

R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



VOL. 11—No. 1

July 1945



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VOLUME 11

JULY 1945

NUMBER 1

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Some back copies of the Quarterly, including several complete sets, are now available. The complete sets, limited in number, are to be sold intact primarily for the convenience of those who may wish to get them bound. Application should be made to the editor.

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The *Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly* is published by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in January, April, July and October. Subscription, \$1 per year; single copies, 25c.

EDITORIAL OFFICES AT ROOM 703-705, R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS, OTTAWA, CANADA

Subscribers should notify the *Quarterly* of changes of address.



EX-INSPECTOR WILLIAM PARKER (Reg. No. 28)

Editorial...

The end of the war, so long hoped for and so long deferred, has come and gone since the April issue of the *Quarterly* was prepared. Already cynics are pointing to the quick resurgence of narrow nationalism and of the hates and suspicions which have bedevilled Europe through the centuries. Surely there is another point of view; there must be for the United Nations' Charter rests upon good faith, and unless we believe that it was signed in good faith, we put it in jeopardy from its very beginning.

It is not over-simplification to say that what the United Nations have done to smash the greatest gang under the most vicious leadership in history, was essentially a police job. It cost millions of lives and untold treasure, and the devastation which accompanied it will not be repaired in a generation. Yet there was a grim necessity that the job be done, and it has been done. The problems of a peace still to be realized, are complex and difficult, but they can be solved if they are approached with the same determined spirit. Meanwhile their solution involves another great police job in the maintenance of law and order.

Indications following the announcement of the surrender of the Japanese seemed to show that they would carry defiance as far as they dare. There is abundant evidence, too, that the aggressor spirit of Germany is not dead, and those who are interested in keeping it alive are equally interested in fostering antagonism, distrust and irritation among the Allied Nations. Let us see that we do not play their game for them.

* * * *

The history of the R.C.M.P. is the richer for what has been done by its members and former members in all the combat areas and in all branches of active service—the army, navy and air force. We welcome those who are returning from the war, and we shall hold in honoured and grateful memory those—and they are not a few—who are not coming back.

* * * *

Our cover ventures for the first time into colours and its subject is the most recent picture of the R.C.M.P. Band in front of the Peace Tower in Canada's capital. Our frontispiece is of ex-Inspr. William Parker who was a member of the original N.W.M.P. Band formed early in 1876 and to whom a tribute is given elsewhere in this issue. Both form a link that unites the past with the present.

Throughout the years bands have periodically served a useful role in Mounted Police activities; during the war our present band took part in many state functions, victory loans and other patriotic rallies. In addition to their duties as musicians the bandsmen, as their predecessors did, perform important police tasks within the limitations imposed by the necessity of keeping them together as a unit.

Though police work has altered greatly in character since 1876, the change serves but to emphasize the strength and firmness of the foundation laid so well by William Parker and all the other Parkers in the days of our beginnings; the achievements which make up our traditions may seem puny in contrast with the vast troop movements and scientific advancement of present times, may indeed slip easily from the mind and memory, yet in the test of time they have taken on added lustre and it is well that we do not forget them.

Notes on Recent Cases

R. v. Bella

Multiple Murders and Suicide—Police Dog



Reg'n No. 155W
Police Dog "Dark"

This case in which 20 members of the R.C.M.P. joined in a man hunt for a dangerous murderer illustrates the value of properly trained dogs in police work.

On June 1, 1944, the peaceful district of Brewer, Sask., was shocked by the brutal slaying of three of its citizens and the wounding of another. About 9.30 p.m. little Elmer Mann told a neighbour that a man had killed his "mama and grandma with a gun". The R.C.M.P. at Yorkton were immediately notified, and soon afterwards the bodies of two women were found on a lonely side road north of Melville, Sask. Each had died from a gunshot wound inflicted by a .22 calibre rifle, and Anton Osicki, a farmer who lived nearby, identified them as his wife and married daughter. He was worried about his other daughter who had left Brewer earlier in the evening but had not yet reached home.

A wagon and team were found in the

bush not far from where the dead women had been discovered and in the box of the wagon was the body of Helen Osicki, who also had died from a gunshot wound in the head. Just prior to this latter discovery word was received that John Woloschuk, the son of another farmer in the district, had been shot and wounded.

Pte. Julius Bella, a soldier home on farm leave, was suspected. Jealous of the attentions Woloschuk had been paying to Miss Osicki, he had previously threatened her, and on the night of the crimes was seen on a bicycle in the vicinity of the Osicki home.

A heavy rain fell during most of the all-night search that ensued. At dawn when the suspect's home was surrounded and searched under a warrant it was learned that his father owned a .22 calibre rifle which was missing as were 24 rounds of ammunition. The bicycle was found abandoned near a community

hall about five miles from the Osicki farm.

Due to wet weather police dog Dark from Yorkton Detachment was unable to pick up any scent, though he raced back and forth in the surrounding, heavily-bushed area. But that afternoon, June 2, an investigator informed the dog master that he had seen someone moving in the woods approximately six miles away. The dog was immediately taken to this point and soon showed interest in an unseen trail that led to a clump of trees further on. He crossed a clearing and flushed Bella from his hiding-place. A second or two later the report of a rifle sounded—the soldier had shot himself in the head and he breathed his last as Dark and his master closed in.

Throughout the hunt which lasted 18

hours the community was fearful lest Bella perpetrate additional shootings, as he had threatened vengeance on others. Had the police dog not located him, it seems likely that the list of his victims would have been lengthened.

He had intercepted the Osicki girl as she drove from Brewer and killed her within 100 yards of her home. Attracted by the shot Mrs. Osicki and her daughter, little Elmer Mann's mother, had hastened outside to their deaths. Bella had then pedalled to the Wološčuk farm and still in a fit of jealous rage attempted to murder his rival but succeeded only in wounding him.

The verdict reached at an inquest on June 16, 1944, held that the triple slayings had been committed by Julius Bella who subsequently took his own life.

R. v. Kaehler and Stolski

Shop Breaking with Intent—Theft of Motor Car—Prisoners of War—Appeals—First Decision of its Kind in Countries Observing Geneva Convention

Especially since the war began, much controversy has been waged over the question of whether or not prisoners of war are immune from liability for criminal offences they commit while attempting to escape. This case must be of vital concern to the 47 signatories to the Geneva Convention as it lays down *inter alia* that there is no justification for the affirmative view.

August Kaehler and Otto Stolski, German prisoners of war employed as helpers on the western irrigation district farm at Strathmore, Alta., under the supervision of an official of the federal Department of Labour, escaped on Aug. 7, 1944. Allegedly in aid of their escape they broke into a warehouse owned by the irrigation district, which apparently contained nothing to attract thieves. Investigation disclosed that in connection with their duties they had on August 4, been in the building and had had ample opportunity to examine its contents. They also stole a motor truck.

Both men appeared before Police Magistrate D. C. Sinclair at Calgary,

Alta., on Sept. 11, 1944, charged jointly with Breaking and Entering a Warehouse with Intent to Commit an Indictable Offence Therein, s. 461 Cr. Code, and with Stealing a Motor Car, s. 377 Cr. Code, and pleaded not guilty. C. S. Blanchard, K.C., Calgary, agent of the attorney-general, appeared for the Crown, and J. S. Mavor, K.C., Calgary, was appointed to conduct the defence by the Swiss Government—protecting power under the Geneva Convention.

Kaehler and Stolski had admitted in written statements to the police that they had forcibly entered the warehouse. This point was established beyond doubt and indeed there was no argument concerning it. But defence counsel pleaded that his clients were under the influence of home-brew at the time of the breaking and entering. He submitted that Stolski, who was cook at the prisoners of war work project, merely had wanted to borrow "a pot to cook in" while Kaehler had gone along "for a lark", and denied that either defendant intended to commit an indictable offence. He contended that

in any case they could not be convicted on the information as laid, because it did not allege any specific indictable offence, but the court held this objection to be untenable in view of the provisions of ss. 852-853 Cr. Code.

In refuting a contention put forward by the defence, the prosecution argued that a detaining country gives no right to prisoners of war to try to escape, though such prisoners may owe a duty to their own country to do so. He pointed out that it is permissible for guards to shoot escaping prisoners, and that this fact was inconsistent with any suggestion that prisoners of war have a right to escape under Canadian or international law.

The presiding magistrate over-ruled the view that prisoners of war are immune from liability for criminal offences committed in furtherance of an attempt to escape, and stated that liability to punishment for such offences is clearly recognized by the Geneva Convention. He convicted the accused on both charges, holding that by the articles of the Geneva Convention prisoners of war are subject to laws and regulations extant in the armed forces of the detaining power—that the accused must be treated the same as members of the armed forces tried for a crime in civil courts.

Appeals were entered against all convictions before the appellate division of the Alberta supreme court which held that while in burglary and house-breaking offences under ss. 457 and 459 Cr. Code the breaking and entering itself constitutes *prima facie* evidence of intent, this was not true of a breaking and entering under s. 461 Cr. Code. This court found that the prosecution had failed to show proof of intent to commit an indictable offence in the warehouse, that there was no evidence showing the appellants intended to commit theft. As intent is an essential element of an offence under s. 461 Cr. Code the convictions were quashed. These appeals, it is to be noted, were allowed on a point

of law, and the question of whether convictions could follow rightly upon offences committed by prisoners of war incidental to their escape did not arise.

The appeals against the convictions for theft of truck, however, rested on the latter point and were dismissed in a written judgment by Chief Justice H. Harvey at Edmonton, Alta., Mar. 26, 1945, and concurred in by Mr. Justice F. Ford, Mr. Justice A. F. Ewing, Mr. Justice W. A. Macdonald, all of the appellate division, and by Mr. Justice H. J. Macdonald of the trial division of the supreme court of Alberta.

Mr. Justice Harvey's decision is of more than passing interest, and we quote it in full:

"It cannot be said that the magistrate was not justified in finding the appellants guilty of the theft of the motor truck. There was evidence of possession that called for an explanation but none was given. There was in addition quite a strong chain of circumstantial evidence apart from the presumption arising from recent possession. The mere fact that they and the car were at Strathmore the evening before and that the next morning they and the car were at Vulcan some 60 miles away and that they were with the car and that attempts were made to obtain gas and that one of them had the gas ration book in his possession furnish a chain of strong circumstantial evidence.

"Counsel for the appellants, however, contends that even if guilty of stealing the truck they are not liable to punishment because as prisoners of war they are entitled to escape and any act done to facilitate escape is justified and does not impose criminal liability. This is a rather startling proposition because a most effective means of securing their freedom would be by the killing of their guard and anyone else who attempted to stop them. Their counsel, however, goes that far and claims immunity even for such an act.

"It is somewhat singular that with the thousands of prisoners of war that have been confined in England and Canada as well as the United States during the years of the present war and also during the war of 1914 to 1918 during which there have

That antlered eaves-dropper knows a thing or two. Certain it is when a man's on the trail there's nothing like a cup of hot OXO.



been thousands of attempts to escape no authority in support of this proposition can apparently be found beyond that of two police magistrates in Ontario. The only decisions on the point to which counsel has been able to refer are the two mentioned, supporting his contention, and two in this province, including the one now under consideration to the opposite effect.

"Only one of the two Ontario cases has been reported, *R. v. Krebs* decided in October, 1942, and reported in 80 C.C.C. 279. The other Ontario case was in February, 1944, *R. v. Brosig*, which is not reported. The attorney-general, however, appealed from the acquittal in the latter case and at the time of the argument in this case the decision on the appeal had not been given. Judgment has now been given but unfortunately it does not settle the question presently under consideration.

"In the Brosig case the prisoner of war had concealed himself in a post-office mail bag and had subsequently cut his way out and stolen some articles from another mail bag.

"The magistrate found that some of the articles stolen could not be deemed to be necessary or useful in aiding his escape. Such being the case, the court contented itself with restricting its decision to the facts of the case. Mr. Justice Gillanders, who wrote the main reasons, stated:

'Counsel for the appellant urges that prisoners of war are subject to the complete restraint of the criminal law whether or not the acts in question are a part of or incidental to escape from the detaining power. It is unnecessary and undesirable to express here an opinion as to what view should be taken under other circumstances, for instance, if a prisoner of war were accused of assaulting a military guard who endeavoured to prevent his escape.' And the Chief Justice of Ontario who also wrote a short judgment said: 'The looting of the mail bag was not an act necessary for the escape of the prisoner of war.'

"I think, however, we are entitled to accept the decision as authoritative for the propositions that the Geneva Convention of 1929 is a part of the law of Canada, and

that under it a prisoner of war has no immunity from the consequences of his committing an act which if committed by a member of one of our own armed forces would be punishable as a crime. Indeed, order-in-council 4121 hereafter referred to specifically so provides. But since no Canadian soldier could have occasion in Canada to attempt to escape from custody as a prisoner of war he could never commit an act in aid of such an attempt.

"The court based its conclusion on the terms of the Geneva Convention as relating to prisoners of war and set out many of the articles. It is unnecessary to repeat them, but it suffices to point out that no distinction seems to be made in any of them which would justify the conclusion that offences committed in aid of escape occupy a preferred position. Indeed, Article 51 seems to indicate the exact opposite. It is as follows:

'Attempted escape, even if it is not a first offence, shall not be considered as an aggravation of the offence in the event of the prisoner of war being brought before the courts for crimes or offences against persons or property committed in the course of such attempt.'

That clearly envisages offences punishable by the courts when committed in the course of an attempt to escape.

"Article 52, which also deals with the subject of escape, provides:

'Belligerents shall ensure that the competent authorities exercise the greatest leniency in considering the question whether an offence committed by a prisoner of war should be punished by disciplinary or by judicial measures.'

'This provision shall be observed in particular in appraising facts in connection with escape or attempted escape.'

On the 13th of December, 1939, shortly after the outbreak of the present war an order-in-council (No. 4121) was passed under the authority of the War Measures Act making 'Regulations Governing the Maintenance of Discipline Among and the Treatment of Prisoners of War'. These regulations follow very closely the articles of the Geneva Convention, some of them being in the exact words.

"Regulation 7 provides that:

'A prisoner of war shall be subject to

the law relating to the Naval Service, the Militia or the Air Force of Canada, as the case may be, in like manner as if he were a member of the Naval Service, the Militia or the Air Force except that a prisoner of war, class 1, holding Naval, Militia or Air Force rank in the service of his own country may not be deprived of such rank by a Canadian tribunal of officials.'

"Regulation 53 provides that:

'The commandant of any camp or other place set apart for the internment of prisoners of war, or the officer commanding a body of troops having custody of prisoners of war in the field or upon the line of march, upon receiving information of a charge made against a prisoner of war under his custody of having committed an offence, shall dismiss the charge if he in his discretion thinks it ought not to be proceeded with, but where he thinks the charge ought to be proceeded with, he may forthwith submit a report to the district officer commanding the military district in which the camp is situated, who shall give such orders as may be necessary, or he may deal with the case summarily.'

"Then 63 is as follows:

'When the district officer commanding a military district to whom a case has been submitted under paragraph 53 of these regulations considers that the charge cannot properly be disposed of in any other manner, he shall take steps to bring the accused to trial before a military court, or may, in the case of a civil offence, communicate with civil powers in order that the accused may be dealt with by a civil court of criminal jurisdiction.'

It is under the final portion of this article that this case came before the civil courts. If attention had been given to the fact that for the theft of a motor car a judge or magistrate in a civil court is not permitted to exercise an unfettered discretion in imposing such a sentence as he thinks the case deserves, but is compelled to impose a term of imprisonment of one year at the least, it might not have been thought desirable to have the case dealt with in a civil court. One can hardly think that any magistrate or judge would have deemed this offence, under its special circumstances, deserving

of more than a very short term of imprisonment.

"It is contended that the prisoner of war has a right, even a duty to endeavour to escape. If he has any such duty it is to his own country and armed forces, not to Canada, and even if he had the right there is no rule applicable to our armed forces, and therefore to prisoners of war, that a legitimate end justifies illegitimate means. But it is an error to say that he has the right for Article 50 provides:

'Escaped prisoners of war who are recaptured before they have been able to rejoin their own armed forces or to leave the territory occupied by the armed forces which captured them shall be liable only to disciplinary punishment.

'Prisoners who, after succeeding in rejoining their armed forces or in leaving the territory occupied by the armed forces which captured them, are again taken prisoner shall not be liable to any punishment for their escape.'

It is clear from this article that it is a punishable offence though as the article and the two subsequent ones show it is not considered a very heinous offence.

"In Vol. 32 of the 12th Ed. of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* there is a quite lengthy article on prisoners of war commencing at page 150 of which the author is Sir Reginald Brodie Duke Acland, K.C., who was a judge advocate of the fleet and a member of a government committee on the treatment by the enemy of prisoners of war. This was before the Geneva Convention of 1929 but after the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907 and after the World War of 1914 to 1918.

"On page 154 it is stated:

'In one respect, viz., the punishments for attempted escape, the German Military Law was less severe than the British, the greater severity of the latter having apparently arisen from a misunderstanding of the expression *peines disciplinaires* in the second paragraph of the 8th Article of the Hague Convention. This seems to have been understood on the Continent as a punishment which could be awarded summarily; that is, arrest, open, medium or close, for a period not exceeding six weeks. In Great Britain the punishment was limited to 12 months' imprisonment; in Germany it was far less for the simple

offence though it was frequently added to by the addition of charges for damaging government property, and the like. The matter came under discussion between the British and German delegates at the Hague in 1917 and 1918, and an agreement was arrived at by which the punishment for a simple attempt to escape was to be limited to 14 days, or if accompanied with offences relating to the appropriation, possession of or injury to property to two months' military confinement.'

"A consideration of Articles 50 and 51 discloses that under the Geneva Convention the attempt to escape is an offence quite distinct from offences committed in the endeavour to escape, but that while the attempt to escape if unsuccessful is punishable, it is not to be considered an aggravation of those other offences. Indeed Article 53 suggests that it should be taken as an amelioration of such other offences but not as an excuse or justification for them.

"In neither the Krebs nor the Brosig case did the magistrate consider the Geneva Convention.

"In the Brosig case the magistrate states: 'It was practically agreed between counsel that the case of *R. v. Krebs* is a correct statement of the law', and he did not consider that law further. In the Krebs case (80 C.C.C. 279) the magistrate made a careful and thorough examination of the cases and text books that had a bearing on the subject, and concluded (page 283):

'In my opinion—although as I have said I can find no authority directly in point—the accused is not punishable at common law for an attempt to escape. He is not punishable at common law for doing anything reasonably calculated to assist in that escape, and in my opinion that same holds for anything done in an endeavour to preserve his liberty once gained.

'This accused owes no allegiance to the Crown. He is an open and avowed enemy of the Crown, a man taken in war and a man who, if it is not his duty, may quite reasonably feel that it is his duty to escape from the domains of his captor state, and, if he can, return to the state to which he owes allegiance and perform his duty to that state.'

"It seems clear that the purpose of the

Geneva Convention as relating to prisoners of war was to ameliorate their condition, not to impose heavier burdens on them, but if before the Geneva Convention they were under no obligation to observe the laws of the captor country in an endeavour to escape, to impose such an obligation would have the opposite effect.

"The convention relative to the treatment of prisoners of war commences with the names of the two score contracting parties, the first one named being the President of the German Reich and a later one His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas; and continues 'recognizing that, in the extreme event of a war, it will be the duty of every power to mitigate as far as possible the inevitable rigours thereof and to alleviate the condition of prisoners of war; being desirous of developing the principles which have inspired the international conventions of the Hague, in particular the Convention concerning the Laws and Customs of War and the Regulations thereunto annexed; have resolved to conclude a convention for that purpose.' The different articles follow.

"As above pointed out Article 51, while not specifically declaring criminal liability for acts committed in the endeavour to escape, clearly recognizes criminal liability for offences so committed. That would seem however to be irreconcilable with the decision in the Krebs case. It is important therefore to consider whether that decision is correct.

"As the magistrate stated, he could find no direct authority for the conclusion he reached, but he seems to have been very much impressed by a remark made by Lord Campbell, C.J., in the course of the argument in *Reg. v. Sattler* reported in 169 E.R. 1111.

"The remark was purely *obiter* and had no reference to the case being considered. The report in E.R. is that contained in Dearsly & Bell 523. The argument was on a reserved case which was being heard by Campbell, C.J., Cockburn, C.J., Pollock, C.B., and 12 other judges.

"The reserved case is stated as follows:

"The prisoner was a foreigner. On the 2nd November, 1857, he committed a larceny at St. Ives in Huntingdonshire and went away from England with part

of the stolen property to Hamburgh. The owner of the property gave information to the London Police, and the deceased, who was a detective officer of that force and an English subject, proceeded to Hamburgh and there, with the assistance of the Hamburgh Police, arrested the prisoner and brought him against his will on board an English steamer trading between Hamburgh and London in order that he might be tried for the larceny. Hamburgh is on the River Elbe sixty miles from the sea; but the tide flows higher up than the place where the steamer was when the prisoner was taken on board. The steamer left Hamburgh on the morning of the 21st November the prisoner being in irons, and on the 22nd, whilst the steamer was on the high seas, he shot the officer who afterwards died of the wound. If the killing had been by an Englishman in an English County it would have been murder. The deceased had no warrant.

"The question which I desire to be answered is, whether there was any jurisdiction to try the prisoner at the Old Bailey Sessions. If the answer be in the affirmative, the judgment which has been already given is to be affirmed. If in the negative, the judgment is to be reversed."

"The further question was asked for the opinion of the courts:

"3rd. Supposing the custody not to have been lawful, was the killing necessarily only manslaughter?"

"The solicitor general in his argument said:

"The true ground upon which allegiance is due, is that amenability to the law arises out of the protection which that law affords. The prisoner has done an act which if it had been done in England by an Englishman would have been murder; and surely it cannot be said that a foreigner brought into this country against his will would have a right to commit murder with impunity."

"It was then that Lord Campbell made the comment:

"A prisoner of war committing murder would be triable but the question is, what constitutes murder? If a prisoner of war who had not given his parole killed a sentinel in endeavouring to effect his escape, would that be murder?"

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"It is to be noted that what the court was called on to consider was not whether the prisoner was guilty of murder but whether the court had jurisdiction to try him, for if so his conviction of murder was to stand.

"This Sattler case is reported in at least six different series of reports. In 27 L.J. M.C. at p. 57, the comment of Lord Campbell is stated in these words: 'If a prisoner of war, who had not given his parole, killed a sentinel in trying to escape, it would not be murder.' In 6 W.R. 229, it is: 'A prisoner at war committing murder would be triable in this country; but the question is, what constitutes murder. If without giving his parole he killed the sentinel in endeavouring to escape, that would not be murder.'

"In the reports of the case in 4 Jur. N.S. 98, 22 J.P. 84, and 7 Cox C.C. 439, there is no reference to any such comment by Lord Campbell, although in some of them there are many other interjections by the judges noted. The reasonable inference from this omission would seem to be that

the reporters did not consider it of special importance.

"In my opinion it is an entire misconception of what was in the mind of Lord Campbell to conclude that he intended to indicate or suggest that a prisoner of war who killed a sentry in endeavouring to escape was justified in so doing and was under no criminal liability. When he asked the question: 'What constitutes murder' his answer obviously would have been 'culpable homicide with the element of *malice prepense*'. What was in his mind was apparently the distinction between murder and manslaughter, not between murder and justifiable homicide. The qualification 'who had not given his parole' suggests that if he had given his parole the killing might be murder but otherwise, in the ordinary case, it not being premeditated, there would be absence of the malice aforethought, which is essential to constitute murder.

"The following extract from the argument in the report in 189 E.R. at 1112 is illuminating on this point. In Serjt.

Ballantine's argument for the prisoner it begins:

'In *R. v. Stevenson* the prisoner had locked himself in a house to avoid arrest, and an officer without a warrant obtained an entry illegally. He was fired at two or three times by the prisoner, but was not wounded; but another person, who was assisting him, was shot dead by the prisoner through the door. The question arose as to the quality of the crime, and it was held that it was, by the circumstances, reduced from murder to manslaughter.

'Lord Campbell, C.J.—Being done with the intent of preserving liberty; but it must be taken that here the prisoner killed the officer, not to obtain his liberty, but out of revenge; in which case it is murder even if the custody were unlawful.

'The Solicitor General—The case states that if the killing had been by an Englishman in an English county it would have been murder.

'Cockburn, C.J.—If a man is taken by a policeman without authority, and, out of revenge for the act, he shoots the officer, that is murder.

'Lord Campbell, C.J.—We are to assume that a murder was committed. The jury have found that the act was done from *malice prepense*.

'The different reports differ slightly in the words, and in the report in 7 Cox 441, instead of the words "he owed obedience to that law", we find "he owed allegiance to the law of England".'

'In delivering the unanimous judgment of all 15 judges, Lord Campbell said (169 E.R. 1114):

'Then, here a crime is committed by the prisoner on board an English ship on the high seas which would have been murder if the killing had been by an Englishman in an English county; and we are of opinion that, under these circumstances, whether the capture at Hamburg and the subsequent detention were lawful or unlawful, the prisoner was guilty of murder and of an offence against the laws of England; for he was in an English ship, part of the territory of England, entitled to the protection of the English law, and he owed obedience to that law; and he committed the crime

of murder—that is to say, he shot the detective officer, not for the purpose of obtaining his liberation, but for revenge and of *malice prepense*.'

'The conclusion of the judgment in the Cox report is as follows:

'We have no doubt that the conviction was perfectly right, and without hesitation answer to the third question, that even if the custody was not lawful the killing was not necessarily only manslaughter. If the killing was out of malice and revenge, and not for the mere purpose of obtaining liberty, then, though the custody were unlawful, the crime would still be murder.'

'From the terms of the judgment delivered it seems clear that the law as so declared was that any foreigner held in England against his will was under the protection of and, therefore, subject to the laws of England to which he owed obedience; nor does there seem to be any ground for distinction between a prisoner of war and any other foreigner, and the only qualification in respect of a killing in an attempt to escape is that it probably, though not necessarily, would lack the element of *malice prepense*, the term then in use, and so be only manslaughter and not murder.

'I have experienced much difficulty in endeavouring to obtain some help from *Stephen's History of the Criminal Law of England*, a work of which Sir Frederick Pollock in his biography of Stephen in *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* says: 'Though not free from inequalities and traces of haste must long remain the standard work on the subject'. It was published in 1883 and in Vol. 2, page 8, after considering the Sattler and some other cases it states:

'It is difficult to extract any definite proposition from these authorities as to the cases in which foreigners are liable to English criminal law, when they are brought, against their will, into places where that law is, as a general rule, administered. None of them, however, is inconsistent with, and each of them more or less distinctly illustrates, the proposition that protection and allegiance are co-extensive, . . .'

'The meaning of this is clear enough, though one would think that in view of the definite statement made in the judgment of the 15 judges in the Sattler case:

'The proposition that protection and allegiance are co-extensive', . . . could be considered as a definite proposition and not simply an illustration of it. The term allegiance is evidently used in the same sense as it is used in the Cox report of the Sattler case as the equivalent of obedience the word used in the other reports.

"It is what follows the foregoing extract from Stephen that presents difficulty, for it continues:

'and that obedience to the law is not exacted in cases in which it is avowedly administered, not for the common benefit of the members of a community of which the alleged offender is for the time being a member, but for the benefit of a community of which he is an avowed and open enemy'.

"The use of the word 'common' seems to indicate the meaning that if the law is administered for the benefit of the prisoner of war as well as for the benefit of all others he owes obedience to it, but if it is administered for the benefit of only these others he does not owe obedience to it. But where under British jurisprudence is there to be found such a community where the law is not administered for all its members alike, friend or foe? As the judgment in the Sattler case states, they are equally under the protection of our law whether their being in our territory is voluntary or involuntary and they owe obedience to our law. As the first part of the excerpt states: 'Protection and allegiance (i.e. obedience to the law) are co-extensive'.

"Stephen further proceeds:

'Thus, in the cases above referred to, Sattler and Lopez had the protection of the law of England, though Sattler was placed within its protection against his will. In the case suggested by Lord Campbell of the prisoner of war shooting the sentry the prisoner of war would be deprived of his liberty as an act of war, and his attempt to regain it would be an act of war. If however, a prisoner of war committed a crime unconnected with an attempt to recover his liberty (for instance, rape or arson), he would be liable to the same punishment as other persons, because as regards all other matters than the deprivation of liberty he would be entitled to the same protection as others.'

"Whether or not it can be deemed an act of war, nevertheless he has become a member of the community in the land of his enemy and any act of his will be measured in the same way as the act of any other member of the community.

"Nor as already explained is there, I think, any reason to suppose that Lord Campbell viewed it in any other light.

"There appears equally a fallacy in the suggestion that in respect to the deprivation of liberty he is not entitled to the same protection as others. Protection is given for the exercise of rights, not for the commission of acts which are wrongful. His rights are restricted by his being deprived of his liberty just in the same manner as are those of all others who are in prisons or under confinement for other reasons some of which may be general, as for instance, persons confined in mental institutions and some of which may be special, as for instance, internment for the safety of the nation in time of war. There is no distinction in this respect between the prisoner of war and others deprived of their liberty beyond the reason for the deprivation of liberty, not in the least in the fact itself.

"In the early days prisoners of war had no recognized rights and were killed or sent into slavery but long before the treatise of Stephen or even the Sattler case, they were, in Britain, held to be under the protection of British law and therefore to owe it obedience.

"While an attempt to escape, especially a successful attempt to escape is looked on with approbation in many armies and countries as regards their own forces, particularly Britain and Germany, yet it is not so considered by the captor countries. Since our criminal law was codified in 1892 there has been a section, now 186, imposing a penalty of five years' imprisonment on anyone assisting a prisoner of war to escape. As far back as 1812, by 52 Geo. III C. 156, this was declared to be a felony.

"The act recites that:

'Whereas many prisoners of war confined and on parole in different parts of His Majesty's Dominions have of late escaped by the aid and assistance of many of His Majesty's subjects and others: and it is necessary to repress such practices and violations of the allegiance

due to His Majesty and of the law by more effectual punishment.'

The last words of the recital suggest that there had previously been less effectual punishment, but I find no reference to anything earlier than this statute. Notwithstanding the seriousness recognized by the statutory law of the escape of a prisoner of war we have contracted with the other countries, parties to the Geneva Convention, to restrict the punishment to what is specified in its articles. Article 51, above quoted, exempts comrades of a prisoner of war from this provision of our criminal law though not exempting them completely from punishment.

"For the reasons given it appears that there is no justification for the view that at common law before the convention re-

lating to prisoners of war, there was any less criminal responsibility for the commission of an offence by a prisoner of war in attempting to escape because it was done to assist him in escaping, than for any offence unconnected with an attempt to escape and that there is, therefore, no justification for making any qualification of the general terms imposing criminal liability in the Geneva Convention. Moreover, as already stated, the liability to punishment for such offences is clearly recognized by Article 51.

"The appeal must be dismissed."

The foregoing judgment is said to be the first of its kind by a high court in any country. See *R. v. Brosig*, 10, R.C.M.P.Q. 275, and *R. v. Schulte et al*, 10 R.C.M.P.Q. 286.

R. v. Lazaruk

Breaking, Entering and Theft from Dwelling-house—Crime Detection Laboratory—Police Dog—Minute Clues Lead to Conviction

That insignificant clues may often be the deciding factor on which hinges the success of a case was borne out by the police investigation that followed the breaking, entering and theft from Andrew Mospan's dwelling at Shaughnessy, Alta., on Dec. 8, 1944.

While the owner, a miner, was absent from his one-room shack between 3 p.m. and midnight, someone removed the screen from an unlocked window, raised the sash and entered, stole \$65 in cash and left by the same route.

Picture Butte R.C.M.P. Detachment investigated and discovered several small clues—some brown wool fibres caught in the rough wood of the window casing, a partially-burned paper match, and in the light snow outside near the window a two-dimensional footprint. There was no other physical evidence except that a suit-case in which the complainant kept his money and clothes had been pulled out from under the bed and its lock forced open; the clothes were heaped on the floor and on top was Mospan's emptied wallet.

Police dog Smoky was put to work,

but with negative results owing to the lack of definite scent and the confusion of tracks; it was found later, however, that he did lead in the direction the thief had taken.

Suspicion pointed to Frank Lazaruk, another miner, not only because he was familiar with Mospan's habits and knew where the money was hidden, but on the day of the offence he had been without funds yet in the evening had cashed a \$20 bill and taken part in a poker game. At his home which was searched under a warrant, the investigators found \$79 and seized a brown wool sweater, two packets of paper matches and a pair of shoes.

All exhibits together with a photograph of the footprint were examined at the R.C.M.P. crime detection laboratory, Regina, Sask., where scientific comparison disclosed that the wool fibres taken from the window sill of Mospan's shack were of the same colour and texture as the fabric of the suspect's sweater, that one of the shoes could have made the imprint in the snow as demonstrated by photographs and, most important of

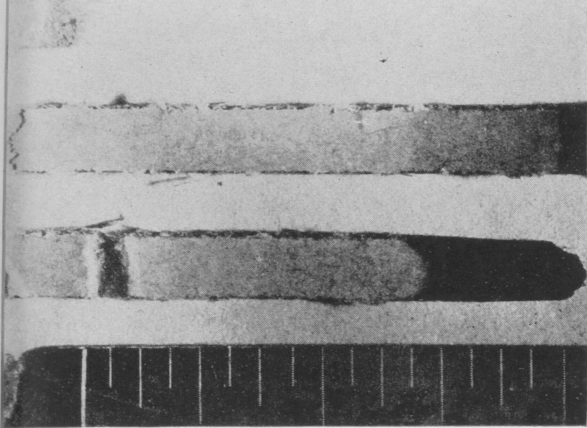


Photo of match folder and burned stub showing how their torn ends coincide.

all, that the burnt match stub found in the shack definitely came from one of the folders found in Lazaruk's sweater pocket.

Lazaruk was committed for trial by

Police Magistrate A. Beaumont, K.C., on a charge of Breaking and Entering and Theft from a Dwelling-house, s. 458 (a) Cr. Code; he elected speedy trial and pleaded not guilty before Judge R. M. Edmanson of the district court at Lethbridge on April 10. J. H. Prowse, K.C., conducted the prosecution and M. E. Moscovich, K.C., defended. The accused was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour in Lethbridge Provincial Jail. An appeal heard at Calgary on June 5 was dismissed.

R. v. Marcotte

Indian Act—Mens Rea—Employer Responsible for Employee's Actions When Offence is Within Scope of Employee's Duties—Appeal—Status of Indian in Armed Forces

In June, 1944, the R.C.M.P. detachment at Hudson Bay Junction, Sask., learned that an Indian had been served beer in a local hotel. Investigation resulted in Maurice Marcotte, the hotel proprietor, appearing before Police Magistrate R. S. E. Walshe, K.C., on July 12, 1944, charged with Supplying an Indian with Intoxicants, s. 126 (2) Indian Act.

The prosecution was conducted by a member of the Mounted Police, the defence by H. E. Keown, K.C., Melfort, Sask. At the conclusion of the evidence, His Worship adjourned the hearing until Sept. 13, 1944, when he adjudged the accused guilty and sentenced him to pay a fine of \$50 and costs or in default to serve one month in jail.

The magistrate's written judgment follows:

"In this case accused is, as has been admitted, a licensee holding a license issued by the Liquor Board of Saskatchewan for the year ending Dec. 31, 1944, to sell beer by the glass. He is charged with having by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, unlawfully supplied to an Indian, namely Joe Johnson, an intoxicant, contrary to Section 126 of the Indian Act, Clause (2). Evidence was adduced for the prosecution and at the

close thereof, a motion was made by Mr. H. E. Keown, K.C., counsel for the defence, that the case be dismissed, and various grounds were urged for doing so. It is this motion that now requires to be disposed of.

"In the first place it was submitted that the charge was improper in that it did not specify whether the accused committed the act complained of by himself personally, or whether the actual supplying was done by a clerk, servant or agent of accused. This objection was taken at the proper time, but I have not been able to locate authority for the proposition that the charge was improper to such an extent that it should be dismissed. This being a summary conviction matter, I hold that the defect, if any exists, is cured by Section 725 of the Criminal Code of Canada.

"Some argument was directed at the proposition that because the Indian Joe Johnson had served in the armed forces and exercised rights of voting, he was therefore entitled to all the rights to purchase intoxicants. I hold that while this man is no doubt a British subject, he is subject to all laws affecting his particular kind of subject, including the Indian Act. (*Prince v. Tracey*, 13 D.L.R. 818, 25 W.L.R. 412.)

"The principal line of argument, however, dealt with the question of *mens rea*. It is not submitted that the accused did not know that there was such a law as the

Indian Act, but the absence of *mens rea* arose in two ways, namely, (1) that the Indian does not look like an Indian, does not dress as some Indians do, and that there was nothing about him whereby the beer server could know that he was an Indian; and (2) that regardless of whether the servant who served the beer knew the man to be an Indian, the accused himself was not present, so far as the evidence indicates, and knew nothing about the transaction, and therefore cannot be held to have had a guilty intent in serving the Indian with intoxicant.

"These submissions pose some delicate questions. Dealing first with No. 1: This man Joe Johnson has a dark coppery complexion and although there is evidence that the man who served the beer did not consider him to be an Indian, the same man on the stand testified that he took Joe Johnson to be a half-breed. There is no evidence adduced as to just how a person is to distinguish between a full-blooded Indian and a half-breed. Moreover, there is authority for the proposition that a half-breed under some circumstances may be subject to the Indian Act. Hence that evidence does not help the defence much. (*R. v. Verdi*, 23 C.C.C. 47.) A prosecution witness, Mr. Ed. Huls, states under oath that he did not know that Joe Johnson was an Indian. That he had known the man some three months. That he never gave it a thought if he was an Indian. That there is no Indian reservation anywhere near Hudson Bay Junction. These items of testimony indicate that the witness probably based his notions upon the theory that all Indians ought to be, or are on reservations, which is not the case. Having had an excellent opportunity to see the man Johnson in court, I cannot place much faith upon the evidence of Mr. Huls, because visual inspection of the man satisfied me that no person enjoying a fair quality of vision could look at the man with any care and not form the opinion that he had Indian blood. This Indian speaks excellent English. He attired himself upon the day the subject of the charge arose in the kind of clothing worn by well-dressed men of white race in Canada. One would gather that he would be better dressed than the average patron of a beer parlour in a town of the size of Hudson Bay Junction. There

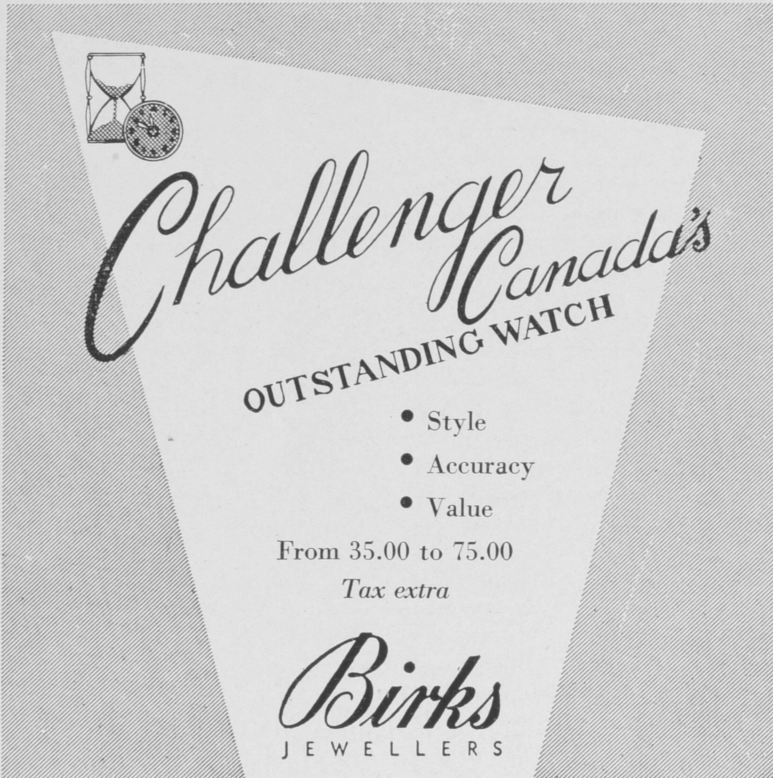
is no suggestion that he did anything to disguise the colour of his skin and I hold that the person serving beer was voluntarily 'taking a chance' in serving this man whom he himself says he thought was a half-breed. That disposes of No. 1.

"No. 2 is a horse of a different colour. Is Maurice Marcotte liable to be found guilty of an offence when the actual deed was performed by a servant or employee of the said Marcotte, and, so far as we know, Marcotte was not present at the time? That appears to be a form of *mens rea* by representation. On the face of it, that would seem to be exactly what the statute we are dealing with is aimed at. That everyone who serves intoxicants to an Indian is guilty of an offence, whether he does it personally, or by the hand of his clerk, servant or agent. The wording of this Section 126 (2) differs in this regard from the wording of Sub-section (6) of Section 264 of The Liquor Act under which the case of *R. v. North-western Hotel Co. Ltd.*, (1943) 2 W.W.R. 182 was decided. In view of the wording of the Indian Act, in the section cited, I hold that the employer must be held responsible for a wrongful act committed by his employee, so long as the act in question is within the scope of the employee's duties. In this case that was undoubtedly so. I cannot, therefore, accede to the motion, which is accordingly dismissed."

Following this verdict John Ryan of Hudson Bay Junction, acting for the accused in Mr. Keown's absence, asked that costs of appeal be set, and a few days later a formal Notice of Appeal was served. The appeal was heard in District Court at Melfort, Sask., on Dec. 19, 1944, before Judge H. C. Pope, with E. W. Van Blaricom, K.C., Tisdale, Sask., appearing for the respondent, and Mr. Keown for the appellant.

Judge Pope reserved judgment until Jan. 31, 1945, when he dismissed the appeal. His reasons for judgment follow: "(1) This is an appeal from the conviction of the appellant under Section 126 (a) of the Indian Act, Chap. 98, R.S.C., which reads:

'(a) Sells, barter, supplies or gives to any Indian or non-treaty Indian, or to any person, male or female, who is



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reputed to belong to a particular band, or who follows the Indian mode of life, or any child of such person any intoxicant, or causes or procures the same to be done or attempts the same or connives thereat.'

"(2) This has been on the statute books for many years. Indeed it has been so well known to the general public because everyone is aware of the fact that Indians are peculiarly susceptible to indulgence in the consumption of liquor in excess and it is for their protection that such legislation was enacted.

"(3) The sale took place at the beer parlour of the accused, as licensee, at Hudson Bay Junction and there are no Indian reserves in that area. The party to whom the sale was made was named Joe Johnson, who gave evidence at the hearing. He says he is a half-breed, has served with the forces in the present war, and is now discharged. His papers were produced to verify this fact. He speaks English exceptionally well and his dress was that of a well-dressed farmer or workman. He has

black hair and very dark complexion; while in the forces had voted in two elections, one being the plebiscite. He was not born on a reserve but says he is a member of the Mistawasis Band, located about 150 miles west of the junction, and had taken treaty. He was away from the reserve from time to time, is married to a half-breed, and since 1943 has been working in a lumber camp, cutting pulp-wood.

"(4) The employee who served him was told he was not an Indian and took him for a half-breed. He knew also he was a discharged soldier as he wore a button and was always well-dressed.

"(5) A fellow worker of Johnson says he did not know he was an Indian but took him for a half-breed.

"(6) The whole difficulty appears to be that the employee seemed to think that if the purchaser was a half-breed he could not be an Indian, but this is not so according to the Act and decisions thereunder.

"(7) There is, therefore, no question as to the fact that an employee of the accused did supply liquor to Joe Johnson who is an Indian as defined in the Act, Section 2

(d) and that in so doing was acting within the scope of his employment and the accused is responsible therefor. (*Police v. Cartman* (1896) 1 Q.B. 643, 65 L.J.M.C. 113; *R. v. Verdi*, 23 C.C.C. 47, *R. v. Labrie*, 23 C.C.C. 349.)

"The defendant contends that *mens rea* must be proven in order to convict. This is fully discussed in Tremear's Criminal Code at p. 26 et seq. and especially p. 27 where Lord Alverstone is quoted as saying in *Emary v. Nolloth* (1903) 3 K.B. 264, 72 L.J.K.B. 620, with reference to licensees: 'If the offence is prohibited in itself, knowledge on the part of the licensee is immaterial.'

"In *R. v. Verdi ante*, Wallace J., C.C., in dealing with a similar charge says:

'A third objection is urged that the license holder had issued instructions to his employees not to sell to Indians, and that any employee who so sold was acting contrary to his instructions. I find that the license holder did give such instructions and that they were given in good faith. But that fact does not constitute a defence. A sale of intoxicants to an Indian is an act which, in the public interest, is absolutely prohibited by this statute. It would therefore be contrary to the public interest if a license holder could rid himself of his liability by giving general instructions to his servants not to sell to Indians. The object of the statute could thus be defeated. His business is carried on to a considerable extent by others on his behalf, and he must be held responsible for any act done by his employee within the general scope of his employment. Where Parliament absolutely forbids the selling to a class, an employer must, at his peril, see that the law is not violated by his employees. It is not sufficient to give instructions; it is his duty to see that his orders are obeyed. Sometimes such instructions might be treated as a colourable, perfunctory prohibition and the servant might assume that the employer would shut his eyes to unlawful zeal displayed for his benefit. The employer must prevent that which the statute prohibits.'

(See also *Cundy v. Lecocq*, 1884, 13 Q.B.D. 207 Stephen J., at p. 209; *R. v. Mainfroid*, 1926, 1. W.W.R. 465.)

"On the other hand there is a very recent

judgment in our own courts—*R. v. Webb*, 1943, 2 W.W.R. 239, and while the decision appears to be based on the fact that there was not sufficient evidence that the party to whom liquor was supplied was an Indian, Bigelow, J., states at p. 241: 'The applicant had not only a possible defence but a very probable one, that is the absence of *mens rea*', and cites *R. v. Hughes*, 4 W.L.R., 431, and *Reg. v. Mellon*, 5 T.L.R., 301. In the Hughes case the learned trial judge holds as a fact that there was no proof that the person furnished with liquor was an Indian within the meaning of the Act, though he goes on to say *mens rea* is required to convict. In the Mellon case it is stated that *mens rea* must be proven. Having made the above reference the learned judge does not discuss the question of *mens rea* further and, as has been intimated, allows the appeal on another ground entirely.

"Also, the case of *R. v. North-western Hotel Co. Ltd.*, 1943, 2 W.W.R., 182, was an appeal from a conviction for permitting a minor to be in a beer parlour, which is prohibited by s.s. 6 of s. 264 of The Liquor Act of Saskatchewan but the language of the section indicates that such prohibition is not absolute but applies only to a 'person apparently or to the knowledge of such licensee or of such employee under the age of twenty-one years.' Dorion, J. in allowing the appeal states that under this statute, '*mens rea* must be brought home to the person charged' and summarizes the distinction between cases where *mens rea* is required, quoting from Daly's *Canadian Criminal Procedure and Practice* 'the wording of the statute is important.'

"From all this, I cannot but conclude that the judgment of Wallace, J., appears to me to give the clearest indication as to what interpretation should be put on this enactment. Furthermore, the employee says he thought the customer a half-breed. He should have known a half-breed may be an Indian within the meaning of that Act—see *R. v. Verdi ante*, and *Reg. v. Howson*, 1 T.L.R., 492. He supplies him with liquor at his peril. It is, one must admit, an awkward situation but these people must be protected from their own follies and licensees must govern themselves accordingly.

"I dismiss the appeal with costs and confirm the conviction and sentence."

R. v. Popoff*Assisting Prisoner of War to Escape—Crime Detection Laboratory*

Very infrequently, if ever, have the Canadian courts resorted to s. 186 (a) Cr. Code for the simple reason that instances of anyone assisting an alien enemy of His Majesty, being a prisoner of war in Canada to escape from any place in which he may be detained, are rare and because ordinarily the accused would be triable under war legislation—at the present time under s. 23 (1) (a) Defence of Canada Regulations. It seems probable that the case under review is the first in which anyone has been convicted under this particular section of the code.

Reported as being a "suspicious person", a man picked up on the highway near Red Deer, Alta., on Apr. 10, 1945, claimed he was Henry Fordson and produced a national registration card to that effect, also a liquor permit in the same name that had been purchased in Calgary, Alta. Examination of his belongings established however that he was Karl Gluth, a prisoner of war who had escaped the previous winter while working on a lumber project near Winfield, Alta.

R.C.M.P. investigators learned that the registration card had been given to Gluth by a civilian employee of the lumber company at Winfield but were unable to ascertain his name or whereabouts. Acting on the theory that on February 13—the day on which the liquor permit was sold in Calgary—the

purchaser could not have been working in Winfield, they checked the company records and found that only three men had been added to the pay roll subsequent to that date. One of these stated that he had seen the registration card in the possession of a young Doukhobor, John Popoff, who had used the name Henry Fordson but had declared it was not his own.

Examination of the registration card at the crime detection laboratory, Regina, Sask., disclosed that originally it had been issued to "Henry Ford" but this had been changed to "Henry Fordson".

At Calgary it was learned that Popoff had been convicted of theft and sentenced to Lethbridge jail for 16 days, also that he was a deserter from the Canadian Army since October, 1944. Upon being questioned he admitted stealing the certificate from a fellow worker, altering its name from Ford to Fordson, and later giving it and a liquor permit to Gluth.

Popoff was tried on May 18, 1945, at Lethbridge, Alta., before Police Magistrate A. Beaumont, K.C., charged with Assisting a Prisoner of War to Escape, s. 180 (a), Cr. Code. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labour in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert, Sask.

R. v. Seibel et al*Possession of Opium—Theft of Auto—Robbery with Violence—Police Cooperation—Salutory Sentences*

The marked increase in the number of narcotic thefts during the past few years may be attributed directly to the sharp reduction in the supply previously available to addicts through illicit channels. To offset the shortage, addicts turned to stealing drugs from legitimate sources, such as hospitals, wholesale drug firms, retail druggists and physicians' offices.

While at one time, the majority, if not all, of the narcotic robberies were committed by addicts, more recently other criminals, realizing the tremendous profits to be made, have taken a hand in it. Members of the R.C.M.P. have been cooperating closely with police departments in the larger cities, particularly of Western Canada, in an effort to cope

with the situation, and an indication of the serious view taken of this particular type of crime by the courts, may be gained from the exemplary sentences imposed in connection with a recent drug store hold-up in Vancouver.

In the morning of Apr. 9, 1945, three men entered the Kitsilano Drug Co. drug store in Vancouver, produced guns and announcing that it was a hold-up forced the druggist and his woman assistant to lie on the floor of the dispensary. One took approximately \$45 from the sub-post office, while another demanded the whereabouts of the narcotics. In their haste they succeeded in getting only a small quantity of powdered opium, though they took a drawer full of assorted medicines which they believed to be narcotics. They departed in a stolen car driven by a fourth man.

Ten minutes later the R.C.M.P. Vancouver Detachment was notified, but before any action could be taken another report was received regarding a collision between two automobiles on Burrard St. Four men had fled from the car responsible for the accident, and it was believed that they were the bandits.

R.C.M.P. investigators joined members of the City Police at the scene of the accident and learned that the car which had been struck was a Provincial Government vehicle whose sole occupant at the time was Game Warden R. King.

The Mounted Police and City Police cooperated in the ensuing search during which two suspects were picked up

several blocks from where the automobiles had collided. These two men, Victor Seibel and Peter Ogloff, were subsequently identified by King and others who had witnessed the accident as being two of the four who had been in the stolen car. The druggist and his assistant recognized Seibel as one of the three hold-up men.

Seibel and Ogloff appeared for trial in County Court on May 28, 1945, before Judge R. Sargent and were charged with: Possession of Opium, s. 4 (d), Opium and Narcotic Drug Act (jointly); Robbery with Violence, s. 446 (a), Cr. Code, and Theft of Auto, s. 377, Cr. Code. Defence counsel was H. Richmond, while the prosecution was conducted by W. E. Haskins of the firm of Wismer & Wismer on the first charge and by S. J. Remnant, city Crown prosecutor, on the last two charges. Both accused pleaded not guilty but were convicted.

Seibel was sentenced: on the first charge to six years' imprisonment and a fine of \$200 or in default to serve three additional months' imprisonment; on the second charge to six years' imprisonment and ten lashes, and on the last charge to six years' imprisonment. Ogloff was sentenced: on the first charge to three years' imprisonment and a fine of \$200 or in default to serve three additional months' imprisonment, and on the other two charges to three years' imprisonment. The terms of imprisonment in all cases were to run concurrently.

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WE acknowledge the following sources of the illustrations appearing in this issue of the *Quarterly* and express our appreciation of the courtesies extended to us: Our cover—National Film Board; frontispiece—James McCook, Canadian Press; *Police Mission to the South Pacific*—New Zealand High Commissioner's office, Federal Bureau of Investigation, editor, *Scarlet and Gold*, and the author; *William Parker*, '74 *Original*—Miss Maude Parker, Medicine Hat, Major F. A. Bagley, Banff, and A. B. Sproat, Calgary; *The Kamsack Cyclone*—Sgt. A. E. Smith and Cst. J. D. McKittrick, Yorkton, and Cst. G. V. Morton, Kamsack; *A Narrative on Small-arms Ammunition*—Canadian Industries Ltd., Montreal.



Police Mission

TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC

by SUB-INSPR. H. A. MAXTED

THE afternoon of Jan. 14, 1943, was bright and sunny in Vancouver, B.C., but I spent most of it in the dingy corridors of the city police court attending routine matters. Six months had passed since we had tied the strings on the Morland case and put it on the shelf. So far as I was concerned it was a closed chapter. Leo Edward Morland, an Australian mining engineer, had been employed by a large gold-dredging concern in New Zealand and in 1941 was arrested for smuggling gold bullion valued at \$120,000 into Canada and the United States. I had worked on the case continuously for two years.

The case, so we believed, was concluded. Several men had paid substantial fines for assisting Morland and he, after spending about 14 months in custody, had been deported. We had received word that upon reaching New Zealand, he had been arrested for theft of the gold and was awaiting trial. But he was no

longer any concern of ours, and my work had settled down to an undesirable routine. Like many policemen under similar circumstances, I was hoping for something to "break"; even an overnight journey into the interior would have been welcome.

My wishes were granted with startling suddenness and beyond all reasonable bounds. When I returned to the detachment toward the close of the day my officer commanding casually announced that I was to go to New Zealand. He handed me a telegram. There it was in black and white. I was needed as a witness for the Crown at Morland's trial.

In a trance I received this information and digested it amid the hasty preparations of the next few days. Those days were unreal to me. I moved about like an automaton, mechanically; and like an automaton I boarded the plane at 6 a.m.

on January 17. A raw biting wind swept the runway and six inches of snow covered the ground, a foretaste of a fierce storm that later broke along the West Coast from the Aleutians to California.

My experience with planes had hitherto been limited to two short flights. On one, somebody had asked humorously which would be worse, to have the wings fall off or the engines give out. Now, as we soared into the darkness, I recalled his words. But I wasn't amused. Unseasoned air traveller that I was, I admit the jolt gave me some unpleasant thoughts. Buried in the Stygian depths, numerous sharp mountain peaks were ready to stab at us should we stray too close. I settled back in my seat trying to dissemble my uneasiness. Outside on the tip of a wafer-like wing the navigation light blinked a chilly "hello".

By daylight, however, with Lethbridge behind us, I was more confident and fast-becoming air-minded. The smooth way the pilot had set the plane down and taken off was reassuring. The prairie unfolded for inspection, and just before we landed outside Regina the R.C.M.P. training depot came into view, looking very much like a relief model of itself on exhibition. The scene recalled my recruit days of a decade earlier, and after leaving I was wrapped in memories. At Winnipeg the ten-minute stretch was welcome, but we were glad to get back into the warm plane as the weather was 40 degrees below zero.

Soon we were on our way again. Passing over the bush and lake country of

northern Ontario, we left behind us Kapuskasing and North Bay, reached Toronto and on Monday arrived at Ottawa. Here, arrangements had been made with Washington for me to fly to New Zealand; I was to leave immediately by plane for San Francisco.

My trip to Ottawa was for the purpose of receiving detailed instructions and to pick up from the seized gold, which had been placed in the Royal Mint

for safe keeping, three sample bars required as exhibits at the trial. When I left the mint I was several pounds heavier and had in my possession gold valued at \$3,000. Storms kept all planes grounded, so I took the afternoon train to Toronto and on the morning of January 20 left there by plane.

We experienced a rough take-off, but above the wind the flight became smooth. Fierce storms the previous

night had whipped across the province banking the snow high, and we saw many stalled cars along the highways.

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Bumpy Road to Frisco

AT Windsor I bade good-bye to TCA and Canada, boarded a 21-passenger American Air Lines flagship, and, after a short hop across the river for a customs and immigration check-up at Detroit whose skyscrapers stood out like sentinels guarding the approaches to the United States, left for Chicago.

All planes, north, south, east and west, are routed through the Chicago Municipal Airport—really the air hub of America. The heavy storms of the past few days had disrupted schedules, and

An R.C.M.P. officer tells of an Odyssey which took him to New Zealand where he appeared as a witness in a gold-smuggling case having ramifications in several countries. Technological developments probably will enlarge the criminal's future scope of activity, and international cooperation of the kind described here may do much to solve post-war police problems affecting the welfare of all peoples.

when we arrived the airport building was packed. Many anxious travellers were without reservations, just sitting around hoping to get an unclaimed seat.

There were service men trying either to get home or back to their units, service men's wives trying to reach some camp to see their men folk before losing them to parts unknown, people on their way to keep important business appointments in distant cities and a solitary Canadian policeman waiting for the plane that would take him to San Francisco.

My trip out of Chicago was on a United Air Lines plane similar to the one I had travelled in earlier that day. Every seat was occupied, and the passengers seemed elated to get away from the noise, confusion and uncertainty of the crowd.

Soon after the take-off the stewardess brought us hot chocolate, sandwiches, fruit, nuts and candy. There was absolutely no sensation of movement or height as the plane cut smoothly through the clear frosty night. Everything was serene and everyone happy. We shared an enviable position with the stars in being able to look down upon the earth in its dark night-gown bedecked with myriad sequin-like brilliants revealing the presence of towns and highways.

We flew over the Mississippi river, a huge snake passively crawling southward, went on to Des Moines, Ia., and an hour after midnight stopped at Omaha, Neb., for ten minutes.

At Denver the plane was cleared and we were informed that only passengers with high priorities could continue. As the heavy winds that had kept us company from Omaha prevailed also between here and our next stop, Salt Lake City, it was necessary to lighten the load and take on extra gasoline. The express and 11 passengers were left behind, the latter objecting obstreperously—and with good reason as it was 4 a.m. and bitterly cold.

Only nine passengers were taken and

I was one of them. When we took off across the wind-swept field it seemed eons before we stopped skimming the tops of telephone poles. The stewardess announced that we were in for a rough time and directed that we keep our seat belts fastened.

Her warning hardly prepared us for what happened. We had just settled back in our seats when the plane dropped like an elevator. Brief cases and coats flew out of the racks, seemed to float down with us—later I found my shoes up front near the control room. When we finally hit solid air I expected the wings to fall off. But they didn't and then and there I developed profound respect for construction crews in aircraft plants.

I had little time for reflection. After a short climb we hit another "stone wall" which shook us more than the first and everybody got sick, even the stewardess who had strapped herself in. We experienced another bad jolt before reaching the smooth air above, where the stewardess distributed oxygen masks essential for high flying.

Our equilibrium restored, I picked up a folder to pass the time. Idly I thumbed through its pages which told that the country over which we were passing was the old Overland Trail, for more than a century the main line of coast-to-coast transportation. It told also of the covered-wagon days of 1830, of the pony express and of the first railroad that carried the "iron horse" across the Western wilderness. I pondered on the progress that a century had produced and wondered if the pioneers in their early travels had run into more ups and downs than we had in the last few minutes.

We reached Salt Lake City two hours behind schedule, and as we sped down the runway our plane rocked like a teeter-totter, its wing tips almost touching the ground, first on one side then on the other.

We were all relieved when informed that the remainder of the flight was can-

celled and that we would have to proceed by rail. The weather even delayed our train which during the night was forced to skirt a land-slide in the mountains of Nevada, and we arrived at Oakland, Cal., 16 hours late.

Fierce storms had swept down the West Coast demolishing many homes in Valejo, Cal., and the Sacramento Valley was under flood. Muddy waters swirled over the land isolating half-submerged farm-houses. At Sacramento, newspapers carried head-lines concerning a large plane that while en route to Africa had crashed with 40 passengers including Eric Knight the author. In San Francisco, 20 minutes across the bay from Oakland by ferry, we learned that a U.S. Navy plane flying from Honolulu with an admiral and other high-ranking navy officers aboard had been reported over the city but was unable to land because of the weather. It crashed into a cliff 100 miles away, killing the crew and passengers. Hardly pleasant news to one about to take an overseas plane trip!

Next morning, January 23, I met U.S. Customs Agent Arthur S. "Spud" Atherton of Seattle, Wash., who also was going to New Zealand on the Morland case. The New Zealand Government Agent had arranged for our passage to Brisbane, Australia, with the Army Transport Command, and told us that on the way we might make connections at some base with a plane going directly to New Zealand.

That afternoon Atherton and I drove 25 miles out of San Francisco to Hamilton Airfield where ground crews were busy preparing two Liberator bombers for a trans-Pacific hop. Already I had 5,500 miles of flying under my belt, but the next leg of the trip though less than half that distance wasn't exactly alluring. It was to be made in a land plane over an uninviting stretch of water—2,451 unbroken miles of it. We were told that Honolulu would be our next stop, but for security reasons were left in the dark as to the course we would take

from there. The air routes across the Pacific were in the embryo stage and lacked the efficiency and certainty they have today.

After routine instructions in the use of the Mae West (life-jacket) and of the carbon-dioxide inflated rafts, which with paddles, illuminating powder and emergency rations are rolled in canvas bags, we boarded our plane. To lessen weight its upholstery had been stripped, and two huge drums of auxiliary gasoline stowed below the flight deck added to the austerity of the bare-metal interior.

Besides the five-man crew there were 11 passengers and as there were only eight seats it was like trying to pour a quart into a pint. However three of the eight army personnel—radio operators Australia bound—made themselves comfortable on the mail sacks at the rear. I hunched in a front seat with my knees scraping a wooden crate containing war machinery, behind me was Atherton and across the aisle U.S. Lend Lease Administrator to New Zealand Roy Kimmel.

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How Planes Can Disappear

“SEE you in Honolulu for breakfast”, the flyer passengers of the other plane called cheerily just before they departed. As we prepared to follow we were herded to the front to reduce the tail weight, a “ballast act” we had to repeat every time the heavily-laden plane landed or took to the air. The captain, a veteran of 20 years flying and second senior pilot with United Air Lines, tested each engine separately, then gave all four the gun and we were soon winging into the night.

The dimmed-out lights of the city glimmered below, but 11 pairs of horrified eyes were riveted on another light much closer and brighter. Sparks and flames were spewing from the far star-board engine. It looked like trouble. The flight engineer, whom everybody called Slim and who had been a grease monkey 20 years ago when planes barn-

stormed at country fairs, allayed our fears by telling us that the gasoline overflow was just burning itself out. By this time we were over the ocean, and the lights of the San Francisco shipyards and of the federal penitentiary at Alcatraz Island twinkled in the distance.

About this time we realized we were hungry and an army lad jokingly demanded the stewardess. Slim, a grand person, old enough to be father to most of us, produced large paper sacks and in no time we were enjoying cold fried chicken sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, grapes, apples and coffee.

Due to lack of insulation the roar of the motors drowned out speech, forcing us to adopt a sign language.

After several hours of speechless conversation, countless cigarettes and half grins we settled back to rest. I alone seemed unable to relax, and for hours peered out at the reflection of the moon dancing on the cumulus clouds beneath. The other passengers sprawled in repose, and I envied the army lads the cat-naps they snatched with the ease of long experience.

The happenings of that night will ever remain indelible in my memory. About 3 a.m. when everyone else was asleep Slim prepared to pump the auxiliary gasoline into the four wing tanks. These pumps, covered by canvas with a zipper opening, were on a platform immediately above me. Almost at once I realized something was wrong. Slim obviously was having difficulty. He seemed unable to fit a chromium U-tube into place. After each vain attempt gasoline splashed out of the tank, and soon the plane was permeated with fumes. The motor attached to the pumping device coughed and spluttered in protest like a man gasping for air, and Slim worked faster and perspiration rolled down his face.

He was up and down the portable ladder like a monkey. I watched him unscrew the caps of the two tanks and with the aid of his flashlight look inside. His features tense with added strain, he

jumped down, crawled over my legs again and disappeared up forward.

The captain returned with him, took in the situation and hastened back to the control room. A few seconds later the plane banked and I knew we were turning around.

Slim, his jaw set stubbornly, kept working away and in about 20 minutes the motor abruptly took on a steady musical hum. In the eerie glow of the flashlight his sweaty face showed relief. He smiled broadly and his teeth seemed to dance gleefully between his ears.

As he stepped over my cramped legs I asked what had happened.

"It's all right now", he grinned, "but it sure wasn't."

Later he explained the trouble to me, and ended up with, "One thing though, we learn something every trip. I'll never again wait until we're in mid-ocean before I start the pumps working."

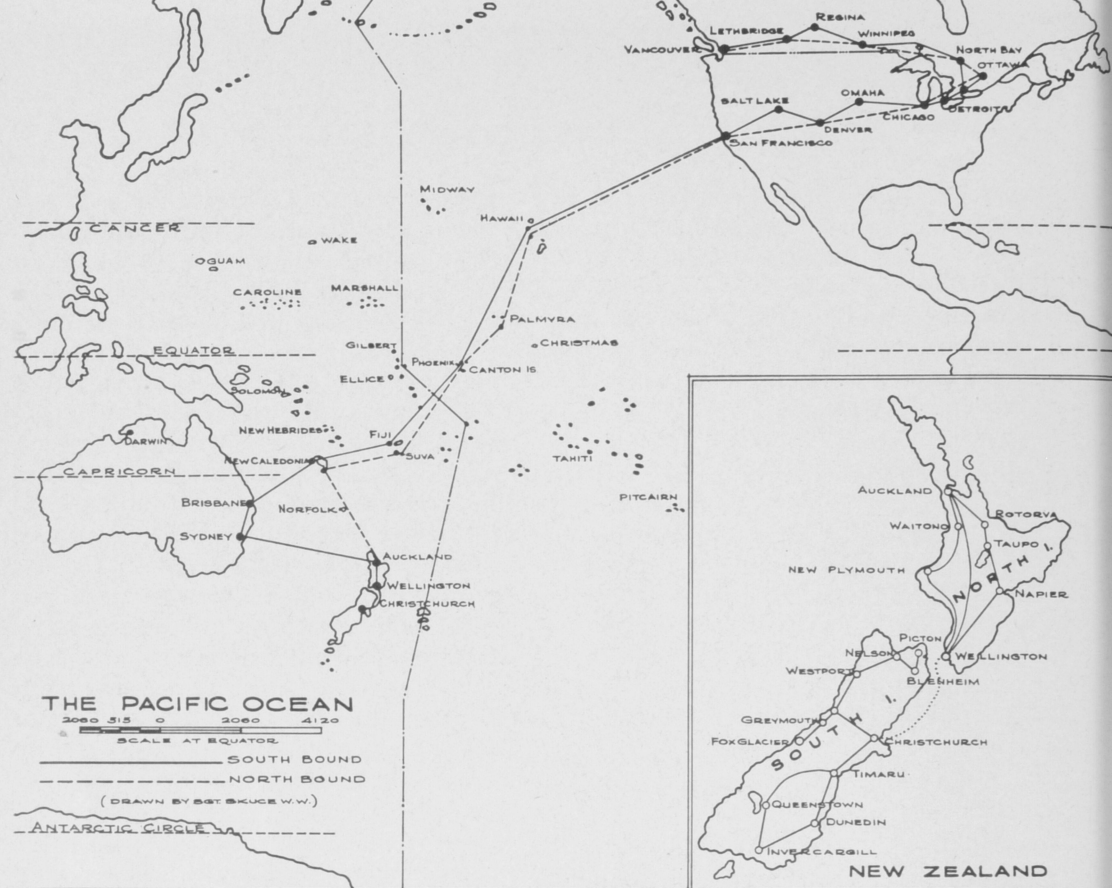
It is not hard to realize how planes can disappear into nowhere. Thinking back I remember that my greatest fear was that someone might wake up and light a cigarette in the fummy air. A lighted match would have blown us into kingdom-come. I mounted guard, and had anyone reached for a cigarette I'm sure I'd have throttled him before he got it.

And so the night passed. Columbus and his men could have been no more excited than we when in early dawn land was sighted—a shadowy blot like a dark cloud on the horizon to the south-west. Slim guessed it to be Molokai Island, one of the Hawaiian group. Soon, dead ahead, lay Oahu Island on which is the city of Honolulu.

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Paradise, With Restrictions

BLUE waters broke into beer suds a hundred yards or so from shore along the east coast and were lapped up by the thirsty white sands. Circling north we looked down upon heavy green vegetation, admired the neat uniformity of the plantations. Pearl Harbour,



such an easy prey for the Japanese from the perch we now occupied, presently slipped under us as the pilot dropped to nearby Hickam Field. We sped down the runway, friction smoke shooting upwards as the gigantic tires of our landing wheels protested against the sudden touch of land.

We disembarked, a tired hungry lot, into a blast of intense heat that contrasted vividly to the below-zero weather I had left behind in Winnipeg but a week before. Few signs of the Jap treachery were visible at the great U.S. Army air base. A gaping hole scarred the roof of one hangar and there still remained evidence of strafing; behind the quarters assigned to us was a pile of scrap, evidently salvage from the aeroplanes that had been wrecked on the ground that fateful December 7.

In the showers, where we freshened up for a tour of Honolulu ten miles distant, we met up with some of the passengers of the plane that had preceded us from San Francisco. We all decided to take in the sights but had

only a few hours to do so. A rigidly-enforced blackout commenced at 7 p.m., a 10 o'clock curfew cleared the streets of all persons and our plane was scheduled to leave at dawn.

It was Sunday afternoon. The sweltering streets were filled with white-uniformed sailors and army men in tropical trousers and shirts. We strolled about with little to do as most of the stores were closed. The sudden change in climate was beginning to tell on me and I was glad when someone suggested returning to our billet.

Honolulu, where whites and Hawaiians are vastly in the minority, is a melting pot into which has been thrown a polyglot population of Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans and Portuguese. There is little to distinguish friend from foe and, before the curfew was instituted, some loyal persons mistaken for Japs were shot by over-zealous patriots.

Dawn departure as usual meant being called at 4 o'clock then waiting hours before getting started. Glumly, we

watched as the seats of our plane were removed to make way for radio apparatuses and additional cargo that took up all available space even the platform the auxiliary gasoline drums had occupied. Two army specialists bound for Guadalcanal and two officials of the Australian Government increased the number of passengers to 15, and aboard we had the choice of sitting on the cargo, lying on the floor or standing up.

The plane rose sluggishly and Slim prodded us closer to the front. As we strove for altitude, we gazed interestedly at the destroyers and other ships huddling in the docks, at the building activity on Hickam Field and in Honolulu. My farewell view was of a submarine putting out to sea.

A dozen or more life-jackets were in the tail of the plane but no one suggested putting them on and eventually they were lost under a clutter of mail bags where they remained until we reached Australia. I smiled to myself as I recalled the first part of our flight when we had been warned to wear our Mae Wests all the time. One of the crew told me afterwards that had we been forced down with such a heavy load we wouldn't have stayed afloat more than 30 seconds.

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Short Snorters

WE flew at 8,000 feet, bound for Canton Island of the Phoenix group 1,898 miles to the south-west. Scattered below, as far as the eye could see, were neat balls of cottony clouds standing out in bold relief against the blue waters of the ocean upon which the new-born sun sowed handfuls of sparkling diamonds and tinted the clouds a pastel pink. As we neared the equator we sighted a combat plane to our right. It cruised around looking us over. Our presence had probably been detected by radar and the fighter had been sent up to reconnoitre. At first we thought it was the enemy. We were not far from the Jap-controlled Gilbert and Ellice

Islands, so the possibility of seeing a "rising sun" insignia in that area was by no means remote.

We skimmed on through space over a wearisome expanse of water. Tin hats, strung out in a row from hooks on the fuselage above, swung back and forth like Chinese lanterns in humdrum rhythm. To break the monotony I repaired to the tail gunner's glass dome and watched the sea unroll. After a time this too began to pall.

The floor seemed to get harder and gradually mail sacks and other pieces of cargo came into use as cushions. I drew a small brown canvas bag which must have been filled with bricks, and I'm sure that for weeks I carried the imprint "U.S. Mail No. 84" where it couldn't be seen.

We crossed the equator without observing the time-honoured ceremony usual to ship life on such an occasion, but the crew enrolled us as "short snorters" in that well-known mystical organization whose membership, open to anyone making an ocean flight, includes the names of such notables as Churchill, Roosevelt and Willkie. We each paid \$5 and my certificate, a prized memento, now bears the autographs of several high-ranking navy and army officers, war correspondents and Australian, New Zealand and U.S.A. government officials.

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Canton

FROM the air Canton a coral atoll built up through the ages resembles a big dinner plate, its lagoon centre of tranquil blue rimmed by a shadowy border that seems too narrow for a landing field. The thought struck me that for all the charts and instruments available only skill and experience were capable of finding such a tiny speck in so illimitable an expanse of water. Bob Bergin, our navigator, undoubtedly had these.

We landed smoothly amid kaleidoscopic activity. Steam shovels and trucks snorted and chugged. The lagoon had

been deepened so that flying boats could land and take off, runways had been completed, and workers were busy putting up a protective wall for aircraft.

Barren and desolate, the island bakes under a relentless sun, and a fine coral dust settles on everything. There was only one tree, a listless palm that bent out over the water as if trying to escape the solitude to which it had been marooned. At another point a ship—one of the old President liners that had foundered on a reef shortly after the Pearl Harbour catastrophe—made a memorable landmark.

The island, originally a British cable station, is claimed by both Britain and the United States. A few years before the war the jurisdictional difference was settled by the two countries agreeing to joint possession, and when Pan-American Airways established their route to New Zealand they constructed a base at the other end of the island. This included a modern hotel for overnight stops, which with all equipment had been taken over by the U.S. Navy after December 7.

The centre of ceaseless army and navy aerial activity, the island is of great strategic importance. Hundreds of planes ferried across the ocean to the war zones stopped there for refuelling and servicing and many transport planes such as ours paused to rest for the night. Japanese conquest of Canton would have crippled the U.S. traffic to the South Pacific and penetrated the strict secrecy surrounding air operations. When I was there some such attempt was expected and constant aerial patrol was maintained. The night before our arrival three Jap submarines shelled the place apparently in an effort to coax the American guns to open fire and reveal their positions, a subterfuge that failed; they submerged when flares were sent up.

The island's lack of vegetation was a blessing in one respect; it discouraged mosquitoes and no netting was required. Our quarters, one of two prefabricated

huts dubbed the "Waldorf" and the "Astoria", had cots of the ordinary folding canvas variety and we were each supplied with a single blanket.

After dinner we enjoyed a movie in an open-air theatre. This is the chief form of entertainment for the men—their only link with the outside world, except for an occasional civilian visitor like myself. Only the latest releases from Hollywood are presented and a different one is shown every night. These theatres are great morale boosters, and everyone attends.

A strict blackout is enforced at Canton and once night comes darkness descends with a vengeance. Night-time in the South Pacific is an astronomer's dream, but confusing to the layman attempting to locate stars familiar to him; millions of stars, many more than we ever see at home, hang like sparkling dew-drops seemingly very close to earth and make the night a glamorous thing.

Early to bed and early to rise seemed to be the order of the day at Canton. We retired shortly after the show. I woke about 2.30 a.m. and, incredible though it may seem considering our proximity to the equator, was too cold to sleep. Night usually brings a cool trade-wind that beats a hasty retreat at the first signs of day-break. The troops were up drilling before dawn. All work is done before the heat sends everyone in search of shade that isn't to be found.

We really made a dawn departure. I was glad to get away and felt sorry for the soldiers and sailors stationed there; a tour of duty is six months, but I had talked to men who had been at this isolated place for nine.

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The Fiji Islands

OUR next stop was the U.S. Naval base on the north-east coast of one of the Fiji Islands, 1,265 miles away. Fair weather accompanied us past thousands of powder-puff clouds floating lazily over the azure carpet upon which the sun poured gremlins of light. We reached



A view of Honolulu.

our destination in seven hours and a quarter after an uneventful trip except that we crossed the international date line and our Tuesday, January 26, immediately became Wednesday, January 27.

The approach to the naval base on which we landed is a succession of small islands rippling with verdant hills and valleys, a welcome change after the barrenness of Canton. Each island has its own protective fort-like system of coral reefs that defies the pressure of the sea and issues silent warning to any ship attempting to draw near except through the proper channels.

The Pacific revels in vagaries of colour over the under-water ramp that borders the island. Deep green turns to pale turquoise, and splashes of copper here and there look like splotches from a brush that had been dipped into the wrong paint pot. The bay held several U.S. capital ships — aircraft carriers, battle-ships and cruisers, also a number of smaller vessels. Planes landed and took off from the carriers.

After lunch we spent the afternoon and evening at the officers' quarters sampling the finest fresh pineapple juice in the world. The Fiji group is of course a British possession but this particular base was all-American and though a native village five miles distant invited

exploration I decided it would be much more interesting to listen to stories about the battle of Midway. Many of our hosts had seen action there, some of them were survivors of the U.S. carrier *Hornet* lost in that engagement two months previously. However the tables were turned and I found myself doing most of the talking. Fresh from "home" I was a target until bedtime, peppered with questions by men hungry for news of the Outside.

The native population here is half Fijian and half Hindu. Imported by the British years ago to work the plantations, the latter have managed to shift the heavy labour to the shoulders of the Fijis and corral all the light jobs. The fuzzy-haired, barefooted Fiji is an easy-going individual who moves about with lethargic gait. When I learned that his "boola" meant "hello" I boola'd back at him—one might say there was a lot of boola floating around.

Trees laden with oranges, green lemons, limes, mangoes and other tropical fruits were within easy reach of the mess, but we preferred the pineapple juice. After dinner we watched a baseball game between army and navy and later attended our second outdoor movie; the boys began taking their places at 6 p.m. though the show wasn't to begin until 7.30.



Mount Egmont, North Island, N.Z.

An Unscheduled Stop

NEXT morning our Liberator started early. The take-off of these planes is interesting. The landing wheels are about five feet high and the tires always look as if they could stand a little more air. After a slow taxi to the end of the runway the pilot races each engine, then gives all four the gun and the plane shakes so violently that you feel it must fall apart. We got away, soared over the fleet at anchor in the bay and set our course for New Caledonia from where we hoped to reach Australia before nightfall.

When we were about 50 miles out I noticed black smoke issuing from No. 4 engine, the same one that had burst into flames after our departure from San Francisco. I remembered our needless fright then, and for several moments was undisturbed. But this time the smoke got so thick that the bottom of the engine took on a coating of black. It

looked like oil, so I went forward and told Slim our resourceful engineer about it. He took a quick look and went back for the captain who wasted little time in shutting it off. We changed our course and made a forced landing on Fiji Island where an examination revealed that the main oil-feed line of the affected engine had a break about two inches long, probably sustained when the pilot was revving up for our take-off.

Apparently, the under part of the engine is not visible from the control room, and the crew told me that had they not been warned No. 4 would have burned out and might easily have caught fire. Not a drop of oil was left in it. From then on I became an engine watcher.

The repair job took several hours. Poor Slim had to commandeer a jeep and go 12 miles over the hills to another field for the necessary parts. We spent the morning stretched out in the shade

of our plane, moving about as the sun shifted position. A native lad carrying a heavy sack of burned peanuts filled our hats for ten cents, and while we munched our purchase poor Slim on top of the wing toiled over the damaged engine, his face dripping perspiration like a squeezed sponge. By noon we were ready to proceed; there now was no chance of reaching Australia before dusk, nevertheless we once more set out on the sky way for New Caledonia. Several days later when I read that Tokyo had reported the smashing of the U.S. fleet near New Guinea I had to smile. When we had flown over the bay where it rode majestically at anchor awaiting the signal to strike, that fleet was far from smashed.

Since leaving San Francisco the weather had been excellent. We had run into head winds en route to Honolulu,

but all the way southward had rolled smoothly along our unseen trail without experiencing so much as a "pebble bump". There was no sensation of movement or height; the only indication that we were in a plane came from the vibration and roar of the engines. On Fiji we had felt the refreshing coolness of a tropical shower from an agreeable cloud which opened up its faucets without warning, drenched everything and in five minutes, passed on as quickly as it had come. The sun is so accustomed to these daily face wipings that it continues to smile even through the rain.

However before reaching New Caledonia we encountered a real storm, and at times the 26-ton plane pitched and rolled like a row-boat on a heavy sea. The propellers bored holes into the dark clouds blocking our path, growled defiance at all obstacles and pulled us out

Lake Roto-iti, North Island, N.Z.





*Above: Queen Charlotte Sound from
Picton, South Island, N.Z.*

Below: Buller river, South Island, N.Z.



of the fury into a dull mist that cloaked the east coast of our destination.

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New Caledonia

WE had hoped to put down at Noumea, the capital on the southern end of this French possession, and from there catch a plane going directly to New Zealand. Flying over land topographically similar to our last port of call we crossed to the west coast and, to get a bearing, followed a river through the hills. We next circled out over the sea and came back, then settled on a landing strip barely discernible from above that had been hacked out of the jungle on the island's northern extremity—just a short flight from Guadalcanal where a life-and-death struggle was under way.

We spent that night in a long corrugated iron hut with about 40 air force officers. Some of them operated between this point, the New Hebrides and Guadalcanal, others were from another Liberator that had apparently followed us from Fiji.

Since Honolulu no food had been served on the plane and the meals became less and less appetizing as we progressed further south. At New Caledonia however conditions were the worst yet experienced. During supper time a down-pour struck which turned the brick-red soil into a gooeey rust that walked into our hut in big chunks with every visitor. We slept on the conventional canvas cots under a netting which was indispensable; the mosquitoes there do not carry malaria but they possess all the other undesirable traits of their species.

Before retiring I again met and talked with men eager for tidings of their own country, men who knew little about activities in the U.S.A. or the tremendous strides that had been made in the production of war materiel. A few of them seemed to think that they had been dumped there and more or less been forgotten. This situation has of course since been remedied and news items are

now sent regularly to this lonely spot.

Next morning the landing strip was still heavy with red mud and we had a soggy take-off. As we raced to gain momentum the plane's wheels made sucking noises of disapproval and kept kicking off big chunks of gumbo, like a ruffled eagle impatient to quit distasteful environs. We were approaching journey's end. Ahead lay Brisbane and from there we would catch a plane for New Zealand.

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Australia

FOUR hours later we traced the east coast of Australia toward Brisbane about 200 miles south. The terrain resembled that of Fiji and New Caledonia, the semi-tropical growths looking like a lake of solid jade with a choppy wind-tossed surface. Off shore were the familiar coral barriers, self-appointed protectors of the domain behind them. Soon came stretches of country where red-tiled roofs stood out like poppies against the green background.

At noon on January 29, just 46 hours flying time and more than 7,500 miles from San Francisco we landed at a spacious airfield 40 miles out of Brisbane. As we waited for our papers to be examined I treated myself to a Coca-Cola from a vending machine in charge of an American soldier. Shades of home, and my initiation in the American invasion of Australia!

Atherton and I parted company with our travelling companions and after a drive into the city said good-bye to the five men who had been our crew since leaving the United States. My accommodations that night were at the Oxford House in a cubicle about seven feet long and four feet wide whose walls didn't reach the ceiling. It was one of several in a room that looked as though it had been a laundry. Brisbane, too, had its housing problem. Upon retiring I felt as if scores of mosquitoes had assembled to welcome me, but in the morning found my clothes, bags and bed covered

with ants. No wonder so many of the houses I had seen on the outskirts were built high off the ground.

We flew the 450 miles to Sydney, once more enjoying the comforts of civil aviation—seating space, meals and a pretty hostess to make sure that we were strapped in before the take-off. Most of my five days in that busy metropolis of 2,000,000, the second largest city in the British Empire, were a sort of busman's holiday in the scientific bureaux of the New South Wales Police. The people are extremely friendly and I found many indications that the American influence was being felt and liked. The city has fine modern buildings and parks, also a zoo containing all the queer animals and birds one associates with that country.

Here, too, it was evident that the war was not far removed. Total blackouts were enforced and all shop windows had been boarded up solidly except for small slits through which one could view the merchandise. The walls of the large buildings had been fortified with sandbags, emergency shelters were marked plainly and gasoline [they call it petrol] was so strictly rationed that many cars used either charcoal or illuminating gas as a substitute. The "charcoal burners" were quaint contraptions. Attached to their rear were two large cylinders like oil drums which burned charcoal or coke to form gas; in some instances these cylinders were drawn on two-wheeled trailers. But the vehicles that depended on illuminating gas for locomotion were no less bizarre. A crate on top held a large balloon of the gas, enough for a run of 50 miles; refills were obtainable at the city gas works.

Arrangements had been made for Atherton and me to fly to New Zealand, and on February 4 in Rose Bay we boarded a clipper maintained by the Qantas Empire Airways for ferry service between the two countries. After the steady drone of the Liberator, the silence of this comfortable roomy well-

insulated machine was almost disconcerting. A steward attended our wants and the 1,334 miles of the Tasman Sea were crossed in a most enjoyable seven hours and three-quarters.

We dropped down to the harbour at Auckland, New Zealand's largest city (pop. 280,000), and my air travels were over for several months. Our original plans allowed for only a brief stay, possibly a week or ten days; however nearly four months were to pass before I struck out on my homeward trail.

Though we arrived in New Zealand early in February it was well on into May before Morland, the cause of all my travelling, came up for trial at Christchurch, charged with having stolen 3,650 oz. of gold from the Arahura Gold Dredging Ltd. He was found guilty and on May 19 Mr. Justice Northcroft sentenced him to three years' imprisonment at hard labour.

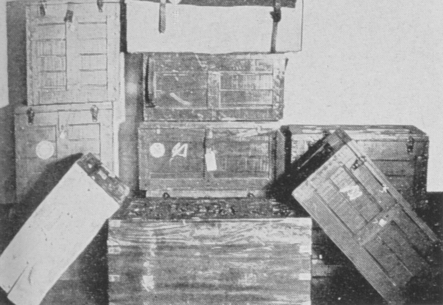
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Morland's Misdeeds

IN January, 1940, a large Australian gold syndicate had sent Morland to New Zealand as a metallurgist for one of their dredges operating on the Arahura river near Hokitika. More or less in control of the daily output of gold at the dredge he was quick to realize the possibilities of his new position and succumbed to the temptation.

He made meticulous plans. His first step was to have some wooden packing boxes shipped from his home in Australia, and these, 11 in number, were inspected by the local customs agent who turned them over to him with a certificate of examination showing that they had contained only books and laboratory equipment.

In his small shack on the outskirts of the town Morland then made nine new cases with mahogany ply-wood lining to conceal hollow sections. Meanwhile each day he took a few ounces of gold amalgam which he retorted in the evening. The mercury was returned to the

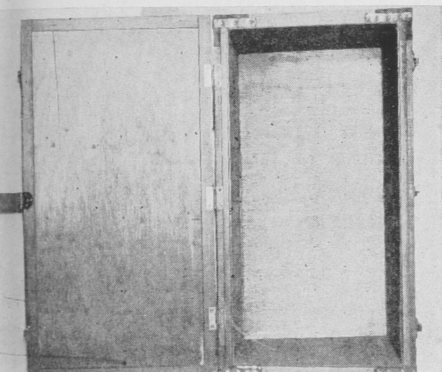


Top to bottom: (1) Morland's home-made chests; (2) close up of one—note its sturdy construction; (3) interior view showing the thin ply-wood lining, and (4) with ply-wood removed, showing the gold bars fitted into place; (5) part of the bullion smuggled into Canada by Morland.



dredge after every operation, and his daily records were falsified.

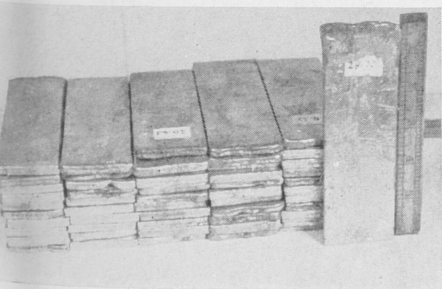
In a few months he had smelted 3,997 oz. of stolen gold into 124 blocks, each about the size of a chocolate bar and marked with its weight, and these he fitted snugly into the cut-out compartments. The ply-wood replaced, he finished the interiors with green felt, packed the boxes lightly with laboratory equipment and books, and as a final touch pasted on the shipping labels which he had carefully taken off the boxes from Australia.



After nine months in Hokitika, he resigned his position saying he was going to Canada where he intended to open up an assay office. Armed with letters of recommendation from the company, which had no reason to doubt his integrity, he booked passage on the S.S. *Awatea*, and sent his nine boxes and three wooden chests to Auckland where they were stored in the customs shed pending his arrival for clearance.



At the dock his cunning was again apparent. The vessel was scheduled to sail at 9 p.m., but its departure was delayed an hour while he was paged. A stranger there, it is possible that he was standing in the crowd watching these developments all this time. However at the opportune moment, probably just as the ship was on the verge of leaving without him, he identified himself and produced the Hokitika customs' certificate showing that his baggage had been examined. His action was well-timed; an ocean liner had been delayed overlong, so the customs men hurriedly cleared the trunks without inspecting them and the thief disappeared up the gang plank, his crime unsuspected.



The *Awatea* docked at Vancouver on November 20. Morland, once registered in a down-town hotel, immediately rented a room in an old office building on Pender St. in which to store his booty. Next day he produced the New Zealand certificate of examination and, after only a superficial inspection, his boxes were released.

He lost no time in locating unscrupulous gold buyers and within a few weeks sold six of the precious bars to a jewellery manufacturer. He next

got in touch with Martin Jacoby* a local gold merchant who disposed of four more.

Morland's well-planned and so-far successful crime was beginning to bear fruit, and with his new wealth he bought an automobile. But he grew impatient and, finding the piecemeal sale of his gold too slow, decided to sell it in jumbo lots for about \$100,000 and set himself up for life.

Jacoby was commissioned to find a buyer across the border. A few weeks later he received word that a deal could be arranged and it was decided that Morland should take \$60,000 worth of gold to Seattle where the transaction would be consummated.

On the morning of February 11, Morland set out with a goodly portion of his hoard concealed in the trunk of his car. He had planned carefully, even to getting a permit from the Foreign Exchange Control Board which allowed him \$25 in American funds for a two-day business trip to Seattle. At the Canadian customs office at Douglas, B.C., his

*For further details see *R. v. Jacoby*, 9 R.C.M.P.Q. 134.



Leo Edward Morland.

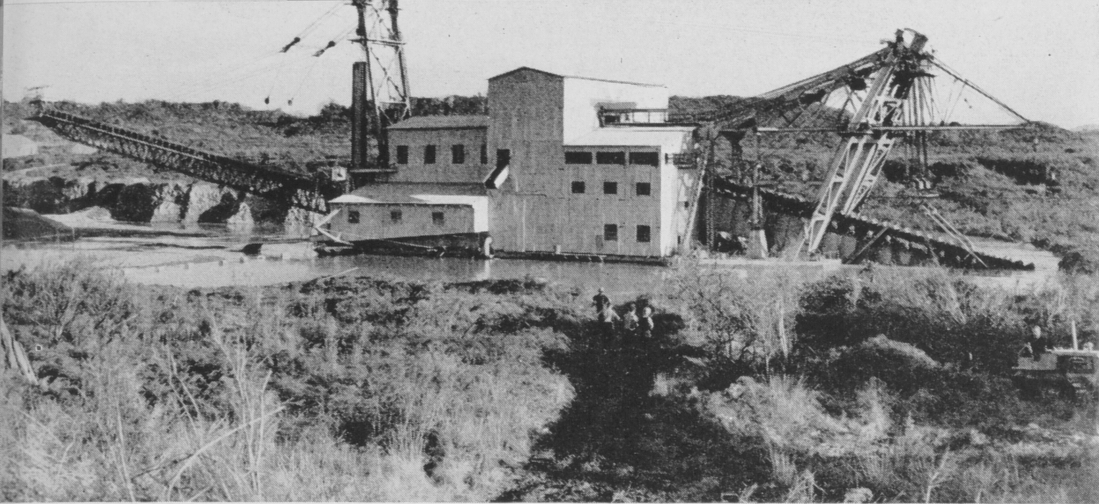
papers were found to be in order and he passed inspection. Much relieved he left the place. He had reason to be well pleased. For by nightfall his many months of scheming and deception would pay off.

The United States customs office at Blaine, Wash., a few hundred yards further south, was the last remaining obstacle. The distance was traversed in a matter of minutes. Those minutes were all that Morland had to enjoy his pleasant thoughts. Somewhere along the line there had been a slip up, his secret had become known. Information had preceded him, and two special agents of the United States customs [one was Atherton] stepped up as he drew to a stop; they even knew where to look for the gold, and seizing it and his car placed him under arrest.

The R.C.M.P. in Vancouver subsequently conducted an investigation and on Feb. 15, 1941, at the address on Pender St., seized 11 boxes containing 53 bars of gold. Another bar was found in the lid of the 12th box which was located in Morland's hotel room.

Morland's meticulous care for detail now proved a boomerang, not only to himself but to those who had done business with him. In a small note-book found among his effects at the hotel he had jotted down information which greatly interested the authorities. This evidence in Morland's handwriting showed that there had been 124 bars and gave the weight of each. The U.S. agents had seized 57, the Mounted Police 54, and the other 11 were accounted for when Morland's activities with the jewellery manufacturer were traced; though the remaining bars had been disposed of, an ascertained seizure under the Customs Act recovered their equivalent and a settlement was effected.

When the Arahura Gold Mining Ltd. learned of the case they put two and two together and deciding that the gold was theirs entered claims in both Canada and the United States for its recovery.



Dredge from which Morland stole the gold.

In April, 1942, following his release from McNeil Island Penitentiary, where since his conviction for smuggling on May 28, 1941, he had been imprisoned, Morland was deported to Canada.

On the Vancouver charge he was sentenced to the days already spent in Canadian custody, and pursuant to a request from the New Zealand Government that he be held as a fugitive offender a deportation order was fulfilled in June and he was placed on a vessel bound for Auckland.

When the trial was finally held after numerous complications and delays 26 witnesses were called and scientific evidence established that the gold had come from the Arahura dredge. No defence was offered and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

* * *

New Zealand

MY time before these proceedings was largely spent as a guest of the New Zealand Government, visiting all the principal places of both the North and South Islands. By rail, bus and boat I travelled a total of 4,850 miles and saw a great deal of the country from its southern tip which points over unbroken water to the South Pole to its northern tip that almost kisses the tropics. It is a grand little dominion inhabited by sociable obliging people—no senseless racial prejudice like that in Canada and the United States mars the relationship between the native Maori and his white brother.

Of scenic attractions there are many. There is mountain climbing, if one wants it, in the snow-capped peaks of the South Island where glaciers glisten in the bosom of beautifully-wooded mountains. There are hilly ranch districts like those of Canada's West. There are beautiful lakes, and along the west coast the fiords equal in grandeur any we have along our shores. On the North Island there are the great subterranean Waitomo Caves with stalactites and stalagmites, as awe-inspiring, if not as large, as the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico. There are volcanic regions, geysers and areas where the earth rumbles fiercely as if the gates of hell were opening and closing. And a feature about these wonders is that any and all of them are only 24 hours removed from Wellington, the capital.

* * *

Homeward Bound

HARDLY had the penitentiary gates closed on Morland than Atherton and I were on our way home. From Auckland we travelled in a Naval Air Transport Service twin-engined Martin Mariner reconnaissance sea-plane which carried ten passengers and had a nine-man crew under Captain Kelly, veteran of many Pan-American flights to the Orient. Full course meals were served and there were enough seats.

Cargo was stored in a separate store-room at the rear beyond a compartment provided with four berths. Admiral Baker, on his way from the South Pacific

to take over a new command, sat opposite me. He proved a most congenial member of the party, and we discussed our jobs, families and the best kind of bait for trout fishing.

As we winged northward and the tip of the North Island, which points like a directing finger to New Caledonia 1,151 miles distant, faded behind us I wondered if the New Zealanders realized what a veritable paradise they possess.

* * *

Noumea

SIX hours and a half later Atherton and I were walking through the rather dirty thoroughfares of Noumea in New Caledonia. The native women of this remnant of the French Colonial Empire are heavy featured and black skinned. In the city are many Javanese. Their women are tiny, fine of feature and have long straight black hair; in tight-fitting ground-length dresses and bare feet, they have a semi-oriental appearance that lends an exotic air to the surroundings. Soldiers and sailors thronged the streets and the harbour

was filled with craft of every type, even a white red-crossed hospital ship.

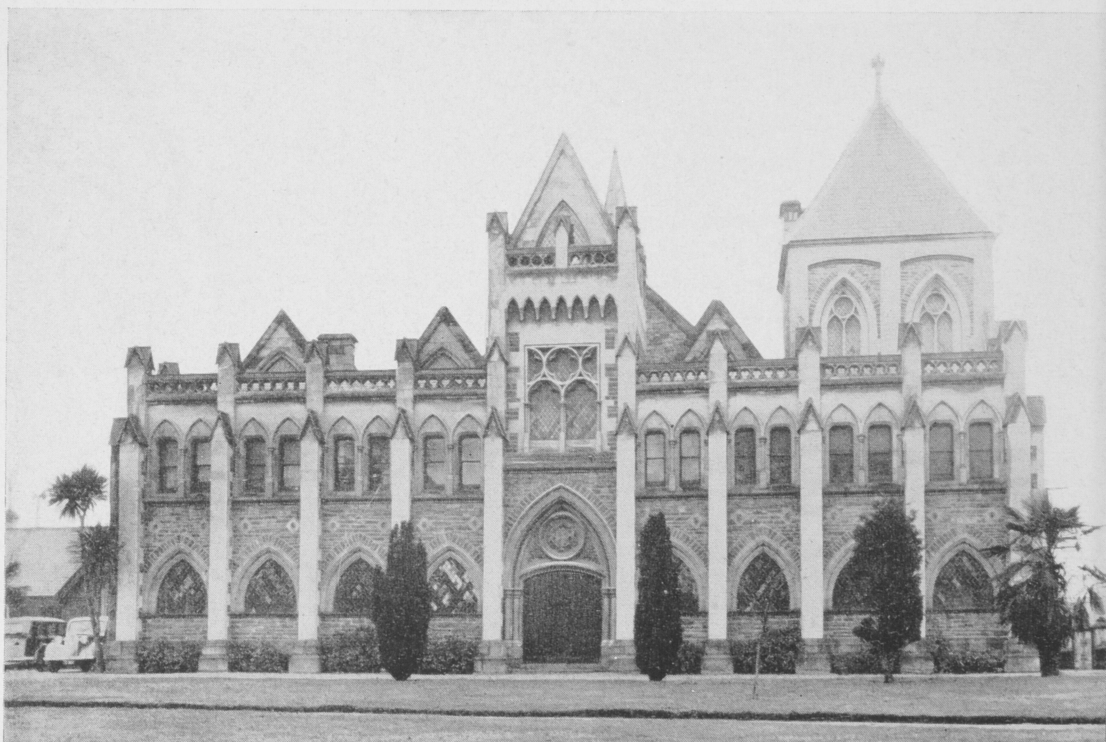
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Suva

IN January on our southward trip we had landed at one of the northern bases of the Fiji Islands. This time we were more fortunate and stopped at Suva, the capital of this British possession. In Noumea we had used French money, here we used English; yet it mattered not where we went, Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia or the Fijis, the common medium of exchange was the American dollar.

Suva is picturesque with neat impressive government buildings contrasting sharply with the squalor of its market-places. The streets are lined with curio shops purveying, for the most part, souvenirs to doughboys. The natives have black woolly hair and dress so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish male from female. The native police, all exceptionally big men, are barefooted and wear blue tunics and white pie-crust-bottomed skirts. So intense is the heat

Supreme Court building, Christchurch, N.Z.



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that at one intersection traffic is directed from an umbrella-covered platform.

We stayed the night at the Grand Pacific Hotel, a lovely spot surrounded, as all Suva seems to be, by giant royal palms.

* * *

On to Canada

EARLY next morning we set out for Canton, crossed the international date line en route where, as we picked up the day we had lost on the way down, May 29 became May 28. We ran into storms and bumpy weather and for two hours flew blind. We nested for the night not at the army base where we had stopped in January but at the opposite end of the island. The President liner was still fast on the reef.

Many improvements had taken place and things seemed to be more settled and organized. Our rooms were in the Pan-American Hotel.

The long hop to Honolulu lay ahead, but it would bring us 2,000 miles nearer home. Our departure scheduled for 6 a.m. was postponed four hours when the starter of one engine gave out. This meant we could not reach Pearl Harbour before dark and as no planes are permitted to land there after a certain hour we set our course for Palmyra, another refuelling base for planes. We flew the 960 miles from Canton in five hours and a half.

Food and accommodations at the navy officers' quarters where we passed the night were excellent, and dinner was lent a certain amount of dignity by the presence of Rear Admiral Baker.

A flight of seven hours took us to Pearl Harbour, terminal of the N.A.T.S., 1,125 miles from Palmyra. It was Sunday, May 30. We had expected to transfer at once to another plane but were doomed to wait until the following Saturday, and as there was no fixed schedule for



Types of uniform worn by different ranks in the New Zealand Police, from left to right: superintendent, inspector, senior sergeant, sergeant, constable (foot), constable (mounted) and constable (motor driver).

flights to the mainland and passengers received only a half-hour notice we had to spend most of every day beside a telephone.

On my first visit, Honolulu was a disappointment to me. Actually though it is a beautiful city. Yet, lounging about the spacious Moana Hotel in the long lazy days that followed, I was bored by a sense of isolation from ordinary affairs. The surf broke musically on the inviting sands below my window, and the sea in its varying moods had a sombre beauty. All this playground was at my disposal, free; yet, in my eagerness to get home, I was restless.

The final leg of my journey was made on a giant Boeing clipper weighing 84,000 lbs. The interior reminded me of a palatial yacht and included a self-contained compartment which in peacetime was a bridal suite. Though most of the expensive fittings had been removed, I marvelled that such an immense craft could rise off the water. It had seating capacity for 72 persons and sleeping accommodations for 44, and that night I relaxed in a berth larger and more satisfying than any in a Pullman.

We took off late in the afternoon and after 17 hours descended through a heavy cloud bank to San Francisco Bay where Atherton and I parted company. Next day I flew to Chicago, Detroit, Windsor and finally Ottawa.

Canada! I thrilled with the thought that I was once again in my own country. Of all the places I had seen none equalled it, to my way of thinking.

* * *

IN Ottawa I completed my reports and returned the three gold bars to the mint. A few days afterwards I stepped off a TCA plane at Vancouver, bringing to a close a journey of 33,147 miles. I had been absent from my post for almost five months. During that time I had seen the police forces of Australia and New Zealand in action and studied people of foreign countries at close quarters. In short, I had gained experience and an education unobtainable in any other way. A thing that impressed me was the similarity in one respect of police work the world over—Crime we may always have with us; but in the final check up the law invariably triumphs.

Without men like William Parker the story of the West would not be worth the telling. Old Hardface some called him affectionately, perhaps respectfully. Fair and just, he trusted and encouraged his men, but he could be tough too if the occasion demanded.

WILLIAM PARKER—'74 Original

On April 4, 71 years ago an erect hawk-nosed youth stood before Commr. G. A. French who was in London, Ont., recruiting for the North West Mounted Police. Three years before, then but a lad of 16, he had migrated from England where he had already made a name for himself as a cricket player. Though small and slender compared to the other applicants, he was healthy and wiry, and the Commissioner noted his athletic bearing with approval. His light brown eyes reflected pleasure and pride when he took the oath of allegiance and was sworn in as a sub-constable (equivalent to today's rank of constable) with Reg. No. 205. This number was later changed to 252 and, again after his arrival in the West, to 28.

William Parker was descended from a long line of clergymen. The son of the Rev. Henry and Anne (Milton) Parker, he was born on Aug. 15, 1853, at New Romney, County Kent, where his father, a graduate of Cambridge University and one of the highly-esteemed divines of his day, was rector of St. Mary's—a position he held for the last 44 years of his life. His paternal grandfather, the Rev. Henry John Parker, a graduate of Oxford University, who had died at Canterbury at the age of 97, had been ordained to the ministry in 1795 and appointed Professor of Divinity, Gresham House, London, in 1801.

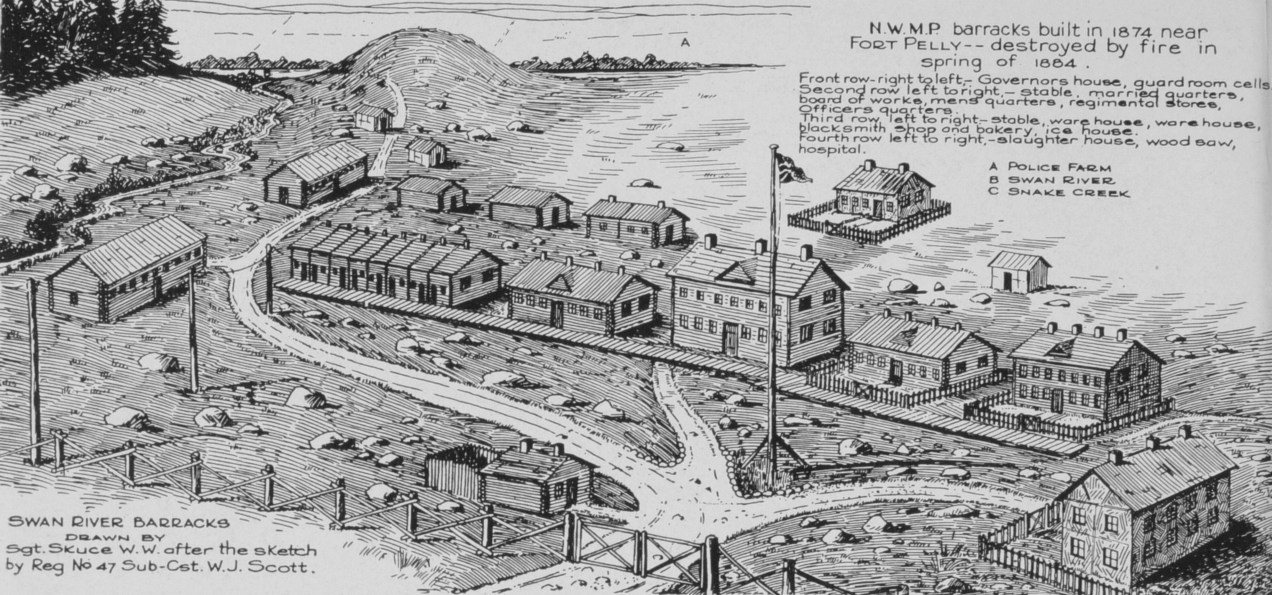
Since his arrival in Canada in 1871 young Parker had worked as a farm hand at Stratford, Ont. He had probably expected adventure and stirring enterprise and been disappointed. If so, his outlook was to improve, for he was now launched on a career that would satisfy the most spirited temperament.

With a dozen-odd other recruits he proceeded to the New Fort, Toronto, where his unit was mustered. On June 6, 1874, after several weeks of training, the stout-hearted corps of 16 officers and 201 N.C.O.'s and men left by rail for the West. From Fargo the end of steel, which they reached by rail through Chicago and St. Paul, they rode their horses rapidly along the Red river route to Dufferin just north of the international border.

Sub-Constable Parker first saw Dufferin, Man., in the afternoon of June 19. Here the saddle-weary column united with the other members of the Force, almost 100 in number, who had engaged during the previous autumn and wintered at the Stone Fort some 20 miles north of Fort Garry (Winnipeg). On the night of the 20th, Parker experienced the worst electric storm he had ever been through; great pitchforks of lightning, the like of which he had never seen, streaked across the sky and about midnight stampeded the horses.

Divided into six troops designated alphabetically from "A", Parker being posted to "D", the Force on July 8, 1874, set out for the Rocky Mountains on the trek which to this day stands as a unique accomplishment.

During the first 250 miles, progress was retarded by a few of the animals which had become ill and found it difficult to keep up. At Roches Percee, in what is now Southern Saskatchewan, a rest was ordered. On August 1, when "A" Troop headed north to Fort Edmonton and the main body continued westward, Parker groaned his misfortunes. He had contracted fever from drinking infected water and being deathly sick was left behind. For a time it looked as though



a dingy blanket on the hard prairie was to be trail's end for him, but back at Dufferin he was confined to the Royal Engineer's hospital where the wife of Dr. Olman, an official of the boundary commission, nursed him to health.

Returning eastward around November 1, Commissioner French found that new barracks were under construction at Swan River, Man., which had been selected as headquarters of the Force—an ill-chosen site on a boulder-strewn snake-infested elevation at the junction of the Swan and Snake rivers. Leaving "E" Troop at this point, he continued with "D" to Winnipeg and later to Dufferin. They retraced their steps to Swan River in June, 1875, by which time the barracks were almost completed, and with them went Parker on the next phase of a nomadic life that was to embrace adventure and hard work.

Shortly afterwards, outposts were established at Beautiful Plains, Palestine and Shoal Lake between Fort Ellice and Swan River. These facilitated communication with Winnipeg and served as stopping-off places for the police who were the first mail carriers to maintain regular postal service in the West, and late that summer Parker used them when he escorted Commissioner French's two sons to St. John's College, Winnipeg, a round trip of about 800 miles.

The chill of autumn was in the air before he got back. During the long winter months that followed, the men

had ample time to themselves and, there being no lack of musicians, decided to form a band. Parker, who was from a musical family, took a keen interest in the discussions which culminated in a meeting on Feb. 23, 1876, when he and 19 others were organized into the Force's first band with Reg. No. 13, Staff Cst. T. H. Lake as bandmaster. The venture was a purely volunteer one, and there were of course no official funds to buy instruments, but the bandmen themselves dug down and the next patrol to Winnipeg placed their order. Impatiently the eager men awaited the instruments which arrived by dog team early in April, and most of their spare time during the next month was taken up with practising. The band had attained a fair standard of efficiency by the time it made its *debut* at reveille on Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, 1876, near the foot of the barracks flagstaff by playing "God Save The Queen".

Music, however, had no official place in the Force's activities, and routine duties not infrequently called the bandmen away. One such task was the cultivation of oats in 1876 on the north side of the Swan river. This crop came along splendidly until it was utterly ruined in July by grasshoppers. The need for farming had, indeed, become apparent early in the previous winter when Parker in charge of a large detail had to go south to Shoal Lake for oats. At the conclusion of that patrol on Nov. 30,

1875, 300 miles through deep snow and in sub-zero weather, nearly all the men were suffering from frost-bite and snow-blindness, and had to be admitted to hospital.

Parker, who after 11 months in the Force had been promoted acting constable (corporal today), once travelled unaccompanied in a buckboard, carrying important dispatches and mail from Shoal Lake to Swan river. The trip is worth mentioning because he did the 140-odd miles in 26 hours without sleep, reaching the barracks at midnight; on the way he had been forced to swim the Assiniboine river to get the ferry from the opposite side. With the buckboard safely over, he continued on but ran into more difficulties when an axle broke forcing him to ride the remaining 28 miles bareback.

Commissioner French resigned on July 20, 1876, and Asst. Commr. J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., who succeeded to the commissionership, immediately started eastward from Fort Macleod. Buckboard and stage took him on the long trip and he reached Swan River shortly after reveille on Aug. 6, 1876. The new Commissioner directed that "D" Troop, the transport and all but a handful of headquarters staff be ready to leave in three hours and a half for Fort Carlton where Treaty No. 6 was to be concluded with the Plain and Wood Crees. Acting Constable Parker was not to be denied this march which proved to be one of 1,150 miles.

For various reasons Swan River had turned out to be unsatisfactory, and it was decided that for a time at any rate headquarters should be at Fort Macleod. The column, headed by the band, filed out of the square at 9.30 that bright August morning, the barracks were soon lost in the distance, and after a rapid march of 12 days Commissioner Macleod and "D" Troop reached Carlton at sunset. The first day's treaty proceedings had been brought to a close but the commissioners, Lt.-Gov. A. Morris of

Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, the Hon. W. J. Christie and the Hon. J. McKay, had been met on August 15 about ten miles from Carlton and escorted into the fort by Inspr. J. Walker and "E" Troop who had preceded the other body of police.

At 10.30 next morning, August 19, the treaty commissioners, escorted now by nearly 100 scarlet-clad riders led by the band proceeded to the Indian encampment about two miles away. Presently Parker and his comrades gazed in wonder at the scene of grandeur that stretched before them. Below in a meadow dotted with shrubs and bush some 200 lodges were arranged in a huge semicircle, and hundreds of painted warriors moved about, some on foot, others mounted on frisky buffalo-runners. In the distance and beyond the valley a border-line of trees fringed the horizon. Of all the colourful escort there that morning only Reg. No. 156, Staff Cst. J. B. Mitchell, and Reg. No. 247, Sub-Cst. F. A. Bagley, (the "boy" trumpeter who had been transferred from "D" to "E" Troop during the great march two years previously), are alive today—grand old men, originals of '74.

The redskins rushed to meet them, attracted by the blare of martial music. None had ever seen or heard a band before. The squaws and youngsters frightened by its brassy wails fled in terror, but the warriors were enthralled by it—they especially admired the drum and offered a good horse for it.

Days of speech making followed until finally on August 23 the treaty was signed. After payments, goods and so on had been distributed, the Indians gave three cheers for the Queen, for the governor and for the N.W.M.P., then firing their rifles and whooping joyfully they departed in a cloud of dust.

Starting on the morning of August 31 for Fort Pitt which they reached on September 5 the commissioners waited two days for more Indians to arrive before commencing negotiations. The delay

gave Parker and his companions an opportunity to witness one of the last great spectacles of wild splendour and barbaric dignity that this country was to have. The horsemen of these Plain Crees were even more daring than had been those of the Wood Crees. As a prelude to the treaty proceedings, they formed a line about 500 yards from the council tent, broke away from the flanks in a double serpentine formation, then galloping wildly forward halted sharply about 50 yards from the tent.

On September 9 the treaty was signed. Uniforms, flags and medals were presented, payments and gifts distributed and, as at Carlton, the band played "God Save The Queen". This important treaty which was to have a lasting effect in the future settlement of Western Canada involved some 4,000 Indians and extinguished their title to the prairie country except for a comparatively small area inhabited by the Blackfoot Confederacy. All those whose names appear on it are now dead except ex-Staff Constable Mitchell of "E" Troop who signed at Carlton as a witness.

Going by way of Battleford where they picked up a detachment which had been left there under the command of Sub-Insp. E. Frechette to look after 200 head of cattle—food for the treaty-making Indians—"D" and "E" Troops turned southward for Fort Macleod. At the Saskatchewan river below its confluence with the Red Deer they had to camp three days while the crossing was made. The horses, approximately 120 head, gave trouble until Staff Constable Mitchell and Reg. No. 176, Cst. C. Daly led the way by swimming with two of the more docile animals.

It was another bad season for grasshoppers. They filled the air and formed a floating scum on the rivers. Parker in a later year was to regard these pests as being even more obnoxious than he could have thought possible. The police saw thousands of buffalo; for days the prairie was black with them. Parker bagged one,

his first, shooting it in the approved Indian style from the back of a buffalo-running pony.

Toward the end of September the two troops arrived in the Cypress Hills and were played into Fort Walsh by the band. After a rest of two weeks or so at this fort where "E" Troop remained, "D" Troop set out for Fort Macleod. Presently Parker—he had been promoted constable (sergeant) on September 20—got his first glimpse of the Medicine Hat valley, the district that later was his home for many years.

After one of the most interesting and pleasant treks he was ever to take part in, he arrived on October 22 at Fort Macleod where "C" Troop was stationed under the command of Insp. W. Winder. Weather-beaten and hardened from long exposure to sun, wind and rain, Parker and his companions were sorry the trip was over. Their rations had included beans, dried apples, potatoes, sugar, salt, pepper, flour and bacon and ham covered over with paper on which was a layer of yellow ochre or paint, evidently to keep it from spoiling. "Outside of a little mould, after being scraped off the meat was generally good", one of the men later declared. About two inches of snow had already fallen, but "D" Troop remained billeted in tents for several weeks until other quarters were made ready.

Though travel-broken and grown accustomed to having its tents and equipment in readiness for a quick departure and to the hard discipline of the trail, "D" Troop was nevertheless put through many hours of drill along with "C" Troop by Reg. No. 3, Staff Constable Steele; it was imperative that the horses and men be trained to rifle and artillery fire and schooled in patience for the very exacting duties anticipated at the forthcoming signing of Treaty No. 7 with the Blackfoot Confederacy which comprised the most powerful tribes of the West. Meantime, however, Parker had a month's

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diversion supplying the fort with 400 cords of dry wood.

On Sept. 4, 1877, the Hon. D. Laird who had been appointed lieutenant governor of the N.W.T.—a distinct government since the treaty of Carlton and Pitt had been effected—arrived at Macleod. He reviewed the garrison and as the men on horseback deployed past his stand at a walk, trot and gallop expressed his unqualified admiration for their appearance and horsemanship.

Parker was among the members of "D" and "C" Troops, almost 100 in number, who on September 12 with the artillery pieces and a baggage train of six light wagons left for Blackfoot Crossing. Commissioner Macleod who was in personal command had been chosen by the government to act as one of the treaty commissioners, while Laird, the other commissioner, was escorted two days later by a detachment under Asst. Commr. A. G. Irvine.

After a three-day march the advance column of police pitched its tents near the crossing in a magnificently wooded valley along the Bow river, a site previously selected by Insp. L. N. F. Crozier. Hundreds of lodges scattered here and there covered about a section and a half of flat bottom land.

On September 17 the negotiations opened. A salute was fired as the commissioners sat down. They had been escorted to the large council marquee by a guard of honour of 50 mounted men under the command of Assistant Commissioner Irvine and received in the presence of the chiefs by the band.

During the powwows that followed, Chiefs Crowfoot and Old Sun—the latter was very influential among the North Blackfeet—made speeches. They spoke of the police in such glowing terms that Jerry Potts, the colourful scout and interpreter, was moved to remark that he had never in all his vast experience

known Indians to speak their minds so freely. The Indians, totalling 4,392, accepted through their representatives the terms placed before them and two days later the final touches were added to this most important treaty of the West. The signing of Treaty No. 7 was an outstanding achievement, and before he left for home on the evening of September 28 Lieutenant Governor Laird remarked that the police band deserved more than passing notice for what it had done to enliven the proceedings.

The weather had grown cold and wrapped the country-side in snow, and the police were glad to reach headquarters two days and a half later.

On May 8, 1878, Parker escorted a notorious horse thief, James Brooks alias Slim Jim, who had been sentenced three days previously by Commissioner Macleod in his capacity of stipendiary magistrate to three years at hard labour in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba—a trip of 1,000 miles made by four-horse team with Slim Jim driving most of the time on the way out; when nearing their destination a farmer refused to let them go over his land and Slim Jim swore that after he got out of prison he would return and steal the man's horses.

From Winnipeg Parker continued east and went to England on three months' leave to see his parents. This was the only extended furlough he was to have during many years of faithful service.

Back in Canada by early autumn, he was stationed at his old stamping post, Shoal Lake. About Christmas-time, he took the census of all settlers east of the lake to the Little Saskatchewan river, including the new village of Rapid City. Snow was heavy on the ground and he travelled by dog team.

This duty completed, he was moved to Fort Qu'Appelle from where in the spring he and a constable (in this year the ranks of the Force became known as constable, corporal and sergeant) pursued "a large party" of half-breeds who

had stolen a horse. The chase lasted an afternoon and a night over a trail that led about 120 miles northward. The thieves were overtaken and the horse was recovered.

In the summer of 1880, Sergeant Parker with three constables set out from Qu'Appelle in pursuit of Cow-weetu-as, an escaped Indian. At day-break, after riding all night, they came upon the criminal's sanctuary in the Touchwood Hills, an encampment of about 40 lodges. There were an exciting few minutes, but the fugitive was captured.

* * *

Trouble with Chief Beardy et al

CHIEF BEARDY (or the Hairy Man) of the Willow Indians had always been refractory and before the Carlton-Pitt Treaty had proclaimed that he would not allow the treaty commissioners to cross the south branch of the Saskatchewan river—a threat no doubt he would have carried out but for the timely arrival of Inspector Walker with 50 mounted men. Beardy occupied the joint position of chief and priest in his tribe, and he never lost an opportunity to put obstacles in the way of the authorities.

His capture along with that of Chiefs One Arrow and Cut Nose and headman Omenakaw was one of the many incidents that impressed the Indians and demonstrated to them with lasting effect the resolve of the Force to maintain law and order in the West.

In the autumn of 1879 Beardy had moved his band to his reservation near Duck Lake, 16 miles west of Fort Carlton, and in mid-July, 1880, in conformity with regulations, Mr. Palmer Clark, Indian agent at Battleford, sent him some breeding cows and a few oxen. The truculent redmen longed for the flesh-pots which had gone with the buffalo, and Beardy, seeing an opportunity to emphasize his independence, after the manner of dictators ordered that the cattle be butchered and a festival held. As chief councillor he declared that he would be responsible directly to *Kitche-Ogemah-*

Iss-Qway-Siss, the Great White Mother (the Queen), and that she would approve of his actions.

The farm instructor and his small staff at Duck Lake were warned not to interfere. Reg. No. 294, Cst. W. Ramsay was stationed at Duck Lake and the next nearest member of the Force was Reg. No. 301, Sgt. H. Keenan of Prince Albert, 45 miles away, in charge of both posts. Beardy was contemptuous of their authority.

Next day, before Owen E. Jones, J.P., manager of the Stobart Eden Co.'s posts in the north, Clark swore out a warrant for the arrest of the offenders, and it was handed to Constable Ramsay for execution.

In the language of the Indians, the young policeman's heart must have been "on the ground". It looked like "blood on the moon", but there was only one course for him to take—the warrant must be enforced. But, as he grimly prepared to carry out his duty, aid came to him unexpectedly. Supt. W. M. Herchmer, commanding "D" Troop at Qu'Appelle, fortuitously arrived in that desperate hour by the old trail from Shoal Lake through the Touchwood Hills, the Salt Plain, Humboldt, Hoodoo and Batoche. With him were 18 men, one of whom was Sergeant Parker. Ramsay explained the situation to the officer and handed the warrant to him, but, as it was late, the latter decided to wait until morning before effecting the arrests.

Accordingly, bright and early on July 27, 1880, Herchmer selected half a dozen constables, including Ramsay who knew the four accused by sight, and Interpreter Louis Laronde to accompany him, ordered Sergeant Parker to stay behind in charge of the remainder of the escort and defend the trading post in the event of trouble, then started down the path toward Duck Lake where the Indians were camped. Past Harry Kelly's farm they came to the tents of the 3,000 Indians pitched along the north shore; 300 yards north of the en-

campment on a small hill was a shack which Beardy called his council chamber.

Advancing, now at the double, the police were soon among the shouting Indians. Almost at once Ramsay singled out Beardy and, with the help of Reg. No. 399, Cst. H. H. Nash, yanked the astounded chief to his feet and handcuffed him. Instantly all was excitement. Indians had been arrested in their own camps many times, but police audacity on this occasion bordered on rashness. Seizing a chief in front of all his tribe was unprecedented, an action not to be tolerated. Ramsay next located One Arrow who was quickly seized by Reg. No. 288, Cst. S. J. Donaldson and Reg. No. 174, Cst. J. Carruthers.

"They caught us without our guns; go get them", Beardy shouted in Cree.

His frenzied followers ran toward their tents. Soon, rifle barrels glinted in the sun and the angered redmen began shooting, not point-blank at the police—apparently they were afraid of hitting the prisoners; but the shots were thick and fast, and close enough to be dangerous.

Herchmer decided swiftly. Stepping well out to the right, he instructed Interpreter Laronde to warn the Indians that if they wounded or hurt any of the police the two chiefs would be shot out of hand. The shooting lessened, and the police pushed still further into the press. Ramsay suddenly spotted Cut Nose and he, too, was grabbed after a scuffle and placed between Reg. No. 400, Cst. A. Stewart and Reg. No. 383, Cst. H. E. Ross. Clothed only in breechclout, this infuriated chief was harder to hold than the others, as his arms had been lathered heavily with grease.

As he wriggled to get free he kept crying out, "Let us die here, young men, and not in the white man's prison".

A parley ensued at which the Indians agreed to go to the post at Duck Lake. The police, their prisoners tied one behind the other, and the entire Indian camp even to its mangy dogs made up

a colourful procession. At the post the prisoners were taken inside where, after an inquiry, Superintendent Herchmer committed them for trial. Outside about 200 fully-armed braves squatted on the ground in a scowling half circle about the door which was guarded by Ross, their heads bent forward to catch the least outcry from their captured brethren. Evidently they were determined to prevent at any cost the prisoners being taken to Prince Albert.

All this time Parker and his squad of 12 men had been in the background waiting to join in the proceedings. Hidden by one of the outbuildings, they had so far gone unnoticed by the Indians. But their time was drawing near.

At the conclusion of the hearing Ramsay emerged from the "court room" just in time to see Omenakaw who had defiantly strutted forward and shouted that a rescue would take place. The headman was quickly taken, whereupon a low murmur of anger arose. At this critical moment Parker, his face set sphinx-like, stepped into the open and shouted,

"Half sections right."

As justice approached with intentional steps the surprised Indians were too taken aback to realize what had happened. Not waiting to estimate the strength of this threat, they took to their heels in the direction of their reservation.

Within the hour, the recalcitrants were loaded into wagons and three police teams clattered down the road to Prince Albert.

In September the offenders were tried before Stipendiary Magistrate H. Richardson and freed on suspended sentence. While awaiting trial Beardy told his guard that the Great Spirit must have sent the police. The Indians had been certain that, with the exception of Sergeant Keenan and Constable Ramsay, the nearest police were at Battleford. They had been watching all roads from Battleford and Prince Albert, little

dreaming that reinforcements would come from the rear.

* * *

AT Battleford in the summer of 1882 Parker married Mary Margaret Sinclair, the 19-year-old grand-daughter of a late chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A few months later with three constables he met with desperate opposition while arresting four Stony Indians at the mouth of the Red Deer river. An old squaw prevented what might have developed into bloodshed by warning Parker of impending danger. The sergeant leaped inside a teepee just in time to catch one of the Indians loading a rifle. After a tussle the wanted men were subdued and, as Parker said afterwards, "We got the four all right".

* * *

Service in the North-west Rebellion

THOUGH Fort Saskatchewan saw no actual fighting during the rebellion of 1885, it was a haven for refugees and the place where the police took many Indians for questioning. On April 3, the day after the Frog Lake massacre, Sergeant Parker was sent out to warn the settlers to take refuge inside the fort. The depraved Indians of Bob Tail's and Ermine Skin's bands had plundered the missions and the Hudson's Bay Co.'s stores at Battle River south of their reservation, and forced the settlers around Beaver Lake to flee into Fort Saskatchewan for protection.

On this mission Parker had a close brush with death, which he classed with another as being the two most dangerous adventures of his life. When about midway across the frozen North Saskatchewan he fell through the ice, his horse sinking beneath him. He, too, would have gone under but for his sword which fell across the hole and prevented him from being swept to certain death. He clambered to safety and, though wet and cold, managed to save his horse. The other incident occurred some years later at Prince Albert and demonstrates that

the gentle deer of the forest can at times be very ferocious. One of these animals attacked him and would have gored him to death had he not driven it off with a walking stick, his only means of defence.

On May 4 when the 7th Co. of the 65th Mounted Royal Rifles arrived at the fort the officer commanding, Supt. A. H. Griesbach, was away on duty and Parker was in charge. He immediately paraded the men and presented arms to the new-comers and, as he often related, Captain T. Doherty kindly returned the compliment. He frequently chuckled over the aftermath—three days later upon Griesbach's return he was "on the mat" for turning out the detachment without authority and firing a *feu de joie*.

One night there was a needless alarm. About 2 a.m. a cayuse and foal sauntered down the trail which skirted the barracks and led to the ferry landing. Some members of the 65th were on guard and the man in the bastion which was on the south-east side challenged three times. The animals didn't stop so he let drive with his Snider. They broke into a run and, as they raced by on their way down to the river, were fired at by other guards. Reg. No. 572, Sgt. J. S. Waddell, suspecting a ruse—in warpath days an apparently riderless horse often had an Indian clinging to its far side ready to shoot under its neck at the unwary—, rushed into the men's quarters and called, "Every man to arms", and soon all took up their stations along the stockade. One minute stretched into several, with the men gripping their carbines ready to leap into action at the least hint of danger. Finally, as nothing happened, the big gate was cautiously opened and Parker, Waddell and two constables crept out to reconnoitre. They were half way down the path when suddenly somewhere ahead something moved. They crouched and peered into the darkness, their triggers cocked. Then they beheld the pony and foal with mouths dripping, leisurely approaching after a refreshing drink.

When word filtered into the fort that Reg. No. 635, Cst. D. L. Cowan had been killed and Reg. No. 925, Cst. C. Loasby wounded outside Fort Pitt on April 14, Steele's Scouts, to which Parker was attached [Steele had been gazetted major in the Canadian militia, and Parker eager to get into action had sought permission to leave the Force in order to join the Scouts], set out in pursuit of the trouble-making Big Bear. It was the morning of May 6, 1885, and they travelled east by the old Edmonton-Pitt-Carlton trail.

Pitt, which had been sacked, was still burning when they arrived, and Big Bear with some 40 prisoners had disappeared. Beyond a muskeg on the west side of Frenchman's Butte the Scouts had a sharp three-hour engagement with the Indians who were strongly entrenched in some 300 rifle pits, but fell back at dusk. At day-break, May 28, they made another sortie only to find the rifle pits unoccupied and the enemy gone. At Loon Lake Reg. No. 333, Sgt. W. Fury was seriously wounded in a skirmish, but on June 3 the Scouts picked up Big Bear's line of retreat, dispersed the Indians and rescued some of the prisoners. The wily chief was well on his way to Carlton when he was captured on July 2 by Reg. No. 773, Sgt. W. C. Smart and Csts. D. Sullivan (766), F. Nicholls (1119) and W. Kerr (887).

Upon leaving the Fort Pitt ruins on July 3 Major Steele detailed Parker to ride on ahead with a party to Saddle Lake where, rumour had it, some teamsters en route to Edmonton intended to loot the Indian reservation of its farm implements. When the sergeant arrived, the pilferers already had their wagons loaded with machinery and tools and were about to leave, but he made them restore these articles. After this action, which saved the government several thousand dollars worth of equipment, he rejoined the Scouts and with them arrived on the evening of July 18 at Calgary where they were disbanded.

Within a few days he was assigned by Superintendent Herchmer, the officer commanding, to important midnight duty in which with eight constables he arrested most of the leading hotel keepers and blind-pig operators in the cow town for selling liquor, about 12 in all.

* * *

PARKER's next transfer was to the N.W.M.P. headquarters at Regina—moved there three years previously from Fort Walsh; on Mar. 27, 1883, the re-named Pile o' Bones had been declared the seat of government for the Northwest Territories as Battleford the old capital was too far north, and the bald prairie that Parker had known was now a thriving village. Riel, Cree Chief Poundmaker, some 50 half-breed and other Indian prisoners were awaiting trial for treason. One of Parker's prized possessions was a painting of Poundmaker signing a treaty with Lieutenant Governor Laird. Soon after his arrival at Regina, Parker with four constables escorted a large party of released Indians and half-breeds and three priests to Battleford via Swift Current. Upon his return he was in charge of guards responsible for about 60 rebellion prisoners.

Around November 1, he was transferred to Prince Albert as quartermaster sergeant of "F" Division, and while stationed at this point his never-failing humour found expression in minstrel shows—he was end man on the team.

In March, 1887, Parker with three constables went to Fort Carlton and dug up the bodies of three comrades who had been killed in the rebellion at the Duck Lake fight: Csts. G. K. Garrett (Reg. No. 852), T. J. Gibson (1003) and G. P. Arnold (1065).

Ten years later he took part in the spectacular siege of the 20-year-old Saulteaux, *Kah-Kee-Man-Ee-Too-Ways* otherwise known as John Baptiste and "Almighty Voice" of One Arrow's reservation, who had shot and killed Reg. No. 605, Sgt. C. C. Colebrook in charge of Duck Lake Detachment on Oct. 29,

1895. From Prince Albert Parker and eight constables under the command of Supt. S. Gagnon patrolled to the Minnichinas Hills where the fugitive had been cornered. When they arrived at sundown of May 25, 1897, the second sortie with its bloody finale had just been made into the dense wood. Parker remained at the scene until the murderer's death, 72 hours without sleep.

Parker's aversion to grasshoppers arose mainly out of the loss of a pair of brand new riding boots. It happened several years before the turn of the century when a man named Nelson whom he had arrested at Prince Albert for indecent assault and was escorting to prison jumped from the moving train near Dundurn (Sask.). Parker leaped after him and both men landed beside the tracks, shaken up but unhurt. Nelson was fleet of foot and, as pursued and pursuer ran across the open prairie, Parker's cumbersome boots began to bind his calves. Dropping to the ground, he pulled them off, then bootless continued the chase which developed into a gruelling contest that lasted all day. But finally after 26 miles the exhausted criminal gave up. Throughout the ordeal grasshoppers had irritated Parker. Thrashing the air with his big hands, he warded them off his face and neck, but they disdainfully spattered his feet with their juice. He had never liked them, but this time they added insult to injury. Back at the railroad tracks they had feasted, and when he returned for his abandoned footwear his quest was futile—no longer recognizable, his once-stately boots had been chewed until nothing but a few scraps of leather and the eyelets remained.

* * *

The Boer War

ESSENTIALLY patriotic, Parker did not fail to respond to the call of Empire, and in February, 1900, he was commissioned lieutenant in Lord Strathcona's Horse. In Africa his services were recognized by promotion to captain in the

field, the rank by which he later became so well known. He often related with pride how when his unit was in England on its way back to Canada he was presented to His Majesty King Edward VII who "looked me all over and with a twinkle in his eye shook hands with me again for good measure". Lieutenant Colonel (ex-Superintendent) Steele (later Major General, Sir Sam Steele) reported that Staff Sergeant Parker—he had since been promoted in the Force—was a very good officer and popular among all the Imperial officers of the Army Service Corps.

* * *

More Busy Years

THE first decade of the century was a busy one for our stalwart who on May 1, 1902, had his four stripes turned over and surmounted by a crown on his promotion to sergeant major. On Mar. 1, 1903, he was appointed inspector and a day or two later left Prince Albert on a 1,000-mile patrol that ranks among his more famous exploits. It was a "devil of a trip" and ended up with his dog team giving out and him plodding the last 100 miles on foot.

He had no sooner got back in April than he was sent to Saskatoon to assist in straightening out the affairs of the Barr colonists, a group of 2,000 or more immigrants from England which had been transplanted in the vicinity of the village by the Rev. I. M. Barr; the new settlers found themselves in dire need but eventually were rescued from the folly of their headstrong leader through the efforts of one of their own number, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, who afterwards became the famous Bishop Lloyd and to whom the town of Lloydminster is a monument today.

When Parker went to Saskatoon, his family remained at Prince Albert and it was possible for him to visit them only every second week-end. The arrangement had not been satisfactory and he was moved to Battleford on Dec. 2, 1903, being replaced by an unmarried

N.C.O. Reg. No. 3667, Cpl. J. W. Spalding who, on Apr. 23, 1937, retired from the R.C. M.P. as Deputy Commissioner.

In 1904 Inspector Parker was kept extremely busy at magisterial work—one notable case concerned a man named Kennedy and an accomplice Hunt whom on May 21 he found guilty of horse stealing.

From Battleford Parker was transferred to Medicine Hat, Alta., on June 5, 1905, in command of the district where he was to live the remainder of his days. He made regular patrols in a buckboard to two, sometimes three, outlying detachments which had to be inspected monthly, and as

there was no permanent magistrate, for the next three or four years he did virtually all that work himself, disposing of hundreds of cases. The convictions he registered played an important part in stamping out horse stealing and cattle rustling, which were regarded on the prairie as most serious crimes.

* * *

The Dreamers

HIMSELF a devout Christian, Parker had little patience with fanatics such as the members of a semi-religious farming sect who in 1905 migrated from South Dakota and three years later disturbed the peace of his district.

Styling themselves "The Dreamers", these people held that every non-believer



**William Parker
as captain and
quartermaster,
Lord Strathcona's
Horse, 1900.**

of their faith was a man from Babylon, worth no more than a dog. They regarded themselves as the chosen ones referred to in c. 50, v. 3 of Jeremiah: "For out of the north there cometh up a nation against her, which shall make her land desolate, and none shall dwell therein: they shall remove, they shall depart, both man and beast." Though originally based on the principles of Christianity, the Dreamers' beliefs gradually reached a stage of fanatism where murder, arson and perjury became acts in fulfilment of their biblical destiny.

The sect was headed by a man titled "son of god" who was the son of the leader of the group in Dakota, Jacob Merkel, known as "god". At the time of the trouble in Alberta, the elder Merkel and one David Hoffman came into the country and agitated among the Dreamers, declaiming that the time had come to destroy Babyl and all Babylonians. Parker attributed the crimes committed by the sect to the evil influence of these men. Subsequently the younger Merkel was the evil spirit, upholding the authority of his father.

The Dreamers first attracted the suspicion of Canadians by refusing to return ordinary neighbourly greetings. God said, so they claimed, "that when thou comest into a house thou shouldst say 'Peace be in thy house'", while the heretics thought "good day" served the purpose.

Several members of the cult had appeared before Parker on minor charges, principally for assaulting their neighbours whom they called "devils". Though trivial the cases had to be handled with patience and consideration. When Parker convicted Dreamer Karl Otto under the Lord's Day Act, for example, the defendant pleaded that Saturday was the Sabbath of the Dreamers, which he observed, and that he had always worked on Sunday.

The doctrines of these zealots laid down that they must burn out their enemies, and at midnight on Apr. 11,

1908, several of them set fire to the \$5,000 dwelling of John Lehr who had incurred their displeasure, almost causing his death and that of his family. When the matter was reported to Inspector Parker he went after them in earnest. It was fortunate that the crime had not ended in murder.

Apparently everything the Dreamers dreamed, they tried to do, and it has been said that when Parker began to interfere they had visions of checking him. However their dreams in this instance and any action they might have contemplated were kept distinctly separate by the inspector who had his own ideas which he converted into 11 arrests including that of the "son of god".

The preliminary hearing opened on April 15 in Medicine Hat before Parker in his capacity as justice of the peace. The charges were arson, the proceedings lasted 21 days and Parker later declared that during them he listened to every lawyer in the city.

Many difficulties arose, for the Dreamers believed that it was right and just to lie under oath so long as they did not deceive any member of their own community, that to mis-state to a Babylonian even in court was not to make a falsehood. Their speech was couched in biblical language—thou art, he hath, etc.,—they claimed the Bible to be their lawyer, and scripturally they thought they had justification for all their actions.

There was insufficient evidence to send the accused up for trial, so Inspector Parker bound them over in the sum of \$2,000 each to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for one year. Ten of the prisoners were released on May 2, 1908, but the 11th, whom Parker committed for trial on a charge of perjury, was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Without doubt the Dreamers were a dangerous aggregation. One of them shot and wounded his brother-in-law, another started a prairie fire the same week that Lehr's house was razed, others incom-

moded peaceful citizens, and they were prone to internecine quarreling.

They interpreted the outcome of the hearing as a victory according to Revelation c. 2, v. 15, 16 and 17, and as a security measure Parker for some time afterwards continued to have discreet inquiries made into their activities.

These investigations established that the Dreamers actually committed the arson on Lehr's property. A partly-melted enamel dish found in the ruins, which had contained highly inflammable material, was traced to one of the accused. Parker, however, anxious to avoid anything that might lead the Dreamers to think they were being persecuted, did not re-open the case. He rightly decided that the action already taken was sufficient to induce them to break away from their American god whom the United States law courts fined \$250 for sending threatening gospels through the mail, a charge proved by his handwriting on the documents.

The combined actions broke up the sect and there was no further trouble from its members, though many of them thereafter called Parker "the Devil Judge".

* * *

In Retirement

ON Oct. 31, 1912, after 38½ years of exemplary service Inspector Parker retired from the R.N.W.M.P. and, remaining in Medicine Hat, conducted a real estate and insurance business until 1938.

Though far past military age when war broke out in 1914 the old warrior did his utmost to get overseas. Then a mere lad of 60, he paraded before a couple of generals, one of whom recognized him and asked if he hadn't fought in the North-west Rebellion.

When Parker nodded, his interrogator said, "I thought so. I am afraid you're a little too old this time."

Parker fumed at the refusal, but his experience was turned to good account



Inspector Parker in 1903.

when he was appointed recruiting officer for the Medicine Hat district.

He was frequently visited by old comrades and men he had commanded; they came from far and near and invariably went away full of inspiration from the cheerful mind of their host. At the jubilee celebration of Calgary, July 6 to 11, 1925, he conversed with many of his old cronies, including the only originals who still survive—Major Bagley of Banff and Colonel Mitchell of Winnipeg. When the reigning King and Queen visited Medicine Hat in 1939 Parker was presented to them and shook hands with King George.

When the tower of the Force's historic little chapel at Regina barracks was formally dedicated on Dec. 10, 1939, to the "Men of '74", Parker was the sole representative of that original body present, and as guest of honour, unveiled the plaque. He bore his 87 years lightly, it was noticed. His day started early and didn't end until the next morning, but he took everything in his stride and carried on gladly with his round of calls.

His brother, Canon Julius Foster Dyke Parker, a well-known Saskatchewan missionary, then 83, also participated in the service by virtue of his having lived and laboured in the West

almost as long as "Bill" had. The younger Parker had arrived at Battleford in 1882 where, attached to the N.W.M.P. as a special constable, he did hospital work for a time. In the spring of 1884 he had joined the staff of the Government Telegraph Service and acted as an operator under Major Gen. T. B. Strange during the rebellion. In 1889 he had engaged in missionary work among the Indians in the Fort a la Corne and Sturgeon Lake districts. Canon Parker retired in 1942 and took up residence in Regina where he died in February of last year.

At the banquet that preceded the dedication service, 26 officers of the Force and a number of visitors paid tribute to ex-Inspector Parker, their guest of honour. As he sat under the portraits of the five Commissioners he had served, the courtly old gentleman grew reminiscent and those around him settled back in their chairs to listen.

An excellent raconteur, Parker could



tell endless stories of the early days, and with his special brand of humour he could make drab details of pioneer life in the Territories seem interesting and entertaining.

He was wont to recall that many of the recruits of '74, fearful of losing their scalps, had shaved their heads before leaving Toronto, and as they leaned out of the windows of their two special trains they were greeted time and again along the way with, "Ah-ha,—convicts! Yoo hoo—

Ex-Inspector Parker poses, above, in his mess jacket, and, at left, with his brother, Canon Parker, in 1939.

oh you jail-birds!" He remembered, too, that the crowds which had assembled at the stations to wish them well were disappointed at not catching a glimpse of the trim scarlet tunics; for reasons of international amity the recruits were in mufti.

He used to tell of how, on a patrol from Macleod to Winnipeg, he had at a point south-west of the present Swift Current come across the scalped bodies of Cree Indians killed in battle with the Blackfeet.

But his favourite yarn concerned his method of handling the inquisitive who were anxious for gory tales of the old West. He was not the first Mounted Policeman to tell the story, and old-timers used it as a defence on many occasions.

Parker, according to this inventive yarn, went to an Indian encampment to make an arrest. The trail was long and night overtook him. He was weary, but had no way of securing his prisoner while he caught up on his sleep.

"Well, what did you do?" he would be asked.

"You'll understand I had a spade," was the stock reply. "I just made the prisoner dig a deep, narrow hole, put him in it, and shovelled the earth around him until it was over his shoulders. That left his head out."

"And then you had a good sleep?"

"Yes, but in the morning I discovered the most awful thing had happened."

"What?"

"Well, there were coyotes around and when I got up I found the Indian's head had been eaten clean off."

"Good heavens! What did you do then?"

"Oh, I just went back to the reserve and got another Indian."

Incredible as it seems, some of the questioners looked as if they half-believed the story. Actually, Parker, like every other Mounted Policeman, treated the redmen with kindness and courtesy, unless other measures were necessary. Had the police been guilty of senseless

cruelty in their dealings with the Indians the prairie grass would have been stained red.

During his last days the old captain lived with his only daughter, Maude, where he received the homage and respect that go with venerable age and distinguished service. Though his wife's death on Nov. 20, 1944, left its mark on him and time had dulled his hearing and taken the ramrod out of his back, he was active in his garden until the end. His mind was ever alert and he kept up with events through newspapers and friends.

On May 16, 1945, the earthly representation of William Parker, after 91 years on this sphere, passed away suddenly. He didn't die; like the old soldier he was, he simply faded away. Resting there, he just looked himself in his mess jacket—the last time he had worn it was on his memorable visit to the Regina barracks in 1939. Besides his daughter, he is survived by two sons: Gordon Sinclair, the elder, of Victoria, B.C.; Reginald John of Medicine Hat, a grandson serving in Canada's Active Army as a sergeant, and a great grandson.

Three days later they laid him to rest beside his wife in Medicine Hat's Hill-side Cemetery. "Six Mounted Policemen did carry him with steps that were solemn and slow . . . to meet the great reveille, old rider of the plains."

Such were the high lights of his life. We are reliably informed that he wrote his memoirs; if published, the book promises to be an epic.

Ex-Inspector Parker was the sole surviving member of 1874 to hold a commission in the Force. Speaking of him, one senior ex-officer declared, "To us who served under him there was never a better O.C. than 'Old Bill'. He never missed a trick. Driving him in a buckboard on long inspection trips was never dull, for he would entertain us with lively stories of the early days." This grand old officer left great treasures in the example he set by his devotion to duty, pride in public service and loyalty to king and country.

A NARRATIVE ON

Small-Arms Ammunition

by D. N. ATKINS*

THE art of waging war, reduced to its grim but practical fundamentals, is now and for many centuries has been, basically, the art of shooting. The relative efficiency of the shooting equipment of opposing forces and the spirit of the men who operate such equipment determine the outcome of an encounter, whether the equipment be block-busters and bomb-sights or pebbles and sling shots.

It is claimed that the United States owes its independence to the "Kentucky rifle" more than any other weapon or instrument. In the war of independence the British redcoat with his musket was no match for the American sharpshooter and his Kentucky rifle. The musket evolved as a result of years of European wars, whereas the Kentucky rifle was the product of the ingenuity of a people who depended on a rifle for their very existence. Their weapons had to be accurate and economical. This desire for good weapons and ammunition has become a tradition in North America.

The term "ammunition" used in a military sense may be defined to include everything from hand-gun ammunition to bombs and rockets. Technically, however, the term generally means:

- (1) small-arms ammunition
- (2) fixed ammunition such as anti-aircraft and anti-tank

- (3) separate loading ammunition such as large calibre high explosive shells, where powder and projectile are loaded separately.

These types of ammunition have the following fundamental constituents in common:

- (1) primer
- (2) propellant powder
- (3) projectile
- (4) cartridge case

The fourth component, although perhaps not quite as fundamental in its action, plays a role as important as the others and is usually the most conspicuous part of the cartridge. Assembled, these four constituents form a complete cartridge or round.

Generally speaking, the following sequence of events takes place when a cartridge is fired. The primer, detonated by some type of manually-, mechanically- or electrically-operated firing device, initiates the action by igniting the propellant. As a rule, the propellant, a charge of either smokeless powder or cordite, is as its name implies the source of energy required to propel the projectile toward its destination. This energy results from the pressure developed by the gaseous products of the rapid combustion of the propellant within the cartridge case. The projectile is forced from the case and accelerated up the gun barrel at a velocity dependent primarily on the amount

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Canadian-made military ammunition has gained an enviable reputation on the fighting fronts of the world. The technical skill and experience gained in its manufacture will be reflected in the quality of sporting ammunition offered to Canadian marksmen when shooting resumes its normal peacetime role.

and type of propellant, and the length of the gun barrel.

In modern warfare where the importance of the time element has assumed such tremendous proportions the efficiency of equipment is extremely critical. A delay of a small fraction of a second in the functioning of guns or ammunition may easily be the difference between success and failure of a fighter-plane engagement or a bombing mission. It is obviously imperative that such equipment and ammunition be manufactured and maintained in practically perfect condition; the combination of guns and ammunition serves as only one example of this axiom.

The demand for perfection has for the most part been satisfactorily answered by Canadians engaged in the manufacture of military small-arms ammunition. New processes, new materials and new techniques have been successfully developed and employed to maintain and improve the high quality standards required by our fighting men. Actual billions of rounds of Canadian small-arms ammunition have been manufactured, delivered and "Accepted Without Restriction".

Scientific advancement in many fields has always been greatest under the stress of wartime urgency. This is truly exemplified by the striking parallel that exists between the development of ammunition and the history of warfare. Firearms were invented for purposes of war and although great advances have been made in adapting them to peacetime requirements many of the major changes and outstanding improvements have been made in the interests of waging war more efficiently and to meet new situations and emergencies. The present war is no exception and the knowledge and experience currently being gained by personnel of the ammunition industry will continue to maintain the quality of the small-arms ammunition requirements of Canada's shooting public.

Canada, with its many industries associated with the fur trade and its thousands of people in the North who depend on

wild game for subsistence, has a large percentage of its population interested in hunting as a hobby and a pastime. Canadian target shots from coast to coast can stand up with the best to be found anywhere in the world. All these activities make the Canadian public not only shooting minded but critical and discerning as to the quality of the ammunition they shoot.

The methods employed to control quality of small-arms ammunition throughout the hundreds of operations required in its manufacture and to ensure the correct performance of the finished cartridges constitute an intricate and fascinating subject. Ballistics—the study and control of the functioning and performance of ammunition—is a recognized branch of science in its own right.

* * *

MODERN ammunition may be classified in the following categories:

- (1) rimfire cartridges
- (2) centre fire cartridges
 - (a) metallic
 - (b) shot shells

These general types are further classified according to size by calibre or, in the case of shot shells, by gauge. Roughly, the calibre of rifled arms is the bore diameter expressed as a decimal part of an inch or in millimeters. It is measured before the bore is rifled—or across the top of the lands—and is indicated by the figures .22 calibre, .30 calibre, etc. The measurement from the bottoms of the rifling cuts is called the groove or inside diameter and it generally corresponds closely with the bullet diameter. Thus a .303 calibre rifle has a groove diameter of approximately .310 inches and uses a .311 inch diameter or .303 calibre bullet. Some of the newer calibres are exceptions, in order to distinguish them from older calibres—an example is the .257 Roberts which has taken the groove diameter to distinguish it from the .250 Savage although both use the same size bullets with different cases.

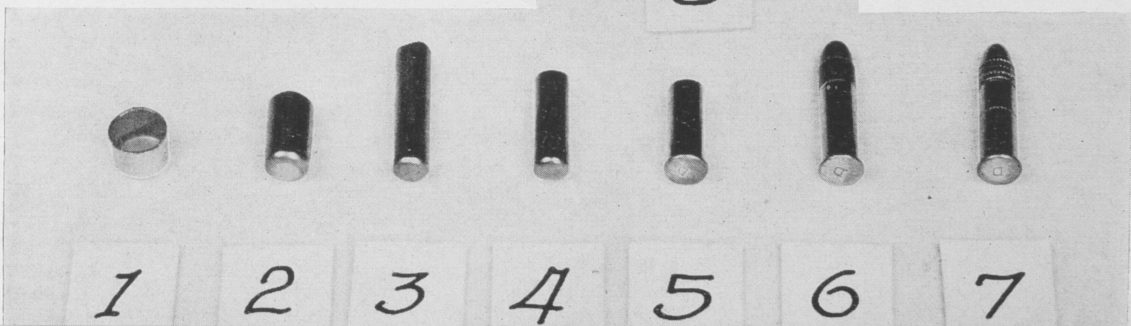
The second figure in .30-30 designates the case capacity in grains of black

powder and by the same token the .30-'06 might be designated .30-50 since '06 refers only to the date of its introduction, namely 1906. Occasionally a third figure is used to designate actual bullet weight in grains such as .45-70-500 or to indicate that a cartridge is necked down to take a smaller bullet. For example, the .577-.450-85 means that a .577 case has been necked down to take a .450 bullet with 85 grains of black powder. We also encounter such figures as 8 x 52 which indicate an 8 mm. cartridge with a case 52 mm. long. This is standard European nomenclature.

In shotguns an entirely different measurement is used since these were originally designed as smooth bores to shoot a single round ball. The gauge was determined by the number of balls per pound. Thus, theoretically at least, 12 lead balls each of which exactly fits the bore of a 12-gauge shotgun will weigh one pound; correspondingly a 16-gauge ball weighs one ounce and a 20-gauge ball weighs 1/20 lb. The .410 shot shell is not a true gauge but a calibre, although there is no rifling in the gun barrel. The bore diameter at the muzzle of shotgun barrels is now slightly reduced because "choke" has become standard practice in order to produce closer and denser patterns with small shot.

Standardized cartridge lists show eight shotgun gauges, 20 types of rimfire cartridges, and over 75 different revolver and rifle cartridges. Many of these are carried in different loads, bullet sizes and velocity levels, making in all over 300 different types.

Fig. 2. .22 calibre long rifle cartridge components: 1 cup, 2 first draw, 3 second draw, 4 trim, 5 head, 6 load, 7 crimp, 8 bullet.



Rimfire Cartridges

No firearm in history has had a greater influence upon the welfare and progress of mankind than the small bore sporting rifle. It is used by more people than any other type and, because of its nation-wide distribution and ownership by all classes, makes more marksmen than any other firearm.

The term small bore in its modern usage generally refers to .22 calibre. It is estimated that more than 99 per cent of all .22 calibre ammunition normally manufactured in Canada is of the rimfire type. All other rimfire calibres are almost obsolete, and to the average modern rifleman the terms rimfire and .22 calibre as applied to ammunition are practically synonymous.

What actually is meant by the term rimfire? The name is completely self-explanatory as will be evident by reference to Fig. 1; firing of the cartridge results from impact detonation of the priming composition contained in the cavity in the inner rim of the cartridge case head.

Rimfire cartridges in substantially their present form were developed during the early 1850's. Although this is relatively recent in the overall history of firearms development the rimfire design represents the simplest type of self-contained ammunition. Before the rimfire cartridge was invented the tendency was toward much larger calibres; in fact for some years early in the 19th century the .45

calibre was popular as a "small bore" rifle and even in

1850 the .30 calibre was not uncommonly referred to as a "pea-shooter".

Consequently a large percentage of early rimfire ammunition and arms were also large calibres. No less than ten military rimfire cartridges ranging from .41 calibre to .58 calibre were listed in the *Winchester Catalogue* of 1870. Gradually however large rimfire calibres gave way to centre fire cartridges and the popularity of small calibre rimfire ammunition increased tremendously on account of its economy and portability.

By 1939 no less than 80 per cent of all cartridges manufactured and sold in Canada were .22 calibre rimfire. Improvements and performance have kept pace with this continued increase in popularity and at the present time, in spite of its simplicity and fragility, .22 calibre rimfire leads all other standard types of ammunition in accuracy and general dependability.

With a few exceptions modern .22 calibre rimfire ammunition may be classified as .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle. Each of these types is characterized by a definite overall cartridge length, although all may be used in most standard .22 calibre firearms. Each group includes a variety of bullet types in a range of velocities. Quality of performance reaches a maximum in the .22 long rifle cartridge. The .22 short and .22 long rifle are the most popular cartridges.

The manufacture of .22 calibre rimfire ammunition is a precision job throughout all of the numerous operations involved. Dimensional tolerances that must be maintained seldom exceed one or two thousandths of an inch and the production tool dimensions are measured in tens of thousandths.

Fig. 2 illustrates some of the major manufacturing operations of the .22 long and long rifle cartridge case. Thin discs of copper and brass are blanked from continuous coils of sheet metal "strip" and formed cup-shape in two distinct but practically simultaneous operations. This is followed by alternate drawing,

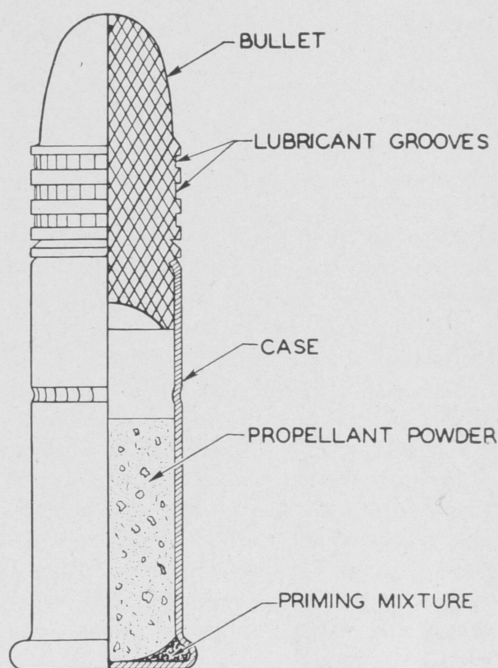


Fig. 1. .22 rimfire cartridge

washing and annealing operations which lengthen the case and reduce its diameter and wall thickness while maintaining proper internal and external characteristics of the metal with reference to finish and hardness. After trimming off the rough ends at the mouth the closed end of the case is flattened out at a "heading" operation just sufficiently to provide correct head diameter, thickness and rim cavity for subsequent insertion of priming composition. This intricate but all-important detail of rimfire priming constitutes one of the most difficult and ingenious of all ammunition manufacturing operations. A minute pellet of explosive composition is dropped into the cartridge case, and actually forced into its final location in the rim cavity by the centrifugal action of a tiny fluted spinning punch.

Bullet manufacture, although requiring a corresponding high degree of finished precision, involves fewer operations. Molten lead, alloyed with other metals, the percentage of which depends on the desired bullet hardness, is first

cast into 100-lb. cylindrical ingots. Under approximately 3,500 lbs. per square inch hydrostatic pressure the lead from these ingots is extruded or "squirted" into continuous lengths of homogeneous wire having a diameter slightly exceeding that of the finished bullet. The wire is then fed into a cutting machine to produce the "slugs" which after subsequent tumbling and swaging operations eventually emerge as extremely uniform, accurately stream-lined projectiles.

The measuring of the correct charge of propellant powder and assembly of this charge with a primed case and bullet comprise the cartridge-loading operation. The relatively small amount of propellant required for each .22 calibre cartridge and the high degree of uniformity of performance that must be maintained necessitate measurement of propellant with an accuracy of the order of one twentieth of a grain—in ordinary terms approximately one ten-thousandth of an ounce.

Following loading, the cartridge passes to the crimping operation where case and bullet are interlocked by slightly turning in the mouth of the case. This controls the force required to eject the bullet from the case and is directly related to the functioning of the cartridge. The cartridges are then carefully tumbled in a special type of sawdust to remove all dirt, finger-marks and stains.

The final step before packing is bullet lubrication, which is accomplished by immersing the bullet end of the loaded cartridge into a bath of molten lubricant, then cooling it to provide a thin uniform film over the entire exposed surface of the lead bullet. The lubricant serves to reduce friction and to eliminate build-up of lead in the bore as the bullet passes through the gun barrel. It also prevents the bullet from eroding or scoring the bore of the barrel and adds years to the useful life of the rifle.

The means employed to maintain quality and to test performance of ammunition in general may be well exemplified by a brief description of their

application to .22 calibre rimfire. Since it is impracticable to inspect every component after each operation in its manufacture and obviously impossible to subject finished ammunition to firing test without destroying the actual cartridges involved, the whole "Quality Control" program is based on accurate mathematical representative sampling. Raw materials, case metal, bullet metal, propellant powder, priming mixture ingredients and bullet lubricants must pass standard acceptance tests before being released for production. In some instances acceptance tests are limited to visual examination or measurement, microscopic examination or chemical analysis but if uncertainty exists the sample is processed under standard manufacturing conditions so that its effect on the finished cartridges may be determined by actual firing tests.

At each operation, where work is being done on any part of the finished cartridge, samples are examined for defects at regular intervals. Sample size and frequency of examination are determined statistically and depend primarily on the nature and normal quantity of the defects which are produced at the operation. Examination of samples in the early stages of manufacture usually involves checking dimensions, shape, weight, appearance, metal hardness and structure; in more advanced stages the testing of samples involves weighing of priming and propellant charges, checking of primer sensitivity and firing tests. Results of all examinations or testing are recorded in detail and transferred to control charts posted in the shop right at the machines concerned. In this way the machine operators are provided with a continuous source of reliable evidence of the quality of the work they are turning out and are enabled to correct defects *as soon as* they occur. Production which is contaminated with an abnormally high percentage of defects, or with defects which will have a detrimental effect on the finished product, is side-tracked for 100 per cent inspection.

The person who uses ammunition is, after all, not particularly interested in the wall thickness of the cartridge case or the apparent density of the propellant powder; his prime concern after he has aligned sights and target and squeezed the trigger is the *result*. It is the responsibility of the ballistic laboratory at the factory to make sure that in so far as the ammunition is concerned this result *will be satisfactory*.

The great number and variety of .22 calibre firearms in existence make .22 testing an extremely complicated procedure. Standard characteristics such as bullet velocity and chamber pressure are determined and controlled within safe limits by firing the cartridge in a standard gun designed to develop maximum conditions which are not likely to be encountered in the field. This gun, known as a Universal Receiver, is provided with a complete series of interchangeable barrels to accommodate all standard types of ammunition. Bullet velocity over a given range is recorded on a chronograph, an instrument which utilizes gravity to time the interval between the breaking of two electric circuits by the bullet in flight. The first circuit is usually broken as the bullet strikes a very fine wire stretched across the gun muzzle and the second is broken by the impact of the bullet hitting a target plate. The most common means of recording chamber pressure is by actual measurement of the amount of compression of a small copper cylinder acted upon by a piston inserted through the wall of the gun chamber. The pressure of the gases formed by the burning of the propellant tends to drive the piston out of the barrel; this in turn compresses the copper cylinder.

Velocity and pressure, however, although of fundamental importance to proper functioning, are characteristics with which the average shooter is not

primarily interested—his concern lies in the results which he can observe when he changes his gun-sights, range or target. The foremost of these is of course accuracy. Thousands of rounds daily must be fired from all the various types of arms, old and new, in order to ensure that the “Dewar Cup” competitor with his up-to-the-minute match rifle will be just as satisfied as the teen-ager shooting at ground-hogs and tin cans in the back pasture with the old “twenty-two” that his dad bought second-hand 20-odd years ago.

Test guns are purposely maintained with defective firing pins to detect cartridges prone to misfire, with excessive head space, worn extractors or oversize chambers to indicate weakness in the cartridge case, or with excessive bore diameter to exaggerate accuracy defects. In this way undesirable characteristics are made evident before they are serious enough to affect performance in normal weapons. Necessary action is always taken to correct any fault. Accuracy-testing rifles are, for the most part, high-grade standard types and are generally mounted in fixed rests for convenience and speed of firing. However, as the gun rest that will consistently and accurately reproduce standard off-hand firing conditions has yet to be invented, a definite percentage of all .22 calibre target ammunition still has to be tested as individually aimed shots fired by expert riflemen using match rifles, telescopic sights and muzzle-and-elbow rests. Ten-shot groups of .22 calibre long rifle ammunition fired over a 100-yard range are often as small as half an inch in diameter and 100-shot groups all inside a one-inch circle at the same range are not unknown. This stands as a remarkable tribute to the progress that has been made by the arms and ammunition industries since discovery of the simple rimfire principle.

This interesting monograph on small-arms ammunition will be concluded in the next issue of the Quarterly when Mr. Atkins will discuss the manufacture of centre fire metallic cartridges and shotgun cartridges.

A cyclone invades a prairie town, leaving suffering and desolation in its wake. In traditional Western spirit, neighbours pitched in to assist the stricken inhabitants.

AT 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, Aug. 9, 1944, the worst cyclone in the history of eastern Saskatchewan blew up from the south-west and speeding north-east expended its full impact on the peaceful little town of Kamsack nestling in the valley of the Assiniboine river.

In ten minutes the giant twister whirled its way through the heart of the settlement. Though of short duration, the visitation was sufficiently long to wreak great havoc and devastation. Three-quarters of the municipal area lay in the path of destruction, 50 per cent of the buildings and homes were demolished, and property damage amounted to \$2,000,000. Like the Nazi blitzkrieg in the opening phase of the war the invader came suddenly, mercilessly spreading chaos, bringing death to three and injuries to 37 of the 1,800 inhabitants; then it departed. The dead were Mrs. Irene Holomey, Miss June Lucas and three-year-old Evelyn Diana Padley.

The business section of the town was littered with debris, and the telegraph, telephone and electric power lines were disrupted and tangled, rendering the telephone office and electric-lighting service inoperative. A freight car was lifted off the tracks and tossed through the C.N.R. station.

It was here that Miss Lucas suffered her fatal injuries. She was standing in the door-way of the station when unseen fingers plucked her up and threw her down on the tracks with a terrible thump. She managed to crawl back to the station platform where section men later found her unconscious and took her to the hospital; but she was beyond the aid of medicine and science.

All grain elevators were damaged, and

grain was scattered like chaff from a giant threshing-machine.

The post-office, which houses the Mounted Police detachment, had its roof ripped open and windows smashed. The two members of the detachment, after assisting the town police in searching for the injured and surveying the damage, maintained a patrol to guard property and prevent looting of the many buildings, especially down town, which were exposed to offences of this nature for some time after the storm.

Communication with outside points being entirely cut off, reinforcements were of course delayed. Within a few hours, however, two R.C.M.P. sergeants and three constables from Yorkton, 58 miles to the south-west, and one constable from Canora, some 28 miles to the north-west, arrived ready to give all possible assistance. The business section was roped off and a strict surveillance maintained; daylight and news of the catastrophe brought sightseers, which added to the problem of traffic control. No complaints of pilfering of any kind were received, and town officials declared later that the presence of the R.C.M.P. had a steadying influence on the shocked and bewildered citizens.

The staff of Kamsack's small hospital was unable to cope with the unprecedented demands made upon it, but aid came quickly from doctors, nurses and the Red Cross Society of Yorkton and Canora. Blood plasma and morphine were flown in by a pilot from No. 11 Service Flying Training School near Yorkton, who made a perfect though risky landing in a grain field.

Three hundred soldiers from Dundurn Camp, Sask., and 50 members of the R.C.A.F. No. 11 S.F.T.S. arrived to help clean up, and men engaged in construc-

A black and white photograph showing a powerful cyclone or tornado. A massive, dark, swirling column of air and debris rises from a flat, open landscape. The sky is filled with heavy, dark clouds, and the overall scene conveys a sense of immense power and destruction. The title 'The Kamsack Cyclone' is written in a large, stylized, cursive font in the upper right corner of the image.

The Kamsack Cyclone

B Y S / S G T . F . W . J . B A R K E R

tion work at the Yorkton Hospital came to offer their services. The provincial government provided 50 carpenters and ten linesmen, rushed high-priority building materials to the stricken area. Soon the principal streets were clear, the stores open, and within a week 400 men were busy repairing and rebuilding the 300 homes and 100 business houses that had been strafed.

Also damaged were 22 rural homes. Delivering its opening charge at Metro Hancheroff's farm about a mile and a half south-west of the town, where a barn, a shed, seven granaries and 300 acres of wheat sheaves were swept away at a loss of \$21,000, the cyclone sped onward to its crest, cutting a wide swath through Kamsack, and disappeared after levelling all the buildings and crops at Mrs. Vic Peterson's farm four miles to the north-east.

Alone in the Peterson home at the time were Mrs. Harry Padley and her four children: Aymar, age two; Evelyn

Diana, three; Shirley, ten, and Gilbert, 12. When the house began to shake, the frantic mother tried to get to the youngsters who were in an upstairs room; the next thing she knew she was on the ground, being pelted by cold rain and hail. Aymar, Shirley and Gilbert were not far away. All were bruised and battered, though none seriously, and their escape was miraculous. But little Evelyn, who had been carried almost 200 yards and dropped in a mass of wreckage near a bluff of trees, was apparently in a critical condition.

Mrs. Padley and Aymar remained at her side while Shirley and Gilbert went for help. Hours later the youngsters returned with a neighbour who took the unfortunate family to his home. The accident victims, however, did not get to the hospital until seven in the morning because the roads had been made impassable by the heavy downpour, and the delay proved fatal to Evelyn who failed to regain consciousness. She died early in the afternoon.



*Views
of the
destruction
wrought
by the
Kamsack
cyclone.*



Earlier Cyclones Recalled

SASKATCHEWAN has felt the wrath of cyclones before, and memories of two of these are still vivid in the minds of many people not yet old. The worst in its effects by far occurred at Regina on Sunday, June 30, 1912. At about 5 p.m. it struck the capital city which was gay with decorations and bunting on the eve of Dominion Day. Coming up from the south-west near Rouleau, it tore asunder the holiday attire, caused the sudden death of half a hundred people, sorely injured 150 others, and damaged 500 dwellings. It sped north-east, destroying practically all the buildings on Lorne and Smith Sts., crossed Victoria Park, swerved and took in the south portion of Cornwall St. In addition to demolishing buildings, it wrecked the C.P.R. yards, bowled over warehouses, elevators, the round-house and the freight sheds on the north side of Dewdney St. Though no accurate statistics are available one estimate placed the loss at \$6,000,000.

The brunt of the storm missed the Mounted Police barracks. Regina then was headquarters of the R.N.W.M.P. which was fortunate as a large strength was on hand. All available officers and men took over the policing of the city under the personal direction of Commr. A. Bowen Perry. Rescue work was carried out, mounted and foot patrols remained on duty throughout the night to guard against marauders plunder bent, and several other parties under Insprs. T. Dann and G. D. Currier patrolled the outlying districts on horse-back to estimate the damage so that immediate relief could be rendered the most deserving cases. Some farmers lost all their worldly goods. At 6 a.m., July 1, a squad of special constables was sworn in to assist and, for as long as was necessary, the Force provided night patrols of three officers and 45 mounted men for the city streets.

No serious breach of the law was reported, and subsequently in a letter of appreciation Mayor P. McAra, Jr., stated

that "the services of the different organizations have only been made possible by the services rendered by the Force. I believe that perhaps more was done to establish a sane understanding of the situation by the attitude of the officers and men on this patrol than in any other way and appreciating this, it is difficult for me on behalf of the committee to properly express the feelings of gratitude that we have."

The Regina tornado was the worst ever experienced in any part of Canada, but the other one referred to was full-fledged though less calamitous. Happening on July 22, 1920, about 4 p.m., it killed four persons, injured many others and caused property damage to the amount of \$250,000. This twister commenced approximately six miles north of Midale and sucked to destruction many farm homes during its 50-mile rampage to Frobisher; it reached maximum fury and inflicted the greatest damage during the last eight miles of its course. On this occasion, also, part of the relief work devolved on the R.C.M.P. who made extensive investigations, helped alleviate distress and succored the injured.

* * *

Fate Plays Tricks

CYCLONES are particularly terrifying phenomena. They give no warning and smite with irresistible force. They follow a definite pattern in different parts of the world; it is said that in the Southern Hemisphere they rotate clockwise and in the Northern counter-clockwise: The three cyclones discussed here were similar in a number of respects. Each travelled north-east, was followed by heavy wind, hail and rain, and like a whip that has been snapped saved its greatest sting for the final crack. A curious assortment of accidents invariably accompanies these freaks of nature. Houses bare of roofs, their walls shattered, but with their contents untouched and in perfect order—as if a contractor had arranged sectional displays for

prospective home buyers—are common sights.

In addition to being the worst in Canadian history, the Regina cyclone contributed the strangest and weirdest pranks of them all.

While paddling on Wascana Lake near the Parliament Building, one youth, who I understand is still alive, was lifted in his canoe and taken on a three-quarter-mile flight to Victoria Park where he was deposited. A woman was stripped of her clothing but suffered no injury. There were other bizarre incidents which might have been amusing were it not for the stark tragedy that prevailed.

Freak accidents were also plentiful during the 35 minutes the Frobisher cyclone lasted. One man with his sons decamped from a barn when it began to rock violently, and sought refuge in a grove of trees. Last to emerge from the building, the father was tossed aloft, carried a dozen feet or so and, unhurt, let fall to the ground. The trees to which his sons clung swayed and bent, and though one was uprooted its human barnacle sustained no injury. Another family had to cut its way out of the cellar of their home into which they had fled for safety. Their horses, in a stone barn that was destroyed as though it were a paper box, escaped unscathed; so did a tethered calf, though a large part of the stone barn landed on the rope close to its head pinning it to the ground. The owner of another farm who was working several horses in his field unhitched them when he saw the storm approaching and tried to guide them out of its path. But the fear-stricken animals bunched together and refused to budge. As the farmer ran away the centre horse was picked up neatly from among the others, dropped after being taken ten rods, snatched up a second time, carried over a 25-acre field and again dropped. The horse wasn't hurt in the slightest but not a scrap of his harness was ever seen again.

Purely through a streak of fate loss of life at Kamsack was small. August 9 was

a business holiday and many of the townsfolk were at Madge Lake a nearby pleasure resort while others had retired to their homes, leaving the streets which felt the full fury of the storm deserted. Had more people been outdoors, the flying debris would undoubtedly have caused a greater toll of casualties.

The odd experiences here were not so many or spectacular as those of the Regina and Frobisher cyclones. But one man's car was blown across the street, turned around and aimed in the opposite direction to that in which it had been parked; and it was only a few days previous to June 5, 1945, that the dry cleaner received two hats which had been carried away with the rest of his stock. Perhaps the queerest incident, however, concerned one woman's dishes; along with her home most of her cherished possessions literally went with the wind, but her lovely chinaware was retrieved unbroken.

* * *

Kamsack's Recovery

YORKTON Board of Trade rallied to the aid of the Kamsack emergency relief fund set up under the chairmanship of the Hon. W. M. Martin, Chief Justice of Saskatchewan. The \$235,000 collected made possible new and rebuilt homes, places of worship and business establishments to fill the gaps created on that ill-fated night. Allocations from the fund provided essentials for the hundreds of people who had been left destitute. There was nothing elaborate—just plain wooden buildings, necessary furniture and clothing for those in dire need.

The wounds of this busy and enterprising community have since mended and the trials resulting from those furious ten minutes are now of the past. Already the expressions "That was before the cyclone" or "That was just after the cyclone" are common in the Kamsack district, indicating that the event, like earthquakes and floods in other parts of the world, is destined to become a milestone for marking local happenings.

Notes on Historical Writing

In today's world, history is made overnight and much of it lost because of the time-consuming labour necessary to compile it. An experienced author discusses the writing of history and offers some well-founded advice to anyone in the Force contemplating work of this nature.

by R. C. FETHERSTONHAUGH*

WITH the war in Europe ended and Canada's forces already in part demobilized, the time is probably approaching when many regimental historians will enter eagerly upon their appointed tasks, among them, perhaps, one or more who will write about the wartime service of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In the belief that some comment might help potential writers within the Force, these notes are written. They are addressed to those who may, for the first time, have the writing of a book in mind, not to those who, with knowledge of the problems involved, stand in no need of assistance however friendly.

For the new writer, a warning at the outset is required. For, if he embarks light-heartedly upon his task, thinking only in terms of pleasant recreation, disillusionment awaits him. Writing a book, such as the history of a unit, is not easy work. Occasional hours given to the job are not enough, unless years are to be consumed in the process. The man who plans to write a regimental history in spare time, therefore, should realize the punishing grind he is in for. Many Great War unit histories, after all these years, still lie unfinished in their authors' hands. The books they should have been have died in embryo, chiefly because the writers failed to realize how time-con-

suming the work would be. It is possible to write a unit history in spare time; and, when it is done, the reward, in one sense, is great. But, if he be otherwise fully employed, only the man unusually favoured of the gods can finish a good book of this type in a reasonable time without great sacrifice and tribulation.

As to the reward for the work, another warning must be given. Bluntly, no cash compensation in proportion to the amount of time and labour involved can be expected. Perhaps there have been notable exceptions in this respect, of which I am unaware. But, unless he is paid a professional fee, the author's chance of a generous financial return for such a book is microscopic. In Canada, even an outstanding history of the regimental type has little chance of more than a limited public sale. One thousand copies sold would be about as much as could be confidently expected; 3,000 sold would be a glorious surprise; 5,000 would be a miracle. Fortunately, as this circumstance is widely known, few authors, or regimental committees, launch their histories with undue expectations. Even in the rare instances when an established firm assumes the expenses of publication in full, hopes of high monetary reward are almost certainly doomed to disappointment. With the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as his subject, however, a writer has probably a better chance of success than the historian of any other Canadian military or police formation.

Though he will not grow rich on the proceeds of his work, the historian, in other respects, will not go unrewarded. There will be deep pleasure derived from the close association with other members of the unit's personnel during the many months while his work is in progress. And eventually there will be the thrill when the book, the fruit of all his

*Mr. Fetherstonhaugh since Jan. 1, 1942, has been Custodian of War Records at McGill University, Montreal, Que. His articles have appeared in *The McGill News*, *The Dalhousie Review* and *The Beaver*, and he has written many military histories and other works including *The Royal Canadian Mounted Police*.

labours, is delivered into his eager hands. Meanwhile, if he be endowed with even a measure of the true historian's birth-right, he will delight, as he marshals the facts and evidence for his book, in the rich revelation of human strength and weakness the process will involve.

Inevitably, the material for the book, apart from memories of the author's own, falls into the two main categories represented by documents and the spoken word, supplemented by maps and illustrations. The reminiscences of participants in the events described are, of course, invaluable. They clothe what are sometimes the all-too-shabby documents of history in a garment of less sombre hue. They give to the finished work a richness no other material would provide.

Dealing with this richness, however, is often a problem. For in historical writing, as elsewhere, much that glitters temptingly is not the finest gold. Weighing verbal evidence and using it to best advantage are, accordingly, among the acid tests of a writer's skill. Professional or not, he pays if his errors in this duty are gross, or if he fails too often to sense when the evidence is faulty.

Oddly enough, where eye-witnesses are concerned, the honest man, proud of his memory, is sometimes a most dangerous friend. He speaks with an assurance which strikes down the historian's guard. Things, he says, were thus or so. To doubt his memory gives offence. To argue, when he is so anxious to help, seems ungrateful. Yet his story of events should be checked as carefully as anyone else's. For he is not immune—though he probably thinks he is—from those peculiar scramblings of memory, which, with the passing of time and in varying degree, are the misfortune of all mankind. To a psychiatrist, and no less to the policeman, this scrambling process and the composite memory it produces are no doubt familiar phenomena. The process probably has a medical name. Certainly, it is more common than is

generally supposed. Without making the mistake of finding it wherever he turns, the historian must always keep its danger in mind. The air forces of the world have understood this point. They found that delay in questioning airmen after a mission resulted in a fogging of the picture obtained; a long delay often made the evidence of the pilots worse than useless.

Akin to the particular problem which the scramblings of memory present are the general problems which evidence of all kinds raise. Conflicting evidence, for example, is as common in the historian's life as it is in the courts of law. With perjury, or evidence intentionally false, the unit historian has seldom to deal; with unintentional mis-statement, or even in some circumstances, with a unilateral view of controversial facts, he is dealing all the time. The nicer his judgment in such cases, the higher the quality of his work will be. On many controversial points a decision must be reached. Once it is reached, the historian should not hesitate. No fears should govern the finality of his writing. A book full of hesitations is contemptible. But the decisions he makes on such occasions must be soundly based. For a book in which doubtful evidence is lightly presented as established fact is a professional crime. If, after sustained effort, no answer to an important question can be found, the fact, either in the text, or in a foot-note, should be unequivocally stated.

Mention of foot-notes raises one of those technical problems with which a writer is faced almost as soon as his work begins. There are writers, delighting in foot-notes, who introduce them without legitimate excuse. To others, foot-notes are anathema. They argue that material important enough to appear in a book at all should be incorporated in the main text. Foot-notes, they maintain, are the means of escape for a lazy writer, unwilling to struggle with the reorganization of his script which inclusion of the foot-note material would involve. There

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is much to be said for this point of view. But the writer unalterably inimical to foot-notes imposes upon himself a crippling restriction. Too many foot-notes are an abomination. But if, in a determination to avoid them, a writer checks the flow of his work with many explanations and asides, no great merit attaches to the achievement.

While on the subject of technical problems, a plea for careful reading of the printer's proofs is, perhaps, in order. At least a few Canadian writers, to their own undoing, have neglected this feature of their work, probably in the belief that the printer, or publisher, would see to the matter for them. The printer, or publisher, will undoubtedly help. But unless an agreement to do so has been specifically reached, only a trusting writer will leave the matter entirely in their hands. Misunderstanding in this respect is disastrous. More than 100 avoidable errors appear in one edition

of a well-known work on the prairie history of the Mounted Police. As a unit history is, in a metaphorical sense, the unit itself on parade, weakness of this sort is deplorable. There is also at least one book in the library of Canadian regimental history which illustrates this point all too forcibly. Money was lavished on the book. Adequate funds were available for a handsome binding and fine illustrations. In manuscript, the book must have given all the promise desired. But, through some last-minute tragedy of errors, neither the author nor the printer properly read the proofs. In charity, it may be said that the sense of the writing is generally unimpaired. But the angry blemish caused by a multitude of mis-spellings and misprints ruins the costly book forever as the history of a proud battalion.

Apart from matters such as those just mentioned, a writer at an early stage must consider his style. Not much ad-

vice on this complicated subject can be given in a sentence or two, yet one point may be noted. It is unquestionably wise for an historian, whose work should endure, to avoid a style which dates his writing too precisely. The words he uses should, so far as is possible, have the same meaning tomorrow as they have today. If for no other reason, slang should be used with caution. It need not be forbidden. Occasionally, it may spice the dish. But, like all spices, it should be used sparingly. Usually, a writer employs it in a self-conscious effort to avoid what he fears may be considered a dull or plodding style. He hates to think that his writing may be pedestrian. A ponderous style is a weakness to be deplored. But it takes a masterful writer to judge correctly when slang will give the relief required. A writer uncertain of his mastership is well advised to use little slang, or none at all. His book will not suffer if restraint in this respect is practised.

One other factor affecting the style of a book lies in the author's use of quotations. In military writing, quotation is often required. But, even where official documents are concerned, whole sections may often be omitted to the great advantage of the text. Care in such editing is obviously essential. Too little or too abbreviated quotation is as bad as too much. The author must judge this matter and decide when a quotation becomes wearisome. True, the reader, if wearied, can always skip a page. But he should not be forced to do so often. If he is, the book, from his viewpoint, stands condemned. When the inclusion of a long document is essential, placing it as an appendix sometimes solves the problem. This is not always the perfect solution. But the procedure can at least be borne in mind. Often it can be used most advantageously.

A moment ago, the enduring quality in a good history was mentioned. In other

words, a history should be a book to be read with immediate interest and available for reference for years to come. To help in meeting the second need, it should be indexed skilfully and effectively. In many Canadian regimental histories this feature has been neglected. I note this fact with regret, for I wrote certain such histories and realize now, in considering those without an index, how serious the defect has become. Indexing a book takes time and thought. It involves appreciable expense. The actual process is a wearying task. But if any writer in the Force is planning a book, I plead that a good index be included. For the history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police it was my privilege to write some years ago, an index of persons and a chronological index were prepared. This was a departure from precedent which the publishers viewed with concern. But no feature of the book's format was in the end more warmly welcomed by reviewers. One even bestowed "blessings on the publisher and author" because the index was unusually helpful. Those whose work has forced them to grope with exasperation for facts buried in books with faulty or meagre indexing will understand this blessing. To many readers, when a book first appears, the index is superfluous. In later years, when the book has taken its place in the reference shelves of history, the index, if adequate, is among its most valued features.

These, then, are a few of the problems with which a new writer within the Force may have to deal. Perhaps I have over-emphasized the difficulties in producing a book and touched too lightly on the joys. If this be so, then I trust my warnings will be disregarded. More good books on the Mounted Police are needed. Here's hoping that the finest of all will soon be written.

Old-Timers' Column

Another Link Is Broken

The death of Mrs. Cora Mowat McGannon at Brockville, Ont., on Apr. 6, 1945, severs one of the last links joining the Force and Canada with the first days of the West.

Like Gaul, the Force's old-timers divide naturally into two parts—actual veterans who once served as Mounted Policemen, and those who are their direct descendants. As the only child of the late Supt. James Morrow Walsh, distinguished late ex-officer of the N.W.M.P. and former Administrator of the Yukon District, Mrs. McGannon was of the latter group.

Sir Wm. Van Horne, first president of the C.P.R., received from Walsh several articles of interest which once were the property of Sitting Bull, and at Sir William's death, his family donated them to the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.

In 1939 the R.C.M.P. Museum at Regina, Sask., also came into possession of some Walsh mementos including among other things: his sword with the initials "J.M.W." on the crest, and gold sword belt; his top boots, field glasses, mess jacket and mess waist coat; a pair of officer's riding breeches; a patrol jacket; a forage cap; a beaded gun case and a tobacco pouch, both formerly owned by Sitting Bull; a Sioux arrow obtained from that chief after the Custer Massacre; a murderous-looking Sioux Indian club with projecting knives; a sabretache; a beaded knife sheath and some squaws' dresses.

These tangible remembrances were presented by Mrs. McGannon; her generosity it was that made them available where they can best remind the Force of its early history.

* * *

An Author's Tribute

As the April *Quarterly* went to press, Reg. No. 1709, ex-S/Sgt. J. D. Nicholson lay in bed a very sick man. A few days before his death (see obituary this issue) he wrote us to say that he was looking forward to seeing the magazine; but he died before his copy reached him.

In that issue we reviewed a book of some of his experiences as a peace officer. Neither the review nor the book however gave a

picture of him as a man; to do that would involve a much larger volume, for he was extraordinarily active, and the cases related are by no means all of those he investigated.

Above all he was an idealist, and once convinced of the justice of any cause was tireless in his support of it.

His action years ago regarding the veterans' pensions, though not generally known, is just one example. The enactment in 1889 of "An Act to Authorize the Granting of Pensions to Members of the North West Mounted Police" was based on rates of police pay fixed when the cost of living was low, and when the purchasing power of the dollar sank to a fraction of its former value, the veterans' pensions as a consequence became correspondingly inadequate. At the time, Nicholson, who as second senior officer of the Alberta Provincial Police was in comfortable circumstances, might easily have ignored the grievances of his one-time brothers in arms. But he was entirely selfless when others were concerned, and it is typical of him that he went to Ottawa in their behalf to interview Sir Lomer Gouin, then Minister of Justice, and the late Commr. Cortlandt Starnes. His steady though unobtrusive efforts were added to those of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association to which he belonged, and after four years bore fruit. As a result, the veterans' pension scale was adjusted to conform to those of later members whose rates of pay had been revised on Jan. 1, 1919. Some old-timers still alive know this, and have reason to thank J. D. for his help.

A fine tribute to Mr. Nicholson is contained in a letter recently received by the *Quarterly* from J. W. Horan, Edmonton, Alta., author of *On the Side of the Law*:

"It was with heavy heart that I learned of the passing of our faithful friend, ex-Staff Sergeant John Daniel Nicholson. Probably you knew him better than I did, possibly you didn't, but there is no doubt that we agree Canada has lost a wonderful citizen, a great son. He was faithful to the Mounted Police until he drew his last breath. . . .

"Much has been said about this old-timer, but as I look through his diaries I am confronted with a little item which I am sure



Sgt. J. D. Nicholson in 1892.

will give you an idea of what kind of man he really was.

"You have read in his biography in the chapter "Stettler Cattle Rustler" that Jack Dubois was paroled after serving but two years of his sentence. But did you know that although J. D. was responsible for the arrest and trial of Dubois, it was he also who was responsible for the prisoner's parole? I have a copy of the letter he sent to the Minister of Justice, Ottawa. With malice toward none and charity for all—that indeed was J.D.

"The deceased also numbered among his close friends a former notorious bank robber and hold-up man who at present is a very respectable citizen in the land south of the border."

* * *

R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association, Calgary, Celebrates Anniversary

On Sunday, Mar. 18, 1945, members of "E" Division of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association and some friends assembled in Calgary, Alta., for their annual reunion and turkey banquet. The occasion marked the 70th year since the Force's establishment of Fort Calgary.

Reg. No. 4563, ex-Cpl. J. S. Jarman welcomed the guests and expressed the hope that the dinner would be the forerunner of many more. Mayor A. Davison of Cal-

gary in a short address recalled that he had been made an honorary member of the division a number of years ago and had since taken a great interest in the veterans' affairs. Next to speak was Reg. No. 4762 ex-Cst. J. Nash, who outlined the historic founding of Calgary. The last speaker was Asst. Commr. W. F. W. Hancock, Officer Commanding R.C.M.P., "K" Division (Alberta), whose humour and wit tickled the funny bone of everyone there. He ended up by extending his best wishes to the association.

Reg. No. 4167, ex-Cst. D. M. Soole in charge of the arrangements was largely responsible for the success of the proceedings and remarked that it was the first reunion held in Calgary, recalling that previous meetings had taken place at Banff, Alta.

Among those at the head table were: Asst. Commr. W. F. W. Hancock; Insp. D. L. McGibbon, O.C. Calgary Sub-division; ex-Asst. Commr. C. D. LaNauze, now police magistrate at Lacombe, Alta.; ex-Supt. G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O.; His Honour Mayor Davison; Police Magistrate D. C. Sinclair; S. J. Patterson, Chief of Calgary City Police; C. A. Brown of the C.P.R. Investigation Department.

The association was well represented by members whose names and regimental numbers (in brackets) are included in the following list: ex-Sgt. Major F. A. Bagley (247); ex-S/Sgts. S. Heap (2116), G. E. Blake (4016), J. H. Reid (6516) and G. O. Reid (5556); ex-Sgts. P. G. Thomas (3185), S. G. Mansfield (4421) and F. A. Olsen (5088); ex-Cpls. R. A. Bell (590), A. C. Bury (4098), J. S. Jarman (4563), R. J. Threadkell (6602) and T. W. Beaver (7328); ex-Csts. J. Moore (1286), J. E. Cullen (1922), D. McCulloch (1969), A. M. Grogan (2073), W. Dean (2288), G. H. Bass (4691), F. E. Shillam (4738), J. Nash (4762), A. P. White (4862) and E. B. Mitchell (7346).

* * *

A Notable Anniversary Passes

The "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" were granted their charter by Charles II on May 2, 1670, and thus, this spring, the Hudson's Bay Co. celebrated its 275th anniversary.

To mark the occasion the company's

excellent magazine, *The Beaver*, of June, a handsome commemorative issue, reproduced in facsimile part of the original charter which, presented to "Our Deare and Entirely Beloved Cousin Prince Rupert", bestowed on the company the sole rights, in perpetuity, of trade and commerce over "all those Seas Streights Bayes Rivers Lakes Creekes and Soundes in whatsoever Latitude they shall bee that lye within the entrance of the Streights commonly called Hudsons Streights together with all the Landes Countreyes and Territoryes upon the Coastes and Confynes of the Seas Streights Bayes" etc., and empowered it to send "Shippes of Warre Men or Ammunition unto any their Plantacions fortes ffactoryes or Places of Trade" and to erect "Castles ffortificacions fortes Garrisons Colonyes . . .", to enforce its monopoly.

Overcoming many formidable barriers, the company carried on a lucrative trade with the Indians from far and near. After the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 it held unchallenged sway until the latter part of the 18th century when the Canadian North-west Co. appeared as competitors. Natural differences brought hostility and a period of bitter rivalry that led to bloodshed at Seven Oakes in 1816. The legality of its chartered claims in doubt, the Hudson's Bay Co. now clung to its tenure precariously, and both enterprises suffered heavily from the feuds that arose. However, in 1821 the North-west Co. lost its identity through merger with the Hudson's Bay Co., though the disputes between the two didn't die out entirely until the Deed Poll of 1871. But with the coalition the Hudson's Bay Co. once more reigned supreme, its jurisdiction this time over the whole of British North America.

The record reveals that it lived up to its motto of *pro pelle cutem* and for the most part treated the Indians fairly—on more than one occasion, indeed, the latter would have starved but for the benevolence of the company officials. Many of the company's hardy Scotch factors married into the tribes and, though their influence for good was potent, the extent of their holdings made it uncertain and lawlessness was rampant.

The company's regime may be said to have served well while the territory was peopled only by roving bands of Indians

and it saved the none-too-affluent government of the day the cost of administering the country. But, with the influx of white settlers, Canada was in danger of losing sovereignty by shirking an owner's responsibilities, and there were those who pressed for a new order. Notable among these was Edward Ellice, one of the signatories of the "deed of co-partnership" between the company and the Nor'westers, who in the middle of the 19th century urged that the government take over the vast region of the North-west and "maintain a good police".

With the passing of the British North America Act in 1867, Canada's immediate duty was to acquire Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory as a step toward enlarging confederation. The Rupert's Land Act, 1868, authorized the surrender of Rupert's Land to the Crown, and in November of the next year a deed of surrender was tendered; it was accepted on June 22, 1870, and the actual transfer to Canada took place on July 15.

About this time vigorous complaints were being received regarding the debauchment of Indians by whisky traders, and the need of a paternal hand to protect these wards from such ravages became more apparent to the government after the company relinquished title to the land.

Then in 1873 the North-west Mounted Police was formed to establish law and order in the vast prairie regions, and, as police work is closely associated with trade and commerce, the activities of the Force and of the company have since led to a variety of happy inter-relations. Though much of the influence of each organization is today centred in populated areas where the company maintains modern wholesale and retail stores, both still work side by side in one of the last geographic frontiers—Canada's North.

Down through the 275 years of its existence the company has contributed largely to Canada's expansion, has made important concessions to business leadership here and in the United Kingdom, and has strengthened the bond between us and the mother country. In a spirit of adventure it has built up a mighty and lasting edifice, and the courage, endurance and great traditions that spring from its historic background guarantee that it will long continue its steady progress with the times.

Book Reviews

BOYS IN MEN'S SHOES, by Harry E. Burroughs. With an introduction by Sheldon Glueck. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 370 & xv. \$4.

This is an account, largely by the "case method", of the work done by the Burroughs Newsboys Foundation in Boston and the Foundation's Agassiz Village in Maine. The founder tells his story straightforwardly, without sentimentality or attempt at self-glorification, and his success makes it evident that he has brought to his chosen work a rare gift for the handling of "difficult" boys. "I was that boy" is his guiding principle, and it is an indication of the broad sympathy and tolerance of his approach to his problems. The analysis of his methods, which the reader gets both from him and the writer of the introduction, makes it appear that his ideas are eminently sound—there is much evidence that they have proved themselves to be so in the working-out. It is impossible to reduce his methods to a formula, even if it were desirable. As near as one can come to it is to say that he believes that a boy will respond favourably to opportunity and responsibility and should be given both. In the concluding chapter the author presents what he calls his "credo". It is well worth study by anyone who is called upon to deal with juveniles or adolescents, either before or after they have become transgressors.

J.C.M.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ELECTRONICS, by Ralph G. Hudson. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 94 & vii. \$4.

"Electronics is that branch of science which describes the properties and control of electrons and other rudimentary particles which, in correlation with energy, constitute matter." It was Hendrik Willem Van Loon who observed that man is in the centre of the universe, with an infinity above him and an infinity beneath him. The science of electronics brings home the truth of that remark; indeed, the layman is apt to approach its wonders—radar and the electric eye, for example—as if they were altogether supernatural. But the author of this book makes no concession to that attitude, except perhaps when, speaking

of the transmutation of the elements, he says that "Electronics comes to the aid of alchemy". Already, on a small scale, mercury has been transmuted to an unstable gold, and it would be possible, he says, but unprofitable to transmute platinum to gold. However, the science is endlessly practical in its application. "Manufactured articles without a proper wrapping or label, or defective in shape or color, may be discarded from a belt conveyor. Vegetables, fruits and nuts may be graded and sorted as to color, shape, or size." In medicine, "It (a high-frequency current) induces other secondary currents in the body which will produce under accurate control the proper degree of internal heating. This treatment is called 'Diathermy' and has had many successful applications." In another field "Phototubes will detect and trip criminals"—and it would seem too that the electron microscope should be of great assistance to the detective. When he concludes by saying that "Electronics is not a realm of science which will bring comfort and pleasure to a few . . . electrons are the faithful and happy slaves of every man", he is summing up what he has made to appear as abundantly true.

In view of the advent of the atomic bomb we may well pray that his statement is something more than a pious hope, for this new and terrible weapon, potentially at least, carries the science of electronics to its ultimate conclusion on its destructive side. Mankind is fortunate that it has another side.

It is to be observed that the author, who is Professor of Electrical Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is not writing "popular" science. The book is exactly what its title says, a technical book, but not so technical as to be beyond the grasp of the uninitiate, provided he heeds the cautionary notes in the preface.

J.C.M.

ARCTIC MANUAL, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. 556 pp. with index. Illustrated. \$3.50.

Here is a book which has taken a lifetime of practical experience and research to produce. All the skills of life and travel in

the Arctic are comprehensively condensed into this interesting text-book, without omissions. There is little on the subject of the Arctic with which Dr. Stefansson is not personally familiar, yet, since his epic Canadian Arctic expeditions, he has spent all his time studying the science of living in the Arctic. As a result, it is undoubtedly a fact that no other explorer-writer is so well qualified to write this manual.

One of his most valuable chapters deals with the building of an igloo; it is clearly written and well illustrated. Very few white men can build a good igloo in the Arctic where conditions are most favourable, yet in the mountains of Colorado, at Camp Hale, Dr. Stefansson built one and demonstrated step by step how it was done.

Arctic Manual is a book which could be studied with profit by anyone contemplating an excursion of any extent into the Arctic regions. H.W.S.

CHECKMATE IN THE NORTH. The Axis planned to invade America. By W. G. Carr, Lt. Cmdr., R.C.N.R. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. 304 pp. Illustrated. \$3.50.

This is an outstanding book by an author whose half-dozen books on submarine warfare have already stirred interest in the reading world. Mr. Carr, following several adventurous years as master mariner, settled in Toronto where he remained until War II demanded his services as senior naval officer at Goose Bay, Labrador. There he gathered first-hand information which is here given us to read.

The narrative opens with a sketchy reference to the part played by the R.C.M.P. when they cooperated with the F.B.I. and British Intelligence Service in "the frustration of the Nazi plan". The Force . . . "contributed their share of valuable information gained while covering thousands of miles of Arctic patrols". Many incidents are interestingly described: Eric Fry's discovery of the location for "the greatest airport and aerial-defence project the world has ever known"; Bill Durell's part as general superintendent of the project; Al Cheesman's adventures as a salvage pilot.

The book, a veritable store house of breath-taking occurrences, contains a wealth of data and practical advice for bush pilots and survey engineers. Y.L.T.



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Obituary

- Reg. No. 11847, ex-Cst. Clifton Llewellyn Andrew, 34, killed in flying accident at Kavanagh, Alta., Sept. 6, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2454, ex-Cpl. George Henry Bailey, 72, died at Vancouver, B.C., June 4, 1944.
- Reg. No. 11661, Cst. Parry Raymond Baker, 47, died at Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 25, 1944.
- Reg. No. 1206, ex-Sgt. Henry Banham, 82, died at Vancouver, B.C., July 26, 1945.
- Reg. No. 3282, ex-Cst. Heber Reginald Bishop, 67, died at Digby, N.S., Dec. 31, 1943.
- Reg. No. 12965, Cst. Gordon Ewan Bondurant, 34, died of wounds received on active service in Italy, Jan. 8, 1944.
- Reg. No. 3919, ex-Cst. William Bookless, 66, died at Nisbet, Alta., July 12, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2357, ex-Sgt. Major William Joseph Bowdridge, 77, died at Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 10, 1943.
- Reg. No. 3124, ex-Cst. Patrick Burke, 67, died at Victoria, B.C., Feb. 14, 1944.
- Reg. No. 8438, ex-Cst. Francis Philip Byrne, 45, died at Calgary, Alta., June 5, 1945.
- Reg. No. 11401, Cpl. Louis Charles Arthur Cahill, 44, died at Hemmingford, P.Q., Apr. 19, 1944.
- Reg. No. 4970, ex-Sgt. Alfred John Calow, 70, died at Stettler, Alta., June 8, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12856, Cst. Edison Alexander Cameron, 26, killed on active service in Italy, Dec. 28, 1943.
- Reg. No. 802, ex-Cpl. Wilfred Cookson, 82, died at Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 19, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12543, ex-Cst. Miles Alexander Cotton, 28, killed on active service in Italy, January, 1944.
- Reg. No. 10255, Sgt. Robert Middleton Crowe, 42, died at Waskesiu, Sask., July 29, 1945.
- Reg. No. 11885, ex-Oiler (R.C.M.P. Marine Section) William John Curtis, 35, killed in flying accident at Coal Harbour, B.C., July 18, 1944.
- Reg. No. 13678, Cst. Kenneth Laurence d'Albenas, 27, killed on active service in Italy, May 15, 1944.
- Reg. No. 11485, ex-Cst. Robert Earl DeBow, 55, died at Moncton, N.B., Aug. 15, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12451, ex-Cst. Jean Paul Joseph Desloges, 31, killed on active service at Rabat, French Morocco, Africa, May 8, 1944.
- Reg. No. 5023, ex-Cst. William Stanley Dignam, 57, died at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 15, 1944.
- Reg. No. 9123, ex-A/L/Cpl. John Doherty, 49, died at Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 31, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2522, ex-Cst. John Peter Duggan, 74, died at Edmonton, Alta., May 26, 1945.
- Reg. No. 1074, ex-Cst. Cyril John Eales, 82, died at Vancouver, B.C., May 14, 1945.
- Reg. No. 12626, ex-Cst. Herbert Clarence Duff Ellis, 33, killed on active service, London, Eng., March, 1944.
- Reg. No. 11188, ex-Cst. Thomas Enright, 58, died at Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 1, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12964, ex-Cst. John Ernest Freeman, 35, died on active service in England, Dec. 2, 1944.
- Reg. No. 8077, Sgt. Joseph William Furlong, 45, died at Montreal, P.Q., July 26, 1944.
- Reg. No. 11984, ex-Cpl. Yves Girard, 32, killed in a flying accident near Mount Pleasant, P.E.I., Oct. 25, 1944.
- Reg. No. 9102, S/Sgt. James Delmar Graham, 48, died at Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 12, 1943.
- Reg. No. 11494, Cpl. William James Hardy, 39, died at Winnipeg, Man., Mar. 5, 1944.
- Reg. No. 13825, ex-Cst. John Henry Kay, 26, killed when his plane crashed over England after completing a mission over Germany, Apr. 21, 1945.
- Reg. No. 356, ex-Sgt. Thomas Bernard Lauder, 87, died at Vancouver, B.C., Mar. 3, 1945.
- Reg. No. 2578, ex-Cpl. Arthur Charles Lindsay, 74, died at Halifax, N.S., Dec. 10, 1944.
- Reg. No. 13023, ex-Tptry. Charles Henry Oswald Lloyd, 23, died on active service, Western Front, Apr. 6, 1945.
- Reg. No. 3890, ex-Cst. John Joseph Mahony, 64, died at Calgary, Alta., Apr. 24, 1944.
- Reg. No. 1470, ex-Cst. James Marshall, 81, died at Regina, Sask., in October, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2886, ex-S/Sgt. John Maylor, 76, died at Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 16, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2004, ex-Cst. David Mayne, 76, died at Calgary, Alta., Oct. 16, 1944.

- Reg. No. 3305, ex-Cst. George Eldon McElroy, 67, died at Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 10, 1945.
- Reg. No. 10158, Cst. Mathew Patrick McGrath, 54, died at Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 29, 1944.
- Reg. No. 13157, Cst. David Charles Gardner Moon, 26, died of wounds received on active service in Italy, Dec. 28, 1943.
- Reg. No. 10506, ex-Cst. Agnas Reginald Morin, 43, died at Ottawa, Ont., July 7, 1945.
- Reg. No. 12398, Cst. John Francis Joseph Nelson, 33, killed on active service in Italy, May 22, 1944.
- Reg. No. 1291, ex-Cst. John Nicholson, 82, died at Moon Lake, Alta., June 22, 1944.
- Reg. No. 1709, ex-S/Sgt. John Daniel Nicholson, 82, died at Victoria, B.C., May 10, 1945.
- Reg. No. 5310, ex-Cpl. John Outtersen, 67, died at Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 14, 1943.
- Ex-Insp. William Parker, 91, died at Medicine Hat, Alta., May 16, 1945.
- Reg. No. 9760, ex-Cst. Herbert William John Paterson, 42, killed on active service in Italy, Sept. 18, 1944.
- Reg. No. 9130, Cst. Peter Enok Peterson, 62, died at Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 11, 1945.
- Reg. No. 1294, ex-S/Sgt. William Whilding Phillips, 77, died at Weyburn, Sask., Aug. 12, 1944.
- Reg. No. 2973, ex-Cst. Arthur Pinkerton, 73, died at Victoria, B.C., Dec. 10, 1943.
- Reg. No. 2702, ex-Cst. James Albert Pringle, 75, died at Dalton Post, Y.T., July 15, 1945.
- Reg. No. 7993, ex-Cst. Henry Ralston, 46, died at Guelph, Ont., Sept. 30, 1944.
- Reg. No. 6700, ex-Cpl. Lawrence Lister Richardson, 48, died at Frankford, Ont., Nov. 27, 1943.
- Reg. No. 9765, ex-Cst. Stuart Miller Robertson, 58, died at Toronto, Ont., Dec. 23, 1944.
- Reg. No. 906, ex-S/Sgt. Adam Robinson, 84, died at Regina, Sask., Feb. 26, 1944.
- Reg. No. 3891, ex-Cst. David Sylvester, 62, died at Bowmanville, Ont., May 18, 1944.
- Reg. No. 769, ex-Cst. Percy William Simons, 81, died at Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 1, 1943.
- Reg. No. 1309, ex-Cst. Alfred Smith, 84, died at Hamilton, Ont., June 26, 1945.
- Reg. No. 3926, ex-Cst. Clifford Smith, 64, died at Vancouver, B.C., Apr. 21, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12151, ex-Second Officer Frank Edgar Smith, 59, died at Yarmouth, N.S., Dec. 23, 1943.
- Reg. No. 1596, ex-Cst. James Frederick Smith, 80, died at Leask, Sask., Mar. 11, 1944.
- Reg. No. 866, ex-Cpl. William Walter Smith, 80, died at Ferintosh, Alta., Nov. 2, 1944.
- Reg. No. 877, ex-Cst. Ernest Snell, 79, died at St. Boniface, Man., Nov. 9, 1944.
- Reg. No. 12108, Cst. Donald Gilbert Stackhouse, 31, killed on active service in Italy, May 31, 1944.
- Reg. No. 4173, ex-Cst. Andrew Stothert, 67, died at Edmonton, Alta., May, 1945.
- Reg. No. 1747, ex-Cst. Charles Augustus Tasker, 80, died at Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 14, 1944.
- Reg. No. 5478, Cpl. Samuel Taylor, 58, died at Halifax, N.S., Jan. 24, 1945.
- Reg. No. 11455, Sgt. Dugald Hamilton Adair Tozier, 56, died at St. John, N.B., Feb. 23, 1944.
- Reg. No. 11417, Cst. Michael Davitt Tracey, 61, died at Montreal, P.Q., Nov. 27, 1943.
- Reg. No. 12247, ex-Wireless Operator (R.C.M.P. Marine Section) Herbert Nelson Walker, 38, accidentally killed at Resolution Island, N.W.T., in September, 1944.
- Reg. No. 1323, ex-Cst. Alfred Wathen, 80, died at Okotoks, Alta., Dec. 20, 1943.
- Reg. No. 13064, Cst. Terence Graham Newcomen Watts, 26, killed in action in Italy, Dec. 28, 1943.
- Reg. No. 13855, ex-Sub-Cst. Harold Chester Wetherup, 23, died on active service in Holland, Nov. 7, 1944.
- Reg. No. 9386, ex-Cst. Harry Wells, 55, died at Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 9, 1945.
- Reg. No. 1577, ex-Sgt. Charles Arthur William Whitehead, 79, died at Vancouver, B.C., May 30, 1944.
- Reg. No. 14086, ex-Cst. Kenneth Frank Whitehouse, 25, killed in flying accident in England, March, 1945.
- Reg. No. 578, ex-Cst. Robert Nathaniel Wilson, 81, died at Standoff, Alta., June 22, 1944.
- Insp. Robert Michael Wood, 43, died at Edmonton, Alta., Jan. 1, 1945.



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