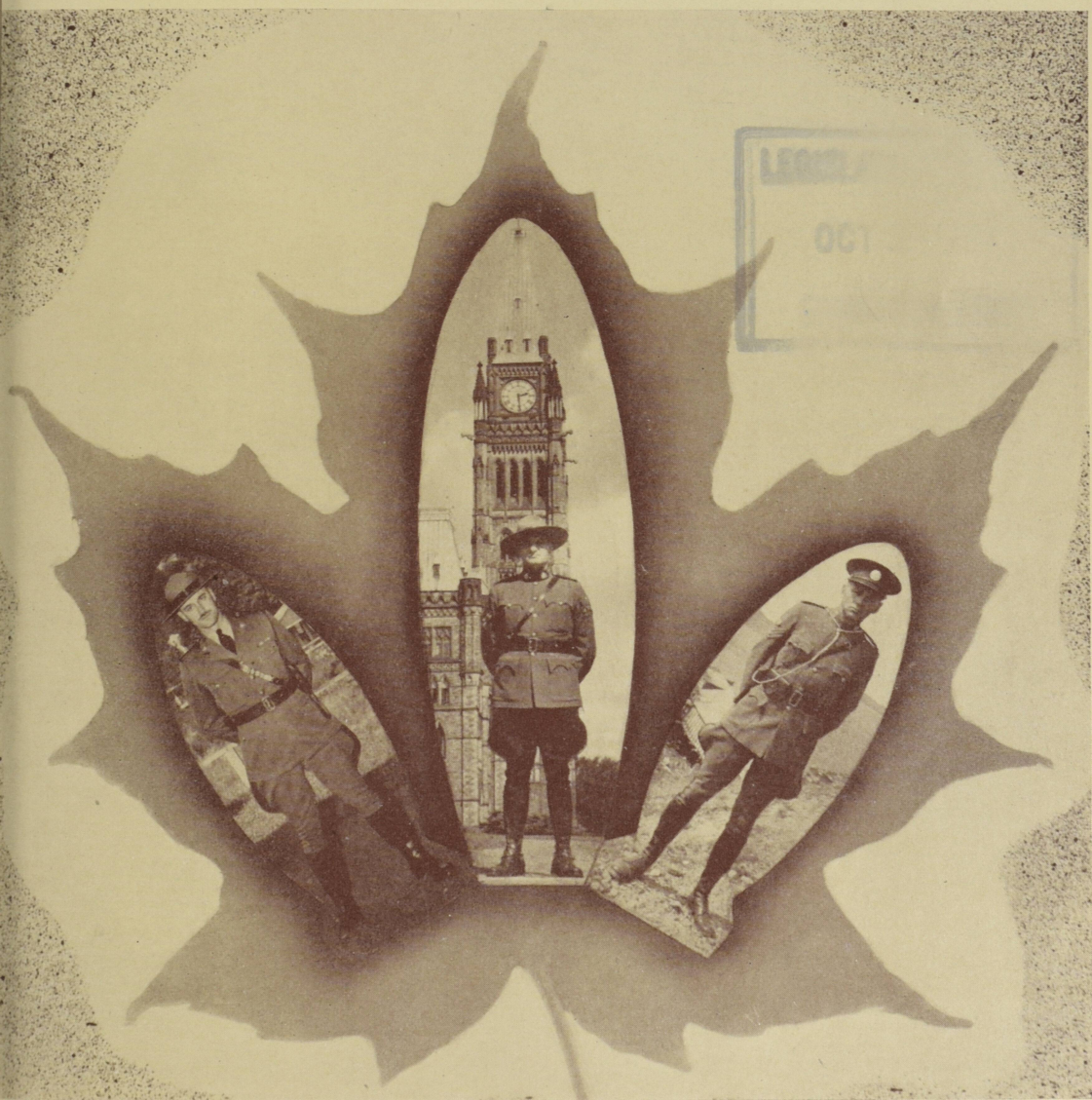


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On Feb. 1, 1920 the Dominion Police was amalgamated with the Royal North-West Mounted Police and the federal force became known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Its duties were to enforce the Federal Statutes, protect government property and police the northern territories. In the provinces, prosecutions under the Criminal Code were under the jurisdiction of provincial police bodies.

In the next few years the police forces of Saskatchewan (June 1928), Alberta (April 1932), Manitoba (April 1932) and the Maritime Provinces (Nova Scotia and New Brunswick April 1932 and P.E.I. May 1932) were absorbed by the Mounted Police along with the responsibility for law-enforcement within those provinces. There were logical reasons behind these moves—co-ordination of command, economy, improved protection. Each force had its own traditions, customs and training, to surrender which meant a sacrifice; many of the absorbed personnel perhaps viewed with misgiving the prospective life under a new command. A review of the past 20 years reflects the wisdom of the moves.

On Aug. 1, 1950 the Newfoundland Rangers became part of the RCMP and on August 15 the largest provincial police force yet absorbed by the Force—the British Columbia Provincial Police—

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came under federal jurisdiction. To the men of both organizations *The Quarterly*—on behalf of the rest of the Force—extends the hand of good fellowship. In the pride of our own tradition-rich background we must not lose sight of the fact that some of these men are from an exceptionally old unit. And in welcoming them we should remember too that with the absorption of these forces we have passed two more milestones along the road towards an improved an unified law-enforcement system.

A Great Canadian

On July 22, 1950 William Lyon Mackenzie King died in his 76th year and for Canada there ended an era without parallel in the political histories of countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Mr. King was Prime Minister of Canada for 21 years and five months and leader of the Liberal Party for approximately 29 years, yet at his impressive funeral in Ottawa, the thousands who filed by his coffin and lined the route of the procession came to pay tribute to the man, not for his political achievements but rather to honor a life of selfless devotion to one cause—the service of his country.

A man with simple tastes and an innate love of privacy, Mr. King had a rare sense of public duty as well, and his shrewdness and immense capacity for hard work stood him in good stead through the long and difficult days in which he directed the affairs of our country. Much has been written of Mackenzie King since his death but in this short tribute to a great Canadian and great humanitarian we feel that the *Ottawa Journal* summed up his influence on Canada in a few well-chosen words: "For as long as Canada is Canada we and those who come after us will feel the imprint of this man who for so many years set our policies, made our laws and by his example affected our behavior."

The Cover

This issue's cover is the product of Headquarters Photographic Section, and symbolizes the Newfoundland Rangers and B.C. Provincial Police combining with the RCMP to form a federal force policing almost all of Canada.

Soldier's Son



An Appreciation of the American Thoroughbred

By SGT. T. G. ELLIOTT

The horse's usefulness to a police force in this modern age is a moot point, but it is extremely unlikely that public opinion would ever take kindly to any plan to divorce the RCMP from their famed mounts. The author—a lover of good horseflesh—tells us something of the evolution of the thoroughbred and particularly the background of the Force's thoroughbred stallion—Soldier's Son.

IT is earnestly hoped that this article will not evoke any acerbity in international relations, because of certain observations it is necessary to make, but for the reader to obtain a "raison d'être", and to better appraise the thoroughbred situation in truer perspective, I trust the necessity will be condoned. Although attempting to hold to the tenets of good writing, and trying to avoid the contentious, I am impelled to state certain facts, and to express my viewpoint. For these lapses I humbly apologize, and at the same time wish to assure my readers that this expression is not the official opinion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but purely my own and for which I am quite willing to take full responsibility. The subject of this article, Soldier's Son, is the Force's black stallion which holds court at Fort Walsh—a thoroughbred.

The word THOROUGHbred has been used as indiscriminately as the word Democracy, but whenever used it is done so as a superlative because it is recognized as the acme of perfection. One local store even advertised its fashions as the thoroughbred of fall styles. We even see car advertisements announcing the thoroughbred of fine cars. Some erudite reporters even talk of thoroughbred dogs. Whether this is poetic licence or not I do not know but to keep the record straight let us understand that "there ain't no such thing". You can't have a thoroughbred dog, or a thoroughbred cow, or a thoroughbred Percheron, or Clydesdale and so on. What is referred to is an animal qualified for registration in the stud book of his type or breed. What is meant is *purebred*. Thoroughbred refers only to the *Thoroughbred Horse*.

The thoroughbred was evolved in England and had its beginning about

250 years ago, by the importation into Britain by a Mr. Byerly, of a horse to become known as the Byerly Turk—to be followed about five years later by the Darley Arabian, and in 1724 the Godolphin Barb. These three horses were mated to a number of Barb mares along with other mares previously imported from Spain—and other selected stock—until the type evolved came to be known as the thoroughbred—a horse developed for racing. From the three importations mentioned stemmed three foundling sires—Matchem from the Godolphin Barb, Eclipse from the Darley Arabian, and Herod from the Byerly Turk. Every thoroughbred living today is a descendant from these three.

Now let us review the thoroughbred and its development on the North American continent.

Horse racing of a kind had been conducted in England as early as 55 B.C. when Caesar invaded Britain. The earliest known authentic record dates from the reign of Henry II. Races were conducted at Smithfield horse fairs as early as 1174, and English kings and nobility have ever been its patrons. A fillip to racing was given by James I who had enjoyed the sport in Scotland, and upon acceding to the throne of England he became its sponsor.

However it is to Charles II the title of "The Father of the English Turf" really belongs, and it was during his reign that Newmarket was established as the capital of the English Turf. No wonder racing is known as the "sport of Kings".

During the colonization of America—and as the plantations developed—the need for saddle horses became great, particularly in a country with no roads other than bridle paths through bush and forest. It was only natural that the cavaliers and gentry would want the type of horse that was capable of great speed and endurance, and consequently desire the kind of mount they had been accus-

tomed to in the old land, and so it was these early settlers from England who brought the thoroughbred to America.

It is on record that the first thoroughbred brought over was *Bulle Rock in 1730. He was by the Darley Arabian and his dam by the Byerly Turk, and was followed—up to the start of the American Revolution—by 113 stallions and 73 mares all classified as thoroughbreds. After the Revolutionary War the spirit of racing and interest in breeding grew quickly, but the centre of thoroughbred breeding moved to Kentucky from the Carolinas and Virginia.

As colonization developed and settlers moved west to California, thoroughbred horses were taken along. These were mated to the good stock already there—brought over by the early conquistadors of Spain—the same kind of stock that had formed the nucleus of the breed in England.

Importations of thoroughbreds from England became common and in this manner the thoroughbred blood of America was enriched by the blood of the first English Derby winner, *Diomed (1780) and he was followed by three other English Derby winners, *Satran (1783), *Sir Henry (1798) and *Prian (1830). Two later importations, *Glencoe (1836) and *Leamington (1865) endowed the American thoroughbred with increased speed and proved so well that most branches trace to one of these importations.

The patrons of the American Turf were, as in England, the most distinguished gentlemen of the commonwealth, and it is at this juncture we opine that there is a great parallel between the thoroughbred horse and the human family. This point of view will be enlarged upon as we continue.

To the American schoolboy, numerous early historical figures are identifiable by the horses they rode—Washing-

(Editor's Note: An asterisk denotes importation to North America.)

ton on his charger Nelson, General Putnam on his favorite mount galloping down a long flight of steps to escape the British Dragoons, and the Mexican campaign always recalls the name of General Zachary Taylor (an ancestor of our own Commissioner) on his well-known horse, Old Whitey. And Col. J. E. B. Stuart, that valiant Virginian and his troop of 350 men well mounted on thoroughbred horses, saved the day by their noble charge at the first battle of Manassas (Bull Run). Early American history, while not as ancient as Britain's, is nevertheless a grand and glorious one—and through it all runs a love and high regard for the horse, that noble animal that has played such an important part in her progress and rise to nationhood.

Why this prejudice against the American thoroughbred! Surely this is unfounded. It must stem from ignorance or downright "cussedness". Too often people seem to think that a horse has to be "imported" to be really good, and often one meets those individuals who imagine that if a horse is an English importation it is bound to be better than the home bred. It is unfortunate that in Canada, too many seem to have this viewpoint, and it is definitely detrimental to the best interest of the blood horse lines.

Whether this line of thought is engendered by a dislike for "American" I do not know. Although I am not posing as any "good will ambassador" I would like to express a thought on this subject.

America—USA—we started off to colonize it, we made a hopeless mess of the job, and they have built it into the most powerful nation in the world. Lord Kelvin invented electric refrigeration—look to what lengths the United States has carried his idea. Even the "Britannica" is now American. This line of thought can be carried on *ad infinitum*, but there is one matter on which we have always prided ourselves and that is the sense and spirit of "fair play". Don't let us cede

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this attribute to the other fellow. Let us give credit where credit is due.

The American never does things in a small way. It is that competitive ambition that drives him to excel in anything he does, or undertakes, and so in thoroughbred breeding he has never done things in a trivial manner, he wanted the best and never quibbled about the price. He made ability to run his yardstick in thoroughbred breeding—a regard for blood lines surely, but the animal had to measure up as a runner. The qualification he was bred for was all important.

This idolatry of blood line per se, is all very well but what good is breeding—horse or man—if the incumbent does not measure up to the function his breeding demands of him. The Americans realized that too much inbreeding—as in the human family—was detrimental, so they outcrossed their blood

lines with the best individuals of other strains.

In striving for the best, the American breeders have imported—regardless of price—the finest thoroughbreds the world had to offer. By the importation to America of *Blenheim, *Bahram, *Mahmoud, *Challenger II and *St. Germans, England lost the best animals of the Swynford line, which traced back in male line to Eclipse. To avoid too much inbreeding, American breeders also imported the best that France and Australia had to offer. In view of all this evidence why do people still talk—with a starry look in their eyes—as if the English-breds were super horses.

Possibly it is the aftermath and result of something they know nothing about, but which has influenced their line of thought—I refer to what is commonly known as the “Jersey Act”.

To understand the position it is necessary to know that around 1909 as a result of anti-gambling legislation in the United States, American breeders of thoroughbreds found their market lost in their native land. Seeking an outlet some of them conceived the idea of selling their yearlings in England where they found a ready market at good prices. After a few years, this affected the British yearling market to such an extent that their breeders became alarmed. Lord Jersey was at that time the senior steward of the English Jockey Club, and the stud book authorities ruled that for any horse to be registered, it should trace back at all points to animals already registered in the General Stud Book.

To have some of their best stock arbitrarily labelled “half-bred”, naturally caused some resentment in the United States but unfortunately from the British authorities’ point of view, a considerable number of animals of American descent had already been accepted for their stud book.

Among the mares accepted were Rhoda B, and Sibola Rhoda B became

the dam of Orby (English Derby winner and grandson of Ormonde). England’s champion sprinter The Bug and Sir Cosmo and his son Panorama—in fact the Old Country’s best sprinting blood—trace back to this strain.

From Sibola—winner of the One Thousand Guineas and a second in the Oaks—is descended the unbeaten Italian-bred horse Nearco. He sired the Derby winner Dante and ranks in the very top class as a sire in England. Another mare to gain access to the stud book was Americus Girl, and from her descended the Derby winner and outstanding horse in England of his year *Mahmoud. This simply means that the English stud book is full of this “impure” blood, but their descendants are rather more than holding their own with horses of pure British blood.

Whether the reader be a student of the Turf or not one cannot be unmindful of the fact that French-bred horses have gained more than their share of successes on the English Turf in recent years. M. Marcel Boussac, one of France’s most eminent and successful breeders, attributes this success to the infusion of good American strains of blood in the French blood lines. Ardan, Caracalla (acknowledged the outstanding horse in the world in 1947), Migoli, Marsyas are only a few which bear American blood.

Regarding the above *The Blood Horse* reports: “French stud book authorities barred further acceptance of American strains in the same year as the English, that is, 1913. Like England, France still considers American strains impure except through horses accepted before 1913. France accepts the American blood in English pedigrees, but England does not accept the American blood in French pedigrees.” Here the editor remarks “If this sounds confusing, it is confusing.”

In spite of the above, I have talked to individuals who still were not convinced, and to justify their stand have suggested that “Oh in England it is regarded more as a sport. What naïveté!!

DRINK**OXO***and* **KEEP FIT**

—to suggest that in the States it is purely commercial, and not for the love of sport. I doubt if many men in the world today—other than Americans—can indulge in breeding race horses, purely for altruistic motives and the love of the sport. Admitted, sport may be the motivating factor but all try to make their hobby pay its way.

The die-hards imply that there is no chicanery on English tracks while the American ones are full of it—as though the Englishman is less averse to making a slightly twisted pound shall we say than the American a crooked dollar. In any line of endeavor one will find the crook, be he English, American, French or what have you. Do these hard-to-convince ones know that in the English Derby of 1884, there occurred one of the biggest swindles of all time. Running Rein the winner was a four-year-old and therefore ineligible. The race was award-

ed to Orlando, which placed second. There are other cases on record when swindles have been attempted. The authorities of the American Turf recognizing the frailties of human nature have taken every precaution to keep the Turf clean—saliva tests, motion picture cameras, track patrol judges, The Thoroughbred Protective Association, fingerprinting, lip-tattooing, and so forth—to such an extent that nowhere in the world is the sport conducted with as much protection to the racing public.

The papers of recent weeks have brought to light the big operations of bookmakers operating with the aid of the huge wire service. To condemn racing as a result of this is definitely out of line because the racing authorities have for years tried to have the wire service stopped and of course betting. Racing is only a medium for these crooks. Why single out the turf when



Soldier's Son—At Fort Walsh

there is betting on baseball, football and other sports and the damnable slot machines with their symbols of cherries, oranges, apples and other forbidden fruit. One would not penalize the orchardist because of the use of these symbols as mediums and attractions for slot machine betting. The catastrophe of 1929 showed more insidious ways of gambling than horse-racing. Of course to bet on the stock market and sit in a stuffy board room watching the fluctuations is not betting. Oh no!—that is smart business. I suppose it all depends on one's perspective.

The American Turf is a colossal business enterprise. The huge breeding farms, the race tracks themselves which are landscaped and kept as attractive as the most beautiful parks, the fodder to be grown, track personnel and the Protective Agencies—all this means tremendous employment. Federal and State exchequers are benefitted to the extent of millions of dollars. The men backing the Turf authority are gentlemen of high integrity, just as in England.

Yes the United States has an aristocracy of human breeding as old as most families of England. We are often referred to as cousins but I venture to

state it goes a little deeper than that, and the ones who are the backbones of the two countries are akin. As said before we provided the start, the heart as it were, but the body has grown enormously since that time. Both nations are of composite nationalities but deep down we are brothers—we certainly fight like them—and God help the other fellow who attacks either. To belittle the American horse is to belittle ourselves, because enough evidence is available to clearly claim that the American thoroughbred has no peer and no apology should ever be necessary for him.

After this long preamble—necessary to refute the aforementioned prejudice—we come back to the subject of this article, Soldier's Son.

Soldier's Son was acquired by the Force from an American gentleman who has proven himself a great friend of the RCMP. The horse is coal black and of good substance and conformation as the accompanying photo will show. Had he been 16.1 hands instead of 15.3 he could be classified as the ideal horse. For the benefit of our members generally and particularly for those who would belittle him here is his breeding:

[Orby . . . Orme . . . Rhoda B
 [Grand Geraldine
 [The Tetrarch
 [Abbazia
 [Picton
 [Bridge of Sighs
 [*Star Shoot
 [Hindoo Rose . . . Hindoo
 [Ben Brush
 [Pink Domino
 [*Sempronius
 [Retained II . . . Hanover
 [*Golden Garter
 [Miss Maxim . . . *Maxim
 [*Sempronius
 [Sevilla

[Grand Parade
 Blk.
 [Tetrabazzia
 [*Light Brigade
 Br.
 [Heliosis
 Ch.
 [Sweep
 Br.
 [Hazel Burke
 Br.
 [Golden Maxim
 B.
 [Kiva
 B.

[*Cohort
 B.
 [Miamba
 Br. or Blk.
 [Eternal
 Br.
 [Kimax
 B.

[Roman Soldier
 Blk.
 [Virginella
 B.

Soldier's Son
 Blk.

Roman Soldier, the sire of Soldier's Son, started 40 times and won 20. He was sold as a yearling by Mr. Phil T. Chinn to Mr. Max Hirsch, who started him 12 times as a two-year-old and won five races and \$4,690. Hirsch sold him in the fall to Mr. Elwood Sachsenmair. Roman Soldier then won the Inaugural and Bahamas Handicaps, and was third in the Florida Derby. He won the Texas and Detroit Derbys, and was second to Omaha in the Kentucky Derby and second in the Illinois. Omaha, you may recall, was campaigned in England and won England's classic distance race the Ascot Gold Cup at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Roman Soldier wound up his career by winning the Decoration Day, Granite State, Havre de Grace, Washington, Bryan and O'Hara Memorials and Riggs Handicap. His earnings at the end of 1936 after three years' racing totalled \$91,935. Purses were small in the '30's, and a most competent authority claims that this would be equivalent to over \$250,000 in the '40's. His get began racing in 1940 and he has had many winners though his opportunities in the way of mares have been modest.

Eternal was one of the fastest horses of his time and sired many fast horses including the successful speed sire Ariel which stood at a fee of \$2,500, and topped the sire list several seasons. Eternal is the maternal grandsire of the good racer and tremendously successful young sire Requested. He was a sort of model for the south-western quarter-horse breeder. Sweep, sire of Eternal, was winner of the Futurity and Belmont stakes among many others, and has had tremendous influence as a sire. Among the numerous good horses produced by his daughter is War Admiral. Virginella foaled in 1932, won four races as a two-year-old and was only once out of the money in ten starts that year. She was retired to the stud as a three-year-old and her first foal was the good stakes winner Charlotte Girl (foaled 1936).

She also produced Prominette another good winner and Third Trial and Coinella.

Virginella's dam Kimax by Golden Maxim won 11 races and the next dam, Kiva by imported *Sempronius won 19. *Cohort was a good winner in England and has proved a good sire in the United States. Grand Parade owned by Lord Glanely won the English Derby of 1919, and he incidentally was by Orby whose dam was the aforementioned American-bred importation to England Rhoda B.

It is quite safe to say that Soldier's Son is one of the best bred horses in Canada today, and back of him are not only blood lines of the first order, but ancestry too of proven achievement. Admittedly the Force is not breeding race horses, but in using a thoroughbred to improve our stock, it is encouraging to know that we have one of the best.

What about the Irish-bred *Noor beating the crack American-bred Citation? Do not forget that Citation, a five-year-old, conceded 22 pounds, 13 pounds and five pounds and in the fourth defeat received one pound from *Noor. This achievement does not disprove the above harangue; on the other hand it substantiates it.

*Noor's pedigree has many names familiar to American breeders. *Bahram, his maternal grandsire and *Blenheim, maternal grandsire of Nasrullah, have had very successful stud careers in the States. At three points in *Noor's pedigree American ancestry appears. His grandsire the Italian-bred Nearco (previously mentioned) traces in tail female through the American-bred Sibola, to the Lexington mare Maiden.

Nasrullah's dam is a half-sister to the dam of *Mahmoud; his tail-female line goes to Americus Girl, whose sire, Americus was one of the fastest sprinters ever sent from America to England. Grand Parade, sire of *Noor's third dam has been previously discussed. Nasrullah himself will soon be imported to North



Photo—Courtesy *The Blood Horse*

Citation—A Good Example of the American Thoroughbred

America, as he has been purchased by an American syndicate headed by Mr. A. B. Hancock, Jr.

Before writing *q.e.d.* I would like to conclude with a few lines for which I claim no originality as I read them years ago in the English publication *The Field*.

They are from Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Hippodramania":

"Yet if man of all the Creator planned,
His noblest work is reckoned
Of the works of His hand by sea or by
land
The horse may at least rank second."

● ● ●

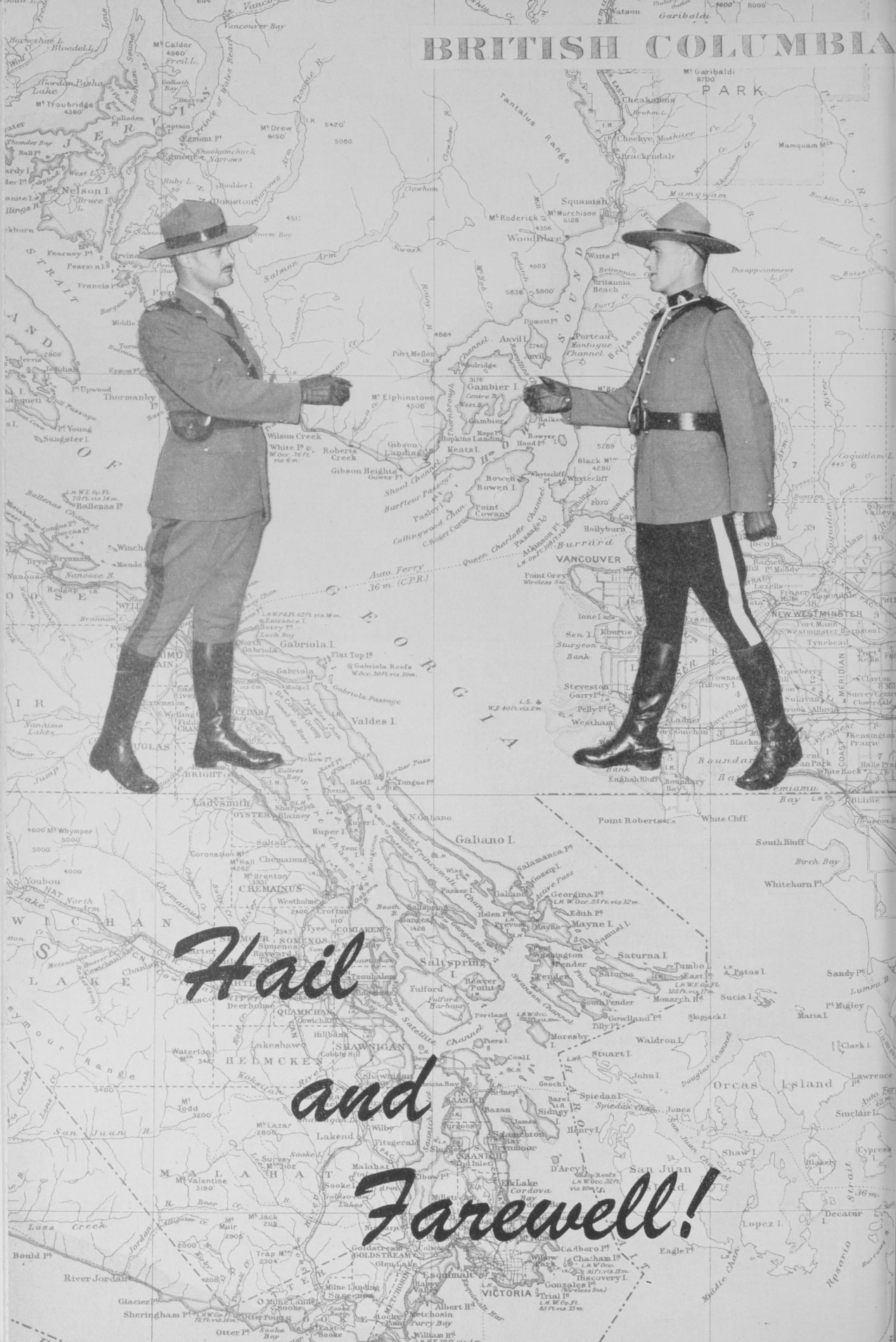
Author's Note: I am indebted to *The Blood Horse*, Lexington, Ky., and in particular to its Research Director, J. A. Estes for his kind co-operation in making available some of the factual information used in this article.

The following extract from a report received at "H" Division Headquarters is particularly interesting:

"It was learned from Dr. that this person had been admitted to the hospital and he had treated him for a stomach complaint and, as a result, had died."

Commenting on the *Quarterly's* reduced subscription rate, T. Morris Longstreth, noted author, says: "Now you're even arresting the cost of living."

BRITISH COLUMBIA



Hail
and
Farewell!

On Aug. 15, 1950 the duties of policing British Columbia were assumed by the RCMP. It seems timely to give in brief the story of the British Columbia Provincial Police, its origin and many of its traditions.

At historic Fort Langley, almost 92 years ago—on Nov. 19, 1858—Gov. James Douglas of Vancouver Island performed a ceremony which was to be of great import to the future development of the British territory. In a firm voice he read the Proclamation of Queen Victoria by which the mainland, until then known as New Caledonia—and lacking legal government—became the Crown Colony of British Columbia. There followed then the swearing in of two new arrivals from England, Mathew B. Begbie as Chief Justice, and Chartres Brew as Chief Inspector of Police.

The significant event leading to this occasion had been the discovery of gold on the Fraser River in 1856. By 1858 the inrush of miners from far and wide, particularly California, had assumed serious proportions, and it became apparent that adequate measures for policing the area must be taken without delay. At the direction of the Colonial Office, Chartres Brew, then an inspector of the Irish Constabulary who had recently served with distinction in the Crimean War, was sent out to organize the police of the new colony. Actually the origin of what was later to be the British Columbia Provincial Police may be said

to have been in July of 1858, with the appointment of Augustus F. Pemberton as Commissioner of Police on Vancouver Island, but it was the organization by Brew of the police force on the mainland which stands out as an achievement of historical interest. With its rapidly swelling population of miners, a rough and hardy lot, and a fair sprinkling of undesirables, the problems to be met by Brew with the slim resources at his command would have daunted many a man of less courage.

Governor Douglas had suggested to his superiors that a company of the Royal Engineers (then stationed in the colony as artificers) be used as a police force on the Fraser, but although this was considered, it did not meet with the final approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In his dispatch to Douglas of July 31, 1858, he said:

"It should be remembered that your real strength lies in the conviction of the emigrants that their interests are identical with those of the Government, which should be carried on in harmony with and by means of the people of the country. As connected with this subject, it may be convenient to you to know that I contemplate sending out an experienced Inspector of Police to assist in the formation of a police force. You should consequently lose no time in considering how that force can be organized. It must be derived from the people on the spot, who will understand that for their preservation from internal disturbances they must rely solely on themselves and not on the military. . . ."

Brew's recommendation, after a survey of the territory, had been that 150 members of the Irish Constabulary be brought out to form the police force. It was considered, however, that the revenues of the colony would not permit the transportation and sustenance of even 60 men, which Douglas suggested to the Colonial Office would be sufficient. And so the decision of Bulwer Lytton was put into effect, the police in British Columbia being recruited from among the local residents.

by
Sgt. E. SCOTT

One of the most troublesome problems was met at the outset—that of wages. With miners panning up to \$25 a day, the meagre police pay was no inducement to recruits, and even after enlisting the lure of easier money from mining drew many back to civil life. In consequence, the turnover in personnel was great during the formative years. Other problems too, quickly reared their heads. This was a new country, teeming with newcomers from all parts of the world, all intent on one goal—gold. Native resentment at being jostled aside frequently brought trouble, and a tendency among some of the Americans to the hasty use of firearms in settling disputes called for a measure of control, without rendering the miners defenceless against Indians and wild animals. But Brew's tenacity of purpose held firm against the many setbacks encountered, and gradually the organization took form.

One of the first duties of the police was to assist in the collection of revenue under the Gold Commissioners. The title these officials held was no index to their jurisdiction. They attended to all matters relating to land, mining claims, records, water rights, collection of licence fees and other revenue. They were spoken of in that day as being "court, customs, recorder and coroner". In the primitive conditions existing much was left to their discretion; to them all complaints could be made and every difficulty brought for settlement. It is interesting to quote from the instructions they received from the Governor:

"Your establishment will consist of six men; namely a sergeant at one dollar and a half, and the remainder at one dollar per diem each, with rations (two shillings) and with clothing.

"You will hold Courts of Petty Sessions at the place near to your headquarters which may be proclaimed for that purpose on such days as shall be most convenient giving sufficient publicity to the same.

"You will carry out the general police

business of your district, taking especial care that drinking and gambling and other disorders are as much as possible put down. The sergeant of your party will also act as chief constable, and his duties will be those ordinarily belonging to such officers.

"You will furnish me monthly with an account of the number of days on which Courts of Petty Sessions are held, and of the number of cases, and their result distinguishing their several characters.

"You will have the power of dismissing any of your party for drunkenness or other misconduct reporting to me the circumstances."

These were the first instructions by the government to its police force, possibly the first of their kind to be issued in what is now Western Canada.

This obvious weakness of divided control of the police was settled by appointing Brew Chief Gold Commissioner in addition to his police rank. Supervision of the chief constables was maintained from his headquarters at New Westminster.

While the organization was taking shape on the mainland, activities on Vancouver Island under Commissioner Pemberton were increasing, and Supts. Horace Smith and later Philip Hankin made lengthy surveys and patrols of the Island, with the help of naval vessels. Many complaints involving murder and other serious crimes among the Indians were investigated. In some cases the accused were returned to Victoria for trial and sentence, in others the culprits were tried on shipboard and if found guilty, executed at the yardarm.

In 1866 the Island and the mainland were united under the name British Columbia and control of the police was centred at Victoria. Pemberton and Brew had now been appointed County Court Judges, and the head of the police became a Superintendent, a system which continued up to 1930 when Supt. J. H. McMullin was named Commissioner. At the time of amalgamation, the gold rush had slackened and life in the colonies



MACDONALD'S
"EXPORT"

**CANADA'S
 FINEST CIGARETTE**

had assumed a more leisurely pace. The more lawless of the miners and the insurgent characters following in their wake had been firmly dealt with, whisky peddlers on the coast had been discouraged by heavy fines and confiscation of their vessels, and the impartial administration of British justice had won the respect of Indians and whites alike.

With more territory being opened up in the interior, additional police posts had to be established. Where the services of a full-time constable were not called for, local justices of the peace were empowered to swear in special constables when necessity arose. As in the opening stages, the police still held responsibility for the collection of revenue; a constable was something more than a guardian of the peace and filled a number of offices unrelated to law-enforcement. In the Cariboo a system of gold escorts had been established and express company shipments of gold on stage coaches usually had an escort of mounted constables.

As time went on, those overburdened with extra duties frequently moved to full-time service with the department for which the most work was performed. Many constables became government agents, court clerks, registrars and so forth.

During this period the police generally distinguished themselves by their courage and devotion to duty. Before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 escorts were long, and prisoners had to be transported great distances on horseback or by wagon. In carrying out their duties the police received encouraging support from the pioneer judges and magistrates, before whom wrongdoers usually got short shrift. In this regard, no reference to law-enforcement of that time would be complete without mentioning Chief Justice Begbie, whose name is still a legend in British Columbia. The California miners had at first regarded Begbie as a persecutor. But his stern and impartial ad-



A Water Patrol—B.C. Provincial Police

ministration of quick and even-handed justice, without fear, favor or affection, gradually won their admiration, as they realized that he gave to them what they had not found in California—a sense of protection derived not from themselves and their weapons, but under the law. H. H. Bancroft, the historian, speaks of him thus:

“His own duty was plain and he did it . . . considering the circumstances surrounding the beginning, the unruly wild men and unruly gold gatherers, society during these incipient stages, was, I say, a marvel of order and obedience to law . . . he felt the peace and good behavior of the whole country to be his immediate care, and woe to any constable or magistrate derelict in his duty in bringing criminals to justice. The consequence of it all was that never in the pacification and settlement of any section of America have there been so few disturbances, so few crimes against life and property.”

British Columbia's law-enforcement body became the Provincial Police when the colony entered Confederation in 1871. By 1873—which year saw the

birth of the NWMP—its roots were well down in the economic and social life of the province.

Starting with a few dozen men in 1858, the force grew slowly in the early years. With the completion of the trans-continental railway in 1886, and the opening up of extensive mining operations in the Kootenay area, the many new settlements and the growth of the older communities called for gradual increases in strength. Many men of sterling worth adopted the police as their career, and left their mark on the proud records of the force. One of these was Frederick S. Hussey, who served as Superintendent from 1891 to 1911. During his 20 years of office—the longest term of any head of the department—he became widely known as an executive and investigator, and many major cases were brought to a successful conclusion under his supervision. The later years of his administration saw the turn of the century, and the forerunners of the present-day methods of communica-

tion and transportation. The telephone and the telegraph had come into use, and the automobile was beginning to replace the horse wherever the highways ran. It was in this period, when these and other aids to crime prevention and detection were being introduced, that the capture and conviction of the last stage robber in British Columbia took place.

The system of chief constables in charge of police districts, responsible to the Chief Inspector (later Superintendent) was continued with minor changes from the early days until 1923. Then semi-military ranks were adopted, (similar to our own of today) uniforms were introduced, rates of pay revised, and the force completely reorganized. These steps were taken by virtue of a new Act, the Police and Prisons Regulation Act, 1923, and it is of interest to note that amendments to this Statute passed in March 1950, provided for entering into an agreement with the Federal Government for the assumption of Provincial Police duties by the RCMP.

Though the police wore no uniform for the first 65 years of its existence, once the decision was made to take this step it was done thoroughly. Similar to the dress of the RCMP except for the basic color of khaki, the men of the BCPP presented a distinctive appearance whether in breeches and boots with Stetson hat, or in khaki trousers and forage cap for general duties. An interesting side-light is the origin of their Sam Browne accoutrement. Before a decision was made on this item designs were invited, and the one submitted by J. M. Bella, a member of the force stationed at Greenwood in the interior, was selected. In style, it differed from the one worn by the ranks of the RCMP in that the upper strap passed over the right shoulder, with the revolver holster on the left side. Mr. Bella had seen service as a saddler in the Imperial forces during World War I, and the provincial force profited by his experience and skill.

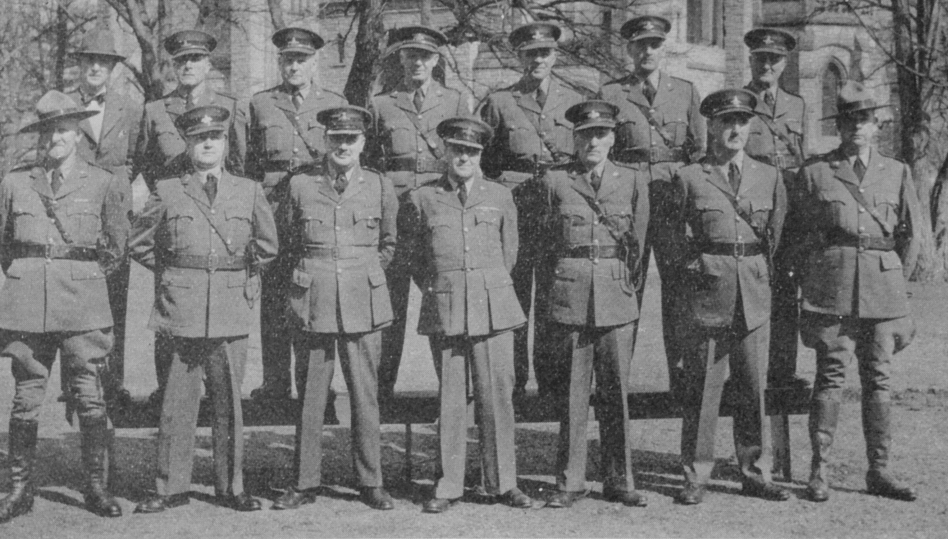


Mounted Duty—B.C. Provincial Police

Transferred to Headquarters at Victoria, he began production of the handsome piece of leather work which set off so well the appearance of the man in uniform. By a happy coincidence, his son, Inspr. J. M. Bella, was one of the RCMP Personnel Officers who interviewed each member of the Provincial Police prior to the negotiation of the contract with the Federal Government.¹

Further reorganization has taken place since 1923, when the existing 14 police districts were reallocated into five divisions and two sub-divisions. In January 1949, owing to the large increase in population, it was considered advisable to revert to the system of districts. Twelve of these were formed, each com-

¹An interesting side-light to these personnel interviews was provided by the Provincial Police NCO who was particularly anxious that his audience should be with Inspector Bella. His request was unusual; his reason even more surprising. He was wearing the original Sam Browne made by the Inspector's father!



Staff
Sergeants'
Class
BCPP

manded by an officer who reported direct to Headquarters in Victoria. And now, under RCMP pattern, British Columbia sees its police operating through sub-divisions again, this being the system followed throughout the other Canadian provinces where provincial duties are performed by the federal force. The five new sub-divisions with headquarters at Victoria, Vancouver, Kamloops, Nelson and Prince George cover much the same areas as the divisions created in 1923.

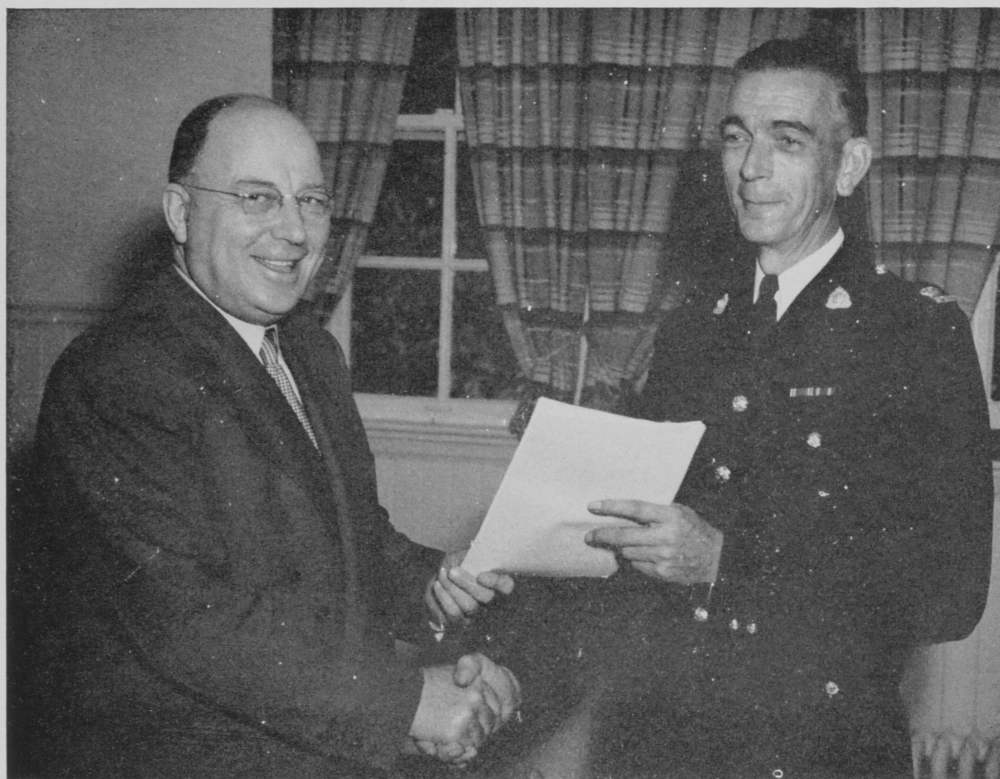
Bringing with it approximately 124 detachments and over 500 men, the absorption of the British Columbia Provincial Police will add greatly to the size and strength of the RCMP, and the transfer of a considerable amount of modern equipment will be of great help in the assumption of these new duties. In addition to patrol cars similar in type to our own, there are nine coastal patrol launches ranging in size from nine to 52 gross tons, each vessel adapted to the type of weather it must encounter in the year-round patrol of 7,000-odd miles of rugged coast line; numerous radio-

telegraph, radio-telephone, and F.M. 3-way mobile stations; and the latest addition, a Beaver seaplane, an invaluable asset for coastal patrol and emergencies.

Members of the RCMP were not stationed in any great number in British Columbia until "E" Division was established with Headquarters at Vancouver in 1919. From that time until Aug. 15, 1950, the whole-hearted assistance and friendly co-operation received from the BCPP have been of immeasurable value to the RCMP. In criminal investigations alone, we have been grateful for this help. But in countless inquiries of purely federal interest the well-knit organization and resources of the Provincial Police have saved us many long patrols into sparsely settled areas remote from our few detachments. Although this generous spirit of co-operation has existed throughout the years, it was no better exemplified than during World War II. British Columbia has an area of over 366,000 square miles, much of it thinly inhabited, and the problems facing the federal force at the outbreak of war were many. Outstanding among them



A BCPP
Highway
Patrol
Vehicle



Attorney-General Gordon S. Wismer shakes hands with Supt. C. W. Harvison after signing of take-over agreement on Aug. 9, 1950.

was the possibility of Fifth Column activities, and in the assistance given to us in the registration of enemy aliens, and the surrendering of firearms by all aliens, the services performed by the detachment men of the Provincial Police were of incalculable value; this the more so in view of the demands on the man-power of the RCMP throughout Canada at that

time.

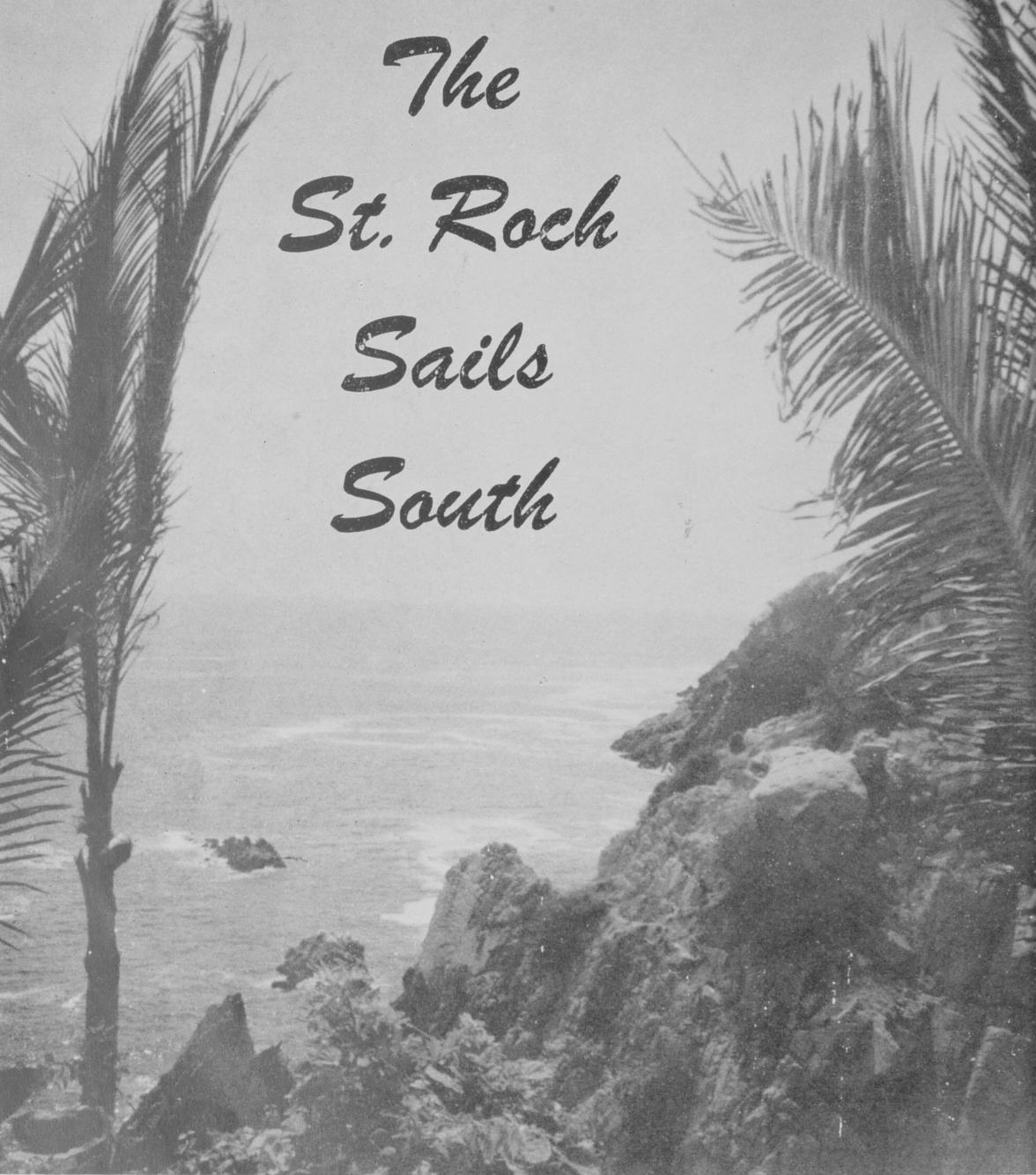
British Columbians have long been proud of the fact that their police force was the oldest in Canada west of the Great Lakes; we cannot therefore feel that we are adopting a child—rather that we are welcoming into the family an older brother, one whose traditions will be cherished as dearly as our own. ●●●

Editor's Note: It is fitting that some mention should be made of the official journal of the British Columbia Provincial Police—*The Shoulder Strap*. Ambitious in size, as well as in format and contents, the magazine's 21 editions have afforded its readers a "true perspective of the work and activities" of the force it represented. Published semi-annually, its reading matter has combined the right mixture of educational articles and interesting cases, presented in an easy-flowing style that told of experienced editing.

Police magazines fill a definite need in the law-enforcement profession. Most forces are reluctant to admit the need for public relations

officers, yet the interest manifested by the public in present-day crime prevention methods necessitates the dissemination of a certain amount of information for civilian consumption. If circulated through the wrong channels much of it could be misleading, but offered to the public through the conservative pages of a police publication it presents a true picture of the workings of a modern law-enforcement agency. This was the role played by *The Shoulder Strap*. Its many readers will miss it; its loss will be even more keenly appreciated by those who have some knowledge of the effort required to produce such a publication.

We venture to hope that they will find some solace in the pages of the *Quarterly*.



The St. Roch Sails South

Entrance to Acapulco Harbor, Mexico

by Sgt. F. S. FARRAR

History probably never will confuse Farrar with Frobisher and Franklin, famous "F's" of exploration renown, but in a way Sgt. F. S. Farrar of the RCMP Identification Branch at Headquarters has achieved a distinction that those valiant old sea dogs dreamed of but never accomplished—that of being the first person to circumnavigate the North American continent. Whether it was by chance or design that he was selected for this role is not known but this is his story of the *St. Roch's* history-making trip from British Columbia to Nova Scotia via the Panama Canal.

On Monday morning, March 6, I was wending my way downtown in Ottawa towards RCMP Headquarters with the usual crowd. The temperature was around 15 below and the air was crisp and bracing. There were the usual "good morning's" and friendly nods to co-workers, each and every one no doubt making plans for the day's work. My plans were already made. I had just finished a story concerning the working of the police dog in the field, the title being "The Chase". I felt confident that this story, which was really for a moving picture, would be accepted.

At one minute to nine I signed the book, the usual morning procedure in the Justice Building, and went to my office. I collected the script and went to present it to my Officer Commanding. Upon entering his office I told him I had the script finished. He gave me a smile and said, "You can put that away. There's another job for you. You are going on the *St. Roch*. She is making the southern cruise through the Panama Canal to Halifax, Nova Scotia. On arrival at Halifax she will refit for service in the Eastern Arctic."

I was stunned for the moment. My notice was short. I had to join the *St. Roch* on March 18. The O.C. asked me if I still had my navigation papers. Fortunately I had. "Well," he said, "I believe you will go in the capacity of third mate. You will also make a record of the ship's voyage in writing and by colored movies and still photography. That is all."

My next few days were occupied in cleaning up office work and personal affairs. At nine o'clock on March 19 I arrived at the *St. Roch*. She was tied up in the Esquimalt Dockyard near the graving dock entrance awaiting her turn to be dry-docked. It wasn't a very inviting morning—especially around the dockyard—with rain and dark overcast skies.

I stood and looked at her for a while

before going aboard. It was eight years since I had been on the vessel and I could see many changes. Her shape was still there, but added to her deck was a superstructure built aft for the accommodation of the crew. She was minus her tall mainmast and long boom which, in my time, ran from the forward part of the wheelhouse to well over the stern of the ship. Memories of past voyages in the Arctic regions, long and short, under the command of Inspector Larsen¹ flashed through my mind as I walked aboard.

In the after-quarters I met S/Sgt. J. B. Cooper, the first mate, who introduced me to the crew—Sgt. F. J. J. Henderson, navigator; Cpl. S. L. Burton, chief engineer; Cpl. M. S. Smith, second engineer; Cst. A. F. Tomsett, third engineer; Spl. Cst. A. E. Reid, oiler; Csts. B. G. Boutilier, W. H. Mott, and Spl. Cst. D. J. Johnson, quartermasters; Spl. Cst. J. F. H. Lavoie, bosun; Spl. Cst. J. W. Deveau, cook, and Spl. Cst. J. A. Gingell, wireless operator.

Utter confusion reigned in the ward-room where the crew were all assembled, some painting, some scraping. Carpenters were putting in panel work, electricians were busy with miles of wire, but everything appeared to go along quite smoothly, everyone doing his job and seemingly not bothered by the other fellow.

The first mate showed me to my cabin—in size seven by six feet. Not only was it to be my living quarters for the next two months but it was also to be used as a general office. To me it looked like a junk shop, being strewn with typewriters, paint pots, odd tools, mattresses, and some old socks evidently discarded by the previous occupant after several months' wear. My companion turned to me and said, "Not a bad little place, is it?" I made no comment, but I really wondered at that moment why I had ever left Ottawa.

¹Insp. H. A. Larsen, FRGS, Officer Commanding "G" Division, RCMP, and captain of the *St. Roch* during her record-making voyages through the North-West Passage.

"Now your duties," the first mate went on to explain, "will be those of third mate—that is, you will take charge of the eight to 12 watch in the morning, the eight to 12 watch at midnight, and relieve me for half an hour for supper. Also I understand you are going to make a written record of the ship's trip, take moving pictures and stills. You'll also do the office work." "What comprises the office work, Staff?" I questioned. His reply was in a string of abbreviations which not only alarmed me but had me mystified. It went something like this, "You will attend to the G.C. (general correspondence), the D.L.E. (daily log extracts), the L.P.O.'s (local purchase orders, which I am still dreaming about), the C.S.O.'s (the Captain's standing orders), the S.P.R. (ship's progress report), the G.R.P. (general routine posts), the L.S. (lifeboat stations)" and so on and so on. I just kept saying, "Yes, yes," thinking it was never going to end. Finally he took a breath and said, "That's all." I questioned soberly, "Staff, do you think if I have any spare time I should help the cook?" He laughed and I knew we were friends.

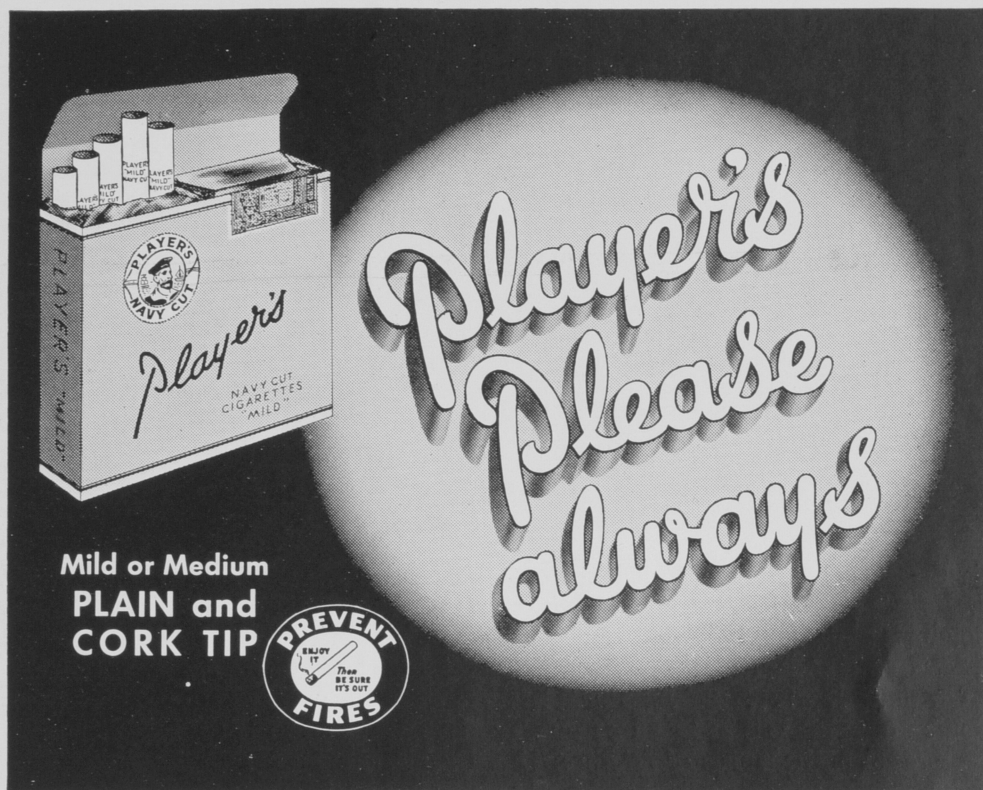
After that we both felt that a little fresh air on deck would be invigorating, and it was there I met Insp. K. W. N. Hall², who was to command the *St. Roch* for this trip. He was busy at the time rubbing fresh paint off his raincoat and muttering to himself, though I didn't quite catch the significance of those veiled words. Staff Sergeant Cooper introduced me and I found Inspector Hall easy to approach. The tall, dark and handsome type, and as breezy as the salt sea air, there was no mistaking his Irish origin. During our conversation I told him I was from Liverpool, England. His reply "Oh, you're a Liverpool Irishman" left me wondering even today if he considers me some odd specimen of humanity.

Still feeling a little bewildered, I made my way back to the cabin and commenced a thorough spring cleaning. Staff Cooper, looking on through the doorway, said, "By the way, when you're all squared up, would you mind setting up the office files?"

²Inspector Hall was awarded the Croix de Guerre in 1946 for his gallant action in sweeping the channels for the troops to land on Normandy Beach on D-Day. He was on a Bangor type vessel called the *Cowichan*. (See *RCMP Quarterly* April 1947.)



Inspector
Hall
and
Sergeant
Farrar



Mild or Medium
**PLAIN and
CORK TIP**

**PREVENT
FIRES**

ENJOY IT
Then
BE SURE
IT'S OUT

Player's
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MILD

Player's
Please
always

Owing to the work being done on board much of the accommodation was under repair, and the crew was billeted at HMCS *Naden*, a Naval shore establishment for the housing of Navy personnel in training. The men were quartered in the ratings' mess, the NCOs in the Chief Petty Officers' mess, and Inspector Hall in the Officers' wardroom. Each day our crew was transported from HMCS *Naden* to and from the *St. Roch* by harbor craft.

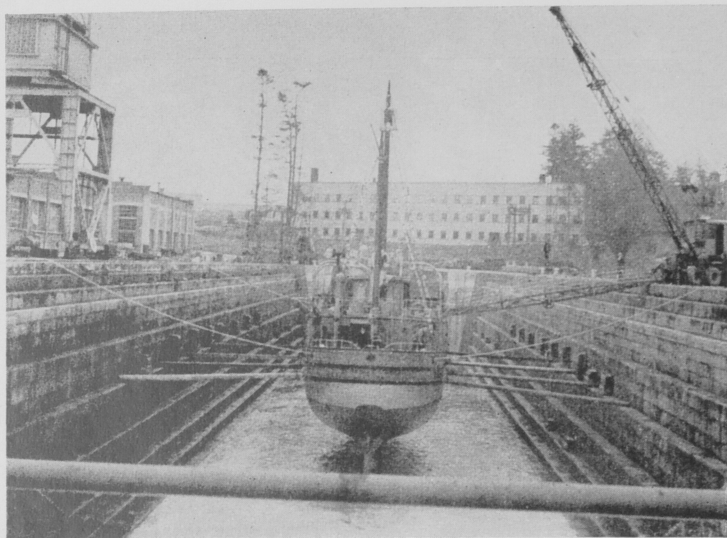
Our crew was kept busy scraping and painting the ship, overhauling the rigging and loading stores. I watched them working and admired their seamanlike thoroughness. They are trained products of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police "Marine" Division. Several of them had seen service during World War II.

Having served for ten years on the *St. Roch* I noticed at once the great changes that had taken place on board

to permit safer navigation, particularly the gyro compass and direction finder. Then for the comfort of the crew there was fine accommodation on the after-deck, a splendid galley, a comfortable mess, good silver, china and tablecloths. In addition each member was provided with sheets, blankets and bedspreads.

On our many Arctic trips we usually had a crew of eight men, many of whom had never seen the sea. However, they were quick at picking up the fundamentals of seafaring life under the command of Inspr. H. A. Larsen, a real sailor who had many years' experience at sea, not only on deep-sea liners but on sailing ships where a man learns the hard ways of the sea.

During the whole of her Arctic history the *St. Roch* was captained by Inspector Larsen. She has the distinction of being the first vessel to navigate the North-West Passage from west to east



**The *St. Roch*
in the
Graving Dock
Esquimalt, B.C.**

via Franklin Straits. The gruelling voyage started from Vancouver, British Columbia, in June 1940 and ended at Halifax on Oct. 9, 1942.³

On July 22, 1944 the *St. Roch* left Halifax on what was to be an outstanding voyage in the annals of Arctic navigation. She again passed through the North-West Passage, this time by way of Lancaster Sound, Melville Sound, Prince of Wales Straits, and Beaufort Sea to Herschel Island and around Point Barrow, Alaska, arriving at Vancouver on Oct. 16, 1944.⁴

Now she was preparing for another honor. Leaving Esquimalt on April 8 for Halifax by way of the Panama Canal, she would become the first ship to circumnavigate the North American continent. Being the only member of the original crew aboard, presumably I would be the first man to achieve this honor too.

Noon of March 28 saw the *St. Roch* in dry-dock, known as the "first graving" dock. Built by the Royal Navy in 1876, the cement and much of the stone used in the dock's construction were brought from England by sailing vessels. It is 480 feet long and 65 feet wide at the entrance, and the first ship to enter this

dry-dock was the English naval frigate HMS *Cormorant* in 1887.

As the water in the dry-dock lowered, the *St. Roch* was shored up by heavy timbers on both sides. Finally when the dock was pumped dry, I strolled down into it and looked at the hull of our vessel. She looked pathetically small in the huge dry-dock but she is sturdy. Her whole construction is on the saucer plan so that ice pressure will tend to lift the vessel rather than crush her. The vessel is of 323 tons displacement, 104 feet 3 inches over all, 95 feet between perpendiculars, 24 feet in molded beam, with molded depths of 11 feet at the stern and 9 feet 6 inches at the bow. Her hull is practically solid timber, in thickness up to 21 inches. Her frames are 13 inches by 7 inches of sawed Douglas fir, covered with 1½ inch iron-wood sheathing. Inside she has a 3½ inch ceiling. Her stem and stern are Australian gumwood. There is accommodation for 14 men and 100 tons of cargo. Her propulsion is a 300 horsepower six-cylinder Union Diesel engine.

During the 24 hours in dry-dock her hull was scrubbed and painted. After being refloated and returned to her berth, 50 tons of rock ballast were loaded aboard in sacks. Later the ship was fumigated and the crew inoculated, the com-

³(See *RCMP Quarterly* October 1942.)

⁴(See *RCMP Quarterly* April 1945.)

passes were adjusted and stores brought aboard. All members of the crew were fitted with tropical khaki serge uniforms, pith helmets, shorts, tropical white shirts, white stockings and shoes. Six thousand gallons of fuel were loaded. An ice box was fitted in the ship's hold and two tons of ice buried in sawdust in specially constructed bins. Awning stanchions were erected and awnings fitted over the ship fore and aft, then stowed away until we reached the tropics.

At noon on Saturday, April 8, we cast off. Many friends were down to wave a farewell, including members of the RCMP Victoria Detachment. It was a beautiful warm spring day, the first decent weather we had experienced for weeks. I took my first watch from 8 p.m. till 12 midnight or, I should say, from 2000 hours to 2400 hours. These modern nautical terms were something quite new to me. Eight years had passed since I had been to sea and many new phrases adopted from the Navy were now in use with which I was totally unfamiliar.

There was quite a change in the weather as we approached Cape Flattery. A strong westerly wind caused a heavy swell, and the old *St. Roch* rolled continuously. Seas poured over the bow as she tossed and pitched, and keeping one's feet required a good deal of skill.

About 10 p.m. Constable Boutilier, the quartermaster, shouted for me but through the screaming wind I could not make out what he said. I went into the wheelhouse, and with one hand clasped over his mouth he muttered, "Take the wheel, I'm going to be sick." Without more ado he was—he covered me from head to foot. Boutilier had the nerve to tell me he felt much better. A little later Inspector Hall came into the wheelhouse. He said nothing and didn't stay long and I couldn't blame him.

The next day the weather continued rough. The first mate said he had never seen a vessel that could do so many tricks on top of one wave—more in fact

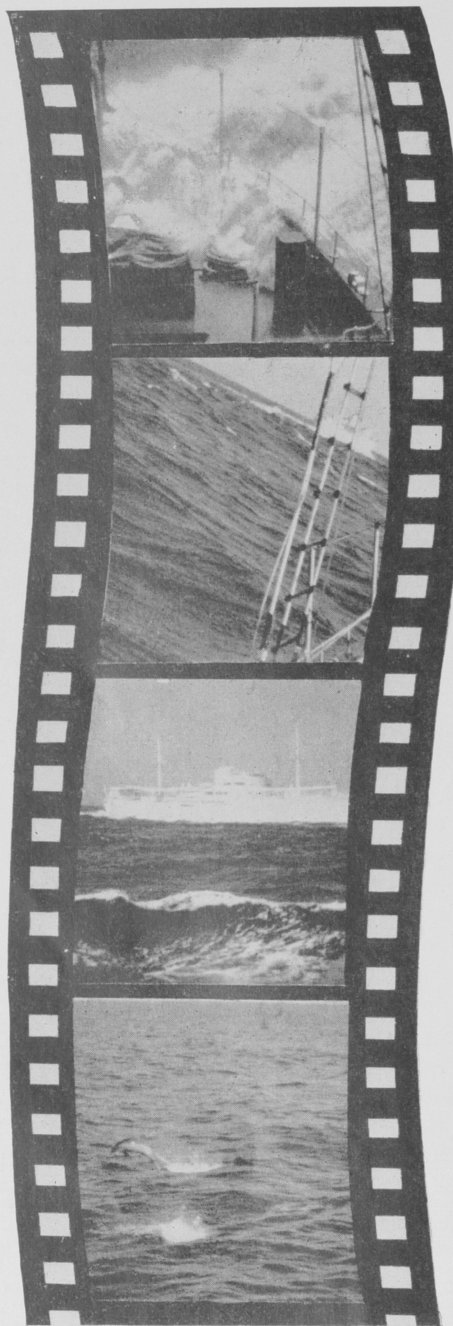
than a monkey could do on a mile of grapevine. Our speed dropped from 8.9 knots to 3.5.

During my watch below I decided to take some movies with the assistance of the bosun, Special Constable Lavoie. The bosun held on to the tripod firmly while I did the shooting. All went well for a time until an unexpected wave landed aboard and the *St. Roch* gave a terrific lurch. Bosun, camera and I went sprawling along the deck enveloped in water. Being wet to the skin was not so bad, but my heart sank when I saw the camera swishing around in the scupper. That's the end of movies, I thought. Hastily I grabbed the camera and went below where I took it apart and thoroughly dried and cleaned it. Ever since I have been filled with apprehension as to the results of my filming, which I will not know until my return to Ottawa.⁵

Special Constable Deveau, the cook, put on a brave front wrestling with pots and pans. He managed to put up a good meal though there was not always a full attendance at the table. A flying pan knocked out one of his front teeth, and while emptying slops over the side he lost the wrist watch which his lady friend had given him for a going-away present. Coupled with these two mishaps he was seasick—in fact he told me in a faint voice, "It would be better to die." The mess table was adorned with a rack, known as a "fiddle". It is divided into sections in which are placed the food, dishes and utensils to prevent them rolling off the table, but it was not always effective.

At night the crew crowded aft in the mess and made themselves comfortable as best they could on the deck wedge under the table as they found it rough riding in the fo'c'sle. Though I spent many years in the fo'c'sle of the *St. Roch* it never seemed impossible to live in during rough weather, but of course on this trip we were practically travelling light ship.

⁵A small part of that film was ruined.



From top to bottom:

1. Spray comes aboard.
2. A 45° roll.
3. "Ghost" ship.
4. Porpoises leaping.

I believe this was the first time Inspector Hall had been on a ship doing 3.5 knots, but when the weather abated as we approached San Francisco this was increased to six knots, and our captain was elated at the burst of speed. He of course had been used to fast ships doing 15 to 20 knots. But there is something to be said for a slow ship—one does get more familiar with the sea.

At 6.40 a.m. on April 13 we picked up the pilot of San Francisco Harbor and slowly steamed in under the beautiful Golden Gate Bridge. We had lots of time to spare as we had orders not to berth ship until 10 a.m. Personally I was delighted with the delay for it was a lovely morning and I had an excellent opportunity to photograph as we cruised slowly up and down the harbor, which is beautiful to look upon from any angle. The buildings ashore looked so fresh and modern, many towering into the sky. Alcatraz, the island prison where 250 infamous United States criminals are confined, seems a blot on this entrancing anchorage for it is always in view either from land or sea. By 10 a.m. the *St. Roch* was secured alongside Pier 43 where a large crowd had gathered and in no time we were invaded by an enthusiastic throng.

Ashore the ship's company was lavishly entertained. I was asked to attend a Cub Rally. I did—in red serge—and was given a terrific welcome by the boys and their parents. I told the Cubs that I brought greetings from Canada and gave a brief history of the Force. The Cubs' interest centred in the Arctic, and during a question period they asked: "Do 'Mounties' eat polar bears? Are Eskimos bad people? What clothes do 'Mounties' wear in the Arctic? Don't igloos melt when you cook food? Are you frightened of wolves? How far can dogs run? Did you ever shoot a man?"

Next morning a young Scout came down to see me aboard the *St. Roch*. He brought along some colored magazines covering the adventures of "King of the

Royal Mounted", and also a little case from which he displayed some fine carved woodwork—Mounted Policemen, sleigh dogs, and sleighs—all done by himself. His mother who accompanied him said, "His one ambition is to become a 'Mountie'." I took stills and moving pictures of this ambitious young American.

Later that morning the ship's company was paraded on deck, and in the presence of friends and the Consul General of Canada, Inspector Hall was presented with a lovely framed picture of San Francisco Harbor by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The text of the presentation speech is as follows:

"The great peoples of Canada and of the United States have long maintained a continued bond of friendship and mutual co-operation. I can think of no better way of cementing that friendship than by a visit to our shores by a vessel such as this. The San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce, through its Marine Committee, is vitally interested in the development of friendship and trade between peoples all over the world, and wishes to express that interest by means of the ceremony here today.

"The *St. Roch*, conqueror of the North-West Passage, is a ship to fire the imagination of even the hardened mariners of the great Port of San Francisco. We are proud to have as a permanent resident of our Golden Gate Park the Sloop *Gjoa*, which made the first break through the North-West Passage in the early 1900's. We are even more greatly honored to have a ship arrive here that has completed a round trip through the North-West Passage.

"We of America like to think that our ships that go to sea are among the finest in the world as to their facilities, equipment and accommodations. However, an inspection of this vessel reveals that the high standard maintained on this vessel is without peer.

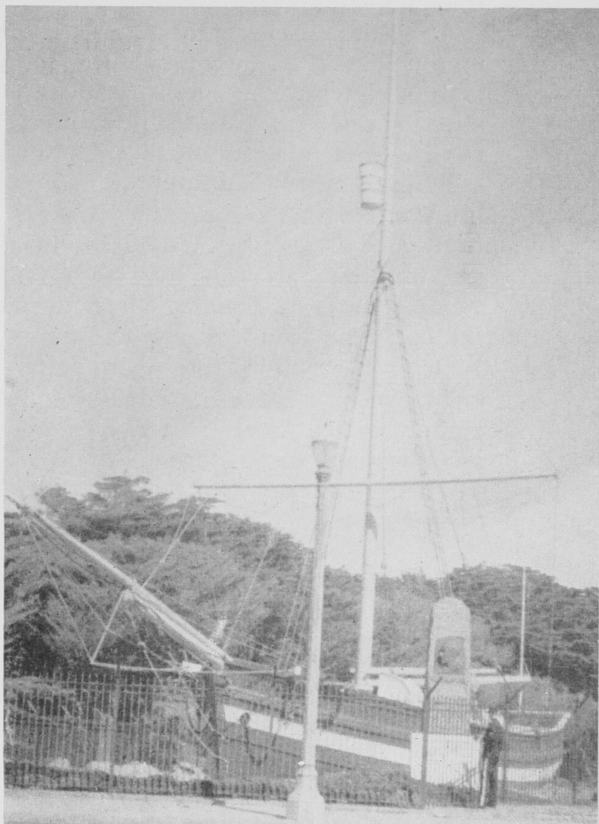
"The Marine Committee of the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce

takes great pleasure in being able to present this plaque to you, Inspector Hall, and to your ship, as a memento of your stay in the Port of San Francisco. We hope that through it you will constantly be reminded of the interest we have in you and in the vessel now residing here, which has accomplished feats similar to yours."

After the ceremony I paid a flying visit to a permanent resident at Golden Gate Park, the little sloop *Gjoa* in which Roald Amundsen made the first intrepid voyage through the North-West Passage from 1903 to 1906.

Forty-eight hours was all too brief a visit for there is so much to see in beautiful San Francisco.

At 8 p.m. we dropped the pilot and headed for our next port of call, San Diego. For the next couple of days we enjoyed fine warm weather on a placid sea. The awnings were spread fore and aft, and the ship's company donned shorts, tropical shirts and pith helmets. We cruised close in to the beach in Santa Monica Bay, which afforded us a good view of the swaying palms and



The sloop *Gjoa* in which Amundsen made the first voyage through the North-West Passage 1903-06.



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wonderful coast line fringed by an ever-rolling surf.

At 9.10 a.m. on April 18 we picked up the pilot at the entrance to San Diego Harbor. Recognizing the strategic situation of this Pacific Coast port, its unrivalled climate and its harbor facilities, the United States Navy has made it the headquarters of the Eleventh Naval District. The U.S. Coast Guard maintains an important aviation base there for training men, overhauling aircraft, and the operation of air-sea rescue missions. It is also the base for Coast Guard cutters.

As we proceeded into this natural harbor several American warships were steaming out to sea. One of these was the USS *Rochester*. Our flag was dipped as they passed in line—a courtesy salute of the sea—and the salute was returned. Our captain was at the salute and the crew on deck stood at attention. By running here and there with the movie camera in an effort to get a good shot I upset this nautical courtesy by not

remaining at attention too. Finally I climbed up the rigging into the crow's nest and there remained in the clouds until we tied up alongside the Standard Oil Wharf at 10 a.m.

Just across from the wharf on the main boulevard stands the Civic Centre, gorgeous in architectural beauty and with a touch of Old Spain. Green lawns shaded by massive palm trees created a tropical atmosphere. But the allure and romance that is San Diego is born of no artificiality. Historically the city dates back to the advent of civilization in California, and from that distant time is traced much of the culture and color that today blend perfectly with the tempo of this modern seaport.

A friendly reception committee gave us short notice to prepare for luncheon at the El Cortez Hotel as guests of the Chamber of Commerce. The mayor's car and several police cars speedily deposited us at the hotel where an elevator took us up 12 stories to the sky roof. There we found a large gathering of civic dignitaries waiting to greet us.

In a speech of welcome after the luncheon the president of the Chamber of Commerce was lavish in his praise of Canada and the RCMP who, he said, had brought a great thrill to San Diego by the visit of the *St. Roch*.

Luncheon over, the Visitors' Book was signed by all members of the crew. The Chief of the San Diego Police provided cars and drivers for the ship's company to tour the city and for their general use during the stay in port. Our visit of 48 hours allowed half the crew to be on leave.

Noon of April 20 found the pilot aboard and we cast off. Many visitors were down to bid us farewell as we set our course toward Acapulco, Mexico.

We cruised southward on a calm sea whose glassy surface was disturbed at times by a flying fish or the fin of a shark. Huge turtles glided by the ship, their shells glistening in the tropical sun and sea birds occasionally came to rest

on these ocean-going shellbacks. And porpoises like well-trained steeplechasers raced and frolicked as they made their way to the ship. Then for a while they would dodge and play at the bow of the ship, leaping high out of the water as though showing off their aquatic skill.

The weather was warm, but not unbearable. Hammocks were slung underneath the awnings and a huge windsail was hoisted to channel the light breeze into the engine room, which sometimes registered a temperature of 106 degrees.

We found cruising at night in the tropics a pleasure. As the sun sank below the horizon the sky turned a golden red. Darkness came quickly and the ascending moon spread its silvery carpet over the mirror-like sea. The silence of night was broken only by the swishing of bow waves and the chug-chug of the engine. Forest fires flamed brilliantly along the shore line and through the night the sky would be rent by vivid flashes of lightning—all the pageantry of a tropical night.

On April 27 at 4 p.m. we picked up the pilot inside the outer harbor of Acapulco and at 6.30 p.m. we tied up at the main wharf, which is also used as a general promenade. Upon entering the harbor one is held spellbound by its rugged beauty—towering cliffs dotted with luxurious mansions flanked by royal palms—the huge bay surrounded by a semicircle of mountains and a rolling surf on its expansive beach. Overlooking

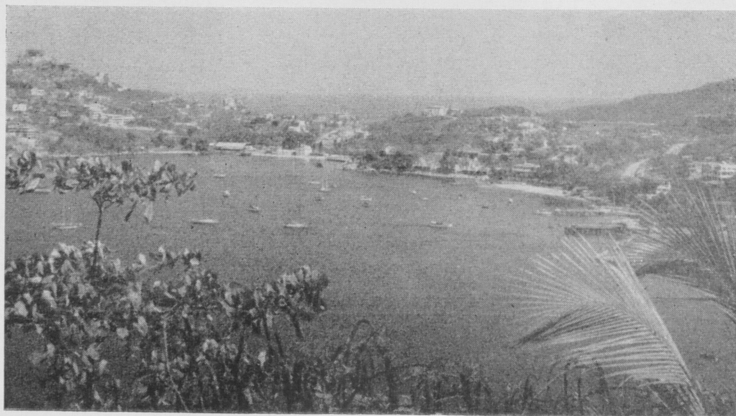


Hotel—Acapulco

the ship stood the old Acapulco Fort built to protect the city against Drake and Henry Morgan, Englishmen who played havoc raiding Spanish possessions in the 16th century.

Acapulco is entrancing—its tropical landscape and romantic aspect a perfect setting for many luxurious hotels each with its own exquisite bathing pool.

**Inner
Harbor,
Acapulco,
Mexico**





Left—top to bottom:

1. A flashing smile from a southern belle.
2. Beach scene.
3. Native diving from towering cliff into sea.
4. Native climbing palm tree.
5. Vultures around a donkey.

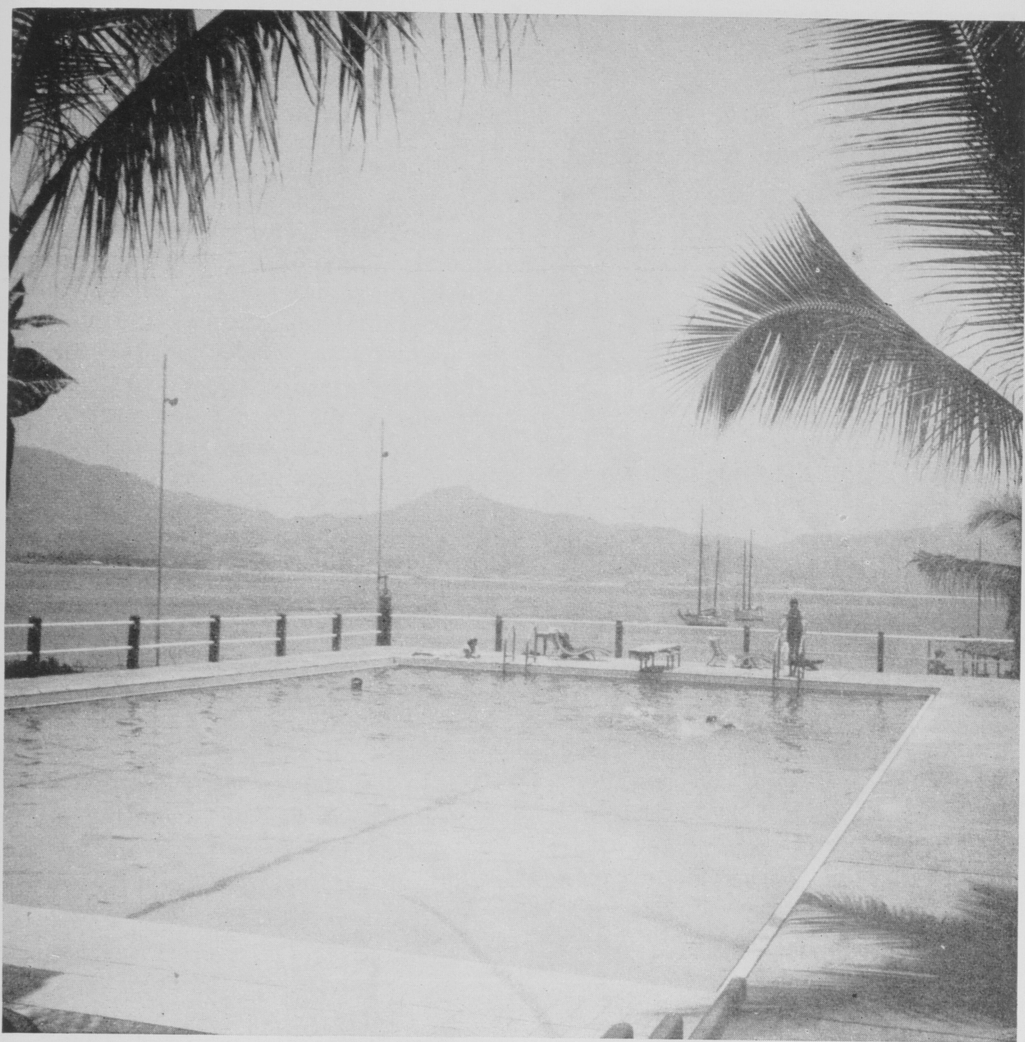
All in Acapulco.

Boulevards of great width are numerous, their centres divided by beds of beautiful tropical flowering plants. The lamp posts are garlanded with flowering creepers.

Vultures are constantly circling in the sky and these birds—the scavengers of the tropics—are often seen walking on the streets and pavements heedless of passers-by. By chance I came across a donkey that had fallen dead on the main boulevard and vultures by the dozen descended upon it before it could be removed.

Strolling along the picturesque waterfront I met tourists from many parts of the world who had come to Acapulco to fish for turtles, sailfish, marlin, devil-fish and sea tigers. Native vendors with basket wear, leather goods and sandals visited the ship. Once I watched Inspector Hall bargaining with one of the vendors who spoke English fluently. "Have you any sandals that would fit me?" inquired the Inspector. The vendor looked at the Inspector's feet. "What size?" he asked. "Eleven" answered the skipper. The vendor burst into laughter. "Sir," he said, "no one in Mexico has feet as large as that." (Note: I believe the Inspector had a pair made to measure.)

After two days in Acapulco we sailed for Balboa, Panama Canal—a beautiful moonlight night and a smooth sea. And during the cruise towards the Canal Zone the weather remained perfect despite the fact that it was the beginning of the rainy season. However, on the afternoon of May 7 heavy black clouds began to form as we approached the pilot station off Balboa and in no time the rain fell in torrents. By the time we arrived at the Quarantine Station the rain

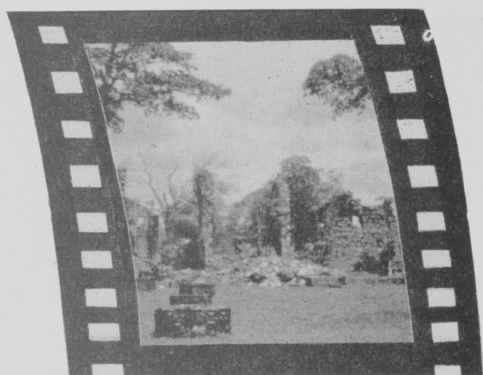


One of many hotel swimming pools—Acapulco

had abated but the weather remained overcast. At 6.30 p.m. we were boarded by the quarantine officials, Customs and Immigration officers. The crew was medically inspected, and the pilot joined us at 8.20 p.m. We tied up at Balboa and immediately were visited by an official who measured all space on the ship for canal dues.

Next day was lovely and warm, a pleasant surprise after the previous night's downpour. I made a speedy trip to old Panama City, five miles from Balboa, and took photographs of the old city's

historic ruins. Old Panama was founded on Aug. 15, 1519 by Pedrarias the Cruel, and legend has it that the city was cursed from the day of its foundation by the Indian Cacique (Chief) who had ruled in the Indian village of the same name before the coming of the white man. The city soon became the point where the gold and treasures of Peru were unloaded. In the King's storehouse this vast wealth from the fabulous land to the south awaited the mule trains which would carry it across the Isthmus to Nombre de Dios and Portobello, there



The ruins of Old Panama

to be loaded on the King's galleons for the final stage of its long journey to Spain.

On Jan. 28, 1671 old Panama was destroyed by Henry Morgan, the English pirate, and the city reduced to smoking ruins. There is a great portion of the church of San Jose—which housed the golden altar—still standing. According to legend a wily priest whitewashed the altar so that it escaped the eyes of Morgan, and it now is housed in the Basilica at Balboa.

On either side of the church of San Jose are the dungeons where legend says political prisoners were slowly drowned as the tide rose. Nearby are old stone fonts. Slaves were baptized there since non-believers could not enter the city. The only inhabitants I saw among the ruins were red ants, and I was intrigued by this huge army of insects marching as though in formation, each carrying a load. It began to rain heavily so my photography came to an end.

Returning to the ship I found an invitation awaiting me to visit the United States Naval Club. The other members of the crew had been lavishly entertained there at a luncheon. I too had a wonderful welcome. The Zone Police entertained the ship's company and provided cars for sightseeing. And a constant stream of visitors who boarded our vessel remarked on her sturdy construction, neatness and the smart appearance

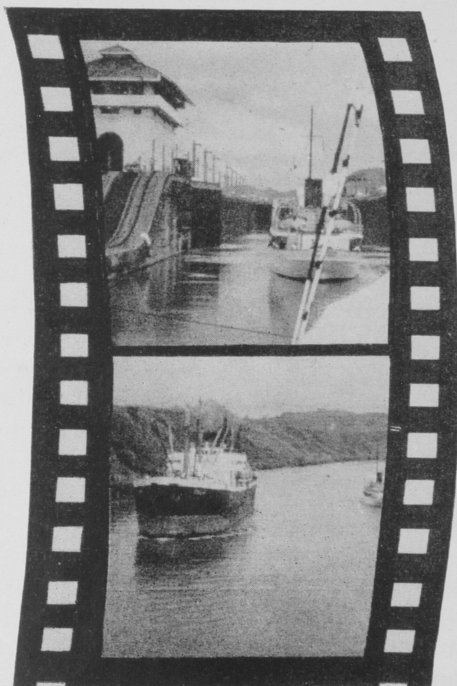
of the watch-keeping crew in their khaki tropical serge.

Next morning the canal pilot came aboard, also a gang of colored men to handle the ship's lines in the locks. It had poured rain all night and still looked threatening and I felt disappointed that the weather had let me down at this important part of our itinerary. Dark clouds hung low and a white mist smudged the canal banks—the outlook for photography was bad.

Entering the first locks, Miraflores, I marvelled at the efficient and quiet manner in which ships are passed through chamber to chamber, which are duplicated side by side so that ships may be passed in opposite directions simultaneously. To operate the water levels in each chamber takes about 20 minutes. From little electric cars on the walls of the locks wires are passed to the ship, one from each side of the bow and the stern. The vessel remains in the centre

Top: In the locks—Panama Canal.

Bottom: The St. Roch is dwarfed by a liner in the Canal.

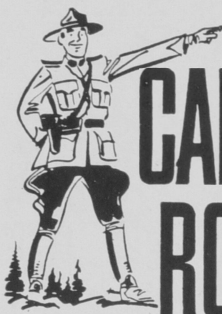


of the locks and is controlled and towed by the electric cars.

From the Pacific side we passed through two sets of locks, Miraflores and Pedro Miguel and the change in elevation from the Pacific Ocean to the summit of the second largest artificially-formed lake in the world, Gatun Lake, is 85 feet. After crossing the lake we entered the Gatun Locks and from there lowered to the Atlantic Ocean level. The canal is 50.72 miles in length from deep water to deep water and the passage of a ship requires about eight hours.

This great waterway, hewed out by pick and shovel, holds the visitor spell-bound. Much history has been created in these parts in a comparatively short passage of time. It was on Christmas Day 1502, that four tiny vessels, their yards askew and their decks littered with wreckage, dropped anchor off the mouth of the Chagress River. Christopher Columbus, on his fourth voyage to the New World, had been cruising along the northern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, searching for a strait that would lead to the Indies. Tropical storms and contrary winds had battered his little fleet so that he had been forced again and again to this cove at Porto Gordo where repairs could be made. As the sun sank behind the distant mountains and the brilliant colors of the afterglow faded in the rapidly falling dusk, the tired old man in the after-cabin of the flagship was nearer his goal than he dreamed. Although the strait he sought did not exist, he was anchored that night at the mouth of the river which, within a few years, was to become a part of the main highway for the transportation of the treasures of the Incas across the Isthmus. Within a few miles of this spot—and 400 years later—the Panama Canal resulted from the audacity and ingenuity of a nation then unborn.

Towards the end of the 19th century two French companies failed in their attempts to put the canal through and thousands of men died from yellow fever



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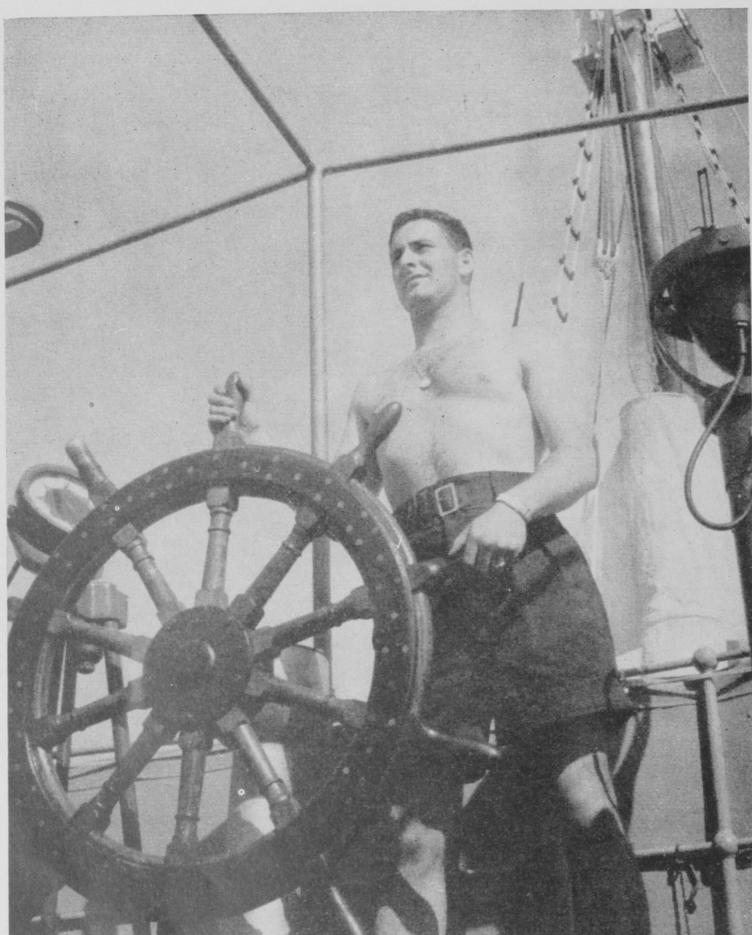
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A
brawny
helmsman

and malaria. Thus it was left for the United States to accomplish what many nations had dreamed of. The Panama Canal was declared officially opened on July 12, 1920 although it had been open to traffic since 1914.

After leaving Gatun Locks we dropped the pilot and colored gang. The ship agent from Cristobal came aboard with the ship's mail and stopped just long enough to say hello. Soon we were beyond the breakwater and bucking our way into a north-easter with high seas running. The *St. Roch* rolled and pitched, jumped and danced. Coming off watch at midnight I went into the wireless room with the ship's position and weather report, which we sent daily to "Marine" Division Headquarters. Special Constable Gingell, the wireless operator, motioned

for me to look on deck behind him. There were five human forms wedged together—four of them recognizable. Only the feet of the other man were visible underneath this heaving mass of humanity. I beat a hasty retreat to my cabin and slammed the door tight to avoid a disturbed night from the snorts and squeaks of these men from "Marine". Usually when the weather permitted, most of the men slept on deck.

For the next few days we had lovely weather—fleecy clouds and a blue sea dotted with little islands of gold—Gulf Weed. Flying fish in abundance skimmed over the calm sea. The men off watch resumed sun-bathing on the upper deck and by now most of them had acquired deep tans. I tried stripping once but just burned and for a week endured agony.

From now on I'll be content with a fair skin.

At 6 a.m. on May 15 the rising sun filled the sky with a crimson glow. An American destroyer and submarine steamed out of Havana Harbor, silhouetted against the morning brightness. We exchanged salutes and a few moments later with the pilot aboard steamed into the entrance of the Cuban port. Flanked on our starboard side stood Punta Castle, while on the port side stood Morro Castle and Cabana Fortress.

As we moved slowly into the inner harbor I was thrilled with the beauty of Havana City plainly visible from the deck. With a sweep of the eye one could see a city of architectural wonder—palaces, plazas, colonnades, towers, churches and monasteries. The Spaniards built here in the New World as they did in Spain, and with the same material that they had found in the Old.

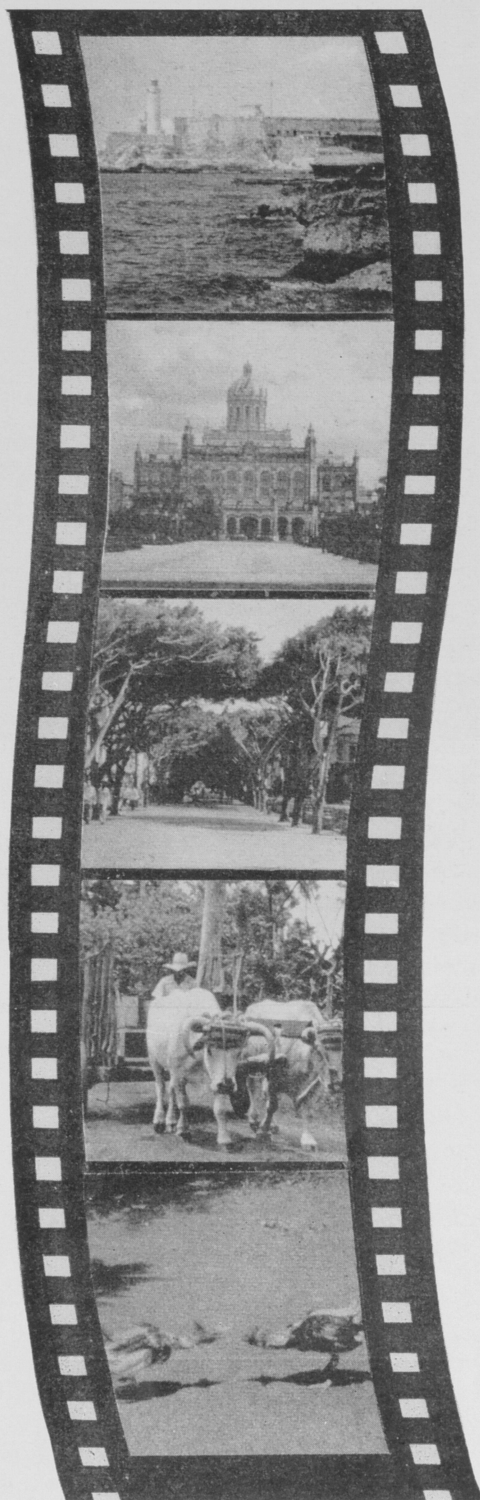
We had not been berthed long before the news of our arrival got around. Visitors—Cubans and American tourists—invaded the ship, and later, members of the Canadian Legation. In return Inspector Hall paid a courtesy call on dignitaries of the city.

Accompanied by Sergeant Henderson I went ashore. I was intrigued by some of the narrow streets, their pavements skirted by private residences with tall grilled windows, immense boulevards flanked by royal palms and some avenues completely umbrellaed by cyprus trees. Street musicians played gay Cuban music on guitars and rattling gourds. One street's name—Inquisidor—aroused my interest and I learned that it was so labelled because the Commissioner of the Inquisition once lived there.

Right—top to bottom:

1. Havana Fortress.
2. Presidential Palace.
3. Cypress-lined avenues.
4. Primitive transportation.
5. The cock fight.

All in Havana, Cuba.





Elaborate graves in Havana Cemetery

Guided by the warm southern sun and in the midst of a garden where tropical flora splashes a galaxy of color, there rises majestically one of the handsomest

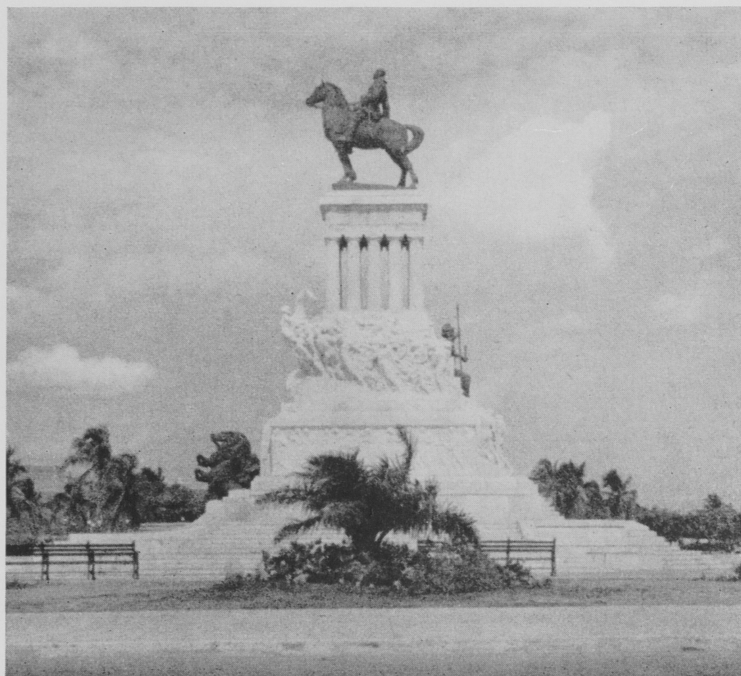
edifices in the Americas, the Cuban Capitol, seat of the legislative bodies of the Republic. And near the harbor entrance stands the Presidential Palace, the last word in architectural beauty.

We visited Colon Cemetery—the second most palatial cemetery in the world—where the marble used for the graves is imported from France, Italy and Norway. Some of the tombs cost a quarter of a million dollars and are adorned with sculpture work of great beauty. The streets of the suburbs are straight and wide—broad sidewalks and lovely avenues studded with palms, shrubs and every variety of beautiful flower. For mile after mile exquisite private residences and apartments of great luxury fringe these avenues. But in the country we found a great contrast—farmers living in grass huts—ox



Ruins of 16th century church—Havana

One example
of the many
beautiful
monuments
in Havana



wagons still used for transportation. At one farm a cock fight was in progress. This is a national sport. We were told that these birds fight to the death, taking from 15 to 30 minutes to make the kill. The birds are denuded of feathers on breast, legs and neck, and while I was told that they are clipped with scissors, a close inspection led me to think they were plucked. Each bird is fitted with wicked-looking steel spurs. We did not wait to see the kill.

It would take weeks to cover this city

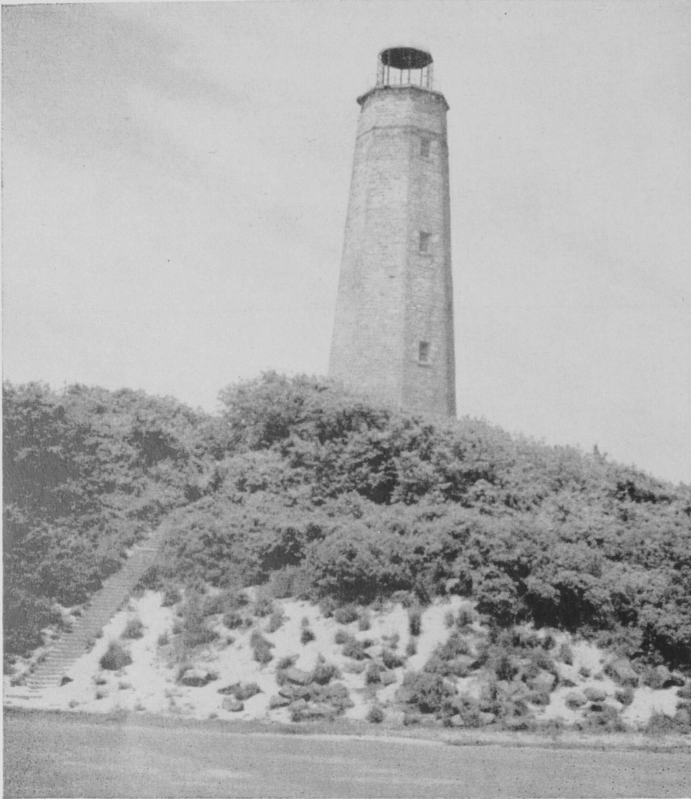
Southern wild life—Flamingoes



of rare beauty but on the evening of May 16 we reluctantly left Havana. Many people were down to see us depart for our next port of call, Norfolk, Virginia. Approaching Cape Hatteras four days later we ran into a great change in weather—from tropical calm to a boisterous north-easter and heavy seas. The temperature change was as much as 30 degrees. Tropical kit was quickly discarded for warmer clothing, and at night on the bridge overcoats were worn. No more sun-bathing—no more sleeping on deck.

Five days after leaving Cuba we picked up the pilot outside Norfolk, a U.S. Naval base. Two hours later we were boarded by quarantine officials and all of us vaccinated. Finally at 8.30 p.m. we tied up at the Standard Oil wharf and refueled. Next day at noon we moved to the Naval Dockyard at the request of Rear Admiral R. A. Davis, Commandant of the 5th Naval District.

At 9 p.m. on May 23 we left Norfolk for our next port of call, New York. The sea was calm and the weather a bit



Coast at
Norfolk, Va.—
First lighthouse
erected to aid
navigation after
landing of
Pilgrim Fathers

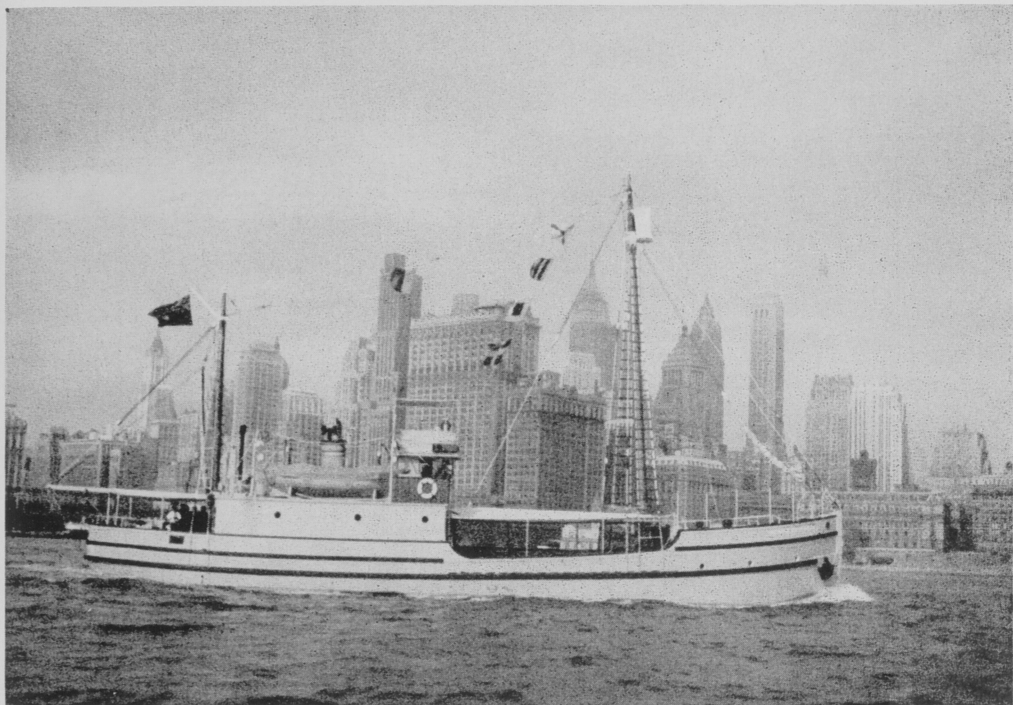
hazy and the next day we ran into heavy fog. When we picked up the New York pilot off the Ambrose Lightship the following morning it was still foggy, and continued so into New York.

During that afternoon Inspector Hall and I visited Commr. William P. O'Brien of the New York City Police who had sent a car to the ship for our use. He was keenly interested in our trip and said, "Now if there is anything you will be requiring in New York, let me know." When he learned I was a photographer he offered a car, a helicopter, an airplane and a harbor craft. I settled for the latter for the next day's tour.

We left the Commissioner's office to visit the New York Police Emergency Squad, a block or two away and as we walked along the street noticed two grimy little lads trying to get a barrel over a churchyard fence. Hearing us approaching, they suddenly looked

around, and you should have seen those youngsters' faces when they saw the red serge I was wearing. The barrel crashed to the pavement and with terrific whoops they ran up and down the street shouting "Hey kids, a real live 'Mountie' from Canada!" Had we had much farther to walk I'm sure I would have been mobbed by those youngsters.

After lunch next day, Lieut. Vance Parkinson called for me at the ship with a splendid harbor craft and a five-man crew. We cruised the harbor and visited the Statue of Liberty and I photographed all the way as the weather had changed greatly from the previous day. At the Statue of Liberty we were taken up ten stories by elevator to the top of the pedestal which supports the gigantic figure. From the balcony we had a bird's-eye view of New York City. A further 12 stories up there is another lookout, but one has to climb stairs inside the figure which is 152 feet in height. I was



The *St. Roch* against a background of New York skyscrapers

quite happy with my view from the pedestal, 150 feet from the ground.

Returning to the ship I found that a sumptuous program had been arranged for our entertainment as it was thought we would stay several days in New York, but at 5 p.m. the pilot came aboard the *St. Roch* and we cast off. I boarded the New York Police harbor craft and followed our boat for a mile or so, taking both still and moving pictures of it, with the immense skyscrapers of New York City in the background. The weather was perfect. Back on board I photographed down to Hell's Gate where we dropped the pilot. Next day we passed through beautiful Cape Cod Canal and from there set our course for Halifax.

Needless to say the boys' faces were wreathed in smiles as we neared Halifax and there was much cleaning up and pressing of clothing. At 12.45 p.m. on May 29 we were met by the RCMP Cruiser *French* and the harbor craft

Grenfell with bunting flying and whistles hooting a welcome home. We stopped long enough for the Officers Commanding "H" and "Marine" Divisions, Asst. Commr. R. Armitage and Supt. J. P. Fraser, to board us, as well as Mrs. Hall and Chippy, Inspector Hall's son.

I was landed by the harbor craft to record by pictures the arrival of the *St. Roch*. The weather was perfect—blue sky, fleecy clouds and a calm sea. At 3.48 p.m. the log book was entered

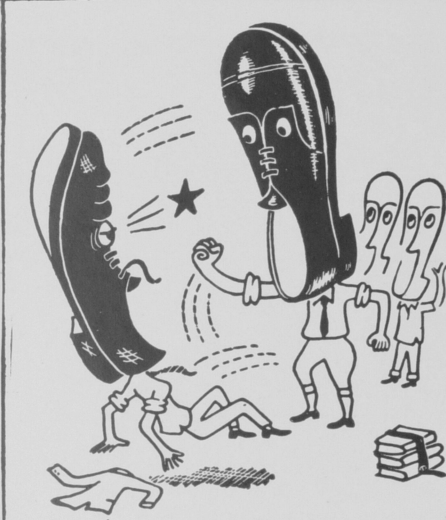
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4-50

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

up and we were secured alongside. On the jetty a large crowd had gathered to give us a hearty welcome. We were home. To the little *St. Roch* another FIRST was added to her outstanding records—this time the FIRST to circumnavigate the North American continent. And while the voyage received considerable acclaim through the international press it is possible that its significance may be forgotten in this jet-propelled atomic age we live in; may be relegated to cursory mention in history books and geographical publications. Lest that be its fate I feel impelled to say that the cruise in itself was of no consequence except that it completed the circle of the North American continent. Yet in itself that is important. The circumnavigation of North America is now a closed chapter in the history of navigation; that Canada and Canadians have written *finis* to it entitles our country to a spot in the bright sun of exploration fame. We may well be proud that the Force's history is enriched by the glorious chapter that is the *St. Roch*.

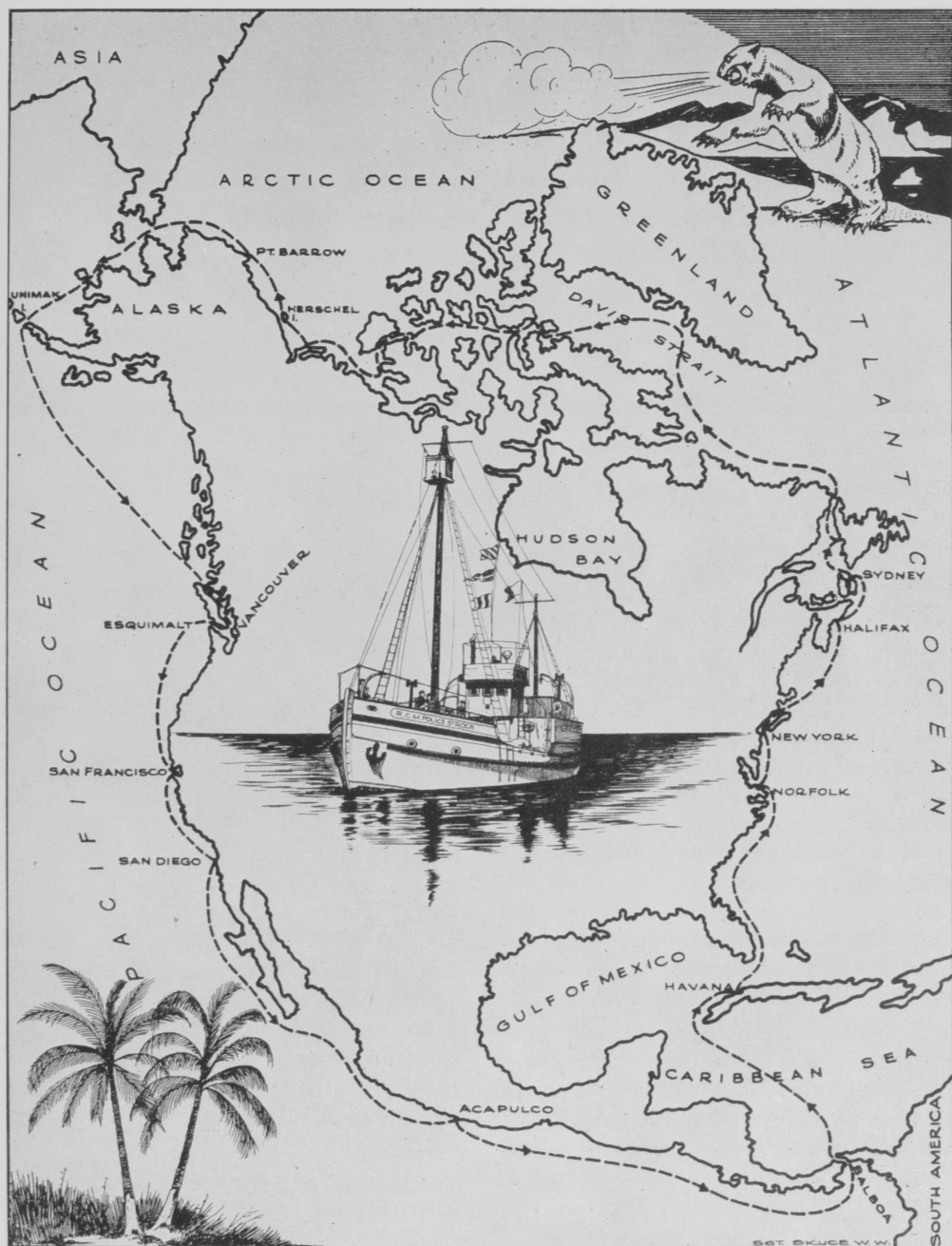
The voyage was certainly outstanding in the matter of good will between nations. At every port we had a warm and enthusiastic reception and were well entertained. But to me this trip was just another cruise—a pleasant one and with a happy crew. I felt a bit of an oddity having reporters and radio announcers running after me wanting to know how it felt to be the first man to circumnavigate the North American continent. Had I done it alone by canoe I might have boasted a little.

Bringing the journey to a happy conclusion, the ship's company held a banquet at the Lord Nelson Hotel, Halifax.

Now each and every one of the *St. Roch's* crew will probably take a new course. May their passage be pleasant sailing!

● ● ●

Editor's Note: Space limitation prevents reference being made to the many officials and organizations responsible for the cordial treatment accorded the *St. Roch's* crew at her ports of call. But through the *Quarterly* the Commissioner wishes to express his appreciation to those who played so large a part in making the voyage a successful one.



The map drawn by the staff artist shows the *St. Roch's* route around the North American continent. The first half—from Halifax to Vancouver—was made in 1944. The second half of the trip was made this year—from April 8 to May 29.

Police Witnesses

The witness box is an important test in any investigation—perhaps the most important. The author offers his opinions on some of the pitfalls that occasionally appear in the paths of police witnesses. In presenting them the *Quarterly* hopes they will be of benefit to members of all police forces, but particularly those stationed in rural areas.

by Cpl. J. Mitchell

THE Oxford English Dictionary defines a court as “. . . the place, hall, or chamber in which justice is administered . . . an assembly of judges or other persons legally appointed and acting as a tribunal to hear and determine any cause” It is apparent then that it is a place of solemnity, of dignity; therefore an appearance in any court calls for particular attention to dress. There will be those in that court to whom dull buttons or half-cleaned boots will be as apparent as to a sergeant major—even if they are less voluble about it.

A load of responsibility rests upon the police witness. A direct servant of the Crown, he stands impartial, and as such will be given more credence than a witness, who, from various motives, might have interest in the outcome of a trial.

Relatively speaking, the majority of cases are not important from a police point of view. This does not mean that they should be treated in a slighting manner; whether it was the right or left head-light that was out is just as important as fingerprints on a blood-stained knife.

It will be assumed—for the purpose of the court-room scene which we will try to create—that you, the fledgling arm of the law, are the star witness. It will be assumed too, that you have verified your facts, doubted them, then verified them again.¹

Our case is a minor offence under the statute governing motor vehicle traffic. Should you be slothful and omit to gather such details as the item of police costs, driver's and motor vehicle license numbers, difficulties will be met in compilation of the conclusion of case form. Crime report readers at Headquarters have an eagle eye for such omissions, and amended reports will be requested if these details are not given. In practice, we complete, as far as possible, a single sheet of the conclusion of case form on

¹Not long ago a woman vouched to investigators that her husband had been in a certain town on a certain date as evidenced by the fact that a transfer of bank funds had taken place on that date. The investigators examined the written advice of transfer which actually related to the reception of the funds at the transferee bank in another town, and was dated accordingly, a day later than the time under investigation. Here there was no attempt to mislead the investigators, but the importance of checking apparent trifles is emphasized.

each information, and have it with us in court. This eliminates the difficulties that arise from trying to allot the costs when typewriting the conclusion of case reports. Usually by that time the magistrate has gone on to the next detachment, taking the informations with him.

And now into court. The wheels of justice are about to turn in the case of the hapless fellow who never got around to having that burned out tail-light fixed. The charge is read, the defendant pleads guilty, and you are asked to give the facts of the case. Too often such facts are given with a fixed eye and the glum expression of the man with a grievance. Something like this: "Your worship, (pause) whilst I was proceeding on patrol I did this and I did that and the prisoner said this" and so forth to a point of weariness. It is not without reason that jibes have been made at policemen who could never "go" anywhere; they were always proceeding or patrolling. (We remember a policeman who once "ascended" a river.) In such cases it will be sufficient to say: "I found this accused driving a Stutz Bearcat automobile on Highway No. 2 near P. about 8 p.m. of May 19th last. The tail-light assembly of the car was broken, rusted and the tail-lamp was not alight." Note that we have clearly identified the accused as being in charge of the motor vehicle, we have established the time, the place and the offence. We have also made it plain that the unit must have been out of commission for some time. BUT, and this is most important, we have given no opinion; instead the cold hard facts. Never mistake opinion for facts. To say, "The car looked as if it had been in a collision" is an opinion. "The left front head-light of the car was shattered, the left front fender was crumpled" is a statement of facts. If you give the facts in a clear and logical manner, the inference to be drawn from them will be equally obvious. This applies to evidence in any type of case.

In cases tried before a Superior Court

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an agent of the attorney-general will, of course, appear for the prosecution. Bring your own file into court with you; the agent will in all probability have a duplicate, but that is for his own use. You may be invited to sit at the table with Crown counsel, but without the invitation, don't. When you are called to the witness stand, walk there slowly and deliberately, climb the steps slowly and wait until the clerk hands you the Bible, until you are sworn, until having handed the Bible back you have been asked for and given your full name. A shuffling gallop to the witness box, a stumble on the steps, a smirking sidelong appraisal of the judge, and brother, you already have two strikes against you.

Once safely in the witness box, take a comfortable "stand easy" position and face Crown counsel. Cultivate a calm, level voice and avoid being helpful and anxious. Listen to the *full* question, then reply deliberately and clearly. Should

the judge interject a question, stand to attention, then turn and face him. Don't overdo this—a clashing of spurs and an exaggerated parade ground posture will look pompous. Wait, until by a gesture or a word, the judge consents to counsel continuing the examination.

When argument is in progress between counsel, never volunteer from the witness box any information which you may think will clear up the point. Wait until you are back at the counsel table, and you will have the chance to do so by whisper or written note.

Answer the defence counsel as carefully, as politely, as honestly as you did counsel for the Crown. Remember that he is there by right of the law of the land, the same law that you swore to uphold when you took your oath of office. Straight, simple answers are best; firm, steadfast replies. Beware of the question based on a false premise. Remember the hoary old chestnut: "Now answer me yes or no, have you stopped beating your wife?" Too obviously the answer is "I have no wife" or "I have never beaten my wife." Never, out of misplaced sympathy, or a fawning attempt to be friends with everyone, allow yourself to be beguiled into retracting a previously true statement into an approximation. "Now tell me," asks defence counsel of a too eager police witness, "in your direct evidence you said you found exhibit two, 15 feet six inches from the corner post of the verandah. That, of course, was the approximate distance, wasn't it?" "Yes, I guess it was," answers the witness. The foolish fellow has forgotten that in his direct evidence he swore that he had measured the distance with a steel tape line. Again it is stressed, be firm in your answers.

"Remember, now," says defence counsel, "you are under oath, we want the truth here." "I have been conscious of my oath and told the truth in every statement I have made from this witness box," replies the police witness.

Beware of posing as an expert and being drawn into giving evidence on matters beyond your ken. You may finish up in a morass, where the footing is most uncertain. With a smiling, disarming approach, defence counsel beguiled a police witness into giving opinion evidence about glass fractures and the speed and direction of missiles. Later in the trial an expert on such matters refuted all that had been said by the policeman. Probably the judge wondered how much credence could be attached to the rest of that policeman's evidence.

Insistent and persistent questions in cross-examination may be irritating, but never lose your gravity and your dignity. Don't shout. "Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson to a loud-mouthed opponent in a controversy, "you raise your voice when you should be re-enforcing your argument." Those of us who have a pious turn of mind may recall a certain Book wherein a celebrated Hebrew judge is reported to have said something about a soft answer turning away wrath. That's good advice in court-room manners, too.

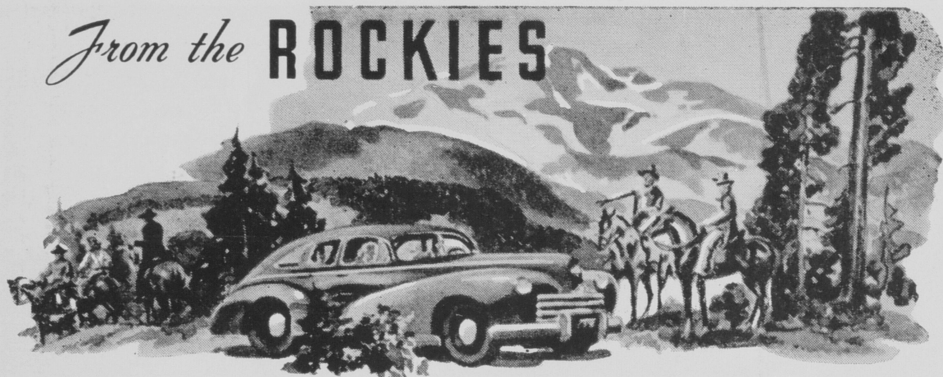
Once the trial is over, forget it. Our function as a police witness is ended in that case, and so should our interest in the penalty. We have never heard of a judge taking a hand in a police investigation; by the same token the police have nothing to do with the penalty.

● ● ●

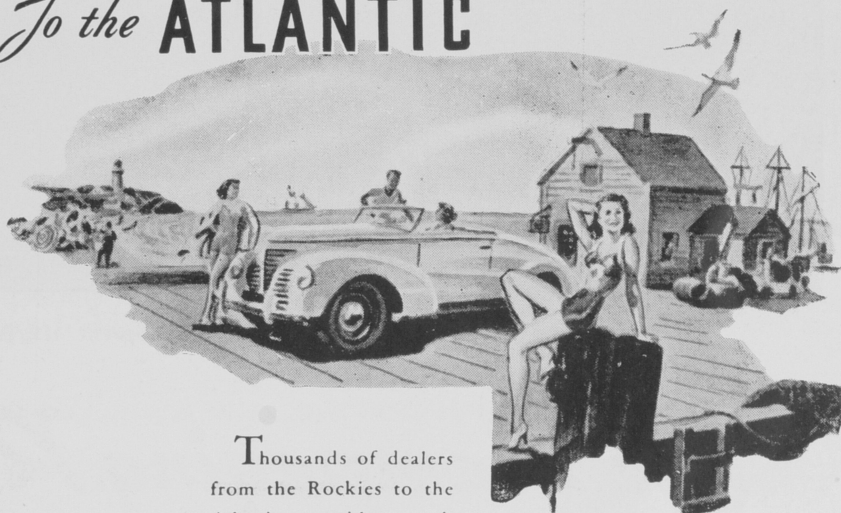
Grave Oversight

Niagara Falls, Ont., (UP)—Royal Canadian Mounted Police constables who arrived here with income tax evasion summonses for a brother and a sister found them in a cemetery where they had been buried 20 and five years respectively. (From the *Windsor Daily Star*, June 14, 1950.)

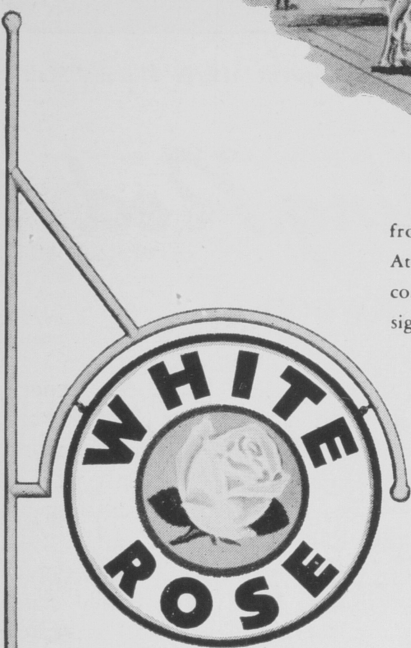
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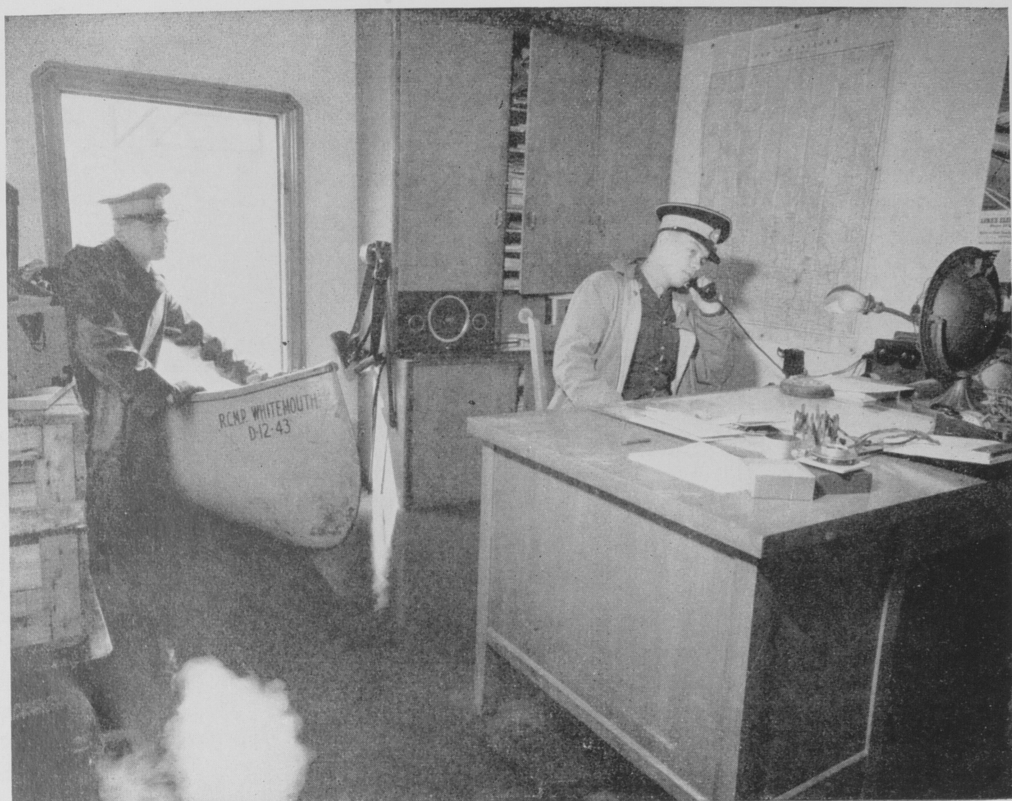


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RCMP Detachment office, Morris, Man.

The Rampaging Red

by Insp. K. M. LOCKWOOD

A brief account of last spring's disastrous floods in Manitoba—a calamity that shocked the nation and excited the sympathy of the whole world.

TOWARD the end of March it became evident from reports submitted by American engineers that the Red River was about to unleash its fury throughout the length of the valley. Levels were rising rapidly south of the border and the volume of water on its way north indicated far more

severe flooding than had been experienced in recent years. By early April the deluge had made itself felt at Emerson, the first Canadian town north of the border. From then on it steadily spread over the whole Red River Valley until an area of approximately 600 square miles was inundated. The water varied from one to ten feet in depth and engulfed everything in its path. At one point on the river proper the crew of an RCMP patrol schooner had occasion to drop anchor and before it struck bottom, they had released approximately 90 feet of chain.

The towns of Emerson, Letellier, St.

Jean, Morris, Rosenort, Rosenfeld, Silver Plains, McTavish, Aubigny, St. Agathe, St. Adolphe, St. Norbert—and all surrounding farm country within approximately 15 miles of the river proper—were almost completely inundated by the “rampaging Red”.

Long before the flood reached disastrous proportions certain precautionary measures were taken by the Force. Special radio installations—over and above the regular equipment—insured communications should telephones fail. Arrangements were made for water transport; freighter canoes and other types of suitable boats equipped with outboard motors were shipped into the area. Extra personnel were supplied and before any other organization had taken precautions, the Force was reasonably well prepared for the coming emergency. The ground work was carefully thought out and it was then merely a question of expanding the organization to meet the need as the water rose. On

approximately April 12 it became evident the flood was going to assume disaster proportions and on April 17 extra men were sent into the southern area and the writer took up headquarters in Morris to direct the coming battle.

On the morning of April 30, at approximately 4 a.m., a wall of water four feet high attacked the town of Morris and in a matter of three hours the whole town was flooded to a depth of about five feet. The water rose steadily during the coming days until it reached a depth of 25 feet on the east side of the town and tapered to roughly five feet on the west side. The area became known as “Lake Morris”. As far as the eye could see in any direction there was an unbroken expanse of water. Highways, railroads, bridges, fences, automobiles and in many cases houses and other buildings were completely covered by the rushing tide.

In the towns throughout the valley—previously listed—the situation soon be-

View of flooded street in Morris, Man. RCMP building to right of picture.



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came impossible. Food, water and other necessities of life were simply nonexistent. This meant only one thing—the mass evacuation of thousands of people, and this was carried out in approximately five days. The small boats equipped with outboard motors and four larger launches which had been loaned to the Force by their owners, were the only means of transportation available. The boats and operators carried on at top speed day and most of the night taking people to safety or to points from which they could obtain transportation. This operation was executed in the most impossible weather and under the most dangerous conditions, yet not a single life was lost nor was there an untoward incident of any kind. The morale of the people was excellent and the efficiency, energy and devotion to duty of the members of the Force involved, cannot be praised too highly. Many of the men were young and inexperienced yet they performed like veterans and worked almost to the point of exhaustion. The currents of the river were extremely dangerous for the operation of small boats and all through the evacuation there was constant rain or snow with below freezing temperatures—and winds which reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour.

The devastation in the Red River Valley is beyond description. Houses, barns and outbuildings have simply vanished. Morris itself absorbed the unrelenting fury of the elements for ten days and emerged a battered and splintered

town. Huge logs driven by a 40-mile-an-hour wind and borne on four foot waves, unmercifully battered the inundated settlement. They smashed their way completely through some houses and reduced others to piles of bricks and splinters which later floated away and left nothing but gaping basements to welcome returning evacuees.

In Winnipeg and surrounding suburbs an outstanding job was done by all ranks. Extra men were brought in from Saskatchewan and from Brandon and Dauphin Sub-Divisions and these were welded into a compact efficient force to augment municipal police forces in the emergency. Through the untiring efforts of the executive members of Headquarters a steady flow of necessary supplies was maintained to the men in the field without which they could not have operated. The radio communications set up before the flood actually struck were a godsend. Telephone communication was practically nonexistent and at its best was unreliable, although the Manitoba Telephone System did a marvelous job of trying to maintain its lines. The police radio network was about the only means of communication from Winnipeg south. To the radio technicians, dispatchers and others connected with this operation goes unlimited credit for the manner in which they enabled this channel to function at its high peak of efficiency. The stenographers and office staff contributed materially to the success of the communications. They worked long hours compiling, sorting and tabulating messages and instructions which were flowing in a constant stream to and from Headquarters.

During this emergency extra detachments were set up throughout the Red River Valley at Dominion City, St. Norbert, St. Agathe, St. Adolphe, St. Jean and Letellier. The two members at each of these detachments were equipped with boats, motors, clothing, food, gasoline and other necessary supplies. Three large patrol boats were put into operation—

the *Atik* patrolling from Winnipeg to St. Jean, the *Aeronaut* from St. Jean to Emerson and the *Arcesu* covering the whole valley from Winnipeg to Emerson. The crews of these boats used freighter canoes powered by outboard motors to visit all farms and houses within reach of the river. In this way the welfare of the persons still occupying these dwellings was looked after; also the need for cattle feed was noted and such information passed on to the Department of Agriculture. Where houses were still occupied even though partially under water, their locations were listed as well as the names of the owners. A record was kept of each visit to these places. Evacuated homes and buildings were dated in chalk each time a patrol called, for the information of returning evacuees. In these ways the situation was kept under control, looting was prevented and the people were assured that their welfare was being looked after by the patrols of this Force. Arrangements were made with the Manitoba Govern-

ment Air Service for two aircraft to fly over the entire flooded valley, spot isolated cattle and drop feed to them. This operation was successful and most certainly saved the lives of cattle which would otherwise have starved.

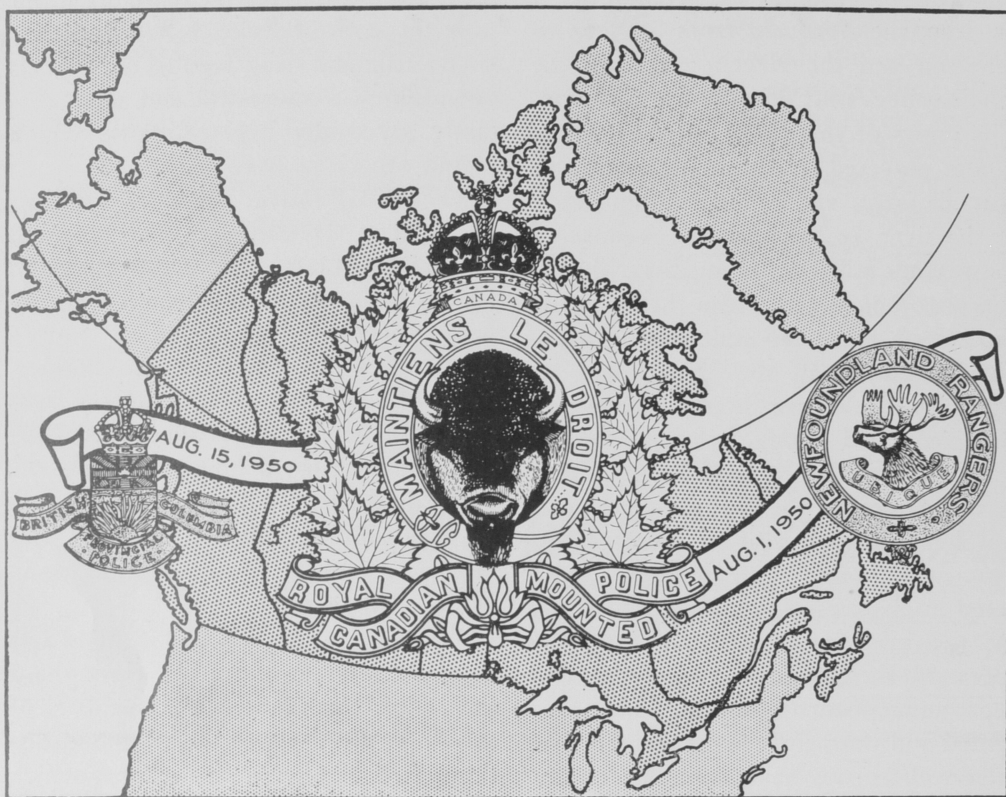
The RCMP Beaver Aircraft CF-MPM, stationed at "D" Division, proved useful too. This aircraft made many flights to Morris and district and being equipped with wheels used a portion of No. 75 Highway which had not been flooded, as a landing strip. This runway was approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and while it is obvious that a highway is not the most desirable landing strip, the skill of our pilot in safely negotiating this improvised airfield time and time again was well demonstrated.

Truly the 1950 Red River flood left its unforgettable memories throughout the valley, but likewise the members of the Force lived up to tradition and distinguished themselves in a manner which will long be remembered by the residents of the stricken area. ● ● ●

Wrecked homes in Morris, Man.—an example of what existed in many centres of that province.



UNITY



WHEN Newfoundland joined the confederation of Canadian provinces last year, Prime Minister St. Laurent “declared his confidence that the union of the two countries will make steadier and surer the progress towards unity and prosperity of the northern half of this continent”. A modification of this statement is applicable to the scene depicted by the above illustration—the amalgamation of the British Columbia Provincial Police and Newfoundland Rangers with the RCMP.

The drawing is the work of the *Quarterly's* Staff Artist. In it he portrays what the union should mean to Canada—a larger and more unified police system. It is interesting to note too that the absorption of the two provincial forces combines the two provinces at the extreme opposites of the country geographically—one the youngest in the Confederation and the other, one of the oldest. The same may be said for the forces themselves—the BCPP was the oldest in Canada and the Rangers the youngest provincial body.

In extending his tribute to those ex-provincial men who are now members of the RCMP, our artist offers a timely reminder that there is room for their creative talent in contributions to the *Quarterly*. His skill as an illustrator is at their service.

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The "Labrador" Stamps

IN July 1910 a large quantity of stamps was seized from a second-hand store in Montreal. These issues were marked "Labrador, U.S.A. Post Office, U.S.A." and were of 5c, 25c and \$1 denominations. The 5c green stamp pictured a seal on ice, the 25c blue issue depicted an Eskimo armed with a harpoon and the \$1 stamp showed a map of Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, with Canada in red and Labrador and Newfoundland in pink. The background of this stamp was green.

If the seized stamps had been worth their face value an enormous sum of money would have been involved. Actually they were worthless and with the exception of a few samples retained by the police for exhibit purposes, were destroyed.

From time to time in the ensuing years specimens of the "Labrador" stamps turn up in the philatelic world and several inquiries have come to RCMP Headquarters concerning their origin. Little is known officially about them, and while it is believed that they may have been printed for fraudulent purposes, for some reason they were never issued. The second-hand dealer who surrendered them to the police 40 years ago claimed to have bought them at an auction sale of unclaimed goods.

From a philatelic viewpoint the stamps are worthless except as curios. And if they can be classed as forgeries the offence of issuing them, as well as disposing of them, would appear to be a contravention of the United States postal regulations. Years ago official circles adopted the attitude that providing these stamps were sold as collectors' items and not genuine issues, no offence was being committed.

J.S.F.





Looking upstream prior to construction of Des Joachims Dam—from Ontario side.

Two Weeks on the Ottawa River

by Cpl. A. ALSVOLD

Three hundred years ago hardy *voyageurs* made their way down the mighty Ottawa River by canoe with loads of furs for the markets of the New World. A member of the Force writes of his experiences on a trip that covered territory still as virgin as it was in those days of old.

IN July I made a canoe trip down the Ottawa River from Mattawa to Ottawa. Mattawa is 200 miles WNW of Ottawa by rail but the trip is considerably longer by water. My outfit consisted of a 14-foot canvas covered canoe weighing 65 lbs., a packsack containing food and kitchen utensils weighing 50 lbs. and a dunnage bag containing tent and sleeping bag weighing 30 lbs.

My daily schedule was from sun-up to sun-down with meals at 6 a.m., 12 and 6 p.m.; paddling from 7 to 11 a.m. and 1 to 5 p.m. The following is a resume of the trip:

Tuesday

It rained lightly as I took the first stroke of the paddle and started down the mighty Ottawa that winds its way hundreds of miles through ever-changing scenery until its junction with the St. Lawrence. It was at once clear that the upper reaches had changed entirely since the closing of the new dam at Des Joachims, three days' journey to the east. The water had backed up as far as Mattawa and—as I should learn later—all the rapids above the dam had been washed out. This was a boon but the

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water had also washed out the beaches, and camp sites were rare. There is nothing now but steep hill-sides. These hill-sides had been cleared of trees before the closing of the dam and as there is practically no current, debris is packed along the shores several feet wide, making landings difficult. Three otters came close to inspect the canoe. They were inquisitive and followed me downstream a while. Loons were strung out in single file down the centre at a couple of hundred yards interval. Ducks were in the coves in small flocks or perhaps a mother with ducklings, scurrying to get out of the way. I camped two miles east of Klock.

Wednesday

The scenery continues unchanged

with steep hill-sides on the north shore and no signs of human habitation. The south side is lower and here the railroad follows the shore. The old road bed is nearly all under water and a new track has been laid higher up. There was a heavy shower in the afternoon and a thunder-storm at night. I camped two miles east of what was formerly Deux Rivières Rapid.

Thursday

Still the same empty shores with evidence of the water rising higher and higher every mile. Strangely enough there are many herons here. The terrain is unsuitable for them but they evidently refused to leave after the swamps were drowned out. It rained at noon and in the afternoon I was caught in a rain



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storm while crossing a bay. I raced for the point but could not make it and was dashed in against the debris but managed to keep on even keel by holding on to a floating tree. My hat flew off and could not be recovered. An inadequate beret had to serve until another hat could be procured days later. By that time a casual observer would have taken me for a person of mixed blood. At Stonecliff a boom is stretched across the river to catch the debris floating down. A portable sawmill is engaged in cutting it up for firewood. There is a square mile of it and no way of getting through. No portage is possible along the north shore so I had to cross over and portage a mile along the south bank. The only camp site available is right at Stonecliff and a couple of girls out for an evening stroll fled squealing when they observed a disreputable-looking tramp crouched over a smudge made of old tar paper.

Friday

The weather turned clear and hot and the black flies became ferocious, even on the water. There is no way of avoiding them and I got badly bitten. The mosquitoes are no problem. A spray with DDT clears the tent for the night. I set the canoe in water at a point declared suitable by a local inhabitant but it proved to be unsuitable for in half an hour the canoe was snagged on a nail on top of a house! This seemingly unlikely accident happened in this way. I was soon hemmed in by debris again and right in front was a house apparently built on the bottom of the river. The water was clear beyond. Nothing for it but to unload and drag the outfit over the roof, and during this operation the aforementioned nail got in the way. However, the damage was soon repaired. Between Stonecliff and Des Joachims the river has grown into a large lake and this stretch seems to have been deserted

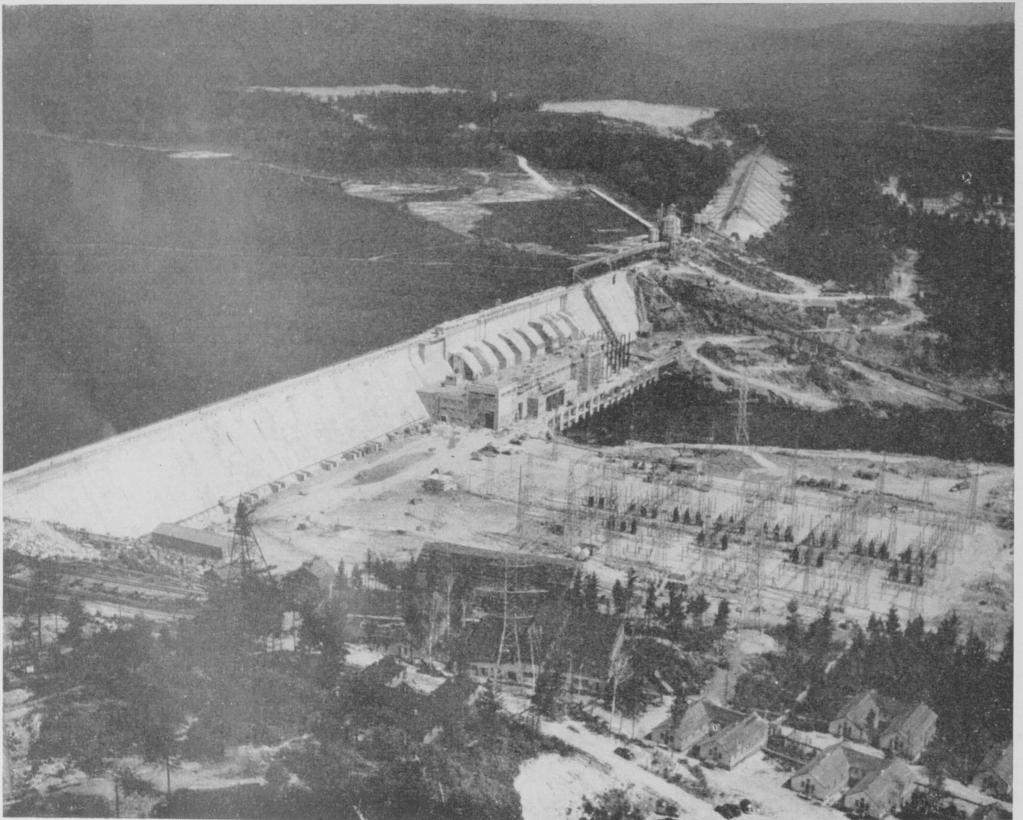
by the rich bird life for I saw nothing but a few crows. All the bays are closed by booms to hold the debris and prevent it reaching the dam. There is a tendency to slip through a boom and get into the quiet water but for me this proved a trap as the lower end was always choked by debris so that I couldn't get out again. I reached the first link of the dam and was told that the head of water is here 120 feet. Camped on the island leading to the main dam. Rabbits played around the tent at night and a skunk made an early morning visit but departed again—peacefully.

Saturday

Approaching the main dam the south shore is low, and it is curious to see the old road disappear under water at the head of a bay and emerge again at the other end. Then the lake narrows, both

shores rise and I came to the main dam and power house. The head of water is here 130 feet. Try to visualize that formerly dry land now lies 130 feet below the water and the immensity of this undertaking will be realized. All sorts of queer superstructures surround the dam. These are the apparatus used in producing sand and gravel. I was told that they would soon be taken down. There happens to be a natural portage at the main dam, right by the log chute. A steep road winds down to the foot of the chute, then a quiet side channel followed by a narrow rock barrier and you are through. Some men were fishing in the rapids and the size of their catch suggested a commercial undertaking. After Des Joachims the river is as of old. Instead of the sombre, even gloomy aspect of the upper reaches there is now

Des Joachims Dam—Aerial view taken about time of opening of dam.



a smiling landscape with beaches and the occasional farm or summer cottage. The loons and ducks appear again. There were deer on the shore. I made good progress in sunny, calm weather and camped at Point Alexander.

Sunday

The river flows straight east for mile after mile, with logs floating in the slow current. Nearing the town of Chalk River, the south bank is lined with signs warning off trespassers, then a huge sign saying "Picture Taking". Apparently there is some more writing on the sign but this is obscured by trees growing up in front. The matter was clarified near the atomic plant where a similar sign says "Picture Taking Prohibited". It is added that persons found with cameras will have these confiscated and be liable to prosecution under Section 18 of the Defence of Canada Regulations. Ah, the good old DOCR; those were the days. As I passed the plant a guard came out and looked hard at me. No chance to learn any secrets there. At lunch time I met a porcupine on shore and tried to snare it just for the fun of it but got stung for my trouble while porky walked off grunting indignantly. Camped four miles east of Chalk River.

Monday

At Oiseau Rock the river turns south-east and becomes Upper Allumette Lake, a large body of water with many islands. Paddling along the south shore I was intercepted by a motor boat that came racing towards me at full speed. It turned out to be a military patrol warning people off Petawawa artillery range. The patrol towed me out to a string of islands and showed where to cut in to shore again below Petawawa. Camped on a tiny island off Pembroke. I was tired out from the heat of the day so didn't bother putting up the tent; merely turned over the canoe, stretched a canvas over it and made the bed underneath. There were no mosquitoes on the island so I was snug as a rug in a bug—er bug in a

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Tuesday

Pembroke—the halfway mark. I called at Pembroke Detachment to comply with Rules and Regulations and to say hello to my old friend Corporal Duff but unfortunately the office was closed. Three miles east of Pembroke two large islands fill the river right across, with rapids in the north and centre channels. The south outlet is only a tiny brook with rapids for the first 200 yards. These were passed by walking the canoe down but not without shipping water. There are turtles in that brook, of a rare size. I saw one that measured two feet from nose to croup. The brook empties into Lower Allumette Lake where the river turns north to begin the Big Bend. Here are lovely sand beaches for miles, but the trees are nearly all hardwood so that there is nothing to use for bedding. Sand is harder to sleep on than you think. What with waiting for Duffy and drying out

from the rapids I didn't get far that day.

Wednesday

More miles of sandy beaches, all empty. Then a string of little islands between large Fraser Island and the south shore. The current is fast until it becomes a rush at Paquette Rapid and I rushed right with it, ending up stern foremost in an eddy. An eagle flew along the shore here. The top of the Big Bend is Coulonge Lake with sawmills on the north shore and farms to the south. The farms seem to intrude harshly on the scene with their eroded river-banks and parched hill-sides. At Fort Coulonge the river turns south to complete the Big Bend. I camped in a cow pasture at La Passe for want of something better.

Thursday

A few miles straight south and then Rocher Fendu Channel. The Split Rock Channel is a terror and no mistake. Something ought to have warned me to turn back and take the Calumet Channel but soon it was too late as the current became too swift to paddle against. Here all signs of human habitation vanish and the forest closes in on both sides. The river as such also disappears, to be replaced by a maze of islands with narrow channels of fast water. The scene is of unsurpassed beauty for this is wilderness untouched by man. At first it was not bad for there were only the rocks to watch for, but soon came the roar of the first rapid and I was to hear that sound again and again. Most of the rapids had to be portaged and as there are no trails it means an exploration trip first; then carry the canoe over and finally the pack, a back-breaking toil through forest and over rock. At noon there came a deeper roar ahead and there around a bend was the majestic Rocher Fendu Falls after which the channel takes its name. A gigantic rock fills the stream with the water pouring through a split in the centre. Passing the falls I was unable to portage on either shore but off to one side was a possible route of a hundred yards, then a small



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lake, then several hundred yards through the bush again. I carried the canoe over alright but then the sun went in, it began to rain and on carrying the pack over I veered way off to one side, coming out on a brook with the current apparently running the wrong way. There was a moment of panic but upon reflection it was clear that I had only to explore the brook down and then back track up the main stream until the canoe was found. Believe me it was a relief when it was sighted. I made only a few miles that day and camped across the channel on a high escarpment with the water pouring through several splits. A couple of fool hens were fluttering around the place in a ridiculous manner.

Friday

More rapids with one of them half a mile in length. I nearly gave up at that one but was cheered by the appearance of a man carrying a gun and a pail for picking berries. He introduced himself

as Herb and proved to be a friendly bachelor living in these solitudes. He gave me directions to reach his place and in three hours I was there, having made three trips over the half-mile portage. Herb gave me dinner and helped me over the last rapid into Rocher Fendu Lake. I had been assured by Herb that no one came down Rocher Fendu Channel by canoe. Well, one man did but only just so—and after discarding equipment to make the load lighter. At the lower end of the channel and around Rocher Fendu Lake the shores have been cleared of trees. This is in connection with a new dam being built at Portage du Fort.¹ This dam is not high, only 30 or 40 feet I am told, but when the water has backed up it will wash out some of the lower rapids and Rocher Fendu Channel won't be so bad. There

¹This is part of the Chenaux Power Development one of the Hydro-Electric Commission's three projects on the Ottawa River—the others are Des Joachims and La Cave.

was a strong head wind and choppy water in Rocher Fendu Lake but that seemed piffling by this time. At the lower end of the lake is a lone farmhouse where I pulled in to make inquiries. When they said there were more rapids ahead it was just too much to take. I had the outfit loaded on a jeep and was carted down to the head of Lac Des Chats, camping in the first available spot.

Saturday

Lac Des Chats is a big open body of water with park-like shores. It proved delightful to get out in a clear stream again. The black flies were gone too. On the distant north shore could be glimpsed the white beach of Pine Lodge on whose little golf course I once made a 44 and bragged about it for years after. On the south bank there are stratified rock, in places so level and precise as to suggest masonry. The rock is overhung with cedars giving the appearance of an outward sloping green wall. Nearing Arnprior there is the huge Gillis sawmill, the biggest in the district. Arnprior has a pretty riverside park and modern homes and shops; an attractive place. At four o'clock a strong head wind brought the canoe to a stand-still and I camped on a point of land a mile before the railroad bridge.

Sunday

Passed under the railroad bridge and approached the dam at Fitzroy Harbor. There are dozens of the prettiest little islets, pure gems that no landscape artist could duplicate. The dam is about 50 feet high and unusually long, about four miles I believe. There is no natural portage anywhere but a Hydro employee helped me hoist the outfit over the log-chute gate and carry it down the chute into Lake Deschenes. The south shore of Lake Deschenes is a 40-mile suburb to Ottawa. The suitable sites have been taken and they are now building on the unsuitable. There are reed beds with little turtles sunning themselves on rocks or deadheads. Along the north shore are

miles of swamps with herons stalking about. Mohr Island came abreast with a "No Trespassing" sign on it. A strong head wind made going tough but there is a sort of inside passage protected by a belt of water lilies of which I took advantage. (In the Ottawa region we have a constant west wind except for the past 14 days.) The swamps ran out to be followed by Eardley Bay where the water was nearly milk white from up-churned clay. The wind kept driving me in-shore so I had to give up and camp at the east end of the bay, an entirely unsuitable place—slimy shore and dirty water. A crane was flying about the place. There was nothing to make bedding of except some milkweed which proved not bad. Just at dark a thunder-storm broke loose and in a minute the tent was flapping loose only held up by the ropes tied to two trees. I raced around gathering heavy logs and managed to get the tent secured just as the rain began.

Monday

It rained frequently during the day but progress was made between showers and nearness of home lent strength to the arms. On the north shore there is again stratified rock overhung with cedars. On the south side Constance Bay with summer cottages packed like matches in a box. Aylmer Island came into view. They have built a new beacon on it, the old having disappeared somehow. Beyond, Connaught Rifle Range with the long line of butts standing at attention, calling out numbers from the right. On the north bank, the town of Aylmer and finally Deschenes Rapids, long but with a good portage trail. Across over to Westboro and home.

The little folks at the house were not impressed with my horror tales of Rocher Fendu Channel; they were interested in bears. When it had to be explained that bears were particularly scarce this year, it was not well taken. "Gee whiz what a fizzle—no bears!"

Battle *against* Burglary

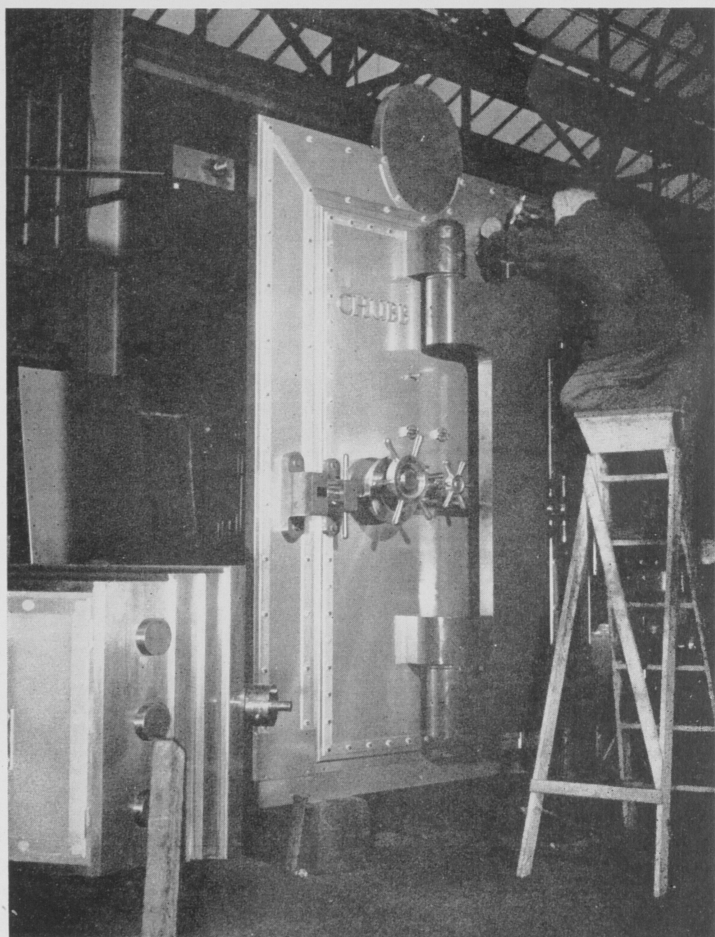
by MICHAEL FORSTER

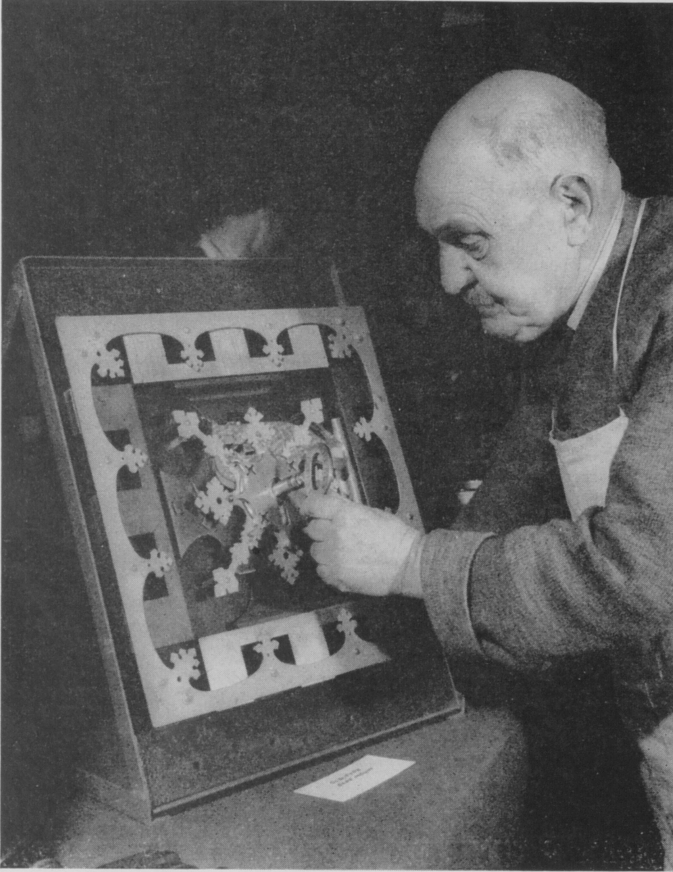
UNTIL Sir Thomas More's Utopian conception of material wealth and treasure counting for nothing prevails in this imperfect world, so long will British engineers earn a rich harvest (of material wealth, of course) in providing property owners all over the world with security against their natural enemies—burglars. British safes and strong-room installations have long been acknowledged as the best, and further proof of the confidence reposed in them was recently shown in the award of a contract to an historic and long-established British firm for the protec-

tion of the fabulous Peacock Throne and Crown Jewels of Persia.

There is romance in the very sound of the words "Peacock Throne", but in the archives of this particular firm there is sufficient material for half a hundred romantic novelists—testimonials from the Duke of Wellington, the great "Iron Duke" himself, can be seen alongside another from a notorious burglar of the day, and an order from a Czar of All The Russias adjacent to an account of the construction of a cage for the protection of the Koh-i-Noor Diamond for the Great Exhibition of 1851.

One of the strong-room doors of the new installation for the Bank Melli Iran in Teheran, which will house the Peacock Throne and the Crown Jewels of Persia. Each door weighs ten tons, and is 20 ins. thick. Secured by two key locks, and one keyless combination lock, there is further security in the provision of a time-lock, so that even if a burglar were successful in opening the first three, he would still be faced with the problem of overcoming a device which insures that the door cannot be opened except at a pre-determined time. The smaller emergency door seen alongside incorporates facilities for ventilation.





Arthur Hart, one of Chubb's oldest employees, and the third generation of his family to be in the Company's employ. His grandfather joined Jeremiah Chubb in the original factory in Wolverhampton, in 1818. Arthur is what might be described as a licensed cracksman, his job is to test the prototype of each new safe produced, and attempt to break it open. And what he cannot do, it is certain that no men on the other side of the law could.

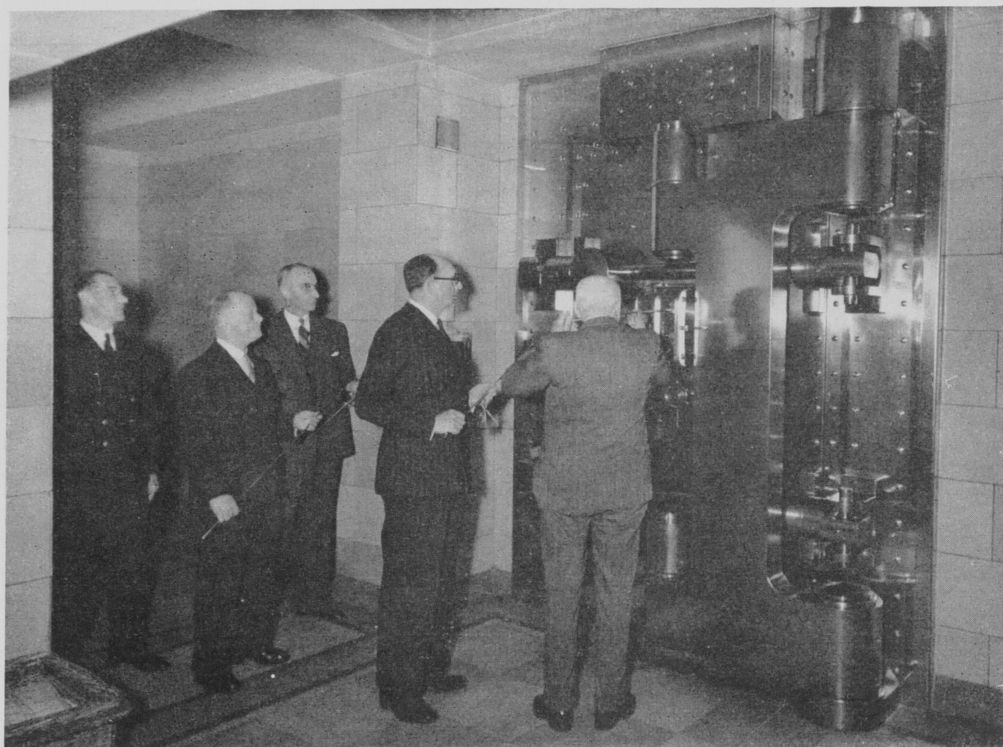
British safemakers have always been in the forefront of the battle against burglars, and long, and at times chastening, experience has taught them to be wary of the term burglar-proof—so wary that the word is taboo. They realize that absolute security is in theory impossible, since the means of creating a security installation can equally be used for its destruction. The security they sell is Time—the time it would take a burglar, equipped with the same scientific resources as themselves, to break through a strong-room, and it is a safe bet that a cracksman, faced with a modern miracle of security engineering

would break his heart and spirit sooner than produce the slightest impression.

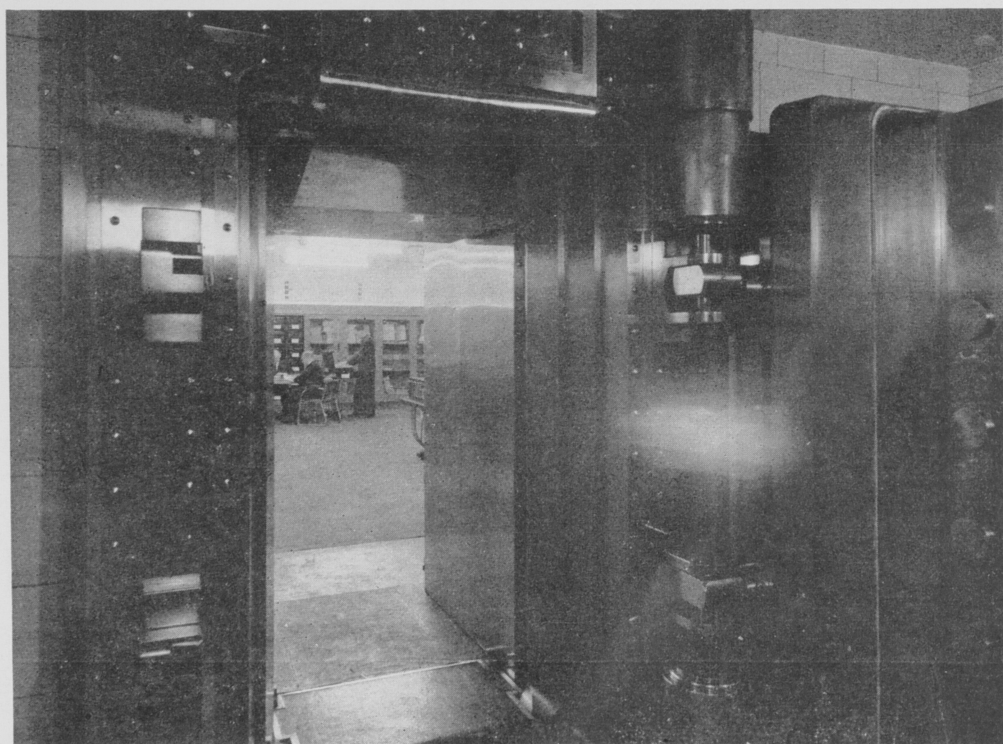
Special, and highly secret anti-blow-pipe alloys, together with the most fantastically ingenious examples of the locksmith's art combine to make the burglar's task a hopeless one. The alloys are capable of withstanding intense heat for a very long time, and simply turn aside the point of the hardest steel drill, and a burglar would be better advised to retire from the unequal struggle than attempt to break down a modern combination lock. ● ● ●

From the United Kingdom Information Office, Ottawa. Photographs by Len Chetwyn.

Right—Within the polished steel vestibule is accommodated the ducting which supplies freshly conditioned air while the strong-room is in use. Additionally, a dehydration plant is installed which keeps the room and its contents free of condensation. The door fits the frame to within two or three thousandths of an inch, and precludes the use of explosives. In an emergency, access could be gained to the strong-room by means of a smaller door of the same strength as that fitted to the main entrance.



Above—The strong-room door of the Prudential Assurance Co. Ltd., the largest in Europe, and the largest of its kind in the world—34 ins. thick, and weighing 30 tons, it is a superb example of security engineering, and the pride of the manufacturers. Fitted with four key-locks, it provides the greatest possible degree of security known to security engineers, and the ceremony of opening, when two of the Company's directors and two Senior Officers each open one of the locks, has considerable dignity and solemnity.





Fathers and Sons in the RCMP

There have been many combinations of fathers and sons in the RCMP—under both its present and former names. Some have served concurrently; with the others, the son has followed closely in his father's footsteps. The names of Wood, MacBrien, Howe, McGibbon, Spalding and others have been familiar in this respect throughout the years.

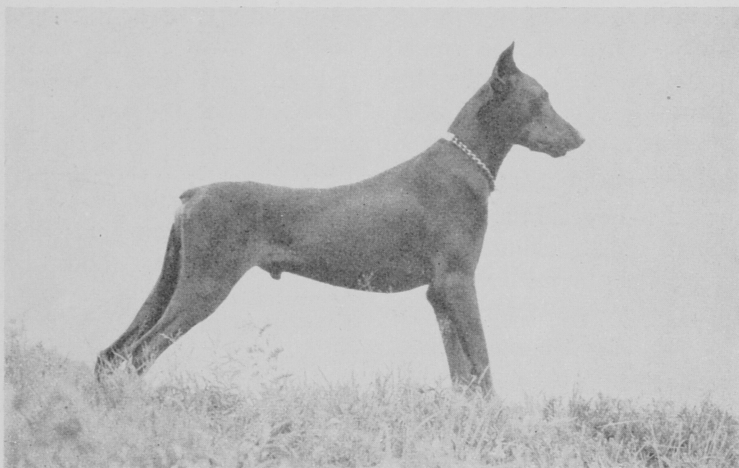
One feature these familiar combinations have had in common is that the father was senior in rank to the son. Pictured (above)

is a team which departs from this pattern. Reg. No. 3701 Cst. H. J. Stevenson of "E" Division is shown greeting his son, Sub-Inspr. E. H. Stevenson, on his arrival at B.C. Headquarters recently. This was the first occasion on which Stevenson senior had met his son since the latter's promotion to commissioned rank.

If the observer sees a look of pride on Constable Stevenson's face, no member who knows him will feel inclined to deny that such is the case. ●●●

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Recent Cases . . .



Prince II—Life Saver

EVERY policeman is aware of the invaluable aid to law-enforcement we have in the Police Service Dog. Time and again he is used successfully in tracing lost persons, criminals, moonshiners and perhaps for countless other purposes. However, no use to which he could be put better illustrates his real value than the saving of human life. And when the life is that of a 2½-year-old child, there is something really splendid for the record.

This particular case involves Reg. No. 176D, P.S.D. "Prince II" stationed at Truro, N.S., who on June 24 accompanied his master, Cst. H. L. Boone, on a search for little Robert Douglas Crosby, aged 2½ years, who had been missing from his home at a lumber camp at Eatonville, Cumberland Co., N.S., since seven o'clock the previous evening. The forest was this little chap's backyard, so it was not difficult for him to wander away. His father and others had searched the immediate area and had concentrated on the millpond, assuming that he had drowned.

The dog and his handler arrived at dawn and soon after Prince picked up a

trail about half a mile from the home. This was followed for six miles, almost constantly along an old wood road which led into dense woods. At this stage the



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dog was difficult to hold and became more so as the trail freshened. Several hundred yards farther on the boy was found, still toddling along but quite tired and badly confused. He smiled broadly upon the appearance of the Dog Master and pointing, remarked, "Daddy that way." He was very much mistaken.

It seems incredible that this little chap of 2½ years could wander all night, cover six miles of rough and sometimes muddy country and still be on his feet when found. Undoubtedly he would have perished had it not been for the excellent work of the dog and his master, for it is

doubtful if the searchers would have gone so far afield. In addition the weather was unfavorable—a few minutes after the child was found a heavy rain obliterated all traces of the trail.

From this case it becomes apparent that searches for small children should not be confined to certain limits on the theory that such tiny folk are physically incapable of walking great distances. And if this lesson helps to save the life of some other child, little Robert Crosby's harrowing experience will not have been in vain.

(Prepared for the *Quarterly* by Sgt. R. L. Thorpe, RCMP, Halifax, N.S.)

* * *

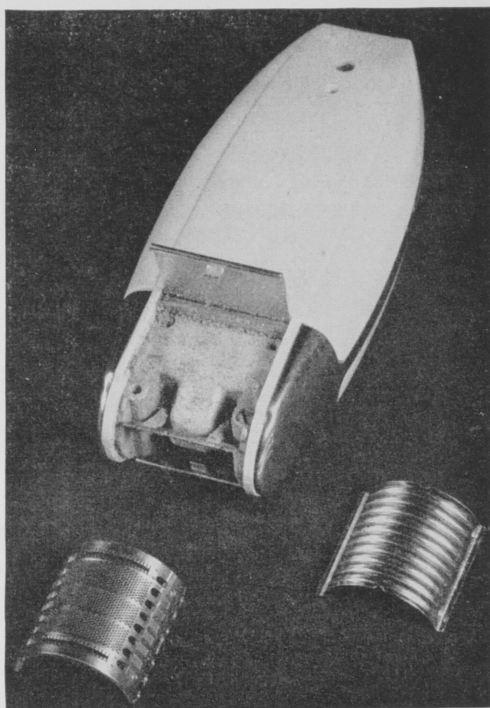
Beard Clippings as Evidence

ON Mar. 8, 1950 a young French-Canadian from Montreal, arrived in Wolseley, Sask. He was without funds with which to buy food or lodging and eventually found his way to the town secretary and asked for assistance. The transient was provided with sleeping accommodation for the night of March 9 and a meal ticket for breakfast the following morning.

It was the custom of the town secretary to shave at his office using a Sunbeam "Shavemaster" electric razor. When he finished the chore on March 10 he put the razor in his desk drawer, but as was his habit left the cord plugged into an electrical outlet. The following morning the razor was missing.

On the same day reports of a stranger having sold an electric razor for \$3 in Indian Head—approximately ten miles away—were relayed to the police detachment at Wolseley. Inquiries in

Indian Head resulted in the surrender of the razor to an investigator. It was a Sunbeam "Shavemaster" minus its cord. The purchaser identified the transient—



Exposed cutting head of Sunbeam "Shavemaster" electric razor from which beard clippings were removed.

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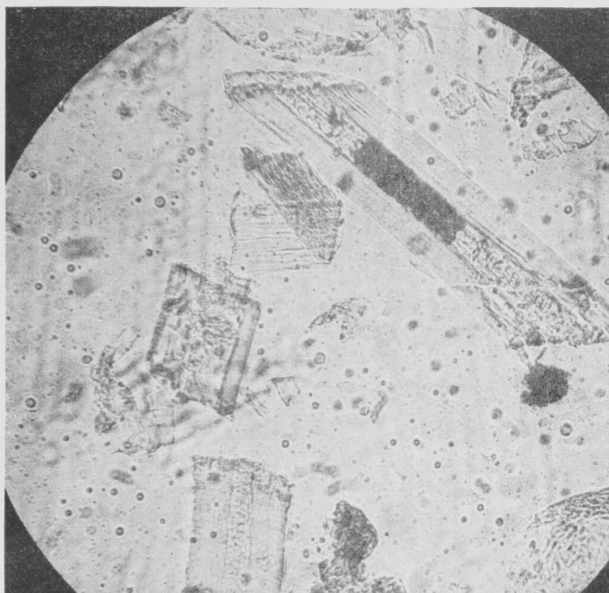


The
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Marcel Duquette—as the person from whom he bought it.

Beard clippings were obtained from another electric razor used by the complainant, and these together with the suspect razor were submitted to the RCMP Crime Detection Laboratory at Regina for examination. The cutting head of the razor was partially dismantled and beard clippings carefully removed from underneath with a soft brush. These were mounted for examination and comparison with the known clippings from the complainant's beard. It was established that both samples were hair of human origin and contained similar sub-groups. The fragments ranged from approximately 30 microns to 1.815 millimeters long. Hair colors common to

both exhibits were light yellowish-brown, medium brown and grey. Microscopic counting established the total to be comprised of 90 per cent grey and ten per cent brown in both groups of beard clippings.



Photomicrograph representative of hair fragments removed from electric razors magnified approximately 200 times.

Evidence as to the hair comparison was tendered before a court which found the accused guilty. The magistrate commented: "In addition to the weight of other evidence presented, the technical evidence of the comparison of the beard

clippings has a significant application." A sentence of four months hard labor was imposed.

(Prepared for the *Quarterly* by Sgt. J. Robinson, RCMP Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina.)

* * *

R. v. St. Amour

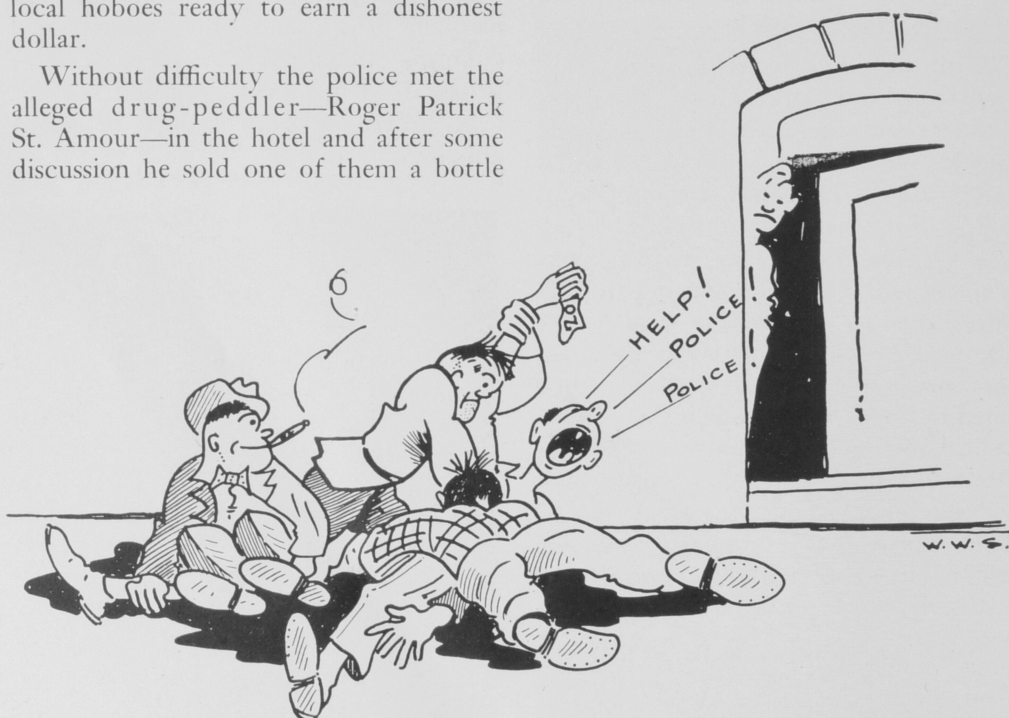
Laxative pills sold as narcotic drugs

THE importance of investigators dressing to suit the occasion—particularly when working undercover—was demonstrated in humorous fashion on an evening last fall by members of the RCMP Drug Squad at Ottawa. Learning that a man was trying to sell narcotics to patrons in the beverage room of a local hotel three men from the Narcotic Squad dressed specially for the occasion. Since the beverage room was one patronized chiefly by working men and transients, one played the part of a foreign-looking racketeer from Montreal and was rather flashily attired. The other two dressed in old, well-worn clothing and looked like a couple of local hoboes ready to earn a dishonest dollar.

Without difficulty the police met the alleged drug-peddler—Roger Patrick St. Amour—in the hotel and after some discussion he sold one of them a bottle

of pills representing them to be $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain cocaine tablets. Eventually these were found to be merely Chinese laxative pills.

The transaction was actually completed outside the hotel between the pseudo racketeer and the peddler. The former then identified himself as a member of the RCMP and told St. Amour he was under arrest. Perhaps thinking that a confidence game was being played, St. Amour refused to hand over the marked money which had been used in the deal. As a result, a brief scuffle ensued on the sidewalk in front of the hotel, during which St. Amour held the \$20 in a tightly clenched fist. Further identification failed to convince him that the



three men were members of the RCMP and when the investigators finally succeeded in securing the money, St. Amour was on his back on the sidewalk—the three plain-clothes men on top of him—yelling at the top of his voice “Help! Police!” The hotel manager standing in the doorway remarked, “Why the h—do you call the police when there are three of them sitting on top of you.”

While booking St. Amour at the Ottawa City Police Station, the three RCMP men—dressed in the manner described—so confused the desk sergeant and detectives standing nearby that for some time they were unable to comprehend who was the prisoner and who were the members of the drug squad.

Although the pills proved to be non-narcotic, St. Amour was charged under

s. 4 (1) (f) of the O. and N.D. Act which in addition to providing for the sale of narcotics also makes it an offence to sell “a substance represented to be a narcotic drug”. St. Amour stoutly maintained that he had not sold the pills as drugs, but at his trial on Oct. 6, 1949, in Ottawa City Police Court, Magistrate Glen E. Strike, K.C., found him guilty on the evidence supplied by the RCMP investigators. The accused, who admitted a previous criminal record including one conviction for perjury, was sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of \$200 in default of which he was to serve an additional month in prison.

James A. Burrows, K.C., appeared for the Crown, and John J. Urie acted for the defence.

(Prepared for the *Quarterly* by Cpl. R. W. James, RCMP, Ottawa.)

* * *

R. v. Peacock et al

Theft of Safe from Bank in North-West Territories— Early Arrest of Offenders

AT seven o'clock on the morning of Oct. 3, 1949 a taxi driver dropped into the RCMP detachment at Yellowknife, N.W.T. to tell of finding a safe in a ditch outside the town. Eight hours later the guilty parties were in custody. Events happened after this fashion. . . .

The police found that the safe had been broken open and was the property of the Imperial Bank. The bank had been entered through a hole cut into the rear wall, and though the criminals had tampered with a large wall safe they failed to open it. The smaller strong-box had been removed from the bank through the front door.

Preliminary investigation indicated that a taxi had been used to move the safe. A cab operated by Terrance Rodinsky and Malcolm MacKenzie Peacock was found to have smudges of green paint—similar to that on the small safe—on the inside handle of the left rear

door. Part of this handle was broken off. The car, a 1949 Ford, was placed under seizure. By 3 p.m. three men—Peacock, Rodinsky and Alexander Suzack who had been seen around town during the early hours of the morning—were in custody.

Plaster casts were made of tire tracks found near the bank, fingerprints had been found inside the bank and the floor of the car was swept and the dirt saved for laboratory examination. At the shack where the three suspects lived, marks could be seen where a heavy object had been recently dragged over the doorstep. Particles of material on the floor were collected for examination. The linoleum floor covering also bore traces of tracks which could have been made by the wheels of a heavy safe. Later the same day Suzack admitted being involved in the crime and implicated the other men. He said he had been taken to the

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bank some time after 12.30 a.m. by Peacock and Rodinsky to help move the safe, from which they had already broken the dial and handle. The three loaded the safe into the car, took it to their shack, then smashed off the hinges with a sledge hammer and removed the door. After the contents were removed the safe had been transferred by car to the ditch outside the town. When found the battered strong-box contained only the bank's books.

On October 5 Peacock and Rodinsky also gave statements implicating themselves.

It was learned that there were tire tracks on the beach and as it was unusual to find cars there at that time of year a search was made of that area. From a discarded oil stove \$228.50 in silver was recovered. The remainder—about \$32—had been spent by the three men. Later over \$170,000 in blank money orders,

travellers' cheques, and drafts—the rest of the loot from the safe—was recovered.

The three accused were charged with Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 460, Cr. Code, and appeared before Stipendiary Magistrate A. H. Gibson at Yellowknife on Oct. 18, 1949. They were tried in accordance with s. 44 of the North-West Territories Act, and pleaded guilty. Peacock was sentenced to three years in penitentiary, Rodinsky to two and one-half years in penitentiary, and Suzack to one year in the Fort Smith Guardroom. A Removal Warrant was obtained later and Suzack was transferred to the Provincial Jail at Fort Saskatchewan.

It is of interest to note that although the three men admitted their guilt enough circumstantial evidence was obtained to convict them if their confessions had not been obtained.

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

DIVISION BULLETIN

Party Line of The Force

“Headquarters”, Ottawa

Births To Insp. and Mrs. W. H. G. Nevin, at Ottawa, on Apr. 10, 1950, a son, William Hugh.

To Sub-Insp. and Mrs. E. J. Lydall, at Ottawa, on July 13, 1950, a daughter.

To Reg. No. 13093 Sgt. and Mrs. W. A. Allen, at Ottawa, on June 23, 1950, a daughter, Kathryn Elizabeth.

To Reg. No. 13058 Cst. and Mrs. W. G. M. Thivierge, at Ottawa, in July 1950, a son.

To Reg. No. 13257 Cpl. and Mrs. A. M. Dove, at Ottawa, on July 28, 1950, a son, David Arnold.

Marriages Reg. No. 14455 Cst. M. G. Owens to Miss Stella Futa at Toronto, on Feb. 18, 1950.

Reg. No. 12534 Cst. G. B. Harrison to Miss Lorna Keill of Ottawa on May 18, 1950, at Fredericton, N.B.

Reg. No. 13866 Cpl. A. C. Potter to Miss Jean Macartney on June 24, 1950 at Ottawa.

To Pension Reg. No. 10870 Sgt. P. M. Pender retired to pension on June 23, 1950. “Paddy” was presented with a desk and chair on behalf of the personnel of Headquarters.

“A” Division

Births On May 19, 1950, to Reg. No. 12461 Cst. and Mrs. E. A. Hartt, a daughter, Laurinda Margo.

Erratum In the wedding announcement in the July *Quarterly* concerning Cpl. M. A. Harrington, the bride’s name was erroneously reported as Mrs. Emily Barnett of Osgoode, Sask. This should have read Miss Emily Barnett of New Osgoode, Sask.

To Pension The following members who left the Force on pension, on the dates indicated, were presented with tokens of remembrance and good wishes for happy years in retirement: Reg. No. 9804 S/Sgt. H. E. Bartlett—15-7-50; Reg. No. 9011 Sgt. W. D. B. Munton—1-7-50; Reg. No. 10070 Sgt. F. J. Spindler—12-6-50; Reg. No. 10734 Sgt. W. C. Bishop—15-7-50; Reg. No. 10570 Cpl. R. W. Christy—16-7-50; Reg. No. 11737 Cst. S. W. Leard—6-6-50; Reg. No. 10603 Cst. J. O. Beaulieu—12-6-50; Reg. No. 10672 Cst. W. Keywood—1-6-50; Reg. No. 10197 Cst. J. O. Lahaie—15-7-50.

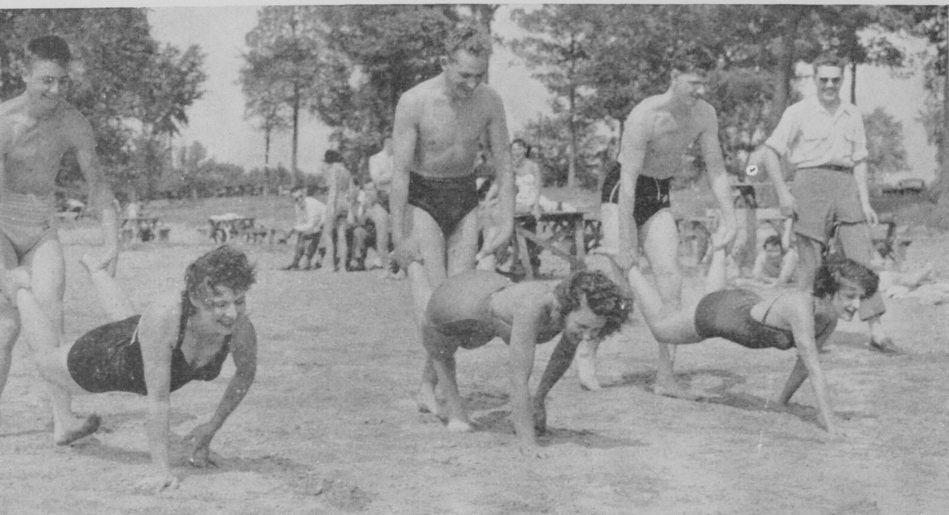
Softball The local RCMP softball campaign is almost completed—short of the play-offs—as this is being written, with the

Justice Department team out in front. The other five teams have no mathematical chance of overtaking them. Last year’s champion Special Branch team is holding second spot but both the “A” Division Belters and the C.I.B. Rockets are breathing down their necks.

The brand of ball played this season has been far superior to that played in the past two years and, judging by the enthusiasm shown, is here to stay. Plans are already under way for a banquet and dance to be held in honor of the champions as soon as the play-offs are completed.

Shooting During the week August 14 to 19 inclusive 13 members of the Force (including five members from “A” Division) participated in the Annual DCRA Shoot at Connaught Rifle Ranges. While none qualified for the Bisley Team all made creditable scores.

On the evening of August 17 the “A” Division Social and Athletic Association held a social evening for members of the Force who took part in this shoot.



Beautiful
wheel-
barrows

"C" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13684 Cst. and Mrs. J. P. Romain, a son, Joseph Louis.

To Reg. No. 14078 Cst. and Mrs. J. A. O. E. Perrin, a son, Joseph Albert Oswald Emile (Jr.).

To Pension Reg. No. 10752 Sgt. H. W. Daoust, Reg. No. 11578 Sgt. J. A. Turgeon, Reg. No. 11706 Cpl. J. A. Plourde, Reg. No. 11786 Cpl. C. A. Bellefeuille and Reg. No. 10394 Cst. L. G. Dubois.

Deaths Reg. No. 5816 Cst. A. Gamman, killed while attempting to thwart a bank hold-up.

Social Indoor activities of "C" Division Sports and Social Club concluded with a dance held at Westmount Barracks May 6, 1950. A large, happy attendance insured a successful evening. Music was under the able leadership of Allan McIver Jr., son of the famous CBC orchestra leader.

Picnic On July 29 "C" Division experienced a new venture—an organized picnic at the picturesque Cap St. Jacques Beach,

in the Laurentian Mountains. Various "out of the ordinary" games were sponsored with appropriate trophies to the survivors.

The sergeant major had stated before the picnic that it would be a family affair and the tremendous success of the venture was due, to a large extent, to his efforts.

Softball The "C" Division softball team entered in an Inter-Service League led the league throughout the regular schedule, despite transfers, annual leaves, duties and so on.

Rifle Shooting Cpl. J. Blais has returned from the Bisley Matches in England and it seems they knew he was there. Joe came second in the Standing Match in England losing first place by one point. He was first in the Qualifier Match with a perfect 50 x 50 score, and third in the King's Match with a score of 141 as against 142 for second place and 144 for first place. In this competition 100 marksmen are selected to enter the finals. There were approximately 1,800 competitors at Bisley.

Children's race—"C" Division picnic





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Corporal Blais continued to distinguish himself at the Mt. Bruno P.Q.R.A. shoot. Among 300 competitors Joe shot himself right into top position of the Lieutenant-Governor's Match with a score of 104 x 105. This mark has set a record of 20 x 21 bull's-eyes. For this achievement Corporal Blais was awarded the Carling's Red Cap Award. R/Cst. P. Niemi also brought honor to the "C" Division Rifle and Revolver Club at Mt. Bruno. Paul annexed the Tyro Prize as well as placing third in the Sniper's Match. Considering there were some 300 competitors including the crack team from England, we are proud of Paul and Joe.

Revolver Shooting

P.Q.R.A. Provincial Matches, Outdoor

These matches were held at Lachine, Que., to determine the Provincial Championships for 1950. Five members from the club participated, Cpl. N. Credico, Csts. L. Forest, E. Perrin, W. Rahm and Reserve Constable Lutes. Unfortunately Constables Forest and Perrin were called on duty midway through the matches. Corporal Credico repeated his performance of last year by taking the .22 Provincial Revolver Championship, while Lutes came third in this

match. Reserve Constable Lutes also took first place in his class in the centre fire and finally annexed the Provincial Aggregate Championship. Our team ran off with the Provincial Team Championship, and to write finish to a successful meet three of our men were chosen for the Province of Quebec Team to shoot against Cuba in a postal match—Corporal Credico (top man of the team), Constable Rahm and Reserve Constable Lutes.

Quebec Garrison Revolver Challenge Matches

These matches were held at Lake Beauport, near Quebec City, and several of our men were present. Final scores of these matches have not been posted as yet.

Connaught Revolver Matches

At Ottawa, "C" Division representatives distinguished themselves in a number of the revolver matches. In individual classes they won two firsts, three seconds, three thirds, three fourth places and made other creditable showings. Team matches were fired against stiff competition, including the crack squad from the South Bend, Indiana, Police Force, but "C" Division's marksmen

gave a good account of themselves taking a second, a third and two fourth prizes.

Teaneck

Immediately after the pistol matches at Connaught, three members of the club made the trip to Teaneck, N.J., to compete in the 19th Annual International Police Pistol Tournament. The three were Corporal Credico and Reserve Constables Maranda and Lutes.

For the four-day-shoot there were 3,400 entries, representing top marksmen from all points of the compass.

Although our lads did not take top honors their showing is worthy of mention. Bill Lutes shot a 300 x 300, 29 x's in one of the .22 matches and this mark was tops for two days. However, Mr. Robinson

an FBI Agent, came through with a 300 x 300, 30 x score which put Bill in second place for the whole shoot. In this same match, Credico and Maranda shot 296.

Reserve Constables Maranda and Lutes teamed up to participate in the .38 calibre team match and shot a score of 589 x 600—Maranda 296 x 300, Lutes 293 x 300. This score in previous years would have won a place but not this year.

Connaught Cup

To Cst. W. C. Rahm goes the Connaught Cup symbolic of the best revolver shot in the Force.

Bridge Cpl. N. Credico and Cst. E. Perrin teamed up to win the honor of Bridge Champions of "C" Division.

"D" Division

Births To Reg. No. 14224 Cst. and Mrs. C. Rachel, Winnipeg, Man., on May 25, 1950, a son, Robert William.

To Reg. No. 13919 Cst. and Mrs. W. H. Christensen, Winnipeg, Man., on May 28, 1950, a daughter, Patricia Jean.

To Reg. No. 14478 Cst. and Mrs. G. S. Lawrence, Winnipeg, Man., on June 1, 1950, a daughter, Dianna Lynn.

To Reg. No. 13130 Cst. and Mrs. E. L. Hadley, Elphinstone, Man., on June 17, 1950, a son, Joseph Brian Edgar.

To Reg. No. 14421 Cst. and Mrs. V. H. Marchbank, Hodgson, Man., on July 9, 1950, a son, Cambell Russell.

Farewell On July 6, 1950, a farewell party was held for Insp. and Mrs. C. N. Kirk on the event of their transfer from Dauphin. Inspector Kirk has commanded Dauphin Sub-Division since 1948. During the evening, part of which was a dance, Inspector and Mrs. Kirk were presented with a Flemish copper tray and vase.

Relieving Inspector Kirk as Officer Commanding Dauphin Sub-Division is Insp. K. M. Lockwood. This is Inspector Lockwood's third posting to Dauphin and he is well known to the personnel of the sub-division.

Sports The Dauphin Boxing Club, sponsored by the Rotary Club and operated by Constables Stewart, Gray, Lawrence, Joudrey and other members of this sub-division,

offered their first boxing show to the public on August 14. The seven bouts which made up the card were a great credit to the promoters. Three boxers were brought in from Winnipeg for the main bouts but the rest of the talent was local and all were trained by Constable Stewart who is doing excellent work among the youth of the district. This was an excellent show and was thoroughly enjoyed by the public. Another show is to be held in October and if the more than 800 persons in attendance was any indication, then we will have to get a larger building to accommodate the next crowd.

Softball The Inter-Service Softball League comprising teams from DVA, Army, Navy, Air Force and RCMP again operated for the season 1950. Navy, DVA, RCMP and Air Force finished the schedule in that order. Semi-final games were played by the Navy and RCMP, our team coming out on top in two straight games while DVA beat the Air Force in a like manner. In a two-out-of-three game final series the police team played heads-up ball all the way and took the DVA squad in a whirlwind finish by two straight games. Thus we are once again the pennant winners for the year 1950.

To Pension At a dance held on Mar. 31, 1950, the following retiring members

were honored by presentations: Reg. No. 11658 Sgt. Major F. E. McGowran—wrist watch; Reg. No. 11428 S/Sgt. J. H. Sherwood—wrist watch; Reg. No. 7104 S/Sgt. G. C. Ellwyn—chest of silver; Reg. No. 11329 Cpl. M. P. McDonald—wrist watch; Reg. No. 10328 Cpl. J. W. Lunney—travel-

ling bags; Reg. No. 10354 Cpl. W. E. Bayne—clock and radio; Reg. No. 11329 Cpl. J. R. Watson—chest of silver; Reg. No. 8693 Cpl. F. E. Holbrook—gladstone bag and electric iron; Reg. No. 10809 Cpl. A. Sixsmith—two pairs of point blankets and electric razor.

“E” Division

Births To Reg. No. 12724 Cst. and Mrs. W. E. McLatchie, on July 15, 1950, at Victoria, B.C., a daughter, Hazel Diane.

Social A gathering on the evening of May 18 honored two retiring members, Reg. No. 9781 Cst. H. G. Smith and Spl. Cst. A. E. Abel. The former was presented with a mantel clock, the latter with a traveling bag and corsages of flowers were pre-

sented to Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Abel. Superintendent Harvison officiated at the ceremony, and it was apparent that he had been doing a little mathematical research into the Division mess records of past years. The general impression we gained was that if all the eggs and sausages Special Constable Abel had cooked in his career were laid end to end they would encompass



RCMP “E” DIVISION SOFTBALL TEAM—JULY 1950

Front Row: Csts. T. Snizek, J. H. B. Hadfield.

Middle Row: Csts. J. O. Schl, E. O. Peever, Inspr. J. M. Bella (Manager), Csts. W. J. McElwee, J. H. B. Johns.

Back Row: Csts. A. White, R. H. Davies, J. M. Aldred, W. R. Gordon, D. R. Winn, S. V. M. Chisholm, O. Bigalke, V. A. Yurkiw.

our barrack grounds several hundred times. Illness had brought on the retirement of Constable Smith. Known as a skilled hand at tent pegging in earlier years, we had noted with regret the extent to which sickness had reduced his activities. We wish him a speedy recovery, and to both these members every happiness and success in the years to come.

A social evening and dance held at Fairmont Barracks on June 9 was preceded by a softball game which the RCMP team won. Consequently the players and their supporters were in a happy mood to enjoy the rest of the evening. The Mess Hall—where dances are usually held—had been newly decorated and members and visitors alike were amazed at the transformation effected by the pastel green walls, new drapes and indirect lighting. It heightened the enjoyment of a pleasant evening.

Visitors The RCMP Preventive Service Class No. 2 was held at "E" Division Headquarters during June, and we had as visitors 19 members from "D", "F", "Depot" and "K" Divisions. Painters, electricians, carpenters and other artisans were swarming around the building and accommodation was cramped, but we managed to squeeze in all our guests and hope they were rea-

sonably comfortable. Fortunately, we had some of Vancouver's typical summer weather while they were here, so there were no complaints on that score from members accustomed to sunny days on the prairies. With lectures from members of our own department at Headquarters and department heads of the Customs and Excise Division, and trips by bus around the Vancouver water-front, Customs station on the International Boundary, and a conducted tour around a local distillery, the curriculum was well rounded, and we felt that our visitors enjoyed their stay with us.

Sports Two of our members entered events in the Vancouver City Police Sports on July 1, Csts. E. O. Peever and J. D'A. S. Campbell. Constable Peever galloped home first in the plain-clothes men's race.

While chatting to Chief Constable Muligan at the banquet following the sports, Superintendent Harvison on behalf of our softball team challenged the local force to a softball game. This took place a few evenings later, and while the game was thoroughly enjoyed it was perhaps noted more for its good-humored joshing than the fine points of the game. The RCMP team won 17-8.

Retirement Insp. G. J. Archer offici-

Inspector Archer makes presentation to Mrs. Lafond.



ated at a presentation to Mrs. G. R. Lafond at Division Headquarters on August 4. We are accustomed to seeing members of the Force with long service retiring to pension, but this is the first occasion on which a veteran of the civil staff—with the long service of Mrs. Lafond—has left us. "Toots", as she has been familiarly known through-

out the years, came over to the RNWMP from the Dominion Police in Vancouver at the end of 1918, and has served faithfully, energetically and with outstanding loyalty through almost 32 years. She will now retire to her housekeeping and her beloved garden. We wish her good health and every happiness.

"F" Division

Births To Reg. No. 14315 Cst. and Mrs. L. J. Hruszowy of Saskatoon, Sask., a daughter, Linda Anne, on May 5, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12852 Cst. and Mrs. F. J. Burke of Saskatoon, Sask., a daughter, Elizabeth Lynne, on May 10, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14031 Cst. and Mrs. D. Mead of Moose Jaw, Sask., a daughter, Colleen Marie, on May 26, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14128 Cst. and Mrs. M. F. Cameron of Gravelbourg, Sask., a son, Gordon Douglas, on June 3, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13490 Cst. and Mrs. D. A. Deeks of Shaunavon, Sask., a daughter, Isabelle Jean, on June 16, 1950.

To Reg. No. 14290 Cst. and Mrs. J. G.

Leeuw of Saskatoon, Sask., a daughter, Linda Jean, on July 12, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13137 Cst. and Mrs. G. R. Ringer of Wadena, Sask., a daughter, on July 21, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13254 Cst. and Mrs. P. Nolan of Regina, Sask., a daughter, Linda Joan, on July 24, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12365 Cpl. and Mrs. H. L. Jordan of Carlyle, Sask., a son, on July 31, 1950.

Sports During the summer members at Saskatoon organized a softball team under the leadership of Cst. S. J. Anderson. They enjoyed a good season and won a majority of games played.

"G" Division

Births To Reg. No. 14072 Cst. and Mrs. R. H. Martin, a son, Patrick Timothy, on Apr. 21, 1950 at Whitehorse, Y.T.

To Reg. No. 14154 Cst. and Mrs. G. R. Brown, a daughter, Kathleen Anne, on July 11, 1950 at Fort Norman Hospital.

Marriages Reg. No. 13636 Cst. H. H. Aime to Miss Velma Joy Andrews on June 17, 1950 in Ottawa. After the wedding the couple travelled to Edmonton by private car and were transferred from Edmonton

to Fort Liard, N.W.T. Detachment by police plane arriving at Liard on July 17 for a term of northern service.

Deaths It is with deep regret that we report the accidental death by drowning of Reg. No. 15104 Cst. L. E. Nordstrom, 23, of Whitehorse Detachment, Y.T. The tragedy took place at Ear Lake, three miles south of Whitehorse on June 24, 1950.

Constable Nordstrom had entered the water with two other constables to bring

Constable
Nordstrom's
funeral—
Whitehorse,
Y.T.



a raft across a channel with firewood for a group who were conducting a roast on the beach. He was seized with cramps and went down before aid could reach him. The other men are reported to have suffered shock from the icy water.

The funeral was considered to be one of the largest held at Whitehorse and was attended by RCMP, Air Force and Army personnel, together with about 500 civilians. Services were held at the Old Log Church, Whitehorse, and the late Constable Nordstrom was buried in the RCMP Cemetery.

Lenard Elaf Nordstrom joined the Force at Regina, Sask., on June 15, 1948 and was transferred to Whitehorse, Y.T. for northern duty in June 1949. He is survived by his mother and brothers and sisters at Viking, Alta.

Constable Nordstrom was greatly admired by all with whom he came in contact and in a tribute to him, his fellow members of the Whitehorse Sub-Division said: "... we were all grief stricken at his loss, but we were sustained by the many pleasant memories which only came about through close association at both work and play.

Everyone admired him for his sincerity and devotion to duty and his readiness to assist any unfortunate . . . he was truly liked by all."

Headquarters Moved "G" Division Headquarters moved from No. 2 Temporary Building to the Old Arcade Building at 196 Sparks Street, on June 14, 1950. Our new offices are much more spacious than those previously occupied.

Inspections Insp. H. A. Larsen and S/Sgt. W. C. Dodsworth left Ottawa on June 12, 1950 for the annual inspection of "G" Division detachments in the north. To date all detachments in the Whitehorse, Fort Smith and Aklavik Sub-Divisions have been inspected and the party then continued on to Cambridge Bay Detachment. Weather permitting Spence Bay and all detachments in the Eastern Arctic will be inspected by this patrol which is travelling by police plane.

If the tour is completed it will be the first time in history that one inspecting officer has visited all "G" Division northern detachments in one summer.

"H" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13545 Cpl. and Mrs. W. R. Lee of Halifax, a son, Robert Erin, on Aug. 8, 1950.

To Reg. No. 13558 Cpl. and Mrs. W. A. Taylor of Springhill, a daughter, Allison, on June 29, 1950.

Marriages A long-awaited wedding was solemnized at New Glasgow on Aug. 19, 1950, when Miss Marguerite Thelma MacKnight became the bride of Reg. No. 14584 Cst. E. J. Drayton of "H" Division Headquarters (Special Branch).

On June 17, 1950, Reg. No. 13677 Cst. W. A. Coombs of Sydney to Miss Margaret Louise Batten of Norwood, Man.

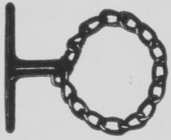
Retirement Two very well-known senior NCOs of "H" Division have proceeded to "leave" and pension—Reg. No. 10000 S/Sgt. F. H. Rowley who has been Chief Clerk in the CIB at Division Headquarters for some years, and Reg. No. 10793 S/Sgt. J. A. Robertson (QMS). The girls of Division Headquarters invited them to a tea-party after duty on August 25, and they were guests at a smoker in the

evening, when each was presented with a wrist watch suitably engraved. We all wish them luck.

Dog Masters and Dogs Cpl. G. A. Teeft, Dog Trainer, is having a busy time these days, imparting his knowledge to potential dog masters from various divisions of the Force—East Bay Kennels, Cape Breton, is the locale.

General The item on the Taylors above reminds us of the yeoman job that Mrs. Taylor and other detachment members' wives do on our radio network in handling police duties in the absence of their husbands from the office.

Sports The softball team at Halifax did well this year. Out of 17 games they won 13 and lost four, finishing second in the Industrial Softball League. Coaches are Special Constable Powell of "Marine" Division and Reserve Constable Flemming; the captain is Cst. J. W. Beaman and the manager Cpl. L. W. Ennis—the mascot, "Joe" Lynch.



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"J" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13367 Cst. and Mrs. M. A. Gillis, Tabusintac, N.B., a son, Michael Robert, on May 14, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12732 Cst. and Mrs. D. S. Johnson, on Apr. 14, 1950, a daughter, Catherine Ann.

To Reg. No. 12886 Cpl. and Mrs. W. C. Kennett, a son, William Charles, on June 8, 1950.

To Reg. No. 12962 Cpl. and Mrs. J. O. E. Thompson, a son, David Allan, on June 18, 1950.

Marriages Reg. No. 14582 Cst. T. L. Winter to Miss Frances M. Fitzrandolph at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Saint John, N.B., on May 20, 1950.

Reg. No. 14458 Cst. J. A. Roussel to Miss Mary S. Jean, at St. Quentin, N.B., on June 20, 1950.

Long Service Medals At the reception of His Honor D. L. MacLaren, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, on Apr. 4,

1950, the following members were invested with Long Service Medals: Sgt. Major F. E. Smith; S/Sgt. R. A. Stewart, MC, MM; Sgt. C. H. Cox; Cpls. L. W. Copp and F. H. McLaughlin.

Recreation On May 10 "J" Division RCMP bowling team, comprised of S/Sgt. G. B. Lacey, Cpls. R. M. McNabb, D. T. Saul, Csts. H. H. McLeod and J. Oliphant, visited Saint John in response to a challenge extended by the Saint John City Police. The competition was for the D. Huggard Police trophy. Our team won the trophy by a slim margin. The following week the Saint John team visited Fredericton, and we were successful in defending our title. A further challenge was received from the Saint John City Police, who placed their No. 2 team against our champions and succeeded in recovering possession of the trophy by six points.



"J"

Division

Bowling

Team

"K" Division

Births On Feb. 12, 1950, at Edmonton, to Reg. No. 13275 Cst. and Mrs. H. E. Routledge, a daughter, Penelope "Penny" Dawn.

On May 12, 1950, to Reg. No. 13128 Cpl. and Mrs. J. W. McGregor, at Fort McMurray, a son, Ronald Buchanan.

On May 17, 1950, to Reg. No. 12974 Cst. and Mrs. W. W. MacLeod of Waterton Park, a daughter, Marla Willeen.

On May 20, 1950, to Reg. No. 13720 Cst. and Mrs. J. Dubbin, of Calgary, a daughter, Darlene Kathryn.

On May 24, 1950, to Reg. No. 10865 Sgt. and Mrs. R. W. Thompson of Westlock, a daughter, Kathleen Louise.

On June 26, 1950, to Reg. No. 12714 Cpl. and Mrs. M. A. Hobbs of Viking, a son, John Robert Borden.

On Aug. 12, 1950, to Reg. No. 14427 Cst. and Mrs. E. Nolan of Edmonton, a daughter, Linda Carolyn.

On June 19, 1950, to Reg. No. 13596 Cst. and Mrs. J. M. Campbell of Lethbridge, a daughter, Catherine Sheila.

Marriages On June 10, 1950, Reg. No. 14419 Cst. J. W. Hunter to Miss Anita Audrey Gillies, at Peace River.

On July 18, 1950, Miss Rose Marie De-Filippo of Edmonton I.E. Branch, to LAC Sidney Crump, RCAF.

Tennis The tennis court at Edmonton was in constant use during the noon hour, evenings and week-ends. A tournament produced some good matches.

Shooting Sub-Inspr. W. C. V. Chisholm and Cst. C. W. Thomas of Edmonton, were successful in winning places on the Alberta Rifle Team which took part in the National Rifle Competitions at Ottawa during the early part of August. Both members had their share of winnings. Constable Thomas made an exceptionally good showing for his first year to enter the Fullbore Competitions, and placed third in the MacDonald Tobacco Match with a score of 121, against the winner's 122. We are now looking forward to an active indoor season with both sporting rifle and match rifle competitions.

Fastball A fastball team from the Edmonton Barracks was entered in the Civil Service Fastball League with four other government department teams from the city. Under the guidance of Cst. W. W. Peterson, who shared the mound chores with Corporal Sherwood, the team climbed to the top of the league. The team is comprised of the following old faithfuls: Sergeant Major McNeil, Corporal Sherwood, Constables Peterson, Fennell, McWhirter, Lauber, McCullough, Lawrence and the

younger aspirants, P. E. Jones and Appleton. The services of younger members in Edmonton awaiting posting were utilized whenever possible in order to keep the team up to strength.

The Calgary Stampede This colorful event was opened by a huge parade led by the RCMP Band and mounted members of our Force from Regina, who took part in various functions during the week.

During Stampede week the Governor-General presented long service medals to 31 members of the Force, who had a total combined service of approximately 700 years.

Lion Hunting in Alberta Members of our Spirit River Detachment recently had the unique experience of participating in a wild lion hunt. This unusual duty was performed when they were called upon to shoot a lion which had escaped from a travelling show and was prowling about on the main street of Rycroft.

"L" Division

Births On July 3, 1950, a daughter, Catherine Jane, to Reg. No. 11855 Cpl. and Mrs. W. M. Beatty, Summerside, P.E.I.

On Aug. 6, 1950, a son James Russell, to Reg. No. 13610 Cst. and Mrs. T. J. Keefe, Alton, P.E.I.

Arrivals The following members have recently been transferred to "L" Division: Csts. D. W. Thurston, G. H. Cass, W. L. Bigelow and B. A. Hebb.

Departures Cpl. A. W. Green and Cst. A. M. Watt transferred to "B" Division; Csts. C. F. Curtin and G. R. Smith.

Visitors Sgt. J. H. Bilton of Central Supply Stores, Ottawa.

Sports "L" Division Rifle Team captained by Cst. A. M. Johnston placed sixth

Staff Changes There have been several recent changes in personnel at "N" Division. On June 26, Reg. No. 8329 Cpl. H. Hammond was given a fine send-off when he left for the west coast to enjoy his pension. A couple of weeks later the division staff got together again to bid farewell to the O.C., Insp. H. G. Nichols, who

... and in

CONFECTIONERY

"Canada's Finest"

is

Moirs

XXX

Chocolates

in the Charlottetown Garrison Indoor Rifle League. This is considered good for a first try indoors.

Our Annual Revolver Shoot was held in August with 31 members firing their classification. Twelve of these made over the required 200 points, the highest being 239 and the lowest 202. The average of the 12 was 217.2.

Farming The garden plots in and around Headquarters have been producing fine results, and items such as lettuce, radishes, beans and cucumbers have been a satisfaction to the inner man. Flower beds filled with many varieties have added to the pleasant scenery of Headquarters grounds.

"N" Division

retired after more than 30 years of service. In each case a suitable presentation was made, accompanied by the good wishes of all present. Inspector Nichols has been succeeded by Insp. C. N. Kirk.

Welcome is extended to Cst. E. B. (Eric) Jensen and to Cst. J. H. (Bob) Poole who have come to Rockcliffe as lecturers.

Visitors On a number of occasions during the summer official parties have visited "N" Division to see training in progress. On June 13 the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, including the Chairman, Col. The Hon. John J. Astor, visited the barracks and witnessed the training squads in action doing precision drill, equitation and P.T. The visitors, who were from every part of the Commonwealth, spent the whole afternoon at Rockcliffe and took away with them a fine impression of our Force.

On June 16 a large party of representatives of the American Press Association visited "N" Division as part of their goodwill tour.

One of the largest groups—numbering about 300—to pay us a visit was the Accounting Division of The American Railroads Association.

On August 10, the division was host to Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck and 50 British schoolboys who were making an educational tour of Ontario while a similar

party of Canadian boys was making a tour of the United Kingdom. These exchange visits are sponsored by Mr. Weston of the George Weston Co. Ltd.

A second group of boys on an educational tour visited here on August 15. This party was from Ontario high schools and the tour was sponsored by the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. in co-operation with the Ontario Educational Board.

Training On August 21 Squad 68 moved out to the summer training camp at Long Island to carry on their Part One training outdoors. Instruction at the camp includes swimming and life saving, P.T., foot drill and some of the usual Part One lectures. It takes a little while to get used to jumping into the river at reveille but when one has no choice in the matter it soon becomes a part of the daily routine.

Marksman Sgt. Bill Sutherland is back from Bisley, England, where for the second time he has been taking part in the famous shoot.

"O" Division

Births To Reg. No. 13114 Cst. and Mrs. E. S. Schell, at Hamilton, Ont., on July 2, 1950, a daughter, Elaine Louise.

Marriages Reg. No. 13269 Cst. D. McK. Wilson to Marie Clare Ribout, at Mattawa, Ont., on July 7, 1950.

Pensioned Reg. No. 11587 Cst. Eric G. Norman-Crosse was discharged to pension on July 21, 1950, and is remaining in Toronto for the time being at least. Reg. No. 10619 Cst. A. L. Austin is in South Porcupine, Ont., on retirement furlough, and as we go to press we hear that Reg. No. 10712 Sgt. W. J. Dickson, London Detachment, is also on leave pending retirement to pension and will remain in London.

Bridge Cpl. and Mrs. P. Pavelich brought honor to the Force and themselves during the RCME Officers' Mess "Duplicate Bridge" Tournament, which was held recently at Camp Borden, by carrying off the first prize and by being "husband and wife champions".

Sports Our ball team had a good season in the Toronto Civil Service League in

spite of the fact that they have, at times, been up against it due to transfers of several team members. We also understand, unofficially, that they succeeded in breaking six bats in one game.

Smoker A smoker held at "O" Division Barracks on June 16 under the auspices of the softball club committee, proved most popular. On this occasion bowling and revolver club prizes were presented to the winners by the Officer Commanding.

Bowling Although it may be early in the season to speak of bowling, it is felt that we should mention the fact that we have lost the "King Pin" of the bowling club, Cst. J. F. Roy, who was recently transferred to "B" Division. Constable Roy has kept bowling enthusiasm at a high pitch for some years and served us well on other committees of the Recreation Club, as well as being Canteen Manager. Cpl. P. H. Bourassa has filled the vacancy in the canteen and we shall be looking for another inspired leader for the various recreation club committees.

Old-timers' Column

Calgary's 75th Anniversary—1875-1950

By EX-ASST. COMM. C. D. LANAUZE

Commr. James F. Macleod and his men of the NWMP made a good start in the year 1875 when they rode north from Fort Macleod and established Fort Calgary the year following their great march across the plains. Commissioner Macleod fittingly named this spot at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, Calgary, which means "clear running water" and was also the name of his ancestral Scottish home.

There was no one present at the City of Calgary's 75th Birthday who saw the original Fort erected, but many descendants of the pioneers of those stirring days were there and they were augmented by the city's 126,000 inhabitants and thousands of outside visitors. To commemorate the event, the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede had built a splendid replica of the old Fort at the entrance to Calgary's Victoria Park and the City and Stampede Authorities had gone all out to make Calgary's Birthday a success and to do honor to its founders—the Mounted Police.

July 10 started off with a parade 2½ miles long that took almost two hours to pass a given point. It was headed by Canada's Prime Minister and Calgary's Mayor and following them was the 40-piece RCMP Band from Regina and a mounted troop of 17. Their turn-out was magnificent and it is with pride that we relate that they stole the show in their quiet, well-disciplined manner.

Calgary's streets were jam packed with

spectators for the whole route and the splendid parade embraced about everything that could be displayed, with hundreds of mounted men and women gaily riding along among bands, displays and floats. There never was a dull moment and fortunately the threatening rain held off for the parade. The RCMP mounted troop formed up at the saluting base at the end of the parade and it did the hearts of the public and of the older ex-members good as these smart recruits heartily cheered the "Old Mounties" as they passed on their decorated float.

That evening the rain descended and just about drowned out the opening ceremonies and the mounted troop got a proper soaking as the men rode back to their downtown stables. The band did not fare much better but they returned to Regina next day while the mounted troop did a parade every morning rain or shine. At the exhibition grounds the old NWMP detachment log building had been moved into the new Fort Stockade together with the Old Timers' Association building and the Indians were outside the stockade which was a better arrangement all round. The Calgary Sub-Division men under Corporal Byers from Irricana did a kind and friendly job of welcoming the visiting public and they and the Old Timers had visitors in the thousands.

On the 13th the Mounted Police Veterans' Association of Calgary held its annual dinner and some 50 ex-members, their guests and ladies gathered at the Harris Sky Rooms at 6 p.m. for a really good get-

RCMP Regina Band in Calgary Stampede Parade



Photo—Dick Curtis, Calgary.



**Mounted
Troop
in
Stampede
Parade**

Photo—Dick Curtis, Calgary.

together. The oldest ex-member present was Col. G. E. Sanders, CMG, DSO of Calgary and he was duly honored and welcomed as a veteran of the North-West Rebellion, the South African War and World War I, not to mention his distinguished 27 years of service in the Police. Mayor Don MacKay made an excellent speech and spoke of the pioneers who gave of their service to the community without thought of reward. The Mayor was followed by Alderman Mrs. M. Dover, OBE, a granddaughter of Commissioner Macleod, and the spirit of her distinguished ancestor was there in her appearance and in her splendid address on the obedience she had learned by her association with the Force. Of course the old policemen had something to say too, but not too much and a very good address was given by ex-Detective Sergeant Murison¹ of Winnipeg who is now a high official with our old friends the CPR Police. Inspector Johnston², an ex-member and former local President of the Association came all the way from Vancouver for the event. The Chair was well conducted by A. C. Bury, K.C., the Dominion President and altogether it was the best Veterans' dinner in years.

The Officer Commanding Calgary Sub-Division, Insp. F. A. Regan, had invited

all ex-members to attend the Long Service Medal Investiture held at the Armouries at 11.45 a.m. on the 15th and there was a large turn-out headed by the indomitable Colonel Sanders. The Governor-General made the presentations to 31 serving members from the West, and was assisted by Asst. Commr. A. Belcher, Officer Commanding "K" Division, from Edmonton.

We ex-members cannot shine up the way we used to in our drab civvies, but we really shone with pride at the splendid turn-out of the serving Force with the mounted troop from Regina under Insp. H. C. Forbes, MBE, forming a smart background. The ceremony was conducted by Inspector Regan with excellent precision and His Excellency had a word and a hand shake for each recipient. After the presentation, Assistant Commissioner Belcher was good enough to present all ex-members to His Excellency and he had a kind word for many of us. So passed a week that will remain long as a memory of pride in the 76-year-old-Force we have had the honor to serve. ●●●

Journey's End

Phil Williams, a former member of the NWMP and beloved pioneer of the Maple Creek district, died May 16, 1950. As a young man—20 years of age—Mr. Williams joined the Force at Toronto on Oct. 30, 1885, with Reg. No. 1671, and his police

¹Reg. No. 4385 ex-Sgt. K. G. Murison who served in the Force from May 13, 1905 to Jan. 31, 1912.

²Reg. No. 10062 ex-Cst. J. R. Johnston also with the CPR Police.

service stationed him at Regina, Medicine Hat, Maple Creek and other western posts. After five years in uniform, Mr. Williams left the Force when his term of service expired but approximately six weeks later re-engaged in the NWMP.

On Mar. 15, 1892, he purchased his discharge and settled down to a rancher's life in the Cypress Hills district. Later he moved in to Maple Creek and operated a livery stable for a couple of years but his first love was the country and once again he bought a farm—this time nearer town. Here he spent his declining years. Content to leave the more strenuous farm work to younger hands, he maintained a keen interest in the affairs of the day and was considered an authority on western folklore. But perhaps he will be best remembered as a friendly man. To quote the *Maple Creek News*: "In the pioneering days he was a good neighbor and a good friend, always ready to extend a helping hand wherever needed. Phil was typical of the men who pioneered the prairie, and no finer or more likeable class ever existed." ● ● ●

Ex-Superintendent Mellor Dies

At Victoria, B.C., on June 19, 1950, ex-Supt. Arthur Howard Llewellyn Mellor died suddenly after a short illness. Mr. Mellor, who retired from the RCMP in 1938, may be more familiar to most serving members of the Force in the capacity he last filled—Assistant Director of Criminal Investigation—but he will be remembered by many oldtimers for his extensive service in the North.

Ex-Superintendent Mellor was born at Lahore, in the Punjab, India, in 1885. He was educated at England's famous Rugby School and at Glasgow University. After completing his education he came to Canada and first joined the Force as a special constable in November 1902. The following January he became a uniformed member of the Force. He served extensively in Western Canada and was transferred to the North (Smith Landing on the Slave River) in 1908. He remained in that district for several years and reports of his patrols by canoe and dog team are personal accounts of pioneering police work in the northern territories. While stationed in that territory Mr. Mellor made many trips into the Wood Bison country and it was during this time

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that the ill-fated Radford and Street expedition left Fort Smith for the North. (See *RCMP Quarterly* July 1950.) During World War I he served overseas with the RNWMP Cavalry Draft Squadron "A" as quartermaster sergeant.

Mr. Mellor was promoted to inspector on Feb. 1, 1920 and after service at Regina and Lethbridge was again transferred to the North. On his return he was posted to Winnipeg as Officer in Charge of CIB work in "D" Division. He became a superintendent on July 1, 1935 and was transferred to Headquarters at Ottawa where he became Assistant DCI. Superintendent Mellor retired to pension Aug. 1, 1938. ● ● ●

The death of Mrs. Margaret Johnstone Brooke in Montreal on June 7, 1950, will bring to mind for some oldtimers one of the first tragedies to affect the Force after the turn of the last century. Mrs. Brooke was the widow of Reg. No. 1102 S/Sgt. Arthur F. M. Brooke, who was drowned while fording the Bow River on the Blackfoot Reserve, NWT, Sept. 26, 1903. ● ● ●

Book Reviews

THE SASKATCHEWAN, by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. Illustrated by Illingworth H. Kerr. Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Pp. 400, including index. \$4.50.

Some time ago Constance Lindsay Skinner planned a collection of books by various authors describing the life and history of American rivers. The result to date has been some 40 volumes or more which provide good reading to those seeking a combination of pleasure and historical information. The idea brings to mind the song of the brook, which proclaims: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." There is food for thought in that; for many waters flowing out of the forgotten past into the distant future will be active till the end of time. Thus, a desire to know more about these living, speechless factors of our country, and which play so important a part in world affairs, seems only natural. These books were designed to satisfy that desire.

In writing about the Saskatchewan River Miss Campbell has obviously spared no pains in research. She writes with the con-

fidence of one who not only knows her material well, but has studied with care the lives of the men who touched its waters while conquering the West and shaping its destiny as part of a great nation. Her skill as a writer blends well with her knowledge in creating this interesting narrative about the past, present and future of Western Canada, particularly the area through which flows the river about which she writes. It represents a difficult, arduous task well done.

The reader learns that the Saskatchewan River figured in the lives of many pioneers. There was Anthony Henday who travelled with Indians and lived as they did, Samuel Hearne, Peter Pond, the enterprising Yankee who drew the first known map of Canada and North-West Territories, and a long list of others. Because the Saskatchewan is well known to the RCMP, this book should be a favorite among many of our readers. In 1874 the Force and the Saskatchewan were united, so to speak, as one of the greatest transitions from savage to civilized life began. Buffalo and Indian lodge gradually faded into oblivion, but the Saskatchewan remained. Of all Canadian rivers it ranks high in the immortal sagas of our country, and this books tells why.

Rivers are unable to speak, but in this interesting work the author has spoken for the Saskatchewan. Her skilful pen has furnished a book that doubtless will be looked upon as one of the best in the growing list of an intriguing collection. Possibly, this reviewer, because of his interest in that part of Canada through which the Saskatchewan flows, may be prejudiced, but the fact remains that reading Miss Campbell's work supplied an enlarged viewpoint regarding the mighty Saskatchewan. E.J.D.

BLOOD RED THE SUN, by William Bleasdel Cameron. Kenway Publishing Co., Calgary, Canada. Illustrated. Pp. 225. \$3.25.

In 1926 a book called "The War Trial of Big Bear" was published in England. The author, William Bleasdel Cameron, who will be remembered by many members of the Force as curator of the museum at "Depot" Division, has recently published a revised edition of this work which he titled "Blood Red the Sun".

Mr. Cameron, now 88 years of age, is a

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veteran of the North-West Rebellion and sole survivor of the Frog Lake Massacre, and from his pen comes a graphic account of the uprising headed by Riel. Cameron was a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company at the time of the Frog Lake episode, was captured by the Indians and for some reason his life was spared. Subsequently he escaped and enlisted in the North-West Field Force under General Strange as a guide and scout and served until the conclusion of the campaign.

A writer of considerable experience Mr. Cameron's story is told in simple straightforward English that makes the suspense as dramatic as the most bloodthirsty fiction. The events recounted in the tale have been rehashed many times but certainly the slant to this story is unusual—there was only one survivor of the Frog Lake affair. If ever a work was authoritative this should be it. As the *Vancouver Sun* says of it: "Its pages live and breathe the very life of the Indians and the great plains."

The accompanying photograph shows the author in his scouting attire with Chief Big Bear's youngest son "Horse Child" at the trials of the culprits following the Rebellion.

H.E.B.

The Beaver

On another page of this issue will be found an advertisement for *The Beaver*—the magazine of the Hudson's Bay Company. It may be that many of the *Quarterly's* readers have not heard of this attractive publication—may wonder at a great merchandising organization like the H.B.C. being in the publishing business.

When tales of Canada are told, when histories are written, they must of necessity devote generous portions to the share played by the Hudson's Bay Company in the development of this country's vast western and north-western sections. For, long before Canada became a Dominion, was still an obscure colony in England's mighty empire, the history of Britain in North America was written largely by the unknown trappers and traders of the H.B.C. Who then has a better right to tell of this glorious past, or who a better story to tell.

As in everything done by "the Bay", *The Beaver* is a masterly job. Printed on top quality paper, its photographs are beautiful examples of the camera-man's art, its stories authentic and interesting.



CHEMICAL TESTS FOR ALCOHOL IN TRAFFIC LAW ENFORCEMENT, by Glenn C. Forrester, Ph.D. Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., and Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada. Pp. 91. \$2.75.

Drunkness has always been a difficult offence for police forces to handle. But the drunk on the street is another problem entirely to the so-called drunken driver.

It is difficult to establish to the satisfaction of all courts the degree of intoxication necessary to substantiate this type of charge. There are various tests in use today but the chemical ones are gradually receiving general endorsement throughout the United States. Glenn Forrester is an authority on the subject and developer of the intoximeter, an instrument widely used in chemical tests. His book should be read by all who are virtually interested in making our highways safer, but particularly law-enforcement officers who are directly concerned with prosecutions involving drunken driving.

R.W.W.

Obituary

Reg. No. 6433 ex-S/Sgt. Lawrence Peter Bennett, 62, died at Stuttgart, Germany, on June 10, 1950. He joined the RNWMP at Regina on July 20, 1915 and took his discharge on Oct. 22, 1919. On Apr. 12, 1920 he rejoined the Force at Vancouver, was transferred to Ottawa the following year and served there until he retired to pension on Mar. 31, 1945. At the time of his death Mr. Bennett was employed as a special constable of the Force in Visa control office in Germany.

Reg. No. 3347 ex-Sgt. Frederick William Reeves, 71, died at Victoria, B.C., on June 21, 1950. Joining the NWMP on Dec. 1, 1898 he was discharged "time expired" on Dec. 12, 1901. Mr. Reeves rejoined the Force on May 10, 1902 and served until May 9, 1911. During his service he was stationed for some years in the Yukon and later at Regina and Prince Albert.

Reg. No. 9076 ex-Sgt. Thomas Smith Moore, 64, died at Napanee, Ont., on June 21, 1950. Mr. Moore joined the Dominion Police at Ottawa on July 10, 1911 and became a member of the RCMP when the two Forces amalgamated on Feb. 1, 1920. He was discharged to pension on July 9, 1939. For many years he served in "A" Division at Brockville and Ottawa and also at Sherbrooke in "C" Division. At the time of his death he was Chief of Police of Napanee, a position he had filled since 1940.

Reg. No. 2575 ex-Cpl. Harry Frederick William Fishwick, 89, died at Waterville, N.S., on June 25, 1950. He joined the Force at Halifax, N.S. on Jan. 26, 1891 and was discharged "time expired" on Jan. 25, 1896. Mr. Fishwick served as an officer with the Canadian forces in the South African War and was a stipendiary magistrate for the municipality of the County of Kings, N.S.

Reg. No. 9998 ex-Cst. Adolphe Saumure, 61, died at Lindsay, Ont., on June 26, 1950. Mr. Saumure joined the Force at Ottawa on Oct. 4, 1923 and was invalided to pension on Oct. 31, 1944. He served in "A" and "C" Divisions.

Reg. No. 6328 ex-Cpl. Arthur Ernest Pacey, 62, died in Vancouver in July 1950. He joined the Force at Vancouver on Sept. 24, 1914 and was discharged to pension Sept. 23, 1937. During most of his service he was stationed at Lethbridge in "K" Division, and during World War I was a member of the RNWMP Cavalry Draft "A" which served overseas.

Reg. No. 6086 ex-Cst. Erle Bill Rose, 63, died at Cold Lake, Alta., in April 1950. He joined the Force on Sept. 3, 1914 and was discharged Sept. 2, 1915 when his term of service expired.

Reg. No. 2512 ex-Sgt. George Edward Pulham, 78, died at Saanich, B.C., on July 6, 1950. He joined the NWMP Oct. 7, 1890 and was discharged Dec. 31, 1899 when his term of service expired. He was a member of the detachment sent to Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration in England in 1897, and served at various points in Western Canada and in the Yukon.

Reg. No. 1671 ex-Cst. Philip Williams, 84, died at Maple Creek, Sask., on May 16, 1950. He joined the NWMP on Oct. 30, 1885 and took his discharge five years later. On Dec. 13, 1890 Mr. Williams re-engaged in the Force and served until Mar. 15, 1892 when he purchased his discharge. (See Old-timers' Column.)

Reg. No. 9157 ex-S/Sgt. Charles Ernest Myers, 60, died at Halifax, N.S., on July 17, 1950. He joined the Dominion Police on Oct. 15, 1911, became a member of the RCMP when the two forces amalgamated on Feb. 1, 1920 and was discharged to pension on Oct. 14, 1940. He served continuously in the Halifax area.

Reg. No. 14757 Cst. Herschel Taylor Wood, 25, died in Calgary, Alta., on July 16, 1950, from injuries sustained in a car accident while on duty. Son of Commr. and Mrs. S. T. Wood, Constable Wood joined the Force at Ottawa on Oct. 9, 1946 and had served at Regina, Sask., and at Edmonton, Medicine Hat, Coutts, Blairmore, Pincher Creek, Magrath and Cardston, Alta. Prior to joining the RCMP he had served as a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Navy and was a graduate in Arts from Queen's University.

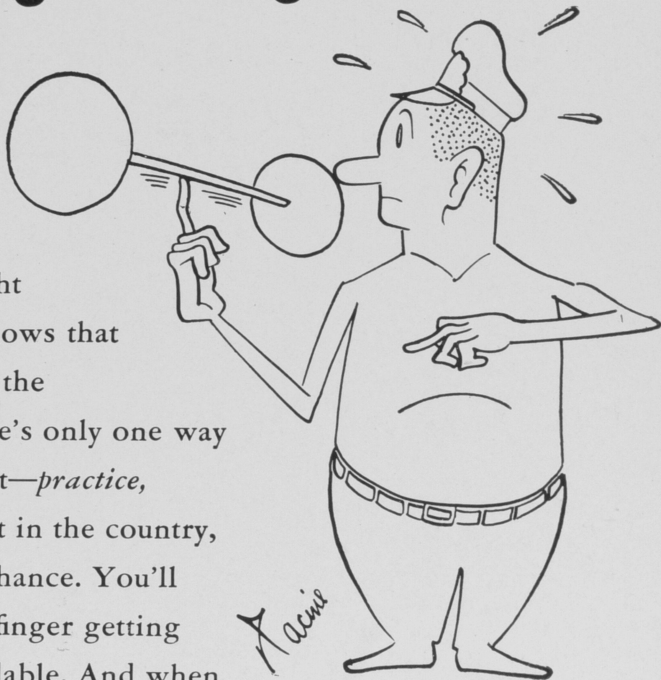
Reg. No. 1188 ex-Cst. Charles Herbert Baker, 86, died May 19, 1950 in Vancouver, B.C. He joined the NWMP Apr. 21, 1885 and took his discharge Apr. 20, 1890. Mr. Baker was a veteran of the Riel Rebellion and a life member of "A" Division RNWMP Veterans' Association.

Ex-Supt. Arthur Howard Llewellyn Mellor, 65, died June 19, 1950 at Victoria, B.C. As a special constable ex-Superintendent Mellor first engaged in the Force on Nov. 25, 1902, and became a uniformed member on Jan. 27, 1903. During World War I he served overseas with the RNWMP Cavalry Draft Squadron "A", and was promoted to inspector Feb. 1, 1920. On July 1, 1935 he was promoted to superintendent and retired to pension Aug. 1, 1938. (See Old-timers' Column.)

Reg. No. 2796 ex-Cst. Hugh Pryce Davies, 79, died in Three Rivers, Que., in August 1950, following an automobile accident. He joined the Force at Calgary on Apr. 19, 1892 and was discharged Aug. 20, 1895.

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