the able instruction of Corporal Simoneau and Constable Waters. So the bang bangs heard in the indoor range from 5 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon are the club girls doing their stuff.

After two practices they applied for the Dominion Marksman offer and enrolled as a club in the competition. Twelve members have received their bronze, six their silver badges and some are gold digging, lining up their targets for their gold emblems. All are anxious to secure the silver spoons, but Miss Isobel Pratley, the secretary, states definitely that during practice hours there's to be absolutely no spooning!

* * *

Another June bride! Miss Madie Shaw of Calgary will, in future, have a lot to say about Cst. J. Nelson's pay check. The couple were married on June 7, 1941, when Rev. A. Patterson tied the knot. A mantle clock was presented by Inspector Trickey in behalf of the members of the Force at Calgary who gathered to extend the hope that joy and good health will mark time in the Nelson household.

* * *

It is with profound regret that we learned of the death of Col Dave Ritchie, chief constable of the Calgary City Police. He died on June 2, and our heartfelt sympathies are extended to Mrs Ritchie. The deceased was well known to many of the Force; he

delivered several lectures on police work at "Depot" Division. More than thirty-five members, including Asst Commr T. H. Irvine, A/Asst Commr W. F. W. Hancock, Supt J. Kelly, and Insp H. N. Trickey, attended the funeral on June 5.

* * *

An enjoyable dinner took place in the Marquis Hotel on Mar. 24, when members of Lethbridge R.C.M.P. Sub-Division H.Q. staff and detachment gathered to honour Cpl F. H. B. Bailey on the occasion of his departure from the Force. Cpl Bailey is the seventh member of the Lethbridge Sub-Division staff to join the Active Service Forces; two are already serving as officers in the Royal Air Force.

Cst. E. V. Carter acted as toastmaster; the dinner-guests included Asst Commr W. F. W. Hancock of Edmonton and Insp J. Brunet, commanding Lethbridge Sub-Division.

A toast to the King was proposed by Assistant Commissioner Hancock; another to the officer commanding "K" Division was proposed by Inspector Brunet; and a third to the honoured guest by S/Sgt G. Harvey. On behalf of all members of Lethbridge Sub-Division, Inspector Brunet presented a handsome portmanteau to Corporal Bailey. The popular corporal gave a short reply and voiced his regrets at leaving the Force. Assistant Commissioner Hancock paid warm tribute to Corporal Bailey and wished him success in his future career.

Corporal Bailey originally intended to proceed to England and join the Imperial Forces. All arrangements were made and his passage booked. But he was unable to obtain a sailing to Engalnd. He joined a tank corps in the Canadian Army at Calgary and is now training at Camp Borden.

* * *

Members of headquarters, Edmonton, have formed a golf club and once a month will chase the cantankerous little pill up hill and down dale in tournament games. In between times they will learn 'swing' but not as the R.C.M.P. Band play it. At the close of the season a grand final will be played. The first game was enjoyed on June 12, at the municipal course and luncheon was served in the club house at the nineteenth hole. A good time was had by all, and Ananias would have been hard pressed to rival the

explanations given by the participants for not playing better.

* * *

The tennis court at the barracks has been rolled and marked, and is enticing good turn-outs. The fair sex is well represented by stenographers who listen attentively while Sgt W. N. Lowson and Cst. J. K. G. Austin show them how. It's a great game and the way things are progressing indicate we'll have experts in the art by the end of the season.

* * *

Men and women of tomorrow, bless their little hearts. Congratulations are extended to these proud parents:

Cst. and Mrs J. S. D. Brandon, Edmonton, on Apr. 5, a daughter; Cst. and Mrs F. L. T. King, Edmonton, on Apr. 12, a daughter; Cst. and Mrs R. C. Duncan, Edmonton, on Apr. 15, a daughter; Cst. and Mrs H. C. Russell, Edmonton, on Apr. 26, a daughter; Sgt and Mrs R. H. Purdy, Peace River, on May 12, a son; Cst. and Mrs. M. R. Eaton, Barons, on June 5, a son.

"L" Division

This division enjoyed a visit from the commissioner who flew from Moncton, N.B. on June 18. Relax men, he found everything ship-shape and in order.

* * *

A/Cpl C. F. Deakin and Cst. W. Swindell have returned after attending a three months course at the Canadian Police College, Ottawa. That jaunty air about them is just a sign that they now realize knowledge is power. And you get it at the Canadian Police College.

* * *

Cst. J. C. Cameron spent a week in Ottawa, attending a finger-print and photography conference.

* * *

S/Sgt J. H. Hellofs returned recently from an enjoyable trip to western Canada. He believes in the advice, "Go west young man," and took advantage of it when on leave. He visited Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon and Tisdale, Sask. We don't know just what he was after, but he reports that the western prospects look very good.

* * *

There are various kinds of bravery. Some join the Provost Company, others go north,

and occasionally one gets married. Rumour has it that Cst. H. R. Huxley intends to take unto himself a wife. Congratulations, Constable Huxley. Much happiness to you both.

* * *

Ten members of this division led the Victory Torch Parade on June 17. Over five hundred people participated.

“N” Division

Tuesday, June 24 saw queer goings on in our gym. Two Ottawa city policemen twisted each other's heads half off, pulled hair, wrenched away at one another's ankles, rolled all over the floor and had a grand time. And while this was taking place a hundred or more mounted policemen stood idly by and ate soda biscuits and cheese.

The occasion was a bang-up smoker and social evening with wrestling, boxing, tap-dancing, music, bingo, barber-shop quartet singing, a spelling-bee and other forms of diversion, physical, mental and gastronomic.

Those old plotters, Les Wilson, “Happy” Glanville, Tommy Hanna and Art Wilson certainly worked out an excellent evening's entertainment and could vie with world-famous Elsa Maxwell any day in putting over a party.

Proceeds of the bingo games, twenty bucks in all, went back to the five winners in the form of War Savings Stamps.

* * *

As main speaker to the Ottawa Council of the United Commercial Travellers of America, Insp. R. M. Wood recently addressed that body and gave an outline of the difference between police as they are known in Canada and as the people of Europe know them. He compared the ratio of one policeman per thousand population here to the ratio of one for every seventy citizens in Germany, and pointed out many important differences in peace and war-time police administration.

* * *

The success of “N” Division dances has become proverbial and the May 2 dance quite measured up to the grand entertainments that have been staged at Rockcliffe in the past. The decorations, public address system, R.C.M.P. orchestra and other trimmings combined to round out a swell evening that the girls are still talking about,

and (says Sandy the Cynic) the boys are still paying for.

* * *

If any proof were needed that the band has a large number of outstanding musicians in its ranks such proof was evident at a morning rehearsal recently. Insp. J. T. Brown, Director of Music, turned the regular practice period over to Prof. D. J. Wilson, Professor of Psychology at Western University. Dr. Wilson, who was at Rockcliffe to lecture class seven of the Canadian Police College, put the boys through their paces by exhibiting a number of phonograph records such as are used by modern psychologists in attempting to measure musical talent.

Time was insufficient to secure complete results but it was obvious from the scores obtained that the band as a group would have achieved a very high rating as far as individual musical capacity was concerned.

* * *

Reg. No. 6588, Sgt W. Mowat has gone to pension and before he left was presented with a fine gold watch as a token of the esteem in which he is held by all “N” Division members.

* * *

An eight-game softball schedule is presently under way among three teams. Squads eight and nine and the staff troop, with the last-named having a slight edge. With one more game to play, Squad eight has a chance of tying for first place—if they win.

Several games have been played against the Air Force's team and the Canadian Postal Corps batmen. All teams seem to be pretty evenly matched, although the last game against C.P.C. ended 18 to 8, our favour.

* * *

Since Apr. 20, the band made twenty-four public appearances in Ottawa, Montreal, Cornwall and Brockville—an average of one playing engagement every three days. People who enjoy working out fantastic problems in arithmetic are invited to dust off their adding-machines and calculate the number of men, women, and children who heard the band at the various concerts, parades, sing-songs and demonstrations. Our guess: 1000000098!

Musical activity centered chiefly around the Victory Loan and Recruiting Campaigns;

judging from enthusiastic comment from press and public alike, the band made a worth-while contribution to these worthy causes.

For the historians of the future, here follows a summary of the band's dates since the April *Quarterly*:

Apr. 20—Concert in Capitol Theatre, Ottawa.

May 3—Appearance at Auditorium, Ottawa, for the annual show of the Police Amateur Athletic Association. Proceeds contributed to war funds.

May 4—Concert for troops at basic training centre No. 31, Cornwall, also a short concert for patients at St Lawrence Sanatorium.

May 13—Evening concert on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.

May 24—Parade and military demonstration in Montreal, P.Q., in honour of Dollard des Ormeaux, French-Canadian hero and patriot.

May 25—Afternoon concert at Fletcher's Field, Montreal.

May 31—Program of martial music on Parliament Hill on the occasion of a "march past" of 4000 men of the three armed services in the Ottawa area.

June 1—Parade, concerts at the ball stadium and St Lawrence Sanatorium, Cornwall, Ont.

June 2, June 5, June 18, June 21—Short parades from the Justice Bldg to Ottawa's Victory Torch erected in Confederation Square opposite the War Memorial. These parades were noon-hour marches, except the last one which was held in the evening and marked the successful conclusion of Ottawa's loan drive. The band of the R.C.A.F. stationed at Rockcliffe, Ont. marched and played beside the R.C.M.P. Band, making an impressive sight as the ninety musicians swept through the city streets, ten abreast.

June 6, June 11, June 17—The band paraded from Cartier Square to the Peace Tower escorting units taking part in the colourful ceremony of changing the guard.

June 6—Concert in Major Hill park, Ottawa.

June 7—Street parade in Brockville, from the railway station to barracks of the E.O.T.C.

June 8—Church service at the training centre and afternoon concert in St Lawrence Park.

June 9—Concert at the Governor General's garden party at Rideau Hall, Rockcliffe, Ont.

June 12—Street parade, sing-song and entertainment at Glebe Collegiate playground.

June 21—Concert at Connaught Park for the Red Cross Horse Show.

June 28—Concert on the lawn of the Royal Ottawa Sanatorium.

July 2—Concert for patients in the Ottawa Civic Hospital.

* * *

A member of Canadian Police College Class Seven just graduated (see page 75) writes of his pleasant associations during his three months stay at "N":

"In the confines of a training barracks it is small wonder that men get to know each other for what they are worth: one sees the same faces, eats the same meals and takes part in the same small talk day after day.

In order to show outwardly, the *bonhomie* among good pals and congenial souls we arranged a little get-together for Wed., June 4, just two days before the class broke up and scattered all over eastern Canada. One trusty member who knew the ropes fixed up the time, the place and the trimmings.

We met, we dined lightly, we bent the elbow appropriately, played cards—and returned home. Our three months association was well cemented by the good *camaraderie*, understanding and sociability of the occasion.

In all probability we shall never all meet again at the same time, but some of us will meet again individually in the years to come and we'll remember that little get-together for what it was worth—friendship."

"O" Division

We continue to encounter ex-members of the Force who are now engaged on important war work—industrial organization in western Ontario. Following are those recently heard from: ex-Inspr J. A. Browne, Hoover Co. Ltd, Hamilton; ex-Cst. W. Windsor, National Steel Car Corp., Hamilton; ex-

Cst. F. Thompson, Ontario Forgings Ltd, Hamilton; ex-Cpl H. S. Traves, Fleet Aircraft Ltd, Fort Erie.

* * *

All members of the Force will be glad to hear news of ex-Deputy Commr T. Dann. He is now with headquarters of Military District No. 2, Toronto, where he has been appointed D.A.P.M. with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From our office window we occasionally catch glimpses of Colonel Dann at his office desk just across the street.

* * *

The recent passage of the Victory Torch through Ontario was the occasion of many parades in Toronto and by detachments in this division. As always, the scarlet serges gave a pleasing touch of colour, and several Ontario newspapers recorded many favourable comments regarding the bearing and appearance of our men.

* * *

Congratulations are in order to A/Cpl and Mrs W. J. Dickson, Thorold, Ont. on the arrival of a baby girl, May 15. Corporal Dickson is now the father of as many girls as he has hooks on his arm.

* * *

No marriages have occurred in this division since the last issue of the *Quarterly*. We have, however, good reason to believe that preliminary arrangements are being attended to by Cst. H. Allen, Fort Erie, and Cst. G. Ashley, Niagara Falls, who signify their willingness to march down the aisle and pipe up, "I do." We wish them and their brides-to-be lots of good luck in advance.

* * *

Members and ex-members of "F" Division will be interested to learn that ex-Cst. F. Munro, son of the former Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan, is now piloting a plane for the Provincial Airways Forestry Branch, with his base at Remy Lake, Ont.

* * *

We also hear that ex-Cst. C. W. Stanbury, who was stationed at Vancouver and Fort Norman while in the Force, is now a lieutenant with the C.A.S.F. and has recently been much in evidence in Ontario Victory Torch parades.

* * *

"O" Division Badminton Club terminated a very successful season with a tournament

on Apr. 29. The prize winners: Ladies' Doubles, Main Event—Miss Leigh and Miss Szekeley; Consolation—Miss Gartshore and Mrs Eaton; Mixed Doubles, Main Event—Mrs Eaton and Mr Ray Nelson (Mr Nelson an ex-corporal of the Force, is now engaged in Toronto as a fire underwriter); Consolation—Miss Leigh and Constable Fraser; Mens' Doubles, Main Event—Corporal Muir and Constable Spriggs; Consolation—Sergeant Veitch and Constable Roy.

The evening ended with an enjoyable social gathering. One of the highlights, apart from the presentation of prizes by the officer commanding, was an excellent demonstration of "blindfold" boxing by Inspector McClellan; incidentally he lost. All badminton players are looking forward to renewal of play in the autumn.

* * *

The activities of "O" Division Shooting Club have been suspended during the summer. The keen interest manifested by all members in this innovation here has been most gratifying. A real effort is required to organize such a club; in this regard Cst. W. Nichol's work is especially praiseworthy. We also observe that, although Constable Nichol may not have been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," there was an uncanny affinity to them in his gun. On the other hand, Mrs Schutz won't need an accountant to keep track of the trophies added to the family silver. An item in an earlier *Quarterly* referred to this; the inspector presented her with but one spoon. Most of the shells must have been blanks, eh Sir?

* * *

The commissioner made his annual inspection of "O" Division during May. He remained with us two days and found time to visit our establishment of guards on the Welland Canal and other neighbouring detachments. Despite his crowded itinerary, he was also able to inspect "O" Division Reserves who turned out in goodly numbers. The commissioner made the presentation of a silver cup to the reserve squad which has been selected for outstanding proficiency and smartness in training during the past season. The commissioner expressed pleasure at the deportment and general appearance of "O" Division's reserves, of whom we are justly proud.

The present sport activities are confined to cricket and softball. Inspector McClellan is organizing the softball team; Inspector Radcliffe has charge of the cricket arrangements; what the men lack in skill on the cricket grounds is made up by whole-hearted enthusiasm. English-born readers will be amused by remarks of a Canadian novice, who referred to the wicket as "those three sticks" and the bails as "those little logs."

With the never-decreasing volume of work here we cannot expect to give serious

competition to local teams, but we do expect to have a good deal of fun during the few leisure hours in summer.

* * *

The annual summer picnic will be held July 5, at Centre Island. D/Sgt F. E. Smith, a past master in this type of work, has prepared a very elaborate programme of events with substantial prizes for the winners. All concerned, including the small members of our families, are looking forward to the affair and—we hope—an afternoon of sunshine.

R. C. M. P. Quarterly in England

The Editor,
R.C.M.P. *Quarterly*.

You may be interested to learn the adventures of a copy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police *Quarterly*.

I came into possession of a copy of the *Quarterly* through the son of a sergeant in your Force. The son was serving in the Canadian Forces overseas.

A few weeks ago, during an exceptionally heavy raid, the men in the station, awaiting a call to an 'incident,' were passing my *Quarterly* back and forth. The call came, and the man who had the copy at the time, stuck it in his pocket.

The 'incident' was a large block of tenements. A number of people were imprisoned under the wreckage of their smashed homes. Hours passed, while the Jerry bombers flew overhead. The workers carried on amidst the constant flash and thunder of exploding anti-aircraft shells, and the occasional whistle of descending bombs. By daylight all the entombed families were rescued, save a youngster of about twelve years old, apparently a 'Military Objective' as far as the Jerries were concerned. As the light increased, with the rescue workers, police, firemen and the A.R.P., gradually getting the boy free of the debris, the youngster could be seen listening to the story of 'Sultan,' as printed in the January *Quarterly*, and the account of the Premiere of the 'North West Mounted Police' film. Both articles were read to him by the constable, who had been with him all night. Previously the constable had, from memory, told the boy as much of the story of Sultan as he had read, recounting and improvising the ending, for he had been unable to read the story fully in the station.

Happily the boy is well on the road to recovery, and when last heard of was arranging to see 'North West Mounted Police.' Thus, Jerry, by bombing this 'Military Objective,' has earned for your Force another admirer.

Best wishes,

John Russell,
Detective 'V' Division,
Metropolitan Police Force.



Obituary

Reg. No. 10063, Constable Charles James Johnstone

After weeks of uncertainty and anxiety, hope can no longer be held that Cst. Charles Johnstone survived the sinking of the S.S. *Nerissa* on Apr. 30, 1941. *En route* to England as a replacement in No. 1 Provost Company (R.C.M.P.), he is the Force's first casualty as a result of enemy action. The ship was torpedoed in the North Atlantic.

Born in Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, England, on Aug. 11, 1903, "Charlie" came to Canada as a youth, was employed as a clerk by the Robert Simpson Company, Western Ltd, and later by the Ford Motor Company, Ltd, Regina. Interested in boys' welfare he had been scoutmaster of the Lieutenant Governor's Division Troop prior to joining the Force.

On Jan. 30, 1924, he joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Regina and for thirteen years was a member of "G" Division. He served at many northern posts: Fort Chipewyan, Alta; Arctic Red River, N.W.T.; Good Hope, N.W.T.; Fort Norman, N.W.T. After attending an instructional class at Regina in November, 1932, he was transferred to Minto Barracks, Winnipeg, to act as assistant drill instructor. In June two years later he returned to the north in charge of Resolution Detachment, N.W.T. In August, 1937, he was transferred to "Depot" Division, Regina, and the following year was stationed at Ottawa. While working in the central registry, headquarters, since March, 1939, he won many friends by his cheerful manner and even-tempered nature.

On Jan. 23, he was selected, upon application, as a reinforcement for No. 1 Provost Company (R.C.M.P.) as private C 30759. But Fate ordained that he was not to arrive in England. Denied even the satisfaction of coming to grips with the enemy, he made the supreme sacrifice.

He is survived by his widow, the former Miss Helene Dunne of Regina, Sask., whom he married on Apr. 29, 1933; a brother, R. W. Johnstone, Calgary, Alta; and his mother Mrs Philip Prince, Lloydminster, Sask.

Reg. No. 3304, ex-Corporal William James Buxton

A heart attack brought about the death of Wm J. Buxton in St John's Hospital, Edson, Alta, on Apr. 19. He was 64 years old.

Born in Ireland, where he gained some experience in handling horses, Mr Buxton came to Canada and on June 1, 1898, engaged with the N.W.M.P. for a five-year term. He was then twenty-one years old. He rejoined the Force for a two-year period on Sept. 16, 1914, having in the meantime lived at Esterhazy, Sask. When discharged as Corporal in September, 1916, he joined the 77th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery. From this unit he was discharged as a casualty in October, 1917.

Reg. No. 3432, ex-Constable Harold Huston Strong

As a result of a spinal injury sustained in a fall at Stillwater, B.C., ex-Cst. Harold H. Strong, age 62, died at his bungalow near Vancouver on May 3, 1941. Immediately following the accident, he was taken to the hospital where he remained for several days. Shortly after returning home, death occurred, apparently from internal haemorrhage.

Born in Prince Edward Island, Mr Strong was engaged as a labourer on the C.P.R. before joining the North West Mounted Police on July 1, 1899, at Regina. He was stationed at Indian River, Y.T. in 1905 and took his discharge at Dawson, Y.T. on June 30, 1904. Here he had served under Asst Commr Z. T. Wood, the present commissioner's late father.

A veteran of the South African War, he served as an officer in the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles and as a lieutenant with the Yukon Motor Machine Gun Battalion in the Great War.

Many Yukoners attended the funeral at which a Guard of Honour was present from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Pallbearers from the R.N.W.M. Police Veterans' Association which he joined in 1921 included Capt. W. J. Bowdridge; W. J. D. Dempster; F. W. Squires; H. G. Mapley; B. E. Rogers; G. B. Joy.

Surviving are relatives in Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island.

Reg. No. 4527, ex-Corporal George Todman

After a brief illness, George Todman, age 57, died at St Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, B.C. on June 6, 1941.

Mr Todman was born in England. Before coming to Canada he worked as a labourer and postman in Sussex. He joined the Royal North West Mounted Police at Regina on Dec. 13, 1906. His service as a peace officer consisted of several interrupted periods which totalled twenty-three years. He was stationed at many detachments in the west: Willow Bunch, Big Muddy, Lewellyn, Carnduff and Weyburn, all in Saskatchewan. From Aug. 27, 1918, to June 1, 1928, he was a member of the Saskatchewan Provincial Police and was stationed at Bromhead, Avonlea and Diamond Crossing. When the S.P.P. and the R.C.M.P. amalgamated, Constable Todman was absorbed into the R.C.M.P. He took his discharge to pension on May 31, 1934, two years after being promoted to the rank of corporal.

In Vancouver he took an active part in the benevolent activities of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association of which he was a member.

Surviving are: his widow, 2269 West 36th Ave, Vancouver; twin sons, William George, Vancouver; and Edward Thomas, with the R.C.A.F. in the British Isles; a grandson in Vancouver; and two brothers and a sister in England.

Reg. No. 2826, ex-Constable Adrien Marthial Duquette

In Whitewood, Sask., on June 25, 1941, another old-timer, ex-Cst. Adrien M. Duquette, 71, passed away. He had suffered for the past year from cancer of the throat.

Mr Duquette was born at St Eustache, Quebec. Before joining the N.W.M.P. at Regina on Aug. 1, 1892, he lived at Whitewood, Assiniboine. On Oct. 8, 1895, he purchased his discharge and returned to Whitewood.

In 1908, together with the late Senator Gillis, he bought out the old Hudson's Bay store and formed a company known as the Trading Company. In 1923 Mr Duquette severed his connection with this firm and became a partner of Mr Percy Knowler in Knowler's Limited general store.

Mr Duquette was always a strong admirer of the Force and often expressed the wish that he had continued longer in the service. His passing will be regretted by many.

He is survived by his widow, who resides at Whitewood, Sask.

Reg. No. 7958, ex-Constable Rene Lasnier

At Montreal, P.Q., on June 12, 1941, the death occurred of ex-Cst. R. Lasnier, age 41. He was born at Iberville, P.Q., in July, 1900, and after following the trade of auto mechanic for some time, joined the R.N.W.M.P. on June 11, 1919. During his three-year term of service he was stationed at Weyburn Detachment as a chauffeur and mechanic. Here and at detachments along the border he was also employed on customs work and plain clothes duty.

On leaving the west he joined the Quebec Provincial Police in the capacity of instructor and by 1935 had been promoted to the rank of captain-detective.

He is survived by his widow, one son, Roger and two daughters, Jaqueline and Therese.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Divisions and Officers

JULY 1, 1941

COMMISSIONER S. T. WOOD
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER R. L. CADIZ

Headquarters—Ottawa

"A" Department (Administration and Organization)

Director of Training..... Asst Commr T. B. Caulkin
Departmental Secretary..... G. T. Hann, Esq., M.B.E.
Adjutant..... Supt F. A. Blake
Assistant Adjutant..... Insp'r P. Hobbs
Registration of Enemy Aliens..... Insp'r D. C. Saul
Officer i/c Central Registry..... Insp'r A. Goodman
Officer i/c Civil Security..... Insp'r J. Fraser

"C" Department (Criminal Investigation)

Director, C.I.B...... Asst Commr R. R. Tait
Asst Director, C.I.B...... Supt K. Duncan
D/Insp'r R. Armitage
D/Sub-Insp'r R. S. S. Wilson
Chief Preventive Officer..... Insp'r J. Healey
Finger Print Section..... Insp'r H. R. Butchers
Intelligence Section..... Insp'r A. Drysdale
Insp'r C. Batch, M.M.
Sub/Insp'r E. H. Perlson, B.Sc. (C.E.), LL.B.
L. Roberts, Esq.

"S" Department (Supply)

Supply Officer..... Asst Commr J. M. Tupper
Asst Supply Officer..... Supt P. R. Forde
Insp'r R. Bettaney
Chief Purchasing Agent..... I. Zivian, Esq.
Asst Purchasing Agent..... J. A. Lynch, Esq.

Treasury Department

Chief Treasury Officer..... J. Stevens, Esq., M.B.E.
Officer i/c Pay Section..... Insp'r R. C. Bowen

"A" Division—Eastern Ontario

Supt W. W. Watson; Insp'r E. Carroll; D/Insp'r F. A. Syms; Insp'r J. T. Brown, E.D.

"C" Division—Quebec

Supt H. A. R. Gagnon, B.A., A.D.C.; D/Insp'r J. P. A. Savoie; Insp'r N. Courtois; Insp'r O. LaRiviere; D/Insp'r C. W. Harvison; Sub-Insp'r J. R. Lemieux.

"D" Division—Manitoba

Asst Commr F. J. Mead; Supt E. C. P. Salt; Supt E. G. Frere; Supt P. H. Tucker; Supt H. M. Fowell; Insp'r A. T. Belcher; D/Insp'r M. F. E. Anthony; Sub-Insp'r H. W. H. Williams.

"Depot" Division—Saskatchewan

Supt T. V. Sandys-Wunsch; Surgeon M. Powers, B.A., M.C., C.M., L.M.C.C., Med. Sc.D.; Insp'r W. H. Loughheed; Sub-Insp'r J. F. Thrasher, B.A., LL.B.; Sub-Insp'r H. H. Cronkhite; Sub-Insp'r H. P. Mathewson.

"E" Division—British Columbia

Asst Commr C. H. Hill, M.C., A.D.C.; Supt A. S. Cooper, M.C.; Insp'r C. R. Peters; Insp'r J. Fripps; Insp'r D. L. McGibbon.

"F" Division—Saskatchewan

Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze; Supt C. K. Gray; Supt H. Darling; Insp'r C. E. Rivett-Carnac; Insp'r G. Binning; Insp'r F. E. Spriggs; Insp'r F. P. Baxter; Insp'r T. B. Hutchings; D/Insp'r F. W. Zaneth; Sub-Insp'r E. D. Fryett.

"G" Division— Northwest Territories and Yukon

Insp'r D. J. Martin; Insp'r A. G. Birch; Insp'r W. C. Grennan.

"H" Division—Nova Scotia

Supt A. N. Eames; Insp'r J. M. McIntosh; Insp'r J. W. Kempston; Insp'r S. Bullard; Insp'r F. T. Evens; Sub-Insp'r T. W. Chard; Sub-Insp'r D. A. McKinnon.

"J" Division—New Brunswick

Supt W. V. M. B. Bruce; Insp'r O. P. Farthing; Insp'r J. P. Blakeney; Insp'r F. W. Allan; Insp'r N. Anderson.

"K" Division—Alberta

A/Asst Commr W. F. W. Hancock; Supt J. Kelly; Supt R. E. Mercer; Supt J. D. Bird; Insp'r A. G. Marsom; Insp'r A. F. C. Watts; Insp'r G. W. Fish; Insp'r G. J. M. Curleigh; Insp'r J. Brunet; Insp'r H. N. Trickey.

"L" Division—Prince Edward Island

Insp'r J. A. Wright.

"N" Division—Ontario

Insp'r R. M. Wood.

"O" Division—Ontario (South)

Supt V. A. M. Kemp; Insp'r F. W. Schutz; Insp'r E. W. Radcliffe; Insp'r W. Mortimer; Insp'r J. Howe; Insp'r G. B. McClellan.

With Canadian Army

Major W. R. Day, Assistant Provost Marshall, Canadian Corps H.Q., Canadian Army, England.

Flt Lt T. R. Michelson, Central Flying School, R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton.