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ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



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ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY

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On Tour

Our cover picture on this issue shows Commissioner Nicholson—attended by Supt. C. N. K. Kirk, O.C. “N” Division and S/Sgt. C. W. Anderson, Riding Instructor—inspecting the Musical Ride which left Ottawa a few days ago for Portland, Ore., Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal. Previous appearances were at Ottawa, Belleville and the Toronto Exhibition and the “Ride” will wind up its tour at the latter city with a week at the Royal Winter Fair.

After several months of intensive training the Musical Ride’s enthusiastic reception by Canadian audiences augurs well for the success of the displays to be put on in the American cities. In a future issue *The Quarterly* hopes to record some of the highlights of the mounted squad’s visit to the United States.

* * *

A little over a month ago the RCMP Band (Ottawa) concluded a tour of Canada’s Eastern Provinces. Travelling more than 5,000 miles in 29 days by bus and aircraft, the Band played a total of 60 engagements at various points in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. Judging by the reception accorded the musicians everywhere, the tour was a distinct success.

It had been hoped to include an article on the Band Tour in this issue of *The Quarterly*, but the demands of deadlines necessitated holding the story until later. ●●●



Part of
Sergeant
England's
collection.

Top—From
Germany.

Bottom—
Canada and
a few from the
United States.

By Cst. C. R. STANLEY

Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary

“The fruit of toil is the sweetest of pleasures.”

Vauvenargues.
Reflections No. 200.

COLLECTING is an Art which implies a capacity for organization, persistence, and a wise utility of spare moments. The great collector is a man who sees in advance what objects in each age deserve to be rescued from decay, and ex-Inspr. Harry Grimshaw, Manchester City Police, and Sgt. Alf England, Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary, are two men who have

had the foresight and great patience to develop a specialized interest in this direction which has resulted in two separate and distinct world-wide collections of constabulary helmet, cap and collar badge insignia.

Both these unusual collections are of high standard of achievement and contain badges of many lands, differing from each other in form, color and

definition. Some are almost classic in design, some are used for effect with a solid color, others are ornate and ugly, but all are symbolic of law and order. Advertisement, hard bargaining, disappointment, achievement, mutual exchange: all are represented in these two glittering arrays of remarkable police badge specimens, the very multiplicity of which is overwhelming. The chief failure so far has been with the Iron Curtain countries: letters of inquiry are often ignored and many are returned marked, "unaccepted", but apart from this set-back police badges of every conceivable kind from remote parts of the world are gradually finding their way into the hands of one or other of these ardent collectors.

In the front room of Mr. Grimshaw's house at 8 Hoscar Drive, Burnage, Manchester 19, is a display board which sparkles with 400 police badges of all shapes and sizes—and that's just a sample of his total collection of 1,700. There is a complete set (in pairs) of collar badges of the Austrian Police ranging from police probationer to Police General. Three hundred badges are from the American police forces whose officers wear parti-colored shirts or windbreakers with the name of the force embroidered on the shoulders, the universal badge of office being the gold or silver shield engraved with the name of the force and the office held by the wearer. Mr. Grimshaw's Pan-American collection includes numerous badges of this kind including

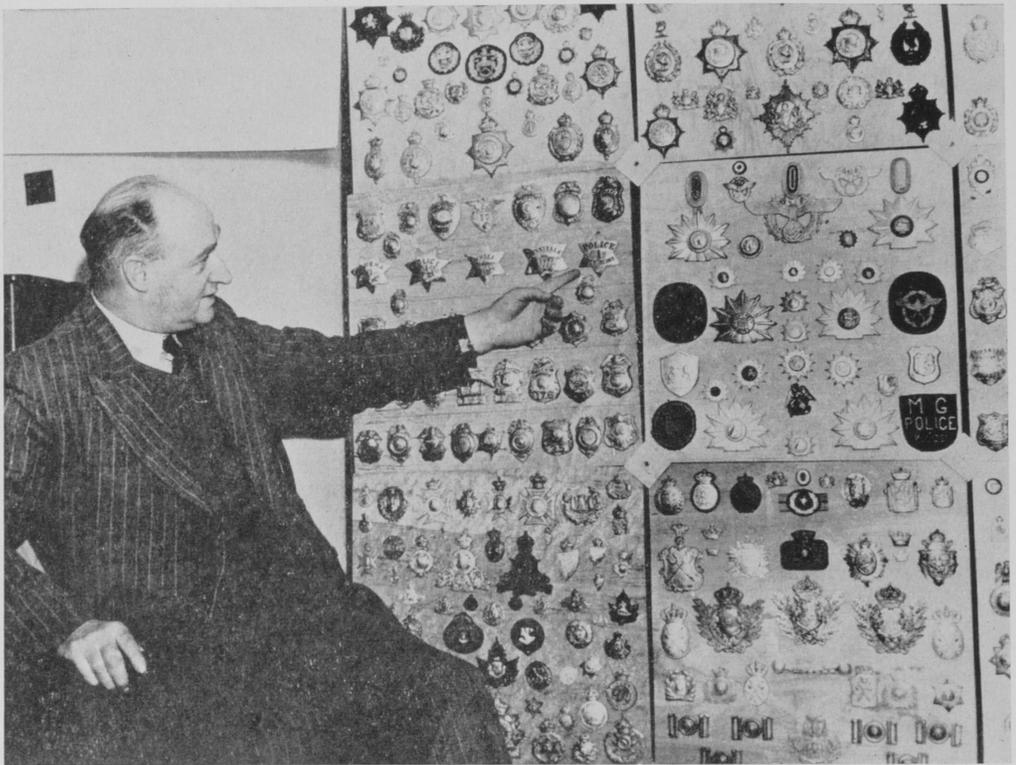
10 American State Chiefs'—not to mention others from such faraway places as Kalamazoo, Winnemucca and Walla-Walla—30 from American railway police forces and one from Illinois State Police which bears the unmistakable and tell-tale dent of a revolver bullet. There are badges worn by Marshals, Deputy Marshals, Sheriffs, Deputy Sheriffs, and one from one of the smallest of American police forces, the City of Plymouth (Michigan), which boasts a force of nine men and two women to look after its 6,650 citizens. Among eight which Mr. Grimshaw has received from Media (Pennsylvania) are three which were worn on the helmet back in the '80's and a breast shield worn in 1874. When he heard that Newfoundland was to be policed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Mr. Grimshaw wrote at once and received a badge from one of the Rangers there.

This remarkable and dazzling gallery of police symbols includes insignia from such widely scattered places as the Jewish Republic of Israel, Sarawak, Jamaica, the Ascension Isles and from unsettled, bandit-ridden Malaya. His United Kingdom collection alone totals 1,000 silver, nickel, chromium-plated and black-enamelled badges of all sizes, designs and styles and has the distinction of containing some of the rarer specimens associated with constabularies long since absorbed by their larger neighbors.

Every badge, every design, has its own tale to tell.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

This is the third article by Constable Stanley to appear in *The Quarterly*. He commenced his police career in 1936 with the Burnley Borough Police (Lancashire), in 1937 served with the Palestine Police and joined the Leicestershire Constabulary at the close of 1937. From 1939 to 1945 he served as a Warrant Officer Quartermaster of a Field Regiment of Artillery in North Africa, Italy, Greece and Austria. After demobilization he resumed his police career and has been attached to the Leicestershire and Rutland Constabulary Headquarters since January 1951. Constable Stanley edits the Chief Constable's Annual Report for his force as well as a monthly Bulletin. He recently compiled a 45,000 word history of the former Leicestershire Constabulary covering the period 1839-1876 and is at present busy with the second phase 1876-1889.



Ex-Inspector Grimshaw's collection of international insignia. He is seen pointing to his Pan-American set.

Not very long ago a badge sent by the obliging Police Chief of Rocky Mount (North Carolina, U.S.A.) bore the number 13. With it was a message saying that it had been worn by the present Chief Officer and two others when they were pounding the beat as patrolmen. None of them had ever come to any harm and the sender hoped the recipient's luck would hold in the same way.

Every man on the Island of Pitcairn in the south Pacific is a policeman in the absence of an official force. Each able-bodied man takes a turn in preserving law and order. After 12 months on duty, he hands over to the next man. That's what was found recently when one of Mr. Grimshaw's friends wrote to the Island to ask if he could have one of the badges worn by the police there. He got a letter back from the Island's nurse,

wife of the man on duty at the time. As I write I am reminded that this tiny island—its area is only two square miles—is occupied by descendants of the mutineers of H.M.S. *Bounty* (1790) and was annexed by Great Britain in 1839.

Reminiscent of Ripley's "Believe It or Not" series, the strangest story of all began three years ago when Mr. Grimshaw received from a fellow collector in Durban, South Africa, a strange circular badge bearing a kind of reversed cypher used as a central device, which the sender could not identify. Mr. Grimshaw was equally perplexed and sent it across the world to another collector in Australia for identification, with instructions to retain if unsuccessful. A few months ago a small package from a Canadian collector was delivered at Mr. Grimshaw's home enclosing the very same badge sent to Australia. But this time the mys-

tery of the strange badge was solved; it was a Zanzibar Police Badge and the puzzling cypher was that of the Sultan.*

The extreme interest shown by police visitors and the public in collections of police insignia was most evident in the autumn of 1950 when Sergeant England's impressively-arranged assemblage formed part of a Crime Prevention Exhibition sponsored by the Home Office, which toured the principal localities of Leicestershire. Their popularity as an exhibit was reflected in the subsequent loaning, subject to insurance-cover arrangements, to the Chief Constables of Northampton and Kingston-upon-Hull. And more recently, on their attractive display in a series of specially prepared green baize show-cases, to the Chief Constables of No. 4 District on the occasion of one of their periodical conferences held in April 1952 at Beaumont House, Oadby, near Leicester. This conference coincided with a Senior Officers' Course organized by the Chief Constable of Leicestershire and Rutland, John Taylor, Esq., MBE.

Some of the finest of Sergeant England's praiseworthy collection of 750 badges are undoubtedly those from the German cities and districts of Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Westphalia and Schleswig-Holstein—to mention but a few—whose bold Germanic emblems cannot fail to impress even the most indifferent viewer. A number of badges have been supplied through the courtesy of the German Police Chiefs in the British Occupied Zone, each badge bearing the crest of the region concerned. To enhance this fascinating post-war Teuton collection there are silver braid epaulettes resplendent with artistic crests and ashen-gray cap cords from the British Occupied Zone of Berlin, all exquisitely mounted on German field-gray cloth. Grouped with them are representative badges from the British Control Commission, the

Special Police Corps and the now defunct Nazi Organization of the German Military Police bearing the German spread-eagle grasping in its talons the sinister swastika.

Less flamboyant, but equally impressive, are badges from the Dominion of Canada, neatly positioned around the shaded gold-colored emblem of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. "The Mounties" incidentally are the direct descendants of the famous North-West Mounted Police who were established in 1873 when the authority of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company was transferred to the Crown. In 1919 the field of operations of the NWMP was extended to cover the whole of Canada and in 1920 the title of the Force was changed to that of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the headquarters transferred from Regina to Ottawa. Representative badges from the Province of Manitoba, the Game Department of British Columbia, the Canadian National Railway

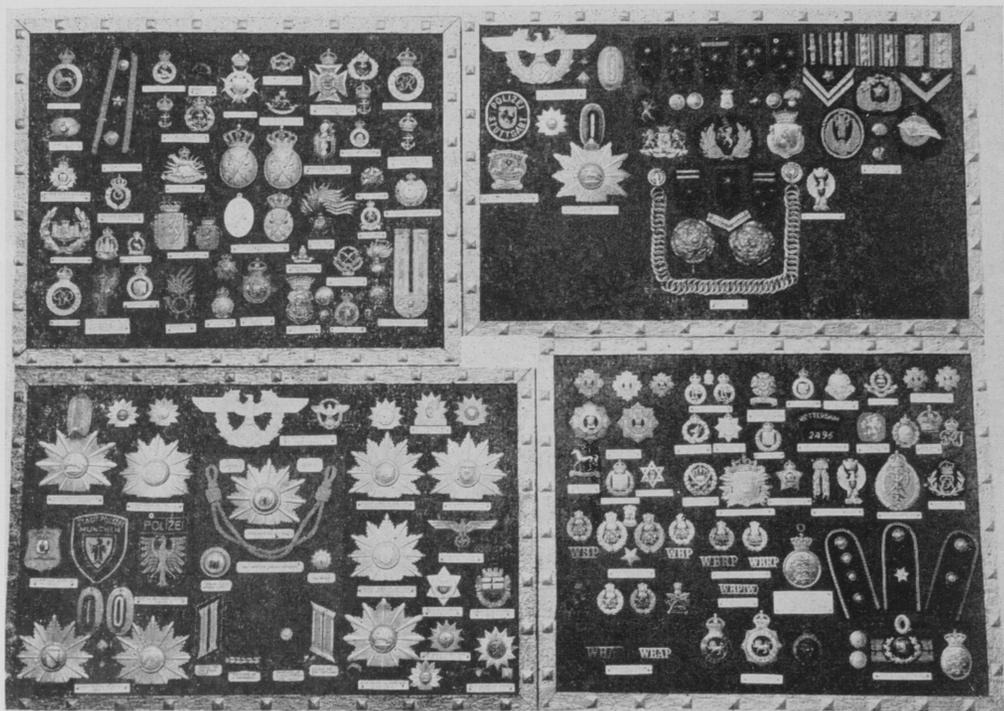
*Canada's
First Bank*

"MY BANK"
TO A MILLION CANADIANS
B of M

**BANK OF
MONTREAL**

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN
EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

*In the 19th century the Island of Zanzibar (25 miles off the East Coast of Africa) was an Arab State under a Sultan. In 1890 it was declared a British Protectorate but the Sultan retained his position on the Island. The Government is administered by a Resident.



A close-up of some of Sergeant England's badges.

Police, the large manufacturing cities of Toronto, Winnipeg, Quebec, Vancouver, London (Ontario) and the great seaport of Halifax, Nova Scotia, all combine to create charm and attraction.

Sergeant England's collection of helmet plates, cap and collar badges from forces at home is worthy of mention, for excluding those of the many countries and boroughs, there are some striking specimens from Guernsey, the second largest of the Channel Isles, the four former Railway Companies' Police, the Isle of Man, the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and an imposing array of Service Police badges, particularly the globe and laurel badge of the Royal Marine Police and the fowl anchor of the Admiralty Police. Even the badges of such private police forces as the Nuffield Security Police, the Wolseley Motor Organization, and the De Havilland Aircraft Corporation are included.

Many of the British badges, while doubtless of local designing, are of great

historical and heraldic interest. A former badge of the Kinross-shire Constabulary, for example, depicts Loch Leven Castle where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned during an invasion of Scotland by the English (1568). The castle is built on a small island in Loch Leven. Her followers were able to obtain possession of the castle keys and she was able to escape. The keys are alleged to have been dropped into the Loch but were later recovered and are now in Kinross Museum. Argyllshire's badge shows a boar's head, the family crest of the Campbell family, an Argyll clan, the head of which is the Duke of Argyll.

Symbolic of the splendor of the Orient is a complete set—13 in all—of cap and shoulder insignia (of all ranks from Chief Officer downwards) lush in bright golden yellow braid richly embroidered with gold sequins upon striking backgrounds of peacock-blue and black fabrics, a recent acquisition from the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of Japan.

More interesting to others perhaps, are the shaded gold emblems of the Danish, Swedish and Dutch Police. All surmounted by a Royal crown and of a dull gold color, they create an effect of great richness. In sharp contrast there is the plain silver-colored Pontifical badge of the Vatican State Police, Rome, graciously supplied on the direction of His Holiness Pope Pius the 12th.

And as I take a last look at this colorful display of ornamentation, the richly colored badges of Glubb Pasha's Arab Legion, Republican Turkey, the Icelandic Police, the National Gendarmerie of Paris, the Italian State Police and New

Zealand take my eye. Color and sparkle abound. Soft creamy white, emerald green, peacock-blue, rich gold and glowing vermilion appear before me and I am reminded of the light and brilliance of a bouquet of fresh flowers. For, like flowers, this impressive array of international police insignia harmonizes happily with its surroundings.

Finally, a word on behalf of both assiduous collectors. No doubt there are many badges or emblems lying discarded and forgotten in places where new insignia has been taken into use during recent years. The collectors cannot be expected to be *au fait* with these changes

A picture taken at Oakham (Rutland) Assizes which were held in Oakham Castle (summer of 1947) after an interval of 20 years. It shows the Court during the reading of the Commission. The Judge of Assize is Mr. Justice Croom Johnson.

Lining the walls of the hall is a remarkable collection of horse-shoes given by the Kings and Queens and by nobles to the lords of the manor of Oakham, who have had the right since ancient times of demanding from every peer of the realm on his first setting foot in the town.

(Reprinted exclusively in *The Quarterly* by permission of the *London Times*.)





The new badge of the Leicestershire & Rutland Constabulary.

The Coat of Arms consists of a gold shield, in the lower part of which is a sprig of oak with acorns, within a black horseshoe; the upper part or "chief" of the shield, which is green, bears a running fox. The horseshoe represents Rutland's traditional history and hunting, as the unique collection of horse-shoes presented by royalty, peers of the realm, and other noblemen passing through the County, which hangs on the walls of the famous Castle Hall at Oakham, the County town, bears silent testimony. Apart from the allusion to the name of the County town, the acorn represents Rutland's former forest land, which in the past covered much of the County, especially on the south side. The fox is symbolic of the long-standing hunting fame which is synonymous with Leicestershire, and the new joint design, recalling these traditions, associates the past with the present. ●●●

but they would be very appreciative of any assistance which could be rendered by people who are aware of the changes.

It is appropriate, I think, to mention at this juncture, that the most recent example of such a change, is that in the writer's own force. Consequent upon the amalgamation of the former Leicestershire and Rutland Constabularies in April 1951, the designing of a new badge became necessary. On Jan. 3, 1952, the Leicestershire and Rutland Combined Police Authority obtained a Grant of Arms from the English Herald's College.

THE following letter, which was sent to the Officer Commanding "C" Division, is from the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes in Montreal. Personnel active in "Youth and Police" activities in Montreal have taken a keen interest in pupils of this school. (See also *RCMP Quarterly*, January 1951, p. 243.)

"Dear Sir:

"Everyone knows First Communion Day is the happiest day in a child's life. . . . Father, brothers, sisters and friends are on hand to meet him and congratulate him. There is a reception at home and all the child's friends are invited.

"The picture is different for the little deaf boy from Fort Chipewyan or the one from Newfoundland. . . . He thought of [those at] home as he bravely followed the other children down the aisle. He was so sure there would be no one at the church door to meet him. His parents lived so far away and after all no one cares but Mother and Dad. As he stepped out of the church door he looked up and saw three members of the RCMP standing before him. They shook hands with him and congratulated him. He was so happy and beamed all over. He felt he belonged. Someone was interested in him. He did have good friends. He was not alone. . . .

"Your men mean so much to those handicapped children. The School recognizes the Christian influence portrayed by the members of the Force in this particular field of work with Youth and is extremely grateful to your men for the great work they are doing with the deaf children at Mackay School."

Northern Service — Family Style

By MRS. VERDA BETTS

The wife of a member of the Force writes of the changes and improvements in family life on detachment in the "new North".

As soon as the male sex see this is written by the wife of a member of the Force they may feel that their territory is being invaded, but actually *The Quarterly* is a popular magazine in our home and is always looked forward to with keen interest. I am sure many wives will join me in words of praise for the editor and staff for a job well done.

Last year, when our application for Northern Service was accepted and we as a family, were to come back north, it came as a great surprise to me to hear so many men say "I wish my wife would consider making a change like that". I have often wondered why more do not avail themselves of this privilege.

It is 14 years since I was carried across the threshold of detachment quarters in the Yukon. Our castle was a log cabin on fabled Lake Bennet. I soon became accustomed to oil lamps, wood stoves and the old water bucket; the word "modern" was not in the northern dictionary of that era. Even then there were memorable experiences and any who have travelled behind the dogs or by canoe, I am sure will agree with me that those were the good old days.

The north in recent years has given way to the comforts and conveniences of city life. The quarters are all well built houses, most of which are fully modern, with electricity available in all. They are all being furnished and those responsible are to be commended on the lovely furnishings that are supplied.

Our two school age children have been receiving an excellent education in good schools which are, in most districts, built

and maintained by the Department of Resources and Development. They have been thrilled by the outdoor life and the sight of many animals—foxes, wolves, buffalo and caribou. They are gaining a first-hand knowledge of our vast country and have followed the courses of great rivers from the air while travelling in comfortable Police aircraft.

For those who patiently await the end of the month the north will help solve your financial problem, as in addition to northern pay, the deductions for quarters and rations are very liberal. Where rations are supplied in kind they are quite plentiful and of the best quality.

It is the only part of Canada that I know of where you can dress warmly and still be in style, as the cold is not the problem one would expect; parka, ski pants and warm foot-gear are the order of the day. The feminine winter wardrobe can be augmented with colorful native handicraft which may even be cherished as souvenirs in later years.

One has time to develop one's own interests, whether it be some particular hobby or just playing bridge. Home life takes on the atmosphere of peace and contentment which means so much in the world of today.

In the spring of the year a memorandum regarding Northern Service will be sent out, as usual, to all personnel and if you should consider this you will come to understand what Robert Service meant when he wrote the lines,

"The freshness, the freedom, the farness.
O God! How I am stuck on it all."



"El Timo del Baul"

By CPL. D. N. CASSIDY

This article is about one of the oldest and most elaborate of swindles; one which yearly claims its quota of victims and illustrates the aptness of the late P. T. Barnum's remark "There's one born every minute".

J. A. MACDONALD, owner of the principal drug store in Centre-ville, Ont., looked quizzically at the letter with the foreign stamp he had just received in the mail. Opening it he began to read, a puzzled expression spreading over his face. At the same time a druggist at Sherbrooke, Que., was receiving a similar letter and a few hours later a druggist at Clinton, B.C., would receive another.

These were not isolated cases but part of a pattern, for within the next few days hundreds of druggists throughout Canada and the United States received letters. The previous year it had been farmers. Next year it might be doctors.*

Each year, without fail, Canada is deluged with similar letters. The recipients are usually of good financial standing. They are the intended victims of one of the oldest confidence games in existence, "El Timo del Baul", or the Old Spanish Trunk Swindle.

The swindle operates from Mexico City, Mexico, where it has been known

**Editor's Note:* The author, who is NCO in charge of the Crime Index Section of the Identification Branch at RCMP Headquarters, Ottawa, reports that since this article was prepared the swindlers have anticipated his predictions by several months—Canadian doctors have already received letters similar to those dispatched earlier to farmers and druggists.

since the year 1922. It has been operating in Spain since 1897. The principals are Spaniards, Central and South Americans; some speak and translate English, as the majority of their victims are from North America. To carry out their fraud, the gang, about 30 in number, obtain telephone and commercial directories, preferred lists and mailing lists. From these they select persons who, in their opinion, enjoy a good financial position. Once the list is prepared they send out hundreds of the following letter seeking potential suckers:

"Mexico, F.D., 7th April 1951.

"Dear Sir:

"I know a person who knows you and who speaks well of you. After being advised of this, I wish to tell you of a very delicate matter which has happened to me, and on which the happiness of my beloved daughter, who is very fair depends.

"I am in jail, sentenced for the theft of a parcel, and I have been told that you could help me to get out of this jam. Indeed I have the amount of \$450,000 in bank-notes which I am keeping in a suitcase which is deposited in a place in North America.

"I wish to urge you to come to this city, I paying the expenses of the journey including those of my trial and the seizure of my luggage in which I have the receipt for my

suit-case. If you accept, I will give you the third part of what I have told you.

"If you take this matter up, I promise to make you rich, very rich. I will not write my name until I receive a reply and your interest in this matter which is a secret.

"I shall have to sign 'L' all the time, as you will understand that I can not be very expansive with you at present. If you reply, do so by air mail or cable, and with great discretion.

"Reply care of one of my good friends, as he has promised to hand over the correspondence to me. His address is as follows: Felipe Arteaga, Calle Dr. Liceaga No. 96, Janitor's Office, Porteria, Mexico, F.D. and in this way our letters will pass back and forth in future."

If the victim is interested and replies asking for more details, the swindlers send him a second letter:

"Dear Sir:

"I have received your reply and thank you very much for writing me. As you will see, the person in whom I trusted, who will be our intermediary in this matter and who is very loyal to me, is a Guard of this jail. Fearing that my first letter had gone astray, I had the name of the brother of the Guard telegraphed to you; I did not want you to know the name of this person before being sure that my letter had arrived at its destination, and for that reason I did not give any personal details about him, nor my own name.

"Here is the matter in question:

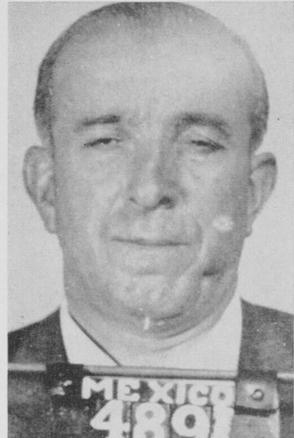
"I established myself in this city as a banker and after several very bad periods, I found myself on the verge of being arrested for fraudulent bankruptcy, and saw that I would have to flee. Then I disposed of all my property, changed this money into American money, which made up a total of \$450,000, which I put in the bottom of a trunk which I had made especially for this purpose, and accompanied by my daughter I left for the United States, with the intention of obtaining some protection and establishing myself anew. I found myself obliged to take the first steamer leaving Veracruz, whose course unfortunately led to Tampico where, on disembarking we immediately took the train which left for the United States. Previous

**Four known exponents
of the Spanish trunk
swindle:**

**Antonio Martinez
Garcia with aliases
Jose Buendia,
El Enterrador
(The Grave Digger)
—Mexican.**



**Antonio alias Jesus
Arias Lazamares
alias Lamazares
—Spaniard.**



**Roberto Golder
Maislin alias
Leon Chelman
—Austrian.**



**Ernesto Zepeda Ruiz
with aliases Jose
Lavalle, Arturo Ruiz,
Enrique Zepeda Ruiz,
Santos Ventura,
Dionisio Sanchez
(Old Man Arias)
—Spaniard.**



Fué capturado el conocido Financiero Albert L. Martin Presunto Respon- sable de cuantiosa quiebra

La Policía Metropolitana acaba de obtener un sonado triunfo con la detención del Banquero Albert L. Martin, persona ampliamente conocida en el mundo de las finanzas.

Como recordarán nuestros lectores, hace pocos días dimos la noticia de la desaparición y no concurrencia de dicho Banquero a sus cotidianas actividades.

Averiguaciones posteriores comprueban que el antedicho Banquero se había fugado, dejando un pasivo de más de dos millones de pesos Monetaria Nacional.

Dadas las órdenes oportunas para la busca y captura del fugado Banquero, las autoridades Policiales tuvieron gran éxito en su cometido al aprehender en la mañana de ayer al mencionado hombre de negocios cuando en compañía de su hija, hermosa joven de 18 años de edad, pretendía cruzar la frontera para internarse en territorio Americano.

Cumpliendo inmediatas órdenes superiores, el Agente No 433 señor Manuel Fuentes, trajo a los detenidos en avión a la ciudad de México, presentándolos ante el Jefe de Policía, quien los sometió a un hábil y minucioso interrogatorio sin haber podido obtener ninguna declaración que sirviera para esclarecer dicho affaire; en vista de ello se procedió seguidamente a un prolijo y concienzudo registro personal y de equipajes, sin obtener el éxito que se esperaba, pues no se le halló documento alguno que pudiera comprometerlo; solamente en sus velices fueron hallados objetos de uso personal, como una corbata, artículos de tocador, man-

tas de viaje y algunas alhajas de relativo valor.

Practicadas las primeras diligencias policíacas, fueron remitidos padre e hija a disposición del señor Juez en turno, quien procedió a la incautación y sellado de los velices recogidos por el Jefe de la Policía, ordenando fueran puestos en el depósito de la penitenciaría; el señor Juez dispuso la inmediata libertad de la señorita Martin por no encontrarse cargo contra ella, ordenando se la internase en una Escuela Pública de menores y dictó auto de formal prisión contra el Banquero señor Martin.

La separación de padre e hija fue muy emocionante y conmovedora, desarrollándose una escena de amor filial extremadamente patética.

La noticia de la detención del Banquero corrió por los centros comerciales como reguero de pólvora, dando por resultado la presentación ante el señor Juez de un sinnúmero de acreedores, representados por los señores Abogados Jesús Pérez, Mariano Flores y otros de cuyos nombres no tenemos informes, quienes solicitaron por escrito al señor Juez que con arreglo a la Ley activase los trámites del proceso.

La policía continuará haciendo investigaciones para el total esclarecimiento de esta quiebra; el Juez ha nombrado peritos contadores para la compulsión y revisión de los libros.

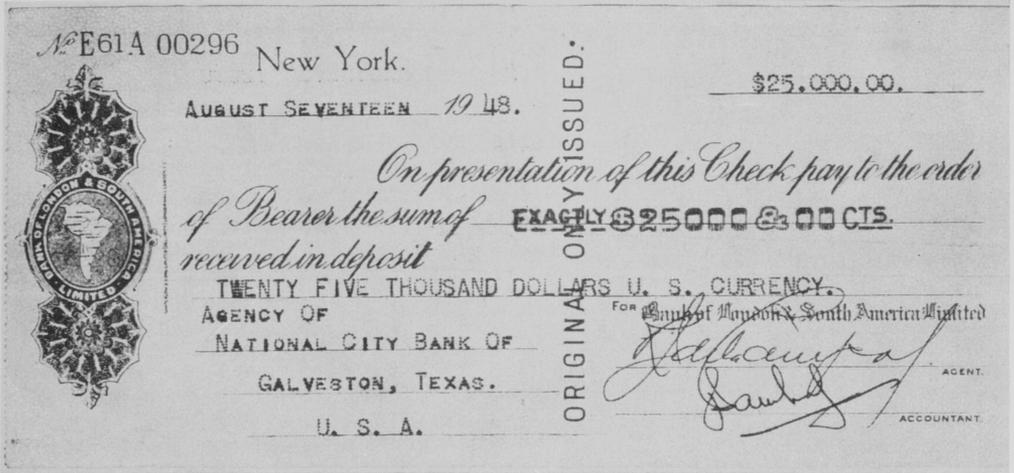
En nuestra edición de mañana ampliaremos detalles de esta escandalosa quiebra.

Part of the clipping reads as follows: "A little time ago the police became aware that a banker named Luis Bermejillo had fled leaving debts of considerable proportions. Having received timely orders to watch the border, the banker, who was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful young girl of 18 years of age, was arrested yesterday; he was recognized and arrested at the moment when he intended to escape to a foreign country.

The banker and his daughter were brought before the authorities and later appeared before a Judge, who ordered the beautiful young girl to be set at liberty immediately and issued a warrant of commitment to jail against the fugitive banker.

the secret was not discovered, and they were then sealed and as I told them that I had no other luggage, and further, when they did not find any luggage check, my trunk continued to its destination, that is, to the border Customs House of the United States, where it will remain until someone arrives to claim it with the corresponding check. I was brought to this city where I was sentenced to three months in prison and a ten thousand dollar fine, as well as having to pay the costs of my trial. To the sentence was added, that if within 45 days the fine were not paid, the articles that had been taken from me and others would be put up for sale, making a total in jewellery of my deceased wife of \$3,525, to cover the cost of my trial. It is therefore of the greatest importance to get my luggage out before the limit expires, because undoubtedly at the sale when the buyers examine the bags minutely and with the greatest care, they will discover the secret, and in that case, the Court will seize the check for the trunk which is at the border of the United States, as well as the cheque in the amount already mentioned, and they will also discover the quantity of money

to this I had sent the trunk by express, to a border city in that country in order to get it out of the Customs as soon as I had established myself, but on my arrival at the border I was identified and arrested by the Mexican Police, which had been advised. I had two suit-cases on the train, one of which had also been made specially, with a secret compartment, wherein I placed a cheque in the amount of \$25,000 payable to the bearer on presentation at a bank in Texas, and which I had not had time to cash, but for more security I got the idea of hiding it. On my arrest my bags were confiscated and registered, but



Photograph of fraudulent cheque for \$25,000 allegedly hidden in suit-case.

in currency which is hidden in the said trunk, thus everything will be lost in this way.

"Things being as they are and I am at present in jail, I must urge you to come to this city for the purpose of cancelling the seizure, enabling us in this way to get back the trunk and to save my sole fortune through which I will obtain my liberty and reimburse in part my creditors. I beg you sincerely to do this, because you will also save the future of my innocent child, my beloved daughter, over whose misfortune I have cried a great deal since we were separated; she is at present in a Public Shelter in the suburbs of this city.

"And now, my dear sir, I must tell you that I have not the honor of knowing you, but as it happens one of my companions in jail (as I told you in my previous letter) is a person from your country, and I asked him to point out to me some honorable and honest man in whom I could confide a family secret (without telling him the secret), and he then gave me your name and address; but he refused to give me his in order not to compromise the good name of his family because of the crime which he had committed, and he is on that account registered under another name, but as soon as you come to this city it will be possible for you to see him and to recognize him immediately. You will undoubtedly be surprised in seeing that I wish to confide in you such a delicate matter, but in view

of the situation in which I find myself, I must disturb you; it is impossible for me to communicate with those who were my friends because now, since the bankruptcy, they have shown themselves to be enemies and further, if I had done that, everything would have been lost, that is why I have confided all this to you, depending on your absolute loyalty and discretion and praying to God that you will save me. . . . I repeat again that I have gained the confidence of one of the Guards and thanks to him, I was able to write to you in this way, all my letters being delivered from the prison safely. Before writing to you, I offered this Guard a reward of \$3,500 to get certain documents out of my luggage which is in the depository of the prison, (although I did not tell him my secret,) by means of which he could obtain money, in this way making it possible for me to send my daughter to the border, and thus everything would have been saved, but the Guard gave me to understand how difficult it would be for him to do this because the luggage referred to was sealed and on that account one would have to break the seal, a job which would be noticed in less than 24 hours, a period during which other employees come in shifts, therefore he would be arrested immediately and everything would be lost. As I was very insistent with the Guard, and he did not wish to lose the reward of \$3,500, he promised to do this, but solely

COPIA

Tribunal de 1ª Instancia de esta Corte de Justicia

EXTRACTO DE SENTENCIA No. 531.

A las 10 Horas del día de hoy, el Tribunal compuesto por los Sres. expresados al margen que integran la sala 3a. de lo penal, se ha constituido en Audiencia para ver y fallar el proceso instruido contra de Vicente Olivier natural de Francia de estado Viudo de 48 años de edad y de profesión Banquero dictando dicho tribunal la sentencia siguiente:

Pte. del Tribunal
Horacio G. Suarez
Magistrados:
Anselmo E. Calderon
Manuel Caballero
Ministerio Público:
Jose de la Garza.

CONSIDERANDO QUE:

Después de haber sido debidamente estudiado el proceso a que se refiere esta causa, y siendo las pruebas claras y terminantes, queda plenamente comprobado que, el acusado Vicente Olivier es culpable del delito de quiebra fraudulenta estimada en la cantidad de:-----\$5,456,382.00 pesos y cuyo delito fué cometido en la Ciudad de Veracruz, Ver., el día 7 de Julio de 1949.-

CONSIDERANDO QUE:

Los antecedentes que obran en el proceso prueban que, el acusado no es reincidente ni ha sido procesado por ningun otro delito.-

CONSIDERANDO QUE: Apreciando en favor del acusado las atenuantes citadas en el anterior considerando es de derecho el aplicarle y se le aplican los artículos 412, 413 y 517 del Código Penal Vigente.-

EN CONSECUENCIA ESTE TRIBUNAL ESTIMA QUE SE DEBE DE CONDENAR Y ORDENA QUE SE CONDENE A Vicente Olivier a la pena de TRES AÑOS DE PRISION y al pago de:-----\$ 60,000.00 pesos de multa y las costas de su proceso que ascienden a la cantidad de:---

22,987.40.

En total, suma a pagar: \$82,987.40. OCHENTA Y DOS MIL NUEVECIENTOS OCHENTA Y SIETE PESOS, CON CUARENTA Y SEIS CENTAVOS, moneda Nacional.-

Y si en el plazo de 40 dias contados desde el pronunciamiento de esta sentencia, cuya fecha se fija al final, el reo no ha hecho efectivo el pago de la cantidad antes señalada, todos los objetos y valores de su propiedad serán vendidos en subasta pública.

Por esta nuestra sentencia, así lo pronunciamos y mandamos se cumpla su exacta ejecución según determina la Ley.

Yo, Sr. Presidente, Mexico, D.F. 16 de enero de 1950
El Secretario,



[Handwritten signatures of the President and Secretary]

Names in accompanying photo of document are different but translation would read in part as follows: "Court of the 1st Instance of this city.—The Court, composed of the Magistrates indicated in the margin, has pronounced the following sentence: —Applying Articles No. 411 and 412 of the Penal Code, the Magistrates Leandro del Valle, Julio Ruis Garza and Daniel Mestre Diaz. —We must condemn and we do condemn Luis Bermejillo Martin, ex-banker, forty eight years of age, widower and a native of Mexico, F.D., to a punishment of three years of jail and a fine of \$107,553 for the crime of fraudulent bankruptcy estimated in the amount of \$1,254,450 committed on the 2nd day of March, 1951. We sentence him as well to pay the costs and expenses of his trial. . . ."

on one condition: THIS BEING THAT THE SEIZURE ON THE LUGGAGE REFERRED TO WERE CANCELLED IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE HAD GOT THE DOCUMENTS and thus, when the other employees of the shift came in, none of them would notice, BUT THE SAID DOCUMENTS WOULD HAVE TO BE HANDED OVER IN EXCHANGE FOR THE SUM FOR THE JUDGE. And under this condition I urge you to come to this city to convince the Guard that you have come to cancel the seizure and then, under my instructions, he will go for the documents which are to be found in an envelope inside a suit-case, which I will point out to you and from which you will obtain the number of the luggage check and the cheque already mentioned from which you will be able to obtain information confirming that such a trunk actually

exists, and once convinced you can go ahead and cancel the seizure and then he will hand you the documents and with these in your hands you can depart for the United States with my daughter for the purpose of getting out the trunk so often referred to, and you will have one-third part, plus the total of the expenses which you may have incurred; then you will go with my daughter to a bank, whose name and address I will give you also, where you will rent a safety deposit box, in the name of my daughter, handing over to her the balance of the money which she will deposit in the said box, less the \$3,500 which will be given to the Guard. I will explain further to you when you arrive. "I regret very much that at present I can not tell you where the trunk is, but you will understand my discretion. Attached to the present I am sending you a

report from a newspaper which speaks about my bankruptcy, as well as another about the decision of my trial and the receipt from the depository. The total required for the cancellation of the seizure of my luggage is \$13,000 (or its equivalent in national currency); as the time limit for the cancellation expires on date specified there is very little time left us to arrange this matter, therefore, I suggest that you bring money in currency and not in cheques, in order to avoid difficulties in establishing your signature. Again I recommend great discretion. From all that I have explained to you, you will see that the case is very simple: you come to this capital, cancel the seizure and leave with my daughter in the first train to the United States and everything will arrange itself without difficulty. I have no more to tell you, but I urge you to come as quickly as possible as I am most impatient to know if I can count on your help.

“I remain

“Yours very gratefully

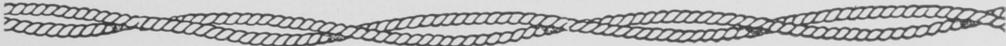
“Luis Bermejillo.

“I omitted to tell you not to forget the documents which I am attaching as they are very necessary for the cancellation of the seizure.

“Instructions for your journey: you will take a train to the border, from where you take passage to this city and once here, you will go to the Hotel whose address I will send you under separate cover, the place to which I will send you more information and where the Guard will meet you.

“I will have a letter handed to you with the necessary instructions about what you have to do and from that moment, the Guard will be completely at your orders.

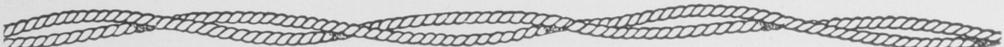
“I also suggest that when you leave your city, you telegraph the Guard, also the day of your arrival at the border, so that he may be prepared and ready for what you know about. Your telegram should read: ‘Leaving for that city’, and addressed to Felipe Arteaga, Calle Dr. Liceaga No. 96, Janitor’s Office, Porteria, Mexico, F.D. I wish to point out that if the Guard does not present himself at the Hotel within two



Player's
Please



CANADA'S LEADING CIGARETTE



DEPOSITO JUDICIAL

Resguardo No. 3*27 Cantidad Reclamada \$82,987.40.

En cumplimiento de órdenes recibidas en esta fecha por oficio del Tribunal de la Instancia, de la Sala-3a se le notifica al reo Vicente Olivier que en virtud de sentencia firme, y condena que le fué impuesta viene obligado a pagar en la caja de esta depositaria la cantidad de OCHENTA Y DOS MIL NOVECIENTOS OCHENTA Y SIETE PESOS, CUARENTA CENTAVOS. por concepto de Multa y Costas.

También se le requiere para que efectúe dicho pago, dentro del plazo acordado por el Tribunal que dictó sentencia, el cual tiene su vencimiento el día 26 de Febrero de 194- 50

Transcurrida la fecha fijada, sin haber hecho el referido pago, perderá el interesado Vicente Olivier o en caso de fallecimiento sus herederos, el derecho de propiedad de todo lo embargado que al margen se hace contar y se procederá a su venta en subasta pública sin más notificaciones. Mexico, D.F. 16 de enero de 19- 50

El Depositario,

[Handwritten signature]

or three hours after your arrival in this city, you should again advise by telegram, saying that you are already in this city."

The wording and the form of the legal documents which the swindlers use in the fraud, do not correspond to those which Mexican authorities use. The procedure is not the same and the seals are counterfeit. But, of course, the victim is ignorant of these details and readily believes in the authenticity of the documents.

The documents seem to round out the swindle. The victim sees visions of adventure, a beautiful girl and thousands of dollars to be gained. Unless he ignores the pleading request he falls easy prey to the swindlers and goes to Mexico City.

Obedying the instructions of the swindlers the victim registers at the hotel they have indicated to him. Here he is surreptitiously interviewed by the alleged guard, who is a smooth talker and of good appearance.

The victim produces the documents sent to him to convince the guard of the situation of the banker Bermejillo. The guard takes them, supposedly to insure that the "work" goes the right way. At the start the guard discusses the question

Names are different but translation of this document is as follows—in part:

"Receipt No. 315 To the value of \$27,895.25.

"By order of the Court of Hall No. 3 of this date a preventive seizure has been made on the chattels noted in the margin, belonging to Luis Bermejillo Martin, incarcerated in this penal establishment, which chattels may be released on payment of TWELVE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN PESOS AND FORTY CENTAVOS IN NATIONAL CURRENCY. . . ."

of the money which is needed to raise the embargo on the luggage, where the check for the trunk is to be found. Influenced by the "story" which the guard tells him, the victim promises to give him the \$13,000 as soon as he brings the check. The next day the guard again contacts the victim, and tells him he was successful in breaking the seals on the luggage, with such care that no trace was left, obtaining the much desired baggage check. This is handed over to the victim. The latter in turn gives the \$13,000 to the Guard which, at the rate of exchange amounts to \$122,450 in Mexican dollars. Then the guard leaves with the money, begging the "sucker" to wait for him while he arranges for the release of Miss Bermejillo. Then they are to take the train for the United States that same night in compliance with the instructions which the banker had given. The swindler returns in the afternoon, telling the victim that it is impossible to arrange the release of the young lady at the moment; that the procedure will take three or four days. After allegedly consulting the banker about this misfortune he received instructions for the banker's "benefactor" to leave for the border, and Laredo, Texas. At Laredo he is to register at the Hotel Bristol and then make arrangements for getting the trunk out of the Customs House. He is not to forget that in that trunk there is a cheque for \$25,000 and that, as soon as the young

daughter is released she will join him at the Hotel Bristol. When she arrives he must deposit the money belonging to the banker in a safety deposit box, in the name of the young lady, less \$3,500 which he must hold for handing over as promised reward to the Guard.

This persuasive talk entices the victim to leave that same night for Laredo, taking with him the baggage check, as well as the assurance that he has made a wonderful deal in a few days. Two of the swindlers' gang remain in the vicinity of the hotel and watch until the victim takes the train, thus assuring themselves of their own impunity. Two days later they send a telegram to the victim at the Hotel Bristol which reads: "EVERYTHING DISCOVERED STOP YOUNG LADY CAN NOT COME STOP GO HOME STOP EXPECT COMPLETE INFORMATION STOP FELIPE ARTEAGA."

Panic stricken and afraid of becoming involved with the police the victim quickly prepares to continue his journey; without communicating with anyone, he goes home thinking about the

fabulous deal which has slipped through his fingers. Time passes and he hears nothing from Felipe Arteaga or Luis Bermejillo and with difficulty finally realizes he has been fleeced. Afraid of publicity it is unlikely that he will go to the police because of the embarrassment that he has been made a "sucker".

To the hundreds of letters which the swindlers send out, four or five persons reply, and after five or ten days arrive in Mexico City, this being the great opportunity for the thieves who have plenty of time to wait for them and to rob them without fear of penalty. For the past year there have been at least two victims each month.

In some cases the letters and documents are handed over by intended victims to the police and in turn are sent to the police in Mexico City. The Mexican Police take action and investigate the address at la Porteria. Here they are told that Mr. Arteaga had requested them to receive his correspondence which dealt with his relations with a compromised woman, that he was a man of such and such description.

Receipt for a trunk valued at \$178, to be surrendered to the bearer. This is the receipt mentioned by the swindlers as being hidden in a secret compartment of one of the suit-cases.

Cia. de Transportes Terrestres y Maritimos Internacionales. TAMICO, TAM.

NO ES NEGOCIABLE.
1er Mensajero Manuel Rojas.-
Fecha 18 de Julio de 1949.-

Recibo de Carga 1937.-
De Tempico, Tamps.- a Galveston Texas.-

Remitente Albert L. Martin.- Destino Final Galveston Texas.

ARTICULO	VALOR	CONSIGNATARIO Y DOMICILIO	PESO	ADELANTOS	FLETE	COBRAR	PAGADO
Un Baul	\$178.00	Al portador	87kls. 0. 10		\$68.70.		\$68. 80.

OBSERVACIONES Este baul será entregado al portador del talón correspondiente, cuyo flete está pagado por un año.-

Que el Departamento de esta Cia. se encarga de remitir a aquella de sus Agencias que más próxima quede del destino de los efectos, bajo las condiciones especificadas al dorso.
POR LA CIA

Exijase se anote el monto de los cargos en la columna correspondiente de COBRAR o PAGADO. \$68. 80.

IMPORANTE. -Lo que Ud. paga en diferencia con cuotas de carga está compensado, porque su remesa se movida en trenes de pasajeros con mayor prontitud y cuidado, lo que le evitara averias o maltrato.

Si Ud. desea las recibimos y respondemos por el valor que Ud. declare. En caso de reclamación tomamos en consideración el valor de la factura. Si Ud. se fija en estas ventajas, preferirá siempre el servicio de esta Cia. sobre cualquier otro de transportes.

EN SU RECEBO POR LOS CARGOS DE FLETE QUE LE SEAN COBRADOS EN EL DESTINO.

Cia. de Transportes Terrestres y Maritimos Internacionales TAMICO, TAM.

JUL 18 1949

TAMICO, TAM.

The swindlers give magnificent rewards in la Porteria for this faithful service, with instructions that if any unknown persons come asking about the intermediary, "Mr. Arteaga", or whatever name is used, they are to discreetly call up telephone X. Therefore, the criminals are notified immediately the police begin investigating and they never return to the address mentioned, forcing the authorities to resort to other means for their capture.

The arrest and arraignment of the swindlers before the Mexican Criminal Courts has not been too successful due mainly to lack of evidence and reluctance of the victims. The victims are generally too timid and embarrassed to go to the police. They return home fully

experienced as to how they were fleeced and with the lesson in mind that it won't happen again. The gang of swindlers know this psychological effect and have little, if any, fear of having to face their victims in Court.

The writer would like to pay tribute to Mr. Ted Gonzalez, Criminal Correspondent for the Mexico City *Post* whose story about "El Timo del Baul" prompted this article. Also to Dr. Alfonso Guiroz Curan and Sr. Alfonso Frias, the Director and Chief Investigator respectively of the Bank of Mexico, Mexico, D.F., who were kind enough to forward the exhibits used and other information. A plaudit also to Sr. Miguel Chavez Delgado, Chief Postal Inspector, Mexico for the part he played. ●●●

His Number's Up

"It seems to me, Mary, that you're marrying very hastily. What is the policeman's name?"

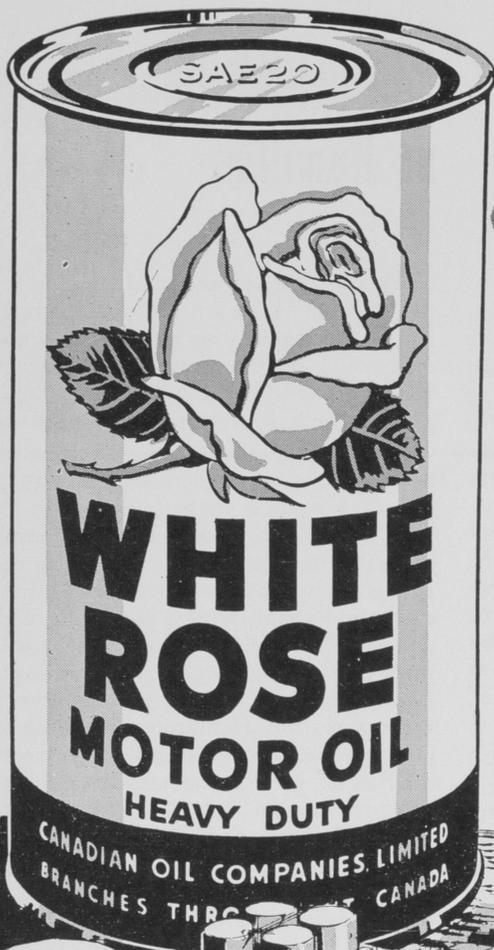
"I don't know his name, but I've got his number."

(The Halifax Chronicle-Herald)

Below is a reproduction of a letter from an applicant for enlistment in the Force. Here is one prospect who is anxious to prove his mettle.

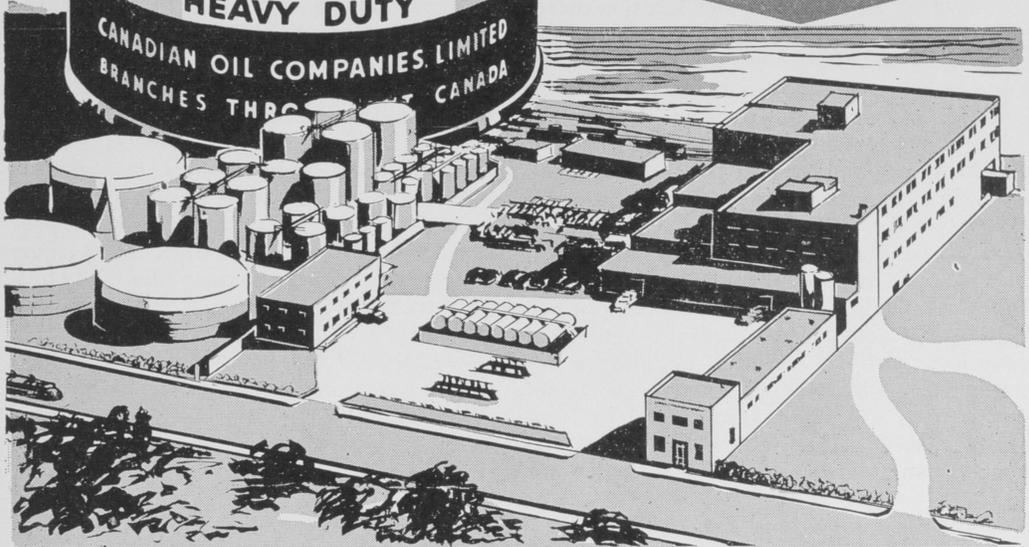
Dear Sir;

I wrote quite some time ago on information on the R.C.M.P. and received it. Now I wonder if say I passed mental and physical tests would I have to be 5'8 and 180 lbs as I am only 5'6" 153 lbs in my stocking feet and stripped.



CANADA'S
**NEWEST,
MOST
MODERN
MOTOR OIL**

MADE IN
CANADA'S
**NEWEST
MOST
MODERN
PLANT**



HOMOGENIZED!



New RCMP Quarters at Hamilton

For a number of years the RCMP detachment at Hamilton, Ont., was located in the Dominion Public Building where adequate accommodation was provided. Subsequently it became necessary to vacate these quarters and move to premises leased by the Department of Public Works in an office building situated in a congested area close to the manufacturing district with its attendant smoke and soot. It was hoped that a new Dominion Public Building would be erected and plans for this structure included suitable accommodation for detachment quarters. However, the proposed building did not materialize and early in 1952 authority was obtained for the Force to purchase what is considered to be possibly one of the finest detachment buildings we have today.

Situated on a large corner lot, this three-story building of American rug brick, steel beam construction, with enclosed veranda and spacious balcony, garage and parking lot, leaves little to be desired as detachment quarters, providing suitable offices as well as living accommodation for the personnel. The building was constructed in the mid-'20's of the finest of materials and from the sturdy basement to the attic is beautifully appointed. Built on the centre hall plan, the large living and dining rooms provide splendid detachment offices, and the kitchen, with all facilities including a refrigerator, offers everything to personnel who have a leaning toward the culinary arts. Eleven bedrooms are located on the second and third floors, nine of which are

equipped with hot and cold running water. In addition, there are four complete bathrooms accommodating all floors. A modern oil-burning furnace, with large capacity hot water pressure tank, renders this building practical and up to date to the last detail.

It was proposed to take possession of the new quarters by the end of June; but splendid work by post artisans, assisted by members of Hamilton Detachment, completed the redecorating in neutral colors of the rooms to be used as offices—as well as the recreation room—with a minimum of delay and on the evening of June 19 the detachment was officially opened. Invitations had been extended to the Judiciary, the local magistrate, the Hamilton City Police and other law-enforcement officers, as well as officials of government departments, to be present on this occasion and inspect the building. The opening was well attended and many ex-members of the Force resident in Hamilton and district were among those present. These included ex-S/Sgt. F. J. Whitehead (Reg. No. 8795), ex-Sgt. D. L. Canniff (Reg. No. 11373) and ex-Cpl. R. W. Clearwater (Reg. No. 8311). Wives of the detachment personnel provided delicious refreshments. In a short address the Officer Commanding "O" Division welcomed the guests and recounted the history of Hamilton Detachment. He also expressed the hope that the establishment of permanent quarters for the detachment would result in it being considered as an integral part of the community, and that the public generally would benefit.

•••

Drunk Again!

The following excerpt was taken from a report covering an accident between a car and a bicycle, in which the member, in referring to the bicycle, stated: "his bicycle which was equipped with a headlight, rear red reflector, and believed to be in an inebriated condition".

—submitted by S/Sgt. F. A. Newman

Looking at the World in Reverse

To those of you who like a different slant on things I recommend the following—and I speak from experience. Many years ago at Regina (those good old days) I was one of several eager beavers being taught the rudiments of horsemanship. We had, I remember, a Cockney riding instructor who, besides being an expert rider, was also extremely proficient in the use of a certain vocabulary. At any rate, we were out at the riding school this day astride our steeds, sitting prim and proper, stiff as ramrods, when we got the command “right leg ovah”. This meant taking our feet out of the stirrups, lifting the right leg over the horse’s neck and coming to a sitting position facing away from the horse’s left side. We sat there as before, to all appearances stiff as pokers, but if the other lads were anything like myself this outward appearance was only a camouflage, as my insides were like jelly. Jelly, as the world knows, should be allowed to settle, but ours didn’t get that chance for in no time we got the further command “left leg ovah”. I’ll leave you to figure out which way we were facing then. Somehow the world looks entirely different from a horse’s rear end. You feel, so to speak, as if you were at a loose end—no control over anything—let come what may.



It did; for in a moment’s carelessness I allowed my spurs to tickle my four-legged keg of dynamite and away we went hell-bent for election. Don’t ask me whither. I was aware only of the world receding at an alarming rate and the voice of an irate instructor shouting, “Take your spurs out of that blankety-blank horse”. For once I disobeyed the command of a superior officer. I was hanging on for dear life, clutching anything and everything. I would even have used my teeth only I am not too partial to rump steak.

But, as with all things, there has to be an end. In this case it happened to be my end because the dear little beastie came to a sudden stop and I described the loveliest arc you ever saw right over its head, only I did it in reverse, a sort of double loop with a one-point landing in some brush. Amidst the thorns, the chagrin and the pain, I remember looking up into a pair of docile, disinterested eyes. For all that animal cared I might as well have not existed and when the instructor finished with me I wished I hadn’t. ●●●

(By ex-Sgt. A. “Scotty” Wallace, Reg. No. 10705.)

No. 1 Provost Company (RCMP) Veterans Association

THE above Association was formed by the members of No. 1 Provost Company (RCMP), with an understandable desire to keep in touch with one another, and maintain a social comradeship founded on Overseas service.

It is now the desire of this Association to invite all members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who served in any branch of the Armed Services to join this Association and become Associate Members.

Any member of the RCMP who wishes to become a Member or Associate Member of No. 1 Provost Company (RCMP) Veterans Association is requested to send his name, branch of the Armed Services in which he served, and his address, to Cpl. S. H. Pond, Identification Branch, RCMP, Ottawa. A suitable card will be mailed to him.

All members who have enlisted in the New Canadian Provost Corps Unit, within the RCMP, are also invited to join this Association.

DISCIPLINE

By

INSPR. L. A. DENTON

This article was prepared by the author when he was sergeant major of "Depot" Division for use as a lecture to recruits. Its message is one that all of us may derive some benefit from.

DISCIPLINE is a very important phase in recruit training and something that must be cultivated immediately upon enlistment in this Force and retained throughout one's entire service.

Let us commence this talk by defining "Discipline". Although the meaning of this word covers a wide area, we only need to deal with this subject as to how it should govern our lives as members of this Force. If we examine the definition it will be noted that it covers: training, self-control, orderliness, and is the cultivation of the mind and the formation of good habits.

Our Force is a semi-military organization and, therefore, we must be smart and well disciplined, but the military spirit complex is not sufficient in a squad unless its members are self-disciplined. It is quite possible to have a squad that drills well, looks smart on parade and holds trophies at games, that will produce good work on any special occasion, where inner spirit is yet insufficient to support it under prolonged hardship. One can identify a good squad far better by watching the little unsupervised duties that members carry out from day to day, than by seeing them on parade when all the weight of the machine and tradition of the Force is bearing upon them.

Discipline makes men physically fit, it teaches them that the team is greater than the individual player, and that there is nothing servile in enthusiastic and well disciplined service; it is one of the good things in life to feel that comrade-

ship of common effort, common danger flows through a body of men who are fit for whatever call may be made upon them, and where manhood and fitness as a squad are due to join over thought, enthusiasm and hard work.

At the end of six months' training a young constable should feel that he has reached the end of a definite phase and then should look for wider interests and responsibilities. He must be made to feel, "Well, that's that, and now what?" No true state of intellectual discipline can exist without self-training.

Discipline of the barrack room can only mean one thing: that the entire barrack building should be clean, orderly and fit for inspection by a certain hour each day, and that by a certain hour each Saturday morning it should be ready to stand the test of a searching inspection by the Officer Commanding. Not only must the whole building be scrupulously clean on this occasion, but every bed must be properly dressed in line, articles of equipment clean, down to the smallest detail. This condition is all brought about by self-discipline by everyone concerned.

If a recruit never learns to work without supervision, to overcome unexpected difficulties by unaided application of common sense, or to tackle simple jobs with zest and thoroughness, then he is not a self-disciplined member.

On the parade ground or barrack square, in the lecture room or barrack room, a well disciplined member is easily recognized. A trained member of this Force, where body and mind have been

rendered healthy and alert, who has learned self-reliance and initiative, and learned also to use them with self-discipline, who co-operates with his comrades for the achievement of whatever end they have in hand, who has learned the art of self-control and to obey with self-respect, can be summed up as a successful member of this Force.

Saluting within the Force is an act of respect for the King's or Queen's commission held by an officer. In other words a salute is directed toward the commission rather than the person. Very often a police force of our type is largely judged on its saluting, as we judge people in civil life on their manners. A salute advertises that one belongs to a well disciplined organization.

Discipline need not be disagreeable if there is the right attitude toward it. Discipline is a necessary thing, for without it, life would be a very unpleasant business.

Most of you probably look on discipline as something which is imposed upon you from without, that is, other people enforce discipline on you. The best discipline, though, comes from within. It is discipline which you impose upon yourself. You are disciplining yourself every time you make yourself do something you do not want to do. You are also disciplining yourself every time you prevent yourself doing something you know is wrong. This sort of discipline builds character, courage and a sense of duty.

For instance, in order to learn you must pay attention to what is being taught and you must study, you must make yourself pay attention and you set aside a certain amount of time for study. You are making rules for yourself and then following those rules. That is discipline. Of course, sometimes you forget about these rules and an NCO or officer steps in and you have discipline imposed

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SPECIFICATIONS

General: Forged Colt alloy frame and side plate, steel cylinder and barrel. **Ammunition:** .38 Special (mid-range, regular and high speed loads, including .38-.44); .32 New Police, .38 New Police. **Length of Barrel:** 2 or 4 inches. **Length Overall:** 6¾ or 8¾ inches. **Weight:** 15 oz. (17 oz. with 4-inch barrel). **Sights:** Fixed type, ramp style, glare-proofed. **Trigger:** Grooved. **Hammer Spur:** Checkered. **Stocks:** Coltwood Plastic, checkered. **Finish:** Dual-tone blue, glare-proofed.



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expedites quick draw, shooting through pocket.

upon you from that quarter. Pain can be controlled by self-discipline without giving way and breaking down.

By continually disciplining yourself you build character. You realize that we all have duties to perform; that we all have a place in life.

True discipline is cheerfully accepted, not taken grudgingly. True discipline comes when you realize that the rights of others are more important than your personal whims and you buckle down to training for the good of all, which is also for your own good.

It is the discipline which comes from within us, which we build up through our own will, which makes us useful and honorable citizens. This is the discipline which keeps you from lying, until truth becomes a habit. This is the discipline which carries you through life, able to meet all situations with courage, to control your fears and your appetites and to face life with confidence in yourself, knowing you are your own master.

You have heard the expression, "The Laws of Nature". Everything is governed by these laws, the change of seasons, growth and death, health and sickness, light and darkness—all nature moves according to certain laws. Those who disobey the laws are invariably punished. Man is subject to the rules and discipline of nature and we accept this discipline without question and without grudge.

In order to live together peaceably man has found certain rules of discipline are necessary. Man has found that to have an orderly society there must be some directing authority—some person or group of persons who can give orders and see that those orders are carried out. This procedure is exactly what is followed in this Force.

What would life be like if there were no laws—no discipline. Suppose people could break, steal, rob and kill, just as they saw fit. Your life and all your belongings would always be in danger. You would have a full time job just guarding yourself and your property.

You can see that we must have discipline, there must be some control.

The man who has learned discipline has no trouble with laws. We all know right from wrong. Discipline comes in when we stop ourselves from doing that which is wrong. Such a person need never fear the law, but rather, can look upon it as a friend by means of which life is made free and more secure. The man who fights against such discipline on the other hand is always in trouble. That person is fighting against all mankind and soon becomes an outcast.

Suppose a member of this Force did not feel like performing his duties in a proper manner and was just allowed to do as he liked, deserting his post when he felt like it. You can see how terrible it would be if people could do as they pleased. There must be discipline and it is discipline which keeps a person doing his job no matter what the circumstances.

There must be discipline in this Force and it is quite strict, but it is fair, and it is necessary. Discipline in this Force has many purposes. It teaches you to obey orders and, just as important, it teaches you to give orders. Every member should learn both. One of the big things about discipline is never to give an order which you would not be willing to obey yourself.

Foot drill and physical drill disciplines your body in order that your muscles will respond instantly when the impulse comes from the mind. Every faculty must be alert and under control. The eyes are trained to observe, the ears to hear, the brain to send out impulses and the muscles to act, together and at once. This makes an alert mind and an alert body.

A squad should work as a team. No team can play combination if every player is running all over the field, and the team which does not play combination will not get far. In other words, every member has his own job. If he does not do his job properly, he lets down the whole squad as well as the

Force. If one member shirks his duty the work of the whole squad suffers.

We all know and expect to be punished if we break the rules and regulations of the Force which makes up discipline, and you are punished because your breach of discipline has affected others as well. In spite of this being true, many people seem to think this punishment is because of a grudge the man in charge has against them. They resent the punishment and consider it was done because of spite. This is the wrong attitude to take. You realize you did something you should not have done, and, because of that you have suffered. You were disciplined but you did not go around afterwards trying to get even. It was not, "picking on" you. There is nothing personal in the incident.

An illustration as to what discipline can do, even in the face of death, occurred in 1852 when His Majesty's troop-ship *Birkenhead* was lost off Danger Point, some 50 miles or so from Simon's Bay,

South Africa, and in her destruction there was established a legend of courage and fortitude that will endure so long as men use the sea. The *Birkenhead* struck, piling herself on a submerged, uncharted reef off Danger Point. When Colonel Seton, Officer Commanding troops on board, realized what was happening, he gave the command to "fall in" which was immediately obeyed by all under his command without hesitation. Something out of the ordinary was happening; they had heard the cries of drowning comrades, it was dark, the breakers roared alarmingly, but they obeyed the snap of command instinctively. That is the meaning of discipline—to steel a man when his heart and reasoning power are gone by the board.

It is recorded that these British soldiers were particularly meticulous to dress their ranks correctly as they fell in. Most of them were raw recruits, with only a few months' training on the barrack square to their credit. They were under



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the command of a new, little known officer but they behaved throughout like veterans. But men standing rigidly to attention were not likely to help the ship in her plight. Directly, in parties of 50, these simple soldiers were told off to man the pumps in the lower after-deck. They carried on their work until the ship went down. Fifty men pumped, and then 50 men marched in at rigid attention to relieve them. To know that death is near, to watch its slow stealth approach, to realize the futility of effort—such are the factors that undermine courage and breed cowardice. Yet the *Birkenhead's* men stood firm. Four hundred and forty-five men died on parade as the ship went down. Only when they were washed off the after-deck were the men of the *Birkenhead* released from parade.

Discipline is prompt and willing obedience to orders. The obedience must be prompt or we will never get things done. It is every bit as important that we take and carry out those orders cheerfully and willingly. A willing and cheerful disposition will make people like you and help you on your way. So take orders with a smile.

Discipline is all around us—it is a part of our lives and we must learn to live with it. Without discipline there could be no order, no progress. It is designed for the good of all.

Discipline builds character and confidence. If you wish to get along in the world, you must learn to live by the rules.

Discipline and duty go hand in hand and are a part of good citizenship. They are as necessary to our way of life as the air we breathe. Discipline means order and order means progress with a better life for all.

Discipline will give you pride in yourself, and in the force to which you belong. It makes things run smoothly and efficiently, in order that the job is done by all.

Discipline does not mean blind, unreasoning obedience. For good discipline the order must be reasonable and must be understood.

Discipline is a part of our lives, an important part, helping us to live together and advance together toward a better world. If you remember this, and work to this end, discipline will not be an unpleasantness. ● ● ●

Policeman Provides Chief with Home

An off-duty policeman who spends every spare minute keeping youngsters off city streets turned up in Police Court one day and persuaded Magistrate Oscar Orr to release into his custody an 18-year-old youth found guilty of attempted car theft.

"I'll take him into my own home," the officer told the Court. "I know I'm taking a chance but I think this is a good chance, and it will work out all right."

Later, he took reporters aside and asked that his name and the name of the boy be withheld "so he and I can have a real opportunity to make this work."

If the police officer—a uniform man who has been on the force four years—had not stepped in when he did, the boy would have been sentenced to six months in New Haven Borstal Institute.

Court officials emphasized that the officer took action as an individual, not as a policeman

The boy, speaking from the prisoner's dock, said the plan had his entire approval. The police officer said he would assume all responsibility and would pay the boy's way until he could find him a job which would contribute to his own upkeep

This is the policeman's second venture along these lines. Sometime ago, a woman "dropped" a 13-year-old child on his door step with a bagful of wet clothes, then disappeared. He kept the child for several months until welfare officials placed him with regular foster parents on a farm.

(Vancouver Daily Province)

Group of members of the Westlock Boxing and Wrestling Club—1950-51 season.



"Play the Game"

By INSPR. W. V. C. CHISHOLM

UNTIL the fall of 1949 the town of Westlock, Alta., had no recreation centre, club or other place of amusement for the many boys who lived there or in nearby districts. Then a constable—a dog master—was transferred to Westlock Detachment in charge of the RCMP Dog Kennels there. Shortly after his arrival he saw the need of a recreation centre and did something about it. He got the help and co-operation of the Bank of Montreal staff, the local Board of Trade and the Masonic Lodge. He obtained space in the Memorial Hall and started the Westlock Youth Club—with one set of boxing gloves. Under the guiding hand of the constable, who gave freely of his spare time, 50 boys between the ages of five and 12 years registered.

Today the Westlock Youth Club has a well-equipped and modern gymnasium. It now has ten sets of boxing gloves, five punching bags, 238 weight-lifting out-

fits, medicine ball, basketball, wall exercisers, a 20-foot square ring with mats and canvas, high bar, climbing rope, skipping ropes and so on. Trophies are "put up" and earned by boys who show the most improvement and best sportsmanship in the various activities.

Since the organization of the Club, the problem of juvenile delinquency has almost vanished from Westlock. After the first year of good work by the Club, a Judge who realized its worth, directed that three youths, who appeared before him, report to the Club's Director at the club rooms twice a week for a period of six months and ordered them to engage in the group's activities. This worked out well and the parents of the three boys expressed their pleasure with the Judge's order and the fine results obtained. The motto of the Westlock Youth Club is "Play The Game".



Sportsmanship in dealing with the wildlife of our lands and waters insures saving these resources for future generations.

Five Miles Under the Sea!

By SGT. V. L. APEDAILE
AND CST. D. F. MUNDY

Two members of the Force in the Maritimes
write about an industry founded there over
100 years ago—coal mining.

THE coal-fields of Cape Breton are world renowned over and by most people simply taken for granted. To a person not connected with mining this is understandable, but to the miner or anyone connected with the industry, it is an entirely different picture—the mine is part of his life. After being stationed at Glace Bay for some time and in constant contact with miners, who comprise about 90% of the population—30,000—the writers decided that it would be interesting to know how these men work and how coal is mined, in order to understand the miner's viewpoint. It so happened that we have a good friend named Duncan MacLeod¹ employed by the Provincial Government as a mine inspector and it is his duty to make periodic inspections of the different mines to make sure the working conditions are as safe as possible, and that the safety regulations are being rigidly enforced.

Mr. MacLeod fell in with our plans, secured the necessary authority for us to tour one of the large mines and by arranging our trip underground to coincide with one of his official inspections assured us of an authoritative guide.

It was shortly after 5 p.m. on a summer

day when we met our guide at "No. 1B colliery". The first building we entered was the wash-house, a large one-story high-ceilinged structure equipped with dozens of shower-baths for use of the miners when they come out of the pits. Hundreds of hooks suspended on ropes from the ceiling of this room can be lowered and raised by a pulley. When a miner arrives at work he removes his street clothes and dons the clothing he wears into the pit. When he returns from the mine he removes his dirty garments, has a shower and puts on his clean clothes, leaving the soiled ones hanging on a hook which is pulled up to the ceiling. Once he leaves the wash-house, a miner could be mistaken for an office worker.

Mr. MacLeod took us into a small shower room used by officials of the mine and after some hunting around managed to find miner's caps to fit us and other equipment we needed for our underground journey. He made sure that we hadn't any matches, and then took us to the lamp house where hundreds of miner's lamps hung in racks. Powered by a wet battery about the size of a Snow's Criminal Code, these lamps will give light for ten to 15 hours or sometimes longer. When the lamps are turned in by miners coming out of the pit, the batteries are hung in a rack and recharged for the next shift, for a man always uses the same light. Each lamp

¹A word of thanks to Mr. MacLeod for making this article possible, and also for supplying the photographs. Mr. MacLeod who has been associated with mining for over 48 years, has more than a passing interest in the RCMP—a son Reg. No. 13096 Cst. Roy MacLeod is a member of the Force stationed at Ottawa, Ont.

and battery is numbered and one glance at the rack tells you which lamps are underground, the number on the rack identifying the miner who is wearing it. If for any reason the company has occasion to bar an employee or other person from the pit, they issue an order to have the lamp stopped, and the lamp house is as far as he gets, because from the time a man goes into the pit his lamp is his best friend. Without it he could see nothing and would be helpless.

It is interesting to note that the bulbs in the head-lamps worn by miners have double filaments and should one burn out underground, a turn of a small switch brings the second filament into use. It is hard to realize by one on the surface that all the underground operations are done with the aid of artificial light. And to appreciate the light better, all one has to do is turn it out. Incidentally there are lights underground as there are in a city and to give an idea of the size of this one mine that we visited it might be added that it covers an area underground equal to that of the city of Halifax. Blueprints were produced to verify this.

After getting our lamps, and strapping the batteries on belts also loaned to us, we followed Mr. MacLeod over to the bank head, a high framework, housing tracks, screens and chutes where the coal is dumped from the cars coming

from underground. We walked up a slope and across many tracks—jumping out of the way of several coal cars en route—until we finally reached the lift. This is a giant elevator, large enough to carry two coal cars, each of which holds two tons. There are two lifts side by side, and when one is coming up with full cars the other is descending with empty ones. This elevator drops straight down at such a speed that we were at the 600-foot level in a matter of seconds.

Here a maze of tracks was lined with cars of coal waiting to go up on the elevator and hundreds of empties to be hauled to the working part of the mine to be refilled. These cars were on a narrow gauge track and were powered by a low flat locomotive, which operates on the same principle as a tram car with a trolley overhead. There are points along the track where the ceiling is so low that the motor-man has to duck his head to keep from striking some of the overhead structure and cribbing. There was a complete train of empties waiting for us and we were instructed to sit on the front of the low flat engine. Travelling through the tunnels at a speed ranging from ten to 30 miles per hour the ride provided the greatest thrill of the tour.

Some of the empty cars were carrying what looked like fence posts, but were props to support the ceiling of the mine when the coal was removed. The track

**Motorman
operating
locomotive
in mine.
Note
walkie-talkie
in his hand.**





**Automatically-
controlled
doors which
regulate the
flow of air
in a mine.**

was like any other subway, even to being equipped with signal lights and as we roared along we noticed switches, sidings and all the equipment expected of a large railroad. A two-way radio system enabled the motor-man to keep in touch with the dispatcher and there were also telephone booths at intervals along the wall of the tunnel. Several times during our journey it was necessary for us to go into a siding to allow a loaded train coming out, the right of way. Each locomotive hauls from 100 to 110 cars of coal and each car carries two tons. The trips were quite frequent and as this was only one of a number of tunnels, it will give some idea of just how much coal is moved in a day.

Mr. MacLeod explained to us the importance of a mine's ventilating system; large fans forcing cool air through the mines—especially the innermost parts—keep the air circulating and expel gases that would ordinarily accumulate. The area around Glace Bay—and even under the Atlantic—is honey-combed with old mines, all connected by deserted tunnels and it would be impossible to force air through all the old workings. For this reason different areas are sealed over and the fresh air directed to where it is required. Along the underground railway there were several doors completely blocking the tunnel, their purpose being

to control the flow of air. These doors were double, automatically opening in opposite directions as the train approached.

When we reached a point about five miles under the Atlantic we left the train and our guide led us up a spur of track that had not been used for some time. This journey was made on foot and without illumination except that provided by our own head-lights. The ceiling along this track was from six to eight feet high and walking was easy. Presently we came to a small track where some activity was observed. The tunnel was sealed off with a heavy fabric that resembled burlap, but is called brattice. Mr. MacLeod told us that a shot was about to be fired and in a short time a dull explosion was heard. The man in charge of the blast went behind the heavy curtain and shortly after signalled to us to go in. We entered the small room and this was as far as we could go—we were up against a black wall of solid coal. The small railroad ended at the wall, and we were told that as the miners take the coal away a railroad builder lays more track so that the cars can go right up to the working face.

Two men using large pan shovels started loading a car with the coal loosened by the blast, being particularly careful to leave out loose pieces of stone.

(We were invited to give it a try but were soon convinced that it was hard work.) The "loaders" are paid so much per ton and also so much for each inch of stone in the seam of coal to compensate for the time lost in picking out the stone. Conversely, they are docked by the checkers if their loads show too much stone. A metal tag is attached to each car when the men start to fill it. Checkers on the surface keep track of the tags and record the amount of coal loaded by each pair of men, who are paid accordingly.

As each car is filled it is hauled to the main line to join a train. Horses are used to haul both empty and full cars on these small spurs off the main line of track, and contrary to some reports they are normal full-sized animals. A heavy leather padding lined with felt is worn on the horses' heads as protection from low spots in the ceiling, although we were

told that one particular horse refused to wear the contraption. He had been a "miner" all his life and was quite adept at walking through the tunnels without bumping his head.

At this point in our tour Mr. MacLeod arranged for us to see mining operations from the start. A group of men—who proved capable demonstrators—had already set up a large cutter. This machine is fitted with a perpendicular shaft that works like a jack-screw; when the shaft is turned it exerts pressure on both the floor and ceiling thus being held rigidly in one place with the horizontal blade facing the wall of coal. The cutting edge—a two-foot blade like that on a pneumatic hammer, and about the same size—is operated by compressed air, with the blade on a swivel that allows it to be worked across the wall for a distance of about nine feet. When this blade has made a cut two feet deep, another blade



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is inserted and the cut deepened to four feet. Then a third blade is inserted and when it has buried itself in the coal, the operation is finished, leaving a cut about nine feet long and six feet deep running horizontal about four feet from the floor.

Next several holes six feet deep and two inches in diameter are drilled at points decided by the shot firer, and in such a manner that when the blast occurs the coal is blown toward the cut and away from the wall, ready for shovelling into the car. The shot firer loads the holes with a number of sticks of dynamite, tamps packing in behind the charge—much as in a muzzle-loading gun—connects the detonating cap wires and then joins them to a long piece of electric cable. While other miners move a safe distance away, the shot firer takes cover behind a corner, the charge is detonated and the wall of coal is blown out. When the dust settles after the blast, the explosives man is first to go into the little sealed-off room, and after he gives the O.K. the others follow and start loading. One blasting keeps the shovelers going for an eight-hour shift. When they finish, the cutting and blasting operations are repeated for the next shift.

Immediately after a blast, crushed rock as fine as dust is sprayed on the ceiling and walls, to neutralize the coal dust and render it less explosive, and also to keep the accumulation of gases to a minimum. We learned that the gas menace is constantly checked by Mr. MacLeod and other mine officials, who carry a special lamp for that purpose. Similar to a lantern this lamp is about ten inches long and two inches in diameter; a small flame shielded by heavy glass supplies the light, and the lamp is so constructed that the examiner can tell by the shape and color of the flame just what percentage of gas is present in any given area. Where the lamp will not burn the gas is heavy, and enough warning is given to allow time for necessary precautions.

We thought by this time that our trip must be ended, but Mr. MacLeod again led us through a long winding tunnel and after a ten-minute walk, we heard the sound of running water. Soon our lights picked out a large room where about 20 horses stood in a row, eating, with running water in a trough in front of them. A stable orderly—as we in the Force would call him—was sitting on some bales of hay in a recess in the wall a short distance away, and we learned much from him about his charges.

Apparently mine horses are quite at home underground and are only brought to the surface for two weeks each year when the miners take their annual summer vacation. During this period the horses are turned into a large open field where they are allowed to run at large and do nothing but eat and sleep. It was 1947 when the horses were first taken out of the mine for a “vacation” and at that time one of the animals was 17 years old, and had not seen daylight since it first went underground 16 years earlier. In the mines, horses are not equipped with lights, but the head-lamp worn by the miner who drives, gives sufficient light to allow the horse to see.

It has been said that horses accustomed to living in the darkness of a mine are blind when they return to the surface. This was not true of the ones we saw after they had been brought up; they were like any other horses, except for being a bit strange at first. And for those who might take pity on these animals, it will be of some satisfaction to know that they receive exceptionally good treatment, work eight hours a day the same as the men, are well fed and watered, and give the appearance of being content with their lot. It is interesting to note too that the company has its own veterinarians, and even a hospital where injured or sick horses are cared for.

From the stables we continued our journey on foot to a junction on the railway where after a short wait we

“Suzie” who has six years’ service in the mine. Note leather pad protecting horse’s head. Driver may be seen on the car.



boarded a train on its way to the elevator. During our second trip over the railroad we took more stock of the surroundings, as we were more accustomed to the low ceilings and curves. Mr. MacLeod told us that between the ceiling of the mine and the floor of the ocean was about a thousand feet of solid rock—which explained why it was not too damp in the mine under the sea—but in spite of the surprisingly dry conditions noted by us, we learned that there were huge pumps continually working to keep the seepage of water from accumulating. The temperature was much the same as in a basement—between 50 and 60 degrees—but it varies in some mines, and also varies with depth. Strange as it may seem, the men in this colliery at one time had a flower garden far below the earth’s surface and it was the pride and joy of those who tended it.

Our train reached the elevator where men were busy shunting the small cars into position, and after boarding the lift we were again on the surface in a matter of seconds. We turned in our lamps and went back to the washroom, and although we had done nothing except ride the locomotive, our faces were as black as any of the miners. Mr. MacLeod seemed to be known to everyone, and he spoke to them and called them by name without looking up. He explained that all faces looked alike to him when they were covered with coal dust, and that he had come to know most of

the miners by their voices, and also their teeth if he was looking at them, but that he paid no attention to other facial features. After a warm shower, we got back into our street clothes, and only the black circles around our eyes indicated that we had been near the mine. Apparently they take considerable washing to remove.

The entire trip took about four hours, although of course we didn’t hurry because Mr. MacLeod was making his rounds of inspection as well as conducting a sightseeing tour for us. The experience is one that will never be forgotten, and if some of the terms used to describe it might not measure up to those used by a seasoned miner, we hope that we have been able to convey some idea of how a mine operates to those who might not have been fortunate enough to see for themselves. There is no doubt that we have made some omissions and errors in our observations, but under the circumstances they might be excusable.

* * *

Mines are officially known by numbers, although some of them go by names also. There are several large seams in this area that have been worked for many years, and it is worthy of note that the first coal mine in North America was at a place named Cow Bay, which is now deserted. It is situated some ten miles from Glace Bay, and the only sign of its former activity is a monument

and the old bank heads that caved in more than a hundred years ago. It is said that due to the extensive mining operations carried on in the Glace Bay area, the underground has become honey-combed and prevents the construction of any high buildings. Even so, there are instances where the occasional house has started to sag, and investigation has disclosed that the ground was shifting due to old mines caving in. Although the companies use pit props to replace the support once given by the coal, they also use what they call the room and pillar method—a series of tunnels or rooms made by removing the coal, with the sides or walls acting as supports to keep the surface from caving in.

Bootleg miners' activities are closely watched by coal company investigators, and their chief concern is not the coal that is taken out of the ground without permission, but the fact that their unlawful operations are removing the pillars of coal left for support, causing cave-ins for which the owners might be thought responsible. These operations have even gone so far as to cause parts of the highway to cave in and become unsafe for traffic.

Information had been received from time to time that there was a possibility of illicit stills being operated underground, but it would have been almost impossible for the Police to apprehend the culprits in the unfamiliar reaches of the tunnels, some of which run as far as ten miles or more and have hundreds of branches. Coal company investigators were planning a visit underground in the area we were interested in, to see how much support was being given to the highway overhead. We arranged to accompany them and one afternoon went to one of many old holes in the ground, the entrance of which looked like an abandoned cave.

Once inside we saw that the supporting coal had been removed, leaving an

open area large enough in which to play a game of ball. The lights on our hats were standard equipment but they didn't begin to reach the end of the darkness. We began to explore and it was after we had travelled over huge piles of fallen rock, that we could hear the faint sound of a miner's pick. We kept working our way toward it when suddenly the earth around us trembled as a giant explosion took place. Crouching against the wall, waiting for further developments, we got the odor of exploded dynamite. Finally after what seemed like a long time the investigator decided that the coast was clear and we began to move toward the point where the explosion took place. We knew that rather than turn back and perhaps get lost we should work our way forward to the sounds ahead and soon we detected the smell of an open kerosene lamp, a sure sign that we were nearing the bootleg activities. Suddenly the sound of the pick stopped and a voice out of the blackness, shouted, "Who's there". The voice broke the stillness again and a short time later we noticed the flicker of a dim light coming toward us. When the light reached a point about 25 feet from us, its bearer turned off to another part of the old workings obviously looking to see who had made the noise on the loose rock. We then made a run for it to the roadway where the man had passed. Needless to say our lights were out all the time, and the footing being what it was made it difficult to negotiate the rock falls without either tripping or making a noise—or both.

In about five minutes the man came back toward us holding up his homemade lamp—not unlike the one carried by Florence Nightingale—its flame providing enough light for him to see where he was going, but also making him an easy target. The atmosphere by this time was charged with the suspense of a "Frankenstein thriller" and when finally the coal company investigator reached out the long arm of the law and laid it



Group of mine officials underground. Mr. Duncan MacLeod, Mines Inspector, at the extreme left.

on the shoulder of our spooky prey, he too became so excited he dropped his home-made lamp. We then turned our lamps on and searched the area for the bootlegger's equipment. The drill, some dynamite and other equipment was recovered and the next step was to find our way back on top of the ground again.

The culprit turned out to be an elderly man whose property was directly over the spot where he had been working. He led us to a point where there was a hole in the ceiling of the mine, fitted with a rusty, wet old ladder—a ladder made from two old steel cables, with iron bars inserted through the strands at irregular intervals. The diameter of the hole, which was through solid rock, was about two feet and was the only means of

getting to the surface from that point. The investigator went up the ladder first and we followed. It was 49 feet from the ceiling to the surface and the 200 pounds-plus of one of the writers didn't help matters any. At the top of the ladder we emerged through a wooden box—similar to the type used to cover wells—inside a barn. Here, an automobile engine, rigged with a cable and pulley, was used to haul large tubs of coal up through the narrow shaft the same as pulling a pail of water from a well.

After this trip the coal company investigator was satisfied that the workings were unsafe, and we were satisfied that the information regarding underground stills was entirely unfounded. ●●●

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Blood For "Blue" Babies Aids "Last- Hope" Operation

AMONG the Toronto institutions visited in connection with the Youth and Police program is The Hospital for Sick Children. Last May, officials at this hospital lodged an urgent appeal for blood from members of the Force to assist in a rare operation which was to be performed on a "blue" baby. The child's blood was of a relatively rare grouping, but from approximately 100 volunteers at "O" Division Headquarters enough donors of the required grouping were found. Actually there were enough volunteers to allow a similar operation to be performed on another child.

Both these babies were suffering from transposition of the great vessels of the heart. This condition is a malformation of the great vessels emerging from the heart and is incompatible with life because the impure blood is discharged from one side of the heart directly out to the body again and the pure blood from the other side of the heart is discharged straight back to the lungs. The average duration of life in babies of this type is between three and five months. For these infants to survive, the two main vessels emerging from the heart would have to be reversed by the surgeon so that they would arise from the proper sides of the heart as in a normal baby. In order to attempt such surgery an artificial heart and lung is necessary so that the rest of the baby's body is supplied with adequately pure blood while the surgeon is operating on the stilled heart.

The *Toronto Telegram* of June 9 carried a feature story by Ron Kenyon which told of the use of an artificial heart-lung machine which was devised in Toronto and which successfully kept one of the two babies mentioned earlier alive for five hours while its own heart

was stopped. The machine is the work of eight experts led by Drs. W. T. Mustard, A. L. Chute and John Keith of Toronto and it was shown in June at the American Medical Association Annual Convention at Chicago. The machine comprises two main sections, a heart and lung. The heart, which is entirely mechanical, was devised by Campbell Cowan, controller of the Banting Institute and is said to be the best in the world. The lung part of the machine is simply a monkey's lung. No successful mechanical lung has ever been devised.

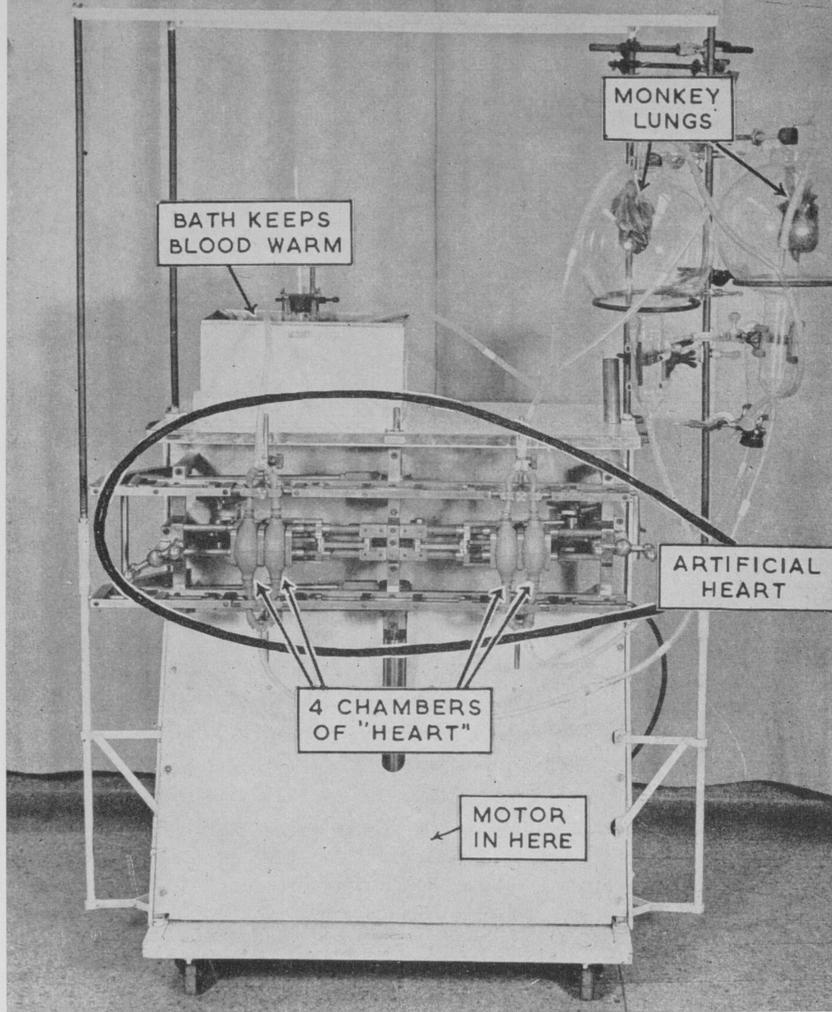
Dr. Richard D. Rowe of The Hospital for Sick Children has supplied a few of the details concerning the two cases in which members of "O" Division Headquarters were interested.

(1) On May 12 ten donors gave a total of four liters of blood for a 4½ month-old male child. This baby was apparently normal at birth but became noticeably short of breath and a blue color in the first week of life. At 4½ months he weighed only nine pounds, was a deep blue color and X-rays showed he had a greatly enlarged heart. At several tests which included an estimation of the degree of blueness X-ray movie of dye passing through the heart chambers and electrocardiogram the diagnosis of transposition of the great vessels was confirmed. At operation one of the vessels in question was found to be four times larger than the other which precluded successful correction of the deformity. Accordingly the heart-lung pump was stopped after ten minutes action and the operation was abandoned. The baby survived for 15 days and then died quite suddenly as is the usual end in all these patients.

(2) On May 20 eight members of the Force gave a total of 3,500 ccs. of blood for a 17-day-old male child. This infant was born blue and found to have an enlarged heart at X-ray. Investigation showed he too had transposition of the great vessels. On the 17th day of life he was operated upon by Dr. William Mustard. The switch of vessels was completed successfully but the child's heart did not beat after the pump was discontinued and he was pronounced dead.

The reason why such a large amount

The heart-lung machine in use at The Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.



of blood is necessary for these operations is that the actual heart-lung pump itself needs one liter of blood to occupy the dead space in the machine. The remainder of the blood is known as reserve. There is a continual loss of blood from the circuit through suction from one of the chambers of the heart to keep the surgeon's field dry. This blood, due to the fact it is sucked back, becomes frothy and cannot be used again. This loss which occurs from the circuit has to be replaced and it is usual during the operation to use three liters of blood in this manner. (Dr. Rowe concluded his comments with the note): It will be seen that although in these two babies the results were not successful that this type of operation is the only one which is likely to be able to assist in any way. Further work is proceeding on the many problems which arise during early work in this particular field.

Much has been written about "blue" babies in the last few years but the usual operations in these cases have never been performed on children with blood vessels transposed as in the manner of these two cases. The *Telegram* reported that approximately eight children had been operated on with the use of this machine. Since these children had no chance of life by any other means the doctors decided to give them a slim hope by using the artificial heart-lung and devising a brand new operation. It is bold surgery but the doctors believe it will still be successful.

Personnel of "O" Division Headquarters feel a certain amount of satisfaction for the relatively small part that was theirs in what may be considered a major achievement in medical research.



Then, You Can Keep

Christmas

By "PAUGH"

Santa is so very real, that without him who'd reveal,

*The joy we have in gracious giving, to light the task of others living,
That Life may be the sweeter.*

From: The Truth of Santa.

IN 1948, to lend a further impetus to the Youth and Police Program, an idea was born to help brighten the Christmas Season for some of the less fortunate children, scattered throughout our "D" Division Detachment areas. The primary object then, was to get a little closer into the confidence of the youth of the country; to overcome the inherent fear of the policeman that is so often encountered by our personnel. From the start, the impression was deep, and as time has proven, lasting. The reception from all quarters, rich and poor alike, is most flattering if the word may be used. It is certainly most satisfying to receive the simple "Thank you's" that come from the hearts of the parents of the recipients—no further compensation is necessary for the time and effort put into the venture.

What began, perhaps, as a selfish motive—in that the idea was promoted to further our own ends in the Youth Program—has now reached the proportions of an institution of this command and will never be relinquished, because we believe that there are many children

who now look toward the Force at Christmas, as the only possible source through which Santa can operate. The truth of this is borne out by the feelings of an invalid father of five children, ages four to 11, the mother of whom was very ill in hospital. After he had expressed his humble gratitude, he said the gifts were exactly what his children had prayed for, and he had wondered if the "Mounties" would think of his children this year and bring them something. In their simple manner they enjoyed their Christmas, made possible by the efforts of our members. How unlike another family, in which there was an only child who was extremely conscious of the red 25 on the calendar. No mention was made of the Christmas Season approaching, the time of goodwill and gracious giving. When this little girl said anything about Christmas she met a strange embarrassed silence from her parents. On Christmas Eve, she could contain herself no longer and blurted out: "This is Christmas Eve, isn't it?" Her mother left the room with a set face; the father tried to joke about it and remarked that he wasn't sure, he'd go into town and find out. The child went to her room, undressed in the dark and crawled into bed. Slowly she began to realize why she had not gone to school that Fall; why she had no shoes; why they had lived on potato soup all winter. And the words loomed large to a child

Editor's Note: The "D" Division "Toy Project" has received publicity in *The Quarterly* in other years but the subject is one that bears repeating. With the Christmas Season not too far in the future it is possible that this article may influence other groups to follow the excellent program of kindness and good cheer instituted in our Winnipeg Headquarters.

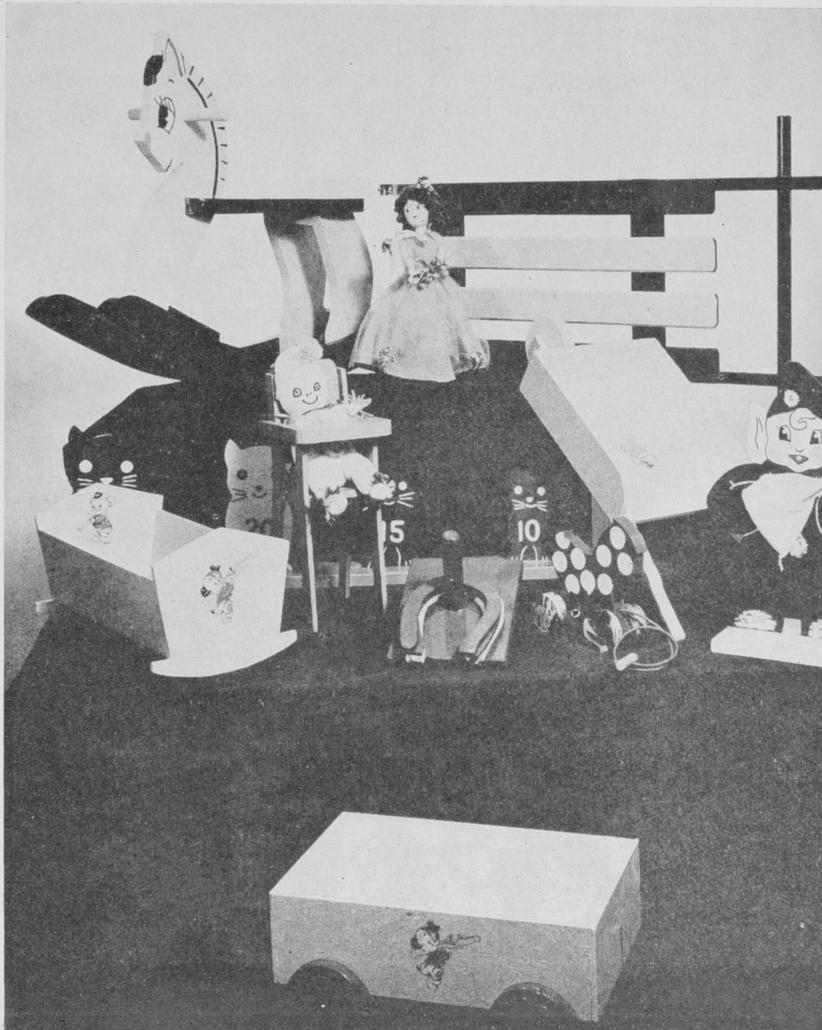
of six as she whispered in the dark: "We're poor". There is no member of the Force who would not have helped here, if he knew he could. And that is the answer to the question: "Will this Toy Project continue?" Yes, it will continue, just as long as there are children who look to this Force to relieve the hunger in their hearts at Christmas-time. And "D" Division has no monopoly on such children, they may be found everywhere, if we but look.

A homeless, penniless philosopher teaching in the Hills of Judea 19 hundred years ago said one day to his ragged followers: "It is more blessed to give than receive." It was not a new idea then; it is as old as history itself, going back to the days of Buddha, Confucius and Zoroaster of Persia, and the Sacred

Books of Hinduism taught it a thousand years before that. This is an experience that cannot be described, it is too personal, it must be lived to fully appreciate the heart-warming sensation of giving of yourself, without thought of remuneration in any form.

Each year since its inception, the "D" Division Toy Project has grown, and each year upon its completion, it is said, "This is the limit, we cannot possibly expand any further". But somehow, some extra spark of enthusiasm gives an extra drive, resulting in 560 hand-made toys, including the dressing of 75 dolls, being the final tally of the Christmas 1951 effort. These toys included hobby-horses that really rocked, sleighs, pussy cat black-boards, ring toss games, wagons, wheelbarrows, high chairs and pull toys

Some of the products of "D" Division's toy project.



of various types. They were well finished, properly sanded to prevent splinters in tender places, and well painted. And thanks to two genuine artists on the Civil Service staff, all the elves, horses and lambs boasted an Helena Rubenstein complexion with mascara eyelashes. For the older girls there were dolls, of a variety only found on exclusive counters, they wore marvels of the dressmaker's art, clothed by the girls of Division Headquarters and the wives and lady friends of the members. Older boys received hockey sticks and pucks donated by a former Montreal "Canadiens" defence star who is now engaged in the manufacture of such items, as well as hockey sweaters, mitts and socks which were purchased locally from funds contributed by members and private parties outside of the Force. Such articles would bring the number of gifts to well over the 600 mark.

Local merchants and business firms were most generous in their assistance, and without their help our effort would not have been possible. They gave willingly and without stint. To them we say genuinely: "Thank you". Simple, but sincere. We believe however, that they also are satisfied, as we read a letter from one generous contributor, in which he says in part: "The photograph of the toys made by your members is indeed the best evidence that your members are practising goodwill toward men, and we feel privileged to be a small part of that splendid effort—I think your program is one of the finest and I say 'More power to you'."

Many calls were received from private individuals in the city with the offer of toys which their children had outgrown. In every instance they were picked up and examined at Division Headquarters with a view to possible re-conditioning. Those which were beyond our power to repair, were delivered to an organization in the city who have the facilities and the craftsmen to effect necessary repairs, and later dispose of them to

needy families. So nothing was lost, nothing was discarded as useless.

As an encouragement to Public Relations, there is no more practical method than engaging in an enterprise of this sort. It is surprising to find reference to the "Toy Project" in so many varied places, high and low. It has been accepted by the public as an annual affair, and their support is always ready before we are.

Throughout our country there are many little people whose Christmases are not what they should be, for diverse reasons best known to ourselves, and fortunately, not due always to the delinquency of the parents. To these, our future citizens, we should extend the warmth of friendship particularly at Christmas. What would give them more pleasure than to receive a gift from a policeman? To this end let those of us who are handy with tools, pool our knowledge and give our imagination free rein. The dividends are tremendous. There is no need to write anywhere for information on how to get started—just start. There are many magazines giving plans on easy-to-make toys, which lend themselves to multiple cutting on band, circular or scroll saw. A crew of five members can complete 50 toys each of two or three types in about six weeks. A different crew for five nights weekly can perform a lot of work. An important member of this venture is the "Chief Procurement Officer" (as we politely call him), whose duties are well known to all of us. It is not necessary though, that he possess the qualities necessary to sell ice-boxes to Eskimos.

Recently, an item from Henry Van Dyke's work, "Six Days of the Week" came to my notice. May the writer be privileged to pass it on to you.

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think of what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the

*Friendliness ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



brings
them
back
again



**ALBERTA
GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL
BUREAU**

middle distance, and you chance to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and to look behind their faces and into their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are

going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day?"

Then, you can keep Christmas. ●●●

Crucial Word

We peddle this strictly moral story from Ottawa. A well-known senior officer noted for his energy and his rapid promotion in the service, was asked to give a pep-talk to recruits.

He had what he was going to say in mind, but not the oratorical approach to it. As he went through the swinging door into the auditorium, he noticed the word "Push" on the door. This gave him the inspiration he lacked. The key-note of his speech was "Push".

At the end of it, he wound up with this flourish: "If you men want to know how to get ahead in the service, just read and act on that one word written on that door." He pointed dramatically to the swinging door.

The word he had seen on the outside as he entered was "Push", but the word which he pointed at on the inside was "Pull".

(The Peterborough Examiner)

WEEK-END in the

Wilderness

By Cst. A. MacEwan

Two members of the Force put in a "rugged" week-end and this is their story.

“ONION” Jack and “Garlic” Mac had long looked forward to the outing—they had planned it over and over again while at work in the office. And now it had come at last—that wonderful week-end, with a couple extra days added—and they were on their way to have the time of their lives.

Both men were between the ages of 30 and 35—and good horsemen—having done a lot of riding since they were boys. Both were keen hunters and lovers of outdoor life.

They rode now side by side through the country-side toward their destination to “rough it” in the rugged wooded country known as Gatineau Hills.

“We should have a lot of fun on this trip, Garlic,” observed “Onion” Jack, the older and taller of the two to his companion as they rode along on their fine horses. “It’s swell country for sport—lots of fine lakes with good fishing of trout in them—and black bear and deer and moose and other forms of wild life in the woods.”

Garlic grinned. “You bet, Onion,” he agreed, “this is going to be the trip of our lives—something to tell the gang about when we get back. I reckon ‘Cribbage’ Pete at work was and is envious of us, being able to get up here in the hills on this hunting and fishing trip.”

The men had their fishing tackle, their guns and their food-stuffs packed and tied back of their saddles so that they did not need to have a pack horse along, each rider carrying his own needs.

It was the middle of June—and ideal weather for such a trip. Just the kind of hot weather when a fellow likes to get out of the heat of town and enjoy the coolness of the woods and lake-shores.

Toward nightfall, after having travelled all day long on horseback, the two came in sight of the cabin that was to be their home for the week-end—it was a cozy log cabin set in a glade in the forest on the banks of a large, beautiful lake.

They had made arrangements with the owner to rent it. It was an ideal cabin and an ideal spot in which to camp.

They pegged out their horses to graze and watered them—then strolled about the clearing, looking at their surroundings and admiring them, breathing deep and pleasurably of the pine-scented air. They stood on the dock built along-shore and looked at the little row-boat which was theirs to use for fishing.

“This is going to be more fun than I ever dreamed,” Garlic said. “How we’re going to hate to have to go back to town and to work after having a fine outing like this.”

They went into the cabin after a bit and were as well pleased as ever over their forest home. It was a two-room affair—one was bedroom with bunks along the walls—the other a combination living-room and kitchen—with a good, serviceable cooking stove, pantry—and a big fire-place in which entire logs could be burned to keep warm in cold weather or on chilly nights.

They brought their things in and unpacked them, then busied themselves preparing the evening meal.

After they'd eaten they lit up their pipes—first having done the dishes—and then sat out on the open veranda and smoked and rested and talked of the fun they would have.

Then they went to bed early that night, both being tired out from the long trip on horseback. They wanted to be up early the next morning and get to fishing and hunting.

Early the next morning they were up and making breakfast—they ate it, then decided on what they would do that day.

"I think I'll have a go at the hunting," Garlic said.

"And I'll catch some nice fish—I feel more in the mood to take it easier, row around in the boat today on the lake and haul in a lot of big fish," said Onion. "You know," he added with a chuckle, "it'll be a good thing that I do catch a nice mess of fish for it wouldn't do much good to depend on you bringing home any game—I bet you don't shoot a thing!"

"Oh, yeah?" grunted Garlic, but laughing when he said it, "if we want anything to eat tonight—I'll have to bring it in—I know you won't be catching any fish."

"Wanta' bet," challenged Onion.

Garlic laughed. "Whoever loses does the K.P.," he said.

* * *

"Garlic" Mac, with his rifle ready, stalked through the woods all day looking for game. There should be plenty of it he knew, but somehow, it seemed to avoid him and as the day drew toward its end he began to feel desperate for so far he'd not even sighted game—although now and then some had scurried away in the forest—but so quickly that he'd not even seen it, much less had the chance to fire at it.

"Lordy, but Onion will have it all over me if I come back without anything," he moaned, "and after I bragged so this morning. I hate to think of facing him. Well—maybe he won't have had any better luck in his fishing. I can hope



Cartoon by W/O Tracy, RCAF Roundel.

... they went to bed early that night ...
tired out from the long trip on horseback.

—but—” and he smacked his lips, “some nice fresh lake trout sure would taste good, if I don't bring home a bear—or a rabbit or so.”

He was about to give up in disgust when he heard a rifle shot somewhere in the woods ahead of him.

“Wonder if Onion changed his mind and went out hunting after all?” he thought. “And if he has—he's had better luck than I've had.”

He made his way in the direction of the shot and within ten minutes came out into a clearing—and there he saw a man kneeling beside a freshly killed *sciurus vulgaris*.

“Hi, there!” cried Garlic. “So you landed one!”

The man turned and he saw it wasn't his pal, Onion, after all, but a stranger—and by the looks of him, a man who lived in the woods—a grizzled old hunter.

“Yep,” said the man, “lots of good game in this woods. You just gotta know where to find it and how to bring it down.”

“I'd been beginning to wonder,” grumbled Garlic. “My pal and I came up here to hunt and fish for a few days—and he stayed at the cabin fishing—I was kidding him this morning about how it

would be a good thing that I went out hunting for he wouldn't catch a thing and we'd starve tonight if we had to depend on what he caught—and now it looks as though we'd starve if we had to depend on what I shot."

"Shucks," said the old hunter, "I've always got more game than I can use—if you're that hard up, who don't you take this critter I just shot? I'll sell it to you cheap."

"Say—that is an idea," grinned Garlic. He felt greatly relieved all of a sudden. Now he would save his face before Onion. "What you want for it?"

The man named a price and Garlic, without haggling in the least, hauled out his wallet and forked over, then helped the man bleed the animal, and then—as it wasn't very large, he slung it over his shoulder and headed back for camp—chuckling all the while.

And the old hunter chuckled, too, as he headed back for his own cabin in the opposite direction.

* * *

When Garlic staggered into camp with his *sciurus vulgaris* he could hardly keep his face straight, for Onion jumped up from the porch where he'd been sitting with a glum look on his face, and stared goggle-eyed at his friend.

"You—you really did get one—a good one, too!" exclaimed Onion.

"Of course—didn't I say I would," boasted Garlic. "And, like I said—it's a good thing I did get something or we'd starve if we had to depend on the fish you caught today—I don't see any around."

Onion flushed, then caught himself and said proudly, "That's what you think—just come this way, sir, and cast your eyes on the prize catch ever caught by mortal man."

He led Garlic into the kitchen—and there in a big pail of water were a half dozen fine trout, all cleaned and ready for the frying-pan.

Garlic looked and was somewhat taken aback.

"Well, you old son-uva-gun, you did catch something after all. I'd never have thought it," he complimented.

"Yeah, I guess we're both not such bad fishermen and hunters," said Onion.

* * *

They enjoyed a feast that night—and afterwards sat on the porch again and smoked their pipes and plied each other with questions about how the other had managed to catch such fine fish—had it been quite a battle—where had they bit best—and so on—from the one—and the other—just where the fine *sciurus vulgaris* had been brought down—had it led him quite a chase, and so on.

Both men answered the questions of the other a bit vaguely at first—but then, warming up to their stories really did them up brown.

Finally they turned in and had another good night's sleep. Garlic, of course, with his head out the window, and Onion with his feet out the door.

The next morning they arose and had breakfast again—hot coffee and biscuits and some *sciurus vulgaris*.

This day Onion decided to roam the woods and see if he couldn't bring home a *sciurus vulgaris* that would be much bigger than the one Garlic had bagged the day before—he boasted that he would show Garlic up like nobody's business. And Garlic decided to stay at the cabin and fish—and declared that he would catch a bigger and better string of fish than Onion had caught the day before.

As he roamed the woods he had no better luck than Garlic had had—but he was lucky enough, toward the close of the day, to meet up with the same hunter Garlic had met—and make a bargain like Garlic had made.

And—in his absence from the cabin—Garlic, though he fished in every imaginable spot, had no luck in catching

anything—and was growing more and more despondent, when he caught sight of a boat out on the lake toward the far end. He rowed over there just in time to see the old hunter he'd met the day before pull in a big one after quite a struggle.

"Hey, there, friend," Garlic called, "seems I haven't any better luck fishing than I had hunting—how about you? Catch many fish?"

The other proudly held up quite a string—and once again Garlic asked, "Want to sell 'em?"

The man was willing—so—when Onion returned to the cabin that night, Garlic was all ready for him with a fine string of fish—but—to his surprise, he saw that Onion had a *sciurus vulgaris* over his shoulder—one a bit larger, even, than the one he'd brought home the day before.

"Well, I'll be . . ." Garlic said to himself. "I can't seem to get a thing—no luck

hunting or fishing—but that Onion, he's got luck in both!"

* * *

The next day it was time for the two sportsmen to start heading back home again—each, as he rode along, stole furtive, curious looks at his companion and in his mind were strange thoughts—how come the other had all the luck on this trip—when he had none.

They were gone a couple of hours from the cabin when they met up with a grizzled old hunter who called a familiar greeting to both men.

"Hi, you fellers," he said, "want to buy some more fish and game today? I'll have plenty again for you before the day's over—and no need either of you going out and killing yourselves tryin' to shoot anything or catch any fish when I can bring them right to your cabin."

"Er, no, thanks," stammered Onion, and at the same moment, Garlic muttered the same words.



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Both men kicked their mounts into a canter and they hurried on past the old hunter and fisherman, who looked at them wonderingly.

For a time neither Garlic nor Onion said anything—both were deep crimson and silent. Then they looked at each other—at first accusingly, then as they realized they, too, had tried to pull one over the other, both began laughing.

“You, too?” Onion said to Garlic.

“Yeah—me too—and you, too, eh?” laughed Garlic.

And for the rest of their trip back home, every now and then one or the other would suddenly laugh out loud. The trip had been a lot of fun anyway—and one thing they were mutually agreed upon, without putting the decision into words—the story of their hunting and fishing trip—the true story, that is, would go no further. ●●●

Movie Exposes "Accident" Hoax

Secret motion pictures of a woman doing heavy work were shown to Supreme Court to refute her claim for damages against B.C. Electric.

It was the second time in Vancouver Court House history movies had been used as evidence.

The woman, who had twice before in the past five years collected damages from the company for injuries, was termed an “unscrupulous claimant” by Mr. Justice Coady. She collected \$300 in 1946 and \$1,100 in 1949 . . .

She claimed \$197 expenses and unstated general damages for injuries she claimed she suffered Apr. 17, 1951, when a street car's doors closed on her as she boarded the car at Abbott and Hastings.

(Vancouver Daily Province)

The motion pictures shown by the firm caught her . . . carrying pails of water to her cabin . . . and chopping wood . . .



Photograph by De Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd.

“AIR” DIVISION GETS NEW PLANE

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (“Air” Division) accept delivery of their fourth “Beaver” at De Havilland Downs-View Airport, Toronto, Ont.

The RCMP crew, Cpl. G. R. Hamelin, pilot and Spl. Cst. J. Lindsay, engineer are shown as they receive the Air Worthiness and Warranty certificate from De Havilland Aircraft of Canada’s representative, Mr. L. Appleyard.

RCMP “Beavers” are at present operating out of Vancouver, B.C. and Winnipeg, Man., and “Beavers” will shortly be stationed at St. John’s, Nfld. and Prince Albert, Sask.

The following humorous incident occurred in a B.C. coast Police Court a few years ago. Though somewhat unorthodox, the adjudication was perhaps just considering all of the circumstances.

A passenger on a coastal steamship complained to the master that she had been robbed of \$5 during the night and demanded immediate action. When the steamship arrived at a small coastal town it was met by the police and investigation resulted in a young man wearing His Majesty’s uniform being arrested and escorted to the local lock-up. The magistrate was called from his home and immediately sat upon the case to permit the witnesses who were passengers aboard the ship to attend this hearing. There was nothing extraordinary about the case, except that the magistrate in his rush to attend Court had forgotten his hearing aid and the evidence had to be repeated by the prosecutor in a very loud voice. The young serviceman, who obviously was inexperienced in Court decorum, kept calling the magistrate “Your Majesty” and sometimes for variety addressed the Court as “Your Excellency”. At the close of the hearing the magistrate made the following adjudication.

“I find you not guilty of this charge, as this case has not been sufficiently proved, provided—you return the money you stole.”

It Happened in the Force

The RCMP clothing store in Ottawa is usually well stocked but sometimes it is a little difficult to fill the orders coming in. Recently, for example, a member ordered a Badge mental. Another asked for Rubber men. A newly promoted NCO must have been a little excited for he wanted a set of Cgevrobs. One member may not have tried to put something over but this is what he requested:

Socks wool over
Overshoes over
Rubbers over.

* * *

Some years ago an application to join the Force was received in Montreal from an American. The usual letter containing the necessary information was sent to him. Then as now the letter-head bore in large letters "Royal Canadian Mounted Police".

A few days later another letter was received from the same applicant saying he was not interested in the RCMP, what he was interested in was, "Them North-westerners, because he *could* ride and he *could* shoot".

* * *

A "lady" was haled before a magistrate in one of the Maritime cities not long ago charged with "operating etc., etc.". When she had pleaded guilty, the magistrate said: "I understand you are known as 'Box-Car Annie', is that correct?"

"Yes sir, I am," was the reply.

"Well" said the Bench, "you're side-tracked for 30 days. Next case."

A new arrival at a division had been instructed that when on duty at the Information Desk he was not permitted to let any visitor see an officer or other member of the Force without first informing that person that he had a caller. He was most anxious to make good and soon after taking over his duties he had occasion to inform the Officer Commanding that there was a man at the desk with a parcel addressed to the Officer Commanding. The orderly was instructed to send the visitor in at once. Two minutes later there was a thud on the desk of the O.C. as an Express driver dumped a 50 pound parcel of supplies for the Q.M. Stores.

* * *

Excerpt from a Crime Report received at a Division Headquarters:

"In view of this, subject was escorted to the hospital in the a.m. of the 14-4-51 and had the two operations performed. Members of this Detachment remained until the operation was completed *and recovered from the anaesthetic.*"

* * *

While preparations for the Royal Tour of 1939 were underway at a certain division, a full-scale inspection of all personnel was ordered for one morning. One man was missing when the roll was called and the sergeant major asked if anyone knew where he was. Someone in a very decided "Oxford" accent proffered the information that he didn't think so-and-so would be turning out for the occasion. "He's reahlly not veddy keen on this sawt of thing, don't you know," he added.

* * *

The senior NCO in a C.I.B. office was rather startled recently when he answered the telephone, to hear the request: "May I have a charge, please?" It was not without some difficulty that he assured the lady that while he would be glad to oblige if she insisted, that she was talking to a police office and not a department store!

Recent Cases . . .

R. v. Ryan

Possible access to the public by members of the jury leads to a new trial in a murder charge.

PORT Simpson, the locale of the crime related here, is a fishing village on the British Columbia coast 18 miles north of Prince Rupert. Pleasantly situated, it is the home of a few score white people and about 500 Indians, who occupy the local Reserve.

In the late evening of Dec. 23, 1950, two Indian youths with their girl companions were strolling on the dock when their attention was attracted by unusual sounds from a fishing vessel which they recognized as the *Westerly*, a gill-netter belonging to Harold Ryan, a local Indian; the *Westerly*, about 100 yards from shore, was drifting, the engine was still and there were no lights aboard. According to statements later given by them they heard sounds "like things falling around" on the boat, and among a woman's screams, the words "Harold, leave me alone". A loud splash was then heard as though a body had fallen overboard, and the youths raised the alarm. One of them with John Gosnell, the Indian Reserve store-keeper who happened to be nearby, set out from the wharf in a skiff. Thirty feet from the drifting *Westerly* they located, lying face down in the water, the body of a young Indian woman, clothed only in slacks and brassiere. She was bleeding from the mouth as she was lifted ashore, where first aid and artificial respiration were immediately commenced by Gosnell and his wife, the latter being a field nurse with the Indian Affairs Branch. Though continued for two hours, their efforts were of no avail and the body was later removed to a room in the Council House on the Reserve.

It was nearly midnight when word of the tragedy was received at Prince

Rupert, and a party of constables under the NCO in charge of the detachment left for the scene immediately, arriving at Port Simpson at 3 a.m. on the Police vessel M.L. 15. They were met by the Chief Counsellor of the Reserve, who led them to the *Westerly* which had in the meantime been towed in and made fast to the wharf. An inspection of the cabin showed evidence of a terrific struggle having taken place, with a considerable amount of blood spattered about the interior. The body of the dead woman was examined. It was identified as that of Lorraine Tait, the common-law wife of Harold Ryan. In addition to multiple bruises, there were several lacerations about the face, arms, head, shoulders and legs.

As preliminary inquiries clearly indicated that Ryan was responsible for the woman's death, the police went to his house where he was found asleep, but clad only in shorts. A pair of men's trousers, soaking wet, were lying in the room. From the kitchen stove, which was burning fiercely, a smell of burning cloth was noticed, but the heat was too intense for any examination of the material to be made. In the subsequent investigation and trial the only explanation for this burning came from Ryan's mother, who said that on hearing of the death, she burnt a housecoat belonging to Lorraine, in accordance with Indian custom. It is significant, however, that the rest of the presumably wet clothing worn by Ryan that night was never found.

Ryan was roused, placed under arrest, and taken to the M.L. 15 for escort to Prince Rupert. With permission of the coroner, the body of Lorraine Tait was

removed to the city, and in view of the evidence aboard the *Westerly*, the vessel was taken in tow by the Police boat on the return journey. Ryan was taken to the detachment and formally charged with murder, being given the customary warning. In a voluntary statement he told of having left Prince Rupert the previous afternoon and of drinking that had taken place between himself, Lorraine and a companion, named Wilfred Knott; that on arrival at Port Simpson he and Knott came to blows, and when Lorraine intervened he struck her several times with his fist; that he had fallen overboard but returned to the boat, then later went to his house.

A post mortem was performed on the body later in the day by Dr. L. M. Greene of Prince Rupert, who stated that death had been caused by multiple head wounds before entering the water. In addition to the bruises and lacerations previously observed by the Police, the examination revealed a number of third degree burns. One of the investigating members took into his possession samples of the burned tissue, blood and hair, and both lungs, which were to be taken to Vancouver for examination by a pathologist.

The investigation was continued at Port Simpson on December 26, with all known witnesses to any of the incidents surrounding the crime being interviewed. Their statements, confirmed for the most part by evidence later given at Ryan's trial, gave the story of the events leading up to the death of Lorraine Tait.

The three occupants of the *Westerly* on the fatal day, Ryan, Knott and Lorraine Tait had left Prince Rupert in the afternoon and had commenced drinking from several bottles of wine and rye whiskey which had been brought aboard. A final round of drinks was had on arrival at Port Simpson at 7 p.m., when an Indian from a nearby boat, Alfred Wesley, came aboard. While he was there, Lorraine playfully tore his sweater,

and then removed her own and put it on him. This accounted for the lack of clothing on the upper part of the body when found. When Knott and Wesley left for their homes soon afterward, there had been no arguments or fighting, and Ryan and the woman seemed quite happy, though very much under the influence of liquor. Half an hour later, other witnesses had seen the couple, alone, on the boat, but again nothing untoward was noticed. The screams and the splash, followed by the recovery of Lorraine Tait's body, had occurred just before 11 p.m. Around midnight Ryan was seen swimming toward shore; he then walked up the beach and along the street to his house, looking both ways before entering.

On the following day a member of the Vancouver Sub-Division Identification Section arrived by plane and a number of photographs of the body and the scene of crime were taken. Included in the latter were aerial views requested by Crown counsel, and the production of these at the trial led to favorable comment from the Court in view of the simplified manner and great saving of time in which the general plan of the crime locale was established.

A further examination of the interior of the *Westerly* was made in daylight. It was observed that the exhaust pipe ran through the wheel-house, and as this would no doubt be over-heated after the long trip from Prince Rupert, it was presumed in the absence of other explanation that the burns on the woman's body were caused by her falling on the pipe. The accelerator switch, a galvanized can and a bottle of root beer were removed and taken to Vancouver for examination for fingerprints by a member of the Identification Section. Inspection of the first two items was negative, the bottle, however, which was covered with splotches of dried blood with several strands of black hair adhering, yielded two fragment impressions

which appeared to have been made by a palm or lower finger joints. A request for the re-fingerprinting and palm printing of Ryan was made to Prince Rupert, and comparison of these additional prints resulted in positive identification of the latent impression as being the ridge surface between the second and third joints of Ryan's left forefinger.

The hair adhering to the bottle was turned over to the pathologist who had been requested to examine the exhibits removed at the post mortem. Under microscopic examination, he found the hair similar to that removed from the head of Lorraine Tait; different characteristics were found in a like inspection of a sample of Ryan's hair. The pathologist's findings with regard to the lungs of the deceased supported the opinion of the Prince Rupert doctor that death had not occurred from drowning.

It is a characteristic of many of the coastal Indian settlements that in an in-

vestigation of this nature, the task of the police in securing the necessary information from witnesses is often difficult, and the crime at Port Simpson proved to be no exception. By dint of patient inquiries and interviews, however, the chain of evidence was completed, and following committal, the trial opened in Prince Rupert Assize Court on July 2, 1951 before Mr. Justice J. MacFarlane and jury, continuing to the evening of July 5. Ryan was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. No motive was proved by the Crown, but it was considered possible that the accused had become suspicious of his woman being unfaithful to him during his absence from the Reserve. During cross-examination in the trial, he admitted being convicted in 1942 on two charges of causing grievous bodily harm by stabbing. A powerfully built man, he had the reputation of being dangerous when under the influence of liquor.



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An appeal was entered on Ryan's behalf from this conviction, and the case came before the Court of Appeal in Victoria on Sept. 19, 1951. Counsel for the appellant advanced the argument that the jury in the trial had been in a position where it was possible for them to have contact with the public; they had been permitted to use the telephone and were taken to a movie by the sheriff. Notwithstanding affidavits produced by members of the jury that they had no conversation with outsiders, the Court ruled that while sitting in a single row,

in a darkened theatre, members of the public had opportunity to talk to them. The conviction was quashed and a new trial ordered.

The second trial opened in Assize Court at Prince Rupert on May 7, 1952 before Mr. Justice H. S. Wood and jury. Ryan was found guilty on the reduced charge of manslaughter and at the end of the Assize was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

(Prepared for *The Quarterly* by Sgt. E. Scott, RCMP, Victoria, B.C.)

* * *

R. V. Phillips

Illegal Possession of Deer Meat—Appeal Against Conviction by Magistrate Based on Validity of Indian Treaty

THIS case, although occurring some-time ago and while not of an extremely serious nature, is of interest, in view of its humorous aspect, as well as a possible law technicality involving an Indian Treaty dating back to 1752, which, had the action in pursuit of the appeal against conviction by the defence been in order and thus permitted to have been fully argued, may have given rise for some concern as to whether the amending of a Provincial Statute was required.

In the Province of Nova Scotia the RCMP is responsible for the enforcement of the Provincial Lands and Forests Act, Part III, pertaining to game, and which covers illegal hunting, trapping and so forth. On Oct. 6, 1950, some ten days prior to the opening of the deer hunting season, the RCMP Dartmouth Detachment received information indicating that an Indian residing in the Cole Harbour district had some deer meat in his possession. The Police searched the premises of Charles Phillips, an elderly Indian who lived with his wife at Cole Harbour, Halifax County, N.S., found a quantity of deer meat in

the basement of their home and placed it under seizure.

A charge under s. 133 of the Lands and Forests Act was subsequently preferred against Phillips, the wording of this section being as follows: "No person shall have in his possession at any time, any protected animal or bird illegally killed or taken, or any portion thereof".

On his appearance before a justice of the peace at Dartmouth on October 10, Phillips entered a plea of "not guilty", claiming that being an Indian and living on a Reserve he was permitted to hunt and fish at any time. In support of this he produced a copy of an Indian Treaty dated Nov. 23, 1752 which authorized the Indians of the Micmac tribe, to which Phillips belonged, to hunt and fish and which reads in part as follows: "It is agreed that the said tribe of Indians shall not be hindered from, but have free liberty of hunting and fishing as usual". Needless to say Phillips was found guilty and the case adjourned for sentence until October 16, when he was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50 and \$4 costs, or in default was to serve a term of 50 days in the Halifax County Jail. On being

given until October 23 to pay the fine and costs defence counsel signified their intention to file an appeal against the conviction, based as was learned later, on the validity of the Indian Treaty in question.

Notice of appeal in writing was served on the member of the Force concerned on October 30, and on November 30, the date on which the appeal was to be heard, counsel for the Informant-Respondent, representing the Attorney-General's Department, filed objection to the appeal on the grounds that "Notice in Writing" of the appeal had not been given within the ten day period as required by the Nova Scotia Summary Convictions Act, s. 59 (b). On December 22, the County Court Judge at Halifax who heard the appeal, sustained the objection of counsel for the Informant-Respondent and dismissed the appeal of the Appellant-Defendant. However, when the Warrant of Commitment was issued the accused could not be found, although repeated visits were made to his home and he had been reported seen around the district. His wife, also an Indian, failed to assist the Police in any way, but merely stated that Phillips would not pay a fine and would not go to jail. It was not until Mar. 14, 1951 that he was found hidden in the attic of his home, and then only after entry to the house had been gained by force. The same day the fine and costs were paid by Phillips. Subsequently representations were made on his behalf by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, because of his age, and so forth, but the outcome though favorably considered by the Force, is not known.

The humorous side of the case occurred two days after the appeal was dismissed on Dec. 22, 1950 when the personnel of Dartmouth Detachment received an envelope containing a homemade Christmas calendar for the year 1951, illustrated with a cartoon from a local newspaper showing an Indian squaw, with papoose on her back, aim-



ing a rifle at a moose in the distance. The drawing's caption said: "A little more to the left Ma". It is as well to mention that there has been no "open season" on moose in the Province of Nova Scotia for a number of years. Although the sender of the calendar saw fit to remain anonymous it was quite evident from subsequent casual inquiries that members of the Phillips family were behind it.



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Reproduced below is a copy of the Indian Treaty as prepared from the original document on file at the Provincial Government Archives.

**MINUTES OF COUNCIL AT
HALIFAX**

At a Council meeting holden at the Governor's House on Wednesday the 23rd day of November 1752.

PRESENT

His Excellency the Governor,
Councrs.

The Honbrs.
Chas. Lawrence
Benj. Green
Jno. Salusbury
Willm Steele
Jno. Collier

The following Treaty of Peace was signed Ratified and Exchanged with the Mick Mack Tribe of Indians, inhabiting the Eastern Parts of this Province. And it was resolved that Mr. Saul should be ordered to issue provisions according to the allowance of the Troops, for six months for ninety of the same Indians,

being the computed number of that Tribe.

Treaty or Articles of Peace and Friendship Renewed between "His Excellency Peregrine Thomas Hopson Esq.," Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia of Acadie, Vice Admiral of the Same and Colonel of one of His Majesty's Regiments of Foot, and His Majesty's Council on behalf of His Majesty.

and

Major Jean Baptise Cope, Chief Sachem of the Tribe of Mick Mack Indians Inhabiting the Eastern Coast of the said Province and Andrew Hadley Martin, Gabriel Martin & Francis Jeremiah, members and Delegates of the said Tribe, for themselves and their said Tribe their Heirs and the Heirs of their Heirs, forever, begun made and concluded in the manner form and Tenor following, Viz.:

1. It is agreed that the articles of submission and agreement made at Boston in New England by the delegates of the Penobscot Norridgwock & St. Johns Indians, in the year 1725, ratified and confirmed by all the Nova Scotia Tribes, at Annapolis Royal, in the month of June 1726, and lately renewed with Governor Cornwallis at Halifax, and Ratified at St. Johns River, now read over, Explained and Interpreted, shall be and are hereby from this time forward renewed Ratified and forever confirmed by them and their Tribe and the said Indians for themselves and their Tribe and their Heirs aforesaid Do make and renew the same solemn submission and promises for the strickt observance of all the articles therein contained as at any time heretofore hath been done.

2. That all transactions during the late war shall on both sides be buried in oblivion with the Hatchet, and that the said Indians shall have all favours, Friendship and Protection shown them from His Majesty's Government.

3. That the said Tribe shall use their utmost endeavours to bring in the other Indians to Renew and Ratify this Peace and shall discover and make known any attempts or designs of any other Indians or any Enemy whatever against His Majesty's Subjects within this Province so soon as they shall know thereof and shall also hinder and obstruct the same to the utmost of their power, and on the other hand if

any of the Indians refusing to ratify this Peace shall make war upon the Tribe who have now confirmed the same, they shall upon application have such aid and assistance from the Government for their defence, as the case may require.

4. *It is agreed that the said Tribe of Indians shall not be hindered from, but have free liberty of hunting and fishing as usual. And that if they shall think a truck-house needful at the River Chibenaccadie or any other place of their resort, they shall have the same built and proper merchandize lodged therein, to be exchanged for what the Indians shall have to dispose of, and that in the meantime the said Indians shall have free liberty to bring for sale to Halifax or any other settlement within this Province, skins, feathers, fowl, fish, or any other thing they shall have to sell, where they shall have liberty to dispose thereof to the best advantage.*

5. That a quantity of bread, flour, and such other provisions as can be procured, necessary for the families and proportionable to the number of the said Indians, shall be given them half yearly for the time to come; and the same regard shall be had to the other Tribes that shall hereafter agree to Renew and Ratify the Peace upon the terms and conditions now stipulated.

6. That to cherish a good harmony and mutual correspondence between the said Indians and this Government, His Excellency Peregrine Thomas Hopson Esqr. Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia or Acadie, Vice Admiral of the same and Colonel of one of His Majesty's Regiments of Foot, hereby promises on the part of His Majesty that the said Indians

shall upon the first day of October yearly so long as they shall continue in Friendship, Receive presents of Blankets, Tobacco and some Powder and Shot; and the said Indians promise once every year upon the first of October to come by themselves or their delegates and Receive the said presents and renew their Friendship and submissions.

7. That the Indians shall use their best endeavours to save the lives and goods of any people shipwrecked on this coast, where they resort and shall conduct the people saved to Halifax with their goods and a reward adequate to the salvage, shall be given them.

8. That all disputes whatsoever that may happen to arise between the Indians now at Peace, and others His Majesty's Subjects in this Province shall be tryed in His Majesty's Courts of Civil Judicature, where the Indians shall have the same benefit, advantage and privileges, as any others of His Majesty's Subjects.

In Faith and Testimony whereof the Great Seal of the Province is hereunto appended, and the Parties to these presents have hereunto, interchangeably set their hands in the Council Chamber at Halifax this 22nd day of Nov. 1752, in the Twenty-Sixth year of His Majesty's Reign.

P. T. Hopson
Chas. Lawrence
Ben. Green
Jno. Salusbury
Willm Steele
Jno. Collier

P. T. HOPSON, (SEAL)

(Submitted by Sgt. W. J. Lawrence, RCMP, Halifax, N.S.)

* * *

R. v. Marshall

Attempted Murder

“CANADIANS demand high standards of integrity and performance of duty on the part of their police. By the same token police measured by exacting standards have every right to expect the utmost co-operation and—if need be—courageous action by citizens in aiding them to uphold and enforce the law. . . .

Any attack on one or more constables is, in effect, an attack on ourselves. . . . In recognizing this it becomes obvious that it is our duty to go to the aid of the police . . . even though it involves danger to ourselves. . . . In the light of these circumstances Cape Bretoners can congratulate the people of Eskasoni in sub-

duing and aiding in the arrest of two men who allegedly made a murderous attack on a lone Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable when he sought to place them under arrest. . . .”

This extract from an editorial in the *Sydney Post Record* referred to the vicious assault on the constable in charge of the RCMP Eskasoni Detachment who had sought to arrest two Indian brothers from the local reserve on Mar. 9, 1952. Occurring as it did, approximately at the same time that two members of the Toronto City Police were shot down in the execution of their duty, the editorial was one of many newspaper comments across the country which forcibly brought to public attention the hazards of police work and the responsibilities which the public owe as much to the police as do law-enforcement officers to the community in general.

In this particular case the constable had received a complaint about two Indian brothers, John and Stephen Noel Marshall, who had been reported drunk and apparently in a mood for trouble. When the constable reached Stephen Marshall's home he saw him coming down the road, obviously in an intoxicated condition. The policeman waited for him and then told the man to get into the Police car. The Indian wanted to get his hat and coat first and as he appeared to be in a reasonable frame of mind the constable allowed him to go into the house, following close behind. Inside, Marshall's brother, John, was slumped on a couch, in a drunken condition also. Nearby, the policeman found a gallon jug which smelled of fresh yeast brew or yeast cake beer.

Once they were together the two Marshalls became belligerent, Stephen grabbed the constable by the tunic and said that no G . . . d . . . Mountie or anyone else was taking him off the reserve. The Indians were warned against the seriousness of resisting arrest and they held a short conversation between

themselves in the Micmac language. Both began to peel off their coats and then John put his on again and said he was going home. The constable followed, took John by the arm and started toward the Police car. Then the Indian started to resist and the policeman suddenly received a heavy blow on the back of his head from the other brother who had apparently followed. The constable fell to the ground and both brothers proceeded to give him a vicious beating, kicking him on the head and body and choking him. Despite his efforts to protect himself the policeman was soon in a semi-conscious condition. He heard Stephen tell his brother to get an axe and finish him off and saw John Marshall bring in a double bitted axe and hand it to his brother. Stephen, while straddling the policeman, placed the edge of the axe against his throat below the Adam's apple but the constable had sufficient strength left to knock the axe away and in his desperation managed to break loose and struggle to his feet. He retreated toward the Police car but once again had to fight with John Marshall.

A passing motorist had apparently witnessed the latter stages of the brawl and he went to obtain assistance. Eventually the constable reached the car and with difficulty got it started and zig-zagged away forcing Stephen Marshall to let go of the car door. Reinforced by local residents the policeman returned and after a brief struggle the two men were placed under arrest.

Charges of attempted murder s. 264 Cr. Code were laid against the two men under the instructions of Crown Attorney D. D. Finlayson of Cape Breton County. Later it was decided that a charge of inflicting grievous bodily harm under s. 273 Cr. Code would be more appropriate and on March 18 Stephen Marshall appeared in Magistrate's Court, pleaded guilty to the charge and on March 24 was sentenced to a term of seven years in Dorchester Penitentiary. His brother, John, did not elect trial by

the Magistrate and following the preliminary hearing was committed for trial at the next Court of Competent Criminal Jurisdiction. On April 21 he appeared before Judge G. M. Morrison in County Court at Sydney and pleaded not guilty to the charge. He elected speedy trial and was found guilty. Because of representations made by defence counsel and the Supervisor of the Eskasoni Indian Agency sentence was suspended for a period of two years and the subject was released on his own bond in the amount of \$500 and a written recognizance to be of good behavior.

It is interesting to note the reactions

of two different groups of civilians in this case. After the offence had been thoroughly investigated, evidence showed that several people saw the attack on the policeman but were too frightened to go to his assistance. The second group unhesitatingly joined forces with the Police and without too much difficulty subdued the liquor-crazed brothers. Had the same procedure been followed by the first group, the constable would have been spared his painful ordeal. As the *Post Record* pointed out "The Police represent us [the public] directly—clearly and unmistakably. To fail them is to fail ourselves."

* * *

Adolph Gottfried Anderson

Missing Person

IN THE spring of this year it was feared that for the second time in four years the extremely rugged country adjacent to the Big Bend had claimed the life of another trapper. Four years ago a youthful trapper by the name of Clarence L. Viers was mauled to death on his trap line by a grizzly bear. This line extends from Mile 54 on the Big Bend eastward along the Goldstream River, a tributary of the fast flowing Columbia River, for a distance of approximately 50 miles. It was on this trap line that Adolph Gottfried (Slim) Anderson was reported missing.

On Mar. 24, 1952, Joe McDougall, an old-timer on the Big Bend who makes his home at Mile 60 (all distances mentioned are from Revelstoke, B.C.) and is employed during the winter by the Provincial Department of Public Works clearing snow off bridges on that part of the Big Bend, arrived in Revelstoke and reported that Slim Anderson had failed to put in an appearance at his cabin or Jack Nixon's cabin at Mile 54 during the winter. As it was usual for Anderson to stop at these places at least once during the winter, fears were expressed for his safety. Anderson was in

his early 40's and was described as being tall and raw-boned with years of experience as a trapper and prospector on the "Bend".

Inquiries were immediately started and they revealed that the missing man had gone in on his trap line around November 1 the previous year, and had packed in sufficient supplies to last until New Year's. He had informed his friends that he would return to Revelstoke about that time for a further grub-stake and then return to his line to trap beaver. It was also learned that while he was prospecting on the "Bend" the previous summer he had collapsed, and his partner at that time suspected it was due to a heart condition.

The circumstances were reported to "E" Division Headquarters through regular channels and authority requested to send in a three-man patrol in an effort to find Anderson, or as was thought at the time, his body. The use of a plane was ruled out because of the nature of the terrain. The patrol was authorized and on the afternoon of April 8 George LaForme, veteran guide who had trapped the Anderson line for a number of winters several years ago, Edwin Wallis,

guide and trapper at Downie Creek Mile 40 and Cst. James King outfitted with snow-shoes, sleeping bags, toboggan and sufficient supplies for three weeks, left the RCMP Revelstoke Detachment to search for some trace of the missing trapper.

At this time the Big Bend was plowed to 45 Mile and the patrol was transported to Downie Creek by truck through the courtesy of the Forest Ranger at Revelstoke. The Ranger also supplied the patrol with a portable radio to be set up at Mile 54 so that contact could be made with the Forestry Office at Revelstoke when the patrol came out. The patrol remained at Downie Creek overnight and the following day reached Jack Nixon's cabin via truck and snow-shoes. With the snow at this point from eight to ten feet deep and rotting badly, it was necessary to make early starts to take advantage of the crust that formed during the night, for by 11 o'clock in the morning the snow was soft and mushy, making travel difficult. Leaving Nixon's at 5 a.m. on April 10 the Police party headed for the confluence of McCulloch Creek and Goldstream River some seven miles away. The supplies were placed on the toboggan but after four miles it had to be abandoned because of the steep side-hills and from that point they were back packed.

Shortly after abandoning the toboggan the patrol reached a stream known locally as Old Goldstream Creek, where a foot-bridge spanning the creek was found to be under two feet of water. The cause of this was a beaver dam and the three men had the choice of wading across and trusting the bridge was intact or cutting the dam and lowering the water. The latter course was decided on and a comparatively dry crossing was made. The junction of McCulloch Creek and Goldstream River was reached about 2 p.m. and in order to reach a cabin on the opposite side of the river it was necessary to cross in a ship-lap boat which to say the least was unseaworthy—it leaked like

a sieve. With George LaForme acting as skipper several trips were made to pole each man and his supplies across. It was necessary to bale out the boat after each crossing and the members were fortunate in getting over before it foundered completely. It was grimly funny watching the antics of the men and boat according to Constable King. Spending the night in the cabin, which had been built over 50 years ago by mining interests, the patrol enjoyed a forced rest next day, when a heavy rain made travel on snow-shoes impossible.

At four o'clock the following morning—April 12—the Police party started out for French Creek, another seven miles. It was reached after an arduous all day trek on snow-shoes and that night the patrol occupied a cabin Anderson had built the summer before. It was infested with mice and little rest was enjoyed at this point. Most of the time was spent brushing the vermin off as they scampered over the forms reclining on the floor of the cabin. The rumbling of slides could be heard in the distance, which also helped to punctuate the men's sleep. An early start was made on April 13 and after snow-shoeing about 6½ miles the patrol reached another of Anderson's cabins on Sweeper Bill Creek. There was no food in this shelter and apparently it had not been used for some time. Spending the night there, with their playmates of the night before conspicuous by their absence, the three tired members enjoyed a restful night. They left Sweeper Bill Creek at 6 a.m. on April 14 and headed for Hennessy Creek seven miles away, where Anderson had another cabin. About 3 p.m. they came to a clearing and noticed smoke in the distance. Had they found Anderson alive?

The patrol approached the cabin from the rear and with some trepidation; as they came within shouting distance LaForme called Anderson by his nickname. In a matter of seconds a bearded, gaunt figure appeared around the corner

of the cabin. It was Anderson. His appearance belied his actual condition, for he was in fair physical shape although it was evident he had missed several meals. His food supply had dwindled to a few beans, some rice and a small amount of flour. He was very excitable, probably the reaction of human company after nearly six months alone in the wilderness of the Selkirk Mountains. One of his acts is still unexplained. Shortly after the patrol arrived he retrieved two of his rifles from the cabin and stacked them outside, then returned for a third gun which he loaded and fired aimlessly across the Goldstream River. This conjured up ideas of a mysterious person in the vicinity whom Anderson was attempting to signal. This theory was discounted and his act credited to a nervous reaction.

A fire was soon crackling in the cabin and thanks to George LaForme who prides himself on being a pretty fair

cook, the party was soon enjoying a healthy repast. After partaking of some solid nourishment Anderson related a story of how he nearly met his death and which explained the reason for his non-appearance at his usual haunts during the winter. It was around Christmas time that he went hunting for goat; he spotted one high on a rocky bluff and took a shot at it. He was sure he had killed it and was scaling the bluff to reach the animal when he lost his footing and dropped 30 feet straight down to the incline below, then rolled over and over for approximately 90 feet, before dropping vertically another 30 feet. He had injured his back and leg. With great difficulty he managed to walk and crawl to his cabin where he nursed his injuries for eight weeks. Fortunately he had a good supply of wood at his cabin and despite his injuries he appeared to have weathered the winter fairly well.

Anderson's cabin was extremely small

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—eight feet by ten—and it was decided to make for a larger one several miles to the west. Anderson's boat was utilized for this trip and LaForme made a comparatively easy trip down river with Anderson as a passenger. The other two members followed on snow-shoes. Anderson responded quickly to the nourishing food cooked up by LaForme and he expressed a willingness to start the return trip on April 15, although still suffering some pain from his injuries. The trip back to 54 Mile was completed on April 17 and much to the unselfish chagrin of the patrol Anderson smoked all their tobacco. When they reached Nixon's cabin they dipped into his supply.

On the trip down the "Bend" Anderson's appearance must have struck home. Although he is not attached to the fair sex he felt he should remove his winter's growth. The patrol stopped at a stream and in ice cold water he literally hacked off his beard. On arrival in Revelstoke

he ignored the suggestion of the patrol to have a physical check up; he dismissed the idea that he was still suffering from the fall, yet it was noted he favored his side when walking. He registered at one of the local hotels and settled down to enjoy some solid comfort. However, this sort of life was not for him and with the lure of gold in his veins Anderson was off up the "Bend" to Mile 60 in a few days to work at some claims. Later he transferred his affections to the rich Lardeau country, 40 miles south of Revelstoke, where he is attempting to make his stake and recuperate his winter losses. Up to the time of his accident he had caught less than a hundred dollars' worth of fur, not nearly enough to pay for his winter's grub-stake. So ends the fortune of another trapper.

(Prepared for *The Quarterly* by Cpl. J. Murdoch, RCMP, Revelstoke, B.C. as told by Cst. J. King.)

* * *

Two Cases Illustrate Usefulness of Police Dog

ON A rainy evening last fall John Albert Harvey, owner of a fleet of transport trucks operating between Barrhead and Edmonton, Alta., pulled one of his large transports into a side road three miles north of Morinville on No. 2 Highway. A short time later Harvey saw another of his trucks approaching along the well travelled highway and soon he was joined by one of his drivers, Leo Ratledge. Some beer was produced and the two men proceeded to consume a bottle each while sitting in the cab.

Suddenly a terrific impact from the rear jolted both men and moved the huge truck, despite the fact that the air brakes were on and the vehicle was in gear. Harvey and Ratledge jumped out of the transport and found that a new model coupe containing three men had run into the rear of the truck, almost totally demolishing the car, and causing

some damage to the larger vehicle. Driver of the car, Louis Douziech, was only slightly injured, but his two friends, Oscar Pelletier and Maurice Miller, were unconscious, and appeared seriously hurt. A passing motorist was requested to call the Police in Edmonton and the doctor at Morinville, then Harvey and his driver hid their liquor in a field.

A few minutes later, the Dog Master from the RCMP Kennels came upon the scene, while returning to Westlock from other duties. Pelletier and Miller were examined immediately and both appeared to be dead, a fact confirmed soon afterward by the doctor. Directing traffic past the scene of the accident took all the Dog Master's time until the arrival of the RCMP Highway Patrol, Coroner and other officials from Edmonton. Then one of the investigators, while taking statements, noticed that Harvey had recently been drinking beer. A search

of the truck failed to find any. The Dog Master was requested to employ Police Service Dog "Asta" in an effort to locate a possible cache. In a short time, the well-trained German Shepherd found a part full bottle of beer in the deep grass of the ditch beside the road where it had recently been thrown. Further work on the dog's part located a fresh trail from the scene of the wreck leading westward, across the ditch and over fences for about 200 feet, where three bottles of beer, together with wrappers, were found. Two bottles had been smashed—the third was intact—in an apparently futile attempt to conceal the liquor from the Police. Evidence was seized and photographs of the scene taken. In his statement concerning the accident, Harvey admitted that his driver had taken the liquor to the point where the dog located it, after the accident.

Medical evidence at the inquest—which was held in Edmonton by the

Provincial Chief Coroner—showed that both Pelletier and Miller had died instantly from severe internal injuries.

A dangerous driving charge was laid against Louis Douziech, driver of the car, while Leo Ratledge was charged with criminal negligence because he left the other Harvey truck parked on the highway. Harvey, who was charged with illegal possession of liquor, appeared in Court at Edmonton and pleaded guilty. He was fined \$20 and costs.

Preliminary hearing of the charges against Douziech and Ratledge resulted in both appearing in Supreme Court in Edmonton, but insufficient evidence was produced and both were acquitted.

However, had it not been for the successful work of Asta in locating the liquor after the fatal accident, it is apparent that the true facts of the incidents leading up to the crash would not have been released to the proper authorities.

* * *

At approximately 11.30 p.m. on Nov. 9, 1951 Alfred Moen, reported to the RCMP High Prairie Detachment that someone had tried to shoot him about an hour-and-a-half earlier that evening. Moen, a bachelor farmer who lived in the Enilda District, was extremely nervous and in such an agitated frame of mind that he was barely able to talk to those taking the complaint. He was pacified and kept in conversation until he gradually became rational enough to continue with his story.

Moen stated that at about 10 p.m. he had been listening to the radio in his one room home, when he heard strange noises outside; the sounds were sufficiently different from the animal noises usually heard in that part of the country to warrant investigation. He opened the back door and stepped out, and immediately heard what sounded like the discharge of a .22 rifle. Something narrowly missed hitting him in the head.

There were two more shots before he managed to get back into the house. Moen said he blew out his oil lamp and then looked out the window; he saw a light about 25 yards away, which he recognized as the glowing end of a cigarette moving slowly back and forth throughout a bluff. A number of other shots were fired at the house. Moen stayed inside for about half an hour and during this time about 12 more shots were fired at his dwelling. The farmer then loaded his shotgun with extra heavy shotgun shells, opened the door and fired in the general direction of the bluff. Several shots were directed his way before he discharged his own weapon, but luckily his truck was parked close to the door and he made his way to it and drove to High Prairie, encountering some difficulty en route because of a recent snow-fall.

Members of the High Prairie Detachment and the Town Constable, returned

with the complainant to his farm. Several sets of tire marks off the main track leading to the dwelling from the road were noticed, but Moen explained that his excitement and haste in leaving the area, caused him to drive in an erratic manner. The house was approached cautiously and entered, but it was found to be in the same condition as when Moen had left. Next the bluff was examined with the aid of flash-lights and tracks were found in the snow. A check of the area showed that Moen's shotgun blast had not injured anyone, and because of the darkness the patrol decided to return to High Prairie. A call was put in immediately for the assistance of the nearest Police Service Dog, located at the Westlock Kennels, some 210 miles distant.

Seven hours later, after travelling over rough and slippery roads, the Dog Master with P.S.D. "Asta" arrived at the scene. Asta was employed on searching the area for expended shells and in a short time she had retrieved five used .22 short shells in the deep snow. After further searching Asta located a rod from a .22 rifle—a magazine-type attachment containing extra ammunition. Asta failed to uncover anything further of value and she was then employed on tracking. After following the footprints—found previously—for a short distance, they disappeared; however, farther on in the bluff the Police party came upon some fresh prints of a horse's hoofs, and rope marks on a nearby tree indicated that a horse had been tied there recently. In addition several horsehairs were located in the snow and these were preserved for possible identification. Details of the size, shape and peculiarities of the horse's prints were noted and the party started to follow them from the scene.

The tracks led across a field filled with deep snow, which made walking difficult, but following easy. En route more horsehairs were located and after cutting through the field surrounding Moen's farm, for about a quarter of a mile, the trail led onto the road, where due to the

car, truck and horse-drawn vehicle traffic, the prints became more difficult to distinguish. However, in spite of this additional difficulty the investigators were able to follow the trail on the road for over two miles, until it turned off into the farm-yard of Charles Challi and finally petered out in the heavy animal and human traffic in the yard. In view of the evidence gained thus far it was suspected that one of Challi's sons might be the culprit and finally Robert Challi admitted the offence. He showed the Police where the .22 rifle was hidden and it was noted that the loading rod was missing. Further questioning revealed that Challi possessed a sawed-off .22 rifle as well, and this of course was also seized. Robert, in his statement, implicated his brother, a juvenile, but stated that they only wished to scare Moen and did not intend him any harm.

Challi was charged under s. 118 (c), Cr. Code, pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$25 and costs. He appeared before Police Magistrate J. Bissell.

When first reported the offence appeared considerably more serious than the investigation proved, but it was fortunate indeed that Moen escaped injury from the terrific barrage of shots fired by Challi in the darkness. However, the quick action of the Police, plus the assistance of the reliable German Shepherd, finally resulted in the culprit being tracked over 2½ miles from the scene of the offence to his home, after he and his brother had escaped, both riding the same horse over a heavily travelled road.

Challi was undoubtedly influenced by some factor—probably western stories and comics, or radio serials—to commit such an offence, and during his time of arrest, boasted to Police that he could "beat them to the draw". He is a great follower of several of the Hollywood cowboy characters, uses such western slang as "adios" and "hombre" and no doubt feels that he is truly part of the "great wild west".

Old-timers' Column

This article was submitted to The Quarterly by the late ex-Assistant Commissioner LaNauze shortly before he left on a European tour which ended with his death in Sweden.

Our Horses and Their Associates

by EX-ASST. COMMR. C. D. LANAUZE

Reading "Drum Horse" by ex-S/Sgt. R. B. C. Mundy in the January 1952 *Quarterly*, reminded me that he was my first mount in September 1908 when I reached Regina as a recruit and was allotted Reg. No. 4766 and "Laddie".

Laddie was a small, old, white horse and stood in the south-west corner of No. 2 stable. His reputation was that as the oldest and liveliest horse in the Force, he did just what he wanted or was told to do by Inspector Church and was detailed to a recruit as being foolproof.

That fine ex-British cavalryman, Insp. Frank Church, was the last commissioned officer to be Riding Master and was in charge of all mounted training for the Force. His able and tough assistant was rough-rider Cpl. T. Dann—who retired as Deputy Commissioner on Mar. 20, 1940—and administered by these two able instructors, the old riding school was a strict equestrian college.

Corporal Dann detailed me to Laddie, who looked at me with scorn as much as

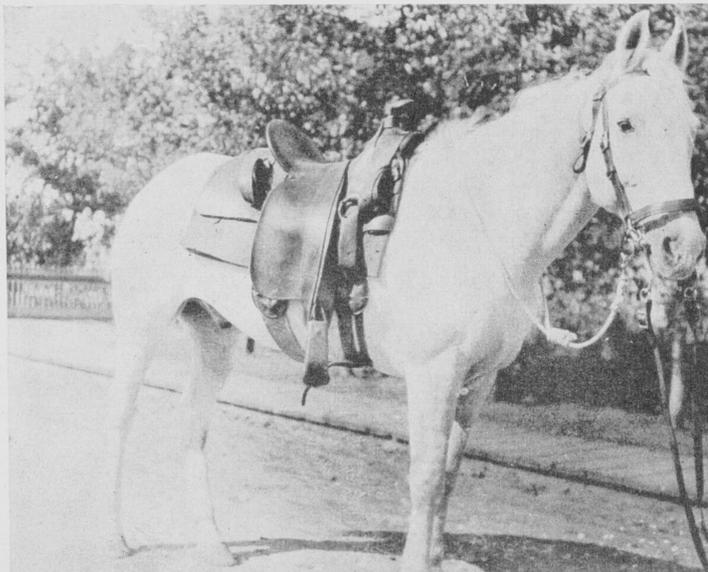
to say "another fool recruit". I was taught to saddle up the heavy stock saddle and put on the single bridle with a small plain snaffle bit known as "the bridoon", but our association ended in a few rides as I managed to keep Laddie moving with plenty of zeal and "squeeze". I think the old horse just suffered me. Later I saw another recruit up on him, a man who said he had "ridden plenty" and looked upon Laddie with scorn instead of respect. The eagle eye of Inspector Church observed this and he called out "Shake him up Laddie. Do you think you know more than that horse?" Laddie proceeded to prance and shake him exactly as described by Mundy on page 277.

Sometimes Inspector Church would have his English saddle and double bridle put on Laddie and instruct from his back. Laddie just loved this, he was out of the ranks and proud of it. Here was not the recruits' old riding school horse but a lively, beautifully schooled mount who arched his neck and bent like a polo pony with this fine horseman on his old back.

Our illustrious ex-Supt. (Col.) G. E. Sanders, CMG, DSO, of Calgary remembers Laddie well. Colonel Sanders should know him for he served from 1884 to 1911, with the Riel Rebellion, the South African War and World War I thrown in, and always remembered a good horse. The Colonel and the writer recently visited a fine old Calgary district rancher named Joe Robinson, who had also served with the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa and at 75 is still able to hoist himself on a horse.

"Laddie" at the age of 24.

Photo loaned by
Joe Robinson.





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As usual, the talk turned to ex-Policemen, and horses, and Joe said: "My father, R. G. Robinson, raised a fine horse that he sold to the Police and was known as Laddie. He was then an iron gray and one of our best saddle-horses, I still have a photograph of him which was sent to my father in 1906 by a Police officer in Regina." Joe himself loaned me the photograph and the writing on the back is as follows: "To R. J. Robinson, wishing you and yours a Happy New Year 1906. J. F. Burnett. Laddie Reg. No. 1974 purchased from R. G. R., Calgary, June 29, 1892, now 24 years old." The sender was our well known veterinary officer, the late Supt. J. F. Burnett. Superintendent Burnett for years bought all the horses for the Force, in those days when the raising of good stout saddle-horses for hard work was an industry in Alberta. Superintendent Burnett seldom made a mistake in judging horse-flesh and the photograph is just his tribute to the breeder of a horse which was ten years old when purchased. Joe told us that Laddie was raised on the Chipman Ranch and was by their imported Irish thoroughbred stallion

named "Faughballagh" out of a range mare. He had heard of Laddie's reputation under Inspector Church in Regina, for the latter had also gone to South Africa with the Police draft, and there Joe had picked up many stories about the old horse. One of them was that the late Commr. L. Herchmer who was about to resign from the Force to go to the South African War, wanted to take Laddie as his charger. Joe had heard that the blacksmith—undoubtedly the late ex-S/Sgt. "Jocko" Robinson—had purposely driven a nail into the sensitive frog of the horse's foot so that Laddie would be lame on inspection. He was then refused for the draft.

When Overseas in 1951, I found an album of photographs I had sent home in 1911 and I brought it back with me. It included this good photograph of Laddie carrying the trumpeter on what is apparently an escort ride. Ex-Asst. Commr. H. M. Newson of Victoria, B.C., is the leading file on "Big Bill" and the late Inspector Church is on the extreme right on his favorite horse "George". Ex-Supt. F. Baxter of Calgary tells me he remembers Laddie being given a little light work when the Coronation Squadron of 1911 took most of the best horses to England for two months that year. Ex-Deputy Commissioner Dann informs me that Laddie was 31 when he passed on. Writing of Laddie he says, "He knew recruits as well as a human being. On the rides in his latter years he would always hang back to six feet instead of the usual four feet from nose to croup. When told to move up, he would squeal, kick his heels against the wall of the school, scaring the recruit on his back. During the whole of his life, he regarded himself as a Bronk. He would never take anything out of one's hand, he would just blow at it and point his nose in the air."

And now Laddie, you have had two obituaries, even though a bit delayed. May you be enjoying the green pastures of the equine paradise, and go snorting around with your old white tail up.

The first horses of the Force were raised in Ontario and indeed they did well on that gruelling march of the summer of '74. Some of them were sent south to winter from Fort Macleod as there was little feed there and in the first five years of the Force's life, horse-flesh must have been a

problem. The late ex-Cst. George "Griz" Adams of Maple Creek, Sask., joined the Force in 1882 at Fort Walsh, and he told me that the Police got a fine draft of horses overland from Oregon, U.S.A. He said they were splendid animals and were always known as the "Oregon horses". Then, with the establishment of the ranching industry in what is now Alberta, the ranchers began to raise good horses for themselves and for the Police, and by around 1890 a sound saddle-horse industry was established. Most of the Police horses were purchased in the Calgary and Medicine Hat areas and the photograph of some of the 1911 horses in London shows what a fine looking type they were.

There were many splendid horses in the riding school and throughout the Force in those days when Horse was King. The Coronation Squadron of 1911 took 75 to England and back and in 1918 the Siberian Squadron took their horses to Vladivostok, but these fine animals were fated never to return. They were eventually turned over to the White Russians and disappeared in the maelstrom of the Russian Revolution.

The riding school and stables were then the academy of the Force and there the recruit's progress was carefully watched. Everything was done by the bugle. In stables, the discipline was iron, as the orderly officer and the sergeant major attended all parades. Remounts were always being broken by the rough-riders and with patient handling it was not long before they were being ridden around with the

ride. Men on NCOs' classes were usually given a remount to train and groom as well as their regular drill horse.

Inspector Church was the ideal riding master, with just as keen an eye for a recruit as he had for a horse. As the recruit progressed to No. 1 Squad, he would have the privilege on Saturday afternoons of knocking at Inspector Church's door and, saluting smartly, ask: "Can I have a horse to go down town, Sir." It was necessary to have a pass initialed by the sergeant major and the Inspector would look at this, mention you by name and say, "Yes, you may take horse Reg. No." A smart salute, "Thank you, Sir" and you were off to be back before evening stables. You were on your way—you were trusted with a horse.

Inspector Church died in 1910 of an untimely attack of pneumonia, contracted on a hunting trip in Hudson Bay Junction with Commissioner Perry. His memorial tablet is placed on the east wall of the Regina Chapel and when about 1940, the writer was showing the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, over the Chapel, that grand old cavalry officer's quick eye saw this tablet, he asked: "Was not that officer in the Horse Guards at one time?" I said, "Yes sir, he came to us from 'the Blues'. Commissioner Perry had asked for such a man." He said, "I remember him well, he was in my squadron and it was I who recommended him for the Canadian appointment. This is very interesting indeed, it's a long time ago."

Corporals Class—1908. Ex-Assistant Commissioner Newson lists the names as follows from l. to r.—Trumpeter Keenan on Laddie, Corporals Newson (on Big Bill), Bath, Mellor, Bury, Abeck, Phillips, French, Birch, Church, Ranson and O'Connell. Inspector Church on "George" extreme right.





“Larry”

Photo from ex-Staff Sergeant Walker.

Regina. Commr. Sir James MacBrien was just as keen on horses as he was on anything else, and kept the Force's mounted strength well up. He always found time to ride and re-established and was master of the Ottawa Valley Hunt Club. Commissioner Wood won the riding spur at the Royal Military College before he entered the Mounted Police. He was always interested in horses, built the new riding school and stables at Ottawa and established the Force's horse breeding ranch at Old Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills of Saskatchewan. We have great faith in the future of the Force and its horses under Commissioner Nicholson.

Thousands of horses and men have passed through the Mounted Police and all have done their little part in building it. The Force has been fortunate in that all its Commissioners have been horse lovers. Commissioner French was a British cavalry officer and he certainly made a long return ride in 1874. Commissioner Macleod was forever in the saddle and made an urgent detour to the U.S.A. while in the '74 march. Commissioner Irvine, Colonel Sanders tells me, was a good man with a horse and was a great man to get to know his big country by horseback. He led the march from Regina to the relief of Prince Albert in the North-West rebellion of '85. Commissioner Herchmer was keenly interested to see his Force was mounted on the best and bought a lot of his horses personally. Commissioner Perry was a splendid horseman himself and looked right at home on his grand mare, “Princess”, on which he led the Coronation Contingent of 1911.

Under Commissioner Perry, the Force reached its highest scale of mounted efficiency. His NCOs' classes were a pattern of hard work as he personally took each man on his passing-out-drills, which even included packing a horse and driving a team. Commissioner Starnes came west with Middleton's army in the Rebellion. After World War I, at a time when the Force was at a low ebb and funds hard to get, he built the present riding school at

In recent years, the best known horse in the Force was that grand big brown gelding, “Larry”, which stood in a loose box in No. 1 stable at Regina. Larry was known, loved and ridden by many of the present serving members and few horses have ever given as much in cheerful, long and faithful service. Like some fine elderly gentleman, Larry grew magnificent in his old age and the photograph of his splendid head given to me by ex-Staff Sergeant Walker does him real justice.

We bought Larry in October 1931, at Kamloops, B.C., right in the middle of the last depression, when there was no sale for the many fine saddle-horses raised in the Nicola Valley and the Police purchase of two car loads was an event. Larry was a well broken four-year-old then, and I can still see that boy who owned and broke him turn away to hide his tears, as his horse was gladly passed by Inspector Littlehales, the Force's last veterinary officer. Larry fetched the top authorized price of \$125. Larry then went to Vancouver and when the horses from there were sent to Regina in 1938, Larry entered the best years of his service. Sergeant Van Patten writes “Larry was one of the smartest horses I have known. It was surprising to know how much he liked children. When his door was opened to visitors, the first thing he would do was to drop his head and look for children first,

and then observe the adults. He was the most quiet thing with some youngster on his back; he seemed to be afraid that the child might fall off." Inspector Taylor of Calgary tells me that he used to watch Larry and Sergeant Van Patten as feed time approached. Larry's door would be open and he would stand just inside his loose box. Sometimes the sergeant would keep the parade just a little overtime for feed and Larry would know it. If feed was not called, he would keep nudging Van Patten on the tunic pocket, where he kept his watch, until he took it out and called "Feed".

Larry was on all the Pacific coast ceremonials and musical rides, and in 1939, after being on the escort for the visit of King George VI at Regina, went on with the last big pre-war ride to San Francisco. When World War II ended, he was again on all ceremonial and musical rides, was a fine performer in gymkhanas and over jumps and was of great service in the breaking of remounts. His last public appearance was in July 1950, as Sergeant Van Patten led the smart Regina troop on him during the big Calgary Stampede parade. His photograph in this parade appeared in the October 1950 issue of *The Quarterly*.

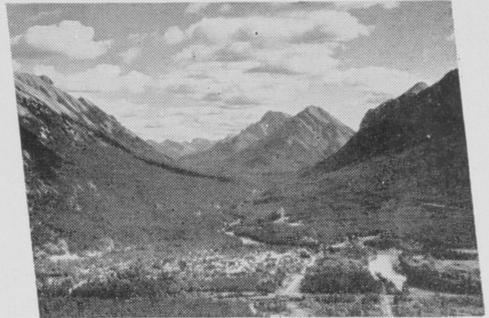
Commissioner Wood had given orders that Larry was never to be sold and only to be destroyed if he was suffering. He never suffered. He just dropped dead while being quietly exercised by his old friend and care-taker, Corporal Box that September. Inspector Taylor tells me it was as though a tragedy had struck the barracks. He was 23 years old and his many friends will be glad to know that he is buried at Regina just outside of the Force's own cemetery.

"Peter" was another well known horse which gave great service; he was foaled in 1933 in the Lloydminster district of Saskatchewan, and bought from Mrs. Rackham there, as a four-year-old. Peter was a splendid black gelding, just under 16 hands with a lot of character and was a magnificent performer over jumps. His high jump was six feet, six inches, and a triple bar, 11 feet in length and 5½ feet high. He would jump up on a four-foot table, turn around and jump off it. He served with Larry on all ceremonial and musical rides.

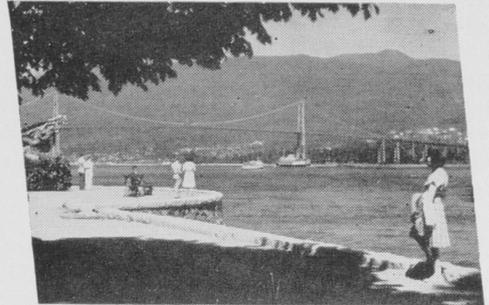


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“Peter” in 1940.
Ex-Deputy Commr.
T. Dann up.

Peter was a lively mount and it took an accomplished horseman to ride him; he was as proud as he was good and he and his trainer, Sergeant Van Patten were a team. Peter was transferred to Ottawa in 1949 to lead the musical ride to New York and Toronto and remained in Ottawa until 1951, where he had to be destroyed when he unfortunately broke a leg at the good age of 19. His photograph was taken at Regina in 1940 with ex-Deputy Commissioner Dann in the saddle on the occasion of his last inspection at Regina before his retirement.

It is good to know that the horse is being maintained in the Force in spite of the pressure by motor transport of land, sea and air. The horse is a great educator and morale builder, and equitation adds interest and zest to the training of a recruit. The recruit may never have the opportunity to ride again, so multifarious are the duties now, but he can wear his spurs with honor if he has passed the riding school.

Horses and men pass on to old age and retirement but the Force marches on to its bigger and better future, secure in the thought that its mounted tradition will be maintained.

* * *

● ● ●

“A Very Grand Person”

“From the very first, ‘Denny’ LaNauze fitted into the life of Regina with the naturalness of a native. With his soldierly bearing and keen understanding, he graced every official gathering he attended—and most certainly he did not neglect the formal side of his duties—but it is the human side of his make-up that people will miss most. His infectious good fellowship, his piquant wit, his wide knowledge of the northland, his familiarity with current affairs, his rare ability as a teller of tales, humorous or serious—all these qualities with which he is so richly endowed and so naturally manifests have merged to make him a citizen extraordinary. He added both to the color and the culture of the community and his departure will leave a gap which can never be filled in quite the same way.”

Oddly enough these words were not written recently; they are from an editorial in the Regina *Leader-Post* of Aug. 27, 1943 which regretted the impending retirement of ex-Asst. Commr. C. D. LaNauze. But they might well serve as an eulogy to one of the most colorful officers in the history of the Force who died suddenly in Gothenberg, Sweden on June 13, 1952 while on a world tour.

The late
C. D. LaNauze
with Mrs. LaNauze
shortly before
leaving for Europe.

Photo by
Maurine
Neuberger,
Portland, Ore.



Charles Deering LaNauze was born in Ireland on Oct. 30, 1888 and it might be said that he was a true son of the Force; his father Reg. No. 419 ex-Sgt. Thomas LaNauze served in the NWMP from June 24, 1880 to Dec. 7, 1882 when he purchased his discharge. On Sept. 25, 1908 the future Assistant Commissioner joined the RNWMP at Calgary as Reg. No. 4766. Within the next few years he served at several points in Western Canada and was also a member of the contingent which attended the Coronation of King George V in England in 1911. By 1914 young LaNauze had reached the rank of sergeant and on October 1 of that year he was promoted to commissioned rank. He was then not quite 26 years old.

The following year he was dispatched on a patrol to the North which he completed two years and four months later, and which Commr. A. B. Perry referred to as "one of the most creditable chapters in the history of the Force". Rumors from the North indicated that two priests working among the natives in the Great Bear Lake district had met with foul play. Fathers Rouviere and LeRoux, both members of the Oblate Order, had left their shack on Dease Bay—at the north-east end of Great Bear Lake—in August 1913 to go to the Dismal Lakes where they hoped to preach the gospel among the Eskimos from the Arctic Coast who hunted in that area for caribou. From there the missionaries

made their way via the Coppermine River to the coast, but game was scarce and they turned about and started back. Entries in their diary showed they had established contact with the natives and the last written note was dated October 25. Eventually it was learned that they had been killed sometime in November by Eskimos who caught up to them on the trail near a point called Bloody Fall on the Coppermine River.

Inspector LaNauze with Cst. J. E. F. Wight¹ and a native special constable, travelled overland from Fort Norman, up the Bear River, across Great Bear Lake, over the "Divide" and down the Coppermine to its mouth in Coronation Gulf. Cpl. W. V. Bruce², the other white member of the patrol joined them after a trip down the Arctic Coast from Herschel Island. Eventually their inquiries established the identity of the two natives responsible for the killing. There followed long patrols over sea ice to Bernard Harbour, Victoria Land, back to Bernard Harbour again, a return to the mouth of the Coppermine and then with both murderers—Sinnisiak and Uluksak—under arrest the party returned once more to Bernard Harbour.

¹Reg. No. 6296 ex-Sgt. James Edward Freeman Wight. Joined the Force Sept. 23, 1914. Retired to pension Mar. 14, 1945.

²Reg. No. 4600, Wyndham Valentine McMaster Brice Bruce. Joined the Force June 10, 1907. Retired to pension Dec. 16, 1943 as an Assistant Commissioner.

Inspector LaNauze and his men brought the prisoners out for trial and Sinnisiak appeared before Chief Justice Harvey at Edmonton specifically charged with the murder of Father Rouviere. The trial lasted from Aug. 14 to 17, 1917 and the Eskimo was acquitted, but the venue was changed to Calgary where both natives were charged with the killing of Father LeRoux. Sinnisiak and Uluksak were found guilty and sentenced to death, but this was almost immediately commuted to life imprisonment.

After a period of extended leave following his arduous northern duties the young Police officer was loaned to the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of Interior as the Mounted Police representative on a committee which drafted legislation in connection with the enforcement of a new North-West Territories Game Act. He finished this job in time to volunteer for service Overseas and served in France as a Lieutenant. With the amalgamation of the Dominion Police and the RNWMP the enlarged Force—the name was changed to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—assumed new duties in more extended

reaches of the country, and for the first time the Mounted Police was active in the Maritime Provinces. Inspector LaNauze who commanded the new district from 1920 to 1928 was thus the first RCMP officer to hold such a position in the eastern provinces.

Early in 1928 Inspector LaNauze took an Imperial Police Officers' Course at Scotland Yard and when he returned to Canada was transferred to Toronto. In June 1930 he was posted to Banff and on April 1 two years later was promoted to Superintendent and transferred once again, this time back to Halifax where he took charge of the Nova Scotia Sub-District under the command of an Assistant Commissioner for the Maritime Provinces. This too marked a period of expansion in the Force's work for it was the date on which the RCMP absorbed the Provincial Police Forces and assumed all their duties in the Atlantic seaboard provinces.

But about this time, LaNauze's strenuous life began to catch up with him. Of a robust physique, he gloried in strenuous sport such as squash racquets, riding and hunting. He was active in other ways too, as a much-sought-after public speaker and social guest whose winning personality established the Force warmly in the hearts of people everywhere. LaNauze was never one to spare himself and the inevitable breakdown in his health required a long period of convalescence. Back on duty once again he took charge of the Marine Section of the Force for a while and then was moved again to Toronto to command "O" Division in the fall of 1934. The following year he became ill again and once more was forced to take extended sick leave. Later in 1935 he was promoted to acting Assistant Commissioner and transferred to Ottawa as Supply Officer. On Jan. 1, 1936 he was confirmed in his new rank and two years later was appointed to the command of "A" Division.

Early in 1939 Assistant Commissioner LaNauze was transferred to Regina as Officer Commanding "F" Division and in the following May helped entertain Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth during their visit to the Regina Barracks. Following his retirement—which became effective Apr. 1, 1944—he became a police magistrate in Lacombe, Alta., a

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position he relinquished a few years ago when he moved to Calgary.

"Denny" LaNauze was a man of tremendous charm; the warmth of his personality won for himself—and the RCMP—a host of friends in all parts of the world; he was truly a natural "public relations" man, and though he had justly earned the retirement which gave him leisure to do the things he had not time for before, his interest in the "old Force" never waned. In his extensive travels he never failed to find something or someone connected with the Mounted Police and its history, and he was a jealous guardian of truth and accuracy in material published about the Force. A writer of more than average ability—he became a "professional" only a short time ago—Mr. LaNauze's articles have appeared frequently in *The Quarterly*, and his appreciation of the magazine and encouragement was of immeasurable help to its editors.

Perhaps no better tribute could be paid to ex-Assistant Commissioner LaNauze than to quote parts of a letter written to Mrs. LaNauze by the internationally-known writer, Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon, U.S.A.:

"... of all the people I have met, I believe he had the greatest love of his fellow men. I never heard him say an unkind word about anyone. And he made a great impression on all who knew him ... Colonel Bush, now Major-General ... once told me that Denny symbolized to him the courage, decency and integrity of the British people.

"I shall always remember Denny as he was when I first met him in the North Country. And I never will forget the love and affection which the people had for him up and down the Athabaska and Mackenzie when I mentioned his name ... it is a memory of rich treasure to us that he was here in our house. ... A great American judge once said, 'It is better to end with a bang than with a whimper.' Denny was like that too—always."

To Mrs. LaNauze, her two daughters and two sons goes the sympathy of members and ex-members of the Force and friends in all parts of the world. ●●●

* * *

The Turtle Didn't Turn a Hair

By GRAY CAMPBELL*

At 4.10 a.m. Apr. 29, 1903, disaster struck the town of Frank, Alta., when 70 million tons of rock crashed down from Turtle Mountain and swept over two miles of valley. Apart from assorted shootings and strikes in the mines of the Crow's Nest Pass nothing much has happened since then, until the night of May 30, 1952. About 5 p.m. that date, cars bearing members of the RNWMP Veterans' Association could be observed winding up past Cowley and Lundbreck, headed for Frank.

They belonged to "K" Division, Lethbridge, Alta., and included one man from Medicine Hat, ex-Sgt. W. O. Lillis. The division was formed three years ago mainly through the efforts of ex-Cpl. S. "Nobby" Clarke and brought together a good number of comrades from Southern Alberta, and from Montana, U.S.A. A few gatherings in addition to the monthly meetings had been held since that time, but nothing as ambitious as the party laid on at Frank.

It started this way. One of the original members to join at the formation of "K" Division was one John Kerr. Comrade Kerr lives a long way from Lethbridge but keeps up his membership. He goes further than that and when he has a business trip to the city tries to tie it in with a division monthly meeting. John owns and operates the Turtle Mountain Playgrounds at Frank, which comprises smart, well-appointed cabins, a swimming pool, ball-room, dining-room for conventions and coffee shop. All this is run by a most efficient staff.

During one of the recent monthly meetings, John thought the organization needed a shot in the arm. Something that would ensure a good turn-out and possibly bring in new members. He put it up to the President, Comrade Humby, and the Secretary, J. A. Simpson. "Why not," he said

Editor's Note: Ex-members and the dates during which they served mentioned in this article are as follows: Reg. No. 5451 ex-Sgt. W. O. Lillis, Sept. 4, 1912-Feb. 22, 1929; Reg. No. 5216 ex-Cpl. S. "Nobby" Clarke, May 29, 1911-May 28, 1916; Reg. No. 12663 ex-Cst. John Kerr, June 28, 1935-June 27, 1940; ex-Insp. F. Humby, Oct. 6, 1904-Sept. 1, 1932; Reg. No. 10316 ex-Cst. J. A. Simpson, June 1, 1927-Aug. 21, 1929 and Apr. 1, 1932-Feb. 11, 1948; Reg. No. 12961 ex-Cst. G. R. Stewart, Sept. 6, 1937-Sept. 5, 1944 and Dec. 26, 1945-Aug. 27, 1948; Reg. No. 3521 ex-Cst. Neil Nicholson, Mar. 23, 1900-Mar. 22, 1905; Reg. No. 11764 ex-Cpl. Gray A. Campbell, Aug. 25, 1932-Aug. 31, 1939.

in effect, "gather the crowd together and bring them up to Frank. I will lay on a dinner and some entertainment. We can have the monthly meeting up there and everyone that attends will be put up for the night in the cabins as my guest." It seemed like a good idea and so a circular letter was sent out to all members.

Kerr returned home to get busy at his end. Jim Simpson was to organize transport and confirm the number who could attend, Kerr got in touch with Rollie Stewart and two other ex-members up the Pass to line up entertainment. Various firms were persuaded to help and a bus line donated a bus to take the guests on a tour of the area.

John figured he might as well have some fun in addition to the regular entertainment and conceived the idea of playing a few mild jokes on the older members. Now ranchers, business men or retired, they had been active in the RNWMP during the horses and stables period. Instead of putting his guests in the smaller cabins, he would turn a large bunk house into a facsimile of a barrack room with double-deck bunks and biscuit mattresses. After a good night of dinner and entertainment, the old-timers would be tucked into bed for the night. But in the morning, at some prohibitive early hour, the main gag would be played. A trumpeter had been recruited and he would sneak into the barrack room to blast the old boys out of bed with reveille and take them back to the old days. Further, Comrade Kerr had gone to great length to obtain wheelbarrows, stable brooms and shovels for a proper stable parade. It was going to be a great gag.

I picked up Nick Nicholson about 5 p.m. and we drove to Frank for the party. En route Nick surprised me. He started talking about the Frank Slide and how all the accounts printed and repeated had many variations that were far from the truth.

"Were you in the country then, Nick?" I asked. "Hell man, I was one of the first policemen on duty the morning after the mountain came down. Six of us were ordered to join the special train that set out from Calgary, and I was the only one who knew the country, having patrolled through the Pass a few years before on my regular trips by saddle horse out of Macleod. We travelled straight through from Calgary, stopping at Macleod long enough

to pick up about half a dozen more policemen and the rest of the passengers on the train included mining experts, government and railroad officials and the like."

"Didn't you have any doctors or nurses with you?"

"Hell no, with a thing like that you didn't need medical help. Either you were walking around 100 per cent fit or you weren't available to vote."

Nick had a good story to tell and pointed out the landmarks and significant details. His version of the story rings true and he indignantly refutes a lot of the legends that have sprung up surrounding the disaster.

When we arrived at Kerr's smart layout we were ushered into the private dining-room. It was good to see so many of the old crowd, contemporaries as well as men I have heard about who served from 1900 through to the '30's. Kerr had a bar in the corner, all proper except that Rollie Stewart was the bartender and I rather suspect him of being too enthusiastic in his hobby.

John Kerr was fairly beaming at the fine turn-out. "This is more fun than I realized when I suggested it," he confided, "and I'm getting more real pleasure out of the gathering than I have had in a long time."

"Are you still going through with the reveille gag?" I asked.

"You haven't spilled it to anyone, have you? We have it organized and I am sure they will love it."

I told him about Nick's experience in 1903 and thought it would be a good idea to call on him for a few words. Then we sat down for dinner.

At our places we found two souvenirs: a pencil advertising the Playgrounds and a nicely printed pamphlet entitled: "The story of the Great Landslide at Frank". I thought of Nick and his slow burn at all accounts that deviate from his own.

The dinner was splendid and following the meal local talent gave us a fine show which included an excellent violinist, vocalist, piano solos and a magician. After the entertainment we had the regular monthly meeting and discussed plans for another dinner to coincide with the Lethbridge Exhibition.

Kerr took over the chair from President Humby and introduced Nick as "the first man into the Pass". Nick got up waving the pamphlet, said he had not had time to

read it but gave us a very interesting account of his experiences at the time with vivid word pictures of the highlights. Nick seemed to know the geography of the area and the facts. When Kerr mentioned he had been born in the vicinity a few years after the incident, that it held a fascination which drew him back to settle there, he stated that the building we were sitting in was directly on the spot of the old mineral spring.

That brought Nick to his feet again to insist the spring was exactly across the road from where we were. Nick didn't want any mistakes made, even if they were only a few yards. Altogether it was a grand evening and one that should be repeated in divisions of the Association across the country to keep memories alive and record them for the enlightenment of all ex-members. And it struck me forcibly that evening, the only way to keep the organization active and healthy is for all members to join up as they leave the Force, and keep it growing. As we become older there is nothing as good for the spirit as meeting with the old members. It keeps the ties of comradeship tight. I hated to leave that party around midnight and drive home with Nick, but I had a ranch with cattle and chores to face in the morning.

You want to know all about the reveille gag? So would I. Last week at a plowing match near Cowley I ran into Rollie Stewart looming over the crowd.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"I don't want to talk about it," he replied. "Were our faces red. I got the trumpeter out about six in the morning at Blairmore and we raced for the Playgrounds. When we got there to give them the blast every blessed one of the old-timers was outside in the early morning sun, fully dressed, and chipper as colts, having their morning stroll to work up an appetite for breakfast, looking at the mountains. I felt like a clot driving the lad back to Blairmore. Then I had to organize the bus to take them on the tour. But I think they all had a fine time."

If there is a point to this account of the gathering at Turtle Mountain Playgrounds, it may be this: Never try to put anything over on an old-timer!

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* * *

The "Depot" Division Fire of 1912

by SGT. C. C. BRYSON

On July 4, 1952, two Saskatchewan Government Telephone employees, James Sparrow and Barry Beesley, were digging a trench on the west side of the "Depot" Barrack square, between the chapel and "A" Block, in preparation for a line to be laid in connection with the new switchboard system now being installed. As his pick struck what was obviously a metal object, Sparrow's curiosity was mildly aroused, but he did not realize at that particular moment that he had made contact with a period of the Force dating back four decades. For as Sparrow and Beesley progressed they began unearthing pieces of old, rusted rifles, which bore evidence of having been through intense heat.

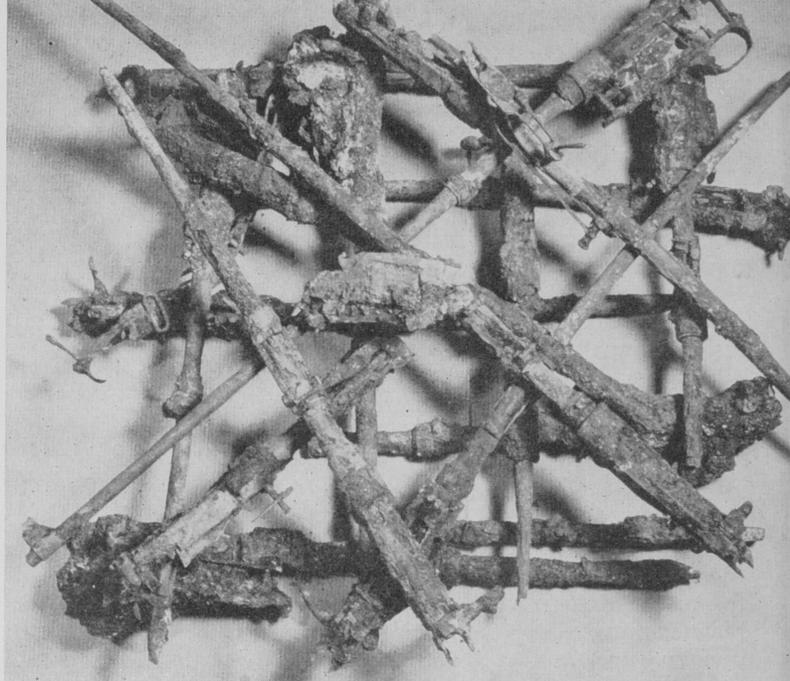
Upon making a discovery of this nature our thoughts naturally turn to the men who handled these firearms, the era in which they lived, and the lives they led. In this regard we were indeed fortunate to have living in Regina a gentleman in his 85th year, who served with this Force from 1887 to 1932. Ex-Insp. W. A. Cuning, who retired from the Force with 45 years of continuous service (one of the few men in the Force to wear eight stars on his tunic as an NCO), recalled quite clearly the story behind the unearthed rusted rifles.

Driving to the barracks, to look over the exact location of the excavation, he gave a vivid description of a cold night in March 1912, when "A" block was completely destroyed by fire. "Those rifles," he recalled, after viewing the scene, "were kept in the casualty stores, in the basement of "A" Block, where the S/M kept his spare arms." Ex-Inspector Cuning went on to explain that approximately 200 single men were living in barracks at that time, for in addition to the training depot, Regina was also the winter headquarters of "B" Troop when they moved in from their summer headquarters at Wood Mountain. "You know," he commented, "in those days, shooting was our main recreation and we spent many hours on the ranges, so you can understand what a sad loss those rifles were."

From the official records it is interesting to note the following account taken from

Firearms excavated
at "Depot" Division.

Below—
Ex-Inspector
Cunning explains
mechanism of one
of the old rifles
found near "A"
Block to the O.C.
"Depot" Division,
Supt. J. C. Story.



the Annual Report of Insp. R. S. Knight,
Commanding "Depot" Division, dated at
Regina, Oct. 14, 1912:

"On the night of Mar. 21, 1912, a most
disastrous fire burnt down the 'A' barrack
block; this building being of old well-
dried wood, was soon a mass of flames
and nothing was saved from it, everything
being consumed; some of the men had
difficulty in getting clear, one having to
jump from the second story window.
This building is being replaced by a
modern structure, which has been com-
menced, but owing to the strike of brick-
layers and carpenters, work has been at
a standstill for the last few days, and a
temporary covering put over to protect
the work already completed from the
winter storms. . . . Rifle practice was
again omitted, because our new Ross
rifles were destroyed by fire in March
last."

The Force was subsequently re-armed with
the Lee-Enfield carbine.

As we approached the car which was to
return Mr. Cunning to his home, he stopped
to watch a squad of men doing foot drill
on the Square. It was not too difficult to
sense a marked tone of pride in his voice
as he related how he himself had tramped
over the same ground 65 years ago. And



with a twinkle in his eye he finally added,
"Of course in those days we had it all over
you fellows. Why on a hot July day like
today, when we came off the range or
were finished with our foot drill, we could
always slip into our canteen for a cool pint
of four per cent beer!"

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DIVISION BULLETIN

"A" Division and "Headquarters"

(Ottawa, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 12582 Cst. and Mrs. J. M. Monette on May 3, 1952, a son, Joseph Louis Maurice Camil Dominique.

To Reg. No. 15352 Cst. and Mrs. W. J. Hameluck on May 31, 1952, a daughter, Roberta Constance.

To Reg. No. 14552 Cst. and Mrs. C. J. Young, a son, Thomas Campbell, on June 28, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14662 Cst. and Mrs. R. A. Knox on Aug. 7, 1952, a daughter, Audry Heather.

Marriages Reg. No. 14902 Cst. H. B. McAllister to Marian Elizabeth Feeny formerly of "O" Division H.Q. civil staff at Toronto, Ont., on June 21, 1952.

Reg. No. 15031 Cst. J. H. Carroll to Athalie Dawn Clark at Dresden, Ont., on June 28, 1952.

To Pension Reg. No. 10152 Cst. M. W. Holmes on June 30, 1952; Reg. No. 11617 Cpl. W. Newton on July 31, 1952; Reg. No. 10800 Cst. W. J. Berrigan on July 31, 1952 and Reg. No. 10230 Sgt. G. D. McDonald on Aug. 2, 1952.

Softball The softball league was nearly disbanded for reasons of inclement weather and poor turn-outs, etc. There were approximately 12 postponed games to play at the end of the regular schedule. However, it was decided that a round robin series be played by Central Registry, "N" and "A" Divisions to decide who should meet the league leading H.Q. Special Branch team, with "N" Division winning. We take this opportunity to extend congratulations to the winners—Special Branch—and it is hoped that next year will see a bigger and better turn-out.

Social On June 27 the RCMP Social and Athletic Club held a dance at the summer camp. This was attended by more than a capacity crowd, and all enjoyed the evening.

Shooting The aim of every big bore shooter is to make the Bisley Team which is based on scores made at the Annual Prize Meeting of the DCRA at Connaught Ranges. Sgt. C. C. Wilson of "A" Division made the team last year and represented the Force at Bisley this summer in an

auspicious manner. He tied for top place in the Times Trophy Match along with ten others and won the shoot-off. He was a member of the McKinnon Cup Team and made the final stage of the Queen's, a notable achievement in itself.

RCMP v. Metropolitan Police In November 1950, the Metropolitan Police of London, England, suggested a match rifle and pistol competition with our Force. We accepted this challenge and the final results showed the Metropolitan Police as victorious in the match rifle contest, while our Force took the pistol.

This competition proved popular with both organizations and the second match was fired early this year. Contestants were chosen from the Force as a whole on the basis of scores registered in the Inter-Divisional competitions. All completed targets were submitted to the National

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Superintendent Thrasher crowning "royalty" at "A" Division picnic.

Queen Gayle Nichol and King Donald Ray, assisted by Princess Joan Olson, resplendent in their royal crowns and robes, reigned in a gracious and charming manner as a crowd of over 800 enjoyed the races, boating, swimming and games of all descriptions both for young and old. Those who failed to get exercise by participating in the races or games, gained a fair measure by running for shelter during two sudden showers which, although dampening the ground failed to dampen the spirits of the picnickers.

The Band played an enjoyable concert during the afternoon under the direction of Cpl. H. A. Blackman, while the children drank gallons of soft drinks and ate pounds of ice cream. The day was a completely happy culmination of a great deal of work by the committee whose efforts were amply rewarded in the reflection of enjoyment on the faces of all who attended.

Small Bore Rifle Association of Great Britain for marking. The RCMP won the pistol division by a margin of 1728 to 1689, while both organizations posted identical scores of 1977 in the match rifle.

Annual Picnic Cheers, shouts, splashes, music and happy laughter resounded throughout the Long Island Training Camp grounds as the Ottawa RCMP Recreational Club staged its annual picnic on July 23.

"Air" Division

(Headquarters—Rockcliffe, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 14632 Cpl. and Mrs. G. R. Hamelin, on June 13, 1952, a son, Richard David, at Ottawa, Ont.

To Reg. No. 14656 Cpl. and Mrs. M. W. Ney, on June 17, 1952, a son, Bruce, at Ottawa, Ont.

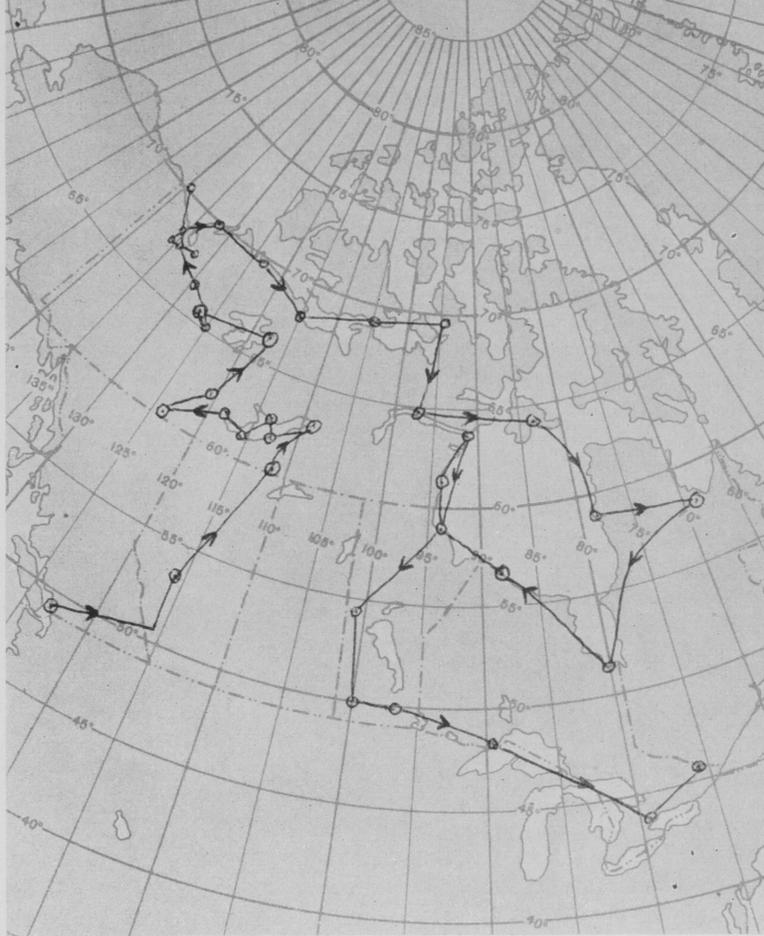
Arrivals A welcome is extended to Csts. Jack F. Austin and "Don" R. Quistberg, Spl. Csts. Charles A. Cowherd and V. R. "Russ" Ingaldson. All these members have had considerable "air" experience and will be valuable assets to the division. A welcome is also extended to Gerry Gorley of our civil staff.

Transfers With the acquisition of two new DHC2 Beaver aircraft, a good many transfers have been made. These are Sgt. D. W. Mills, from the Grumman "Goose" to a new Beaver detachment at Prince Albert, Sask.; Sgt. S. S. Rothwell, from the Stinson at Regina to the Beaver based at Vancouver, B.C.; Sgt. R. J. Harries

(spare captain), from Edmonton to the Stinson based at Regina; Sgt. J. H. "Wing" Reid, from the Beaver at Vancouver to the Grumman "Goose" at Patricia Bay, B.C.; Spl. Cst. J. C. Reveler from No. 2 Detachment at Regina to Rockcliffe; Cpl. G. R. Hamelin from Rockcliffe to a new detachment at Newfoundland, with a new Beaver aircraft and Spl. Cst. R. F. Chapin from Edmonton to the Stinson detachment at Regina. By the time this appears in print the Norseman aircraft, captained by Sgt. H. A. Heacock, will probably be based at Fort Smith, N.W.T. instead of Edmonton.

General The Grumman "Goose" aircraft, with Sgt. J. H. "Wing" Reid, captain, and Spl. Cst. Rae Cormier completed the annual inspection trip of "G" Division. Leaving Edmonton on July 7 the aircraft visited RCMP detachments in both the western and eastern Arctic before arriving back at Rockcliffe on August 5.

Map shows route of RCMP Grumman "Goose" aircraft CF-MPG on northern trip, July 7 to Aug. 5, 1952.



An expression of appreciation to the Department of Transport radio operator at Great Whale River for the co-operation

he gave in supplying weather information and other services which helped out considerably.

"B" Division

(Headquarters—St. John's, Nfld.)

Births To Reg. No. 16191 Cpl. and Mrs. C. C. Parsons, St. John's, Nfld., a son, Clayton George, on May 4, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14724 Cst. and Mrs. J. M. Seneshen, St. John's, a son, Robert Matthew, on May 22, 1952.

To Reg. No. 16174 Cpl. and Mrs. J. A. Clarke, Gander, Nfld., a daughter, Pamela Joan, on July 6, 1952.

Marriages Reg. No. 14963 Cst. E. A. Simpson to Miss Shirley Lorraine Cole, on July 5, 1952, at St. John's.

Reg. No. 14904 Cst. A. S. Nickerson to Miss Mabel Lorraine Winsor, on July 12, 1952, at St. John's.

Reg. No. 14931 Cst. L. F. Chettleborough to Miss Constance Cassidy of Weyburn,

Sask., on July 12, 1952, at Weyburn.

Farewells On July 23 members of "B" Division H.Q. and St. John's Detachment, their wives and friends assembled in the Drill Hall on Kenna's Hill to bid farewell to two popular members of the staff—Insp. W. G. Fraser who has assumed new duties in the Personnel Branch at Ottawa and Insp. I. S. Glendinning who has gone to Edmonton. Both these officers were presented with engraved silver trays by the Officer Commanding on behalf of the staff.

Inspector Fraser came from Windsor, Ont., in the early days of the division's formation and was employed as officer in charge of the C.I.B.

Inspector Glendinning, a former officer

in the Newfoundland Ranger Force, joined the RCMP when the two forces were amalgamated.

We must not forget the get-together was also in honor of Miss Marguerite M. Keough, who was the first Civil Servant hired back in the early days of April 1949. She left us to accept a position with the Department of Transport at Gander. "Marg" was presented with a chest of silverware ('tis rumored this winsome Miss is to be married soon).

We wish you all well in your new postings, that you will be missed, there is no doubt.

Arrivals Replacing Inspector Fraser is Insp. E. Porter, who with Mrs. Porter and kiddies arrived in St. John's on August 7, from "D" Division Headquarters in Winnipeg.

We also welcome Sub-Insp. and Mrs. E. A. Pennock. Inspector Pennock has taken over Inspector Glendinning's duties as general duty officer.

"C" Division

(Headquarters—Montreal, Que.)

Births To Reg. No. 13504 Cpl. and Mrs. J. L. G. Martin, a daughter, Jocelyn, on Feb. 15, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13722 Cpl. and Mrs. J. H. R. Racine, a daughter, Suzanne, on Mar. 9, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14439 Cpl. and Mrs. J. O. Gorman, a son, Mark, on May 6, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14357 Cst. and Mrs. J. G. R. A. Lauzon, a daughter, Helene, on May 21, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14113 Cpl. and Mrs. J. S. Leblanc, a daughter, Monique, on June 25, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14654 Cst. and Mrs. J. M. P. A. Champagne, a son, Pierre, on June 7, 1952.

To Reg. No. 14707 Cst. and Mrs. J. J. Painchaud, a daughter, Lucie, on July 5, 1952.

Marriages Reg. No. 12380 Cpl. L. P. M. Morel to Miss Rita Descoteaux at Montreal. Prior to her marriage Miss Descoteaux had been an RCMP employee for eight years.

Reg. No. 14771 Cst. J. A. G. Sabourin to Miss Carmen Bastien at Montreal.

Reg. No. 14829 Cst. F. J. DeCheverry to Miss Dorothy Finch at Rockcliffe, Ont.

Reg. No. 14929 Cst. J. A. R. Rochefort to Miss Yvette Ouellet at Montmagny, Que.

Reg. No. 15243 Cst. J. D. L. Belair to Miss Claire Monette at Laprairie, Que.

Reg. No. 15290 Cst. G. Begalki to Miss Angelina Marzitelli at Montreal.

Deaths Heart-felt sympathy is expressed by all members of the division to the following who have lost their fathers: Csts. J. M. B. Lorrain, J. G. R. A. Lauzon, J. W. R. Lauzon, W. C. Rahm and J. R. R. Giroux.

The "Final Call" has been sounded for three members of our Reserve. Their services and friendship will be missed: R/Csts. F. A. Rolland, R. L. Martin and F. R. McKenna.

Farewell Dinner Prior to his departure for "D" Division, Sub-Inspector Defayette was guest of honor on July 23 at a farewell dinner held in the Officers' Mess. Among those present were Superintendent and Mrs. Courtois, Superintendent and Mrs. Lemieux, Insp. F. Spalding from "H.Q." Division, Inspector Thivierge, Inspector and Mrs. Ledoux, Inspector Laberge from Quebec Sub-Division, Mrs. Carriere, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Allard, Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Mertens and, last but by no means least, Miss Lorette Legault.

Superintendent Courtois presented the guest of honor with a small token of friendship and expressed the wish of all present that he would be happy in his new surroundings. In reply, Sub-Inspector Defayette assured them of his gratitude and extended his sincere thanks for the many kindnesses he had received in the past.

During the dinner a telegram was received from Inspector Belec expressing regret at not being able to attend and extending best wishes.

We are happy to learn that Miss Legault is joining Sub-Inspector Defayette in Winnipeg shortly where they will be married. May we extend the best wishes of "C" Division to this popular officer and his bride-to-be, who has also been a member of "C" Division for a number of years.

Shooting Despite a late start the Rifle

and Revolver Club finished a very successful indoor season.

Montreal Rifle and Revolver Association Two teams entered in this league. Our 15-man senior team won the Montreal and District Senior Championship for the sixth consecutive year, with Cst. J. Perrin annexing the Senior Individual Trophy.

Our ten-man intermediate team came a close second with Cst. F. DeChevery taking the Intermediate Individual Championship.

All matches were shot on the RCMP range with some 72 competitors participating.

Inter-Divisional Revolver Three teams entered. Our "A" team won the Inter-Divisional Revolver competition for the second consecutive year. The "B" and "C" teams placed well. It might be mentioned that the "C" team was made up entirely of Reserves.

New England Police Postal Revolver League Due to the lateness of the season we were unable to enter the November 1951 match of this competition. But we

were able to enter the January and March matches which our "A" team won against hundreds of U.S.A. police teams. It is believed that our scores for March may have set a record but we are not sure.

Border Patrol v. RCMP (Revolver) During the winter we played hosts to the U.S. Border Patrol Team. Two matches were shot, one with the .22 and one with the .38 calibre both of which were won by our team.

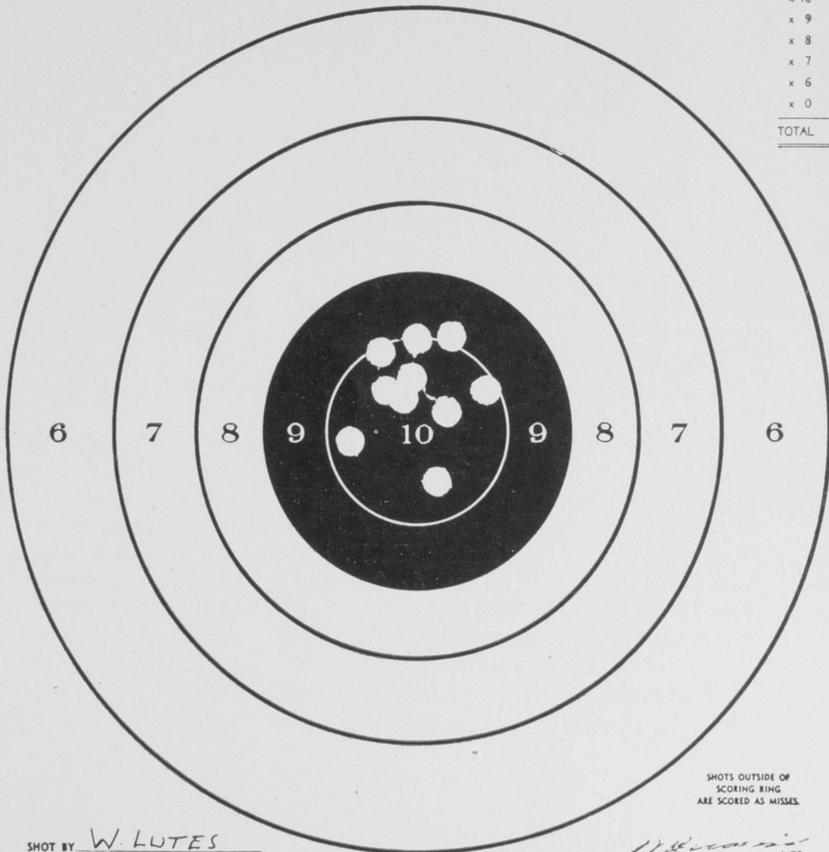
P.Q.R.A. Indoor Revolver Provincial Championships In the Provincial Indoor Matches our team came second thereby having to relinquish the trophy they won last year. However, Csts. E. Perrin and W. C. Rahm did exceptionally well in the individual matches running off with several first and second place awards.

Revolver House League Seven teams were entered encompassing 56 members from the Post. Competition was keen and lively with the "Powder Burners" captained by Cst. W. C. Rahm burning the pace to first place.

C.C.A.M. Postal Matches (Revolver)

HT-20
CANADIAN CIVILIAN ASSOCIATION OF MARKSMEN
P.O. Box 248, STATION "B", MONTREAL, QUE.
OFFICIAL **TIMED** 20 YD. TIMED AND RAPID FIRE HANDGUN TARGET (STANDARD AMERICAN TYPE) COMP. 12.4 MATCH 9

Target shot by R/Cst. W. Lutes in the C.C.A.M. Indoor Postal Matches—.38 timed fire.



SHOT BY W. LUTES
CLUB R.C.M.P. 'A'

DATE 1952

WITNESS [Signature]
WITNESS [Signature]

SHOTS OUTSIDE OF SCORING RING ARE SCORED AS MISSES

Two teams were entered, one for .22 and one for .38 calibre. In the small pistol matches our team came second losing to a team from Vancouver by a few points, but the .38 match was won easily.

Congratulations are in order to R/Cst. W. Lutes who accomplished the very difficult feat of scoring 100 x 100 in the Timed Fire Match with a .38 revolver.

P.Q.R.A. Outdoor Revolver Championships Due to pressure of duties it was not possible to enter teams in this event. However R/Csts. W. Lutes and L. Davies kept up the good name of "C" Division, with Lutes taking fourth place in the Centre Fire Camp Perry Match, third in the .22 Camp Perry Course, first in the Expert .22 Class, third in the International and Rapid Fire Event and Davies second in the .22 Marksman Class.

C.C.A.M. Outdoor Revolver Postal Matches It may be worthy of mention that Cpl. N. Credico holds the .22 rapid fire record for Canada in these matches with a score of 193 x 200.

RCMP Annual Shoot 1951 "C" Division performed the Hat Trick in the 1951 Annual Shoot by winning the MacBrien Shield for the division having the highest average. The Connaught Cup was won by Cpl. N. Credico for the Senior Individual Championship and the Minto Cup won by Cst. O. G. W. Jaeger for the Tyro Individual Championship.

"Depot" Division

(Training Centre—Regina, Sask.)

Births To Reg. No. 11856 Sgt. and Mrs. W. L. Casselman, at Regina, Sask., on Mar. 3, 1952, a daughter, Lisa Margaret.

Marriages Reg. No. 14705 Cpl. E. C. Curtain to Miss Doreen Apps, on July 5, 1952, in the barrack's chapel, Regina.

To Pension Reg. No. 10722 S/Sgt. H. H. Radcliffe and Mrs. Radcliffe were the honored guests at a gathering in the Sergeants' Mess on July 11, 1952 on the occasion of this NCO's departure. Staff Sergeant Radcliffe was presented with a wrist watch by Asst. Commr. D. L. McGibbon, O.C. "F" Division and Mrs. Radcliffe received a travelling bag. Their many friends and acquaintances will be interested to know that their future address will be "Balla-Radcliffe", Andreas, Isle of Man, British Isles.

Military Rifle League One team entered in the P.Q.R.A. Armed Forces League and won the Montreal District championship against very stiff competition. In the shoot-off held at Quebec City our team placed second losing by six points.

P.Q.R.A. Indoor Tournament One team was entered in the Armed Forces Match and proceeded to win this also, firing against teams from all over the province.

Ladies' Rifle Team For the first time "C" Division sponsored rifle shooting among the fair sex. Although the girls had never shot a rifle before they picked up the finer points quickly under the coaching of Corporals Ogilvie and Racine. Two teams of ten girls each were organized for competition, captained by Misses Legault and Fournier, the former's team winning. Misses Deslauriers and Domingue tied for high average.

You would never believe it but the men had to pay for the refreshments as a penalty for losing when they shot-off against the ladies.

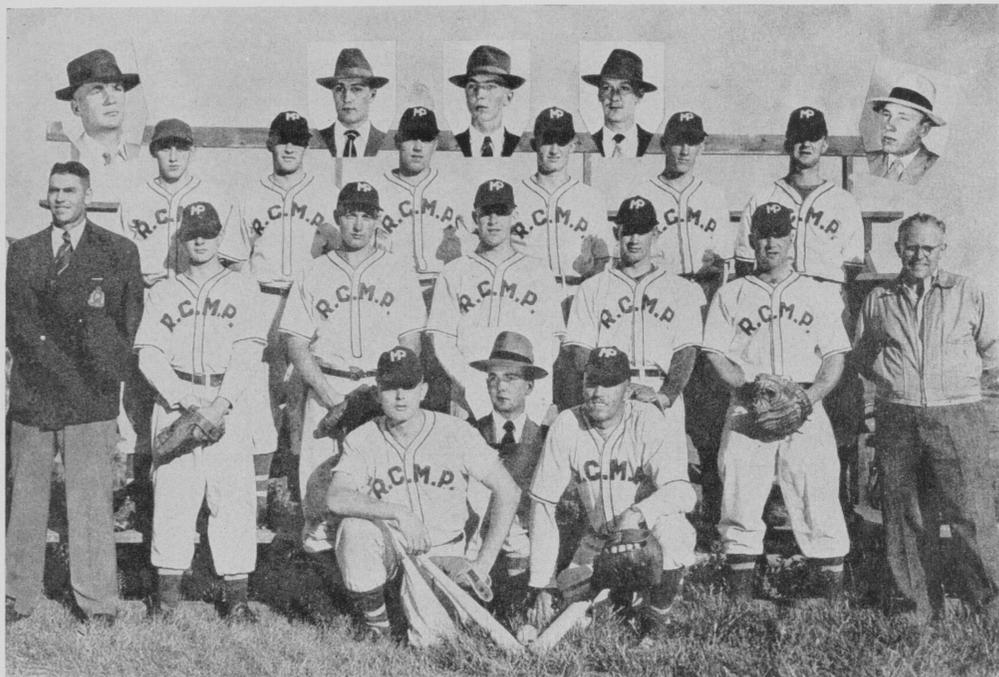
Softball A team under the management of Cst. F. DeCheverry and captained by Cst. B. Booth did well in the Westmount Inter-Service Softball League.

The game of the season was one between the single personnel and the old-timers, with the latter coming out on top with a score of 9-8.

Another colorful figure to leave our midst was Reg. No. 10592 Cpl. W. Graham Baker. At a gathering in his honor in the Corporals' Mess on Aug. 22, 1952, he was presented with a hand tooled bridle and engraved Ronson lighter by the O.C. "Depot" Division, Supt. J. C. Story. The postal address of the Bakers will be General Delivery, Rocky Mountain House, Alta.

Baseball The baseball team had a successful season. Continuous practice and games raised the standard of play of the team to such an extent that we have met all teams in the district, aside from the out-right professionals.

Softball The inter-squad softball games came to a close with "U" Squad out on top. Cpl. E. C. Curtain and Csts. J. W. Maguire and F. W. Perry took turns in supervising



“DEPOT” BASEBALL TEAM—1952

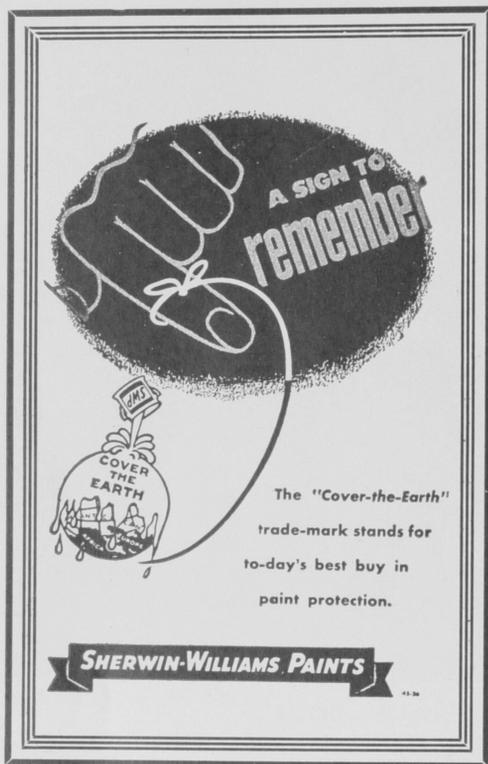
Back row: Csts. J. M. Fargey, F. I. Zannie, R. H. Brytus, J. R. G. C. Crevier, A. G. Rae.
Third row: Csts. D. H. Torrance, R. M. H. Bieth, E. H. Hintz, B. Braun, G. K. Simonson, J. P. A. O'Connor.
Second row: Insp. A. S. McNeil, Csts. C. J. Andreas, A. W. Fookes, J. K. Hill, D. P. Luchak, J. Tompson, Staff Sergeant Stewart (manager).
Front row: Csts. J. J. Fenn, E. H. Cadenhead, B. H. M. Armstrong (coach).

the games. The Bird Construction Company Trophy was awarded to the members of “U” on July 3 at the completion of their Part II Pass-out Parade by a company representative.

Shooting “T” Squad carried off the Simpson’s (Regina) Trophy for rifle, the Balmoral Trophy for revolver and the Peoples Credit Jewellers Trophy for the best rifle and revolver team. “B” Squad won the MacKenzie Jewellery Trophy for the best individual revolver shot. “O” Squad took first, third and consolation prizes in the Good Luck Target shoot with second place going to “C” Squad. RCMP representatives at the Saskatchewan Provincial Rifle Association Annual Shoot at Dundurn, Sask., acquitted themselves commendably, winning the following trophies: City of Moose Jaw; Macdonald’s Tobacco; 1st Stage Lieutenant Governor Match; Old Chum Tobacco (revolver); Individual Revolver Championship (service); Tyro

Aggregate; Grand Aggregate; first place on Ottawa team (three-way tie); second place on Tyro Cup; United Services Institute Trophy (small bore). The younger members of the club nearly stole the whole shoot and are to be praised for their fine efforts. The club will miss the fine shooting and able administrative capacity (Secretary SPRA) of ex-Staff Sergeant Radcliffe.

Band Activities A highlight in the activities of the Regina Band was on May 27, 1952, when they played hosts at the barracks to the visiting International Staff Band of the Salvation Army from London, England. After a demonstration of marching and playing, our band “broke off” and escorted the visitors around the barracks. In the evening, members of both bands were guests of the Saskatchewan Government at a formal dinner in the Saskatchewan Hotel. Later, the evening was capped with a delightful concert by the



visiting Salvationists in Regina's new Exhibition Auditorium.

A trip to Winnipeg, via two RCAF Dakotas, to participate in a N.A.T.O. Wing's Parade and the RCAF Air Force Day celebrations on June 14, gave the band an interesting diversion to their nor-

mal routine duties. This engagement was followed by a benefit concert, sponsored by the Regina City Fire Fighter's Local 181, in aid of crippled children. The summer concerts at Wascana Park were well attended by appreciative audiences of up to 5,000 persons, with the last one being performed on July 23. The band closed its summer season with a week of nightly performances at the Regina Exhibition in conjunction with the appearance of the Mounted Troop which gave an equitation demonstration under Riding Master Sgt. R. R. Van Patten.

"Depot" Briefs The long awaited new laboratory building is nearing the completion mark and the members of that department are eagerly looking forward to the day when they will vacate their present "C" Block office quarters. . . . The excavation for the new "C" Block is now completed and pouring of the foundation has commenced. . . . The new fire hall, located directly behind residence No. 10, is also rapidly nearing completion. . . . In addition to 1,000 trees planted around the sports field, a nursery of 1,500 seedling trees of common elm, Siberian elm, ash and maple has been started. Mr. N. M. Easton, our head gardener, is the man behind this action and of course he and his staff are also responsible for the magnificent flower beds existing in appropriate locations around the grounds with the color scheme of the main beds in scarlet (geraniums) and gold (marigolds).

"E" Division

(Headquarters—Victoria, B.C.)

Births To Reg. No. 16532 Cst. and Mrs. J. D. Flamank at Trail, B.C., on May 13, 1952, a daughter, Deborah Anne.

To Reg. No. 16548 Cst. and Mrs. J. L. Cotter at Victoria, B.C., on May 15, 1952, a son, Craig Leslie.

To Reg. No. 16569 Cst. and Mrs. R. B. Howell at North Vancouver, B.C., on May 22, 1952, a son, Edward Evelyn.

To Reg. No. 16519 Cst. and Mrs. J. Stinson at New Westminster, B.C., on June 16, 1952, a son, Shawn Edward.

To Reg. No. 16411 Cpl. and Mrs. G. S. Nelson at Powell River, B.C., on June 22, 1952, a son, Donald Richard.

To Reg. No. 16422 Cst. and Mrs. W. R.

Morrison at Qualicum, B.C., on June 23, 1952, a daughter, Joan Margaret.

To Reg. No. 13794 Cpl. and Mrs. P. H. Bourassa at Victoria, B.C., on June 26, 1952, a daughter, Gladys Virginia.

To Reg. No. 16492 Cst. and Mrs. N. E. Teskey at Enderby, B.C., on June 28, 1952, a son, Bruce Loney.

To Reg. No. 16599 Cst. and Mrs. O. H. H. Zorn at Powell River, B.C., on July 8, 1952, a daughter, Helen Louise.

To Reg. No. 15143 Cst. and Mrs. W. J. Stanton at Duncan, B.C., on July 27, 1952, a son, Robert William.

Marriages Reg. No. 14685 Cst. D. Jensen to Miss Maureen Berwyn Younger of

Vancouver, B.C., on Apr. 12, 1952, at Duncan, B.C.

Reg. No. 14955 Cst. W. Gorgopa to Miss Violet Patricia Andrews of Vancouver, B.C., on May 3, 1952, at Vancouver.

Reg. No. 15019 Cst. A. W. Wieshlow to Miss Mary Johnston of Brandon, Man., on May 10, 1952, at Brandon.

Reg. No. 15140 Cst. W. D. Armstrong to Miss Jeanie Frances Atkins of Peace River, Alta., on May 23, 1952, at Peace River.

Reg. No. 15315 Cst. S. V. M. Chisholm to Miss Mary Eileen Murphy of Victoria, B.C., on May 31, 1952, at Burnaby, B.C.

Reg. No. 14838 Cst. N. A. Manning to Miss Carrie Maxine Shirey of Edmonton, Alta., on June 5, 1952, at Edmonton.

Spl. Cst. A. C. Andrews to Miss Margaret Humphreys of Vancouver, B.C., on June 7, 1952, at Vancouver.

Reg. No. 14882 Cst. J. H. Hodgins to Miss Erminie Lennox Gross of Moncton, N.B., on June 7, 1952, at Moncton.

Reg. No. 14827 Cst. G. R. Browne to Miss Jessie Ferguson of Halifax, N.S., on June 10, 1952, at Nanaimo, B.C.

Reg. No. 17780 Cpl. T. B. Gurney to Mrs. Elizabeth Eileen Thom of Alberni, B.C., on July 5, 1952, at Alberni.

Reg. No. 15112 Cst. R. L. Woodfin to Miss Irene Marie Schrieber of Fort St. John, B.C., on July 22, 1952, at Quesnel, B.C.

Reg. No. 14891 Cst. A. Jensen to Miss Eveline Bourassa of Fort Macleod, Alta., on July 9, 1952, at Fort Macleod.

Reg. No. 15212 Cst. V. N. Morris to Miss Betty Macpherson of Brandon, Man., on July 9, 1952, at Brandon.

Reg. No. 14809 Cst. T. J. Anderson to Miss Eleanor Harrison of Toronto, Ont., on May 10, 1952, at Toronto.

Reg. No. 15258 Cst. S. E. Kary to Miss Esther E. Smith of Grand Forks, B.C., on June 17, 1952, at Delia, Alta.

To Pension The Force has lost one of its best rifle shots in the person of Insp. W. V. C. Chisholm, who went on retirement leave on Aug. 1, 1952. Inspector Chisholm came to us from Edmonton last fall to assume command of the new sub-division at Prince Rupert. Other members of the division who have said good-bye are: Reg. No. 16295 Sgt. L. A. N. Potterton on July 31, 1952; Reg. No. 11310 Cpl. L. R.

Vise (invalided) on July 7, 1952; Reg. No. 8254 Cst. R. S. Roop on July 7, 1952; Reg. No. 16354 Cst. R. Shiell on July 31, 1952; Reg. No. 9927 Cpl. P. B. Smith on July 14, 1952; Reg. No. 10459 Sgt. J. H. Ward on Aug. 20, 1952; Reg. No. 16324 Cpl. C. R. B. Foote on Aug. 31, 1952 and Reg. No. 16293 Sgt. S. Service on Sept. 30, 1952.

At the various posts where these members concluded their years of service, gatherings of their comrades and associates took place to bid them farewell with appropriate parting gifts. We all join in extending to them our best wishes for happiness in civilian life.

Departures The division lost another of its top sharpshooters when Insp. J. A. Young left Victoria late in July to take over command of the new sub-division at Truro, N.S. Skill on the range is but one of the Inspector's many accomplishments which also include an extensive knowledge of ballistics. During his service with the BCPP he gave expert evidence in a number of trials where the use of firearms had been involved. Members in Victoria and the many friends of Inspector and Mrs. Young in Canada's far west wish them well in their life on the eastern seaboard.

Arrivals We welcome Insp. H. J. Spanton from Whitehorse, who has taken over command of Kamloops Sub-Division. His predecessor, Insp. J. H. McClinton, is now Assistant C.I.B. Officer at Division Headquarters. We welcome also Sgt. J. Fossum of "F" Division, who has moved to Fairmont Training Sub-Division in Vancouver as instructor.

Shooting A number of members from Division Headquarters and Victoria Detachment have been enjoying a weekly evening practice and friendly competition at the nearby pistol range at Elk Lake. The enthusiastic attendance at these meets resulted in considerable improvement in marksmanship, so that when the annual shoot of the Victoria City Police Revolver Club rolled round in July it was again possible to field an RCMP team. Lack of the competitive experience of our last year's team no doubt prevented our members ranking better than fourth in the police team events, although Insp. J. A. Young, in his farewell appearance, placed at or near the top in all his appearances, and finished third in the grand aggregate. Mrs.



Funeral of ex-Supt. T. C. Goldsmith at White Rock, B.C.

Young repeated her achievement of last year by winning the ladies' match.

Recreation Ardent golfers from among members stationed in Victoria have been enjoying a monthly tournament at one or other of the local courses. In the last game at the Royal Colwood Club on August 1, 15 members teed off: Insp. J. W. R. Bordeleau carried off the low net with a 70, with the low gross being shared between Sgt. T. C. Mathers and Cst. F. Clunk at 84.

Social The Division Headquarters Social and Benevolent Club held its spring dance at the Crystal Garden in Victoria on June 20, 1952. The good work of the dance committee and the delightful music of Bernie Porter and his orchestra contributed to the thorough enjoyment of all who were fortunate enough to be able to attend.

Sorrow A link with the old days of the Force was broken when ex-Supt. Thomas Charles Goldsmith passed away after a brief illness in the Royal Columbian

Hospital at New Westminster, B.C. on July 27.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. R. Jeffcott at Chapel Hill, White Rock. The Force was represented by an officer and six other ranks in uniform, from the Vancouver Sub-Division.

The deceased is survived by his wife Lillian, two sons, Insp. C. W. J. Goldsmith of "K" Division; Vancouver bank manager Fred T. and a daughter Mrs. Gladys Souply of Portland, Ore.

We extend to Inspector Goldsmith our sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

Kamloops Sub-Division The 11th Annual Police Ball was held in Kamloops on June 3, 1952. The Officer Commanding "E" Division, Asst. Commr. and Mrs. C. E. Rivett-Carnac were fortunately able to attend; present also were the Officer Commanding Kamloops Sub-Division, Insp. and Mrs. J. H. McClinton and Commanding Officers of the local Army, Navy and Air Force units. Members from Kamloops

and outlying detachments with many civic dignitaries and their wives and friends combined to make the attendance one of the best on record—a source of great satisfaction to the local members who had worked long and hard on the preliminary arrangements. Master of Ceremonies for the evening was Sgt. A. E. A. Gunn.

The Officer Commanding, in joining

Mayor J. E. Fitzwater and Inspector McClinton in a short address of welcome, stressed the fact that it was the splendid support of the people of the Kamloops district which led each year to the financial success of this enjoyable event, and thus to the maintenance of the annual scholarships which are the primary objective of the ball.

“F” Division

(Headquarters—Regina, Sask.)

Births To Reg. No. 12514 Cpl. and Mrs. S. C. W. Hemingway of Radville, Sask., a son, Robert Churchill, on Jan. 17, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13424 Cst. and Mrs. J. A. Stringer, a son, Leland Lewis, in April, 1952 (adopted).

To Reg. No. 13338 Cst. and Mrs. S. D. A. Wannamaker of Punnichy, Sask., a son, Donald Edward Bruce, on Apr. 24, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13922 Cst. and Mrs. S. W. Drader of Ponteix, Sask., a daughter, Susan Norma, on Apr. 28, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13150 Cpl. and Mrs. G. A. Mansell of North Battleford, Sask., a son, Boyd Nichols, in May, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13444 Cst. and Mrs. W. M. Harasym of Saskatoon, Sask., a daughter, Lotta Mary Anne, on May 13, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13803 Cst. and Mrs. D. H. McDonald of Torquay, Sask., a son, Donald Brien, on May 13, 1952.

To Reg. No. 12116 Cpl. and Mrs. W. D. J. Stevenson of Stony Rapids, Sask., a daughter, Trudy Lynne, on May 21, 1952.

To Reg. No. 12358 Cpl. and Mrs. D. M. Wilmott of Wakaw, Sask., a daughter, Christine Clonsilla, in June, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13635 Cst. and Mrs. H. F. Phelps of Melville, Sask., a son, Kim Herbert, on June 9, 1952.

To Reg. No. 13137 Cpl. and Mrs. G. R. Ringer of Wadena, Sask., a son, John Arthur Henry.

Marriages Reg. No. 14950 Cst. W. F. Isaac to Miss Ruth Evelyn Eileen McVey at Yorkton, Sask., on May 3, 1952.

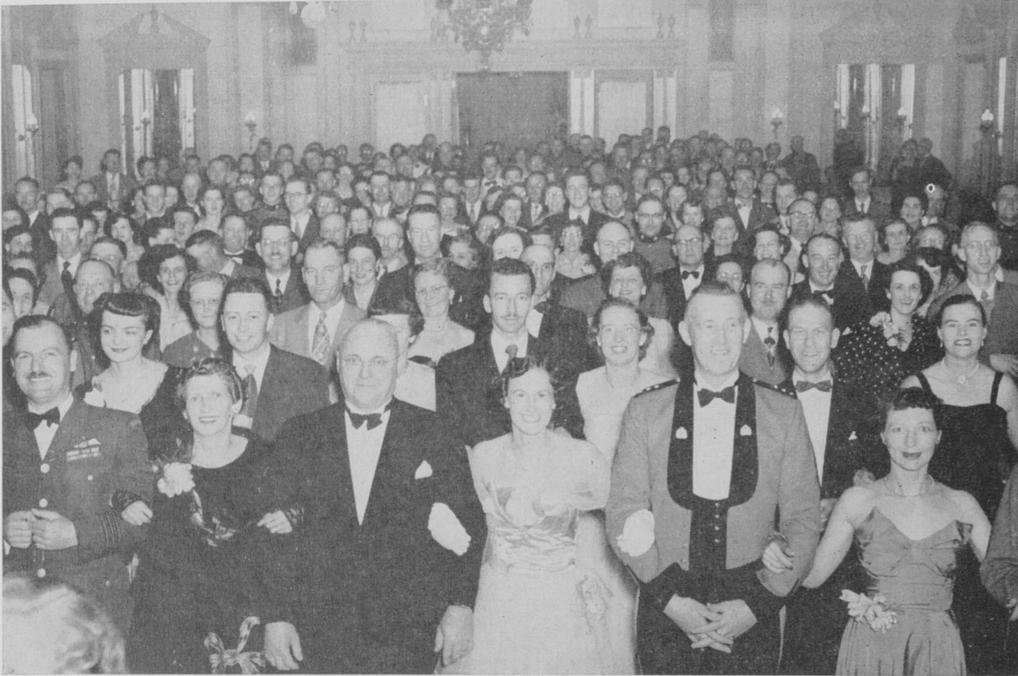
Reg. No. 15010 Cst. T. S. Edmondson of Foam Lake to Miss Sophie Savisky at Canora, Sask., on June 8, 1952.

Reg. No. 15301 Cst. W. L. Carter of Yorkton to Miss Joan Marjorie Somerset-Froggatt at Rosthern, Sask., on July 12, 1952.

Prince Albert On July 18, 1952, at the Legion Club Rooms, Prince Albert, Inspr. and Mrs. L. S. Grayson were feted prior to their departure to “D” Division where Inspector Grayson will take up his new duties as Personnel Officer. The evening was spent in dancing and the usual songsters doing their bit in entertaining those

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is our business
Today!*

The
GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG



Part of the large crowd which enjoyed the Saskatoon ball.

not so talented. Many of the Prince Albert Sub-Division detachments were represented and visitors from Saskatoon Sub-Division were Supt. and Mrs. A. W. Parsons and S/Sgt. and Mrs. D. McLay. Sgt. R. Macara delivered a fitting address, commenting upon Inspector Grayson's 19 months' service in Prince Albert Sub-Division, where he was held in the highest esteem by members of the sub-division, and all wished him the best in his new position. Superintendent Parsons also took advantage of the occasion to compliment Inspector Grayson on the value of his services at Prince Albert. Inspector and Mrs. Grayson were presented with a Flemish copper cigarette box and ash tray, suitably inscribed.

Saskatoon The Sub-Division Recreation Club held their Annual Spring Ball—this being somewhat delayed owing to the official period of mourning—at the Bessborough Hotel, Saskatoon on June 13, 1952. The dance was a great success, being attended by 550 persons. The Grand March was led by Superintendent and Mrs. Parsons. Among the honor guests were Insp.

and Mrs. R. P. B. Hanson, and the Officers Commanding the various branches of the Armed Forces and their wives.

The Annual Revolver Shoot has been run off under the direction of Superintendent Parsons. The Magistrate H. G. H. Gilding Trophy for the highest score in Saskatoon Sub-Division was won by Cpl. A. M. Ross with a score of 196. Sgt. C. R. H. Salt was a close second with 195 and Cst. L. C. Stephenson of Elbow third with 192. The scores were considered quite good in view of weather conditions.

During the month of June, Csts. H. H. Smith and C. A. J. J. Philion were transferred to Prince Albert Sub-Division. Prior to their departure the Officer Commanding, Superintendent Parsons, presented Constable Smith with a travel alarm clock and Constable Philion with a Ronson lighter as a small memento from the members of Saskatoon Detachment and Sub-Division Headquarters.

Yorkton The second Annual Yorkton Sub-Division Ball was held at Lakeview Lodge on June 20, 1952 and was an out-

standing success. Music was provided by the orchestra section of the Regina RCMP Band. Approximately 250 couples attended and judging from the evident enjoyment of the terpsichorean activities and the repeated requests for another affair soon, the occasion has become an annual fixture.

Golf is a must in Yorkton. Two fine courses close to the city are patronized faithfully by most of the members. The personnel generally thrive in the duffer class and some weird golf is often produced. Nevertheless, the challenge games provide a source of continual recreation. The sub-division staff has managed to receive more than a fair share of the nickels, thanks largely to Sgt. N. F. Bennett who likes to plumb the depths of nearby sloughs and Sgt. T. N. Symonds who has been known to attempt to wrap his clubs around unoffending trees. S/Sgt. F. G. Stronach and Cpl. F. L. Brownlee, both southpaws, whose slices take them into much unexplored territory, have managed so far to ward off any challenges.

A Sub-Division Golf Tournament was

arranged at Deer Park Golf Course on July 27, with Csts. A. F. Dye and W. Sorokan forming the committee. An enjoyable outing was provided with several of the members and their wives from outside detachments displaying their prowess. While the golf produced was not quite up to championship calibre, many shots were made that could not have been duplicated by Hogan. Inspector Forbes, an embryonic golfer, in presenting the prizes to the winners, remarked that he felt his game was improving—he now knew the names of all the clubs. Mrs. Morton, wife of our doughty Corporal “George” at Langenburg, was seen to sink her approach and when congratulated, she replied, “Yes, I’m improving, that makes 11, I had 12 here last round.”

A pleasant stag get-together was enjoyed at the Yorkton Hotel on Mar. 25, 1952 to say farewell to Cpl. G. J. Carroll, who was transferred to Saskatoon to take charge of the C.I.B. This genial NCO spent five years in Yorkton Sub-Division and his departure was a distinct loss.

“G” Division

North-West Territories and Yukon (Headquarters—Ottawa, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 13416 Cst. and Mrs. S. A. Byer, at Fort Simpson, N.W.T., a son, Douglas Stanley, on July 7, 1952.

Marriages Reg. No. 14870 Cst. R. Bakewell to Miss Doris Elizabeth Bole at Whitehorse, Y.T., on Apr. 10, 1952.

“H” Division

(Headquarters—Halifax, N.S.)

Marriages Reg. No. 14874 Cst. H. W. Fry of Halifax M.V. Squad to Patricia G. McMahon of Charlottetown, P.E.I., on May 20, 1952. Miss McMahon was formerly employed at Headquarters.

Reg. No. 15060 Cst. R. T. W. Partridge of Truro Detachment to Vivian Winnifred Melanson of Digby, N.S., on July 5, 1952.

Reg. No. 14856 Cst. J. K. K. Scissons of Glace Bay Detachment to Yvonne Frances VanBuskirk of Stellaraton, N.S., on June 14, 1952.

Departures Reg. No. 11193 Cpl. J. Guenther, formerly in charge of Kentville Detachment, has retired to pension and is

now residing at Dashwood, Ont.

Reg. No. 11538 Cpl. W. S. White, formerly in charge of Halifax Liquor Squad, has also taken his pension and will reside in Halifax where he has found employment as a city official.

Reg. No. 10167 Cpl. B. R. Glencross, formerly in charge of Bridgewater Detachment, has retired to pension and will reside at Bridgewater, N.S.

Reg. No. 10642 Cst. T. S. (Tommy) Hanna has taken his pension and will reside at Windsor, Ont.

We are sorry to lose these four old friends and long-time members of this

division. We wish them health, happiness and prosperity in their new fields of endeavor and are looking forward to seeing them again.

Reg. No. 12401 Cpl. R. F. MacPherson, formerly in charge Windsor Detachment, has been transferred to "H.Q." Division, Ottawa.

Thornvale Barracks The new Thornvale Barracks situated in a beautiful wooded setting on the North West Arm is very popular during the summer months. The

recreational facilities, particularly swimming, diving and sailing, contribute much to the health and morale of the single men. Plans are also afoot for the early installation of a first-class division mess, and other improvements are being contemplated.

Social Another successful sub-division social evening was held in the club room of the Sydney Curling Club for members, ex-members and civilian employees. Guests of honor were Sub-Inspr. and Mrs. J. R. Roy.

"J" Division

(Headquarters—Fredericton, N.B.)

Births To Reg. No. 12732 Cst. and Mrs. D. S. Johnson, on May 3, 1952, a son, John William David.

To Reg. No. 13143 Cpl. and Mrs. J. R. Fraser, on May 16, 1952, a son, John Alexander David.

To Reg. No. 10962 Cpl. and Mrs. J. B. K. Osborne, on May 16, 1952, a daughter, Wendy Lyne.

To Reg. No. 14646 Cst. and Mrs. G. A. Lewis, on May 20, 1952, a daughter, Barbara Elizabeth.

To Reg. No. 12742 Sgt. Major and Mrs. G. M. Mackay, on July 7, 1952, a daughter, Heather Elizabeth.

To Reg. No. 12888 Cpl. and Mrs. J. K. Phillips, on July 18, 1952, twin boys, Barry Duncan and Peter Donald.

Marriages Reg. No. 15047 Cst. R. J. Rippin to Miss Marjorie Spofford on June 7 at St. George, N.B. To reside at Dalhousie, N.B.

Reg. No. 15037 Cst. H. A. Clow to Miss Marie Alice McVicar on June 10 at St. George. To reside at Saint John, N.B.

Reg. No. 14977 Cst. L. G. Pantry to Miss Jean Marie Jarvis on August 1 at Canterbury, N.B. To reside at Edmundston, N.B.

Sorry to Part On May 22 the Officer Commanding "J" Division, Officer in Charge C.I.B., staff of Division Headquarters, Fredericton Sub-Division and Fredericton Detachment gathered in the division mess to bid farewell to Mr. J. Edward Hughes of the Attorney-General's staff who retired to take up a position as head of the Legal Branch of the Shell Oil Company at Toronto. After refreshments were served the presentation of an engraved cigarette lighter and case was made by the Officer Commanding on behalf of the members gathered. As senior counsel for the Attorney-General's Department Mr. Hughes' relationship with this division has been cordial.

On July 1, 1952, Reg. No. 10296 Sgt. C. W. Prime, Moncton, N.B., proceeded on leave pending discharge to pension after 25 years' service. A smoking set was presented by Inspr. H. G. Langton, on behalf of the Officer Commanding who was absent on duty.

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Motorcycle Squad No. 2 return from Rockcliffe.

On July 20, Reg. No. 11498 Cpl. F. H. McLaughlin of Shediac, N.B., proceeded on leave pending discharge to pension, after serving 23 years with the Preventive Service and RCMP. Presentation was made at division headquarters on June 18 by the Officer Commanding on behalf of the division of a barometer and clock set.

To both members we extend our sincere wishes for the enjoyment of their well-earned pension.

Special Events On June 14 the Sussex School Patrol visited "J" Division Headquarters in uniform and were conducted through the various departments in order that they might have an insight into their various workings.

On June 22 the RCMP Masonic Degree Team visited West Saint John to conclude their activities for the season. Previous visits had been made to McAdam and Minto.

On June 21 the first motorcycle unit of the division departed for Rockcliffe to undertake instructions in traffic control and highway duties. This consisted of the following members: Csts. K. S. Hall, H. E. A. Milward, J. Vetesi, W. G. Scott, R. Camm, R. C. Culton, D. Chairot, A. Trupp, G. G. H. Cousens and J. J. C. Fortin.

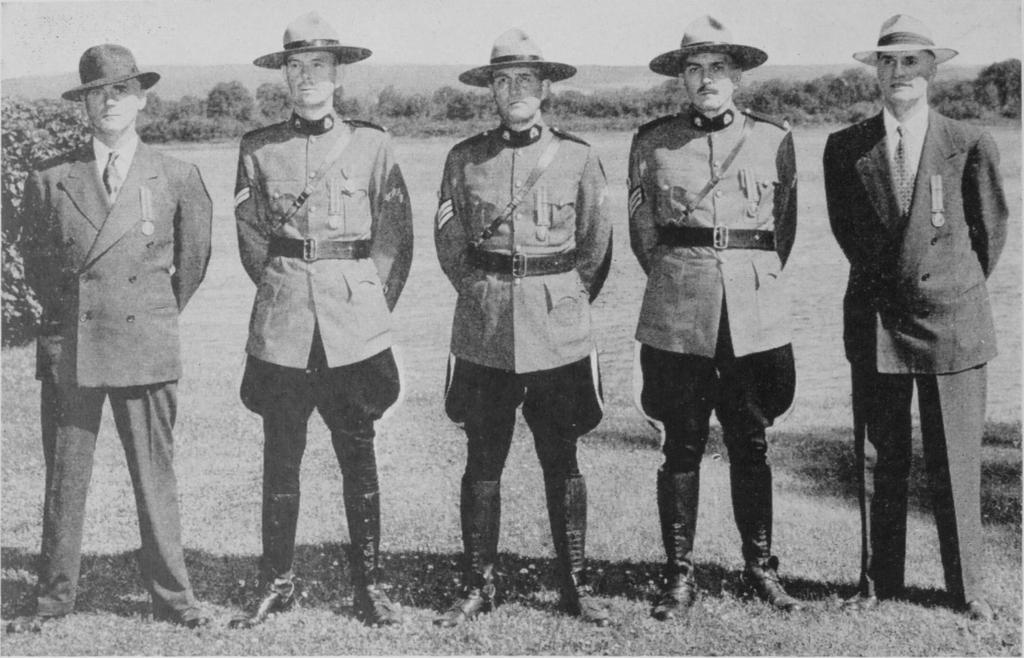
On their return on July 5 the following members proceeded to Rockcliffe for a similar course: Csts. E. A. Hayes, L. G. Pantry, J. E. R. L. Gervais, J. A. L. P. LeCocq, J. P. Y. R. Aubin, P. B. A. Robin, K. D. McKay, W. Weiss, P. F. M. Peterson and H. D. Zwicker.

Now that these members have returned, a motorcycle squad of 17 men has been placed on the highways in an effort to create safer driving conditions throughout the province.

On June 14, following a visit to Division H.Q., the Daily *Gleaner* Magazine Section featured a pictorial write-up on the Force in New Brunswick and its various branches.

Long Service Medals Following brief remarks by the Officer Commanding, the presentation of Long Service Medals was made on July 5 by The Hon. J. B. McNair, Q.C., Premier of New Brunswick, to: Sgts. L. V. Brown, Fredericton, N.B., J. A. Grierson, Moncton, N.B., Cpl. R. Lea, Chatham, N.B., ex-Cpls. A. D. Pelletier, Edmundston, N.B. and J. N. Theriault, Dalhousie, N.B.

It was regretted that owing to previous commitments, ex-Cst. E. Allain was unable to attend. Following the ceremony, refreshments were served on the lawn, after which members gathered together to extend good



Presentation of Long Service Medals. L. to r.—ex-Corporal Theriault, Corporal Lea, Sergeant Brown, Sergeant Grierson and ex-Corporal Pelletier.

wishes to ex-Cpl. A. D. Pelletier and the presentation of a farewell gift was made by the Officer Commanding on behalf of his friends in the division.

Visitors Owing to the inability of RCMP Beachcraft CF-MPH to land at Moncton on June 3, the aircraft landed at Fredericton Airport, and as a result Division H.Q. was visited by Deputy Commr. C. K. Gray, Supt. L. Bingham, Insprs. F. S. Spalding and P. B. Cox, Sgt. B. Ruhl and Cpl. G. R. Hamelin. The plane departed for eastern points the following morning.

On June 17 Supt. J. H. T. Poudrette arrived from Halifax for a visit to Headquarters.

The Director of Communications, Mr. Crouser, arrived at Fredericton on June 18 to inspect communication facilities.

Sub-Inspr. D. O. E. Bartram visited H.Q. on June 22 and after a few days departed for Moncton.

“J” Division Headquarters Face Lifting To assist in the program of beautifying the grounds of H.Q., we have secured a combination motorized plow, cultivator, disk and mower which is a joy to Special Constable Foster, the operator.

Shooting We offer our congratulations to Inspr. J. A. Henry and Cst. R. J. Rippin on winning the divisional high aggregate revolver and divisional high aggregate rifle match respectively.

“K” Division

(Headquarters—Edmonton, Alta.)

Births To Reg. No. 14104 Cst. and Mrs. C. K. Thompson of Drumheller, Alta., on May 8, 1952, a daughter, Shirley Anne.

To Reg. No. 13435 Cst. and Mrs. E. O. Kumm of Foremost, Alta., on June 10, 1952, a son, Terrence Frank.

Marriages Reg. No. 15228 Cst. D. W. Kirk, High Prairie, Alta., to Miss Neita Blanche Wickert, R.N., at New Liskard, Ont., on May 24, 1952.

Reg. No. 14983 Cst. R. K. Metcalfe to Miss Doris Hagen of Battle Lake, Alta., at Wetaskiwin, Alta., on June 7, 1952.



Photo—Laddie Ponich Studios, Edmonton.

RCMP squad on parade at the 1952 Edmonton Exhibition. The parade lasted an hour and 45 minutes and included squads from the Armed Services as well as floats representing commercial organizations.

Reg. No. 14984 Cst. K. E. Riley of St. Albert, Alta., to Miss Marie Yvonne Theresa Dubuc at Vegreville, Alta., on May 20, 1952.

To Pension Our best wishes go to Reg. No. 12331 Cst. A. D. W. Binnie on July 31, 1952; Reg. No. 11360 Cpl. C. P. G. Fordham on Aug. 11, 1952; Reg. No. 11623 Sgt. D. A. Dunlop on Aug. 31, 1952; Reg. No. 12010 Sgt. G. W. Graves on Aug. 31, 1952; Reg. No. 11433 Cpl. J. K. Ridley on Aug. 31, 1952; Reg. No. 12120 Sgt. H. L. Walker on Oct 3, 1952; Spl. Cst. J. C. Barford on July 21, 1952 and Spl. Cst. George Dodds who have recently said farewell to the Force.

Constable Binnie was honored by members of "K" Division Headquarters on June 18. Superintendent Regan in presenting this member with a travelling trunk remarked that Constable Binnie's service was unique inasmuch as he had served 20 years in Lord Strathcona's Horse and was on pension from that regiment when he joined the APP in 1930 and subsequently joined the Mounted Police in April 1932. Constable Binnie has earned the Long Service Medal both from the RCMP and the Armed Forces.

On July 1 the Lethbridge Sub-Division

Headquarters recreation room was the scene of a gathering in honor of Sergeants Dunlop and Graves. On behalf of the members Inspr. C. B. Macdonell presented Sergeant Dunlop with a mantel clock and Sergeant Graves with a floor lamp. Sergeant Dunlop will reside in Leduc and Sergeant Graves in Red Deer.

Corporal Ridley of Claresholm Detachment was presented with a silver rose bowl and matching candle sticks on July 21. Corporal Ridley intends to live in Fort Macleod.

Supt. H. P. Mathewson in presenting Sergeant Walker with a travelling bag on July 28 on behalf of the members of the sub-division stated that the Force was losing an efficient and capable member. Sergeant Walker had distinguished service in the First Great War and was twice awarded the Military Medal.

Sergeant Walker was also honored by the Sergeants of "K" Division at a farewell dinner.

Special Constables Dodds and Barford were also honored on their retirement to pension. Inspr. G. H. Clark on behalf of the members presented Special Constable Dodd with a fishing rod and reel and Special Constable Barford with a desk set.

Sports The Annual Alberta Police Golf Association Tournament was held at Edmonton on the Highlands Golf and Country Club course, on September 4-5. About 60 competed and the next issue will carry a full report.

Airborne Insp. C. B. Macdonell of Lethbridge Sub-Division continues to be an ardent devotee of flying and it is understood from reliable sources that he is now considered one of the better pilots of the Lethbridge Flying Club.

Three other members of the sub-division—Csts. H. D. Smith, D. H. Penny and D. J. Farquharson—have commenced flying instructions. Their O.C.'s enthusiasm is apparently contagious.

Transfers Supt. H. P. Mathewson has relinquished command of Edmonton Sub-Division to Insp. H. A. Maxted and has assumed command of Calgary Sub-Division. Insp. J. D. Lee has replaced Inspector Maxted as "K" Division Personnel Officer and Insp. L. A. Denton has left Edmonton to take over Prince Albert Sub-

Division. He has been replaced by Insp. I. S. Glendinning.

Departures Two members of Lethbridge Sub-Division, Csts. R. G. A. Bradshaw and I. S. Anderson left the Force recently. Constable Bradshaw joined the B.C. Forestry Service at Kamloops and it is understood that Constable Anderson will be wearing the blue of the Lethbridge City Police Department.

At a small informal gathering in the Interior Economy Branch on July 31 Miss Sophie Tomaszewski was the recipient of an electric iron on the occasion of her resignation. Miss Tomaszewski leaves with our best wishes to enter the sea of matrimony.

Arrivals We welcome the following newly-engaged members fresh from their Part II training: Csts. R. A. Dzikowski, L. K. Farrell, D. H. Penny, D. G. Vogan, R. A. Wainwright, L. M. Warner, M. N. McCulloch, A. Simpson, K. C. Martin, A. C. Grier, K. L. Sutherland, E. A. Bruch, G. H. Crosson, J. R. McDougall and N. B. Nergaard.

"L" Division

(Headquarters—Charlottetown, P.E.I.)

Arrivals This division welcomes Miss Mary Claire MacDonald as stenographer at Headquarters; also Csts. H. B. Gallagher and R. A. Mosher.

Bowling The team under the leadership of Spl. Cst. P. L. Jay was declared the winner of the bowling league. Suitable trophies for each member were presented by the club.

Shooting Congratulations are extended to Sgt. D. R. George who obtained a possible score in the annual Revolver Competition. We are looking forward to having the Connaught Cup again come to this division. Cpls. W. M. Beatty and A. M. Johnston competed in the Provincial Shoot in which Corporal Beatty carried away most of the honors. Both these members engaged in the DCRA Shoot, Ottawa.

"Marine" Division

(Headquarters—Halifax, N.S.)

Births To Reg. No. 14643 Cpl. and Mrs. R. S. Harding, a daughter, Marion Elizabeth, on Aug. 2, 1952.

To Spl. Cst. and Mrs. A. J. Bissett, a son, David Arthur James, on July 9, 1952.

Marriages Reg. No. 16053 Cst. J. MacNeil to Miss Sheila MacDonald, at Halifax, N.S., on June 30, 1952.

New Members Welcome is extended to the following new members who have

joined "Marine" Division: Spl. Csts. J. H. Mombourquette, L. D. Wilson, C. A. M. Curleigh, D. H. Keizer, G. R. Cave, E.StC. Ross and J. J. LeBlanc.

To Pension Good luck and best wishes to Reg. No. 12183 S/Sgt. J. B. Cooper, Reg. No. 12184 Sgt. S. L. Burton, who will reside in Victoria, B.C., Reg. No. 12279 Sgt. F. J. J. Henderson and Reg. No. 12268 Cst. M. R. D'Entremont.

“N” Division

(Training Centre—Rockcliffe, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 14647 Cst. and Mrs. R. K. Chalk, a daughter, Catherine Christine, on June 13, 1952.

Arrivals and Departures We have had several newcomers to “N” Division, in the persons of Sub-Insp. J. R. R. Carriere, formerly of Montreal, as Assistant Training Officer vice Sub-Insp. J. R. Roy; Csts. C. E. DeArmond and W. H. Cross to the Laboratory staff from “H.Q.” Division, Ottawa and Cst. J. Moon of “A” Division to the driving staff.

To one and all, a hearty welcome.

On the debit side of the ledger, we have been fortunate in losing but one member—Spl. Cst. Paddy Ryan to pension.

Training During the summer months, full use was made of the Long Island Training Camp. This year the method of training was changed in that each working day a different squad went to the camp, receiving valuable instructions from Spl. Cst. R. R. Canning, on temporary duty from “Depot” Division, in swimming, life-saving and handling of boats and canoes, in addition to lectures on various academic subjects. Organized sports were also on the agenda.

Musical Ride After three months of training the Musical Ride left on its tour which will take it as far west as San Francisco, Calif. The itinerary is as follows:

Belleville, Ont.—August 11; Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto—August 22 to September 6; Portland, Ore.—October 4-13; Los Angeles, Calif.—October 17-26; San Francisco—October 31 to November 9 and Royal Winter Fair, Toronto—November 14-22.

Before leaving on their tour the members of the Ride displayed their prowess on July 22 for the personnel of the Force in the Ottawa area, their families and friends. Over 6,000 persons witnessed the fine display. The fact that the RCMP Band rendered the accompanying music added greatly to the occasion which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The evening's performance wound up with the final Ride Past, with Commr. L. H. Nicholson taking the salute.

Social On Wednesday evening, July 2, approximately 40 members of the “N” Division staff gathered at the No. 3 Signals Regiment Officers' Mess to honor Spl. Cst. Paddy Ryan, who, after completing a total of 36 years' service with the Force, went to pension. After a brief address by Supt. C. N. K. Kirk, Officer Commanding, who reviewed some of Paddy's history and exploits during his long and commendable service, Commissioner Nicholson made the presentation of a beautiful easy rocker chair on behalf of the “N” Division staff. (See *RCMP Quarterly* April 1952, p. 409.)

The Musical Ride performing the “Bridle Arch”.



“O” Division

(Headquarters—Toronto, Ont.)

Births To Reg. No. 13421 Cpl. and Mrs. J. T. Halward, a son, Kenneth Edward Tye, on July 29, 1952.

Marriages Reg. No. 15090 Cst. E. H. Trefry of Niagara Falls Detachment to Miss Audrey Winnifred Climenhaga, on May 31, 1952, at Ridgeway, Ont.

Reg. No. 15311 Cst. M. J. Leavitt of Sault Ste. Marie Detachment to Miss Gladys Evangeline Hill of Hagersville, Ont., on July 5, 1952.

Arrivals Welcome to the following members who arrived in “O” Division during recent months: from “H.Q.” Division—Sgt. H. J. F. Ade; Csts. L. J. Swift and W. A. Weddes. “A” Division—Cpl. R. S. Macdonald; Csts. R. Nichols, R. P. Power and R. G. Bauckban. “Depot” Division—Csts. A. H. Brasnett, M. E. Burman, W. R. Siemens and W. J. Hodgson. “E” Division—Cst. W. R. Riach. “F” Division—Cst. W. G. Miller. “Marine” Division—Csts. W. H. Mott and F. G. Gough; Spl. Cst. J. B. McKinnon. In addition to the foregoing, an ex-member—Spl. Cst. Wm. J. Orr

—well known to old-timers of “E” Division—rejoined the Force at Toronto.

Departures We bid adieu to the following members who were transferred: to “H.Q.” Division—Sub-Inspr. N. O. Jones; Cpl. G. V. Eaton; Csts. L. H. Winters and G. L. Huff. “Air” Division—Cst. D. R. Quistberg. “E” Division—Cst. A. J. Leas. “G” Division—Csts. W. G. Thurber and W. H. Canam.

To Pension The Force lost one of its veteran “Marine” Division members recently when Reg. No. 12277 Cpl. Alex “Bud” McNeil, in charge of P/B *Cutknife* at Sarnia, retired to pension. On leaving the Force Corporal McNeil became Chief Security Officer at the new refinery of the Canadian Oil Company at Froomfield. Our very best wishes are extended to him.

Shooting The results of the Inter-Divisional Rifle and Revolver Competition were announced from Ottawa some time ago. Congratulations for the high aggregate in the rifle competition insofar as division scores are concerned go to Cpl. J. H. Lumb and Cst. C. E. Gaines who attained the high aggregate in the revolver competition. Individual winners in their respective teams were Cst. L. H. Winters in the rifle competition, while Sgt. H. J. Newman and Cst. R. McKenzie stood high in the revolver class. Prizes were awarded at a Smoker sponsored by the Softball Club on August 1.

Sports Although our Softball Club did not enter a league, we played many games and almost every week found our boys pitting their skill against one another or playing outside teams. Special Branch, Town Station and Detective Branch were each large enough to support a team which resulted in great inter-branch rivalry. A team built from these three groups played against the Customs Branch and Toronto City Police Morality Squad. Old Man Waldon (reaching all of 35 years) on the mound, LaBrash catching his first game and our heavy hitter, Yurkiw, sparked us to an overtime victory. Our team first at bat in the 11th cracked in three runs to win the game 13-11 entitling us to the challenge cup donated by the City Police.

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Beverly Street Barracks on August 1 and although this was the beginning of a long week-end and many members were on holiday, it was most gratifying to see the large turn-out.

Illness In the last issue of *The Quarterly* two patients of long standing were mentioned—ex-Sgt. D. C. Reynolds and ex-Cst. K. C. Carley. We are pleased to report both are making steady progress and that ex-Sergeant Reynolds was recently considered to have made sufficient progress to be permitted a transfer to the Shaughnessy Hospital in Vancouver on August 8.

Ex-Constable Carley is continuing treatments at the Sunnybrook Hospital and is most enthusiastic with the recovery he is making. He has, to some extent, regained the use of his legs and is in the process of seeking suitable employment in Toronto. We wish them both every success toward a full recovery in the near future.

Youth and the Police One of the chief events worth noting in our Youth and

the Police program was the Junior Police games held at the Ontario Training School for boys at Cobourg, Ont., on June 4. Instigated by this Force six years ago these games are now promoted through some 20 police forces in the area and have been gaining momentum with each passing year. An athletic meet, these games are participated in by the many school children in the proximity of Cobourg with representatives from the various police forces being present.

A second event of some note was the recent visit of a group of entertainers, under the leadership of members of this Force, to the Ontario Training School at Bowmanville. The understanding and friendship achieved through this effort exceeded expectations.

Another most worthy effort was participated in at the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital where our members carry out the Youth and the Police program. (See "Blood for 'Blue' Babies" on page 120).

Book Reviews

INDIAN HEMP: A Social Menace, by Donald McL. Johnson, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada. Pp. 112. \$2.

Briefly this work deals with Indian Hemp in its various forms, tells of its history, use and misuse throughout the centuries and makes some rather shocking disclosures about the evil effects produced by the drug. A chapter is devoted to the increasing use of marihuana in the United States and Dr. Johnson also speculates at some length on the peculiarities attached to the tragedy of the French town of Pont Saint Esprit—where the people became afflicted with a physical and mental illness after eating bread one day in August last year—and the mysterious behavior of the prisoners at the Russian trials.

This book is by an English author and was, as he put it, "written from a sense of urgency". In addition to being a medical man, Dr. Johnson is also a barrister-at-law and therefore his approach to the question of the drug menace is not just from the

viewpoint of public health but also from a desire to educate more of the lay public with regard to this social menace. It follows then, that the text is more of an informative nature, rather than a purely scientific treatise and is therefore interesting reading on a subject that is of much concern to anyone connected with law enforcement.

ENCORE. Stories by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen adaptations by T. E. B. Clarke, Arthur Macrae and Eric Ambler. British Book Service (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Illustrated. Pp. 165. \$2.25.

This small volume is a follow-up to two others—*Quartet* and *Trio*—and like them is made up of short stories by Mr. Maugham and their screen adaptations. The three stories in this book, "The Ant and the Grasshopper", "Winter Cruise" and "Gigolo and Gigolette" are well known to Mr. Maugham's readers, but the film scripts of these tales make the volume particularly

interesting. They include all the details and directions used to convert a story to a picture and to the layman offer something of an education in the manner in which various situations in stories are converted to suit the requirements of the camera.

Those who enjoyed the film "Encore", but are not too familiar with Mr. Maugham's work, should derive even more pleasure from comparing the stories in their original form with the versions presented on the screen. H.E.B.

— OBITUARY —

Ex-Asst. Commr. Charles Deering LaNauze, 63, died at Gothenburg, Sweden, on June 13, 1952. He joined the RNWMP on Sept. 25, 1908, was promoted to Inspector on Oct. 1, 1914, to Superintendent on Apr. 1, 1932, appointed an acting Assistant Commissioner July 1, 1935 and confirmed in that rank on Jan. 1, 1936. He retired to pension Apr. 1, 1944. He served in the North for a number of years, in the Maritimes, on the Prairies, the west coast, at Toronto and Ottawa, and was Officer Commanding "F" Division at Regina when he retired. Mr. LaNauze was a member of the Coronation Contingent of 1911 and also served Overseas in World War I. (See also Old-timers' Column.)

Reg. No. 6766 ex-Cst. Cornelis G. Overwater, 54, was accidentally drowned in Lake Athapapuskow, Man., June 18, 1952. He joined the Force Mar. 19, 1918 and was discharged when his time expired Mar. 18, 1922. He served at Regina, Sask. and Dawson, Y.T., and during World War I served Overseas with the RNWMP Cavalry Draft "A". Mr. Overwater operated a private detective agency in Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. before his death.

Reg. No. 12622 Cst. Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, 38, died at London, Ont., on May 18, 1952. He joined the RCMP at Regina, Sask., on June 24, 1935 and had been stationed at Ottawa, Toronto, Amherstburg, Wallaceburg, Nobel and London, Ont.

Reg. No. 10096 ex-Cpl. Frederick William St. George D'Essecourt Ashe, 46, died June 23, 1952 in New York City, U.S.A. He joined the RCMP on June 12, 1925 and took his discharge when his term of service expired June 11, 1931. On Mar. 14, 1932 he re-engaged in the Force and was discharged to pension Apr. 24, 1949. He served at Montreal, Que., Pond Inlet, N.W.T., Toronto and Ottawa, Ont., where he was employed in the Fingerprint Section for many years. Since leaving the RCMP, Mr. Ashe was employed at the British Legation in Washington, D.C. and latterly by the United Kingdom Delegation to the United Nations Assembly at New York.

Reg. No. 12216 ex-Cst. Francis Robert MacFarlane, 62, died June 12, 1952, at Chatham, N.B. He served the RCMP "Marine" Division as a special constable and E.R.A. from Apr. 28, 1932 to Nov. 30, 1932, from Jan. 6, 1933 to Jan. 24, 1933 and from Apr. 12, 1933 to Oct. 18, 1939 when he transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy. He remained with the Navy until Aug. 16, 1945, rejoined the Force next day and was discharged to pension Feb. 11, 1949. Prior to joining the Mounted Police Mr. MacFarlane was a member of the Preventive Service.

Reg. No. 9271 ex-Sgt. Charles Austin Christie, 57, died June 15, 1952 at Prospect, Ont. He joined the RCMP at Ottawa on Apr. 15, 1920 and was invalided to pension June 30, 1945. He served in "A" Division, Ottawa and was a veteran of Overseas service in World War I.

Reg. No. 7848 ex-Cst. Evan Wynne Davies, 54, died June 13, 1952 at Saskatoon, Sask. He joined the Force at Vancouver on May 28, 1919, served at Prince Rupert, Vancouver and Telkwa, B.C. and was discharged when his time expired on May 27, 1924. Prior to engaging in the Mounted Police he served Overseas in World War I and at the time of his death was an investigator with the C.P.R.

Reg. No. 4909 ex-Cpl. Patrick McLoughlin, 74, died May 26, 1952 at Keno, Y.T. He joined the RNWMP on May 17, 1909 and was discharged at Dawson, Y.T. when his term of service expired five years later. He served continuously in the North.

Ex-Asst. Commr. Arthur Edward Acland, 78, died at Essondale, B.C. on May 28, 1952. He joined the NWMP on Mar. 18, 1898 as Reg. No. 3234, was sent almost immediately to the Yukon and remained there until promoted to Inspector on Apr. 1, 1912. He was promoted to Superintendent on Oct. 1, 1929, acting Assistant Commissioner on June 6, 1932 and was confirmed in that rank on Dec. 19, 1932. He retired to pension Oct. 15, 1933. During World War I Mr. Acland served Overseas with the RNWMP Cavalry Squadron "A" as a Lieutenant, and later was Officer Commanding "G", "K" and "F" Divisions.