

# R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



# SECURITY

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# Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

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Deputy Commr. H. A. R. Gagnon, C.B.E., A.D.C., 1920-1947.

# E D I T O R I A L

Struck swiftly by death since the *Quarterly's* last appearance, Deputy Commr. Henri Albert Royal Gagnon, C.B.E., A.D.C., first and only deputy commissioner of the Force

**The Force Loses a Noble Son** whose life was founded in and inseparable from the Force's many traditions. His father, the late Supt.

Severe Gagnon, was an original officer of the N.W.M.P. and took part in the historic trek of 1874 across the plains to the Rockies; his mother, Emma, was a daughter of Hon. Joseph Royal, third lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories before the formation of the prairie provinces. Of such pioneer stock was he born at the Mounted Police barracks, Regina, on Feb. 20, 1893, when the foundations of civilized society still were being laid in that part of the West, and through childhood in this heart of the Force's activities was he cradled and reared. It is but small wonder then that he should at an early age decide to follow in the footsteps of his father, and that he carried out that resolve. Literally all his 54 years were spent in close touch with the Mounted Police; and his untimely death severs yet another and very strong link with the Force's beginnings, for he was the last "original son" of the Force—to use an appellation so often applied to a member whose father was one of the Force's original members.

His parents sent him in 1901 to Montreal where in due time he graduated from St. Mary's College, and soon afterwards, in 1911, he was commissioned a lieutenant with the Royal Canadian Regiment in Quebec City. With the outbreak of World War 1 he enlisted at once and went Overseas with the First Contingent of the C.E.F. Throughout that conflict he served with distinction attaining the rank of major and spending 18 months in Belgium and France where he was wounded. He was demobilized from the permanent force in October, 1919, shortly after his arrival back in this country with his bride the former Helen Johnson whom he married on August 19, two months before, at Greta, Scotland.

It was on Feb. 1, 1920, that he realized a long-cherished hope by being appointed inspector in the newly-named R.C.M.P. In the next 27 years he was destined to serve in most parts of Canada. From "A" Division, Ottawa, Ont., his first post, he was transferred three years later to "E" Division (British Columbia) as paymaster and supply officer. In the autumn of 1927, he went to "G" Division (N.W.T.) and during the five years he spent there in the Great Bear Lake district he knew a freedom of spirit and movement which so appealed to him that he was to look back on those years as the happiest of his life.

From Northern duties Inspector Gagnon was moved to his old stamping grounds at Quebec City, as officer commanding the sub-division, and three years later, in the summer of 1935, he was appointed to the command of Montreal Sub-division. In this latter role his dynamic personality brought vigour and enthusiasm to many important assignments, not the least among them being the conspiracy prosecutions which sprang from newly-instituted R.C.M.P. drives against a rampant border-smuggling evil, and he assumed and met willingly obligations that might have daunted many.

His first promotion, that to superintendent, came the following year, and 13 months later he was appointed acting assistant commissioner and given leave of absence for one year while on loan to the municipal authorities of Quebec City for the purpose of re-organizing the local police department.

This over with, he returned to the R.C.M.P., assuming his substantive rank of superintendent, to head the Force's busy "C" Division (Quebec Province), in which capacity, being a fluent French and English bilinguist, he was an ideal representative for the Force during the opening four years of the war. Then, in 1943, with the rank of assistant commissioner and as Officer Commanding "F" Division (Saskatchewan), he was transferred to Regina, Sask.—the community of his birth which had been commanded by his father in the "gay '90's".

After two years there he was moved back to Ottawa and appointed Director of Criminal Investigation. In this position, which gave him ultimate responsibility for all major Federal investigations across the nation, the war now approaching its final stages imposed heavy obligations upon him. Most memorable among the duties of national importance that fell to his lot as D.C.I. was his supervision of the lengthy and sensational espionage

inquiry that led to the arrest and conviction of a number of Soviet-fostered agents operating in Canada. His promotion to Deputy Commissioner followed on Mar. 11, 1947, a rank that made him the second highest guiding figure behind the Dominion's law-enforcement machinery.

A genial man of public spirit, the late Deputy Commissioner contributed in countless ways to whatever community he happened to be in. Witty, engaging, his was a pleasing personality, and in his personal relations he coupled a courtliness of manner with a rich sociability that attracted many friendships. Wherever his duties took him his rich gaiety of spirits brought him friends, and particularly is this true of Montreal which came to appreciate him in a way that will colour his memory with a warmth of affection.

Deputy Commissioner Gagnon's brilliant career was on the point of acquiring new lustre, for he was slated, had he lived, to succeed to the commissionership. But this was not to be; Fate, that inexplicable arbiter of human destiny, intervened—denied him this crowning consummation of his ambition. If a man dies when he is on the point of reaching the summit of his calling there is bound to be speculation on what changes he might have wrought had he attained his goal. Though such speculation is idle—there is no way of assessing what one might have done—, it may be said truly that Deputy Commissioner Gagnon was equipped by experience and training to contribute to the Force's glory, and in vital times like these when the fabric of the Force's handiwork is so complex it is a regrettable loss that a hand so capable and skilled should be turned from the loom.

High tributes have been paid this departed son of the Force, and when Commissioner Wood spoke in grateful appreciation of his outstanding service he did homage in behalf of all R.C.M.P. personnel. The Rt. Hon. Mr. J. L. Ilsley, Minister of Justice and Minister in Control of the Force, had this to say of him:

"His whole career as an officer of the Force was well worthy of its high traditions. To executive capacity of a high order he added an unflinching sense of duty, the highest character qualifications and an intellectual approach to consideration of police problems which gave him much distinction. The Force and the country have suffered a great loss".

Memory of the dead is their best monument, and though Deputy Commissioner Gagnon has passed from this mortal coil he will continue in the memory and affections of many both in the Force and out of it. The benefits of his achievements are now interwoven into the Force's traditions to enrich its heritage to those of the future. On such things the strength of the Force greatly rests.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having completed 35 years' service in the Force Commr. S. T. Wood, C.M.G., is eligible for retirement although still well below the age limit of 63 set by statute. In an announcement made public on Jan. 16, 1948, the Rt. Hon.

**The Commissioner Stays** Mr. J. L. Ilsley, Minister of Justice and Minister in Control of the Force, said that at the request of the Government Commissioner Wood will continue as Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. for an indefinite period. Commenting on this decision the *Ottawa Journal* in an editorial recalls that Commissioner Wood joined the Force direct from Royal Military College in 1912, and goes on to say:

"He is too useful a man to Canada to be placed on the shelf at his present age. Shy of any form of personal publicity and seldom in the public eye, Commissioner Wood is one of the least known to the general public among senior public servants. He has been head of the famous Force since 1938, saw it expand and grow during the war years when most internal counter-espionage work was under his direction. Under him the R.C.M.P. has extended its work and usefulness, now polices several provinces and conducts police schools where members of all police forces can be trained in scientific work.

"Commissioner Wood is a true son of the Force (his father was an assistant commissioner) and he has served in almost every part of Canada. His early schooling was obtained in Dawson City and he spent many years on duty in the Far North. One of his ambitions is to see part of the Force again mounted on horses, largely for

show purposes of course, but also because he believes that such training is good for young recruits and that it adds to the morale of the organization".

\* \* \* \* \*

No reader of newspapers published in the largest Canadian cities can fail to be impressed by the amount of space taken up by reports of crimes committed and of proceedings in criminal courts, and more especially by the amount of editorial **Recidivists** comment upon such matters. The principal causes of the interest are, first, the outbreak of robberies of banks and other places where large sums of money may be kept, and second, a succession of criminal assaults, sometimes culminating in murder, which have been committed by sex perverts.

The robberies are sheer banditry, and it is highly probable that the bandit, because his conduct is so deliberately antisocial, will repeat his offences if he is at large until, eventually and at whatever cost to the community, he brings himself within the purview of the recent legislation regarding habitual criminals. It is equally probable that the sex pervert, too, will repeat his criminal behaviour. It is certain at any rate that while at large he is every bit as much a public menace.

But the sex pervert's case is complicated by consideration of his mentality. Apparently he is within the class of psychopathic personalities whom psychiatrists do not now regard as persons so diseased or defective as to justify their detention in a mental institution. From the legal point of view, irresistible impulse is not a defence in criminal proceedings; such impulses as govern the sex pervert do not (as an English judge has put it) render a man irresponsible, "they only make him wicked". Yet authorities are agreed that punishment by imprisonment or otherwise is not a deterrent to such perverted minds. Certainly it is not good that people should be at large from whom the public has so much to fear.

The *Quarterly* is aware that it is the function of the police to enforce the law as it is, and not to express opinions as to what it ought to be. However, we cannot but wonder whether the situation with regard to sex perverts would not be improved if the legal definition of insanity were broadened so as to include persons whom psychiatrists now classify as psychopathic personalities, and if there were, across Canada, separate institutions for the criminal insane.

Meanwhile, the *Quarterly* welcomes the newly-aroused interest in the criminal law if it means greater public cooperation with the police. It may be trite, but it is still true to say that the police are not in a world by themselves. They are members of the public whom the public has entrusted with something more than the general powers and responsibilities which are necessary for its protection.

\* \* \* \* \*

In nearly all text-books on crime and methods for combating it, at least in any we have seen, there is a complete gap in so far as radio and its usefulness in police work are concerned. The comparative newness of two-way radio may explain **Police Radio** this lack. Anyway there can be no doubts regarding the value of radio to police work and the consequent need for encouraging the production of a progressive record on equipment and technique. The *Quarterly* accordingly is pleased to publish in this issue an illustrated article by the Force's Departmental Radio Engineer, Mr. W. R. Wilson, on the R.C.M.P. radio system that blankets the prairie provinces and provides a long-needed inter-divisional hook-up.

The former radio set-up in Manitoba, which was under the care of Sgt. D. F. Taylor who in the present arrangement has overall charge of maintenance for the prairie provinces, definitely proved its worth; but the smoother and wider coverage and greater liaison between the provinces and R.C.M.P. Headquarters possible under the expanded network gives to Canadian law enforcement an efficiency that really marks a milestone in the policing of this country.

F.M., as Mr. Wilson points out, is used in talk-back from cars because of its all-weather reception, and naturally the system is on a 24-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week basis. With receiving and transmitting units installed in 54 cars, and receivers by themselves in 164 other cars and 151 detachments, it may be said within the limits of radio

“range” nearly all the Force’s police cars are radio-equipped. And we may be sure that in time the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section will be similarly outfitted, for the merits of extending the system to include an air arm will be at once apparent. In searches, especially, a plane circling over an area under observation has the advantages of unrestricted vision and can report directly to highway cruisers which then may converge for the arrest or rescue as the case may be.

The *Quarterly’s* cover picture this issue, for which we tender grateful acknowledgment to the National Film Board, shows one of the familiar-looking R.C.M.P. radio patrol cars. Exterially the only distinguishing feature on the vehicle is the antenna at the back, but in a section of the trunk compartment there is a compact transmitter while up front where the heater is located in most cars there is a receiver. The control panel is near the ignition switch and the microphone is clamped by a small bracket to the instrument board.

Geographically Canada has its own peculiar police problems, but the magic of the air lanes now puts even distant points in split-second proximity to one another. Heretofore criminals haven’t experienced too much trouble finding lonely out-of-the-way places in which to operate, places where the chances of being interrupted are few and the possibilities of making a get-away fairly hopeful. Radio has changed that. Transient criminals in fast cars fleeing the long arm of the law find that arm much longer and more embracing today, for cars no matter how fast will never acquire the speed of radio.

The system enables police patrols to communicate with their district station and through it with other patrol cars. Time was when it was a mighty difficult matter for an officer commanding to keep in touch with members of his sub-division. The old-time policeman who patrolled the prairies on horseback was on his own when out on the road. Then came the automobile, and while its advent whittled distances down marvellously its very speed complicated the communication problem, for whereas the mounted man had probably been within a mile or so of his detachment getting a homesteader to sign the time-honoured complaint slip his more up-to-date counterpart might be miles away and not accessible until or unless he himself advised where he was.

Without extra expense or trouble radio has eliminated this unsatisfactory and confusing state of affairs and vital seconds previously lost in telephonic and vehicular communications are saved. But apart from being the only possible medium whereby divisions and sub-divisions can get in touch with mobile units without delay, it now is much easier to set up dragnet operations under this interlocking network which in point of area coverage is the largest police radio system in Canada. At this time when police man-power is at a low ebb and crime no lighter, police mobility is a prime necessity.

The enlarged scheme changes many a long-distance patrol problem into simple routine and in addition provides communication on a wide scale that may be used to augment or replace telephone and telegraph in times of civil emergency and disaster. The several cases cited in Mr. Wilson’s story illustrate how two-way radio aids police work, but of course they are only a few drawn from hundreds.

From the standpoint of crime detection, the value of radio is unquestionable, but its usefulness goes far beyond the tracking down and apprehending of wrongdoers. In the discharge of the Force’s countless extra-constabulary duties the new set-up will serve as public insurance in many ways. For example, in the reporting of bush fires or the summoning of medical assistance to remote settlers information will be relayed without delay, and should a highway accident occur miles from nowhere a radio-equipped police car happening along can in a matter of minutes have an ambulance and doctor on their way to succour the injured. From the humanitarian aspect, the system is an unexcelled boon that doubtless will save many lives.

Because of the vastness of the area it covers, the system is something dramatically new in the policing of this country. In the past the criminal has by the very nature of things set the pace and the police have had to keep up with him. For once, however, the forces of law and order have a definite advantage which they will continue to hold, for though it is true that burglars have been known to use radio devices in their depredations, radio on the scope of this new network is surely beyond the means of individual criminals or even gangs.

## NOTES

# on *Recent Cases*

### R. v. Blais

#### *Murder Charge Reduced to Manslaughter — Prompt Police Action*

An afternoon of wine drinking, a devilish plot to rob an old man, the callous carrying out of it, and the plotter now languishing in prison on an eight-year term—that in a nutshell is the case of Joseph Arthur Blais, Richardsville, N.B.

Fortified with the false optimism that frequently is born of alcohol, Blais on the evening of Apr. 8, 1947, conceived an idea of how to get some easy money. At this stage, his thoughts dwelt on an 82-year-old store-keeper named Richard Newton Thompson who lived alone in quarters adjoining his country store at Dalhousie Junction, N.B. Though the old gentleman's once active dealings in feed and grain had dwindled to an almost negligible tobacco business, it was known that he usually kept some ready cash on hand.

After convincing himself of the feasibility of his plan, Blais convinced a drinking companion that the undertaking would be easy to accomplish without anyone being the wiser and the two of them drove to within walking distance of the scene of action. While Blais' companion went to the back door and engaged Thompson in conversation pretending to be a feed buyer, Blais was to enter the store from the front and steal the money he hoped to find there.

But the plan miscarried. As pre-arranged, Blais' partner in crime retired to the back door and conversed with the store-keeper a few minutes, but then, apparently growing apprehensive, he decamped. Blais meanwhile had found the front door locked, so he went around to the rear. His associate was nowhere in sight, but he tried the back door and finding it unlocked entered the place.

Blais sat and chatted with Thompson a while until finally the old fellow said

it was bedtime and asked him to leave. As they walked to the door, Blais suddenly gave his host a shove, knocking him down. The aged man fell on his face, and his nose was bleeding profusely when Blais helped him up and assisted him to a cot. The assailant bathed the other's face with a wet cloth, helped himself to the money in a wallet he took from his victim's pocket, and departed.

Blais flagged a truck and was driven part way to Campbellton, N.B. Shortly afterwards he was arrested by the R.C. M.P. Fate was the unforeseen factor that occasioned the culprit's unmasking. Unknown to them, Blais and his companion had been seen by a farmer as they approached Thompson's store. The farmer was suspicious of their intentions and telephoned his suspicions to the R.C. M.P. detachment at Campbellton. A patrol was immediately made to Dalhousie Junction where the aged victim was found in a dazed condition and incoherent in his attempts to describe what had happened. The investigator got in touch with the old man's relatives, arranged for medical services, and continued his patrol. In a short time he overtook Blais who was found in possession of \$61 which was concealed in the right leg of his underwear. Patient questioning elicited a confession of assault and robbery.

Thompson died the next afternoon, April 9. The only external injuries were abrasions on the right side of the face and a contusion on the right hip, but an autopsy revealed that death was due to multiple fractures of the skull; Dr. C. Rosenhek who performed the post-mortem reported that the skull of the deceased was of "egg-shell thinness" and could have been fractured easily either from a fall or direct blow.

Blais appeared before Mr. Justice C. D. Richards and jury in Circuit Court at Dalhousie, N.B., on August 26 indicted for Murder, s. 263 Cr. Code. Messrs. A. M. Robichaud and J. C. Van Horn were his counsel while Mr. G. T. Feeney conducted the prosecution. The accused pleaded not guilty, but on August 30 the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of Manslaughter and on September 2 he was sentenced to eight years'

imprisonment in Dorchester Penitentiary. Though he took no active part in the actual theft, Blais' drinking pal whose name is Hubert Hudson Irvine was a party to the offence (see s. 69 Cr. Code). On Nov. 12, 1947, he was found guilty by a jury, following a plea of not guilty on a charge of Theft of Money, s. 386 Cr. Code, and sentenced by Judge J. L. Ryan at Dalhousie to two years' imprisonment in Dorchester Penitentiary.

### R. v. Cheney and Swetman

*Escape from Lawful Custody—Breaking, Entering and Theft—R.C.M.P. Aircraft, Radio, Walkie-talkies and Police Service Dog Used in Search for Escaped Prisoners*

On July 16, 1947, in the provincial gaol at Regina, Sask., two prisoners of a work party just returned from the fields were given permission to go for a drink of water. They didn't return, and it wasn't long before they were the object of a wide-spread search. One of the missing prisoners, Donald Cheney, was undergoing one year's imprisonment for theft of car, the other, John Swetman, was serving a 30-day sentence for vagrancy.

The R.C.M.P. were notified, and immediately patrols were detailed to railway yards, along the highway in the vicinity, the railway and city police were advised of the escape, while news of it was broadcast over the air and published in the press.

An R.C.M.P. aircraft, which kept in touch with land operators by walkie-talkies, aided in the search, Reg'n. No. 158-W Police Service Dog Pal was made available in case of need, and R.C.M.P. investigators combed the area. By press and radio residents of the district were warned to be on the look-out as it was believed that Cheney and Swetman would attempt to steal clothes less conspicuous than the prison garb they were wearing.

The morning after the escape, a farmer who lived in Regina and com-

muted daily to his farm 15 miles out, found that his shack had been broken into and two meals prepared and eaten, also that some of his clothes were missing. He thought nothing of the incident until a neighbour told him of the warning which had been broadcast by the R.C.M.P. regarding the escaped prisoners. He at once got in touch with the police and reported that his place had been entered by some person or persons who had stolen two pairs of overalls, a windbreaker and a sweater.

Shortly afterwards, a patrol arrived at the farm and conducted a search which resulted in the capture 24 hours after they had made their break of the fugitives who had taken refuge in a field of weeds near the farm-house. They made no resistance and were returned to gaol.

At Regina on Sept. 19, 1947, they both pleaded guilty before Police Magistrate E. S. Williams, K.C., to a charge of Escape from Lawful Custody, s. 189 Cr. Code, also to a charge of Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 460 Cr. Code. On the first charge each prisoner was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labour and on the second charge to one year at hard labour, sentences to run concurrently.

**R. v. Dale***Forgery and Uttering of Will—Crime Detection Laboratory—Document Examiner's Identification of Handwriting Evokes Confession*

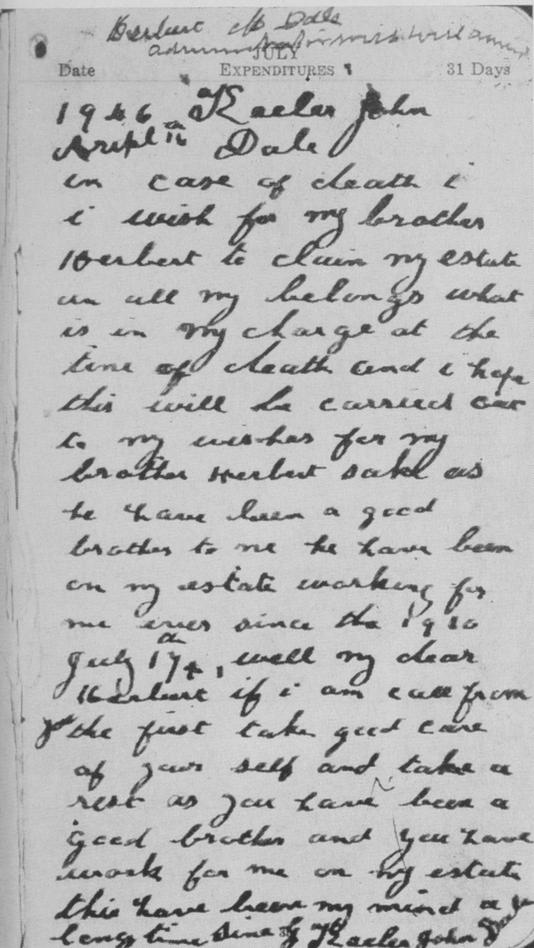
This unusual case revolves around the settlement of an estate worth over \$65,000 and points up the value of document examination as an aid to law enforcement.

Herbert Maxwell Dale, whose brother Keeler John Dale a well-to-do bachelor farmer of the Boissevain, Man., district, died as result of an accident on Oct. 23, 1946, without leaving a will, forged a will in which he named himself sole beneficiary of his brother's estate. He already was the beneficiary of insurance amounting to \$7,500 but insisted to the solicitor who had attended the deceased's legal affairs and was convinced the de-

ceased died intestate that his brother had left a will bequeathing everything to him. Nevertheless he completed papers to have himself appointed administrator and on Dec. 20, 1946, received the grant of administration from the Court. However, a few weeks later he produced what purported to be a holograph will (one written wholly in the handwriting of the person in whose name it appears) executed on a page in an account book that had belonged to his brother and instructed the surprised estate solicitor to have the grant of administration revoked and a new application made for administrators with will annexed.

The alleged will was dated "April, 1946", and after examining it the solicitor expressed the view that Herbert himself had written it, an opinion supported by a local bank manager who said the writing was quite recent as the ink was barely dry. Contrary to Herbert's wishes he refused to send copies of the document to the other heirs requesting them to release all claims in his client's favour, nor would he do so even after Herbert showed him affidavits that he himself had obtained from three of his relatives in the United States who declared that they were satisfied with the genuineness of the will.

The lawyer pointed out that under the Devolution of Estates Act for the Province of Manitoba he (Herbert) stood to inherit a considerable sum, and gave it as his considered opinion that any attempt to interfere with this distribution would be ill-advised. Thoroughly angry, Herbert said he was determined to push his claim to the limit and, when the solicitor remained adamant, he carried out a threat to take his legal business elsewhere and applied through another attorney for revocation of the letters of administration issued and for



The Forged Will.

the granting of administration with will annexed.

Upon receiving the application Surrogate Court Judge J. M. George of Morden, Man., ruled that probation of the will would require proof in solemn form, and in a letter to him Herbert sharply demanded an immediate hearing for this purpose. His Honour felt fairly sure from a superficial comparison that the applicant's handwriting was the same as that in the alleged will, and on Aug. 23, 1947, sent the disputed document together with known specimen writings of both brothers to the R.C.M.P. Crime Laboratory at Regina, Sask., where expert examination elicited the positive opinion that the handwriting in the will was Herbert Dale's.

Faced with this evidence the suspect signed a statement acknowledging authorship of the will. He was arrested on Oct. 29, 1947, and on the same day

pleaded guilty before Police Magistrate Clyde A. Mackenzie at Boissevain to Forgery of Will, s. 468 (k) Cr. Code, and Uttering Forged Document, s. 467 Cr. Code, Mr. D. L. Cameron, K.C., Crown prosecutor of Manitou, Man., appearing for the prosecution and Mr. C. Y. Mackenzie of Boissevain for the defence. Because of the accused's age and the fact that a heart ailment probably would limit his life expectancy to no more than a year, His Worship imposed relatively light sentences. He was sentenced to six months in Brandon gaol without hard labour on each charge, the sentences to run concurrently.

A peculiarity of this comparatively rare type of offence is that the forger usually fabricates a fantastic tale to buttress his claim, and it is interesting to observe that the accused in this case said he found the will behind a picture on a wall of his brother's bedroom two months after his brother died.

### R. v. Frank

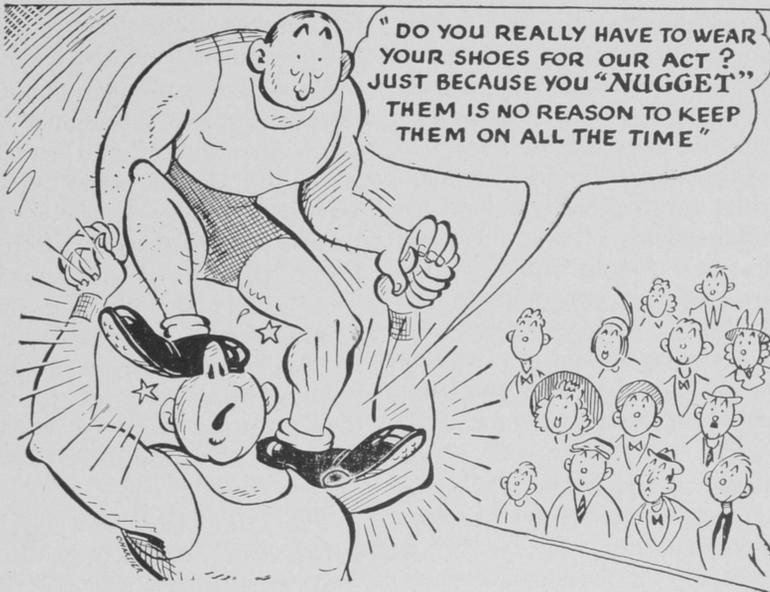
*Breaking, Entering and Theft—Safe Blowing—Crime Detection Laboratory  
Furnishes Essential Clue—Police Service Dogs—Modus Operandi—  
R.C.M.P. Gazette Index—R.C.M.P. Aviation Section—  
Police Persistence Brings Success*

Good police work has always called for high personal initiative, for generally speaking the details of investigation, especially into rural crimes, must be left to the man in the field. Still, new conditions create new methods and render old ones inadequate; rapid transportation and instant communication, perhaps more than anything else, have led to many essential changes. Quite recent years have brought about new techniques for attacking certain investigative problems. That hardy prairie perennial of the harvest season, safe blowing, for example, poses difficulties of its own for the R.C.M.P. each year. Vast distances coupled with sparse settlement have made it possible for the professional safe blower to ply his trade in comparative safety, and usually after pulling a job

such a criminal's chief concern is to place as much distance as he can and as quickly as possible between himself and the scene of his operations. These things being so, the Force has adopted new methods of approach under which broad plans are formulated and laid down in advance.

It became apparent that the sum total of individual efforts, diligent though they were, was not the answer to organized safe blowing by expert criminals, and that overall supervision of coordinated efforts must be developed to eliminate waste effort, duplication, and loss of time.

Under the system presently used by the R.C.M.P. for combatting safe blowing, an officer of the Force who is designated "the coordinating officer"



**"NUGGET"** IS A STAR PERFORMER—  
IT GIVES SHOES A BRIGHT, LASTING  
WATERPROOF SHINE.

5-47

# NUGGET SHOE POLISH

supervises and works out orthodox investigational habits. He is responsible for reducing the vulnerability of places to the safe blowers' depredations, for insuring that the most effective counter-measures are taken, for strengthening any inter-subdivision or inter-division weaknesses, and generally for adding vigour to police action with particular emphasis on effective organization at the scene of the crime. This he does through consultation with officers, N.C.O.s, and men who are associated with this type of crime.

Recognizing that criminals are no respecters of detachment or other police boundaries, when a safe blowing occurs members of adjoining detachments work slowly forward, like a converging army, under the direction of a senior N.C.O.,

and check all possible avenues of escape as they advance. Meantime the N.C.O. in whose area the crime occurs proceeds at once to the scene and directs local inquiries, while a sub-division C.I.D. man or constable in charge of the detachment carries out finger-print and other special duties, and a dogmaster and dog lend their aid. By thus working in harmony and coordination, each with his own particular task to do, together they spin a web which becomes more difficult to elude as they close in. A congregation of policemen at the scene of a crime all doing the same thing is a thing of the past.

Judged as a whole the year 1947 was a poor one for safe blowing. Many of the foremost exponents of the safe-blowing fraternity languished in jail, wonder-

ing where and how they slipped up. Safe blowers do their harvesting at the same time farmers do theirs, in the autumn, but the past year has seen an appreciable decrease in the number of successful offences of this sort in the middle West. This is not to say that safe blowing has receded permanently from the high place it has held among crimes on the prairie, for economic and other factors may well bear on that question, but it does reflect creditably on the law-enforcement methods that meantime have brought about the comparative inactivity in this type of crime.

Of course such a plan of action as the one now in use presupposes the existence of sufficient personnel to execute it. Post-war recruiting has partially removed the handicap in this regard under which the Force has been for most of the last decade, and as the new members become fully trained there is every reason to believe that efforts to stamp out safe blowing will become more effective. The new R.C.M.P. radio system, described elsewhere in this issue of *The Quarterly*, and other aids are bound to encroach on such immunity as the safe blower still enjoys.

A good example of how the present plan works is afforded by the investigation into a series of safe blowings that occurred recently within a 25-mile radius of one another. No time was lost and every shred of evidence was gathered in quickly, so that before long the investigators were fairly certain their quarry was within the net they had spread. Subsequent events proved them right, though at the time there may have been some doubts on that score due to a lack of clues and direct evidence.

\* \* \*

At approximately 2 o'clock in the morning of May 4, 1947, the Saskatchewan Pool Elevator at Dahinda, Sask., a hamlet some 65 miles south-east of Moose Jaw, Sask., and 61 miles west of Weyburn, Sask., on a C.P.R. branch line,

was broken into, the safe blown, and \$376.58 stolen from the office safe.

Immediate investigation was set in motion, inquiries throughout the district were carried out, and a wide-spread search for the perpetrators was undertaken. At the scene of the crime, a storm window had been removed and the lower portion of the inner window lifted up. Jemmy marks on the bottom window frame corresponded with others on the ledge below, revealing that the window had been pried up; the locking device on the inside of the window at the top was broken and a piece of it was on the floor.

The safe handle and dial had been knocked off with a heavy hammer-like tool, after which the safe was blown open by the "outside shot" method—nitro-glycerine being used for the purpose. The lower left-hand corner of the safe door was open and buckled, and the metal on the left side had peeled. A section of burned fuse about six inches long with a bit of putty adhering to it was found in the debris, indicating that putty had been used to attach the fuse and detonator ("rope and knocker") before ignition. Torn and shredded pieces of white adhesive tape and more chips of putty were in the rubble; obviously the tape had been used to seal the safe door before inserting the explosive, as no trace of soap was evident.

The charge had apparently been too strong. Apart from evidence of this on the safe itself, some 17 window panes were shattered, and dust that had accumulated through the years on the rafters had settled on everything. A thick layer of grime on the inside window sill had not been disturbed, and it was clear that the guilty parties must have left the premises by the door which locked automatically when shut after them. No attempt had been made to force the door, and no tools which might have been used in committing the crime were found. Several residents of the hamlet heard

the blast, and they fixed the time as 2 a.m.

In the preliminary stage of the investigation Reg'n. No. 164-Z, Police Service Dog "Bobbie" was put to work, and though his efforts achieved no direct results the trail ended at a nearby highway, supporting the belief that the safe blowers had used a car.

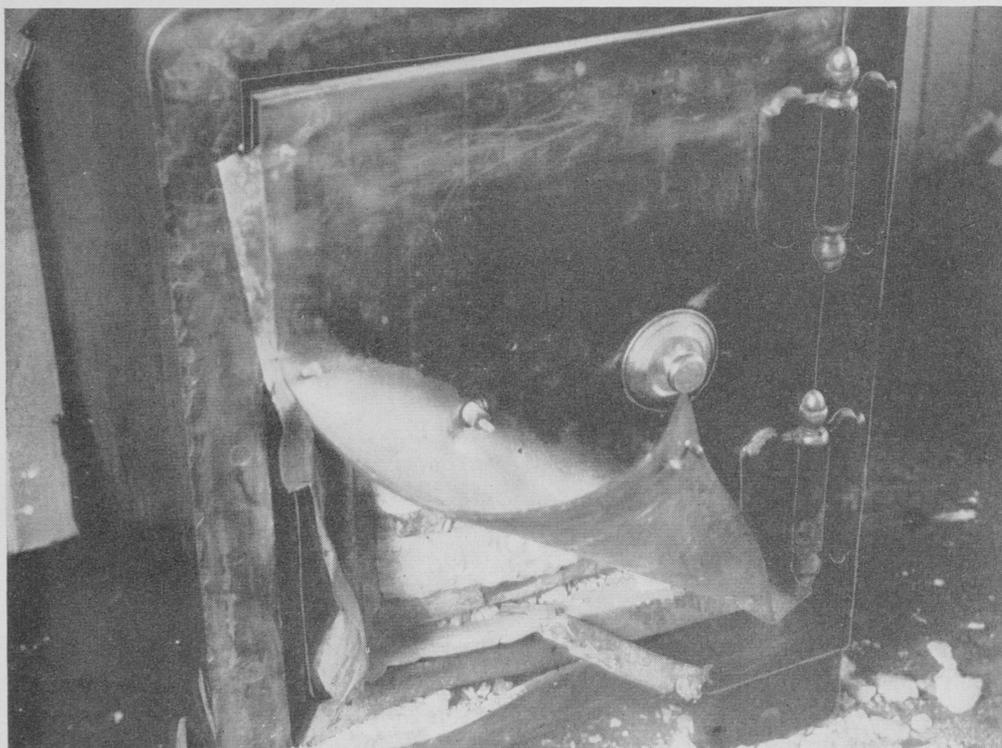
Rumours reached the police that a man named Henry Frank, living at his brother's farm about a mile away, had a criminal record. Upon being questioned, Frank denied the allegations and said that on the night of the safe blowing he had gone to bed early. His brother Jacob (Jake) and their sister, both of whom bore reputations beyond reproach, corroborated this statement.

Nearly four weeks later, on the night of May 26-27, the office of the Saskatchewan Pool Elevator, Kayville, Sask., six miles west of Dahinda, was broken into,

a tubular safe in the floor was blown by the "spindle shot" method, and \$2,515.64 was stolen. Marks on the dial of the safe indicated that it had been knocked off with a heavy hammer or similar tool before the safe was blown, and that putty and adhesive tape had been used in preparing the safe for the explosive charge.

R.C.M.P. investigators were struck by the similarity of the modus operandi in each crime. Here, too, entry had been through a window and egress through the door, which on both occasions was easily opened from the inside by releasing a snap lock. The storm window had been removed and jemmy marks on the window ledge showed that the lower portion of the inner window had been pried up.

On the floor near the open safe were a gunny sack of a type used widely in these parts filled with about 50 lbs. of



Blown Amulet safe from which a piece of metal lining was taken for scientific police examination.

earth composed of fresh top soil and a sprinkling of stubble and green weeds, and a cushion from one of the office chairs, both clearly having been used to muffle the sound of the explosion.

Apparently two men working together and with the aid of a car were responsible and suspicion was strong that at least one of them resided in the district. Aside from the sameness of modus operandi and the fact that the police inquiry satisfactorily eliminated all strangers from suspicion, the gunny sack pointed to local culprits.

Two sets of footprints were located and Police Service Dog Bobbie followed them through a summer-fallow field to a small freshly-made excavation 216 yards north-east of the elevator. Obviously the sack had been filled at this spot. The two sets of footprints were side by side and led to the office. Marks on the ground showed where the heavy sack had been rolled and dragged under a fence. Without doubt one of the culprits had entered the office through a window, gone outside through the door, and returned with the sack of earth. The footprints were lost at a nearby hard dirt road and the dog could pick up the scent no further. This and the fact that the tools which had been used to open the safe were missing strengthened the theory that the culprits had parked a car some distance from the elevator and later used it to get away.

Extensive inquiries followed and again Henry Frank was questioned but he stated that on the day of the Kayville break he was home all evening and stoutly maintained that he knew nothing of the affair. The investigation continued at widely separated points and every effort was made to locate two well-known safe-breakers who had recently been released from prison but all steps in this direction proved futile.

Then during the night of July 6-7, 1947, two breaking and enterings occurred at Amulet, Sask., both profitless ven-

tures from the viewpoint of those responsible as no money rewarded their efforts.

At the office of the Searle Grain Co. Elevator, an attempt had been made to force the window open, as revealed by green-coloured jemmy marks on the outside sill and on a piece of lumber used as a fulcrum which was resting on the inside sill. However, the window was nailed down and the culprits had gained admission to the building by prying the door open. Pry marks, green in colour, were found on the outside round brass portion of the lock containing the keyhole and on the counter-sunk door jamb portion of the lock. These parts were taken as exhibits for examination. The prowlers had failed to locate the safe and had departed empty-handed.

At the office of the Saskatchewan Pool Elevator, the other premises entered, a storm window had been removed and entry gained by pushing the inside window up without breaking the glass. Putty and pieces of adhesive tape were found on the floor. It was evident that the culprits had misjudged the strength of the safe. The outside-shot method was used but failed to release the locking bars. The door had been sprung and damaged by the first shot, which caused so much of a misfit that the safe was not affected to any degree by subsequent shots. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to pry the door open with a bar, and the inside surface of the door bore pry marks of peculiar design. The sheet-metal inside of the door was removed as an exhibit.

Police aircraft CF-MPJ conveyed the coordinating officer, along with Reg'n No. 158W Police Service Dog "Pal" and his handler to the scene, and the investigators once again repaired to the Frank farm and subjected Henry Frank to further interrogation. These latest breaks had made it clearer than ever that all were the work of the same party. Modus operandi was identical in many



MACDONALD'S  
**"EXPORT"**  
 CANADA'S  
 FINEST CIGARETTE

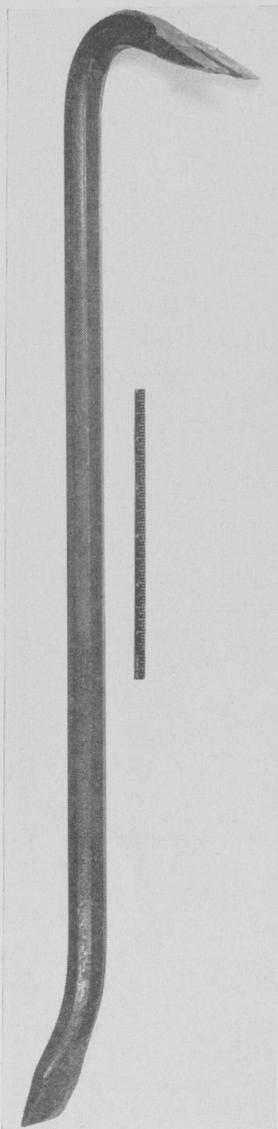
ways: entry to the premises was similar in all instances; safes were attacked in the same way, with putty and adhesive tape serving as sealing agents; tool impressions at the scene, yet no tool which might have caused them was left behind, and finally a getaway car had been used. This time the suspect was in a truculent mood and said he was "fed up" with the police coming around asking him questions on something he knew nothing about. He was told that there were rumours in the district that he was an ex-convict and when asked for his fingerprints so that a check could be made to prove his innocence he flatly refused.

Now thoroughly suspicious, the investigators obtained a search warrant and a search of the farm resulted in the finding of a green goose-neck crow-bar of a type very common thereabouts. There was nothing significant about this one except that a yellow foreign substance resembling brass scrapings was clinging to the end of it. Also seized were a pair of light clog-spat rubber overshoes, a

small sledge hammer with fire-brick markings on it, and some putty and adhesive tape.

These items together with the brass lock and the inside part of the sheet metal of the safe door, from the two rifled premises at Amulet, and a number of other exhibits were taken to the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory at Regina, Sask., where comparative microscopical examination established that the bar had caused the pry marks on the safe door in the Saskatchewan Pool Elevator, Amulet. At this time a check of the R.C.M.P. *Gazette* index cards, a weekly service for following the movements of travelling criminals, and so forth, disclosed that Henry Frank had been released from the penitentiary in British Columbia shortly before his coming to live with his brother.

On July 12, Frank was arrested and lodged in a cell at Ogema, Sask. He admitted having a record, but denied any connection with the series of safe blowings that had taken place. However,



**Left:** The incriminating crow-bar found on the Frank farm.

**Right:** Photomicrograph comparing (left) part of tool markings on metal lining of safe door with (right) crow-bar markings on test metal; note how striae on both plates conform.

Jacob, his brother, upon the advice of relatives, confessed that he had acted as a look-out for Henry in all four escapades. On each occasion Henry had driven the car to about a mile from the premises to be attacked, had then gone alone on foot and broken into the premises, and after surveying the possibilities and deciding on his requirements had returned and driven the car to a handier location, parked it again, and committed the crime.

Now willing to cooperate in every

way with the police, Jacob led them to a cache on a neighbour's farm in which nitro-glycerine, live detonators and detonator wire, fuses, and so on were stored. He told how his brother had come to live with him early in the spring, how he had talked about blowing the safe at Dahinda, and how talk finally culminated into action. Jacob merely accompanied his brother, remaining outside as a look-out while Henry carried out the safe-blowing activities, and received no part of the loot for his services.

When told that Jacob had confessed, Henry immediately assumed full blame, pleaded that his brother was a victim of circumstances rather than a willing confederate and that he should be treated leniently. Claiming that he himself was entirely responsible for the crimes, Henry insisted that if Jacob were sent to prison he would become a hardened criminal for it was while serving time that he, Henry, had learned the ins and outs of safe blowing.

The two brothers appeared on July 14, 1947, before Police Magistrate J. C. Martin, K.C., at Weyburn, and pleaded

guilty to two charges of Breaking, Entering and Theft (safe blowing), s. 460 Cr. Code, and to two charges of Breaking and Entering with intent (safe blowing), s. 461 Cr. Code. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. D. J. Mitchell of Weyburn, agent of the Attorney-General, and both accused were convicted. Henry Frank was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the penitentiary at Prince Albert, Sask., for his crime at Kayville, three years on the Dahinda charge, and two years each for the other two crimes, sentences to run concurrently. Jacob Frank was released on two years' suspended sentence.

### R. v. Hache et al

#### *Excise Act—Use of the Phrase "In the King's Name" Vital Ingredient of Charge Under s. 96—Appeals*

Shortly after noon on Dec. 7, 1946, a taxi crawling slowly along a side road attracted the attention of two uniformed members of the R.C.M.P. as they drove down the highway from Sydney, N.S., toward their detachment office in Glace Bay, N.S. The police recognized Alexander Samuel Joseph Hache as the driver and owner of the taxi, and two other men were in the front seat with him. All three seemed anxious to let them go by before venturing out on the main road themselves.

The police car, which had the letters "R.C.M.P." plainly painted on both sides of it, drew across the intersection and stopped, partially blocking the side road, and one of the investigators got out and waved to the occupants of the taxi to stop. The taxi slowed down almost to a standstill, then suddenly increased its speed and, while the other policeman sounded the horn of the police car continuously, swerved out in front of the blockade and was several yards down the highway before the police took after it.

The police car quickly gained on the fleeing taxi and as its front wheels drew

parallel with and were about a couple of feet away from the rear wheels of the car ahead both investigators saw the man on the extreme right throw out of the window on his side a transparent clear-glass one-gallon jug full of liquid, which broke when it struck the pavement. Further on, when the police car had drawn even with the taxi and was crowding it to a stop, the same man threw something else from the car, but the investigators were unable to see what it was.

About 150 yards from where the chase started, the taxi stopped and the two men with Hache were identified as Allan Joseph Steele and William Joseph Murphy, both residents of Reserve Mines, N.S.

Back down the road one of the patrol men located the necks with cork intact and bottoms of two glass one-gallon jugs—one clear, the other brown. The contents of both containers had been absorbed into the snow, and the air was strong with the odour of alcohol. However, by running his finger along the broken glass and tasting the moist residue, the investigator was able to verify

that the liquid was spirits. A search of the car was made but no further evidence was disclosed.

All past offenders under the Nova Scotia Liquor Control Act, the three suspects were taken to the detachment for questioning. Hache and Murphy declined to make any statement, but Steele said that he had been out examining some rabbit snares he had set in the area when he met up with Hache and Murphy and asked them to drive him home. The car, a 1942 Chevrolet sedan, was seized by virtue of authority contained in s. 169 Excise Act.

Jointly charged with Unlawful Possession of Spirits, s. 169 Excise Act, while in addition Hache was charged with Failing to Stop, s. 96 of the Act, the trio on Jan. 31, 1947, appeared before Provincial Magistrate R. V. Read at Glace Bay and pleaded not guilty. Defence counsel was Mr. J. L. Dubinski, barrister of Glace Bay, and the prosecution was conducted by Mr. A. McGillivray, barrister, also of Glace Bay. On the joint charge, each accused was found guilty and ordered to pay a fine of \$100 and costs or in default to serve a term of three months in the county gaol, Sydney. The other charge against Hache was dismissed on grounds that the investigators had only called upon him to "stop" and not to "stop in the King's name" as set forth in the information; as all the ingredients of the charge had not been proved, His Worship held that he had no alternative but to dismiss the case.

Notices of appeal were immediately served by all three accused against the convictions, and on Feb. 12, 1947, by the Crown against the dismissal of the Failing to Stop charge. The appeals against the convictions came up for hearing on Apr. 1, 1947, before Judge George Morrison of Sydney. Murphy abandoned his appeal and, called as a witness on behalf of the other two appellants, testified that he had the spirits on

his person unknown to his companions and took full responsibility regarding it. Decision in the Hache appeal given on Apr. 8, 1947, upheld the conviction. And six days later Steele's appeal was allowed, His Honour commenting:

"The case of Steele gives me more difficulty. He says he was out attending to his rabbit snares in the woods. He had intended to take the tram car home but missed it. He then saw the Hache car at the airport, with Murphy standing beside it, and he asked for a drive home. He admits seeing Murphy throwing articles from the car but says he did not know what they were. He called as a witness one Doran, whom he had run across in the woods and who was also in search of rabbits. Doran does not live in the same locality as Steele and when they separated they departed in different directions. Doran does not recall the exact day of the meeting, but he said Steele came to him the next day and told him he was implicated in this case and that he might require him as a witness. One cannot help being suspicious that rabbits have usurped the well-known role of red herring in this case; but that is only a suspicion, and I must say that I was rather favourably impressed by the evidence of both Steele and Doran. I am under the impression that Steele allowed himself to get into an awkward position with Hache and Murphy, and while I think he knew they were carrying illicit spirits, I do not think this knowledge constituted such possession on his part as would implicate him in this offence".

On April 19 the Crown's appeal was decided in favour of the respondent; this judgment lays down that in offences under s. 96 of the Excise Act the requirements of the statute must be adhered to, that the name of the King must be invoked when the driver of a vehicle is called upon to stop. Judge Morrison's decision in this case is of wide interest to members of the R.C.M.P. and reads:

"This is an appeal by the prosecution from the dismissal by Provincial Magistrate R. V. Read of an information charging the defendant with that he 'did at Reserve Mines, etc., unlawfully, being the driver of a motor vehicle, refuse to stop such

motor vehicle when required to do so in the King's name by Allen Wilfred Ward, an officer of excise, contrary to the provisions of section 96 of the Excise Act, 1934, and amendments thereto'.

"Section 96 of the Excise Act reads as follows:

"Everyone who, when called upon in the King's name by an officer of excise to aid or assist him in the execution of any act or duty required by this Act refuses or neglects to do so, and every master or person in charge of any vessel and every driver or person conducting or having charge of any vehicle or conveyance, who refuses or neglects to stop such vessel, vehicle or conveyance when required to do so in the King's name by an officer of excise, is guilty of an indictable offence, and liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars and not less than fifty dollars, or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months and not less than three months or to both fine and imprisonment, and in default of payment of such fine to a term or a further term of imprisonment not exceeding six months and not less than three months'.

"The informant, who is a constable of the R.C.M.P., accompanied by Sergeant Nilsson of the Force, was, on the 7th day of December last at about 1.15 p.m. proceeding along the main highway from Sydney to Glace Bay in a motor vehicle—the vehicle bearing on its sides in large white print the letters R.C.M.P. Both officers were in full uniform, Sergeant Nilsson driving the vehicle. Near Reserve Mines they noticed a vehicle being driven by the defendant along the old airport road, approaching the highway. The police stopped their vehicle about halfway across the intersection of the two roads and started to dismount, expecting the other vehicle to stop. Instead of stopping, however, the other vehicle passed in front of the police car, drove onto the highway and proceeded toward Glace Bay. The police gave chase, calling upon Hache verbally and by signal, to stop, and continually sounding their horn. The two cars were travelling almost abreast. There were three men in the front seat of the Hache car, and during the chase one, Murphy, who was on the extreme right, was seen to throw a glass jar from the vehicle. The police finally crowded the

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other car to the side of the road and stopped it about 150 yards from the intersection above referred to. When asked by Sergeant Nilsson why he did not stop, Hache replied. 'I don't know. I was too nervous'.

"It is impossible to say whether the defendant actually heard the officers order him to stop, but I am convinced that he recognized the police and that he knew they were requiring him to stop. He failed to do so until practically forced off the road by the police car. There is no evidence that either of the officers used the words 'in the King's name' when requiring the defendant to stop his vehicle. The magistrate held that this was an essential element of the charge, and in the absence of proof of the use of these words, he dismissed the information.

"The prosecution contends that the actual use of the words 'in the King's name' is not necessary in order to prove a charge under the section and that it is necessary to establish only that the person purporting to act in the King's name was actually an officer of excise.

"I have been unable to find any reported cases, dealing with the point. There are such as *R. v. D'Entremont*, 4 M.P.R. 142; *R. v. Mason*, 9 M.P.R. 97, and *R. v. Griffin* 9 M.P.R. 84, which hold that behaviour similar to that of the defendant in this constituted an offence under section 167 of the Criminal Code, but these cases are of little value in determining the point at issue here. It is of interest to note that in the Griffin case the charge was laid first under section 257 of the Customs Act (which corresponds with section 96 of the Excise Act) but that charge was dismissed

by the magistrate and a new charge laid under section 167 of the Criminal Code and the accused was convicted on indictment under the latter section. The report does not disclose the reason for the dismissal of the former charge.

"It seems to me quite clear from the wording of section 96 of the Excise Act that the officer is required to make his demand 'in the King's name'. I cannot agree with the prosecution's contention that the inclusion of these words is surplusage and that the meaning of the section would not be changed by their deletion. It is true that an officer of excise when in the performance of his duties, is acting in the name of the King. But very often these officers, including members of the R.C. M.P., for various reasons, do not wear uniforms when performing their duties and the requirement that they state their authority seems reasonable, if for no other purpose than to prevent an accused from alleging that he was unaware of the officer's authority.

"The fact that the use of the words 'in the King's name' may under some circumstances seem unnecessary or even ridiculous is no reason for assuming that their inclusion in the statute is meaningless.

"I have no doubt that if the charge in this case had been laid under the provisions of section 167 of the Criminal Code for wilfully obstructing a public officer in the execution of his duty, there would have been a conviction; but I think the magistrate was right in dismissing the present charge.

"The prosecutor's appeal will be dismissed".

### R. v. Johnson

#### *Forgery and Uttering of False Document—Crime Detection Laboratory— Document Examination—Unusual Motive*

The motive behind a crime is of course no crime in itself, nor is it necessary in Court to establish the motive for a crime. However, the motive is an important element in the detection of crime, and the absence of any reasonable motive might complicate the investigator's problem by obscuring the trail

which logic otherwise would take him on. Usually the motive for committing fraud is gain—a factor that may offer a clue to its identity—but occasionally when a desire for gain obviously does not exist the investigator may be forced, as in the present case, to spend time and effort in discounting certain misleading

possibilities until by the process of elimination he forms suspicions that focus his attention along the channel which leads to solution of the crime and discovery of the motive.

On Jan. 11, 1947, Carl Bertil Johnson, a painter and plasterer, reported to the R.C.M.P. at Edmonton, Alta., that one, Mike Binisky, had swindled him with a bogus cheque in the amount of \$234.25. He alleged that in October, 1946, Binisky bought \$154.50 worth of paints and brushes from him, which he paid for with a cheque made out in his (Binisky's) favour and signed by Theodor Brkovich. As Brkovich was known to him personally, Johnson said, he accepted the cheque in good faith and, deducting the price of the paints and brushes, gave Binisky the balance in cash. Then, on Jan. 3, 1947, the bank advised Johnson that the cheque was bad.

An intensive inquiry failed to locate Binisky, but among a number of cancelled cheques signed by Brkovich, an investigator noted one for \$600 made

out to Johnson on which the signature had been "inked over". Brkovich's signature and that on the fraudulent instrument were somewhat similar, so with the discovery of the traced signature on the good cheque suspicion naturally swung toward the complainant.

Specimens of handwriting executed by Johnson with both his right and left hand, along with the questioned document and other exhibits, were examined in the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina, Sask., and the document examiner there gave it as his opinion that the body of the spurious cheque had been written by Johnson's left hand, also that the signature was a drawing.

Faced with this evidence the suspect confessed. Lack of funds to pay a bill that had to be met without delay if he were to maintain a credit standing essential to his business caused him, he said, to forge the cheque and send it to a creditor of his. He invented the mythical Binisky to forestall any future legal action against him for fraud.

### R. v. Minarz

#### *Arson—R.C.M.P. Highway Patrol—Incendiarist Caught Practically Flagrante Delicto*

Early in the morning of Sept. 26, 1947, members of an R.C.M.P. highway patrol operating in the Dauphin, Man., district noticed a fire some distance away which seemed to be more than a burning straw stack. That there should be any fire at all struck them as being odd, for they had been within three-quarters of a mile of the spot not 20 minutes previously and there had been no sign of one then.

They sped toward the scene and shortly came upon another patrol car driven by a constable from the R.C.M.P. Dauphin Detachment who had also seen the fire and was rushing to investigate it. Upon arrival they found a number of farm buildings all ablaze while the owner of the farm, Walter Minarz, who for several months had been on the farm

alone during week days, was lying face-down on the ground in front of his burning house.

Apparently in a semi-dazed condition, Minarz was helped into one of the police cars and made as comfortable as possible in a back seat where he started groaning. His eyes were not bloodshot as might be expected in a person who had been exposed to fire and smoke for any length of time, and he was fully dressed in two pairs of pants, a shirt, smock, cap, felt socks and rubbers. There were no signs of burns on his clothes, but they gave off a heavy odour of kerosene, and his hands were moist with an oily substance that smelt the same.

His actions too were rather queer; for one thing he kept up his groaning as

long as he believed he was being watched, but several times when he thought no one was near he stopped and, opening his eyes, exhibited keen interest in what was going on.

There were 11 separate and unconnected fires, which embraced every building in the yard. The walls collapsed of a granary, a pig pen and a barn, and in the debris of the latter were the bloated bodies of five work horses. The main dwelling was past saving, three haystacks were blazing fiercely, and a log structure was gutted though its outside was untouched. Flames, extinguished by one of the investigators, had licked the outside of a chicken coop in two places and a large blackened area marked the place where the tongues of fire had passed; thought quite strong at first, the blaze quickly lost its strength before it got a good hold on the wooden wall. A brooder house, also obviously just ignited, reeked of oil, and one of the constables while putting the fire out ripped one or two oil-soaked boards off the side for use as evidence later.

The farmyard was free from grass dry enough to carry fire from one building to another, and there was no wind whatever (an impression substantiated by the local Dominion Meteorological station) to spread sparks. From beginning to end, from the fact that Minarz happened to be so fully clothed when presumably he narrowly escaped from his burning house, right down to the appearance of the charred boards on which the flames had died suddenly, there was little doubt that all the fires were of incendiary origin, that Minarz had set them, and that he had used kerosene or some such inflammable substance to hasten his purpose.

Within a few minutes of their arrival one of the constables took the suspect to a Dauphin hospital where upon being found physically and mentally well he

was placed under arrest and his clothes were taken for scientific examination. The prisoner discussed the fires freely with his guard, among other things bemoaned the loss of his horses and the feed he had stored up for his cattle. His knowledge of this was in itself significant; it will be remembered that when found he was allegedly in an unconscious state and since fleeing from his burning house he had had no opportunity to know that any of the other buildings had caught fire.

Later in a statement Minarz said he had wakened with the smell of smoke in his nostrils, had jumped up, dressed hurriedly and rushed outside where he fell to the ground and remained there until the police came. He had not, he continued, seen any of the other fires when he ran from the house, nor could he give any plausible explanation why some of them, especially the one in the barn, were more advanced than the one in the house. Though the other buildings were on fire when he ran out he simply denied seeing any fires besides that from which he was escaping.

Charged with Arson, s. 511 Cr. Code, Minarz pleaded not guilty before Police Magistrate T. Little at Dauphin, the prosecution being conducted by Crown Prosecutor C. S. A. Rogers, K.C., and the defence by Mr. J. N. McFadden. His Worship convicted the accused and sentenced him to five months at hard labour in the Dauphin common gaol.

Apart from the physical and circumstantial evidence that tightened the bonds of guilt around him, inquiries had disclosed that Minarz had a motive for his actions. Some months before, he had increased his insurance on the farm and taken out a new policy on his live-stock, feed and household goods; a June flood that destroyed his crop had given him an incentive to collect on this fire insurance coverage.

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## **R. v. Procille**

*Breaking and Entering with Intent—Plaster Cast Preserves Evidence  
of Footprints—Cooperation Between Police Forces*

Believed to be unique from an investigative viewpoint inasmuch as footprint and plaster-cast evidence was the factor that clinched a conviction, this case is of wide interest to police and Court circles.

On Friday morning, May 16, 1947, an employee of Marshall-Wells Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., reporting for work, noticed a ladder leaning against the inside of the eight-foot wire fence that enclosed the company grounds. His curiosity aroused, he took a look around and discovered that hinges had been removed from a warehouse door. Nothing was missing, though obviously someone with unlawful intent had visited the place during the night.

The Winnipeg City Police Department was duly notified and, observing

three well-defined footprints on the ground near the ladder, a member of the detective branch of that force requested the Identification Branch, C.I.D., of R.C.M.P. "D" Division headquarters to make plaster casts of them. The prints were partially filled with water from a light pre-dawn rain, but damaging effects which might have resulted from this source were offset by the fact that the soil was of a heavy gumbo-like texture and impregnated with oil.

The dirty oily liquid was carefully soaked up from the prints with blotters without impairment to the markings. Then photographs were taken with a ruler in position to show the measurements, sidelighting by photoflash being used to bring out depth and detail. Two of the imprints overlapped and the other



Photo of cast, showing footprint impressions found on the premises of Marshall-Wells Co. Ltd., the morning after the property was unlawfully entered. For identification see opposite page—the impression preserved on the extreme right, above, of the “Cat’s Paw” heel, was not identified.



*Left:* Photo of right shoe which compared with the impression preserved on the top left side of the cast shown on opposite page.

*Right:* Photo of left shoe which compared with the impression preserved in the middle of the cast shown on opposite page.

one was quite close so the investigator decided to make a single cast combining all three. Due to its oily heaviness it wasn't necessary to treat the soil with any preparation, and he simply walled the impressions around with a crib, poured in the plaster of Paris and marked it for identification, and let it stand about 20 minutes to dry. The case then was lifted and taken to R.C.M.P. division headquarters where it was allowed to set overnight. In the morning it was cleansed with cold water and subjected to close examination which revealed the presence on it of enough characteristics to permit of positive identification. (It is of interest to note here that the plaster didn't disturb the soil in the imprints, and because of the oily ground surface another cast preserving all detail could have been made.)

On June 23 the city police forwarded a pair of work boots, but a superficial comparison showed at once that they had not caused the footprints though they clearly were of the same general size, shape and contour and worn thin in the same places as the footwear that had. The boots submitted were worn at the tips of the toes and on the outside edges of the heels, while from the cast it was apparent that the footwear responsible had steel clips at these points and in addition were patched at the toes. Indications were that the imprints had been made by shoes rather than boots.

These findings made known to the city police, they next day forwarded a pair of brown oxfords owned by the same suspect. Examination and comparison revealed over 20 points of similarity between the cast and the shoes, all of them in coincidental sequence. The investigator made several actual-size photographic enlargements of each shoe, of the cast and of the impressions and enumerated on all three sets the evident points of comparison.

The suspect was one Peter Procille of Winnipeg, possessor of a considerable

previous record for shop breaking, who had been arrested by an R.C.M.P. highway patrol for Possession of House-breaking Tools by Night, s. 464 (a) Cr. Code, and was in custody awaiting trial. A stay of proceedings was granted regarding that charge, and on October 6 Procille having elected for a speedy trial under Part XVIII of the code appeared at Winnipeg before Judge A. R. Macdonell in County Court and pleaded not guilty to Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 461 Cr. Code.

The exhibits—the shoes, cast and photographic enlargements—were introduced as evidence, and in comparing them the investigator treated each shoe individually in his testimony. After drawing attention to the comparative size, shape and general contour of the shoes and impressions, he started at the toe and worked back to the heel and, using calipers to demonstrate the correctness of his assertions, stressed that each point of similarity was in exact relative position on the shoes and on the cast. Attention was then turned to the photographic enlargements on which pertinent characteristics had been plotted for ready reference by the Court.

An employee of Marshall-Wells Ltd. testified that on the evening before the offence was committed he had dumped some used oil on the ground where the footprints were later discovered and was certain that the ground was dry and bare of foot marks then. Thus a complete chain of evidence was forged—the footprints were made during the night, the shoes were owned by the accused, as established by the city police, and the cast certified to his presence at the scene of the crime. He was found guilty and sentenced to 23 months' imprisonment in Headingly gaol.

Subsequently by letter both Crown Attorney W. J. Johnston and Acting Crown Prosecutor L. D. Morosnick commented on the efficient way in which the investigation had been carried out.



*What means th' expectant throng? The loud fanfare?  
Th' acclaim which swells on the November air?  
A bride, whom Time may call to queenly part,  
Has won a consort's (and a nation's) heart.  
Thus, in the blaze of Britain's old-time glory  
Is played the ever-new, the age-old story  
Of courage, faith, young love; and sounding cheers  
Raise myriad souls from carking doubts and fears  
To pray for them, from year to happy year  
Till their lives end, the buoyant call "All clear".*

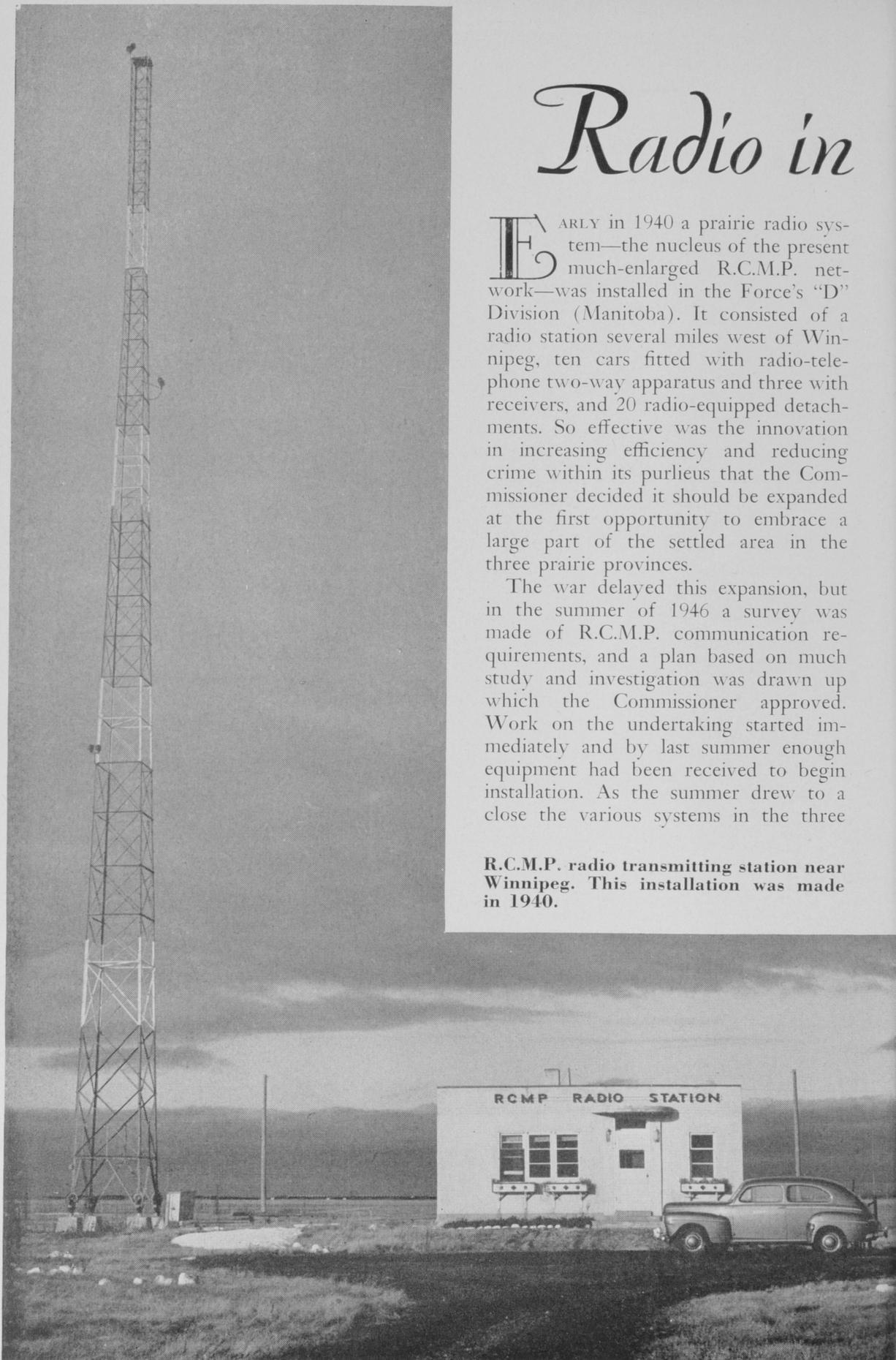
J.C.M.

# Radio in

**E**ARLY in 1940 a prairie radio system—the nucleus of the present much-enlarged R.C.M.P. network—was installed in the Force's "D" Division (Manitoba). It consisted of a radio station several miles west of Winnipeg, ten cars fitted with radio-telephone two-way apparatus and three with receivers, and 20 radio-equipped detachments. So effective was the innovation in increasing efficiency and reducing crime within its purlieus that the Commissioner decided it should be expanded at the first opportunity to embrace a large part of the settled area in the three prairie provinces.

The war delayed this expansion, but in the summer of 1946 a survey was made of R.C.M.P. communication requirements, and a plan based on much study and investigation was drawn up which the Commissioner approved. Work on the undertaking started immediately and by last summer enough equipment had been received to begin installation. As the summer drew to a close the various systems in the three

**R.C.M.P. radio transmitting station near Winnipeg. This installation was made in 1940.**



# the Force

BY MR. W. R. WILSON\*

prairie divisions were put into operation, with the exception of the one at Lethbridge, Alta., which was not ready for use until late in autumn.

\* \* \*

BASE stations were established in "D" Division at Winnipeg and Brandon, in "F" Division (Saskatchewan) at Regina, Saskatoon and Swift Current, and in "K" Division (Alberta) at Edmonton, Calgary and Lethbridge. Practically all police cars and detachments at points within range of these stations, where the required amount of electrical power is available, were equipped with pretuned receivers and some of the cars at strategic locations in each area were fitted both with transmitters and receivers. In addition the detachments at Selkirk and Portage la Prairie in Manitoba were fitted with two-way sets so as to permit communication with Winnipeg on F.M. (frequency modulation) radio telephone, and plans are under way to similarly equip Moose Jaw and Weyburn Detachments for communication with Regina.

The base stations, except for the one at Lethbridge, operate on an intermediate frequency which is just above the broadcast band. The very high ground conductivity in most parts of the prairies lay behind the choice of this frequency, and to illustrate the importance of this

\*Mr. Wilson is the Force's Departmental Radio Engineer and formerly was with the Department of Transport and the National Research Council. Actively interested in R.C.M.P. radio work for many years, he conducted the initial survey for the Force's radio set-up in "D" Division.

factor it need only be said that the range of a station similar to those in the prairies is approximately four times less in Eastern Canada during daylight hours when the ground wave predominates.

In the original "D" Division system each car was equipped with a 15-watt transmitter, and a specially-developed antenna imparted the equivalent of 225 watts over a conventional whip aerial to the transmitter. This contributed largely toward attaining the ranges of 50 to 75 miles realized under reasonably quiet conditions. The sets used A.M. (amplitude modulation) and operated on an intermediate frequency but due to low power and the fact that the car antennas were necessarily limited in height the reception and transmission of signals were affected considerably by static, especially in the summer and autumn months when consistent communication is of paramount importance.

F.M. equipment operating on a very high frequency was developed in the United States in the last decade and is capable of suppressing noise in the presence of signals, providing the signal level is about twice that of the noise; the only static picked up on these frequencies is caused by local atmospheric disturbances, as distinguished from those arising thousands of miles away, and man-made ones. Man-made interferences can be very troublesome and that, along with such other factors as that an intermediate frequency transmitting ground system takes up about four acres of land, is why as a rule stations are rurally located. The energy on F.M. frequencies

***The up-to-the-minute radio system now in use by the R.C.M.P. forges a network of invisible links that bind many of the Force's rural detachments together, and the resulting greater coordination and efficiency has given a new impetus to Canadian law-enforcement's relentless fight against crime.***

does not go far around the earth's curvature, as it does on intermediate frequencies, and the range of this equipment is normally only about double the line of sight. From this it follows that the range of F.M. car transmitters depends upon the height of the aerials which should be as great as is practicable.

Accordingly, in acquiring property for its radio stations, the Force purchased the highest suitable available site for each mast supporting an F.M. aerial, and if there were no power and telephone lines nearby these had to be built into the sites. Also bearing on the choice of this property were such considerations as accessibility, proximity to highway, electric power and telephone control circuits, distance from airports and travelled air routes, and freedom from noise sources. An efficient ground system for the intermediate frequency transmitters was installed. At each station this ground system consists of 120 copper wires, together approximating five miles in length, buried six inches in the ground and radiating at three degree intervals from the mast base.

Under the supervision of members of the Force shelters covered with an aluminium siding and whose interior dimensions are eight by ten feet, were constructed at the base of the towers at Brandon, Saskatoon, Swift Current and Calgary, there already being buildings adequate for the purpose at the other points. The apparatus is entirely controlled over two pairs of telephone lines, thereby eliminating the necessity of maintaining operators at the shelters. It may however be locally controlled as well. The equipment can be operated with very little technical instruction, and sub-division personnel engaged on regular duty learn to do so quickly. The widening influence of radio and aircraft may in time well lead to a reduction of the Force's strength at certain points.

To insure that the equipment would meet our rigid specifications, test exami-

nations of models were conducted before contracts were let. The new Regina, Saskatoon and Calgary towers came in for careful study, particularly as to design, special thought being devoted to wind-and-ice-loading resistance which has an important bearing on continued reliable operation.

The Force's aim was to have the whole lay-out in complete operation by the "fall safe-cracking season"—a well-known writer was amused at that term, but to the R.C.M.P. it represents no joking matter; farmers want cash when they unload their grain at the elevators during the harvest season, which means that vulnerable safes often are stuffed with folding money to meet the demand, and the result is a tempting prize for the safe-blowing fraternity and a strenuous period for the police. Some manufacturers had a great deal of difficulty making their deliveries in time, but everyone cooperated splendidly and, with the radio personnel working hard, often late into the night, most of the system was ready on schedule. A few detachment receivers and car transmitters did not arrive until early in the winter but by the time this article appears in print the following equipment will be operating in full swing:

- Base stations—8,
- Detachment stations—2,
- Two-way cars—54,
- Detachment receivers—151, and
- Car receivers—164.

Moreover, as previously mentioned, plans include two small detachment stations at Moose Jaw and Weyburn to provide communication with Regina, plus six extra car transmitters at points from which tests have shown communication is satisfactory. Further, it is proposed to fit the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section aircraft CF-MPJ, a Stinson plane based at Regina, with a small light-weight F.M. transmitter and receiver capable of communicating with any of the base stations in the system from a

One of the small aluminium-sheathed shelters built at the base of the R.C.M.P. radio towers at Brandon, Saskatoon, Swift Current and Calgary.



distance of 100 miles when the set is at an altitude of 500 feet—an invaluable aid this in conjunction with radio cars for coordinating searches. Regarding the term “three-way radio”, which is usually applied where direct car-to-car communication is concerned, it is worth noting that under our system the same results are achieved by channelling messages from our mobile units through the stations.

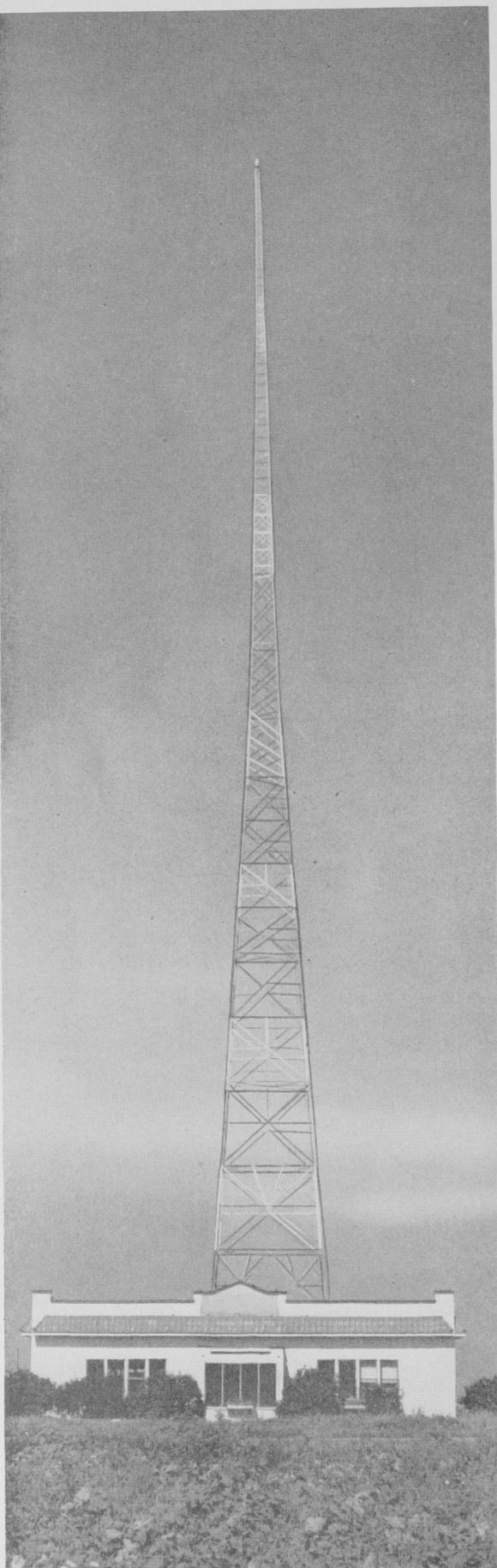
\* \* \*

**B**ROADCAST stations, minus electronic equipment, were purchased from CJRC at Winnipeg and CKRM at Regina, both of them fitting in nicely with the Force’s over-all needs; the CKRM tower which is 200 feet high was dismantled and shipped to Brandon where it was re-erected, the other one being retained in Winnipeg. At Edmonton, too, we were fortunate for our base-station equipment there is located at the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals’ establishment just west of the city; the Force’s F.M. receiving antenna at this point is mounted on top of a 300-foot army transmitting tower, and a 150-foot lattice steel tower, erected on an adjoining site which the Force purchased, accommodates the transmitter antenna. A 150-foot mast similar to the one at Edmonton is in use at Swift Current, while the remotely-controlled equipment at Lethbridge is on the roof of the 200-foot government grain elevator. Winnipeg

uses a 404-foot tower for receiving and the 125-foot tower of the original system for transmitting, while three new 300-foot towers were purchased for Regina, Saskatoon and Calgary.

The reliable range of the base-station transmitters, excepting the one at Lethbridge, is about 100 miles, though under ideal conditions messages can be picked up at much greater distances than that; for example the R.C.M.P. station at Dundas Harbour Detachment on Devon Island in the Eastern Arctic has occasionally received transmissions, loud and clear, from several of the Force’s prairie radio stations. The reliable range of the car transmitters depends upon the height of the base-station receiving aerial. Except at Lethbridge and Swift Current where the range is from 30 to 50 miles according to the terrain, at all base stations it is from 50 to 80 miles depending on mast height. However, communication is possible beyond the reliable range of this equipment if the car is on a rise of land, and at times the reliable range has been exceeded by as much as 40 per cent. At Lethbridge, F.M. is used to and from the cars, hence the coverage is the same both ways.

A small “box of tricks” added this winter to each intermediate frequency transmitter gives an equivalent gain in transmitted power of over ten to one. Known as clippers, these devices cause the modulation to sound “ragged”, but



extensive research at Harvard during the war shows that in the presence of noise they greatly increase the intelligibility of the signals.

In the belief that F.M. communication would be possible between at least some of the base stations, the matter of inter-communication in this respect was deferred until the systems were in use so that more experimental data on coverage could be obtained. It since has been determined that Calgary and Lethbridge and Winnipeg and Brandon can communicate with each other satisfactorily on F.M., but that the circuits between Regina and Saskatoon and Regina and Swift Current will each require an automatic untended relay station as their ranges are too great for direct inter-communication on F.M. As soon as the necessary equipment and allocation of frequencies are procured, radio-telegraph communication will serve between the respective division headquarters at Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg, and between Edmonton and Calgary, while a similar link from Winnipeg to the Force's point-to-point station at Ottawa, Ont., will speed up communication between R.C.M.P. Headquarters and the prairie divisions.

Technicians to operate this extensive system were secured as far as possible from the ranks of the Force, and, apart from some of "F" Division's car equipment, they installed all the apparatus. At each division headquarters, there are two radio technicians, both non-commissioned officers, one of them being in charge of the service and maintenance of equipment in the division, and at each of the other base stations there is a technician who is responsible for the maintenance of the apparatus in his area. At Winnipeg, a sergeant who had been in charge of the system first installed in "D" Division will coordinate and standardize the work. The training in radio

**Piercing 404 feet into the sky, this tower of the F.M. receiving station near Winnipeg is the highest in the R.C.M.P. system.**

of the personnel will be augmented periodically, and as time goes on there should be many opportunities for members of the Force interested in this field of endeavour.

\* \* \*

**A**LREADY the system is remedying a long-felt weakness in the armour of law-enforcement. In the near future many long-distance patrol and other problems will become simple routine, and as the months go by the impact of radio on police work in general is bound to be great.

How radio can combine with other aids to investigation in the speedy tracking down of criminals is well demonstrated by a "D" Division case that occurred a few years ago. A complaint was dispatched by radio to the R.C.M.P. Headingly Detachment to the effect that a truck driver, believed to have stolen

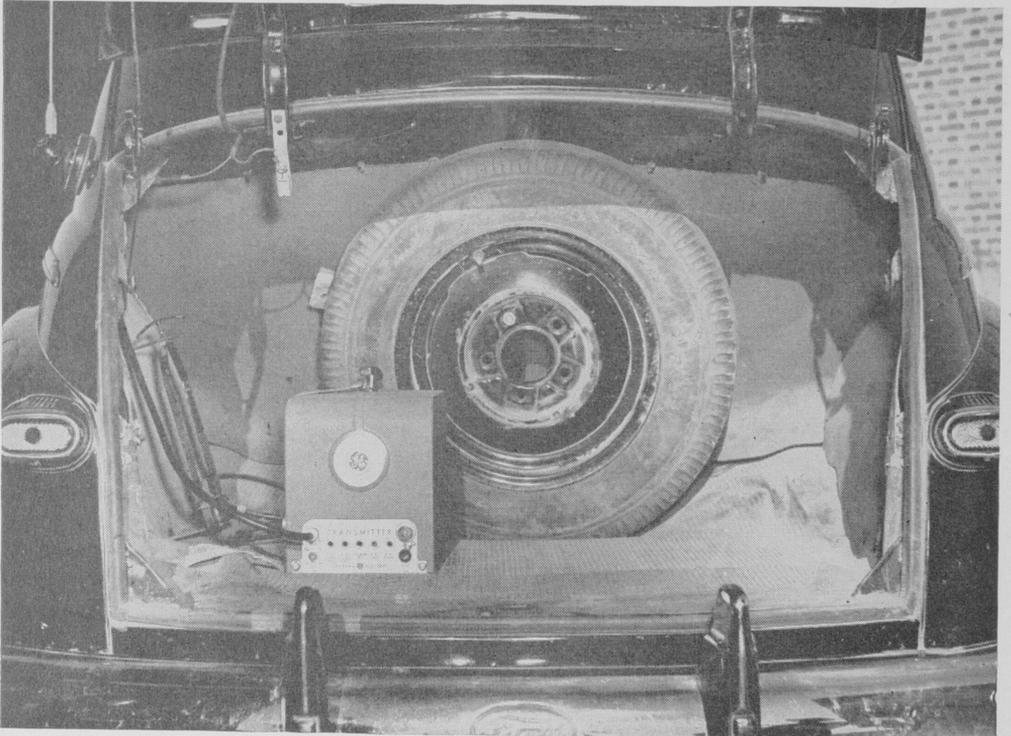
a watch from a residence in the village of Eli, Man., was heading in that direction. The N.C.O. in charge intercepted the suspect some 18 miles from Eli but was unable to find the stolen timepiece. The suspect of course denied all knowledge of the affair, so radio was brought into play a second time and a police service dog was summoned over the police car's two-way radio. In about two minutes of burrowing in the snow some 30 feet off the highway the dog triumphantly picked up the watch in his mouth and brought it to his handler. Warmth from body heat had caused the watch to sink far down in the deep snow but it was still merrily ticking away. The thief thereupon admitted throwing it on the road-side before he was stopped by the police; but the point is that had it not been for radio he doubtless would have been permitted to proceed on his

**1,800-foot twin-wire transmission line to the antenna from the transmitting station at Edmonton. The furrows indicate the location of the copper wires in the radial ground system.**





*Above:* Interior view of patrol car showing part of the two-way radio installation.  
*Below:* View of F.M. transmitter in trunk of a patrol car.



way and even the locating of the watch afterwards, a remote possibility, probably would not have constituted sufficient evidence to warrant a conviction.

Last July in Saskatchewan radio cooperated with a dog and an aircraft to return escaped criminals to legal custody. Shortly after getting back from work in the fields two prisoners of the Regina provincial gaol were left momentarily without guards and they seized the opportunity to break away. When notified, the Force immediately sent out road patrols, an R.C.M.P. aircraft took to the air on a "spotting" mission, and a police service dog was put on the trail. In addition word of the escape was broadcast over the air and residents of the district were asked to be on the look-out, with the result that 24 hours later a farmer from 15 miles away telephoned the police to say that several articles of clothing had been stolen from his home, perhaps by the wanted men. At the farm a police patrol soon located tracks that led to the men who were hiding in some weeds not far from the farm-house. They submitted to arrest without further trouble.

About this same time the government liquor store at Brandon, Man., was forcibly entered and the safe blown. A vague description of three suspects was broadcast and half an hour later the offenders were apprehended by members of the Force's Whitemouth Detachment, 230 miles from the scene of the crime. Now undergoing imprisonment at hard labour, they have seven years to contemplate the magic that led to their capture.

In the other prairie province, Alberta, an investigation last October indicates again the value of police radio in providing information promptly to detachments and patrol cars. A farmer of Bow Island, Alta., reported that the licence plate from his car was missing. Previously a car had been stolen from a parking lot in Lethbridge. Both complaints were

given publicity over the police radio system, and upon hearing it the N.C.O. in charge of Strathmore Detachment advised the town constable to be on the alert. A few hours later the town constable noticed the licence plate on a car parked before a local hotel. Inquiry soon disclosed that the farmer's son had taken the plate and intended to use it on the car which he had stolen from the parking lot in Lethbridge with the idea of making a quick sale for cash. But radio caught up with him before the deal went through.

Because it is slightly outside the sort of thing with which police radio was intended to deal, a case with a psychopathic twist to it might also be of interest here. A man obviously under great emotional stress entered an R.C.M.P. detachment office several years ago and complained that for more than a month voices had been urging him to leave his home in Winnipeg and not return as the police there wanted him. So persistent had these warnings been that the poor fellow was thoroughly alarmed and unable to sleep. Following a long tale of woe and some questioning, the constable excused himself from the room for a moment and shortly after his return their conversation was interrupted by a sonorous voice coming over the detachment radio.

"Attention please! Mr. So-and-So is not wanted by the Winnipeg City Police."

The announcement was repeated several times and as its import fastened onto the sufferer's harassed mind his face lit up with a smile of unmistakable relief. The constable had merely stepped out to the two-way radio and requested the announcer at the R.C.M.P. station in Winnipeg to issue the prescribed statement.

That radio can exercise a psychological power which can be turned to public advantage has been shown on two occasions that can be recalled. In both, radio-

equipped patrol cars had picked up some run-away boys who despite various forms of pleading and cajolery steadfastly refused to talk or divulge their names or addresses to the police. Finally the matter was referred to the radio operator, and lo! questioning by remote control loosened their tongues. Possibly awed at being addressed "over the air" the adventurous lads answered readily, and a free ride home to extremely-worried parents was at least a portion of their lot.

\* \* \*

THE prairie radio system is not the only one operated by the R.C.M.P. During the war an F.M. station in Montreal, Que., greatly facilitated the Force's liaison with the Armed Services and this hook-up has now become part of the equipment of R.C.M.P. "C" Division (Quebec province). It consists of a fixed station located in one of the highest buildings in the metropolis, which is remotely controlled from the local detachment office, and seven three-way radio cars.

Apart from the foregoing, a number of R.C.M.P. radio cars operate under the City Police Department systems at Ottawa, Ont., and Vancouver, B.C.—just another instance of the fine inter-departmental police cooperation that exists in this country. In certain cases the "walkie-talkie", a handy portable having a range of one-half to three miles according to reception conditions, has been used with great success, especially where shadowing is necessary. Latest models of these unique little sets are in short supply but indications are that more of them may soon become available for police work and doubtless they will be employed on a wider scale in due course.

The Dundas Harbour station already mentioned was established in the summer of 1946 and is one of the most northerly on the continent. The members of the Force at this detachment had no previous experience in radio but from written

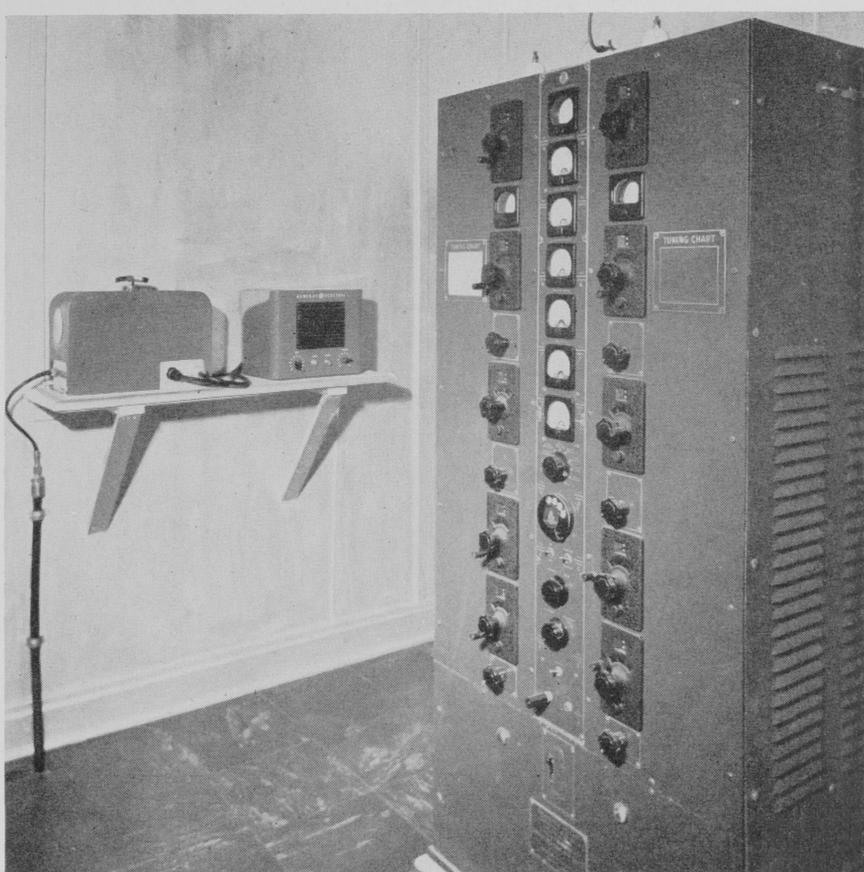
directions they installed the apparatus, have established regular contact with the Hudson's Bay Co. station at Pond Inlet and the Department of Transport station at Arctic Bay (both on Baffin Island to the south and well over 100 miles distant), and are doing a first-rate job operating it.

Whenever it has been necessary for the police to rally citizens to help in saving lives, apprehending criminals, or locating lost children or lost cars, privately-owned radio stations have invariably been most cooperative. A dramatic example of this occurred in June, 1944, at Saint John, N.B., when 13 people died within a few days, all victims of bootleg hooch contaminated with stolen methyl hydrate (wood alcohol). The local radio station, CHSJ, kept broadcasting periodic warnings, in response to which scores of people got to the hospital in time to save their lives. Slowness in the process of this form of poisoning, in which death may be delayed from one to two days, made it possible for the special police bulletins to reach the populace and prevent the death toll from becoming even more tragic.

Worthy of special mention, too, while on this subject of cooperation, is the fact that regular daily police bulletins are broadcast over the CBC station at Watrous, Sask. At the risk of appearing invidious these two instances of the fine cooperation that exists between the police and privately-owned stations and the CBC are noted here merely to stress its importance, but many similar cases could be cited if space limitations permitted.

In April last year a new two-way radio set was installed in the R.C.M.P. Saint John (N.B.) Detachment. Manned by a corporal who has been a licensed amateur operator since 1935, the station is a link of communication between the detachment and the locally-based R.C.M.P. patrol boat.

Transmitting and receiving units inside a typical radio shelter.



Space limitations also preclude our going into the vast subject of the R.C. M.P. Marine Section radio beyond mentioning that all our ships are radio-equipped and that many are fitted with direction-finding gear, radar, and Loran equipment—a long-range navigation aid developed during the war, which apart from adding a new hazard to rum-running has been a real boon in “search and rescue” and other humanitarian ways. The ship-shore W/T facilities of the Royal Canadian Navy are available and regularly used by our Marine Division ships for communicating with headquarters on shore.

The five aircraft of the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section, as well, are fitted with the most up-to-date communication and automatic direction-finding apparatus available.

\* \* \*

THE Force aims to keep abreast of the times in its communications and electronic facilities and to acquire any new useful equipment of this nature that is discovered.

How will electronics affect police work of the future? Nobody can say with certainty, for it is expanding in so many directions by leaps and bounds that very often a piece of equipment is no sooner on the market than it is rendered obsolete by revolutionary changes which are constantly being developed in the back room of the research laboratory. However, radio facsimile, smaller and better walkie-talkies, radar speed-traps, television, improved methods of communication, and ingenious burglar alarm systems with auto-teletype records, open up an amazing vista of possibilities. Infra-red or “black light” devices, such as the snooperscope that came out of the war, undoubtedly will have many uses in police work. Indeed, some of these wonders already are proving themselves practicable.

There is still much to be done before certain promising developments can meet the requirements of the R.C.M.P. whose members are called upon to perform more varied duties than any police force in the world—but this will come about.

# Police Heroism Rewarded

**O**NCE again the R.C.M.P. has been honoured by one of its members, Reg. No. 11973 Cpl. Hugh Cecil Russell, receiving the rarely-conferred King's Police and Fire Services Medal, the award being approved by His Majesty in November, 1947.

The facts surrounding Corporal Russell's heroic exploit briefly are these. On a farm two miles from the small town of Gunn, Alta., 40 miles north-west of Edmonton, two well diggers were busy at their trade just before noon of blustery Nov. 25, 1946, and had drilled down about 45 feet when one of them, Kenneth Walter Callioux, 21, rushed into the farm-house and shouted to the farmer that his companion, Edgar Belrose, 22, was at the bottom of the well hole overcome by gas fumes. The two men hurried back to the excavation where Callioux slid down the rope to rescue his co-worker. A minute or so later the farmer realized that something had gone amiss with him for the only response to his calls were groans and it soon was evident that the second workman also had collapsed.

Notified of the mishap, Corporal Russell and Reg. No. 13035 Cst. (now A/Cpl.) John Edward Mead of nearby Stony Plain Detachment procured two 60-foot lengths of rope and lost no time getting to the scene.

Steam issued into the cold air from the incomplete well which consisted of a circular hole 21 to 24 inches in diameter and 45 feet deep and over which was a boring apparatus comprised of a large wooden turn-table and an auger drill on a winch. The turn-table was connected to the winch by a lever-controlled gear, and it was clear that during the operation of this contraption constant vigilance would be essential lest signal and rescue ropes get fouled with the suspension cable. Beyond doubt the gas threat in the well was very dangerous, for pending the arrival of the police a lighted lantern

had twice been lowered into the hole and both times had gone out less than a quarter of the way down.

Sizing up the situation at a glance, Corporal Russell instructed Constable Mead to supervise surface operations while he himself descended the well. Then with a water-soaked scarf over his mouth and nostrils he was secured to the cable and lowered by a hand crank. He had difficulty breathing in the confined space and in this first attempt succeeded only in partially looping the rescue rope about the uppermost accident victim before he signalled to be hauled up for air.

Second time down he took along a pair of ice tongs, intending to use them for lifting the body while he tied the rope into position, but they slipped and proved of no help. On this and all subsequent attempts a horse was used to wind the cable and ropes on the winch. Adding to the danger of a cave-in and the difficulty of keeping the ropes and cable from getting entangled with one another was the fact that the entire well-digging rig revolved over the well mouth. Besides the cable, which was used for lowering the rescuer, there were three ropes—one for signalling, one with a flashlight attached to it, and the other to raise the victim—and all had to be let down and wound up together. On his third descent the corporal was dropped too quickly and unseated from the steel hook which he straddled, and when hauled aloft following this unnerving experience was hanging precariously to the cable. In the rush there had been no time to pad the hook but though his spine was wrenched slightly in the fall fortunately he sustained no permanent injury. For the fourth time down he had a gas mask, brought to the farm by a neighbour, but it had to be discarded because the visor clouded up and obscured his vision. However on this try he managed to place the rope around the arm of Ken-

Cpl. H. C. Russell.



neth Callioux whose body soon afterwards was raised. Stimulants were given this victim and artificial respiration applied but it soon was apparent that life was extinct and he was pronounced dead.

Meanwhile the rescuers went about retrieving the other body. About this time the strain was beginning to show on the corporal, and on his fifth trip into the death shaft calamity almost struck. At the foot of the excavation he lost consciousness and was pulled to safety just in time. Revived, he was given hot coffee and took a short rest.

Observing the corporal's physical and mental exhaustion, Constable Mead spoke up and said it was his turn to go down. But even as he did so he knew that his unusually large body—six feet  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches and weighing over 20 lbs. more than Russell—would prevent him from accomplishing anything worthwhile jammed in a hole of such narrow

dimensions. Corporal Russell, himself a six-footer but of sparer stature, wouldn't hear of it, and on his feet again, returned to the well and was lowered to the bottom. This time he got the rope in place, but it slipped off as the body weight shifted. Up to the top once more for a short breather and back to his task, finally the second dead body was lifted out, and the ordeal was over.

At the well opening Constable Mead had the situation in hand throughout the operations and his actions are deserving of high praise. In sub-zero temperature with a wind blowing and snow flurries, his was a difficult painful assignment in which he had to use his bare hands to keep the various lines from fouling. Though only recently transferred to the prairies and therefore quite unfamiliar with the operation of the crude antiquated machinery upon which they relied, he calmly and efficiently supervised and directed the work of the half-dozen



**The King's Police and Fire Services Medal For Gallantry.**

men who made up the surface crew. While his participation was less spectacular than Russell's, and it is true that he did no more than his duty as a member of the Force, the proper handling of his end of the job was none the less essential to the successful outcome of the whole undertaking, and the fact that no further fatality or accident occurred has been attributed largely to his cool behaviour.

Corporal Russell, actuated solely by the possibility that there might still be a chance, if only a slim one, of saving the two men, and fully aware of the hazards involved, accepted the initiative without the slightest hesitation or thought of himself. He properly refused Mead's offer to take over, for the constable's bulk would have denied him practically any freedom of movement in the cramped space while the effort might have added to the tragedy without in any way helping matters.

In addition to asphyxiation, the corporal faced the risk of cave-in, while the outmoded equipment used in lowering and raising him could have contributed nothing to his peace of mind. All

in all it is small wonder that he was practically exhausted by the time the bodies were extricated. "I must say", remarked one of the men present at the rescue operations and interviewed later, "that Corporal Russell displayed fortitude, his whole object being to get the boys out without any thought of his own safety beyond taking the necessary precautions, and save them if at all possible. He displayed courage and perseverance and I for one wouldn't have gone down that well for anything. He never hesitated or delayed until he had both bodies out. It must have been a great physical and mental strain, but he stayed with it".

Corporal Russell's actions are worthy of the highest traditions of the Force, and *The Quarterly* congratulates him on his courage, determination and initiative and the fact that he came through his exploit unscathed. Like all its predecessors, this latest award of the King's Police and Fire Services medal reflects honour not only on the recipient, but on the whole Force, and all ranks will be gratified that Corporal Russell's gallantry has thus been recognized.

# The Road Back

BY EX-2/CST. H. W. PANKRATZ

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**Living in a German prison camp during the war was humdrum, unpredictable, at times unbearable. Man existed and died in an agony of waiting, and life itself was the cheapest commodity of all.**

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ON thinking the thing over it is remarkable how routine takes hold of one. For instance, a flier in the late war you went on a bombing mission, returned to your base, had your ham and eggs, and went to bed. But to those who were forced to get out and walk, the road back was much more complicated.

Dec. 6, 1944, we took off from England on our sixth raid over Germany. The trip there was uneventful, and we were homeward bound when an enemy fighter attacked us. Our machine caught fire and the pilot gave the order to jump. I was the third to go out into space and rain. My parachute opened inside the plane which was badly out of control by then but luckily it didn't get tangled. The pilot and the flight engineer were to follow me.

I hung in the air, stationary it seemed, for a long time. Falling not far away from me was a big ball of fire. It was the aircraft I had just vacated, and a moment later it blew up and went hurtling to the ground. I thought I'd never reach the good earth. The darkness was so intense I could hardly see the chute above me. Suddenly I felt a terrific impact, as though a truck had hit me, and I realized I was on the ground. I was dragged about ten yards before I managed to free myself from the harness and collapse the chute. When I had done this, I grabbed the chute and sought shelter in a nearby clump of trees. I was kind of numb and too dazed to be scared, I guess, when I found a large rent in the chute. However the

important thing was that, torn or not, it had brought me down safely.

It was raining quite hard now, so I wrapped the chute around me and lay quiet. I saw a faint glimmer of light through the trees and heard dogs barking. After a while there were voices and someone with a flashlight passed close to me. Doubtless farmers had seen the plane go down and were out for the big kill. I snuggled down further in the brush and remained perfectly still.

Gun-fire in the distance puzzled me until it dawned on me that it was the ammunition exploding in our wrecked aircraft. I had a fair idea where I was, for I remembered the navigator telling the pilot a few minutes before we were hit that we were nearing the German-Dutch border.

I lost my wrist watch when I jumped and had no idea what time it was, but decided my best course was to stay put till morning. It rained throughout the night, a cold penetrating December rain.

After what seemed an interminable spell, came the dawn, and in it I made out a farm-house a quarter of a mile away. I hid my parachute and Mae West and walked over. The house and barn were all one building. The barn door was locked, so I sat down outside to wait. What next, I wondered.

A couple of hours later there was a noise in the barn and I peered through a crack in the door. From what apparently was living quarters, a woman walked into the other end of the building. I knocked at the door but she didn't hear me. I knocked again, and she

stopped to listen. She didn't move for a second, but when I knocked a third time fear crept over her face and she whirled and ran back through the door from which she had come.

Presently a man in wooden shoes appeared holding a lamp in one hand and the bottom half of his underwear up with the other. I smiled. He was about 50, I'd say, and when he opened the door he took a gander at me, then said "Come in".

He closed the barn door quickly after me. In the living quarters he offered me to a chair, and soon the whole family was pouring questions at me at the rate of a dozen a second. They were quite amazed that I spoke German, marvelled that my uniform was so good, and commented on how well fed I looked. On their insistence, I took my flying boots off and a young girl put them in the oven. A brew they called coffee was put before me, and some black bread which I couldn't stand the smell of let alone eat.

I was near the town of Ulsen, they said, about ten miles from the Dutch border. We chatted like old friends and they showed me pictures of their son, allegedly a prisoner in England. Disgusted with the war, the man was confident it would be over in six months—how right he was. In the two hours I spent with these people they told me all their troubles and believe me they had plenty.

They talked about hiding me till the war ended, but I could see they were worried. Apparently they had a strange woman living with them who was a strong Nazi sympathizer. If they took a chance and were caught, it meant death.

They made me their prisoner and decided to hand me over to the authorities. I gave them my parachute, the Mae West, about \$30 cash, a knife, a pair of flying gloves and numerous other articles—things I'd have no use for where I was

going. It was all done in a friendly manner, and I was assured that the prisoners were well treated in German prison camps. I was in enemy country, and there was nothing I could do about it.

The man got dressed and we started out for Ulsen, about a mile distant. Right through the town we passed on our way to the police station, and everybody in sight came up and had something to say. The farmer told them he had captured me that morning and that I couldn't understand a word of German.

At the police station we learned that the chief of police, or Buergermeister as he is called, was out. I was ushered upstairs to his living quarters where the Buergermeister's wife and children fired all sorts of questions at my captor who sure could tell a good story.

When the Buergermeister, an elderly man, arrived the farmer repeated his story of the remarkable capture he had made. The policeman told me to follow him, and through the town again I was paraded. This time the main street was lined with people, all of them jeering and hollering at me. As I strode along behind the Buergermeister, I sympathized with how a race horse must feel at coming in last and everybody shouting very funny names at him.

We made our way past the mob and out on the highway. Armed to the teeth, the old policeman plodded steadily on without saying a word. At the local jail in Hellingo, the next town, he turned me over with a *heil*. And the gaoler got up, clicked his heels and said "*Heil*" too.

The gaoler took down some particulars, then searched me, only to find the necessary identification. I told him I had hid my parachute in some bushes. They locked me in a cell.

\* \* \*

IT was an uninviting place. There were no bars, just solid stone walls and a massive oak door. On a filthy bed in one corner I tried to sleep.



Shortly I heard someone yelling in English, "I'm hungry", and recognized my bombardier's voice. The walls were so thick that we had to shout at the top of our lungs to make ourselves heard, and soon the gaoler came along and bawled us out for making so much noise. But not before I had learned a few things. The engineer was with the bombardier in the same cell; they had been there since the previous night, having been captured shortly after they had landed. Both had lost their flying boots, had walked five or six miles in their socks and were in agony.

About an hour later the door to my cell was unlocked and I was told to come out. Eating time, I thought. But instead my newly-found friends and I were put in the back of a truck along with three crude coffins. Three men, armed with everything but artillery, guarded us; of course the thought flashed

through our minds that the coffins were for us.

We drove on for miles, talking a bit, my companions complaining about their feet. Suddenly the truck turned off the highway and in that moment we were convinced our time had come. In other words, we were plenty scared! We came to a stop, and the guards and driver loaded on more coffins which seemed quite heavy, judging by the puffing and groaning. We were greatly relieved.

Back on the highway again, we drove on for about half an hour and came to a town named Lingen on Ems. As the coffins were being unloaded one burst open and a man's guts rolled out onto the floor of the truck. Brother, that was sickening!

Three Frenchmen who had been captured that day joined us on the truck and we drove on. At an airport down the road we were slapped in a guard-

house, where a Frenchman and a lone American officer greeted us.

The guards here weren't too bad, seemed fed up with everything. They had black coffee and of course black bread and blood sausage; very hungry, we accepted some gratefully.

Early next evening our navigator was brought in. He had a badly sprained ankle and looked quite done in. The Germans had told him that three members of our crew had been killed—that would be the pilot and gunners. It occurred to me then that those first three coffins in the truck must have contained the bodies of our dead mates.

At dawn next morning we were hustled out of bed and taken back to Lingen by truck where we were put on a train. There were eight of us prisoners now and three guards. We spent 12 hours in the station at Salsbrough waiting for another train. Someone produced a deck of cards which helped pass the time while in between we munched at our old dirty black bread and blood sausage. The station concourse was packed all day. Everybody made it a point to come close and look us over and pass comments. I felt like a monkey in a zoo.

That evening we were bound for Minden on another train and had to stand up all the way. If we tried to sit down, the soldiers and other passengers kicked at us and generally created a big fuss. Riding in those trains was none too comfy, for most of the coaches had no windows or heat. Nearly all the trains had been damaged by strafing and the Jerries resented that; it was mean of the Allies to do it. Bombing was to be expected, but God help the fighter pilot shot down while strafing.

At Minden we changed trains for Hanover where we arrived about 6 a.m. There we had a wait of a few hours and while we stood around the crowded station we saw smoke and flames in parts

of the city; our boys must have been on the job during the night.

The inhabitants were in a hostile mood and our guards had their hands full protecting us. I was kind of glad to leave that place. Our next stop was Gottingen, then on to Bebra at which point we hopped another train and continued to Frankfurt on Main. We pulled into Frankfurt about 5 o'clock in the morning on the third day of our travels and, along with a score of other prisoners who had been waiting there, were herded into a street car which took us to a small town called Oberursel where the interrogation camp was situated.

\* \* \*

THE barbed wire, armed guards, and high towers that housed machine-guns and powerful searchlights offered a dismal prospect. Inside, we were immediately searched, and while we stood around in our birthday suits as German soldiers rummaged through our clothing female steno's and clerks kept running through the office.

Following the search, we were put in individual cells about five feet wide and ten feet long, each boasting a small bed, a chair and a window of cut glass. There was also a small electric radiator which was on only about three hours a day, and when it was on, the lice in the straw sack on my bed attacked like an army of fighter pilots; when it was off I almost froze to death. On top of all that, the number of my cell was 13.

Presently I was photographed and finger-printed, then put through a close interrogation. Of course I didn't know anything, so I was locked up for a week. In solitary confinement we were fed three times a day. Breakfast consisted of two slices of black bread spread with jam, and a cup of lukewarm liquid they called coffee. For lunch we got cups of soup which to my mind contained every variety of grass grown in Germany. Dinner was a repetition of breakfast except that margarine replaced the jam.

After a week in my cozy little cell I was again interrogated. The approach was different this time. I was taken to a lovely office that reeked of perfume. A smartly-dressed Luftwaffe officer seated at a large table courteously bade me sit down. He spoke faultless English, and was so polite I felt uncomfortable. He told me his name was Nicholas Hall and all about himself. How he had lived in England 15 years, graduated from Oxford and even married an English girl. He had returned to the Fatherland and joined the air force, been shot down over England and taken prisoner. He had been in a P.O.W. camp in Northern Ontario in Canada but had got back to Germany on an exchange-of-prisoners arrangement. How true his story was I don't know. He chatted on about the futility of the war, and so on, offered me American cigarettes and a glass of wine, which I refused.

At length he opened a big book and began to tell me all about myself, the R.C.A.F. and the R.A.F. He seemed to know more about these things than I did. It was darned disconcerting. An interruption occurred when a very beautiful girl came in and said "*Heil*". Nicholas jumped to his feet and said "*Heil*", and invited her to sit. She parked her lovely frame on the corner of the table with her back to me. He told me to amuse myself with some of the magazines that were on the table. Of course they didn't know I could understand them.

They got their heads together, he dated her up, kissed her and she buzzed off. In parting they *beiled* each other again and he bowed from the waist. My goodness, German officers are gallant. He returned to the business at hand, dismissed me soon afterwards, and once again I was back in cell 13.

In another office a short time later I was asked about certain secret equipment, and when I truthfully told my interrogator I didn't know anything

about it, he called me epithets that aren't in the book. He, too, dismissed me, and again I was returned to my cell. I passed the time scratching as usual and thinking. Around 6 o'clock in the evening an officer brought me the good news that I would be shipped out the following day.

Next morning, along with 45 other N.C.O.s, mostly Americans, I was sent by train to the town of Wetzlar. From there we walked about a mile to the Dulag Luft—meaning transit camp. All prisoners were sent to a transit camp after solitary confinement to get them back on their feet. I luxuriated in my first shower there, and every one of us received numerous articles of clothing, and accessories, all from the Red Cross. We could eat as much as we wanted, which was O.K. by me.

After four days at Dulag Luft, along with 43 other British N.C.O.s I was again locked up in a train. We were sent en-route to our permanent prison camp, a trip of three days, and each of us was issued with half the contents of a Red Cross parcel. But hardly were we under way when the train was shunted to a siding. One of the guards came in about an hour later to tell us there would be a lay over of 48 hours. However, he said the station master would try and get us out sooner if we surrendered ten cigarettes. None of us was anxious to spend Christmas on wooden seats looking through the bars of a train, so we excelled ourselves and each threw two cigs in a hat. Within ten minutes we were rolling and never stopped till we reached Bankau, our destination. From here we marched to Stalag Luft VII two or three miles away, arriving around five in the afternoon of Dec. 26, 1944.

\* \* \*

THE barbed-wire gates swung open and the next minute we were dispersing to various barracks inside. Stalag Luft VII, a newly-built camp, held something like 1,500 men—all British flying

personnel. There were ten barrack blocks in all, each of which was divided into 18 rooms, and each room accommodated 18 men. Half a double wood bunk with a straw sack serving as a mattress was allotted to a man. Everything was quite well organized and the boys didn't seem too unhappy, though some of them had been behind the fence since early in the war. I ran into three fellows I had trained with who were what you might call acclimatized.

Next morning there was an air alert, and in compliance with orders we stayed in barracks. In half an hour or so, the all clear for a nearby village was sounded, and one of the boys thinking it was for us ran outside. He was shot dead.

Although life in the camp was very monotonous, and the food shortage gave us concern, we managed to keep in fairly good spirits. Through secret radios we were able to follow the day-to-day progress of the war. These radios were so well hidden that the Germans never found them despite the searches they made. And they made plenty of them let me tell you. During these searches everyone was ordered out of the block, guards were posted at the doors and the hunt was on, even to the extent of ripping up floors, ceilings and walls. When the odd tunnel was discovered, the diggers had to fill them in, but no punishment was ever actually meted out for such things. Three Jewish boys had a tough time of it; the Germans wouldn't let them mingle with the rest of us—they lived by themselves in a small room. Aside from that, the guards didn't bother us much; in fact they usually were quite friendly. All of them could speak English amazingly well.

Every morning after our hearty breakfast of one thin slice of bread and a cup of coffee we lined up outside for roll-call. Ordinarily this didn't take very long, but if the guards were in a bad mood they would drag it out for a couple of hours. The Germans main-

tained a kitchen in the camp, where every man got a cup of soup daily, and occasionally a slab of horsemeat. At three in the afternoon roll-call was repeated. With lights out at ten, another day closed, only to be repeated the next day and the next and God knows how many more. A thing that sustained us was the fairly substantial library maintained at the camp by the Red Cross, also the musical instruments supplied by that splendid organization.

\* \* \*

ON the afternoon of Jan. 17, 1945, we were ordered to be ready to move off on foot within the hour. That caused a brief stir but nothing came of it; we didn't move off after all. That night was really grim—bombing on all sides revealed that the Russians were much closer than we had suspected. All next day we stood prepared to evacuate, but still no order came. Finally early in the morning of January 19 we left the camp, 1,500 of us, each man carrying what few belongings he had and enough food for one good meal. Rumour had it that we were bound for a place called Sagan, a trek of from nine to 12 days. Heavily-armed guards and trained dogs galore accompanied us, the roads were in very bad shape, and a blinding snow-storm pressed down on us as we trudged on.

We marched from 15 to 25 kilometres a day—a kilometre is nearly five-eighths of a mile—, and spent our nights in the barns of the various farms we passed. On the fifth day we received our first food issue. High time, too, for after all an army, they say, marches on its stomach; my stomach felt as though an army had.

The bursts of gun-fire indicated that the Red army was right on our tail, but it never caught up. A number of the boys escaped, others just died on the way, while nearly all suffered frost-bite. Some were tougher than others. One

New Zealander carried a 120 base piano accordion the whole trip.

No sooner were we on the other side of the Oder river than the Germans blew the bridge up. We had an all-day rest at a big dairy farm. Everyone was delirious with hunger—a gnawing misery that certainly brings out the worst in human beings. I am not exaggerating when I say that we drove some cattle away and ate what was left of a pile of frozen, dirty, rotten sugar beets. As a result we all got dysentery.

A few of the more fortunate who had had their watches and rings and cigarette lighters returned to them traded them off for small pieces of bread. I remember giving a guard my nice Red Cross sweater for a small loaf of bread. It was the usual black stuff but I was so famished that it tasted like cake.

After a hard day's march on January 29 we were told that the trip would be completed by train. Sagan, our first objective, was being evacuated and no one knew where we were going. All that we knew was we were damned tired and hungry. However, after about six hours' rest we started out again and marched to Peteritz. There was no sign of a train, the guards were in a dangerous mood, each of us got only one-sixth of a loaf of bread, and the weather was at its worst. Such snow-storms I've never seen before or since, even in Canada!

February 1, we trudged to another small town where we were again promised transport. We stayed at a filthy old farm four days, lying down as much as possible as most of us were too far gone to stand up very long.

On the morning of February 5, we walked the five miles to Coldburg where we were herded into box cars. Approximately half the size of a Canadian box car, the European box car is built to accommodate 40 men or eight horses, but as many as 66 of us were packed into each one. So long as we didn't have to walk we didn't complain. Not once

during the three days we were locked in them were we allowed out even for a stretch. The doors were opened perhaps four times in that period to admit a supply of drinking water. Cramped for space, each of us just sat glumly with his knees buckled up under his chin. It wasn't too cozy.

In 14 days on three pounds of food each, we had walked about 190 miles. I lost about 50 pounds and was as weak as a kitten; I had trouble standing up but I made the grade.

On February 8, we rolled into Luckenwalde, 35 miles south of Berlin, and walked to Stalag IIIA. At this camp we had a hot shower, my fourth in Germany, and were crowded into barracks. We slept on the bare floor rather than use the straw which was teeming with lice ready to go to work on you. Things weren't too pleasant here, but at least we were assured of a daily issue of food. Such as it was, the ration consisted of one-fifth of a loaf of bread, three or four boiled potatoes, two cups of soup—pea, turnip, barley or just plain grass, which wasn't bad considering, and one-twentieth pound of margarine.

\* \* \*

**S**TALAG IIIA held some 16,000 men made up of seven or eight nationalities which were segregated by fences within the main enclosure. The Americans were west of us, the French to our east, and across the roads were the Poles, Russians, Yugoslavs and others.

Our boys began dropping out like poisoned flies about this time. It seemed as if the effects of the march were just catching up with us. We lost about 200 on the march, and every day now saw more die until it got that we kept wondering who would be next.

Some Irish lads who had been in the camp for some time had a radio which gave us the daily news and the glad tidings that the war was going in our favour.

On March 8, a carload of Red Cross

supplies arrived at Luckenwalde, and each man got a full parcel. Just like Christmas. Kind of grim though to see grown men break down and weep over a few pounds of food. The Germans said they would endeavour to keep the parcels coming, which cheered us up no end.

Our stomachs couldn't keep such good food down, but we kept trying every day; I dare say that every mother's son of us had the ambition to die with a full stomach. In a couple of weeks we began to feel better, and when we were able to eat O.K. our spirits mounted accordingly.

I recall that every time we were issued a parcel of food, many of us would solemnly swear that when we got out of that bloody prison we would donate at least \$20 a month to the Red Cross. But then, there is an adage which goes something like this: "Only too soon, we forget not only our sorrows but the lessons we learn from them".

March 27 we heard that the Allies had crossed the Rhine and that the Russians in the east were going strong. A year previously, to the very day, I was on the Atlantic straining my eyes for sight of land. Now, I wished fervently the bloody war was over and I was on the Atlantic heading for home.

On April 12, the Germans decided to move us again—just in case. We packed up and after walking to the station climbed into the inevitable box cars. But we didn't leave the station. Things were too hot all around, so back to the camp we went.

On the morning of April 21, we noticed that all the gun towers were vacant and that no Jerries were in sight. They had decamped leaving us alone. Well aware that Russian prisoners had been badly mistreated by them, they were scared stiff of their approaching eastern foe. The senior officer of each nationality took over, and soon we were all busy doing one thing or another. We

went to the deserted Germans' quarters and indulged in a bit of looting—the only fun any of us had had in a long time.

\* \* \*

THE following morning the Red Army rolled into camp on tanks, trucks, motorcycles, guys on horseback, even bicycles. They were a motley bunch, but we cheered as though our team had scored at a football game.

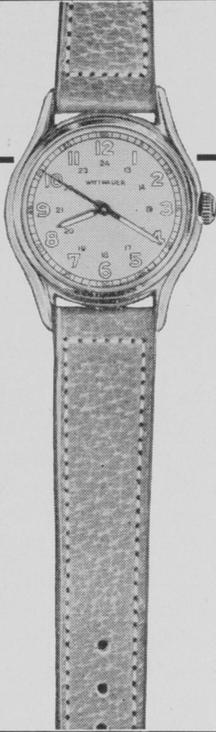
The invaders went to the Russian compound first, armed all those who still could walk, and turned them loose. They wanted us to join them but our officers refused on grounds that such was contrary to the Geneva Convention.

Several hours after the released Russian prisoners entered Luckenwalde, the civilian population fled to our camp in droves and sought sanctuary behind the barbed wire. But we had to turn them away—the Russians were bent on revenge.

At first the Red soldiers were quite friendly with us, but as the food problem grew their camaraderie diminished. A favourite trick they practised was to ask what time it was, in sign language, and when the one approached looked at his watch, the Russian would whip out a gun and take the watch, cigarettes and anything else that appealed to him. A week or so of this resulted in our filing a complaint with the Russian general in command who conducted a search, found the culprits, and had them shot. Russians didn't fool around with courts or prisons.

Time dragged on, with the Russians refusing to let us go home. When the Red Cross parcels gave out, our diet consisted of bean soup and black bread.

One day a large convoy of American trucks came along and offered to take us into their zone, then fly us back to England. However, the Russians vetoed that. They blocked all roads and posted machine-guns at intersections, threatening to open fire if the loaded trucks



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moved. The trucks went back empty. Later the Russians explained that the convoy was unauthorized, and that they had to await the go-sign from their own repatriation board in Berlin. Further, they claimed, the British and the Americans were holding Russian prisoners back. We spent the next two days registering. According to the Russians they were to receive certain reparations from the British government for every man they released.

As can be imagined we were getting fed up with all this horse-play, and many of the boys left on foot for the American line 20 miles distant. A close friend of mine drowned while attempting to cross the Elbe on the way.

Finally, on May 20, a convoy of Russian trucks drove us to the American

zone. At Halle that same evening we were accorded a wonderful reception. The Americans, operating an ex-P.O.W. camp there, had everything. Till then, I never realized white bread was so white.

On May 25 we were flown from Halle to a Canadian ex-P.O.W. camp near Brussels, and the following evening from there to Ford, England. Never was a landing more welcome! From Ford we drove in trucks to Bournemouth on the south coast of England, arriving about midnight. The next day (May 27) this kid took it easy, and 48 hours later was on a bang-up two-weeks' holiday.

On July 8, I boarded the *Ile De France* at Greenock, Scotland, reached Halifax July 20, 1945, and arrived at my home the same day. The road back was completed.

"Evil . . . is immortal  
But men must kill it—and keep on trying  
So long as we would be human."

Extract from B.B.C. radio play, *The Dark Tower*.

# GUARD YOUR HEALTH. Know How!

*By John C. Scott*

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**Every person has a job to do in the matter of guarding his health and that of his family, community and country. Because of the close daily relationship between the police and the public, members of the nation's various police forces—Federal, provincial and municipal—can do a great deal to spread the gospel of good health.**

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**I**N THE field of health, many people—medical scientists, public health officials, physicians and others—have put a lot of “know how” into the business of making and keeping people healthy.

Not only through enforcement of laws pertaining to public health can the policeman help make his community a healthier and better place to live in, but by his personal habits and advice. What the teacher does in the classroom, the policeman can do on his beat.

However, no one can do much of a job if he doesn't “know how”. So as to impress upon all Canadians the value of health and the appalling costs of disease—especially preventable disease—the Dominion's leading voluntary health education association, designated the first week of February National Health Week, and February, 1948, marked the observance of the fourth such annual milestone sponsored by the league in cooperation with health and education departments throughout Canada. It is

Mr. Scott is Publicity Director of the Health League of Canada, a national association of volunteers which for more than a quarter century has been devoted to a program of health education. Briefly the League's aims are to conserve health and prolong life; to encourage support of health legislation; to enlist cooperation in official and professional efforts to control communicable disease and to conduct a broad and continuing campaign to promote personal, family and community hygiene. For literature on these and related questions write to the League's offices at 111 Avenue Road, Toronto, 5, Ont.

hoped that the people of Canada will in this way acquire a lot of “know how” concerning matters affecting their own health and the health of their families and neighbours.

True, public health officials and others in the health and medical fields don't know everything about disease control; but there are things they do know, and their advice on these things must be followed by all if humanity is to keep marching toward the goal of optimum health.

Much disease is preventable and medical science has provided the means of avoiding a great deal of suffering, sickness and untimely death. However, medical science cannot do it alone; the help of everyone is needed.

But everyone first should learn the “know how” and then put that knowledge into practice. The policeman, for instance, should know that there is something besides law enforcement behind many of the duties he carries out. Such duties stem from laws designed to protect public health—those concerning prostitution and venereal disease prevention, restaurant sanitation, garbage disposal, and so on, also traffic regulations aimed at accident prevention.

The policeman should act in these cases, not only because of the law technicality involved but because it is in the interests of the public welfare that he do so.

From the public viewpoint, “know how” merely means an intelligent under-



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# MENTHOLATUM

standing of a simple set of health rules. Here are a few which, if followed, will bring physical and mental benefit: eat right—follow a balanced diet; if dieting is necessary, do so only under the instruction of your physician; be sure the milk you drink is pasteurized; avoid dirt—practise cleanliness; avoid contact with persons known to be suffering from contagious diseases, including the common cold; relax before and after eating; avoid constipation and overweight; get at least

eight hours of sleep daily; avoid fatigue and eyestrain; be sure you and the other members of your family have been inoculated against such diseases as diphtheria, whooping cough and smallpox; exercise moderately in the open air, unless your physician advises otherwise, and, finally, see your physician and dentist regularly for examinations.

Policemen, spread the gospel—the “know how”—of good health everywhere you go, on duty or off.

### *Eskimo Eye Strain*

A SURVEY of Eskimo vision finds it generally faulty. Possibly due to reading in beds until all *months* of the long Arctic night. Mrs. Uglook reports that when her old man gets his nose stuck in the Annual Report of the R.C.M.P., she never can get him to douse his seal-oil lamp and go to sleep before half-past March in the morning.

—Ottawa Citizen.

# The Dugald Disaster

BY SGT. C. R. BROOME

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**In most accidents involving mass death, the police must quickly institute emergency traffic control, organize and carry out certain rescue and search operations, and take other fundamental steps. The Labour Day train wreck at Dugald was no exception.**

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**S**HORTLY after 9.30 on the still, starlit night of Sept. 1, 1947, the Toronto-bound Canadian National Railway transcontinental drew into the quiet little town of Dugald, Man., 14 miles east of Winnipeg, Man., disembarked a few passengers and some freight, and stood panting at the station platform as it waited for a Labour Day holiday train due any minute—an extra from the Lake of the Woods.

Weary holidayers had reluctantly locked up their lakeside cottages at Minaki, Ont., and, having bade farewell to their resident friends there, were now on the campers' special headed for their homes in the Winnipeg district. They

lollod sleepily in their seats under the soporific spell cast by the wan light of the sputtering gas lamps as the wooden coaches bore them through the darkness. Up front inside his cab one of the system's most trusted engineers was at the throttle, piloting the shrieking projectile around a bend to the stretch of straight single track that leads into Dugald.

A mile and a half away the other engineer dimmed his headlight in accordance with dictated railway practice and waited for the approaching train to switch onto the siding and leave the line clear for him to resume his long journey east. He was reading over his newly-received orders when suddenly a sharp





cry from his fireman told him something was wrong—the oncoming excursion was holding to the main line, racing toward them at a pace that made collision inevitable. Instinctively both men jumped to the ground and ran for safety.

On board the special the passengers were jolted as brakes were thrown on abruptly, then there was a thunderous crack that spelt instant oblivion for some, searing pain for others, and for many an hysterical reaction that resolved into screams and a wild scramble for windows which wouldn't open and doors which had jammed.

It was the worst collision in Western

Canada railroading history. The twin-model locomotives were meshed together as neatly as sections of a telescope, and the whole transcontinental train was rammed back some 60 feet. Miraculously none of the transcontinental cars was derailed, but three of the special's wooden coaches hurtled down the short embankment on the north side of the tracks, overturned and burst into flames, while a baggage car, with members of the train crew in it, was catapulted to the opposite side.

Curfew comes early in Dugald, but the resounding crash galvanized the sleepy little community into life and farmers for miles around gazed in



startled wonder at the ominous glare in the sky. The collision was actually heard in Winnipeg, for at the moment of impact the night operator was at the phone talking to the chief dispatcher there. The latter wasted no time in ordering ambulances and aid, while back in Dugald a young woman telephone operator immediately notified the R.C.M.P. detachment at Transcona seven miles away, then put in a call for additional ambulances and summoned her assistants back to duty at the overloaded switchboard.

One of the first to reach the scene was the N.C.O. from Transcona. He quickly called for assistance from division headquarters in Winnipeg, and all available men turned out in radio-equipped cars. Soon ambulances, police cars, private cars, trucks, even tractors were Dugald bound, and before many minutes had passed the innate humanity of man for his fellow man was expressing itself in terms of succour and help for the injured and the dying.

\* \* \*

**N**EWs of the tragedy spread like wildfire, and as though by magic hundreds of taxis and privately-owned cars appeared, choking all roads in the vicinity, while uncounted people walked the track from Transcona to Dugald—some apprehensive, looking for relatives or friends, others merely curious, comprising the usual run of morbid sight-seers. Through this initial confusion, police highway patrols cleared the way for ambulances and trucks conveying injured persons to the hospital at St. Boniface—a suburb of Winnipeg.

**On the opposite page are views of the wreckage caused by the accident at Dugald. The middle picture shows the burned-out skeletons of three passenger cars of the west-bound holiday train, while the one at the bottom gives an idea of the extent of havoc the disaster wrought.**

The police also established control points and barred all but vitally-interested parties from the accident area. A gasoline-and-oil-storage warehouse near the tracks threatened to blow up momentarily. It had caught fire shortly after the collision and though everything humanly possible was done to remove the contents it was obvious that the chances of doing so in time were very slim. The police dispersed all but actual rescue workers from this danger spot, and when the anticipated explosion came no one was hurt; gasoline barrels and debris were tossed high into the air but they landed harmlessly in fields and on the highway.

One of two grain elevators on company property near the station also caught fire and burned until it collapsed. Its red-hot contents spilled across the right of way where they smouldered for days, and gave off an intense heat that hampered the work of the rescuers. But the biggest handicap was lack of water, the only available supply being in a nearby ditch which soon was emptied. A tank car of water was brought in by rail, but before the torn tracks could be repaired sufficiently to move it into range most of the need for it had passed.

The blazing wooden coaches defied all attempts to save them, and most of the casualties occurred in the three that had toppled over. A relief train run in from Transcona took uninjured and slightly-injured passengers into Winnipeg.

All that fateful night and for several days afterwards the wreckage was searched for victims and the debris sifted and re-sifted for traces that would establish their identity. This work was carried on without let-up by C.N.R. employees under R.C.M.P. supervision, and as bodies and personal belongings were recovered they were taken to a temporary receiving morgue which under the local coroner's direction had been set up in Transcona. At one time there were 28 bodies there, most of them

charred beyond any hope of recognition. And placed alongside them were pathetic little heaps of personal articles.

Newspapers, radio and other means of communication were utilized to get in touch with relatives and friends of persons thought to be in the wreck, and police squads began the exacting task of determining the total number of casualties—a harrowing duty which meant facing people grief-stricken by the loss of someone dear to them. When the list was completed it was found that 31 persons had perished and in two cases whole families had been wiped out. Relatives, friends and acquaintances of passengers were taken to the emergency morgue in what for the most part proved to be hopeless attempts to identify remains.

\* \* \*

**A** FATALITY that occasioned considerable police work was that of a woman who had been rushed to hospital by truck prior to the arrival of the ambulances and died shortly after admittance. For inquest purposes it became necessary to establish that she had been on one of the trains. The hospital report did not show who or what conveyance had brought her in; the hospital had been so busy that detailed records had not been kept. However, a canvass of the staff led to the general impression that she had arrived in the back of a truck which varied in colour from red to blue to green and whose description was quite as indefinite in other respects. One nurse recalled seeing oats in the victim's hair.

After a futile attempt to locate a farmer with a red, green or blue truck who had taken a badly-hurt woman to hospital, the police broadened their inquiry and started interviewing all farmers in and around the Dugald district who had recently threshed oats. Eventually this brought success; the man owned a green truck and so that the woman would be as comfortable as possible en-

route to the hospital he had placed her on some oats in the back of it.

Meanwhile the body had been positively identified and the coroner had released it for burial pending which it was lying in an undertaking home. The police investigation had taken time and it was only a matter of minutes before the burial service that the farmer arrived in the city to identify the remains as being those of the woman he had driven to the hospital.

Evidence at the inquest to the effect that the woman was a passenger on the holiday train completed a chain of circumstances that accounted for her time from just before the mishap to the finding of her body and its actual interment, the final touch being rounded out by the testimony of an ambulance driver who told how he had conveyed the corpse of the unfortunate woman to the morgue at Transcona and back to the Winnipeg undertaking establishment.

Of course these inquiries related to only one aspect of the extensive investigation. To determine who were actually passengers a check-back was made in every instance to the point of departure, for many of the numerous reports received mentioned persons "believed to be on the train".

In one case a family intending to board the ill-fated excursion had left their summer camp and been ferried down the lake, but faulty handling of their craft fortunately delayed them and when they reached the Minaki station the train was disappearing to the west. They stayed the night in Minaki, blissfully ignorant that frantic relatives thought they might be among the unidentifiable remains in the Transcona morgue and were prematurely mourning them.

The movements of a fairly prominent Winnipeg family who had told neighbours they would be "away for the week-end" were traced to the same resort where the investigators noted that

their cottage had recently been swept clean and tidy and made secure for the winter. The camp was in a comparatively isolated locality, so there was nothing significant in the fact that nobody had seen the owners. Indeed indications were that they had been at the cottage and probably on the wrecked train. Appeals for news of the missing family were broadcast and published, but it wasn't until several days later that a woman recalled seeing them at Kenora, Ont., on the day of the accident. Eventually they were located comfortably ensconced in a hotel at that point, the head of the family serenely putting the finishing touches to a painting he had executed of a local scene and sublimely unaware that a relative even then was anxiously examining the remains at Transcona for some identifying clue. They had changed their plans after reaching Minaki and gone on to Kenora instead.

ON instructions of the Attorney General's Department, a police investigation was instituted immediately to determine the cause of the accident and place the blame where it belonged. This inquiry entailed painstaking research into rules and regulations governing the operation of railroads in general and the Dugald stretch in particular. It involved exploration of the "working" time tables and study of locomotive instruments so that the implications of the positions and so on of those found in the cabs of the wrecked engines would be realized. With expert assistance investigators delved into the complex subject of train operation according to train orders, and the system of railway signals as it applied to the affected region.

A public hearing in Winnipeg ordered by the Board of Transport Commissioners examined 27 witnesses and aroused a great deal of interest.

Ordinarily the inquest which followed would have been at Transcona but ow-

#### The interlocked twin-model locomotives.



ing to the large number of witnesses to be heard and the intense public interest the venue was moved to Winnipeg. Even there the accommodation was overtaxed and a number of spectators had to be turned away. The proceedings lasted three days, and among other things the coroner's jury strongly recommended that the use of gas-lit wooden coaches be discontinued as soon as possible.

For the information of the coroner and the Crown attorney a brief of the investigation findings was prepared. This document, which set forth full data respecting identification of those who perished, the structural details of both trains, description of exhibits and particulars of the evidence to be given by 56 witnesses, was accompanied by a set of 27 photographs and a scale plan of the Dugald station area with a representation of each railway car superimposed on it in their after-wreck position. Taken by the R.C.M.P. "D" Division photographer this excellent pictorial record showed different views of the wreckage and factors that could have an important bearing on the cause of the accident, and it drew commendations from the coroner, the chief commissioner presiding over the commission hearing and the different counsel representing the C.N.R. and various railway brotherhoods and private interests.

According to death toll the Dugald train wreck is the third most tragic in Canadian annals. Most of the bodies were burned beyond recognition and the identifications that were made were possible only because minute scraps of clothing, jewellery and other personal trinkets found on or near the bodies were

methodically tabulated and conserved. All passengers had to be accounted for, and in addition to the complex police problems this posed, there was the necessity of protecting the interests of the victims.

In happenings of this sort, investigators must be mindful of the usual speculation that failure to stop the train was due to physical collapse (probably heart failure) of the engineer just before the accident. Inevitably such a possibility was mooted at Dugald, but post-mortem examination of the body of the engineer who was found critically injured close to his engine and died on the way to the hospital discounted it.

Railroad disasters of this magnitude happily are rare, but when they do occur it is imperative that the police promptly establish traffic control points. No less important are patience and perseverance in examining the scene and interviewing witnesses, and tact and considerateness in dealing with the hysteria and near hysteria of overwrought relatives and friends of the unfortunate.

\* \* \*

**I**N A mass burial that was tendered the unidentified victims, the Force undertook to see that the wishes of relatives and friends were carried out and some of its members acted as pall-bearers. The various religious denominations of those involved complicated the question as to what form the service should take, but complete satisfaction was subsequently expressed by the bereaved relatives and by civic and ministerial bodies alike.

### *Making It Easy*

**T**RAVELLERS arriving from the sinful East tell us of a new game being played by certain misguided members of the human race. Two men go into a crowded place, and one of them "accidentally" lets a handful of coins fall on the ground. All the people standing around bend down to help him pick them up. Meanwhile his accomplice looks over the exposed hip pockets and takes out the nicest-looking wallets.

—Calgary *Herald*.

# CITIZENSHIP

## ANCIENT AND MODERN

BY CPL. H. F. LEE

CANADA'S contribution in the recent war brought acknowledgment of her status in the world as an important nation and the people more and more wondered why they should not officially call themselves Canadian citizens. In October, 1945, the Secretary of State, the Hon. Paul Martin, introduced into the House of Commons the Canadian Citizenship Act which became law on Jan. 1, 1947.

This Act embodies the main policies of the old Act, and the national status of persons in Canada is now governed by one Act instead of various provisions laid down in the Naturalization Act, The Canadian Nationals Act and the Immigration Act.

Categorically, Canadian citizens

now fall into three divisions: those who are natural born; those who automatically became citizens when the Act came into force, and those who apply for and receive certificates of citizenship.

Natural-born persons are those who are born in Canada, or born outside Canada of a father who is a Canadian citizen provided that the birth is registered at a commonwealth consulate or with the Secretary of State of Canada within two years.

Persons who automatically became citizens on Jan. 1, 1947, are those who already held naturalization papers and had not become aliens since getting them, all persons from other parts of the British Commonwealth who had resided in Canada for over five years, all wives of men who would have been Canadian citizens if the Act had been in

effect immediately before their marriage, and all those who were minors and naturalized with their parents and had not become aliens since then.

Those who must apply to qualify for Canadian citizenship are aliens and British subjects from other countries who did not have five years' residence in Canada prior to Jan. 1, 1947. The Act provides that any persons falling in either of the first two divisions may apply for and receive their citizenship certificates.

An important change wrought by the

new Act concerns the status of married women which now is the same as that of men. Formerly, married women were classed with minors, lunatics and idiots as persons under disability, and they could not be-

come naturalized or control their national status as independent persons except in very special circumstances.

There has never been a time in the history of the English law when a person born in His Majesty's Dominions has not acquired by virtue of his birth the status of a British subject. The old English common law recognized in principle the axiom, "Once a British subject always a British subject". The Imperial Act of 1870 brought about the first change on this point by permitting expatriation and by filing declarations of alienage. It required, however, that naturalization in another country be the result of an official and voluntary act. To this have been added other causes, such as service in the armed forces of a country at war with Canada and provisions governing minors.

*And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shall love him as thyself, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Lev. XIX, 33, 34.*



(National Film Board Photo)

**The first official ceremony under the Canadian Citizenship Act took place in the Supreme Court Building, Ottawa, Ont., on Jan. 3, 1947, when a number of well-known Canadians and an equal number of aliens received certificates of citizenship. The photo records the historic scene as Canada's No. 1 citizen, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, received his certificate in proof from Hon. Thibaudeau Rinfret, Chief Justice of Canada.**

The revocation procedure has been carried forward into the new Act and can only take place by order of the Governor in Council upon recommendation of the Secretary of State.

The purpose of the new Citizenship Act is to give a clear and simple definition to any contingency that may arise. A careful study of the Act discloses that it indeed does so; the Act even covers a posthumous birth, in which case the child is deemed to have been born immediately before the death of the father.

\* \* \*

**C**ITIZENSHIP was cradled by the ancient Greeks and nursed through the Roman Empire and Middle Ages. Anti-dating Greek history, the acquisition of citizenship required no formality

at first, but as Grecian civic life reached a higher degree of organization it became more and more difficult.

The citizens of Rome comprised only members of families of small aristocratic groups and the only way to acquire citizenship was to be adopted into one of these families. The power of these families largely rested upon their military establishment, and adoption, which was used as a means of replenishing this warrior class, often embraced whole communities though the privileges granted were very limited. As only citizens were taxable and as the financial needs of the Emperors increased, citizenship expanded in a well-organized manner. The male census increased from 260,000 in 240 B.C. to 6,000,000 in 47

A.D. In 212 A.D. all residents in the Roman Empire, except slaves, were made citizens, and with this step the concept of citizenship which characterized modern times was reached.

This manner of citizenship descended to the Middle Ages, but was limited to cities and towns. Thenceforward due to conquests citizenships gradually disappeared, states were formed and Empires such as the Prussian and Austrian Empires came into being.

In old England under the common law British nationality was acquired only by birth within the United Kingdom. It amply responded to the needs of the Saxons, owing to the isolation of the British Isles and the lack of relations with the outside. When the period of invasion and conquest had ended and the Norman and Saxon races merged into a native community, merchants and skilled artisans arrived and later religious persecutions created by the Reformation increased the volume of immigration.

With the beginning of territorial and commercial expansion numerous children were born abroad to British subjects. It was then that the first objection to naturalization by birth only within the Kingdom began, as persons born abroad could not inherit in England the estates of their British parents. By statute Edward III in the year 1350 granted British nationality to children born abroad to British subjects to enable them to inherit, but it was not until 1708 that Queen Anne gave these British subjects all rights and privileges attached to British nationality.

Up until 1844 the Kings of England granted rights and privileges of British nationality to foreigners under certain circumstances, or for recognized meritorious services, but these grants applied only to the person or the group of persons specified. Then in 1844 England adopted an Act making naturalization for the first time a matter of legislation.

Primarily, naturalization in Canada

**Judge V. R. Smith of District Court is shown explaining the Court procedure in connection with naturalization during the official citizenship ceremonies at Saskatoon, Sask.**

(Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix* Photo)



was governed by the laws of France. These laws had descended from the time of the Franks and Gauls and the privileges they extended had gradually expanded.

After the cession of Canada to England in 1763 the inhabitants by the fact of the conquest became British subjects and liable to the common law of England.

The British North America Act of 1867 confirmed the power for Canada to legislate on the subject of naturalization and the first Naturalization Act was adopted in this country in 1870. It copied in its entirety the Imperial Act of 1844 except that it gave the rights and privileges to aliens only within Canada. The procedure consisted of filing with the local court an oath declaring three years' continued residence in this country, also an oath of allegiance, and then a certificate of naturalization was granted by the judge.

On many occasions before 1915, the British Dominions had been called to London to discuss the question of nationality in order to come to an understanding by which naturalization in any Dominion would be recognized in any part of the British Empire. Up until then naturalization in England, as well as in any of the Dominions, conferred rights and privileges of British nationality only in that part of the Empire where it was granted. At the Inter-Colonial Conference of 1907 the Dominions rather than pass an act which would force them to recognize as a British subject by naturalization a person whom they would never themselves have naturalized, insisted on a uniformity of naturalization for the whole Empire. Consequently, England adopted "The British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1914" which came into force on Jan. 1, 1915. Canada followed suit immediately, and the other Dominions did likewise in after years, the only differences being in local application.

During the Great War of 1914-18, British sentiment grew considerably, and in many foreign countries there were British groups who had become intermarried with nationals of those countries yet desired to retain their British nationality. Their wishes were met by registration at the British consulates. Then an Imperial Act, passed in 1922 but retroactive to 1915, conferred British nationality on children of future generations born abroad of British subjects, provided the birth be registered through a British consul within one year of its occurrence; upon attaining majority, the individual was to file a declaration affirming his British nationality.

The old English law made no mention of the naturalization of married women. The Act of 1844 was the first to confer British nationality on women married to naturalized subjects, but it made no provision against the loss of nationality by women married to foreigners. In 1870 English and Canadian laws defined the status of a woman as follows: "The wife of a British subject is deemed to be a British subject, and the wife of a foreigner is deemed to be a foreigner". In 1922 the United States changed their Act and rendered a married woman independent of her husband in matters relating to nationality, so that a marriage of a foreign-born woman to an American would not give her the husband's nationality, nor would the nationality of an American man affect his wife's. France changed her Act similarly in 1927.

As is well known the conflicting laws created embarrassing situations for many women, and British women who married foreigners, lost their nationality without acquiring those of their husbands. The changes in the laws of the United States and France added to the numerous known cases of statelessness and most of the countries in the world represented at the Hague Conference in 1930 adopted resolutions making the loss or retention of a married woman's

nationality dependent on the laws of the country of her husband.

By an act of Parliament Canada adopted this resolution in 1931 and England did the same in 1933, but England made her laws retroactive in order to remedy existing cases of statelessness. The Canadian amendment did not have this advantage and it came about that if a Canadian woman married an American prior to 1932 she lost her British nationality, whereas an English woman did not. The result was that the former could not get a passport, while the latter enjoyed all travelling privileges, and the British Consul in the United States found himself in a great quandary. The question was, had he the right to apply the English law and give a passport to a Canadian woman. The difficulties multiplied when in 1940 the United States demanded that Canadians have a passport to enter their country. Many Canadian women married to Americans before 1932 and living in the United States had trouble getting back home if they visited Canada. They were neither British subjects nor American citizens,

until the Secretary of State made the amendment of 1931 retroactive.

During the recent war the Secretary of State in conjunction with the Department of National War Services found it desirable to change the Act so that an alien called up for military service could make a written declaration of his intentions in good faith to become a British subject. At the discretion of the Secretary of State, such an alien was issued with a receipt showing him to be a "declarant alien".

Aliens who claimed exemption from military service on the ground that they were subjects or citizens of another country and did not make the above declaration lost all rights to become naturalized or acquire domicile. As from July 9, 1942, aliens serving outside Canada with the Canadian Army, Navy or Air Force could apply for immediate naturalization without fee or court procedure and many did so.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Canada was naturalizing not only more aliens than any other British country, but more than the remainder of the

**Members of the Force escort a 92-year-old woman, who has lived 40 years in Winnipeg, to a platform in the legislative buildings in the Manitoba capital where she received her citizenship papers in a colourful ceremony.**

(Winnipeg Tribune Photo)



British Commonwealth combined. Many Germans left Canada hurriedly when war seemed inevitable and some United States citizens returned across the border. However the vast majority remained to become British subjects, and at the present time the number of aliens being naturalized is very high.

When the principal naturalization changes came into effect in 1915 the main qualifications necessary to receive a certificate were a good reputation and character, a specified period of residence, and an adequate knowledge of the English or French language. In cases of doubt, the onus was placed on the R.C.M.P., and such investigations now average over 1,100 each month. Likewise, when revocation proceedings are instituted against a resident in Canada, the Mounted Police often are called upon to conduct the necessary investigation.

There arose during the recent war a new and rather amusing definition of the term, British-born subject. Due to enemy action a ship had been sunk off the Eastern Canadian coast and about 50 Chinese nationals were rescued from

rafts and life-boats. Once on Canadian soil the survivors were taken over by the Immigration Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources. According to their Oriental philosophy when a ship is sunk at sea and Chinese passengers are at the mercy of the elements they are considered dead and if rescued and landed on shore they are reborn. As their landing-place was Canada the rescued Chinese seamen in this instance claimed that they had been born on British territory and therefore were British subjects and not subject to deportation. Needless to say, their reasoning fell on deaf ears.

\* \* \*

OF late years many public and patriotic organizations have suggested and provided suitable ceremonies to mark the presentation of citizenship certificates. A significant innovation of the new Act is that it provides for such ceremonies and confers on the newcomer special facilities for training and education in the fundamentals of citizenship, also a short history of Canada, both political and geographical.

### *'Drama' in Crime*

IN THE interest of "Crime Prevention Week", a police commissioner who is a familiar figure in the radio dramas built around the activities of criminals, has asked for suggestions from the public on how to prevent crime.

We have one idea to offer— that there be a more carefully studied consideration of the effect produced on youth by over-emphasis on the dramatic values of crime both in the movies and on the radio. The inevitable ending, which seeks to prove that "crime does not pay", can scarcely cancel out the bad effect of all that goes before.

Most of these plug-uglies are egomaniacs. The drama which portrays them as harder and more resourceful than they are by nature simply feeds their vanity and encourages wayward youth to emulate them.

—Detroit News.

# Axial Bullet Engravings

BY SGT. W. W. SUTHERLAND

**S**TUDY of the signature engraved on bullets fired from the auto-pistol type of weapon usually will disclose the presence of certain elements not on bullets fired from most other types of weapon. These elements consist of a series (group) of parallel striae on the groove engraving and are adjacent to some or all of the free edges of land engravings on the fired bullet.

Since such striae are part of the signature of the pistol, and are thus used in identification, thought must be given as to when, where and how they got on the bullet. Generally they have an axial relationship to the bore in that they are parallel to the long axis of the bullet and consequently to the bore itself, so, lacking any accepted designation, they will for the purpose of this paper be called "X" striae.

Before proceeding to experimental determination of origin, the question of causation will be considered in the light of known and observable data and certain conclusions will be drawn therefrom.

First, test firings of the same type of ammunition with the same auto-pistol revealed that these striae are reproduced with such consistent recurrence of size, form and placement of elements in overall phase relationship of successively fired bullets as to establish that they are caused at some phase of the bullet's passage through the bore. Made up of groups of comparable elements in combination, they are of identification value

and have in fact been so used for some time.

By examining the fired bullets under low magnification the origin of all other classes of engravings is readily identifiable. The very fine striation of relatively uniform weight, parallel to the long axis of the bullet jacket and obliterated by the engravings of total bore contacts in firing, is properly interpreted as resulting from the manufacture of the bullet itself. The striae of land and groove engravings, which consist of elements engraved parallel to one another and to the land shoulders and at an angle to the long axis of the bullet comparable to the pitch of rifling provided for in that bore, are accurately interpreted as having occurred in passage through the bore while the bullet has the full rotational movement provided for by the pitch of rifling.

As a rule rather than as an exception these jacketed bullets at the comparatively low pistol velocities are not contacted (and therefore not engraved) over the whole of the bearing surface. This is especially true of the groove-engraving areas. Groove engravings often are made up of no more than small elongated or oval-shaped patches which with the "X" striae do not cover the whole of the possible single groove-engraving area between bordering land shoulders. Because this is so, considerable areas can be found without any bore contact and with the forming marks of

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*The origin and value of axial bullet engravings have received little treatment in the published works of recognized authorities in the field of firearms identification. This monograph, which purports to bridge that gap, ought at least to stimulate further research respecting these important elements in an auto-pistol's signature.*

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bullet manufacture still clearly distinguishable.

"X" striae, however, being parallel to both bullet and bore axis and having obliterated the forming marks of bullet manufacture, must occur while the bullet has relatively true translational or straight forward motion. That they belong to the firing phase in the weapon is obvious; examination of cartridges used for test purposes shows them to be present only after firing.

\* \* \*

IT HAS been suggested that "X" striae are caused by the heavy contact of the case mouth on the bearing surface of the bullet as the bullet is driven from the case in its initial movement. However, this is conclusively refuted by the fact that such striae are to be seen, with continuity of size, form and placement, forward of that portion of the bullet which is seated in the case. Since "X" striae are engraved after forward motion of the bullet has begun, and before full rotation provided for by rifling has been taken up, they must occur in the chamber lead or "throat".

The lead is an enlarged tapered section of the bore forward of the mouth of the cartridge case in seated position in the chamber. It provides a concentric with bore seating for the bullet and an approach to the full depth of rifling. Because the bullet has forward motion in a tapered lead and is quite heavily engraved before it rotates or acquires normal land and groove engravings, irregularities in that lead must furnish the contacts which result in "X" striae.

A better understanding of the source of "X" striae may be had by studying the manufacture of a barrel with chamber integral with bore. After basic operations of drilling and reaming, the barrel is rifled its entire length by one of various methods. Then a chambering tool, or more often a number of chambering tools, cuts into the breech end of the now-rifled tube to provide the cham-

ber seating for the proper cartridge, also a tapered throat leading to the depth of rifling. This lead area is the seating for the bullet when a loaded cartridge is chambered in the weapon, for a jacketed bullet is ordinarily of greater than bore diameter.

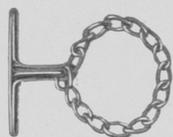
Secondarily, the lead area provides a somewhat gradual engagement of lands to bearing surface of bullet. Chambering tool operations, as is the case with other metal-forming phases of weapon manufacture, leave surface irregularities with which the seated bullet is in contact, either before firing or during initial movement. To such irregularities, resulting from chambering itself, must be added those which derive from erosion, corrosion and abuse.

Let us now consider the origin and nature of "X" striae.

When a complete cartridge is loaded to the chamber the bullet is seated in the lead with the nose end of its bearing surface in contact with the surfaces left as the tapered lead to full depth of rifling was formed to provide seating for a bullet of greater than bore diameter.

Prominent irregularities in the lead area come in contact with the bullet either before firing and movement or after forward bullet motion starts but before full rotation takes place. Then forward bullet motion by reason of land engagement combines with rotation, and the lands by engraving themselves obliterate a portion of the "X" striae initially engraved. The merging motions of translation and rotation are evidenced in the convergence, on a large radial curve, of the "X" striae element toward the base end of the engraved bullet-bearing surface.

As to the obliteration of some "X" striae by over-engraving of land engravings (bore diameter is less than bullet diameter by approximately twice the depth of rifling), trace of comparable striae to the "X" elements is sometimes found in land engravings parallel to the



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"X" striae on the grooves. The elements in these land-engraving patches cannot be ascribed to either manufacture of bullet or land engraving proper; they can only be interpreted as being "X" striae which were not effaced.

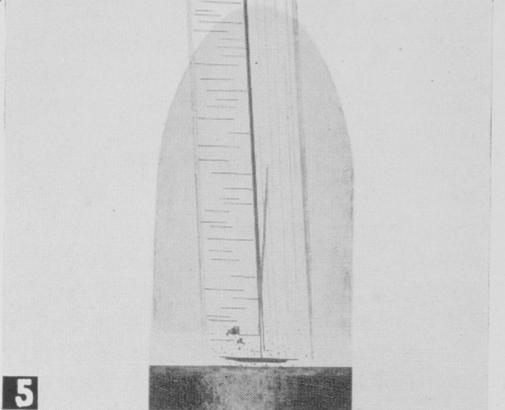
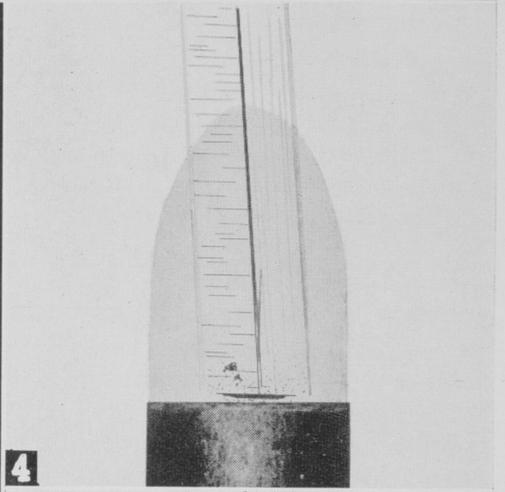
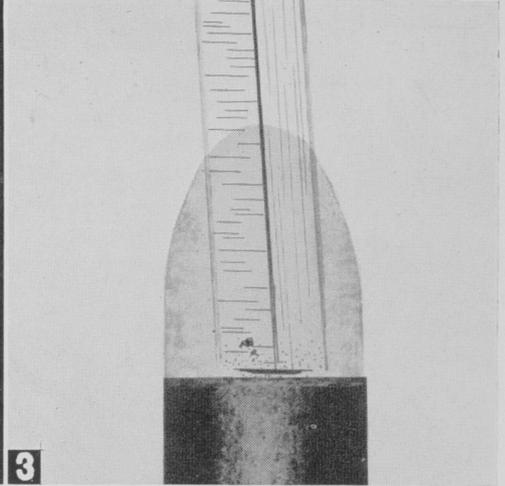
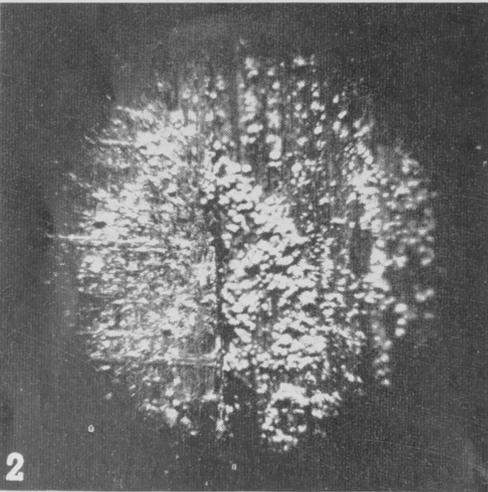
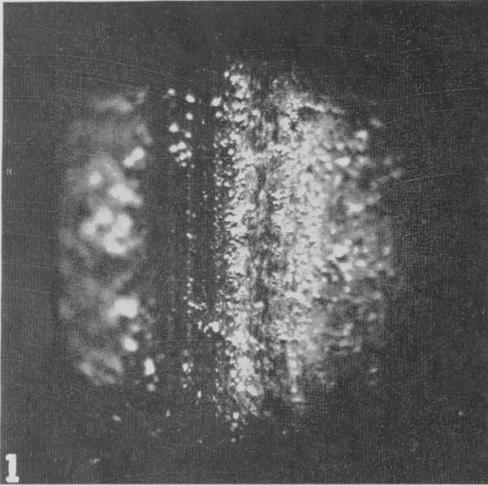
"X" striae result from tool-mark irregularities in chambering, plus subsequent fortuitous circumstance. Such irregularities are of irregular shape and placement, for the cutting edges of the throat part of chambering tools travel transversely to the long axis of the bore, and the incidence of those responsible for the "X" striae is uncontrollable. Their effect (engraving on the bullet) is accidental in character. The identification value of "X" striae is therefore equal to that of land engravings. (In land engravings the danger of recurrence of major elements of signature from barrel to barrel does not exist as it may in groove engravings if bores are consecutively rifled with the same tool or tools.)

An exception would be the signature elements of any bore rifled by a broach tool having full circumferential contact, in which case "X" striae might be of greater identification value than either land or groove engravings.

\* \* \*

WITH a view to making a practical (experimental) determination of the problem, two 9-mm German service "World War II" P'38 semi-automatic pistols that consistently reproduced comparable "X" striae on all six groove engravings were selected. The ammunition for test firing was of the same make, and from the same factory box which was opened especially for the purpose.

The barrel of one of the pistols was removed and its breech end sectioned so that portions of the chamber lead and the initial full-depth rifling could be examined microscopically and photographed. It was found that at the chamber



shoulder for the cartridge-case mouth the bullet seating throat had been cut to slightly greater than groove diameter, completely removing the lands at that point. Microscopic examination of the lead area and beginning of lands disclosed the coarsest irregularities to be in the area of the free land shoulders, a factor that harmonized with the "X" striae found on test bullets previously fired. Greater wear and therefore greater diameter is to be expected in the area of the land shoulders which engage and enforce rotation of the bullet. In photos 1 and 2, showing free and driving land shoulders respectively, note irregularities of greater magnitude on the free shoulder.

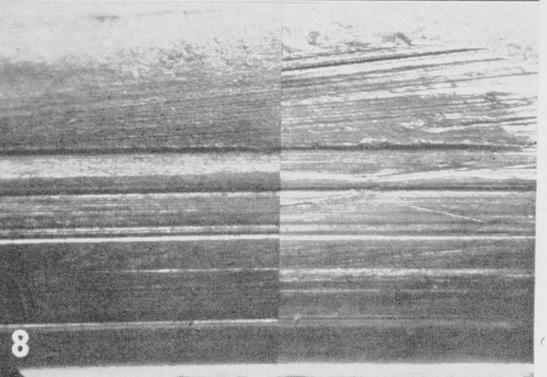
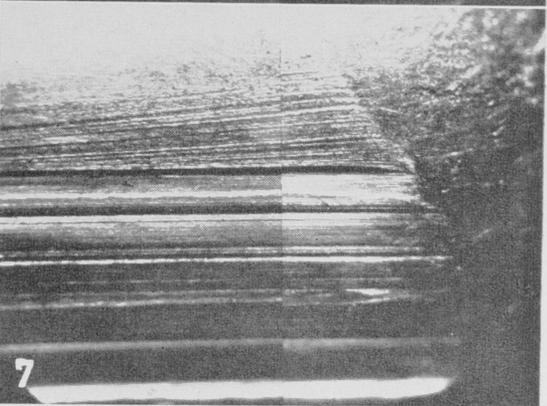
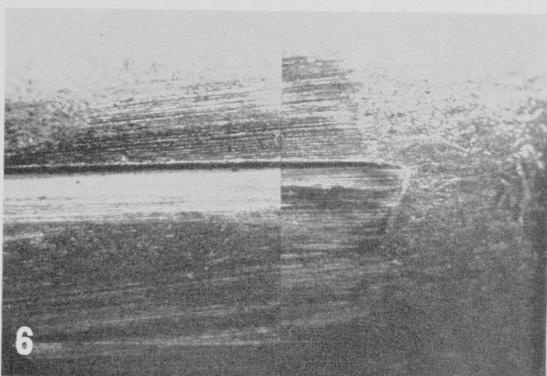
Next, schematic drawings were prepared (See photos 3, 4 and 5) to show the motion of the bullet from the full-depth seating in the unfired cartridge case through the chamber lead to the

full depth of rifling. These illustrate graphically the formation of "X" striae and the obliteration of some by land engraving as the bullet takes up full rotation.

Finally, the second pistol was test-fired and a number of tests recovered. Then the land in "12 o'clock" position at the muzzle was marked with a centre punch and further tests were fired and recovered. The centre-punch marks furnished a ready reference point for subsequent phases, and of course didn't interfere with the adjacent "X" striae. The barrel was then removed from the action and the marked land traced back to the lead. Characteristics were added to the free shoulder of the beginning of this tapered portion of the marked land. Still further tests were fired and recovered, and elements of that "X" striae group, upon being compared microscopically with the previous tests were found to be different. This procedure was repeated, adding, by means of a scribe, much coarser irregularities. Later tests showed even more pronounced and conspicuous additions and changes to the "X" striae elements of that group. Thus experimental work supplements and confirms the conclusions of other phases of this investigation. The progressive changes noted are illustrated in comparison photomicrographs 6, 7 and 8.

An interesting phenomenon is to be observed in the "X"-stria areas of recovered tests. These areas generally retain comparatively heavy powder residue deposits and have a blackened appearance. Of significance is the fact that the deposits overly the "X" striae, demonstrating a lack of further bore contacts and obturating effect in the "X" striae area in the bullet's subsequent passage down and out of the bore; if further bore contacts took place, they would be evidenced in deposit removal and further overlying or obliterating engravings at the angle of rifling.

THOUGH the experiments were made with semi-automatic (self-loader) pistols, the same factors and variables would be present in other types of weapon where the chamber is formed in the bore and jacketed bullets are employed. Modern weapon design, the jacketed ammunition requisite for automatic and semi-automatic forms of action, and the higher velocities, require that bullets be of greater than bore (land) diameter. Thus a bullet-seating chamber lead must be provided for forward of the seated cartridge case, and the conditions obtaining in the autopistol are repeated in such other weapons.





# R.C.M.P. File 1365 — The Connors Case

BY DONALD MULHOLLAND

*Producer, National Film Board*

**I**N THE classrooms of the R.C.M.P. barracks at Rockcliffe, Ont., one afternoon last winter, the atmosphere of studious calm was suddenly shattered by the prolonged and strident shriek of a police siren. Classes were disrupted as troubled lecturers left their pupils to find and quell the source of disturbance. Police students peered out of windows to see what was going on.

***Pictured above:***

The court-room scene, filmed in Regina with Hon. J. T. Brown, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, presiding. The lawyer at the right, standing with his back to the camera, is Mr. H. E. Sampson, K.C., of Regina.

A pumping engine appeared on the scene carrying lengths of fire hose, driven by a corporal who wanted to know where the fire was.

There was no fire. It appeared simply that the National Film Board was busy recording authentic sound effects for a motion picture—a mystery thriller direct from the files of the R.C.M.P.

On this occasion and on many others during the months of the film's preparation, the R.C.M.P. from the prairies to the Atlantic coast indulgently overlooked the disrupting element of the board's shooting team on location. Office personnel smiled bravely on finding their

premises turned inside out with desks and filing cabinets moved to make way for fathoms of snake-like electric cable, oversized arc lamps and sound cameras.

On locations as far apart as Calgary and Halifax many officers, N.C.O.s and men of the Force spent long hours on the set, first waiting until the precise placing and adjustment of lights, camera and sound were pronounced O.K., then patiently rehearsing and going through one "take" after another until at length director, cameraman and sound crew all were satisfied with the results.

It is to this excellent cooperation that a great part of the current success of *R.C.M.P. File 1365—The Connors Case* is due.

The film is proving a success, one is happy to note. To date it has been shown in more than 300 theatres across the country, and by the end of its run is expected to appear in over 700 all told throughout Canada. It is encouraging, also, that the critics have approved it widely, commending it not only as a thorough exposition of the modern efficient methods of R.C.M.P. criminal investigation but as a very good mystery thriller.

\* \* \*

**T**HE story is based on an actual case, which was augmented to some extent in order to bring before the theatre audiences a true conception of the wide resources of the Force.

Here is no one "master mind" tracking down the evil-doer, but rather a widely-spread team of individuals, each doing his job, each adding his scrap of information to the file of evidence. The Regina town station receives a worried phone call from a wife whose salesman

husband has not returned from a business trip, and the night constable on duty sets in motion a sequence of investigation that expands clear across the country, eventually to solve the mystery.

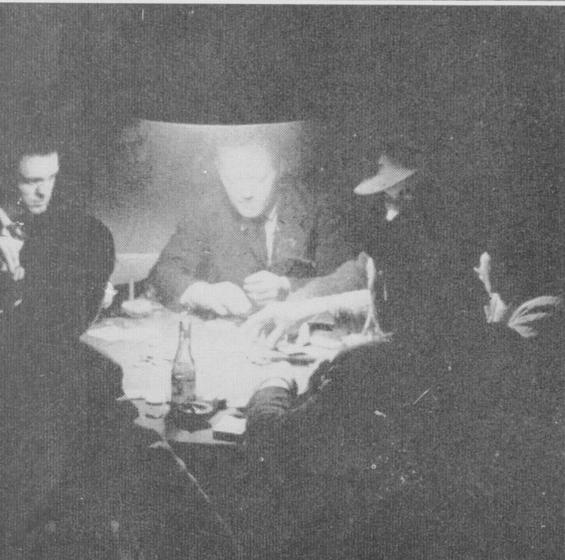
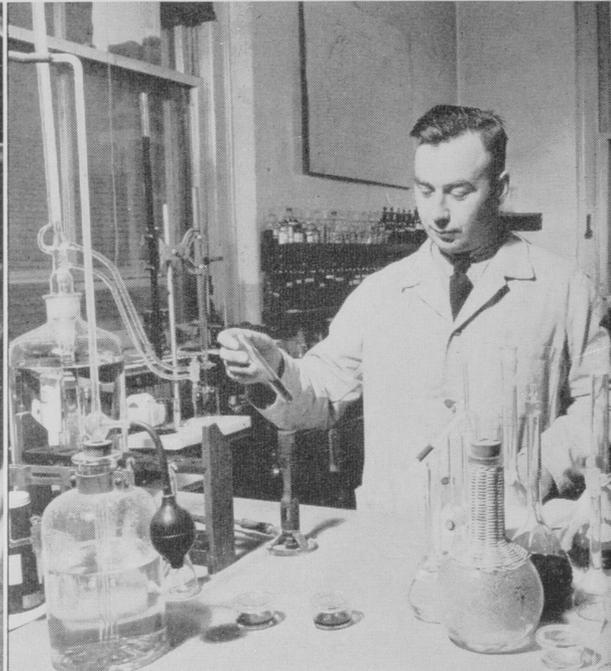
A telephone call to the R.C.M.P. in the area where the salesman was last seen; the questioning of a farmer who had just paid the salesman some hundreds of dollars for a new tractor; a chat with the Chinese proprietor of the cafe where the money changed hands; the description of a stranger who might have seen that money. . . .

In Winnipeg, a car with a Saskatchewan licence is found abandoned in a parking lot. Examination proves it to be that of the missing salesman, and close scrutiny reveals a thumb print on the rear-vision mirror just where a man might touch it to adjust it for his driving position. There is a bullet hole in the front seat, and in the trunk are found bits of straw and stains of dried blood. Caked and dried mud may afford some clue to where the vehicle has been in the time intervening since the first anxious phone call hundreds of miles away.

The lab and the finger-print experts go to work on the case. By the analysis of the dried mud, and the bits of rye straw found in the car, the body of the missing salesman is found—tracked to its resting place in a straw stack. The thumb print is identified and the chase is on, moving swiftly from the mid-West through Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal to Halifax and out onto the ocean.

In filming *File 1365*, many locations came into use. The crime-detection laboratory in Regina, the document

**The director of the current Canadian movie hit *R.C.M.P. File 1365*, who also wrote the script, reviews his handiwork and tells something of the vicissitudes its creation entailed.**



room in Rockcliffe, the Modus Operandi Section at R.C.M.P. Headquarters in the Justice Building, Ottawa. A restaurant on Laurier Avenue, Ottawa, became a small cafe on the prairies, and shooting was done between midnight and 7 a.m. to avoid interrupting business. A house in Hull, with an outside staircase, substituted for a similar place in Montreal. Queen Street in Toronto played itself, complete with City Hall clock.

The picture opens and closes in the Regina Court. For authenticity the camera crew went to Regina to shoot the sequences, their arrival there coinciding with the worst blizzard in the history of the city. The Reginans are not to be daunted by a little snow apparently, even when accompanied by high winds and sub-zero temperatures, for at the time appointed for shooting the required court-room scenes the "cast" arrived, eager to get on with the show.

Hon. J. T. Brown, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, appeared as presiding judge; Mr. E. H. Sampson, K.C., retired agent of the Attorney General of Saskatchewan, played the part of Crown counsel. The sheriff, the court clerk and the other court officials turned out, in addition to more than half a hundred Regina citizens, to provide an authentic crowded court-room atmosphere.

1. R.C.M.P. constable gets the complaint, and the search for a missing person is on.
2. Investigators on patrol receive instructions.
3. Insp. (now Supt.) C. W. Harvison peers into the murder car's luggage carrier and finds blood-stains and bits of straw which led to the discovery of the body.
4. In the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection laboratory, exhibits are tested and examined.
5. Gambling-dive scene that figured in the search for the murderer.
6. Interviewing a witness in a Montreal boarding-house to which the chase extended.

In that snow-bound city, the officers' mess at the barracks provided a haven of warm hospitality for the N.F.B. crew, a welcome relief after trying to get exterior shots in a below-zero blizzard where the film froze up and broke in the camera because of the extreme cold.

Weather conditions proved so bad for necessary exterior shooting that it was finally decided to move out to Calgary where the landscape presented a more normal winter appearance. A Beechcraft of the R.C.M.P. Aviation Section kindly obliged by flying this writer and the cameramen to the new location.

But when we got to Calgary a chinook wind had beaten us to it and lapped up every particle of snow! Calgary, a colourful winter scene the day previously, was now a city revelling in the glories of early spring! Who'd want to be in the movie business?

\* \* \*

SHOOTING the other end of the story, down on the edge of the Atlantic, also provided peculiar problems.

For one sequence, R.C.M.P.S. *MacBrien* is instructed by the Marine Division to overtake a certain merchant vessel which is on its way out to sea, and to take off the suspected murderer. To film this it was necessary to have the services of two R.C.M.P. boats, and also a freighter at sea. Now one can't ask a 10,000-ton merchantman just to take a few turns around the harbour while one takes pictures. The N.F.B. crew, then, had to stand by, along with the R.C.M.P. boats, ready to fit into the sailing schedule of a freighter outward bound for Britain.

The captain of the freighter was previously advised not to be unduly disturbed if he should find himself pursued by two R.C.M.P. "Commissioner" class patrol vessels. Finally, everything went off well, aside from a slight tendency to seasickness on the part of one or two

members of the N.F.B. movie team.

The climax of the show is reached in the shadowy darkness of the Halifax water-front, where harbour patrol craft, advised of the movements of the murder suspect, are efficiently checking one taxi boat after another, determined to run down their elusive quarry. At last one of the taxi boats, caught in the beam of a patrol boat's searchlight, makes a run for it and ducks in behind the looming shadow of a dockside warehouse.

A radio telephone call to the R.C.M.P. shore station brings a police car to the scene with siren screaming, and the

combined forces move in to capture the suspect.

For the film footage of these tricky sequences—the problems of lighting and sound in the large, dark areas of a water-front location are many—much credit is due the members of the R.C.M.P. land and marine divisions, who, on two successive nights, stood by for many chilling hours in the cheerless environment of a quayside warehouse. For their patience and cooperation, and that of all their fellow members in the Force who assisted in the making of *File 1365—The Connors Case*, many thanks.

### *The Connors Case*

A NUMBER of Fort Williamites had a brief glimpse of the way the Royal Canadian Mounted Police carries out its work—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The occasion was the private showing of a National Film Board moving picture, *The Connors Case*.

The movie reproduces the story about the murder of a Regina salesman, and reveals how the Mounted Police used laboratory facilities to locate the body, and how the Force, with few clues to work on, identified the murderer and traced his movements from Winnipeg to Montreal and Nova Scotia where he was finally caught.

A good purpose is served in the filming of this story. Ordinary citizens learn from it a great deal of information about the police organization which they support through taxes, and young men with criminal tendencies may gain from it a warning that the Canadian who breaks the law has a difficult time to keep his freedom.

A word should be said about the work done by the National Film Board in producing the picture. The photography is excellent and the story is unfolded smoothly and skilfully. *The Connors Case* seems to mark a new forward step by Canadian writers, actors and cameramen in the art of producing a good motion picture.

—Fort William *Daily Times Journal*.

### *The Fool and His Money*

IT is difficult to ooze sympathy for the young Windsor man who was "flim-flammed" out of \$1,000—his entire savings—the other day, by two men in a beer parlor. They had bet him \$100 he could not produce as much money as they in a prescribed period and then, on the pretext of counting it, ran off with the bankroll.

The victim's gullibility is even more amazing when it is recalled that two men in Toronto took \$900 from a Fort Erie youth by exactly the same technique scarcely a fortnight earlier.

Saddening as the experience must have been for the young men concerned, to the police it is only further proof of a fact they have known for a long time—it is impossible to write the law that will protect human nature against itself.

—Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

**ARE YOU A**

*"Wish-I-Could?"*



IT'S amazing how many times you hear "I wish I could smoke a pipe" . . . especially when the solution is so very simple. Having decided to smoke a pipe it's best to start off with a Burley tobacco. It will keep your tongue cool, and once you light up it stays lit.

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# SOME PRESS VIEWS

## Just Thugs

One of the influences that go to the making of criminals is the haze of glamour and romance which writers tend to throw about crime. The bad man is probably a mean and sordid thief, but he is called a bandit or a tough or a rodman or a gangster and emphasis is laid on his courage and resourcefulness. The result is that to the immature mind he becomes a hero.

If the criminal were only described as what he is—a fool, an idiot, a moron, a dunce, a simpleton, a blockhead—one who never reaps anything but grief from his illicit efforts—there would be less tendency on the part of youth to emulate him. Youth does not like to be made an object of ridicule.

Vancouver Province

## Police on the Job

The recent arrest of a 22-year-old criminal on charges of murdering two Winnipeg boys—one a year ago January, the other last September—under revolting circumstances, is fresh evidence of the value of police patience and the use of scientific instruments in the solution of “clueless” crimes. The story of the search for the murderer is as fascinating as the murders were horrible. Summarized from a statement issued by Chief Constable Charles McIvor of Winnipeg, it runs thus:

The body of the first victim, a 13-year-old-boy, was discovered in a Winnipeg coal yard on the morning of January 5, 1946. He had been assaulted and shot twice, dying instantly, the night before. Four inches of snow covered the ground, but a live shell and two cartridges were found.

Unless the type of gun used and the possibility of identification of the murder weapon could be established speedily, the police realized they would be unable to make an effective search. So a minedetector was borrowed from army stores in Winnipeg. As nails, scrap metal and bottle-tops were scattered profusely around the coal yard, the police first buried a sample of each, as well as a bullet, and tested the reaction of the mine detector. It was found that the bullet made a different sound, which speeded the search. Even then, it took three days before one of the bullets that had been fired into the victim was found.

It was sent to the R.C.M.P. laboratory at Regina, along with other material, and ballistics experts there decided that the gun from which it had been fired was a nine-millimetre Browning—one of ten different types of similarly calibred guns.

Confidential letters were sent immediately to every police department on the North American continent, describing the weapon. Every Browning registered in Winnipeg was located and test-fired and the bullets sent to Regina. Thousands of bullets, from almost every part of the country, were similarly sent to Regina and tested. None bore the markings of the fatal bullet.

Then, on September 18, another 13-year-old Winnipeg boy was murdered. He had been shot through the heart. The body was found in a muddy lane the morning after the crime had been committed. An empty nine-millimetre shell was found.

Again the army's mine detector was used, and after two days of patient work the wanted bullet was found, six inches beneath the surface of a nearby garden. The R.C.M.P. Regina laboratory reported it had been fired from the same gun that had been used in the January murder.

Little further progress was made until July 3, 1947, when Port Arthur notified Winnipeg that it was holding a young man on a robbery charge, that he had had a nine-millimetre Browning and a small memo book containing names and addresses of Winnipeg boys. The Port Arthur police were asked to test-fire the Browning and send three sample bullets. Regina reported they were from the same gun that had been used to murder the two Winnipeg boys.

The rest was routine. Vescio (the suspect) confessed to both murders.

Edmonton Journal

## Mrs. Tripe

A couple of radio gag writers concocted a best seller and will see a version on the screen when the book-of-the-month circulation has rung up the cash register enough.

This time the gags are on the Mounted Police. For *Mrs. Mike* is the coming fashion in booking. Here you can have bears, wolves, Indians, trappers, tepees, squaws, huskies, ice, snow and a happy ending for the dashing young redcoat—and the writers. Also there is a devastating epidemic and a mad trapper. It is most interesting to read the review of *Mrs. Mike* in the excellent R.C.M.P. *Quarterly*, regimental magazine of the Mounted Police. This is published at Ottawa. The police officer therein says:

“If such a person as Mrs. Mike, who we are led to believe as a widow in her late 50’s met the clever authors in California in 1945, ever told such a yarn, she certainly took her listeners in—and they in turn seem to have done likewise with countless readers. The book is wrongly named; its title should be ‘Mrs. Tripe’.”

Brandon Daily Sun

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**EDITORIAL . . .** Continued from page 200

The urge to set fires goes back to primordial times and its unsocial manifestation, known as arson, must be as old as the institution of property rights. This ancient crime usually is conceived and committed in secrecy, by its very nature **The Arson Problem** generally is one of the hardest to detect and solve. But, new techniques and aids are constantly being devised to thwart the arsonist and protect the innocent from blame.

As this magazine has emphasized before, the crime of arson ordinarily presents complications not encountered in other types of criminal investigation and often the investigator is helpless unless the incendiary is caught in the act or breaks down under questioning. Yet there are encouraging signs along police road. Not the least of these is evidence uncovered by crime detection laboratories and by police service dogs, both of which justify optimism that strides are being made in the right direction.

October’s *Quarterly* told of a pyromaniac convicted on evidence that rested largely on the actions of a police service dog which followed the suspect’s trail and placed him beyond doubt in the vicinity of the fires at the crucial time. In the current issue we tell of a rural policy holder who, possibly to collect insurance, touched off a string of farm buildings and was caught practically red-handed; while this case illustrates strongly the benefits of maintaining highway patrols, it is worth noting also that tests regarding the chemical and physical properties of certain exhibits were conducted in the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina, Sask.

Another recent case points up a moral we have tried to stress several times: the police must never imagine the significance of anything or take superficial appearances for granted, must not approach an investigation with preconceived ideas.

Last autumn a member of the Force investigating a complaint of alleged arson at a cottage in Nova Scotia found that the fire was certainly of mysterious origin. During the owner’s absence, the fire had apparently started on the floor of the back porch, burnt a hole right through it, then crept partially up and into an outside wall. Of three one-gallon glass bottles ranged in a semicircle at the edge of the hole in the porch floor, one had burst, another was intact with its cork loose, and the third had evidently had its stopper blown out by pressure. No loiterer had been seen near the premises, but a small piece of charred kindling wood with tinder-dry bark adhering to it was lying between two of the bottles. This stick along with other pieces of kindling had been in a cardboard box a few feet away, but when the police arrived the container and all the wood except for the single piece found had been reduced to ashes and fallen through the hole to the ground below.

The complainant said that before leaving the cottages in the morning he had put the bottles, which were filled with drinking water, together on the porch; also that his pet dog was playful and given to pulling things around in the porch. In the absence of any evidence that the fire had been deliberately set—indeed, it would have been much easier to put a torch to the place in various ways other than by burning a hole in the floor—, the investigator concluded after exhaustive inquiry that the fire was accidental in origin. The dog, he deduced, must have dragged the box of wood over behind the bottles and

the action of the sun's rays through the bottles of water started the blaze. Magnification had generated a heat that ignited the kindling and spread to the floor, but the flames were quenched to a smouldering state when the first bottle burst. Subsequently a test under similar conditions bore out this theory, and the provincial Fire Marshal's comment shows that the incident is not an isolated one. Such a case, he said, "is not unknown, and it is quite likely that the fire did occur through the focusing effect of sun's rays through the glass bottles. We have many records of fires starting in this way, particularly in shop windows and where there are defects or faults in the glass itself".

\* \* \* \* \*

For sheer stark tragedy there is no more lamentable incident in the hard story of our Canadian North than that which brought death to Mrs. Clay, wife of Reg. No. 4279 ex-S/Sgt. S. G. Clay whose name appears in our obituary column this issue. Mrs. Clay was only 32 when she died on Sept. 21, 1924, at Chesterfield Inlet, N.W.T., from the effects of a severe mauling by several vicious husky dogs. She had gone North to be with her husband, but in her darkest hour she was deprived of the comfort of his presence for at the time he was on patrol in the Thelon District many miles away.

In the attack, which took place two days earlier, she was knocked to the ground and her right leg had been shorn of all flesh from knee to ankle before the constable who rushed to her aid reached her. Suffering horribly, but quite conscious and remarkably calm, she was carried into the detachment building by the corporal in charge during the staff sergeant's absence.

Following a night of torture she begged to have her leg taken off. The plea could not be ignored for there was grave danger of gangrene setting in, but the circumstances faced the detachment personnel with a terrible decision. The nearest doctor was 1,000 miles away—it would take a month to bring him.

Mature consideration prompted the two policemen to ask a Roman Catholic missionary who had a little knowledge of medicine, and an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, to perform the operation. If the request were refused, they resolved to operate themselves. But the priest and the trader did not refuse, and while they hastily studied up on surgery the detachment members prepared the surgical instruments and dressings.

When everything was in readiness the four men grimly signed a statement, prepared by the corporal who, to use his own words, "assumed full responsibility". The document declared that the men considered amputation the only chance of saving the patient's life and that they seriously entertained hope of success.

The operation took about 20 minutes. Considering the circumstances it was skilfully done, and apparently a success. The patient rested easier and complained of no pain, was even cheerful. She spent a good night and during most of the next day seemed to be on the road to recovery. However, toward evening she suffered a relapse, sank into a coma from which it was impossible to rouse her, and died an hour before midnight.

Thus did a courageous woman, victim of a Fate that from time to time has breathed cruel destruction on the Force, bravely meet death hundreds of miles from the environment to which she belonged and far from the nearest of her sex or kin. Some years previously Mrs. Clay's personal and household effects were ruined in the sinking of an overloaded scow in the Athabasca river, but of course nobody saw in the vexatious and disheartening *contretemps* an omen of the frightful tragedy that was to befall her.

What a tower of strength the detachment man's wife has been, and is, to her policeman spouse! Mounted Police traditions rest heavily on her unpaid services and sacrifices. Hers often is a dull and laborious existence, compounded of hard work and acting in a semi-police capacity during her husband's absences. But it also is a story of shining heroism worthy of the richest passages of history, and the Force and Canada are in her debt.

The story is there, and some day an epic chapter is bound to be written and dedicated to those devoted Canadian women who, no less than their husbands, have builded, sometimes at the cost of their lives as Mrs. Clay's experience shows, the prestige and traditions of the Mounted Police.

# Old-timers' Column

## Bars and Grills

*Contributed by Reg. No. 3602, ex-Cst. G. E. Wills, 3618 St. Gaudens Road, Coconut Grove, 33, Florida.*

There are those who cannot look at a passing train without counting the cars while others cannot mount a flight of steps without estimating their number and then keeping count to see how nearly correct they had been. This habit is said to be a sort of disease. If it is, I must be slightly ill for whenever I find myself in a crowd whether it be in a hotel lobby, in a railroad station or car, in a club or even in a church I find myself looking around and making an estimate of the probable number of people present who have served some time in jail.

I do not specify ex-convicts; my surveys include everybody who at one time or another has had to pay the penalty for any offence from the breaking of a minor traffic regulation to grand larceny or murder. I do not recommend the practice for it is footless and there is never an answer anyway. However, in self-defence let me hasten to add that I came honestly by the habit for, at the turn of the century, I was a constable in the old North West Mounted Police and on duty at Calgary, then headquarters of "E" Division of that day.

In accordance with standard routine it sometimes was necessary for me to take my turn on guard or picquet duty. Occasionally I would be senior constable in charge in the absence of a non-commissioned officer. When on guard duty a constable had charge of prisoners during the day, while the picquet had charge of the guard-house, stables, etc. during the night. In this way I had many opportunities to see and to study at close range the many curious characters, flotsam and jetsam of humanity, that drifted about the old Northwest Territories.

For the most part an uninteresting lot of drunks and half-breeds locked up for minor offences, there were sometimes found among them men of an entirely different stamp—remittance men whose cheques had failed to arrive, students, continentals putting up a front and pretending with spurious indignation to be outraged at the indignities Fate had thrust upon them, and occa-

sionally one of those vague individuals, difficult to classify, who used to wander about the Western States and sometimes over into Canada. Life was not easy for any of them, while for some it was so grimly difficult, so grotesquely unfair, that in my capacity of armed guard I sometimes felt embarrassed.

Winter nights were long in those northern latitudes; you had plenty of time for reflection and your thoughts frequently led you up strange alleys from some of which there was no outlet. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I fell into the habit that has followed me ever since and now bids fair to remain with me indefinitely as I coast down the far side of the hill.

I recall an incident that occurred a year or two ago at the Pandanus Club in Palm Beach which I think all will agree is a far cry in time and space from the guard-room in Calgary in the year 1900. I had been asked to join a dinner-party by a Palm Beach friend and in the afternoon had motored up from my home in Coconut Grove. It was a beautiful, warm evening



Reg. No. 3602 ex-Cst. G. E. Wills.

in January and from where I sat I could look over the crowd of happy people dining and dancing while on one side the palm trees in the garden stirred gently in the soft breeze from off the Gulf Stream. Most of our party had left the table to dance and it was not unreasonable that, being for the moment almost entirely alone at the table, I should fall into my wonted habit.

In fact, the idea was distinctly in my mind when I found myself looking into the eyes of a man similarly left alone at an adjoining table. The intensity of his gaze was a little disturbing, the more so as I was totally unable to account for it. However, I believe I met it calmly enough. How long we would have continued to stare at one another I cannot say. Fortunately, we were interrupted by a returning couple and I rose to claim a partner.

But when in due course we returned to the table, I found myself again looking into the eyes of the stranger. It seemed to me by this time that there was something in his look suggestive of fear or apprehension or at least anxiety and I was puzzled. A little later he left his table and moved to a point of vantage slightly to my rear from which he could continue to study me, as he thought, unobserved. I was able to follow his movements by turning my face squarely to the lady at my side instead of merely inclining my head toward her while listening to what she was saying.

There was no interruption in our conversation and she was quite unaware of what was taking place. The man was standing, partly concealed, behind a sort of iron grill in front of which were potted palms, and as he stood there I was conscious of his scrutiny. Finally, obeying some impulse, I turned and faced him, and as I did so he brought his hands up from his sides and grasped the bars of the grill, one on either side of his face. This action brought to a focus, sharp and clear, the formless shadows that had been weaving about in my mind and I saw the man's face not as through the bars of a grill in the Pandanus Club but as through the two bars which, as all old Mounted Policemen will recall, were in the little openings in the cell doors of all guard-rooms.

What the man's name was or why he had been locked up I had long since for-

gotten and I had no desire to refresh my memory now. Eventually he returned to his table and I devoted myself entirely to the amenities of the occasion, to my host and fellow guests, at the same time concluding as I looked over the select gathering that the proportion of those present who had been under lock and key was not less than the one per cent I was now sure of.

Later, the party over, in the quietness of my room, I reviewed the events of the evening and the half-forgotten scenes in the old guard-room so unexpectedly recalled. I asked myself as I sat on the edge of my bed if I had acted fairly in not speaking to the man. It would have been an easy matter for me to have met him. Would it not have been a kind act if I had taken him aside and said, "See here, old man, you're wondering where you met me and you're worried so I'll tell you. It was in the old Mounted Police guard-room in Calgary long ago. You can't place me because I was in uniform. I've forgotten all about it and you had better forget it too?"

However, after careful consideration it seemed to me that I had no reason to reproach myself. Whatever the nature of the crime he had committed the man had paid the price the law demanded and he was quits with society. If, though, he was fearful lest a knowledge of his past prejudice him in the surroundings in which I later found him, that was his affair and it was not for me to help him build up any false confidence in the curtain of time which so many have realized is of the sheerest gossamer. I hadn't liked the look in his eye, and for all I knew he might have been in jail a dozen times after I first saw his face through the bars of his cell. Concluding, I hope rightly, that I had not made a mistake, I put the light out and went to sleep.

### Sheriff McCarthy Retires

Upon his stepping down from the post of sheriff at Melfort, Sask., with nearly half a century of notable public service in various spheres of community life behind him, Reg. No. 3749, ex-Sgt. Donald James McCarthy of the Force was paid high tribute from the bench.

It was on June 28, 1900, at Sherbrooke, Que., that Mr. McCarthy engaged in the

January, 1948]

North West Mounted Police, and while in the Force he was stationed at many points in the area now covered by the prairie provinces, including Lethbridge (Alta.), and Regina, Lloydminster and Battleford (Sask.). He was a member of the escort that accompanied His Excellency Lord Minto from Prince Albert to Qu'Appelle in 1901, and during the next two years was part of the International Boundary Patrol south of Winnipeg and active in collecting timber dues in the bush near Emerson, Man.

His promotion in the Force was comparatively quick, for he was made corporal on Apr. 1, 1903, and sergeant Jan. 1, 1905. Two years later he became acting sergeant major of old "C" Division with headquarters at Battleford. When his term of engagement expired on June 27, 1907, he took his discharge from the R.N.W.M.P. and was appointed Homestead Inspector for the Department of Interior, Dominion Lands and Crown Timber, with his office at Lloydminster.

Democracy, it is sometimes said, too often lacks appreciation of its servants, is slow to acknowledge its debt to them. Though, probably the oversight is unintentional, everyone, it seems, is so wrapped up in his own affairs that he has little time left for others, and in the rush of daily events we thoughtlessly seldom express the sentiment in our heart for a deserving fellow man. There are countless former members of the Force living in obscurity today who have inspiring records that nobody ever hears about, and though it may be a digression to do so in this piece *The Quarterly* extends a "Hail and Farewell" to them all on behalf of their comrades who are still serving.

Text of the part of the Court record at Melfort of Oct. 9, 1947, which refers to Sheriff McCarthy's retirement from office, follows:

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE W. G. ROSS: "Before we go on with the business of the Court I want to mark an event in the life of one of the oldest, most colourful public servants in this province. I refer to the early retirement of Sheriff D. J. McCarthy of Melfort.

"What I have to say now, will be said on behalf of His Lordship the Chief Jus-



**Reg. No. 3749 ex-Sgt. D. J. McCarthy.**

tice of this Court and on behalf of the associate Judges of the Court.

"D. J. McCarthy was born on that little island on the Atlantic coast of Canada, Prince Edward Island. After teaching school there for a few years, he gave in to the glamour of service with the old North West Mounted Police, in the year 1900, first under Commissioner Herchmer and later under Commissioner Perry—two of the historical greats in that world famous force. Early duties took him into the escort of Lord Minto, when he travelled over the West to visit the battle grounds of the Riel Rebellion of 1885. He served at Moosomin, Saskatchewan, for some time and many the pleasant hour I have had discussing those fine old pioneers of that area, who came from the Crofters Islands of Scotland to make new homes for themselves in this province. He knew Connington Manor, a settlement between Moosomin and Arcola, where sons of some of the fine old families of England perpetuated in the new land fox hunting, horse racing, cricket, football and sports of all kinds. Many the story I have listened to among those from that settlement where the cricket games opened on a Saturday and finished a week or ten days thereafter. In fact they did not finish

until the contestants could see at least three balls and three bats in action at the one wicket at the same time.

"After Moosomin, our good friend saw service in the boundary line area of the Lake of the Woods, and at Coutts and Writing on Stone in Alberta, rounding up the numerous cattle thieves of that day.

"He was an escort of the Duke of York, later His Majesty King George V. Later still, he was chosen as one of the 25 members of the Force to attend the coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII. He had police charge of the trek of the Barr colonists from Saskatoon to Lloydminster in 1904. Nineteen hundred and six found him as "O.C." Lloydminster Detachment. In 1907 he took his discharge and entered the Dominion Civil Service as a homestead inspector. In 1912 he was doing extension work for the telephone department of the Alberta Government. Back to Saskatchewan in 1913, he joined the Saskatchewan Civil Service as local registrar of this Court at Scott. In 1932 he came to Melfort as deputy local registrar and sheriff. In 1936 he was appointed registrar at Melfort, where he has now concluded his career of 50 years as a public servant. In Melfort he has been a tower of strength and a tireless worker in Red Cross, Canadian Legion, recruiting and in every worth-while civil movement you have had.

"As this is the last Court at which he will serve, His Lordship the Chief Justice and my colleagues join with me in doing honour to his uprightness in public office, his skill and unfailing courtesy in handling his part in the business of the Courts and above all his record of achievement and stern sense of duty as a pioneer citizen of Saskatchewan.

"Sheriff McCarthy, everyone who knows you through the length and breadth of this vast prairie land hopes that you will enjoy many years of happy life in your retirement from active service."

EDITOR'S NOTE: With profound regret *The Quarterly* records that Mr. Justice Ross, 59, of the Saskatchewan Court of King's Bench died on Jan. 13, 1948.

HIS HONOUR JUDGE L. T. MCKIM: "It is an honour to be asked to say a word on the retirement of such a distinguished public servant as Sheriff McCarthy. When I was appointed to this Judicial District I knew

right away that I would have to learn a new profession; it is like learning a new trade. I had been practising law for over 35 years, yet I knew there would be a great many things in connection with acting as a Judge which I would have to learn and when I came to Melfort and met Sheriff McCarthy I was delighted to find here a man who had had such a long service as sheriff and local registrar because I could learn a great deal from him. I am going to miss him and I am going to have to go to his home occasionally and to ask him questions as to how something should be done. I know he is not going to mind me coming up to his house to ask him how the Judges have handled a certain thing.

"I have only been a Judge two years and there are a lot of things I have to learn yet. I found Sheriff McCarthy was a man who had a great grasp of all these things and I wasn't long in finding out that he was very fair and used good judgment. He didn't get excited. When things came into his hands, because of his long experience, he knew how they should be handled. He handled them humanely so as to exercise his powers properly and at the same time with mercy and with care. He didn't cause any hardship that wasn't absolutely necessary.

"I am glad to know that Sheriff McCarthy and his wife will remain here. Everything His Lordship said about him you know is true. He has been a great man in this community, especially as you know in connection with the war veterans and the Canadian Legion and I wish to join His Lordship in saying I wish him and Mrs. McCarthy a long life and good health in the enjoyment of his retirement and in saying this, My Lord, I know that if the District Court Judges had been together they would have wanted me to express their opinion and the good wishes of all of them to Sheriff McCarthy."

SHERIFF MCCARTHY'S REPLY: "My Lord, Your Honour, Judge McKim:

"I am somewhat embarrassed, and I really should blush at the kind words you have said if I had not lost that art. I have for a great many years, as you enumerated, sat at the feet of some of the most brilliant men belonging to the Court of King's Bench and I could not very well help but

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absorb some of the learning that was showed upon me at that time. They are fittingly described as the first citizens of this great province of ours and I have at all times received kindness and courtesy, but never any greater amount than from you, My Lord. I certainly thank you, and I could not go out into a life of inactivity under more pleasant surroundings; I suppose that I ought to plead guilty to the charge and I hope I may be allowed on my own parole after the 14th of October. I expect I will not appear before you again unless it might be in some other capacity and should that happen I hope that I have made enough friends in the bar to support me if that is necessary. I thank you very much."

### A Fine Policeman

Prompted by deep admiration and a friendship of long standing for Reg. No. 3120, ex-S/Sgt. Joseph Dubuque, a *Quarterly* reader who prefers to remain anonymous "because I fear my dear old friend might resent my intrusion" wrote us enough

about him to warrant further research. "I well remember", he says "the justice of the peace at Montmartre, Sask., sending an SOS in 1908 over the telegraph lines to Sergeant Dubuque at Indian Head when two freight jumpers had fired several shots at the rural municipal constable at Candiac—a station just east of Montmartre. Pending Dubuque's arrival a posse was organized which trapped the two desperadoes in one of the many poplar bluffs that dot the region. Upon his arrival the sergeant fearlessly approached the bluff on foot and returned the fire when the criminals started blazing away at him. Finally one of his shots split a poplar tree against which the wanted men were leaning and they quickly hoisted the white flag. . .".

"Just identify me", concludes our correspondent, "as a friend of 40 years; this could mean any one of dozens of lawyers, doctors, clergymen and merchants who knew him on the Western plains as the faithful capable peace officer that he was. Something about him in *The Quarterly* may

inspire similar reports on other old-timers whose records should now see the light of day, if only for the edification of the younger members of the Force and the satisfaction of the magistrates and other officials who knew them on active duty."

Well, an appeal like that just can't be ignored so we looked into the matter and the results, though quite superficial, are so interesting that we believe all readers of *The Quarterly* would like to share them.

After a few months as a special constable Dubuque was taken on the strength of the North West Mounted Police as a constable on Jan. 17, 1896, at Regina, N.W.T. Misfortune dogged him in the opening years of his service. In the spring of 1897 he was confined to hospital with a severe attack of fever. Then on Christmas day of the same year, while still regaining his vigour after his recent illness, his horse, a powerful and excitable mount fresh from three days of inactivity, reared up and fell backward on top of him and he was caught under the saddle as the animal rolled over.

At the time the 22-year-old constable was on his way from his detachment at Willow Bunch (Sask.) to a ranch in the district with a police cheque to pay for some potatoes. He stopped for dinner at a farmhouse en route and, after the meal, had gone only about 50 yards when the painful mishap occurred. Unconscious, he was carried inside, and a non-practising doctor was summoned from a ranch six miles away and ministered to his injuries until the arrival of Reg. No. 2880, S/Sgt. L. Watson, M.D., C.M., hospital steward from Wood Mountain on the evening of the next day. Recovery was slow, and it wasn't until February, 1898, that he was able to hobble about on a crutch. However in the following month he was returned to Willow Bunch Detachment where being stationed alone he soon was again doing a great deal of riding, principally in connection with his customs work and duties arising out of his appointment as Crown Timber Agent.

During the summer he was posted to the Yukon where he served for two years. When his time expired on Jan. 16, 1901, he took his discharge at Whitehorse but re-engaged on April 30 of the same year.

Back in the District of Assiniboia, he was promoted corporal June 19, 1903, and

the Officer Commanding Regina District, in his recommendation in that respect said of Dubuque that he was, without doubt, "one of the best policemen I have ever had under my charge".

High praise this, but commendations from all sides during his later service were to show Dubuque as a man of exceptional ability and energy who in the performance of his duties won the esteem of his superior officers and the respect and admiration of those who worked or were associated with him. In October, 1903, for example, Reg. No. 1336, S/Sgt. J. F. "Doc" Stewart, a well-known member who in later years gained fame as a prairie missionary and rector of the Church of England in Britain (see obituary 8 R.C.M.P.Q. 358), reported:

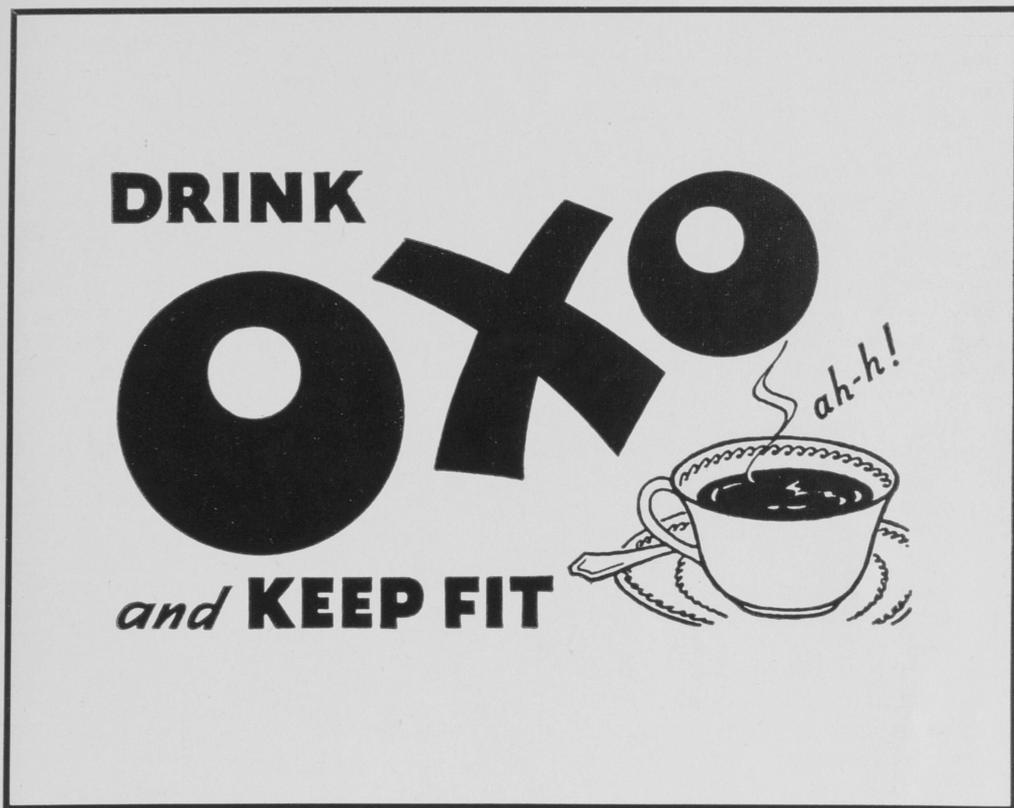
"The foreman of the jury at the inquest held on the prisoner who died in hospital on October 24 desires that I forward their appreciation of the conduct of Corporal Dubuque in this case. Dubuque has impressed the jury-men as having taken great pains to acquire full information of the occurrence and the history and habits of the deceased, and he gave his evidence in a clearer and more concise manner than they usually receive such".

Dubuque saw service at old Fort Qu'Appelle, in historic Qu'Appelle valley, several years before the railway was built from Regina to Yorkton. From there he patrolled the country to the north for some 80 miles and 30 miles east and west. This extract from an inspection report dated May 21, 1904, tells something of how well he handled the detachment:

"I have much pleasure in bringing to your notice the first-class condition I found everything in at Fort Qu'Appelle. Corporal Dubuque is a most efficient N.C.O. in every way. Things could not have been in better shape".

Nothing succeeds like success, they say, and it is not surprising that on Jan. 1, 1905, we find Dubuque promoted sergeant. Then in charge of the busy district of Indian Head on the main line, he made many arduous patrols in the succeeding eight years, for his detachment area was an extensive one that reached the Qu'Appelle valley to the north, and Odessa, Francis, Fillmore and Montmarte to the south-west.

Commr. A. Bowen Perry (now residing at Vancouver, B.C.) promoted him to the rank of staff sergeant on Apr. 1, 1908, "for



good services rendered". "I have frequently commended him", the Commissioner remarked at the time, "for his success in serious cases of crime. His ability, energy, understanding and knowledge of his duties demand recognition".

In 1913 Dubuque was transferred from Indian Head to Regina for plain-clothes duty. As a detective he played a prominent part in innumerable cases of a widely varied nature, some of which took him far afield, and for his work in one investigation received a monetary award "for meritorious service". However, most of his career was cast in an era when the saddle horse was still the principal mode of transportation, and exposure to driving rains, blizzards and poor accommodation was a routine part of a Mounted Policeman's existence. When he retired to pension on Apr. 28, 1917, it was with an Exemplary Conduct Certificate, which is the highest rating obtainable,

and the Commissioner was moved to say: "He has been a most valuable member of the Force".

Mr. Dubuque now lives with his wife in their neat little cottage at 636 East 47th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., a humble man who takes as a matter of course the role he and his comrades took in maintaining the law and keeping the West safe for law-abiding citizens. Men like ex-Staff Sergeant Dubuque are speedily forgotten once they recede into complete retirement such as he has done, their deeds too little known to the general public. Yet justices of the peace in southern Saskatchewan still recall Dubuque's devotion to duty and ability as a policeman. And in lonely farm homes where he took refuge at nights while on patrols old-timers are wont to recall in glowing terms "the good sergeant".

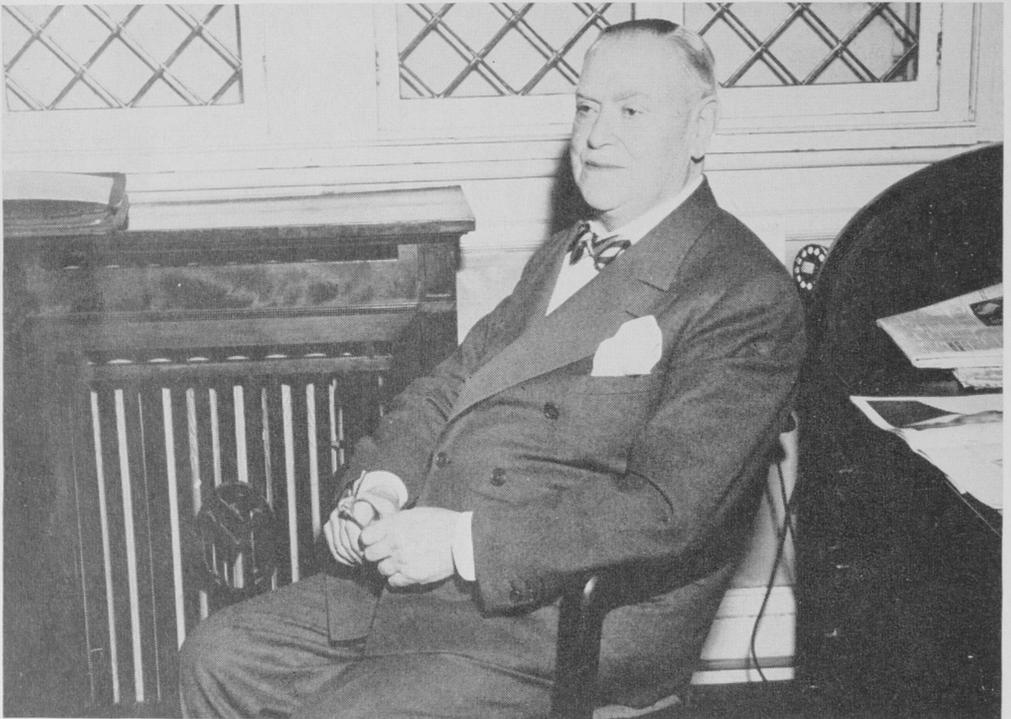
All the best to Mr. and Mrs. Dubuque in their retirement.

### Inquiries re

R.C.M.P. Headquarters has an inquiry from Mr. Thomas W. Hollies of 377 Fell St., San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A., who wants information that might lead to the present whereabouts of two of his uncles or their descendants. One of the uncles is Reg. No. 263 ex-Sub-Cst. John Hollies, a member of the N.W.M.P. from May 24, 1875, to May 24, 1878, the other, Edward Hollies, was an instructor in mathematics at Boston University. Ex-Sub-Constable Hollies took his discharge from the Force at Fort Macleod

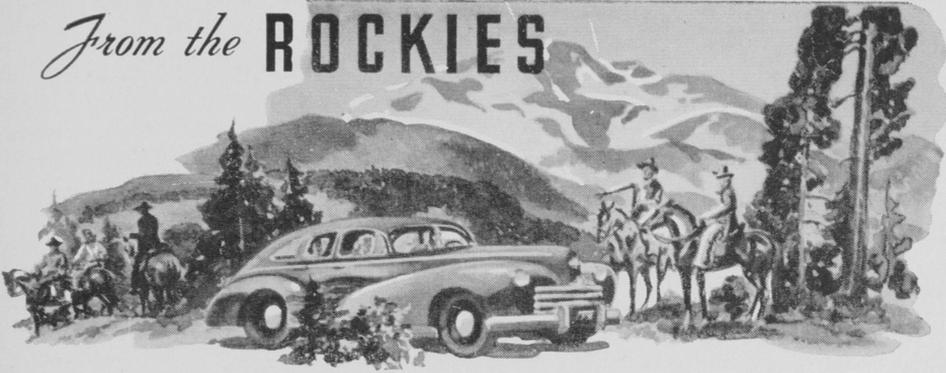
(Alta.) and gave his intended address as care of J. F. Foster, barrister, Halifax, N.S. At the time he was 25 years old and described as being 5 ft. 8½ ins. tall, grey eyes, and dark hair and dark complexion.

The inquirer admits that his letter represents "a big order", but then goads us to action with the remark "the Mounties always get their man". The get-your-man slogan apart, we genuinely would like to oblige him, and if anyone has information regarding the missing Messrs. Hollies or their relatives it would be appreciated if he would send it to the Commissioner.

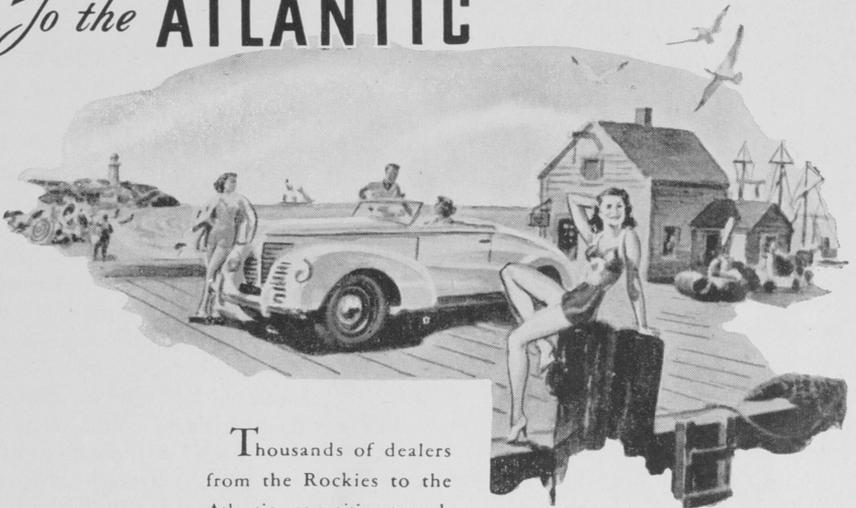


The genial personality pictured here will be recognized by many as Reg. No. 2908, ex-S/Sgt. W. C. (Nick) Nichols who served in the N.W.M.P. for six years from June 1, 1893. Widely known among old-timers as the smart drill instructor who put them through their paces as recruits at "Depot", Nick, being a disciplinarian, was also a member of the regimental band at Regina and responsible for the bandmen's conduct. He says the exigencies of the band demanded that he carry a musical instrument—a leaky old tenor horn which blended well with his figure served the purpose and he played it with zest until someone jammed an issue sock down its bell. Mr. Nichols for years has been vice-president of The Miller Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn., which like the Force was founded in 1873 and thus this year celebrates its 75th birthday. *The Northwestern Miller*, the company's chief publication, is a weekly trade journal devoted to the milling industry which it is directing editorially through the present world food crisis with an old veteran's calm. Though more than proud of his firm's achievements Nick says, "Had I my life to live over again, I'd join the Force and stay to the bitter end; it's a fine life made up of good men, and its training is 'my religion'".

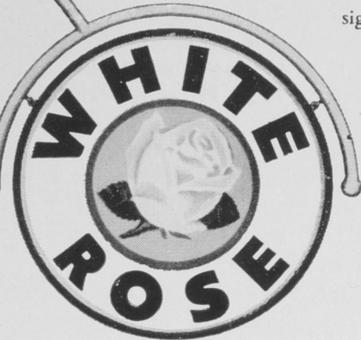
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## BOOK REVIEWS—By J. C. Martin, K.C.

ETERNAL LAWYER, by Robert N. Wilkin. The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 241. \$3.

No doubt there are many people to whom it will come as a surprise to learn that a biography of Cicero can be interesting. Generations of students making their pedestrian translations of his orations, without adequate knowledge of the setting and circumstances in which he spoke, are not likely to have any high regard for his memory. Yet even to read after two thousand years, the extracts quoted in this book have a persuasive quality, and one can readily believe that the orations would have a powerful effect when their content was backed by the force and charm of Cicero's personality.

Judge Wilkin's chief concern, however, is to show Cicero as the advocate and citizen playing a prominent role in the legal and political life of Rome, Cicero has been accused of political "trimming", but the account given here makes it clear that often, as in his prosecution of Cataline, he displayed great courage in his handling of cases which, in the disturbed state of the times, were politically dangerous. Again, he was caught in the political rivalries of Julius Caesar, Mark Antony and Pompey, and he learned bitterly what it was to be a popular idol one day and an exile the next.

As a lawyer (and even in his personal relations) Cicero's vanity and sarcasm made enemies for him, but he had a high sense of honour and integrity, and his practice of law was advocacy at its best. The author makes the most of this aspect of his subject's career, and if at times he takes the occasion to moralize upon it, his doing so only emphasizes his own high conception of the function of the legal profession.

Judge Wilkin has brought much research to bear upon the preparation of his book. This is attested by the 11 pages of notes and bibliography which are appended to the text. Yet he has shown himself to be much more than a black-letter scholar, for he has succeeded in presenting Cicero as an interesting personality whose virtues and faults were on the grand scale.

HOWE & HUMMEL, by Richard H. Rovere, with introduction by Judge James Garrett Wallace. Oxford University Press, Toronto. Pp. 190. Illustrated. \$3.

This book is well sub-titled "Their true and scandalous history", for, as we find in *Eternal Lawyer*, an account of the practice of law at its best and noblest, here we see it at its worst. No shyster trick was unknown to Howe & Hummel, nor was any beneath them.

William F. Howe was English-born, and before leaving England he had been a ticket-of-leave man. He came to New York in 1859, and not long afterwards set up in practice as a lawyer. His rise was rapid, his practice shady but lucrative, and, despite his lack of scruple, he dominated the New York bar, especially on the criminal side, almost until his death in 1902. He personally appeared for more than 650 persons indicted for murder or manslaughter.

In 1869 he formed a partnership with Abraham H. Hummel, a youth of German-Jewish parentage who had first come into his employ as an office-boy. It was after this that the practice reached its most successful depths. Amongst other activities, Hummel developed a blackmail department which was so effective that the late Arthur Train could write that "An invitation to call at the offices of Howe & Hummel usually brought the recipient running at full speed and bathed in perspiration". Apart from the firm's more overt practice it was thought that the partners were the real brains of the underworld of their era, but their best years ended with Howe's retirement in 1900. Hummel carried on for some years, but after an epic four-year struggle with William Travers Jerome, the famous District Attorney, he was landed in the penitentiary in 1907. After his release he left the United States, and died in London in 1926.

Although Howe had no qualms over the use of any method to win a case, he was credited with a genuine and comprehensive knowledge of criminal law and was one of two men who made a codification of the laws relating to crimes which was afterwards enacted in the Penal Code of New York. Perhaps his most sensational case was that in which one "Handsome Harry" Carlton was convicted of the murder of a

policeman. That was in December, 1888. Howe contended that Carlton could not be sentenced because, by the Electrical Death Penalty Law, the Legislature had abolished hanging as of June 4, 1888, and had provided that electrocution was to begin on Jan. 1, 1889. The judge agreed, and the prospect of an "open season" for murder was so disconcerting that the authorities were put to some trouble to allay public uneasiness. However, it was held on appeal that "the intent of the Legislature, no matter how awkwardly expressed, had not been to declare a Borgian holiday". In the result "Handsome Harry swung in the Tombs courtyard a few days after Christmas. He was the last man to hang there".

The book is interesting throughout, entertaining and, in a negative way, instructive. It should not be left without special mention of the back-drop against which Mr. Rovere unfolds his story. This is the urbane and polished introduction in which Judge Wallace has sketched a colourful period in a most engaging way, and which he concludes with the observation that "folks in those days didn't know they had a 'way of life'. They just lived". One wonders if the 30 years or so which ended on Aug. 4, 1914, were not indeed The Golden Age.

**THE STORY OF THE F.B.I.**, by the Editors of *Look Magazine*, with introduction by J. Edgar Hoover. Smithers & Bonellie, Toronto. Pp. 278 and index. Illustrated. \$4.50.

It was in 1907 that the Attorney General of the United States called to the attention of Congress the fact that the Department of Justice had "no permanent investigative force under its immediate control". Previously the Secret Service, which operates under the Treasury Department, had come to the assistance of the Department of Justice on occasion, but legislation stopped this practice. Through these circumstances the Federal Bureau of Investigation had its beginning—a small one which was rendered quite inadequate by the outbreak of the First Great War and the consequent activities of German agents in the United States.

With the return of peace there came a great increase in the bold and carefully-

planned depredations of gangsters and their ilk, and their widespread crimes demanded the exercise of authority beyond that vested in the law enforcement agencies of the several states. Thus the Bureau grew until in 1939 it was faced again with the responsibility of combatting espionage and sabotage. "Special Agent personnel", says Mr. Hoover, "necessarily increased from 851 men to more than six times that number", and the whole personnel rose to a total of 14,300.

This great force fulfils two functions. "First, as a fact-finding agency, it investigates violations of Federal laws and presents its findings to the Attorney General, his assistants and the United States Attorneys, who decide whether those involved are to be brought to trial. Second, as a service agency, the F.B.I. aids law enforcement in identification, technical, training and record matters." The reader will notice that similar functions are performed by the R.C.M.P. in Canada, notably the giving of technical and other assistance to other agencies.

The book contains a good deal of text descriptive of the exacting methods used in selecting and training the G-men, but it is largely a picture book. There are more than 300 illustrations which unfold the stories of some of the Bureau's most famous cases—of Dillinger, for example, of "Ma" Barker and of the Brady gang. However, most interesting to this reader is the story of its wartime activities in rounding up German agents and saboteurs, and Japanese agents such as Velvalee Dickinson, "the Doll Woman".

Altogether, but particularly in the concluding chapter on "The Bureau's Role in the Future", this book is a fine piece of "public relations" work, and the Editors of *Look* are to be congratulated upon the success of their graphic method of presentation. Mr. Hoover is no less to be congratulated, not only upon the introduction, which he has written with modesty and yet with justifiable pride, but also upon the "fidelity, bravery and integrity", (to quote its motto) of the "We" organization of which he is the distinguished director.

CHICAGO MURDERS, edited by Sewell Peaslee-Wright.

DENVER MURDERS, edited by Lee Casey.

SAN FRANCISCO MURDERS, edited by Joseph Henry Jackson.

LOS ANGELES MURDERS, edited by Craig Rice.

CHARLESTON MURDERS, edited by Beatrice St. J. Ravenel.

Wm. Collins Sons and Co. Ltd., Toronto. \$3 per volume.

These are volumes II, III, IV, V and VII of the Regional Murder Series of which Marie F. Rodell is the general editor.

This series will inevitably challenge comparison with the British series of famous English and Scottish trials since the subject-matter is largely the same. However, in the method of treatment there is little basis for comparison. The experienced detective and the aspirant desirous of becoming one will find little here to instruct him—indeed it may be that modern scientific methods, had they been available, would have solved some of the cases which remain unsolved.

On the other hand, instruction is not the purpose of these volumes. That purpose, quite frankly, is to entertain, and it is difficult to resist the temptation to quote Abraham Lincoln's famous endorsement that "Those who like this sort of book will find this just the sort of book they like". In many of the cases which are recorded, the accounts have been written by authors who are firmly established in the field of detective fiction, itself a well-defined branch of contemporary literature which has many devotees, and these writers have followed the back-to-front method of narration which is an accepted principle of their craft.

Taken collectively, the stories provide a strange commentary on human frailties and motivations. The early career of Neil Thomas Cream, who left the United States to follow his murderous proclivities in England, is to be found in the Chicago volume. Avarice, malice and sexual passion pervade the stories with many variations, from the fatuity of the "Winner" case to the incredible horrors of the case of H. H. Holmes. If any serious lesson is to

be drawn from these volumes it is that they emphasize the need of closer rapprochement between psychiatry and the law.

If you are an addict of the murder mystery, these stories are sure to interest you.

THE MURDERED AND THE MISSING, by Armstrong Livingston and Capt. John G. Stein. Smithers & Bonellie, Toronto. Pp. 238. \$3.

This is an account of the work of the Missing Persons Bureau in New York and incidentally of the career of Captain Stein who commanded it until he retired after 40 years of police service.

While it cannot be said that the book is well written, its defects are more than offset by the interest and value of its material. The cases range from the gruesome to the humorous, as, for example that of the missing husband who said "Captain, if that's amnesia, I love it". Not all missing persons are corpses or fugitives from justice; there are pathetic cases of young people trying to escape home surroundings which are unsympathetic or otherwise disagreeable, and such cases, it appears, are handled with broadly humane understanding.

The book serves a worthy purpose in making known something of the work of an institution which has shunned publicity but deserves to be better known. Captain Stein's own attitude does him much credit. He has summed it up in a few words: "This is a job that can help people". Again, referring to a remark that the bureau itself is bigger than any man who commands it, he says "I'll say it is! I realized the fact about nine minutes after I took over, and was reminded of it almost daily during the next nine years". That is a consideration which might not occur to a man of small mind, and it is the reason why the word "incidentally" is used in the first paragraph of this review.

Altogether, the book is one which will interest not only police readers, but general readers as well.

WILDCAT CARTRIDGES, by Richard F. Simmons, with introduction by Harvey F. Donaldson. McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 316 and index. Illustrated. \$5.75.





*Above:* Gun-carriage about to receive the remains of the late Deputy Commr. H. A. R. Gagnon, C.B.E., A.D.C.

*Below:* The funeral procession through a Montreal street en route to Cote des Neiges cemetery.



# Obituary

- Reg. No. 1698, ex-Cst. William Anderson, 88, died at Elizabeth, N.J., Oct. 18, 1947. A former resident of Halifax, N.S., he was a member of the Halifax Rifles and a veteran of The North-west Rebellion. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Dec. 14, 1885, to Apr. 19, 1888, being stationed in the Northwest Territories at Regina, Broadview and Swift Current (now in Saskatchewan), Lethbridge (Alta.), Winnipeg and Brandon in Manitoba, and Kootenay, B.C.
- Reg. No. 3023, ex-Cst. John Henry Ellis, 71, died at Penticton, B.C., Oct. 14, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Mar. 21, 1894, to Jan. 31, 1900, being stationed in the Northwest Territories at Regina (Sask.) and Fort Saskatchewan (Alta.) and in the Yukon Territory. After leaving the Force he was for two years chief of police at Nelson, B.C., and about 1914 he became interested in the volunteer fire brigade at Penticton remaining actively interested in it until he retired as its chief in 1941.
- Reg. No. 4279, ex-S/Sgt. Sidney Gaisford Clay, 67, died at Grimsby, Ont., Nov. 21, 1947. A veteran of the South African War, he served in the Force from Oct. 22, 1904, until pensioned with exemplary conduct on Feb. 4, 1946, being stationed in the North at Lesser Slave Lake, Fort Norman, Chesterfield Inlet and Fort McPherson, Dawson, Y.T., and Lake Saskatoon, Alta. One of the party of 33 engaged in putting through the Peace-Yukon trail in 1905, it was he also who went into the remote Coronation Gulf area and established the Force's Tree River Detachment on Sept. 9, 1919. The death on Sept. 21, 1924, of Staff Sergeant Clay's wife, Margaret, who during her husband's absence on patrol was badly torn by husky dogs, is truly one of the greatest human tragedies in the Force's story. The dogs had eaten nearly all the flesh off her right leg between the knee and the ankle and an amateur though skilful operation was performed in a vain attempt to save her life. When Clay returned to the detachment the poor woman had been buried for days. Years later, after he was out of the Force, he married Rosaline Warner, his first wife's sister who survives.
- Reg. No. 5361, ex-Sgt. George Clifford, 63, died at Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 7, 1948. He served in the Force from May 25, 1912, until pensioned May 24, 1937, being stationed at Regina and Big Muddy in Saskatchewan, Dawson and Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory, Calgary, Hutton and Red Deer in Alberta, and Brandon and Gypsumville in Manitoba.
- Reg. No. 322, ex-S/Sgt. George Sackville Cotter, 88, died at Donville, Ont., Dec. 16, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from June 9, 1879, to June 8, 1884, and from June 9, 1888, to Apr. 30, 1904, being stationed in the Northwest Territories at Regina and Wood Mountain (Sask.), and St. Mary's, Fort Walsh, Fort Macleod, Cardston and Pincher Creek (Alta.). He was one of the members of the Force who welcomed the Mormon pioneers to Western Canada 50 years ago.
- Deputy Commr. Henri Albert Royal Gagnon, C.B.E., A.D.C., 54, died at Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 19, 1947. He served in the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, until his death. *The Quarterly's* frontispiece this issue is a recent photograph of Deputy Commissioner Gagnon and details of his career are given in the editorial on p. 197.
- Surgeon Frederick Guest, 81, died at London, Ont., Oct. 17, 1947. A member of the St. Thomas, Ont., city council, first as an alderman from 1903 for seven years and then as mayor in 1910-11, he was a veteran of the Canadian Army Medical Corps service in the First World War, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Fifteenth Field Ambulance of that unit and being in charge of a military hospital in the British Isles. He was appointed surgeon in the R.C.M.P. Feb. 27, 1931, and served at Regina, Sask., until Feb. 27, 1934.
- Reg. No. 2642, ex-Cst. Stanley Bassett Harrison, 76, died at Cranbrook, B.C., Nov. 29, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Apr. 7, 1891, to May 11, 1894, being stationed at Calgary, N.W.T. (Alta.). From 1894 to 1903 he ranched in the Olds (Alta.) district, then moved to British Columbia where he lived near Edgewater until his death.
- Reg. No. 2320, ex-Cst. James Smith Lambert, 81, died at Calgary, Alta., Jan. 8, 1948. He served in the N.W.M.P. from May 30, 1889, to May 29, 1894, and from May 18, 1895, to May 17, 1898, being stationed at Macleod and Lethbridge in the Northwest Territories (Alberta). Veteran of the South African War and World War I, he was a building contractor by trade and helped build several early N.W.M.P. detachment buildings in the West.
- Reg. No. 3299, ex-Cst. Joseph Arthur LaRoque, 74, died at Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 24, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from June 1, 1898, to Nov. 17, 1900, being stationed at Prince Albert, Sask. He took his discharge from the Force to serve with the Canadian Mounted Rifles in the South African War.
- Reg. No. 13688, Cst. Samuel Douglas Magee, 30, died at Kamsack, Sask., Jan. 13, 1948. He served in the R.C.M.P. from Sept. 8, 1940, until his death, and was stationed at Rockcliffe, Ont., and at Canora, Regina, Yorkton, Melville and Kamsack in Saskatchewan.

- Ex-Supt. John Douglas Moodie, 99, died at Calgary, Alta., Dec. 6, 1947. A member of the first City of London Rifle Brigade for more than nine years, from 1869 to 1878, he was also a veteran of the South African War in which he served with distinction in the 2nd C.M.R.s in 1900. Wounded slightly during the advance on Bloemfontein, he returned to Canada but went back a second time, in 1902, to South Africa where he was given command of transport services. Appointed inspector in the N.W.M.P. Sept. 15, 1885, he served in the Force continuously until he was retired Sept. 15, 1917. Shortly after his retirement he was appointed police magistrate at Maple Creek, Sask., where in 1910 he was in command of old "A" Division, and served in that capacity until 1930. While in the Force he served in all parts of the Canadian West, and in both the Eastern and Western Arctic. On many occasions he was selected for special services. Notable among these was an exploration of the overland route from Edmonton to Dawson in 1897, which was urgently demanded because of the gold discoveries in the Yukon (the trip took nearly 15 months); the establishment of detachments at Cape Fullerton and Fort Churchill in 1904, the first police posts in the Eastern Arctic, and the installing of the Force in the Hudson Bay district—this district was designated "M" Division and he commanded it from 1904-1910; he accompanied His Excellency the Governor General, Field Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, from Norway House to York Factory in 1910. Much of his work entailed hardships and called for powers of endurance which he possessed to a remarkable degree.
- Reg. No. 9144, ex-S/Sgt. Edward Herbert Shea, 51, died at Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 20, 1948. A veteran of World War I, he served in the Dominion Police from Dec. 22, 1913, to July 4, 1917, and from Aug. 8, 1919, to Jan. 31, 1920, and in the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, until pensioned Apr. 30, 1941. Since leaving the Force and up to the time of his death he had been employed in the Remission Branch of the Department of Justice at Ottawa.
- Reg. No. 5747, ex-Cpl. Cyril Henry Douglas Stephen, 54, died at Naicam, Sask., Dec. 31, 1947. A veteran of the First World War he served nearly three years Overseas with the P.P.C.L.I. and was wounded in action. He served in the Force from Oct. 4, 1913, to Oct. 3, 1916, from May 6, 1919, to May 31, 1922, and from June 1, 1928, until pensioned Nov. 14, 1944. He also served in the former Saskatchewan Provincial Police from Aug. 16, 1922, to Sept. 30, 1922, and from Dec. 21, 1922, until the amalgamation of that organization with the R.C.M.P. on June 1, 1928. During his extensive police service he was stationed at Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Weyburn, Humboldt and Saskatoon in Saskatchewan, Macleod and Calgary in Alberta, and Charlottetown, P.E.I.
- Reg. No. 11709, ex-Cst. William Rudolf Valentine, 39, died at Stratford-on-Avon, England, Oct. 1, 1947, from injuries received when his electric invalid chair collided with a brick wall on a steep hill. He served in the former Alberta Provincial Police from Nov. 7, 1930, until the disbandment of that body when he was taken over by the R.C.M.P. in which he served until invalided Apr. 30, 1936. While in the Force he was stationed in Alberta at Lethbridge, Cardston, Edmonton, Twin Lakes and Manyberries. While on patrol from the last-mentioned detachment in the Milk River district in October, 1934, he was stricken severely with poliomyelitis which left him permanently paralysed from the waist down.
- Reg. No. 4317, ex-Sgt. William Jesse Wade, 68, died at Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 23, 1947. A former member of the London Metropolitan Police, he served in the Force from Jan. 26, 1905, to Oct. 13, 1910, and from Nov. 1, 1911, until pensioned May 31, 1934, being stationed at Lethbridge, Alta., Montreal, P.Q., and at R.C.M.P. Headquarters, Ottawa. He was a member of "C" Division of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association.
- Reg. No. 3309, ex-Cst. Peter Michael Egan, 78, died at Lethbridge, Alta., Oct. 9, 1947. He served in the Force from June 1, 1898, to May 31, 1903, from Sept. 21, 1903, to Mar. 28, 1905, from July 31, 1905, to Mar. 22, 1910, and from Aug. 10, 1914, to July 15, 1915, being stationed at Regina, Sask., Dawson and Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory, and Lethbridge, Edmonton, Athabasca and Lac la Biche in Alberta. He was a member of the former Alberta Provincial Police, and after leaving the R.N.W.M.P. joined the Lethbridge City Police Department in which he was employed on detective duties. He resigned from the Lethbridge City Police in 1944 and took a position as the special policeman at Henderson Lake, Alta. At one time he was a guard on the staff of the Lethbridge provincial gaol. Mr. Egan was an able plainclothesman and while in the Force his duties took him afield not only in Canada but across into the United States. In 1902 he participated in the arrest of William Brophy, a former member of the old notorious Soapy Smith gang, for hold-up of the Dominion Saloon in Dawson City the year before.