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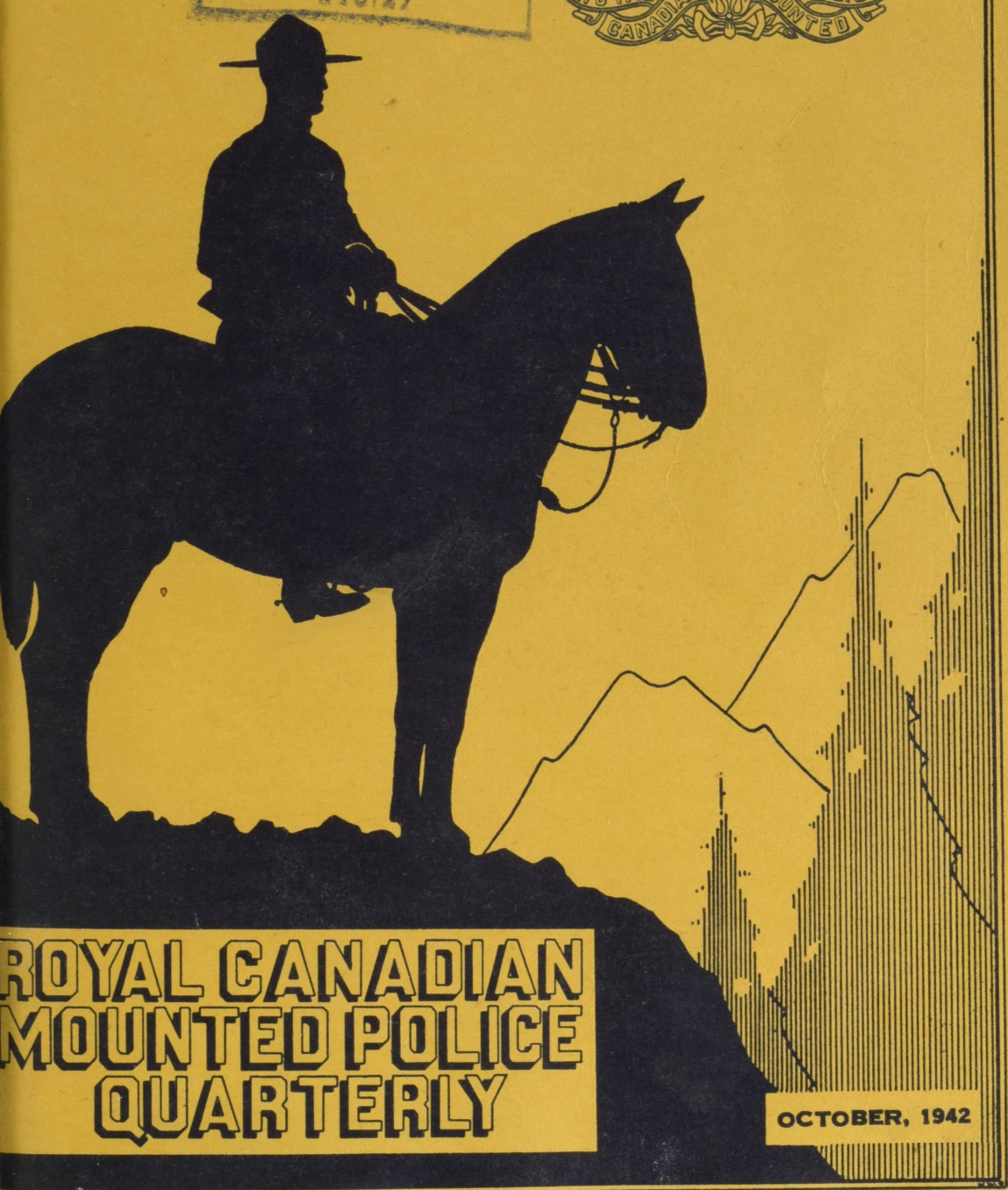

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY

OCTOBER, 1942



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Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

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EDITORIAL OFFICES AT R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS, OTTAWA, CANADA.



W. Stuart Edwards, c.m.g., k.c., former Deputy Minister, Department of Justice

Editorial

The Former Deputy Minister of Justice

Poor health compelled Deputy Minister of Justice W. Stuart Edwards, C.M.G., K.C., to retire from public service on October 1, last year. His duties were taken over by Frederick P. Varcoe, K.C. Mr Edwards was born at Thurso, Que., on July 14, 1880; his father was Charles Fraser Edwards of Clarence, Ont., and his mother was the former Effie Kemp of Edinburgh, Scotland. He read law with the firm of O'Gara, Wyld and Osler, Ottawa, and was called to the Ontario Bar in 1909. Before his appointment in 1910 to the legal staff of the Department of Justice, he practised law with the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt, Toronto.

In 1913 he was made secretary of the Department of Justice. The next year he married Miss Leslie Macintosh Marshall of Kenora, Ont., and the year after that he was appointed assistant deputy minister of justice, and ten years later deputy minister, remaining in that post until his retirement. He was appointed King's Counsel (Dominion) on Jan. 7, 1927, King's Counsel (Ontario) on May 31, 1928, and in 1935 he was honoured by the King with the order of C.M.G.

Mr Edwards is held in high esteem by his colleagues and other deputy ministers of the Crown. His friendly assistance was one of the marked characteristics in his relations with other departments, and his abilities were always in great demand. In particular, his association with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will always be cherished. We all join in extending best wishes to one who has served so faithfully and well during a long tenure of high office in the public service.

* * *

A Saga of Northern Duty

The twenty-eight-month voyage of the R.C.M.P. auxiliary schooner *St Roch* from the Pacific to the Atlantic through the North-west Passage was a test of human courage and endurance, the severity of which can only be appreciated by the Arctic-wise. It writes a bright new page in marine history, adds another—perhaps the greatest — dramatic exploit to the record of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The *St Roch* encountered almost intolerable conditions of ice, snow, fog, treacherous currents. Her winning through in the unequal struggle against the elements was indeed a proud performance, and, because it was done in the line of plain duty—without fanfare or elaborate preparation—it is an Arctic Odyssey outshining in many ways more carefully-planned scientific expeditions. On those who would pass through the ice-clogged sea route which men call the North-west Passage, Nature imposes a constant threat of death. To meet the terrible conditions, a ship must be strong, her crew daring and skilful. The sturdy little eighty-ton *St Roch*, her captain and her crew had what it takes—proved equal to the ordeal.

The captain, Sgt H. A. Larsen—a veteran of sixteen years' experience in polar waters—is unexcelled in skill as an Arctic navigator. His voyage through the North-west Passage will leave unchallenged his reputation as a northern skipper. Eight men, drawn from the ranks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, made up the full complement of the vessel.

From the sixteenth century on, men have sought the famed passage across the roof of the world, but for more than three hundred years all who did not perish were frustrated, driven back. Not until 1906 did the passage yield its secrets

and allow a vessel through: Raold Amundsen, proud conqueror of the South Pole, cruised through it from east to west, took three years to do it.

Twenty-two years later, two Hudson's Bay Company schooners—*Fort James* and *Fort MacPherson*—, one sailing westward, the other eastward over Amundsen's route, anchored in Gjoa Haven. Thus, from opposite directions, the two vessels together had traversed the North-west Passage. In 1934, the *Fort James* returned to the Western Arctic via the Panama Canal and up the west coast, reaching a point 225 miles from where she had wintered four years previously; she therefore almost circumnavigated the North American continent. In 1937, the R.M.S. *Nascopie* from the east met the H.B.C. *Aklavik* from the west in Bellot Strait and exchanged freight; this was the first time the North-west Passage was made commercially.

But the *St Roch's* west-to-east voyage is unique and the greatness of her achievement in negotiating the tortuous route is but emphasized by the failure of earlier expeditions. It is certain that, were they here today, the host of explorers, who attempted the Passage and whose names now dot maps of northern regions, would be the first to pay tribute to the crew of the *St Roch*.

It is therefore with a thrill of pride that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police welcome Sergeant Larsen and his men back to civilization. Proudly we dip our flag to the gallant captain and his equally gallant crew and set their names alongside those of the intrepid adventurers of bygone days.

* * *

A Friend of the Police

Just a year ago the *Quarterly* recorded in this column the visit to Canada of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent when, as air commodore, he conducted an informal inspection of all R.C.A.F. units in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. We admired the vigour and gay manner of the young man who was so friendly with members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police whose good fortune it was to escort him on his coast-to-coast tour.

How far away death seemed at that time!

The memory of his unaffected charm and pleasing personality was still strong among us when word came that he had been killed on August 25, along with fourteen others, in an airplane crash while on active service. Recalling with pride the happy personal contacts and the genuine interest the thirty-nine-year-old Duke had shown in their work, the R.C.M.P. joined a shocked Empire in mourning the loss of a good friend.

By many Canadian policemen, King George's youngest brother was respectfully looked upon as a personal friend; for he at once endeared himself to those whose privilege it was to travel with him and to speak to him. Possessing a nature which emanated goodwill, he had about him a glamour and dashing air that fired everyone's imagination.

That the Duke should have died on active service was in keeping with his gallant, adventurous spirit; he would perhaps have desired it so. The highest duty that a man can perform is to lay down his life in a righteous cause and in the service of his country. This sacrifice the Duke made, thereby proving the truth of His Majesty's words: "This time we are *all* in the front line."

The Duke of Kent willingly took the risks which led to his untimely end, when he might easily have served in safer spheres. But in death he glorified himself and left behind a strong glow of example that will shine forever through the mournful Valley of Shadows.

Eternal bliss to his brave soul.

A Change of Heart

It is fourteen years since the play *Journey's End* began a long and successful run. Its vivid depiction of life and death in the trenches was considered pretty strong meat at the time, but its message that war was something to be hated was not needed by audiences who were of that opinion already and who thought how fortunate it was that they had seen the end of all that. There was a kind reception too for its suggestion that the German was misguided no doubt and sometimes rather pitiable, like the prisoner from the Twentieth Wurtemburg Regiment, but that he was not without his good points. This is not meant to imply that the playwright was playing the German's game for him—far from it—but the fact remains that it all fell very nicely into the campaign of 'organized sympathy' which our enemy had sponsored so carefully after his military defeat. On our side, this was the mentality which gave the German his chance. And how he took it! He whined and cried his poverty even in years when his government were spending more money on the building up of Germany than they had spent in the years before the war.

And so, again dramatically in the speech of the vicar in the picture *Mrs Miniver,* we have the result summed up. "It is a war of the people—of all the people—" he said, "and it must be fought, not only on the battlefield but in the cities and in the villages, in the factories and on the farms, in the homes and in the hearts of every man, woman, and child who loves freedom!" Fortunately for us, this marks not only the consequences of our mistaken trustfulness, but also a radical change in our own thinking. Surely we know now that the German would have carried the war to us whatever we had done, short of abject surrender. It happens that he has made his war under the leadership of Hitler, but had it not been Hitler, his leader would have been someone else who would preach to him the gospel he loves to hear—the gospel of racial domination with himself in the driver's seat.

It was well that the vicar's words should have been heard throughout Canada on the eve of a Victory Loan campaign; in the light of evidence which has accumulated wherever people have fallen under what Field Marshal Smuts has called the 'New Barbarism', it is grimly true that nothing matters now but victory.

* * *

An Old Trick

If we may judge by its comments, the press in Canada considered both pointed and opportune the warning concerning rumours which was given by the Commissioner of this Force. We are not presuming to add further comment here, but it is not out of place to say that the German use of rumours in the process of 'softening up' the countries of western Europe was successful partly because of the cunning in giving their stories an air of plausibility in relation to the existing circumstances. Being forewarned, we can watch with a better chance of recognizing the technique.

Apart from that the Nazi trick is not new. It is at least as old as Shakespeare who, at the beginning of *King Henry IV, Part ii,* put into the mouth of the allegorical figure of Rumour lines which are as applicable now as ever they were:

> "Upon my tongue continual slanders rise;
> The which in every language I pronounce,
> Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
> I speak of peace, while covert enmity
> Under the smile of safety, wounds the world."

War Casualty

After nearly ten years of steady growth, the R.C.M.P. *Quarterly* with this issue suspends publication for the war's duration. In the interests of economy of materials and labour, our regimental magazine must step aside, like many another amenity of peace-time living, until the present world crisis is over.

From its inception in July, 1933, the *Quarterly* has had several objectives: to acquaint members of the Force with the latest developments in criminal investigation through technical articles; to present a picture of the Force's activities through the 'Notes on Recent Cases'; to delve into the historical past for the benefit and instruction of recruits; to record in its Obituary columns the passing of the Force's sons; to act as a link between the Force and the public and show the policeman in his rightful role as a dignified servant serving in the best interests of the community at large. It was also the *Quarterly's* aim to put before the public the little sidelights on the personal, human side of police work—the peace officer off duty, his hobbies and pastimes, the curious and humourous little experiences that are an inevitable part of his profession. The sensational, spectacular phases of crime, so well played up in the press and pulps, were left for others to publicize. The *Quarterly's* underlying aim was to foster and cultivate the public's respect and cooperation in law enforcement and to reveal the policeman as a man with a worth-while job to do—a dependable stalwart maintaining the right and suppressing the wrong for the common good.

But the necessity of winning the war has forced the abandonment of such pursuit for an indefinite period; like coffee, pleasure driving, and electric signs, literary endeavours have to be rationed, curtailed, eliminated. The *Quarterly* must put out its light for the time being.

In this, its farewell-for-the-duration number, the *Quarterly* desires to express thanks to those who have given so generously of their time and talents to make the magazine a success; to writers, non-members of the Force like J. C. Martin, K.C., who from the beginning has contributed instructive legal and historical articles; to John Peter Turner for his valuable historical articles; to Prof. D. J. Wilson, Ph.D.; to George Shepherd, Philip Godsell, F.R.G.S., and many others.

The *Quarterly* is also grateful to contributors in the ranks of the Force many of whom helped anonymously and without recognition; to associate editors, the power houses that kept the wheels turning, and to old-timers like ex-Sgt Major F. A. Bagley, ex-S/Sgts J. D. Nicholson and W. C. Nichols, and ex-Sgt P. G. Thomas, who gave freely from their memory storehouses material that enriched the *Quarterly* and gave it an individuality all its own.

Thanks must be extended, too, to our advertisers; their support has made various improvements in magazine format and make-up possible. It is hoped that they, as well as our subscribers, will be with us again when Victory is won and publication is re-commenced.

* * *

Back Copies of the *Quarterly*

The editorial committee wishes to announce that some back copies of the *Quarterly* are now available, including several complete sets. The complete sets, limited in number, are to be sold intact for the convenience of those who may wish to get them bound. Anyone wishing to obtain extra editions of the magazine should make application to the editor without delay, as the supply is limited.

Notes on Recent Cases

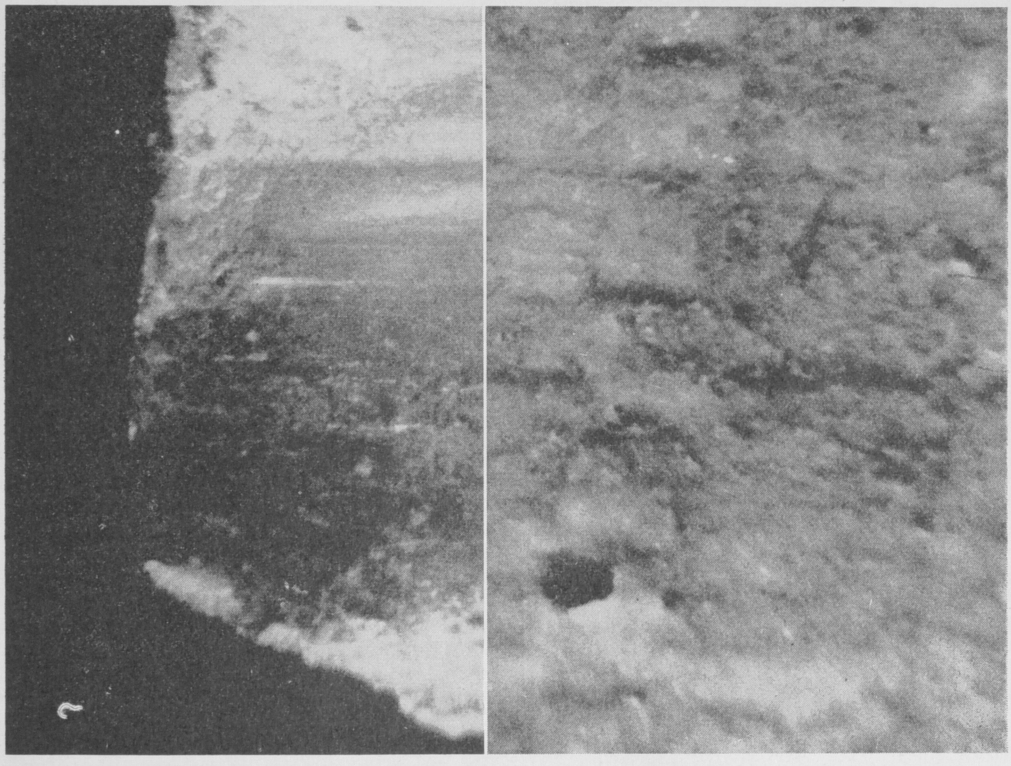
R. v. Barton et al

Wilful Damage to Property—Wounding With Intent—Dangerous Fun—Scientific Laboratory—Unique Evidence

On July 7, the R.C.M.P. detachment at Minnedosa, Man., received a phone call to the effect that an R.A.F. training plane while in flight had been fired at by two unknown civilians. One bullet had grazed the right arm of a student pilot in the rear cockpit.

The next day, investigators interviewed the complainant at the air training school and learned that apparently the offenders were farmers. An examination of the plane showed where one bullet, obviously from a .22 calibre rifle, had gone through the hood covers of the front and rear cockpits. The covers were taken as exhibits.

The complainant couldn't locate the field from which the shots had come, on the map, but said he would recognize the place from the air. The investigators accordingly boarded his plane and were flown to a farm owned by Geo. R. Drysdale. This man's father, David Drysdale who lived about a mile west, when interviewed, said he knew nothing about the shooting, although he admitted there were two .22 rifles in his house—one his own, the other his son's; but neither had been used the previous day. The investigators picked up three empty .22 cartridges on the lawn in front of the house.



Part of a chart presented in court showing: (left) impression on part of metal frame of plane; (right) impression on plasticine made with test bullet.

At George Drysdale's farm they were told that no-one had fired any shots from his land the day before. After visiting almost every farm in the vicinity, the police returned to the younger Drysdale's farm, and after a careful search located the footprints of two men that led to a spot in a field which, from the marks on the ground, seemed to be the place from which the shots had been fired at the aircraft. Here the investigators found nine empty .22 shells. Upon being closely scrutinized these disclosed points of similarity with the shells that had been picked up from David Drysdale's lawn.

Upon revisiting the David Drysdale farm, the police learned from Drysdale's daughter that two airmen, Sgt John Barton and his friend whom he called Johnny, had come to the farm on July 7, taken her father's and her brother's rifles, and gone hunting. At the airfield inquiry disclosed that Sergeant Barton and Sgt John Harrison were A.O.L.

The next day Barton and Harrison were questioned by the police. Both admitted that they were in the field about the time the offence took place, but denied shooting at the airplane, although it was pointed out that there were only two sets of footprints in the field—indicating, of course, that no other person or persons could have been guilty.

Back at the elder Drysdale's farm, further investigation disclosed that the suspects often visited the place, changing into overalls, old shirts and old hats —from a plane aloft they would naturally look like farmers.

The two .22 rifles were taken as exhibits and together with the damaged cockpit covers and the empty shells were sent to the scientific laboratory for examination.

The method employed at the laboratory is believed to be original and never before to have been used in the field of criminal investigation. A small portion of the metal frame of the cockpit where the bullet had first penetrated was removed, then cut in two so that each half presented a concave surface. Test bullets from the suspected rifles were used to make impressions on some plasticine. The impressions were then compared microscopically with the concave surfaces, and the examination revealed identical major characteristics which enabled the examiner to conclude that one of the rifles submitted could have been used in committing the offence.

Barton and Harrison appeared before Police Magistrate J. C. Crawford at Neepawa, Man., on Aug. 24, 1942. They were charged with Wounding with Intent, s. 273, Cr. Code, and Wilful Damage to Property, s. 510 (*e*), Cr. Code. Both intended to plead not guilty, but when confronted with the evidence resulting from the laboratory examination they pleaded guilty, stating that their actions had been in the nature of a prank to throw a fright into the student pilot. On the first charge each was fined $5 and costs; on the second each was released on suspended sentence for three months.

R. v. Beaulieu

Brutal Assault—Firearms Registration—Voice Identification

Two years in the penitentiary for a pair of shoes is rather costly, yet that is the price being paid by Damase Beaulieu, a teamster in Canton, N.B.,—not because the shoes were too high priced, but because he used brute force to get them.

About 10 p.m. on July 25, Louie Dube, 58-year-old hunchback who lives alone in a small house at Canton, took his money, $29, from his pocket, put it under a handkerchief on the kitchen table, then lay down on a cot to enjoy a smoke in the dark before going to bed.



A knock on the door aroused him. His visitor, a masked man with a rifle, speaking in French, demanded the money. When Dube denied having any, he was struck over the head with the rifle barrel and knocked down. He jumped up and ran outside, hoping to reach his neighbours and get help.

But the stranger overtook him on the road, knocked him down again and searched his pockets. In the struggle, Dube tore the mask loose, but owing to the darkness he was unable to recognize his attacker who dragged him back to the house and beat him mercilessly. The man fired two shots—one struck the floor perilously close to Dube's head—, pulled the shoes off Dube's feet, and departed. The complainant managed to reach one of his neighbours who phoned the R.C.M.P. Grand Falls Detachment. Dube, who was in a very serious condition from shock and wounds, was taken to the hospital for treatment shortly afterwards.

In the complainant's home the investigators found blood-stains on the walls and floor, and an empty 30.30 rifle shell which had a peculiar indentation on the cap indicating that the firing pin of the rifle was bent—that it did not strike the cap in the centre and left a flattened and worn-out appearance. At the spot where the outside struggle had taken place they found a large pool of blood. Near-by was a striped blue workman's cap of the type worn by railroad men, and two unexpended 30.30 cartridges.

A check-up of all registered 30.30 rifles in the vicinity failed to reveal any with a bent firing pin, but one man informed his interviewers that Thomas Damase Beaulieu, who bore a shady reputation and who had been a trouble-maker in the neighbourhood for several years, had a rifle of that calibre.

Questioned at his home, Beaulieu denied having a 30.30 rifle, and when shown the workman's cap said it wasn't his. His questioners noticed a pair of

pants hanging on the kitchen wall; upon examining them closely they noticed some blood-stains which a recent washing had failed to obliterate. Beaulieu said the stains were from some fish he had caught. Dried blood on both his wrists he explained as coming from the same source.

He was taken along with four other men and lined up outside Dube's room in the hospital. They all stood outside the door and repeated in French what the intruder had said when he first forced himself into Dube's house. When Beaulieu spoke, the patient immediately recognized his voice* as that of the man who had attacked him. He also remembered that his assailant had two fingers missing from one hand; when it was noted that Beaulieu was deficient in this respect, he was taken into custody.

Meanwhile a thorough search was conducted, and the missing gun was discovered in the woods near Beaulieu's home. It was covered with blood-stains and the barrel-length magazine was badly bent. The suspect's wife identified the weapon as one her husband had borrowed and further stated that the cap the police had found was identical to one he wore.

When the suspect was confronted with this evidence he confessed to the crime.

On Aug. 19, 1942, he appeared at Andover, N.B., before Judge M. L. Hayward. Defence counsel was J. A. Pichette; prosecuting counsel was Mrs Muriel Ferguson. The accused pleaded guilty to a charge of Inflicting Grievous Harm, s. 274, Cr. Code, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Dorchester Penitentiary.

For a long time the patient was given only a fair chance of recovery, and the perpetrator of this brutal crime can count himself lucky he did not face a charge of murder.

*See 9 *R.C.M.P.Q.* 401, article on voice identification.

R. v. Bodnar et al

R.C.M.P. Radio Broadcasts—Theft of Auto—Breaking, Entering and Theft

In the detection of crime and the apprehension of criminals the value and importance of the radio broadcasts from R.C.M.P. divisional headquarters at Regina over station CBK was convincingly demonstrated when an observant young lady, employed in her father's garage and service station at Cudworth, Sask., cut short the career of two automobile thieves.

It was on Aug. 27, 1942, and the girl had just finished listening to the police bulletin, a routine she observes every morning. She was jotting down the details of a stolen automobile when she noticed a vehicle in front of the filling station. She studied it closely, also the two men in it. Almost instantly she realized that the car and its occupants tallied with the descriptions she had just heard and written down.

As the machine drove away she ran outside and took note of the direction in which it travelled, then notified the R.C.M.P. detachment at Wakaw, Sask. The wanted men were arrested soon afterwards several miles west of Cudworth at a farm owned by Martin Burachinski. They were both in bed, sleeping off a tiredness resulting from a strenuous trip from southern Manitoba. They were identified as George Isidore Bodnar and William John Hyland; both had previous records, and had been known to use aliases. They were in possession of property which obviously had been stolen from places in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

The suspects insisted that they were innocent, but after a lengthy interrogation they finally confessed, and stated that they would plead guilty to: Stealing Motor Car at Oak Lake, Man., s. 377, Cr. Code; two charges, Breaking, Entering and Theft at Oak Lake, Sask., s. 460, Cr. Code; one charge, Breaking, Entering and Theft at Stornoway, Sask., s. 460, Cr. Code; one charge, Theft of Licence Plates at Stornoway, Sask., s. 386, Cr. Code; one charge, Breaking, Entering and Theft at Rama, Sask., s. 460, Cr. Code; one charge, Shop Breaking with Intent, at Margo, Sask., s. 461, Cr. Code; two charges, Breaking, Entering and Theft at Rose Valley, Sask., s. 460, Cr. Code; one charge, Breaking, Entering and Theft at Lac Vert, Sask., s. 460, Cr. Code.

Burachinski, the owner of the farm, also admitted being in possession of goods well knowing them to have been stolen, which he had received from Bodnar and Hyland.

The accused appeared at Yorkton, Sask., before Police Magistrate S. H. Potter on September 8. Bodnar was convicted and sentenced to serve, in all, three years in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary; Hyland was sentenced to two years less one day in Regina Common Jail; Burachinski was sentenced to seven days in Prince Albert Jail, and ordered to pay a fine of $200 or in default to serve an additional nine months in jail.

Had it not been for the police radio bulletin, and the alertness and cooperation of the young woman who notified the police where the wanted men were, there is every likelihood that these criminals would have eluded capture.

R. v. Dennison

National Mobilization Act—Conscientious Objector—Failure to Report—Refusal to Help Country in War Time

When Oliver Dennison, a resident of South Hull, Quebec, underwent medical examination for military service he was classed in category 'A'. On the same date, Jan. 23, 1942, the Department of National War Services received a letter from him in which he stated he was a conscientious objector. His case was investigated, and on March 30, he was recognized by the Administrative Board as a *bona fide* conscientious objector. He was accordingly ordered to report for alternative service in forestry work at Petawawa on June 30.

When Dennison failed to comply, members of the R.C.M.P. made inquiries and learned that he had no intention of helping his country in any form of war work because his religious beliefs would not permit him. Investigation disclosed also that the whole family were strong conscientious objectors. The father stated that he would sooner see his son shot than have him take part in the war or war effort—and, more specifically, "They can kill the body but they can't kill the soul. That belongs to God."

On September 2, Dennison appeared in Hull, Que., before District Magistrate D. H. Achim charged with Failing to Report s. 20, para. 9(*a*), National War Services Regulations. He pleaded guilty and was ordered to pay a fine of $50 and costs of $8.55, or in default to serve one month in jail at hard labour. The fine was paid.

Before passing sentence, His Worship remarked that the accused had apparently read a lot in the Bible upon which he had placed his own interpretation. No-one in Canada, he said, wanted war, yet if Hitler were in this country he would not be much concerned about anyone's conscience or the body which contained it; although the authorities in Canada didn't force anyone to take

up arms, it was the duty of every citizen to help their country in time of war. He warned the accused that a jail term might await him if his conscience prevented him from being reasonable in future.

R. v. Elliott et al

Opium and Narcotic Drug Act—Appeal—R.C.M.P. Gazette

The story of Herman Elmer Elliott's recent conviction on a charge of illegal possession of opium might easily pass as a chapter from a dime novel.

In the Nov. 20, 1940, issue of the *R.C.M.P. Gazette* Elliott's photograph was published, along with information that he was suspected of being mixed up in Vancouver's illicit drug traffic. Little else was known about him.

He ran foul of the law in San Francisco and, being a Canadian citizen, was deported from the United States on Dec. 6, 1940. A few weeks later, members of the R.C.M.P. Narcotic Squad recognized Elliott on a Vancouver street from the *Gazette* picture, and followed him to his home. From then on he was kept under constant surveillance. By the early part of January, 1941, his shadowers were pretty certain that he was engaged in the illegal handling of narcotics. It seemed also that his wife acted as an accomplice.

On the night of Feb. 24, 1942, three members of the drug squad spotted Elliott on the corner of Hastings and Cambie Streets in downtown Vancouver. They followed him for some distance until he paused and entered Central School grounds. Keeping out of sight, the officers watched Elliott digging in a flower bed, apparently burying something there. A few minutes later, Elliott left the grounds and proceeded along Pender Street, unaware that he was being shadowed.

The two members who remained discovered an empty Noxema cream jar buried about four inches deep in the flower bed. They left the jar exactly as it had been found and took up positions to await developments.

Within an hour, back came Elliott to the school grounds, being joined in a few minutes by a woman later identified as his wife, Lillian. Although she stood with her back to the investigators, it could be inferred from her actions that she passed something to her husband. Both of them appeared to handle the jar. Leaving the grounds, they proceeded along Pender Street, being shadowed by two of the investigators while the third remained in the vicinity of the buried jar.

When the two members who followed the pair had satisfied themselves as to the couple's destination, they returned and unearthed the jar. This time it was not empty; it held nine small tinfoil packages, each containing ten decks of opium. The police initialled one deck from each package, replaced them and returned the jar to its place of concealment in such a way that the printing on the cover was parallel to a near-by wall. The jar was placed in this position so it would be a simple matter to tell if it had been moved.

Police resumed their vigil while the sergeant in charge of the squad proceeded to the city police station where charges were preferred against Elliott and his wife and warrants for their arrest obtained.

A short time afterwards the two suspects returned to the school grounds. The woman seemed to be acting as a 'look-out' while her husband busied himself at the flower bed. When they came out on the street again they were seized by the waiting investigators and, after a brief but violent struggle, the man was searched. No drugs were found in his possession but a systematic search

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of the immediate vicinity brought to light three packages, each containing ten decks of opium. One deck in each of these packages bore the initials of the three members of the drug squad. At the cache it could be seen that the jar had been disturbed for the lettering on the lid was now at right angles to the wall, and three packages were missing.

Elliott's room was searched but no further evidence was found; however, in his wife's suite, at another address, a large quantity of tinfoil was discovered. At the time of their arrest both suspects were carrying large sums of money, from which it was concluded that they had been operating on quite an extensive scale.

The accused appeared before Police Magistrate H. S. Wood, K.C., for preliminary hearing on charges of Possession of Opium, s. 4 (*d*), Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. They elected speedy trial and on April 2, their cases were called in Vancouver County Court before Judge Bruce Boyd. Elliott, was defended by W. J. Murdock and J. J. Russell, K.C., while his wife denied any connection with the offence and pleaded not guilty. The prosecution was conducted by Dugald Donaghy, K.C., of Vancouver.

At the conclusion of the Crown's evidence against Lillian Elliott, her counsel, W. Grimmett and W. J. Murdock, moved for dismissal on the grounds that no evidence had been produced to show that their client had been in possession of opium within the meaning of the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, but this motion was dismissed. Elliott, testifying on behalf of his wife, described how he had come into possession of the drug seized and denied that his wife had any culpable knowledge of his activities. His evidence, however, did not stand up under cross-examination by Crown counsel. When the woman's evidence was given, the presiding judge stated that it was full

of inconsistencies and he therefore found her guilty. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of $200 or in default of payment to serve an additional month. This conviction was later affirmed by the British Columbia Court of Appeal.

In passing sentence on Herman Elliott, His Honour took into consideration the fact that it was the accused's first conviction under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act and that his record since 1923 had been good. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary and ordered to pay a fine of $200 or in default of payment to serve an additional six months.

R. v. Fellger

Foreign Exchange Control Board Regulations—Power of Attorney Given to Non-resident—Securities Valued at $40,000 or Over Involved

A letter written to a bank in Culver City, Cal., was the spark that touched off a volley of repercussions involving Charles Gottlieb Fellger, German-born resident of Magrath, Alta, who attempted to circumvent Foreign Exchange Control Board regulations.

The letter, written on Jan. 3, 1941, by A. Gladstone Virtue, K.C., a lawyer in Lethbridge, directed the bank to forward $100 for travelling expenses from his client Fellger's account there to the American immigration officer at Eastport, Idaho, where Fellger would pick it up upon his entry into the United States. Fellger intended to visit his daughter in Spokane, Wash.

These written instructions were intercepted and examined by the District Director of Postal Services at Vancouver, B.C.

The Enforcement Section of the Foreign Exchange Control Board referred the matter to the R.C.M.P. for investigation. Upon being questioned closely, Mr Virtue stated that he was not aware of any legislation requiring that a person declare foreign currency to the Foreign Exchange Control Board. He accepted full responsibility for advising his client regarding the letter written to the bank in Culver City.

It was revealed that Fellger had neglected to declare the account in Culver City when on Nov. 13, 1939, and June 5, 1940, he submitted to the Exchange Board statements of his holdings and securities in the United States. Further investigations uncovered that Fellger had additional holdings which he did not declare, including another bank account in Spokane, Wash. It was also learnt that on Nov. 23, 1940, a Power of Attorney was drawn up for Fellger in favour of his daughter Mrs Yvonne Lyons of Culver City.

It was subsequently discovered that on Apr. 3, 1941, a lawyer in Culver City, acting for Mrs Lyons, launched an action against Fellger, alleging that the securities had always been the property of his daughter. Fellger denied he knew anything about the action, but further investigation brought to light a letter purporting to be from Fellger assigning the case to Mr E. A. Tompkins, a lawyer in Culver City, and instructing that no defence be entered to the claim. Fellger claimed he had not written the letter and that his daughter had robbed him.

On Jan. 15, 1942, before the inquiring officer of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, Fellger admitted that when foreign exchange control came into effect he owned U.S. securities valued at $40,000 which he did not declare. This amount is believed to be the largest ever involved in a similar breach of the rulings set up by the Exchange Board.

On June 30, 1942, the accused appeared before Police Magistrate Arthur Beaumont, K.C., at Lethbridge, charged with:

Two charges of False Declaration, Foreign Exchange Control Order, P.C. 2716, s. 39 (1) a, pleaded guilty and on each charge was ordered to pay a fine of $750, or in default to serve one year in Lethbridge jail at hard labour, sentences to run consecutively.

Transfer of Foreign Exchange to Non-resident, F.E.C.O., P.C. 7578, s. 17 (1) pleaded guilty and was ordered to pay a fine of $2500, or in default to serve one year in jail at hard labour, sentence to run consecutively with other sentences.

Failure to sell Foreign Currency, F.E. Acquisition Order. 1735, s. 3(a), pleaded guilty and was ordered to pay a fine of $500, or in default to serve one year in jail at hard labour, sentence to run consecutively with other sentences.

Failure to Declare Foreign Exchange, F.E.C.O., P.C. 2716, s. 15, pleaded guilty and was ordered to pay a fine of $1500, or in default to serve one year in jail at hard labour, sentence to run consecutively with other sentences.

Defence counsel was A. Gladstone Virtue, K.C.; the prosecuting attorney was M. E. Moscovich, K.C.

The fines, totalling $6,000 and said to be the heaviest ever meted out in the city of Lethbridge, were paid. Five other charges were withdrawn upon the instructions of prosecuting counsel.

Before passing sentence His Worship stated:

"On the whole I fail to find any reason whatsoever for exercising leniency in these cases. The country of his adoption is fighting for its existence with its back to the wall, and the accused stabs her in the back by committing the crimes to which he has pleaded guilty. He is a capable and intelligent business man, successful beyond the average, and he can never persuade me that he did not know thoroughly the effect of everything that he did or planned to do, and he richly deserves to be punished for his crimes and subversive activities.

"Were it not for the plea of the Crown that fines be imposed, I would not hesitate to impose stiff jail sentences. However, in view of the request of the Crown, I will impose a fine only in each case with an alternative jail sentence."

R. v. Levitsky

Breaking, Entering and Theft—Attempted Safe Punching—Cooperation —Gasoline-Ration Coupons Aid in Identification

A series of breaking, entering and theft offences in and around the Regina district had an unusual angle in that gasoline-ration coupons were helpful clues in following the trail of the culprit.

During June, 1942, a hardware and general store at Sedley, Sask., was broken into and about $75 taken. Five days later in Grenfell, Sask., a bicycle was stolen, but it was subsequently discarded in favour of a Ford coupe taken from a garage in the same town. That night someone attempted to punch a safe at Summerberry, Sask. The automobile was abandoned in Regina but *en route* to that city the thief had committed another breaking and entering, and had purchased gasoline on two occasions, using a ration book left in the automobile by its owner.

An epidemic of similar crimes next occurred south of Regina. Breaking and enterings were committed at several points, a post office was broken into and a safe tampered with. The thief on this occasion used another stolen bicycle. In each instance, only a small amount of money and goods was taken. A few days later a breaking and entering took place at Grand Coulee and a short time after that a series of similar crimes broke out at Qu'Appelle, Sask., where a lady's bicycle was taken and a number of stores and garages were entered.

The *modus operandi* employed indicated that all these crimes had been perpetrated by the same person or persons. An intensive inquiry was carried out over a wide area in an attempt to identify the culprit. The owner of the stolen automobile had placed identification marks on some of the coupons in his gasoline-ration book—a factor that greatly assisted the police in following the trail of the thief. The automobile was traced to points in the district where gasoline had been purchased, and the filling-station proprietors were able to recall the buyer's general appearance.

Regina City Police cooperated and helped narrow down the field of persons who might have committed the crimes. A number of photographs including one of a local criminal named Anthony Levitsky were shown to the filling-station operators. Levitsky was immediately recognized as the man who had bought gasoline for the stolen vehicle.

The suspect was arrested and in a line-up was definitely identified as the man who had stolen the automobile. Confronted with this evidence, he made a full confession, admitting his guilt for all the crimes concerned.

The accused appeared on July 7, before Police Magistrate E. S. Williams, K.C., at Regina, and elected summary trial. He pleaded guilty to eighteen charges, including: Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 460, Cr. Code; Breaking, Entering and Theft (safe punching); Breaking and Entering with Intent, s. 461, Cr. Code; Theft of Bicycle, s. 386, Cr. Code; Theft of Automobile, s. 377, Cr. Code. He was sentenced to two and a half years' imprisonment on the last-mentioned charge, and two years' imprisonment on each of the remaining seventeen charges—all sentences to run concurrently.

R. v. Loso

Theft—Defence Regulations—Cooperation Between Canadian and British Police—Evidence Ferried to England by Bomber

R.C.M.P. headquarters took quick action upon receipt of a cablegram from England on July 24, 1942, which stated that Edward Loso of Montreal had been arrested for theft at Dundee, Scotland, shortly after the ship on which he worked had docked. The evidence pointed to subversive activities, and the British authorities desired that a search be made of Loso's Montreal home.

At Loso's home, R.C.M.P. investigators seized several articles, including drawings of ships and airplanes. It was suggested at that time by members of the Force that subversive motives were not indicated and subsequent inquiries into Loso's antecedents substantiated this view. However, at the request of the Metropolitan Police the seized articles were flown to England by the R.A.F. Ferry Command for examination.

The case arose when Loso, a ship's carpenter on the s.s. *El Lago,* was arrested for stealing whisky from the ship's hold. A search of his cabin disclosed that he was in possession of four anti-aircraft shells of secret design, a P.A.C. booster cartridge for an anti-aircraft rocket gun, part of the ship's armament, seven plans and drawings of the ship itself, giving details of armament and protective devices, drawings of gun mechanisms and a list of vessels managed by U.S. lines, showing which had been torpedoed.

Loso stated that his collection was the result of a hobby, and that he had been practising for years to become a marine architect. Examination of the Montreal documents confirmed his claim that he was a student.

When on August 28 at the Sheriff Court, Perth, he pleaded guilty to charges under the Defence Regulations of having in his possession documents

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and drawings which would be directly or indirectly useful to the enemy, the court did not take a serious view of the case and sentenced him to sixty days' imprisonment. The documents forming the subject of the charge were destroyed.

R. v. Nelson et al

R.C.M.P. Firearms Section—Theft of Revolver—Cooperation

That the R.C.M.P. Firearms Section is a valuable aid in fighting crime is proved by the many investigations it has helped to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. An interesting example occurred on July 9, 1942, when R.C.M.P. headquarters, Ottawa, received word from the Toronto City Police that a .32 Colt revolver had been stolen from a refreshment booth at Exhibition Park in that city. The serial number and a brief description of the weapon were passed on to the revolver and small arms department of the Firearms Section where it was established that the revolver had been registered by a man named Charles Reed.

On September 28, a constable of the Fort Erie Police became suspicious of three men cruising around town in an automobile, and questioned them. Their replies to his questions were unsatisfactory so he took the trio into custody. Subsequent investigation disclosed that the automobile had been stolen in Toronto. Under the seat was found a .32 Colt revolver. A telegram to the Firearms Section at Ottawa brought forth a speedy reply: the weapon was the same one previously identified as belonging to Mr Reed of Toronto.

The accused, Nelson, Kocielek and Simko, appeared at Fort Erie that day (September 28) before Magistrate Hop-

kins, charged with Being in Possession of a Firearm in a Vehicle, s. 118 (*b*), Cr. Code. The charges against Kocielek and Simko were dismissed, but Nelson was convicted and sentenced to one year definite and six months indeterminate in the Ontario Reformatory.

The three accused were then returned to Toronto to face charges of Theft of Automobile; Nelson will also be prosecuted for Breaking, Entering and Theft, in connection with the stolen revolver.

R. v. Piche et al

Defence of Canada Regulations—Waving at Nazi Prisoners

Word reached the R.C.M.P. Sudbury Detachment that considerable trouble was being caused by a group of people in an automobile passing back and forth in front of the hospital near Espanola, Ont., where prisoners of war are confined. The passengers in the car waved to the inmates on each occasion and caused them to become excited. When the incident was repeated several times a corporal of the Veterans' Guard of Canada on duty at the internment camp took the licence number and reported to the camp commandant.

An investigation disclosed that the driver was William Malita, and that his passengers at the time of the offences were Mrs Josephine Varnosky, Mrs Mary Piche, Jean Piche and Anna Kalenka. Later, Mrs Piche met the guard in a store and threatened him with violence if he laid charges against any of the quintet.

The accused appeared at Espanola on May 14, before Magistrate E. Arthurs, charged with Interfering with His Majesty's Forces, s. 29 (*a*), Defence of Canada Regulations. All pleaded not guilty. The cases against Malita, Jean Piche and Anna Kalenka were dismissed, but Mrs Varnosky and Mrs Piche were convicted. Each was ordered to pay a fine of $10 and costs or in default of payment to serve one month in jail. The fines were paid.

R. v. Roma et al

Government Vessels Discipline Act—Crew Refuses to Proceed on Voyage—Reasonable Excuse—Failure to Read Act and Ship's Book in toto—Conviction—Stated Case

When a man signs for service on a government vessel there are rigid regulations that must be observed. The Government Vessels Discipline Act provides that the master of a ship must, before the applicant signs or enters upon the discharge of any duty, read the Act to him and also the contents of the ship's book which, according to ss. 5 and 6 of the Act, must be kept for each year and contain the matter set out in those two sections.

An interesting case arose out of this point when on Jan. 2, 1942, Fred Roma, a fireman, signed for service on the Canadian Government Hydrographic Ship, *William J. Stewart*. The captain, John Joseph Moore, commenced to read the Act, but Roma interrupted and asked if it were the same Act that had been read to him a month previously when he had signed for service on another government ship, *Alberni*. Upon being told that it was, he said it would not be necessary to read the rest of it and signed the ship's book signifying his willingness to serve during the voyage at a certain rate of pay, to carry out all orders and so forth.

On March 17, sailing date, Roma refused to sail unless he were paid a war bonus as were the crew of the C.P.

Steamship Co.'s west-coast boat. It was ascertained by letter that the C.P. Steamship Co. did not pay their men a bonus, but even when the letter was read to Roma and the crew they refused to embark on the voyage.

On April 1, Captain Moore laid an information against Roma and others of the crew, charging them with Refusing to Sail, s. 4, Government Vessels Discipline Act, Chapt. 203 R.S.C. 1927, Vol. 4.

The accused appeared before a Stipendiary Magistrate at Victoria, B.C., but when the charge was read His Worship decided that he lacked jurisdiction, as the Act requires such cases to be heard by a commissioner (R.C.M.P. Commissioner) or *one* justice of the peace. His Worship maintained that in British Columbia a magistrate was defined as a person having the powers of two justices of the peace and that he therefore could not sit and adjudicate this case. The matter was then transferred to Justice of the Peace F. Baker.

All the accused pleaded not guilty. Roma based his defence on the fact that the Act had not been read in its entirety to him before he signed the ship's book.

The court decided that Roma was sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the Act and that his signature indicated this point. Accordingly, he was convicted and sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

The defence appealed by way of stated case.

The appeal was heard before Mr Justice H. B. Robertson in the Supreme Court of British Columbia on May 14. The court pointed out that s. 4 requires the master "to cause every person engaged for service to sign the ship's book after having had this Act read to him and before entering upon the discharge of any duty." And further, s. 8 says that the "contents of book shall be read by the master to each man about to sign on board thereof and that every person so signing any such book thenceforth be subject to the Act."

The court then noted: "In this case the Act was not read over to the accused prior to the signing of the ship's 1942 book, and that the book was not read over to the accused at any time."

Counsel for the appellant submitted that under the circumstances his client was not a person 'so signing' and therefore was not subject to the Act.

When the prosecution submitted that these were mere irregularities and that the accused by signing the ship's book had waived the requirements submitted by the defence, the court stated "the evidence indicated that the last time the Act had been read to the accused was when he signed the ship's book of the government ship *Alberni* in December, 1941, and in my opinion the Act is a public act designed as a matter of public policy to protect all seamen preparing to engage in the service of a government vessel."

Under these circumstances the accused could not waive any provision of the statute. See *Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. v. Reed* (1940) *A.C.* 587. The judicial council considered a section in a New Zealand Life Assurance Act which provided that no policy should become void by non-payment of premium so long as the premium and interest in arrears are not in excess of the surrender value as declared by the company. *Lord Dunedin at p.* 595.

The court had no doubt that the Act intended to lay down a rule of public policy and that it is important for either an assured or an assurer to contract himself out of it or waive its effect.

It was held the accused was not subject to the Act and the conviction was wrong. The conviction was reversed with costs.

As a result of this ruling it will be noted that every time a man signs on a government vessel the Act and the ship's book must be read to him, and the person must not sign the ship's book unless the Act has been read to him.

R. v. Saulnier

Police Dog Locates Illicit Liquor Station

Cliffe von Wilsona, the four-and-a-half-year-old Reisenschnauzer who in July, 1938, came to the Force from Rushville, Ind., continues to throw every ounce of his seventy-eight pounds of well-trained dog flesh into law enforcement. On July 18, 1942, a few days after fourteen quarts of beer had been found in Gerald Saulnier's automobile, Cliffe was taken to the woods in the parish of Dundas, N.B., where Saulnier had been cutting wood.



Reg. No. N115, Police Dog 'Cliffe von Wilsona'.

After searching for about three-quarters of an hour, the dog suddenly showed interest in a brush pile. Crawling in under it, he reappeared with the top of a wooden keg in his mouth. Investigation brought to light an empty keg and some empty beer bottles which radiated a strong smell of home-brew. It was subsequently proved that Saulnier had used this equipment.

The accused appeared on July 18 at Moncton before Police Magistrate W. F. Lane, charged with Having, s. 56(2), N.B.I.L. Act. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two months in jail and ordered to pay a fine of $200 and costs, or in default of payment to serve an additional two months.

R. v. Schweigert

Attempted Suicide—Elaborate Fabrication Collapses Under Test

On the night of Aug. 29, 1942, a C.P.R. freight train on the way from Calgary to Red Deer, Alta, came to a stop just in time to avoid running over a soldier who was bound to the track at a point several miles south of the train's destination. The soldier, Benjamin Schweigert of Eastend, Sask., was suffering from shock, and upon being taken to Red Deer on the train was immediately removed to the military hospital.

During the ride into Red Deer he told his story to the engineer and fireman. He claimed that two Nazi agents had tried to force him to divulge information about his camp, its personnel, its ammunition supplies and so on. When Schweigert told them he didn't know anything, they drove him to a lonely spot on a bush-lined trail, bound his feet and hands with wire, then gagged him and tied him to the track. He had worked the gag loose and managed to free himself all but one foot which rested on top of the rail. When he saw the train coming he started to yell and tried to break away. Fortunately

the engineer noticed him in time. Schweigert stated that he would know his attackers if he saw them again.

The next day R.C.M.P. investigators proceeded to the spot where Schweigert had been rescued. On one side of the tracks they discovered footprints in the gravel but these undoubtedly had been made by the train crew. They also found a one-way trail from a fence through heavy coarse grass. The grass was bent towards the track, indicating that someone had walked in that direction. But there were no signs that anyone had walked away from the track.

Schweigert was interviewed, and it was noticed that the skin on his wrists and ankles was free from abrasion of any kind. He recounted to the police what had happened to him, but said that he had been wrong in claiming that he could identify the Nazis on sight.

The next day, August 31, Schweigert took the investigators over the route his captors had carried him, but was unable to find any place where the trail went through bushes. He then changed his story and said he must have been mistaken.

Subsequent inquiries cast more doubt on the truth of his statements, especially when a woman who lived a short distance from where he had been tied to the track, said that she had heard no-one yelling during the night of the incident, and that no car had been parked near-by.

So many discrepancies appeared in his account of the affair that the suspect, apparently realizing the hopelessness of his position, broke down and confessed that his story was a 'bunch of lies' and that there were no Nazi agents. Actually, he had tried to kill himself; the gagging and binding had been done by himself. Upon thinking over his rashness as he lay waiting for the train to arrive, he had had a change of heart and decided he wanted to live. When he tried to undo himself, however, he couldn't get his right foot free.

The accused appeared on Sept. 15, 1942, before Magistrate Macd. Millard at Red Deer and pleaded guilty to a charge of Attempted Suicide, s. 270, Cr. Code. He was released on two years' suspended sentence on his own recognizance in writing in the sum of $500.

Police Radio in a New Role

A FEW MONTHS ago a man, obviously under great emotional stress, entered Headingly Detachment.

"I want this thing settled once and for all," he burst out.

The constable in charge questioned the visitor who said that he had been hearing voices for over a month.

"They swear at me," he complained, "and they say I'm no good. I had to leave Winnipeg two weeks ago because they told me the Winnipeg police were after me." His eyes jerked about in pathetic fear. "I want to go back to Winnipeg. I need medical attention. I haven't been able to sleep for a week since these waves and electric wires ensnared me. If the police weren't after me I'd go back to Winnipeg and let my doctor look me over."

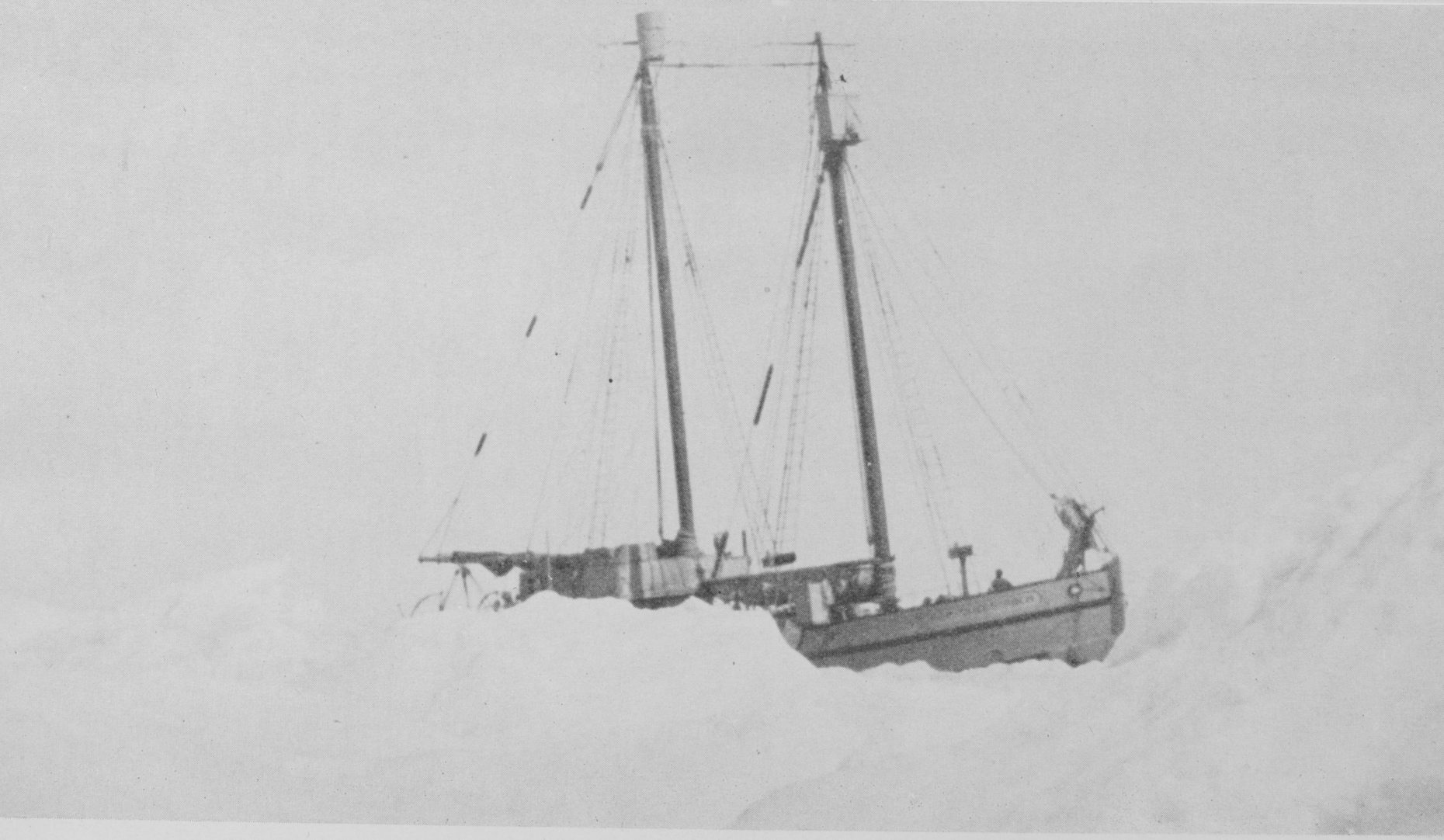
The constable excused himself a moment. When he returned he continued questioning the visitor. Suddenly the inquiry was interrupted. A sonorous voice came over the detachment radio, "Attention, please! Mr. So-and-So is *not* wanted by the Winnipeg City Police."

The complainant heard his name called, and his fretfulness dissipated.

"Ah," he breathed in relief. "Now I can go see my doctor in Winnipeg."

With a satisfied air he departed.

The constable had simply stepped out to the police car at the curb and by means of the two-way radio had asked the announcer at R.C.M.P. radio station V.Y.8.T. to issue the prescribed statement. D.A.B.



St Roch being driven by heavy ice into Pasley Bay (North Magnetic Pole), Sept. 3, 1941.

East Through the North-West Passage

Skippered by the veteran Arctic navigator, Sergeant Larsen, the eighty-ton R.C.M.P. patrol vessel St Roch proudly sailed into Sydney, N.S., on Oct. 8, 1942, after a history-making voyage of ten thousand miles from Vancouver across the roof of the world.

THE recent voyage* of the *St Roch* through the North-west Passage is destined to rank high in the annals of the Force. Twenty-eight months after leaving Vancouver—months of relentless winter, isolation, the monotony of vast space devoid of vegetation, gigantic icebergs threatening to crush and destroy—the *St Roch* dropped anchor in Halifax Harbour. Sgt Henry A. Larsen, captain and navigator, manoeuvered through ice, snow, fog and treacherous currents, much of the time in uncharted waters, and brought his crew safely to port. The venture was another of those routine jobs that make history.

Completely equipped for northern work, even to two-way radio, the R.C.M.P. auxiliary schooner *St Roch* is powered with a 150 h.p. Union Diesel engine, supplemented by an eighteen h.p. auxiliary Diesel to operate pumps, lighting plant, generators and so on. She is 105 feet long with a twenty-five-foot beam and was built in Vancouver during the winter of 1927-28. Her timbers are two thirds heavier than normal and her outside hull construction is unique in that the hull is sheathed with a layer of Australian 'iron bark'—the only wood known that will resist the grinding effects of ice pressure. The schooner has been used to distribute supplies to R.C.M.P. detachments in the Western Arctic, occasionally returning to her home port at Vancouver for repairs.

Reg. No. 10407, Sergeant Larsen, was born forty-three years ago in Fredrikstad, a community adjoining Sarpsborg, Norway, where Raold Amundsen—the only other man to conquer the North-west Passage—hailed from. Since boyhood Sergeant Larsen has looked upon Amundsen as a man whose accomplishments he wished to equal; in backtracking his hero's course, Larsen, unexcelled Arctic skipper, has realized a life-long ambition. He joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Vancouver in 1928 after becoming a naturalized Canadian. He has served continuously on the *St Roch* from that time. Previously he had spent six months in the Norwegian Navy, and after leaving his home country he made two voyages to the Arctic as mate on Captain Klingenberg's ship *Old Maid*; on both occasions he was the sole navigator. He is a graduate of the Norwegian Polytechnic of Navigation and has served as first officer on a trans-Atlantic liner. In February, 1941, Larsen was commended by the Commissioner for his skill and excellent judgment in navigating the *St Roch* safely into winter quarters. He is married, has two children, and when he's at home it's 1090 Victoria Ave., Victoria, B.C.

On June 21, 1940, the *St Roch* with her crew of eight, her safety bulwarks and lifelines rigged up to ensure the safety of the men while on the Pacific, sailed from Vancouver, carrying a total cargo of 151 tons—coal, fuel oil and general supplies for Western Arctic R.C.M.P. detachments.

Upon reaching Atkinson Point, the ship developed engine trouble, and Reg. No. 8406, A/Cpl M. F. Foster, chief engineer, deemed it advisable to put about for repairs to the deck machinery.

Corporal Foster, who is forty-one, joined the R.N.W.M.P. in 1919 and took his discharge when his term expired in 1924. Two years later he re-engaged in the R.C.M.P. at Vancouver, and was present at the installation of the

*See map p. 264 for route travelled by *St Roch*.



Sgt H. A. Larsen, captain and navigator of the *St Roch*. *Photo by L. A. Learmonth, H.B.C.*

St Roch's engines in 1928. He has served at Regina, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Ottawa, Bache Peninsula, N.W.T., Rockcliffe, Aklavik, N.W.T. and Prince Rupert. He was engineer on the *St Roch* on her maiden voyage and has since proved himself, many times over, a competent mechanic and Diesel engineer. He is married, his home is at Vancouver.

On June 23 the *St Roch* was on her way again and proceeded up the Inside Passage, anchoring next day at Boat Harbour to overhaul the fuel pressure pump. A hazardous trip lay ahead; everything had to be at the peak of perfection, and the veteran skipper was taking no chances.

At times he conferred with his forty-one-year-old first mate, Reg. No. 10607, Cst. F. S. Farrar, who joined the Force in 1929 and has served at Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, Esquimalt, Kamsack and Weyburn. Born in Liverpool, Eng., Constable Farrar holds a British Board of Trade certificate as a navigating officer in which capacity he worked on mail boats and auxiliary transports during the last war. He is single.

The voyagers reached Alert Bay at noon of the same day. Here the engine was given a final going-over before the schooner put out to sea on a westward course for Unimak Pass.

On June 25, sail was used to advantage and fine weather prevailed during the crossing to Unimak Pass. On July 4 they entered the Bering Sea and ran into strong winds, rains and poor visibility which lasted all day and all night, forcing them to seek shelter for a few hours in a small cove on Akun Island. When the gales subsided the *St Roch* proceeded, and in a short time tied up at the American Pacific whaling station wharf at Akutan Harbour in the afternoon of July 5. Here the engineers checked over the fuel valves; Reg. No. 12740, Cst. P. G. Hunt and Reg. No. 10155, Cst. A. J. Chartrand, deckhands, filled the fresh-water tanks.

Constable Hunt, 28, is an excellent sailor. He is interested in law and aviation, has served in the Force for over seven years on detachments at Regina, Moose Jaw and Kipling, and in 1940 was to be stationed at Coppermine, N.W.T., but was retained on the *St Roch* because of his ability.

Cst. A. J. Chartrand was on his last voyage, for he was destined to die before the trip was over.

Next day Dutch Harbour came into view, and later in the afternoon Unalaska was reached. Here the *St Roch* rested over Sunday, July 7, while her crew were entertained by officers and men of the U.S. coastguard cutter, *Shoeshone*.

Monday was a busy day: a consignment of fresh supplies was loaded on, and the vessel set out for Dutch Harbour again where 2153 gallons of fuel oil was taken aboard. Weather conditions forced the travellers to stay there until July 9, when they left for Teller. After a mean trip in the face of wind, rain and fog they arrived on July 14, but a strong south-south-west gale prevented them entering the harbour until the next evening. Here they took on dry fish, checked over the engine and pro-

ceeded to Cape York where they encountered rain and fog, passing through Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean without a single glimpse of landmarks.

Meanwhile Reg. No. 7756, Cst. W. J. Parry, the fifty-eight-year-old cook, was busy contributing much to the welfare and happiness of his ship-mates. He is Welsh by birth, married and has one child. All-round handy man, willing to turn his hand to any job, he has seen service at 'Depot' Division, Regina, Edmonton, Fort Norman, N.W.T., Macpherson, N.W.T., Aklavik, N.W.T., Ottawa, Vancouver and Esquimalt.

Land wasn't sighted until the *St Roch* approached Cape Lisburne when Sergeant Larsen decided to head for Point Hope. This was reached on July 18 after travelling through heavy fog banks, with only occasional glimpses of land. On July 22 they anchored off Cape Smyth, Point Barrow settlement, after a run during which scattered pieces of ice were seen.

* * *

From then on more ice was encountered, getting thicker as the *St Roch* proceeded eastward. Progress was slow, and on the 24th the engines were stopped and the schooner was allowed to drift with the ice-pack. Cape Halket was reached at noon of the 25th; the ice was solid to the shore, and the vessel had to follow the floe off-shore until late afternoon when she was moored to the ice. Beset by heavy, old ice, the vessel kept on the move to avoid being crushed, making slight headway eastward as small openings occurred. Young ice formed at night, binding the floes together.

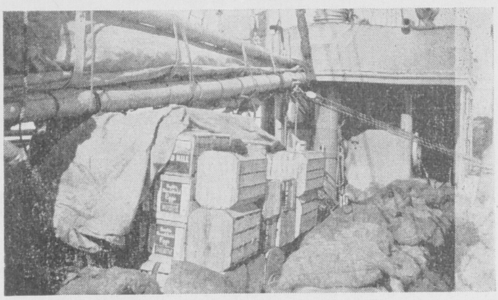
Contact with civilization was maintained by wireless. At the controls was Reg. No. 13013, Cst. E. C. Hadley, 23, who joined the Force in 1938. He is unmarried, comes from Weyburn, Sask., and his chief interest is radio.

By July 31 the vessel had worked her way to anchorage close inshore off Beechey Point, but as ice began to set she was moved out and moored to a grounded floe to avoid being pushed ashore. On August 2 she began working eastward again, tying up every now and then when the ice got too heavy. Five days later when within sight of Cross Island she got caught in a pocket and was unable to budge. A strong north-west wind pressed the ice in from the north; towards shore the ice was aground and the little schooner was caught in the middle—a virtual prisoner until August 10 when the ice, weakened by wind, blasting powder and vicious rammings from the vessel herself, gave way and afforded a passage into open water close to shore.

Here, although the ship almost scraped bottom at times, the going was much better; the wind calmed down and the ice was scattered.

Barter Island was passed on August 11. The crew saw very little ice between there and Herschel Island which they reached at midnight of the 12th, and moored alongside the beach for oil refueling. Next day the R.C.M.P. *Aklavik,* with Inspr S. Bullard, officer commanding, R.C.M.P. Aklavik Sub-division, aboard, appeared and remained while both ships took on coal and miscellaneous stores from the island detachment.

Strong easterly winds and fog kept the vessels in harbour until August 17, on which day they attempted to reach Tuktoyaktuk near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. But owing to a heavy swell they could make no headway, and were forced to turn back. The following



Fresh supplies loaded at Dutch Harbour, Alaska, 1940.



Cst. P. D. Hunt, seaman.
Photo by L. A. Learmonth, H.B.C.

day both vessels reached Toker Point where they remained until the fog lifted and landmarks of Tuktoyaktuk were discernible. At Tuktoyaktuk coal was discharged and dry fish taken aboard as the *St Roch* awaited the arrival from Aklavik of Reg. No. 12704, Cst. G. W. Peters, 32, who joined the ship on August 23 as second engineer. He is from Winnipeg where he joined the Force in July, 1935. Before being assigned to his present station two years ago, he served at Winnipeg, Vancouver and Aklavik. He is a good engineer and general seaman.

On the 24th, Inspector Bullard and Reg. No. 12958, Cst. J. Friederick, who had acted as second engineer up to this time, went ashore. A native woman and child from Aklavik hospital were taken aboard on their way to Cambridge Bay and the *St Roch*, with the R.C.M.P. *Cambridge Bay* in tow, set sail. Dirty weather and dense fog met them shortly after their departure from Tuktoyaktuk but they continued, reaching Pearce Point in two days where the fuel taps were cleaned and the main engine checked.

Bad weather imprisoned the ships here until August 28. Next day they reached Bernard Harbour where a strong gale delayed them again and put off their arrival at Coppermine until the last day of August.

At Coppermine coal and supplies were unloaded and three dogs, to be used for patrol work, were taken aboard. Constable Hunt, who had been assigned to duties at this detachment, was retained on board in place of Reg. No. 12582, Cst. J. M. Monette who had suffered constantly from seasickness. On September 3, Sergeant Larsen and his crew bade good-bye to this far northern point and headed for Tree River, where a thousand gallons of fresh water was taken on, then proceeded to Wilmot Island. Strong north-west winds forced them to seek shelter in the inside harbour. On September 7 when the weather improved they set sail again and anchored outside Simpson Rock.

Next day Cambridge Bay was reached. Supplies for the detachment here were unloaded and the R.C.M.P. *Cambridge Bay* was delivered in good order. Four more dogs were taken aboard and the *St Roch* got ready to put to sea; on the 10th she was away. But bad weather and strong winds forced her to run for shelter behind Finlayson Islands where she remained for two days then proceeded westward and anchored off Kent Coast. Fog and bad weather held her there until September 15 when she started back to Coppermine to attend to various duties.

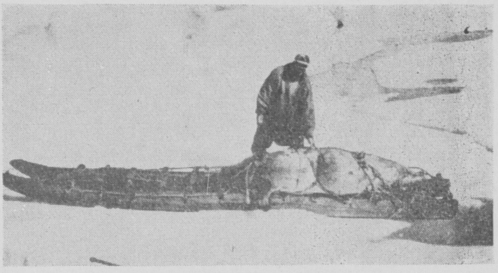
All this was routine to the *St Roch* and her crew. It was the ship's custom to travel into the Western Arctic each autumn and freeze in at some officially-determined point to serve as a floating detachment up there in the land of long nights, ice and snow. This time, however, she had hoped to penetrate the North-west Passage. But the weather had been against her, and now the season was too far advanced for her to proceed on that venture. In addition, Corporal Foster

had discovered that he would need some parts for the main engine, and these could only be obtained through the winter mail. Accordingly, Sergeant Larsen thought it advisable to go either to Banks Island or Walker Bay and winter in.

On September 20, the *St Roch* anchored off Holman Island in a fine deep harbour. Fog held the vessel at anchor for two days, then she headed for De Salis Bay, Banks Island—an enormous harbour well protected from east winds by a long sandspit. The spot seemed ideal for winter quarters. But Skipper Larsen's experienced eye caught sight of something that made him decide against the location: high mounds of rock and pushed-up gravel, indicated heavy ice pressure in the spring; in such a large harbour, the *St Roch* would be exposed to heavy ice-floes and in addition the nearest fresh water was five or six miles away. A quick decision had to be made for it was the time of year when the weather in the Arctic is very uncertain —there was no time to prospect around. So the schooner crossed over to Walker Bay, on the west coast of Victoria Island, arriving on September 25. A site was chosen in the south-eastern part of the bay, about three hundred yards from shore in ten fathoms of water.

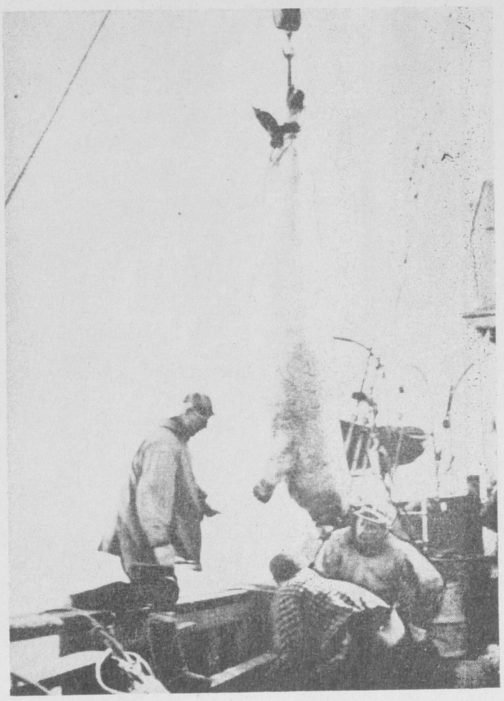
* * *

UNLOADING began at once. All fuel oil, coal and boats were stowed on the beach; fish nets were set, but the season was too far advanced—the fish run was over. October was windy and this kept the bay from freezing over. It wasn't until October 30 that the *St Roch* was in position for her winter clothes—a wooden framework from fore to aft covered with canvas. Ice conditions between Point Barrow and Herschel Island had been extremely bad, and the weather was, in general, the worst ever experienced by the *St Roch*. Severe bumps and squeezes caused a small opening through which some water trickled into the forepeak. When the vessel broke clear of the ice pressure this aperture closed up again, and the leakage ceased.



A member of the crew lashes to a sled a walrus he has just caught.

The cold came, and the blizzards and gales. The *St Roch* rested, 'cemented' in the ice. But not so her crew. Dog patrols were carried out to near-by Banks and Holman Islands. Scattered Eskimo tribes were visited, their health checked and investigations were conducted to see that the N.W.T. Game Act was being observed. Doing the ship's chores and going on hunting trips re-



Giant seal, weighing a thousand pounds, is brought aboard.

lieved the monotony; in between times the crew read, or listened to the radio, especially when the Northern Messenger brought them news of the outside world and the folks back home. The Arctic cold and darkness was hard, but these men were accustomed to it, had tasted it before.

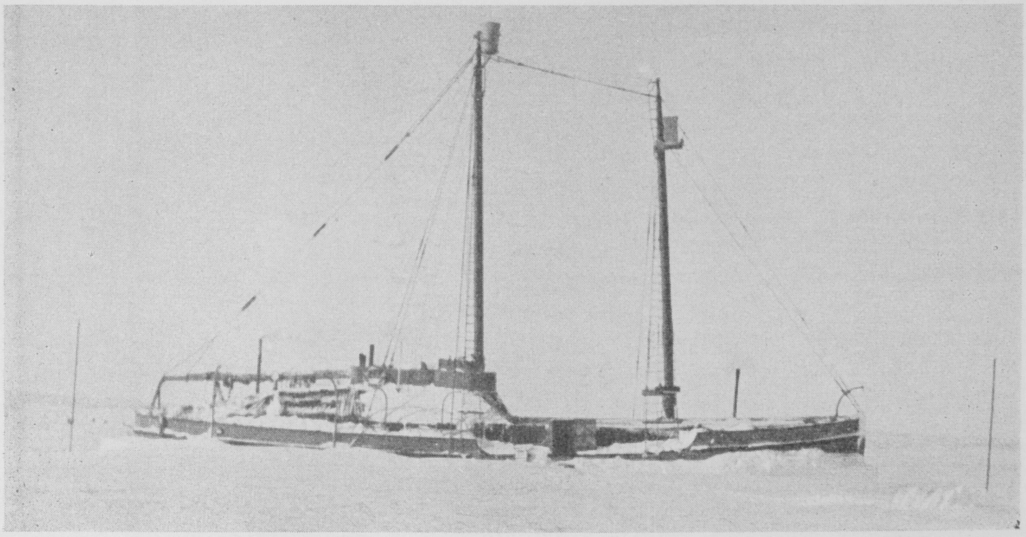
* * *

For ten months the *St Roch* remained fast in her wintry berth. Then, on July 31, 1941, after she had been scraped and painted, her machinery overhauled and examined, the winds slackened enough to allow her to leave winter quarters. Progress was slow. After a few hours she was blocked by large ice-floes between Mount Phayre and Pemmican Point; however, she reached Holman Island that night.

At this point an investigation was made of the accidental shooting of a native boy, Jack Goose, who had to be taken aboard for transportation to Aklavik for medical attention. Upon leaving Holman Island the *St Roch* encountered vast quantities of scattered ice and thick wet fog. Progress was slow and finally she had to be moored to an ice-floe so she wouldn't become entangled in blind leads. In this manner the vessel inched her way along, stopping often to avoid danger; on August 2 she anchored off Cape Bathurst in an impenetrable fog. Next day the voyage was continued and at midnight the ship hove to in very shallow water near Toker Point. Several times the little schooner almost lost the struggle against a fierce gale as she fought to get back in deep water. But finally she won through and on August 4 the wind and sea abated, allowing her to round Toker Point and put in at Tuktoyaktuk.

The following day, as the *St Roch* rested alongside the Hudson's Bay Co. wharf, Inspector Bullard came aboard; the loading of freight for Coppermine and Cambridge Bay detachments began at once.

Departure for Coppermine was delayed by fog and dirty weather until August 8. Two native boys, Jimmy Panaktuk and David Adam, from the Anglican mission at Aklavik were taken aboard. Fair speed was made through scattered ice and rain, and on August 9 Baillie Island was passed. From this point the ice became very heavy with large unbroken floes. But good time was made by proceeding inside these and on the 10th the vessel passed close inshore



St Roch in winter quarters—1940-'41—at Walker Bay, Victoria Island, N.W.T.

at Booth Island, working various leads eastward. A few hours after passing Pearce Point a stop was made because of dense fog. The vessel worked its way to open water and reached Krusenstern on August 12. After putting David Adam, the native boy, ashore, she proceeded on and reached Coppermine the same day.

Here supplies were unloaded and empty drums taken aboard. August 14 saw the gallant little ship departing for Cambridge Bay, and the following day she dropped anchor off Finlayson Island where she remained until 2 a.m., August 16, timing it so she would approach Cambridge Bay in full daylight. At Cambridge Bay Jimmie Panaktuk was put ashore, supplies were unloaded and spare fuel oil was emptied from drums into the tanks. All the drums were then filled with water and stored in the hold for ballast. The *St Roch* left Cambridge Bay on August 19 and continued on by way of the famed North-west Passage —the coveted route that had baffled so many early explorers intent on finding a short cut to the wealth of the Orient.

Extremely adverse conditions were encountered while proceeding to Peterson Bay, King William Island. Bad weather forced a delay at Simpson Rock until the 20th, when an advance was made by skirting the coast. The ship's compass was now useless owing to the nearness of the Magnetic Pole. Lind Island was reached that night. The *St Roch* remained there four days before proceeding eastward in Queen Maud Gulf. Soundings were taken at frequent intervals and good sailing was found south of Geographical and Nordenskjold Islands. The vessel anchored at Etah—a small group of islands—which she left on the 25th, working cautiously towards King William Island. Soundings were taken continually *as no vessel of the St Roch's draft had ever before entered these waters.* The coast was sighted about mid-morning, Terror Bay was negotiated and a stop made at the islands



Banks Island Eskimos

in the entrance of Simpson Strait in mid-afternoon.

From the *St Roch's* motor launch some of the crew took soundings among the small rocky islands which crowd this narrow strait. The bottom was found to be uneven, but general conditions were better than Sergeant Larsen had expected.

On August 27 the vessel continued eastward in a strong current. At 7 a.m. Tullock Point was passed; the strait widened and the water grew deeper. Booth Point was passed and anchor was dropped at Gjoa Haven, Peterson Bay.

When the schooner continued on August 30 shallow water was again encountered, and soundings had to be taken continually. The weather grew worse;

hail and snow forced the vessel to seek shelter in the lee of Mount Matheson, and a very poor shelter it proved to be when a strong north-west gale arose and caused the *St Roch* to roll and pitch like a cork.

On September 1, the weather cleared and as the vessel proceeded one of the crew remained at the lead while another stayed by the masthead—both of them on the look-out for shoals. At a spot between Spence Bay and Matty Island which was reached after much dodging and turning to avoid shoals, progress was stopped by a solid pack of ice that extended from shore to shore. The vessel was anchored off a grounded floe in a very strong current.

Ice began to close in on the vessel threateningly, so a new position was taken beside a rocky islet. A heavy snow storm raged all night, great floes struck against the ship but the two anchors held fast until morning when the wind changed and eased the ice northward.

About noon the *St Roch* moved along with the ice and anchored close to shore while the motor launch was used to take soundings in the entrance to a small cove that looked like a good place to shelter. But the water was too shallow; the vessel had to remain out in the open and weather a violent snow squall with changeable winds that night.



Unloading supplies at Pasley Bay.



Seaman Hunt gives First Mate Farrar a hair cut at Pasley Bay.

Even in daylight it was difficult to distinguish the shore line as the beach and ice were covered with snow. On September 3 the vessel continued cautiously and at 5 p.m. an inlet was sighted in Pasley Bay, Boothia Peninsula. The *St Roch* entered it to avoid being pushed up on the beach by incoming ice.

Early next morning a trip was made ashore and, from a near-by hill, ice conditions were observed. As far as the eye could see, ice had been pushed up against the coast and the inlet entrance was blocked. The *St Roch,* completely surrounded by ice, was forced further down the bay—her engines were useless against the terrific pressure. On the 5th, when the movement of the ice slackened, anchors were heaved in and the vessel made for a patch of open water and anchored. Late that night strong winds again forced ice close to the vessel which was carried along—a helpless hulk locked between heavy floes.

On September 6 she struck a shoal, pivoted around twice, listed to port then to starboard but fortunately the continued pressure pushed her over a shoal with seven feet of water, dragging her anchors and ninety fathoms of chain. Shortly afterwards she was again afloat and moving with the ice. Back and forth she shifted, avoiding destruction many times by hair-breadth escapes until finally she jammed close by the beach. On September 11 the whole inlet froze over solid. The ice was cut away four days later and the *St Roch*, aided by her engines, pushed out about fifty yards where she was moored to a floe of old ice outside the tide crack. Before the month ended, some gear and fifteen tons of coal were taken off and piled on the ice. The canvas housing was erected over the decks fore and aft.

Here at Pasley Bay the *St Roch* was in her berth for the winter of 1941-42.

* * *

And then began a real arduous winter. Hellish gales struck at the marooned craft, the montony of the vast open snow-laden spaces gnawed at the men whose only pastimes were reading and listening to the radio.

But there was also work to be done—work that helped to pass the time; the crew made long dog patrols, taking the Eskimo census and attending to various police duties. The longest trek was made by Sergeant Larsen and Constable Hunt in taking the Eskimo census. They were out sixty-one days and travelled eleven hundred miles in weather never milder than forty-eight below. There were some interesting sidelights; for instance, Skipper Larsen came across the wintering place of the good ship *Victory* which was abandoned by Sir John Ross at Victoria Harbour over a hundred years ago. Rope found close by was as good as new and just as tough. The iron of the old ship's engines was being used by Eskimos for making tools.

And then tragedy struck.

On Feb. 13, 1942, Constable Chartrand was stricken with a heart attack. He died within a few minutes. Sergeant Larsen and Constable Hunt got in touch with a Roman Catholic priest, Father Gustav Henry, while out on their long patrol. At their request, Father Henry mushed to Pasley Bay to perform the burial ceremonies, after which members of the crew erected, on the shore overlooking the bay, a large stone cairn and cross to mark the grave of their departed comrade. (For obituary see R.C.M.P.Q.



Sgt H. A. Larsen.



Sergeant Larsen puts the finishing touches on a cairn at the grave site of Cst. A. J. Chartrand, Pasley Bay.

9, 470). On a name plate surmounted by an R.C.M.P. crest was inscribed the following legend:

8th October, 1904 - 13th February, 1942
Regimental No:
10155
Constable Albert Joseph Chartrand
Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Schooner *St Roch*
Pasley Bay, N.W.T.

The long winter wore on as the men carried out their duties. In the spring, all machinery was given an overhaul, and on August 3, after eleven months at Pasley Bay, the *St Roch* broke free and worked her way about fifteen miles northward. Here, in a narrow lead extending a few miles westward, the ice was unbroken, so the vessel rested and awaited developments. Shortly afterwards this lead closed and the *St Roch* was again a prisoner.

While she waited, the crew had a busy and exciting time of it. Severe pressure at times lifted the vessel over four feet, heeled her over from side to side. This was relieved somewhat when the crew set off charges of black powder close to the vessel, cracking the ice which upended and formed a kind of cushion. The crew constantly plied ice chisels, cutting away ice from rudder and propeller so they would not get damaged. Whenever an opening occurred the main engine was used; thus, little by little, the *St Roch* made headway. Back and forth, an egg-shell in a giants' playground, she drifted with instant death and destruction always hovering in the background. On several occasions the skipper himself feared that the doughty little vessel was doomed. On August 12, No. 1 cylinder head broke and caused the main engine to flood. The piston from No. 1 cylinder had to be drawn, and from then on the *St Roch* operated with only five cylinders.

* * *

On August 24, a strong northerly gale split the ice, opening a lead southward from the most westerly point of the Tasmania Islands. The *St Roch* gained the lead and by noon of the 26th had reached comparatively safe anchor-

age in deep water that lay between the islands. This, according to Sergeant Larsen, was the worst part of the voyage. She remained alongside a steep beach three days. Meanwhile from a vantage point on high land Sergeant Larsen observed ice conditions in Franklin Strait. On August 29 the vessel pulled out and reached Dixon Islands off Cape Prince of Wales Island. From here on ice conditions were favourable and when abreast of Bellot Strait the vessel cut across and entered it. The western end of this stretch of water was clear of ice but in the centre there was an impassable, tightly-jammed ice barrier two or three miles wide.

Aided by the tide, the *St Roch* rammed into this frozen wall and attempted to drift through. The current was very strong and ice whirled, upended, and closed in from all sides. But finally the vessel drifted through and anchored off the Hudson's Bay Co. post, Fort Ross, on the east side of the strait. Here Sergeant Larsen reported to headquarters at Ottawa that there had been a partial break-down of the main engine and that the *St Roch* would have to proceed at reduced speed.

Until September 2 the *St Roch* remained at Fort Ross, changing anchorage continually because of moving ice and a strong north-westerly gale. Then passing through the narrow strait between Possession Point and Brown Island she continued along the coast of North Somerset Island. Headway was greatly hampered by large floe-ice which clung stubbornly until the half-way mark between Prince Leopold Island and Cape York was reached. Ahead, there were only scattered pieces of ice, but, whenever the wind subsided young slush ice formed rapidly and slowed the vessel down.

Navy Board Inlet was entered on September 4; no ice was visible except for a line of icebergs in Eclipse Sound. Early in the morning of September 6, anchor was dropped at Pond Inlet where stores and coal were discharged, some fuel oil taken on, and the dogs remaining (some had been mercifully destroyed) were taken ashore.

Reg. No. 11768, Cst. J. W. Doyle, who was due for relief from northern service, came aboard as a member of the crew to replace the late Constable Chartrand. Constable Doyle is from Campbellton, N.B., and has been in the Force for over ten years, serving at Winnipeg, Regina, Charlottetown, Rockcliffe and Pond Inlet, N.W.T. While at the latter detachment he investigated the case of Joshie—*R. v. Joshie* 9 R.C.M.P.Q. 364. He is thirty-three and unmarried.

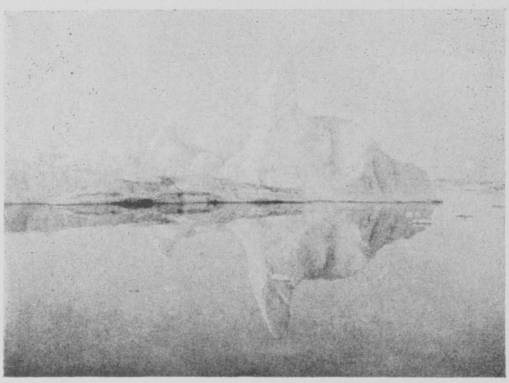
* * *

On September 10, the *St Roch* weighed anchor and in Davis Strait—home of the icebergs—ran into a strong south-east gale, violent squalls. Several small icebergs appeared and, as all headway was stopped by the mounting swell, the schooner was hard put to dodge them.

All the way down Baffin Island and the coast of Labrador the weather was bad, with rain and poor visibility persisting.



Left to right: Csts W. D. Peters and E. Hadley, Sgt H. A. Larsen, Cpl M. J. Foster. The *St Roch* can be seen in the background. Photo taken by L. A. Learmonth, H.B.C., while vessel wintered at Pasley Bay, 1941-'42.



Turn picture to right and note 'face' formed by this huge Arctic berg and its reflection.

The first vessel sighted by the *St Roch's* crew was a small Newfoundland fishing schooner off Bateau Harbour, Southern Labrador. This was on September 22. The *St Roch* was detained at the harbour by bad weather until the 26th. From there she proceeded southward, anchoring one night at St Charles and two nights at Forteen Bay because of violent gales. On September 30, Corner Brook, Newfoundland, was reached; fresh water was secured, and temporary repairs were made on the broken cylinder head by engineers of the Bowater Pulp and Paper Mills.

The *St Roch* bade good-bye to this port on October 5. A small convoy accompanied her, but outside the bay she couldn't keep up owing to a strong south-west gale. She headed off shore and on October 8 arrived at Sydney Harbour, Cape Breton Island, which she left next morning. She arrived at Halifax, via Bras d'Or Lake, at 3.30 p.m., October 11. There she will undergo a general outfitting and have more powerful engines installed, for duty on the east coast.

In his official report covering the voyage, Sergeant Larsen stated that the 1941 and 1942 seasons were very bad from the view-point of sailing weather and, had they missed the opportunity—the only one that offered—of getting out of Pasley Bay when they did, the



THE EIGHT-MAN CREW OF THE R.C.M.P. *ST ROCH* ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY, N.S. *From left to right*: Cst. W. J. Parry, cook; Cst. P. G. Hunt, seaman; Cst. E. C. Hadley, wireless operator; Sgt H. A. Larsen, captain; Cst. F. S. Farrar, first mate; Cst. J. W. Doyle, seaman; Cpl M. F. Foster, chief engineer; Cst. G. W. Peters, second engineer.

St Roch would still be up there; due to north-westerly and westerly winds which prevailed all summer, the ice never left the bay nor the west side of Boothia Peninsula.

Spick and span in a fresh coat of grey paint, the schooner looked none the worse in Halifax Harbour for her long and arduous struggle. She had received many hard knocks and bumps; but having been built for such treatment, she took it in her stride.

The historic voyage is over. Averaging six knots, the *St Roch* travelled in all 9,745 miles: on the first leg of the voyage, to Walker Bay, 5,240 miles; from there to Pasley Bay, 1,666 miles; and on the home stretch to Halifax, 2,839 miles.

Chancing their strength and stamina against the toughest elements in the world, the *St Roch* and her crew challenged a route strewn with the skeletons of ships and men of former years—and won!

Sailing Across Top of the World

THE achievement of Sergeant Henry A. Larsen and eight other members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who, starting from Vancouver in the summer of 1940 in the eighty-ton vessel *St Roch,* proved themselves skilful and daring navigators and successfully traversed the famous Northwest Passage, is a feat of exploratory travel which in more normal times would have received widespread publicity of a highly laudatory nature. In these times, however, when hundreds of men are risking their lives every day under enemy fire to perform feats of heroism and fortitude, it will attract only casual attention outside of Canada, and even here will soon pass out of the public memory.

It is now more than a century since the explorer, Thomas Simpson, travelling with dog-teams, was the first to prove the existence of the Northwest Passage, discovery of which had been the objective of earlier explorers. The year 1906 had arrived before Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, had the distinction of being the first man to bring a vessel—in a voyage lasting about three years—through the passage. Amundsen's passage was from east to west, and now Sergeant Larsen and his companions, in a voyage lasting rather less than two and a half years, have won laurels as explorers by completing the west-east voyage for the first time.

Such a feat of prolonged navigation through the perils and hardships of the Arctic seas could be accomplished only by men who possessed great powers of endurance and noteworthy ability to cope with arduous conditions for months on end. To some the exploit may seem a waste of energy and courage during a world war for freedom, but the party was assigned a definite mission, and the voyage was only incidental to it. It is, however, in conformity with the fine traditions of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that some of its members should have their names added to the limited beadroll of explorers who have successfully accomplished the famous Northwest Passage. William James, the American philosopher, used to challenge the thesis that wars were needed by the human race to preserve the virtues of courage and fortitude by arguing that under conditions of perfect peace there would always be available for men and women an abundance of hazardous ventures, such as pitting their strength and mental powers against the stark forces of nature. One such venture is the conquest of the Northwest Passage from west to east.

Toronto *Globe and Mail.*

*The Squad of One**

by ROBERT J. C. STEAD

ONE OF THE highlights of my boyhood on the prairie was the summer evening when Corporal Snow, N.W.M.P., reversing the tradition of Lochinvar, rode out of the East to my father's homestead in Southern Manitoba. We saw the scarlet speck a mile or more away; gradually it took shape, and when the supple rider swung from his horse in our door-yard I thought I never had seen anything so magnificent.

Corporal Snow's mission was to arrange for the lodging and board of two constables and their horses on our farm. We were by no means an unruly lot, and it was no reflection upon us or our community that two policemen were being billeted on us. We lived close to the Dakota border, and a chain of police posts was being estab'ished along the International Boundary. They were not designed to resist an American invasion, but to discourage the tendency of the settlers to ignore the boundary altogether, especially with respect to those commodities which could be bought cheaper south of the Line. In the 1880's, of which I write, something approaching the ideal of free trade had been clandestinely achieved by the good people of Manitoba and Dakota.

Corporal Snow had no difficulty in completing his arrangements, and soon after two policemen, who shall be unnamed, arrived to take up their duties. These were not particularly arduous; they consisted mainly in keeping posts east and west advised by grapevine of a threatened visit by the inspector. This piece of public service was reciprocal, posts east and west keeping them equally advised. An incidental duty was to patrol the Boundary Line once a week. As this invisible line between two great nations was quite unfenced and almost unmarked, the effectiveness of such a patrol in restraining the free-trade sentiment of the settlers may be imagined. I can recall only one seizure being made. It consisted of several loads of fresh fish captured in good Canadian waters and being exported without permit. The constables had no difficulty in seizing the fish, but as they could not find a buyer, disposal of the illicit stock presented a problem. And fresh fish, like time and tide, are notoriously opposed to undue delay.

When not engaged in the above and associated duties our policemen cultivated the social grace of story-telling. I admired the police; had I been a girl I would surely have said they were beautiful. With their scarlet tunics, their belts filled with threatening cartridges—rifle cartridges for long range work; .44 revolver bullets for the murderous hand-to-hand business—their dark blue trousers with the wide yellow stripe, and collar-box caps perched airily on their heads one inch above the left eyebrow, in beauty they seemed to me greater than all the lilies of the field, and in authority next only to the Queen. Small wonder their eight-year-old audience sat with mouth agape far into the night! It did not then occur to me that beings so divine could take any liberties with the star-like chastity of Truth. Alas, that the passing years dissolve so many illusions!

One of the stories told I have endeavored to preserve in verse. And just as my informant, no doubt, took liberties with the original facts, I have, under and by virtue of the power of poetic licence, revised names and places to suit my rhyme. But, I assure you, the central motif, as hereunder presented, remains unchanged:

Sergeant Blue of the Mounted Police was a so-so kind of guy;
He swore a bit, and he lied a bit, and he boozed a bit on the sly;
But he held the post at Snake Creek Bend in the good old British way,
And a grateful country paid him about sixty cents a day.

Now the life of the North West Mounted Police breeds an all-round kind of man;
A man who can finish whatever he starts and no matter how it began;
A man who can wrestle a drunken bum, or break up a range stampede—
Such are the men of the Mounted Police, and such are the men they breed.

The snow lay deep at the Snake Creek post and deep to east and west,
And the sergeant had made his ten-league beat and settled down to rest
In his two-by-four that they called a 'post', where the flag flew overhead,
And he took a look at his monthly mail, and this is the note he read:

*From *The Empire Builders*, copyright.

"To Sergeant Blue, of the Mounted Police, at the post at Snake Creek Bend,
From U.S. Marshal of County Blank, greetings to you, my friend:
They's a team of toughs give us the slip, though they shot up a couple of blokes,
And we reckon they's hid in Snake Creek Gulch, and posin' as farmer folks.

"Of all the toughs I ever saw I reckon these the worst,
So shoot to kill if you shoot at all, and be sure you do it first,
And send out your strongest squad of men and round them up if you can,
For dead or alive we want them here. Yours truly, Jack McMann."

And Sergeant Blue sat back and smiled, and his heart was glad and free,
And he said, "If I round these beggars up it's another stripe for me;
And promotion don't come easy to one of us Mounty chaps,
So I'll scout around tomorrow and I'll bring them in—perhaps."

Next morning Sergeant Blue, arrayed in farmer smock and jeans,
In a jumper sleigh he had made himself set out for the evergreens
That grow on the bank of Snake Creek Gulch by a homestead shack he knew,
And a smoke curled up from the chimney-pipe to welcome Sergeant Blue.

"Aha!" said Blue, "and who are you? Behold, the chimney smokes,
But the boy that owns this homestead shack is up at Okotoks;
And he wasn't expecting callers, for he left his key with me,
So I'll just drop in for an interview and we'll see what we shall see!"

So he drove his horse to the shanty door and hollered a loud "Good-day,"
And a couple of men with fighting irons came out beside the sleigh,
And the sergeant said, "I'm a stranger here and I've driven a weary mile;
If you don't object I'll just sit down by the stove in the shack awhile."

Then the sergeant sat and smoked and talked of the home he had left down East,
And the cold and the snow, and the price of land, and the life of man and beast,
But all of a sudden he broke it off with, "Neighbors, take a nip?
There's a horn of the best you'll find out there in my jumper, in the grip."

So one of the two went out for it, and as soon as he closed the door
The sergeant tickled the other one's ribs with the nose of his forty-four;
"Now, fellow," he said, "You're a man of sense, and you know when you're on the rocks,
And a noise as loud as a mouse from you and they'll take you home in a box."

And he fastened the bracelets to his wrists, and his legs with a halter-shank,
And he took his knife and he took his gun and he made him safe as the bank;
And then he mustered Number Two in an Indian file parade,
And he gave some brief directions—and Number Two obeyed.

And when he had coupled them each to each and set them down on the bed,
"It's a frosty day and we'd better eat before we go," he said.
So he fried some pork and he warmed some beans, and he set out the best he saw,
And he noted the price for the man of the house, according to British law.

That night in the post sat Sergeant Blue, with paper and pen in hand,
And this is the word he wrote and signed and mailed to a foreign land:
"To U.S. Marshal of County Blank, greetings I give to you;
My squad has just brought in your men, and the squad was Sergeant Blue."

There are things unguessed, there are tales untold, in the life of the great lone land,
But here is a fact that the prairie-bred alone may understand,
That a thousand miles in the fastnesses the fear of the law obtains,
And the pioneers of justice were the Riders of the Plains.

Memory Browsing in Cypress Hills

by A/Sgt D. A. Fleming

After the white man came the Indian experienced a difficult transition period during which his freedom and natural instincts were sharply curbed. From these reminiscences in the Cypress Hills we gain a realization of the Indian's diligence and perseverance in the ways of the white race. He accepted the changed conditions with good grace and today there is no citizen more loyal to the Empire.

One day last summer I stood on the top bench of the Cypress Hills and watched a trans-Canada plane wing its way north-west. Directly to the north I saw smoke billowing from a west-bound C.P.R. locomotive. A vast expanse lay before me, a land in which an incredible change had taken place in a comparatively short time. Here the great buffalo herds had wandered at will; the red man had been lord supreme. Later had come the explorer, and not long afterwards the hunter, the trapper and the trader. Here and there, following the coming of the Mounted Police, small settlements had sprung into being. Like a rolling snowball that gathers unto itself and grows rapidly, so the West had experienced cumulative changes and sustained a great transformation.

Scattered about, at old camp sites, can be found Indian relics—war clubs, stone hammers, stone spearheads and arrow points—, symbols of an era that has gone. Often of skilful workmanship, they had been made by the Plains Indians, a resourceful and warlike people —tall, manly, with bold, prominent features, wide faces, high cheek-bones and raven braids decked with eagle feathers—, physically superior to all the American aborigines.

* * *

Through half-closed eyes I contemplated the slopes in dreamy speculation and conjured up a vision of the days when the Plains Indians had fought wars and hunted the buffalo. They had lived a simple life, the buffalo supplying them with practically all necessities, for the hides when sewn together constituted their lodges, and the flesh together with roots and berries was their food. The berries were generally eaten as found, or pulverized and added to dried and pounded buffalo meat which was then mixed with fat into a delicacy known as 'fine' pemmican, as distinguished from ordinary pemmican.

The Indian's nature was hard. From childhood he was taught to despise any show of pain and fear. His education

"The Plains Indians knew no boundaries."



consisted of learning to ride the wiry ponies, of indulging in mimic warfare, of acquiring skill with bow and arrow and the hunting spear. All heavy and menial work was performed by the squaws; in addition to their household tasks the women, aided by the aged men, cripples and youths of the camp, followed the hunters and completed the work on the fallen animals, carrying the spoils back to their lodges. When buffalo were killed by stampeding huge herds over cut banks and slaughtering them *en masse,* the camp was moved to the scene of the kill.

These Plains Indians had their own loose system of government, and all 'affairs of state' were left to the chiefs and their councillors. In peace time the chiefs, medicine-men, sub-chiefs and councillors all had their say at the council, but in war time the tribal direction and control was in the hands of the war chiefs, men of outstanding valour and strategy.

The Plains Indians knew no boundaries except that they realized the danger of encroaching upon the territory of an enemy tribe, or that, when weakened by disease or war, it was wise to remain in home pastures.

They lacked the craftsmanship exhibited by the Aztec or Inca. They were not builders, and, unlike the southern natives, left nothing behind in the way of monuments or buildings. The workmanship in their pottery was inferior to that in the south. As far as is known they made no attempt to construct any musical instrument other than the bone whistle, the raw-hide tom-tom, and the rattle; the latter was usually made from the outer shells of buffalo hoofs. Unlike the early Peruvians, the Plains Indians possessed no skill in surgery; their medicine-man's scope was limited to herbs and other simples which he administered with weird incantations.

In keeping with his mode of living, the Plains Indian's religion was simple. He believed in the Great Spirit and was a sun-worshipper, but he didn't practise the vicious human sacrifices indulged in by his southern neighbours.

True enough, in war he was savage. That he was ferocious and cruel has been stressed by many authorities and is revealed by numerous tales of raids on encampments and slaughtering of men, women and children. But the quarrels and fights he did have were usually with people of his own origin. It seems to have been overlooked that when the white men came to the West, the Plains Indian was, in most cases, exceptionally hospitable and courteous.

* * *

THIS man of the great buffalo pastures had his ambitions—to be a wise councillor, a good hunter and great warrior. The vast outdoors was the school where he learned to track game and foe; to acquaint himself with the habits and favourite haunts of various wild creatures. All this he had to know; his life depended upon it. Later he entered the warrior class where he learned to see without being seen; to hear without being heard; to take advantage of any natural cover; to travel long distances on foot; to back track; to avoid ambush; to attack at the right moment; to have complete control of his facial expressions; above all, to scorn fear and die valiantly. His life accustomed him to hardships and at times to extreme exertion. Many instances are recorded of the Indian travelling hundreds of miles on foot, before the coming of the horse—the great boon he received from the Spaniards.

At the council fires he listened attentively and from his elders received advice on politics, strategy, methods of procedure; from them came words of wisdom and eloquence. Here the young warrior learned about things he should and should not do; about the history of his people, their friends and enemies, the habits and customs of other tribes, the hard times endured and good times enjoyed by his forefathers. Few ques-



Antelope still roam the Cypress Hills.

tions were asked; the knowledge was acquired by listening.

On his own initiative he absorbed this information, for he was not compelled to listen or to educate himself. Yet instinctively he realized that his future welfare as well as that of the band was the concern of the council. His own principal desire was to be an asset to the tribe, and he knew there were three courses open to him: to be strong in the hunt; mighty in battle; wise in the council.

Little is known of the Indian before the advent of the white man on the North American continent; most of the available data spring from legend and mythology. But since the arrival of the white man, the Indian and his history, his activities and his troubles have become better known.

The Indian knew neither the strength nor the weakness of the new-comers. He knew nothing about firearms until the white man brought them, and upon being shown the effectiveness of this new weapon, the Indian burnt with the desire to own one. He learned that they were obtainable through trade and it was through trade that the white man with a most evasive, ever-moving table of trade-and-commerce values, established his influence over the Indian.

Henceforth the Indian's perspective of life changed—traders, hunters and trappers began to push westward from the East. This influx was gradual because of the continuous friction between French and English; exploration was actually done more by individuals than by the great powers whose rulers were content to disregard everything except their profit from the fur catch. The buffalo, the deer and the birds had been always with the Indian; there was nothing to warn him they might become scarce or extinct. The rifles, ball and powder of the white man could be obtained for pelts and hides, so without stint the Indian hunted and killed, little realizing the disaster that lay ahead. Soon, the buffalo were gone. Too late the Indian discovered there was nothing left to hunt; too late he learned his mistake, and found himself destitute except for land which he knew not how to turn to his use.

I reflected on all this as I stood there in the Cypress Hills, and tried to picture to myself the discussions that must have taken place around the council fires after the catastrophe had fallen. It is doubtful if any race in the history of the world had had its source of livelihood wiped out so irrevocably. The Plains Indians were without sustenance and had to rely on the white man who was making such extended inroads into their territory. Yet through it all the Indian was amicably disposed towards the white race. He had been enticed to trade his heritage for a pittance, yet, except in a few isolated cases, he showed no desire for revenge.

Not until the Métis question arose, in 1869 and 1885, did the Plains Indians question the white man's law, and even then only part of their number joined the rebels. After the rebellion of 1885 the Indians turned to agriculture—a

disagreeable step for them, as hunting is hereditary in their make-up—and they are gradually adapting themselves to this new life. Much has still to be done before they will be completely self-supporting, but there is every indication that in time they will be. The Indian has remained true to the various treaties signed by him. He is loyal to Canada. I often wonder if some of our white inhabitants are as loyal. History has been unkind to the red man, yet he has submitted to a great transition and accepted the new life with a grace and dignity that would tax many of us to emulate.

* * *

DURING the present crisis Canada's Indians are upholding nobly the loyal traditions of their gallant ancestors. According to preliminary figures compiled by the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa, over twelve hundred Indians have already enlisted in the armed forces in Canada. This figure is expected to be increased considerably when all the agencies throughout the country have reported. There are, no doubt, many Indian enlistments which have not been reported to the department. Some Canadian Indians have enlisted in the American Air Force and may now be striking down the enemy with winged Tomahawks instead of the tomahawks which their forebears used in days gone by.

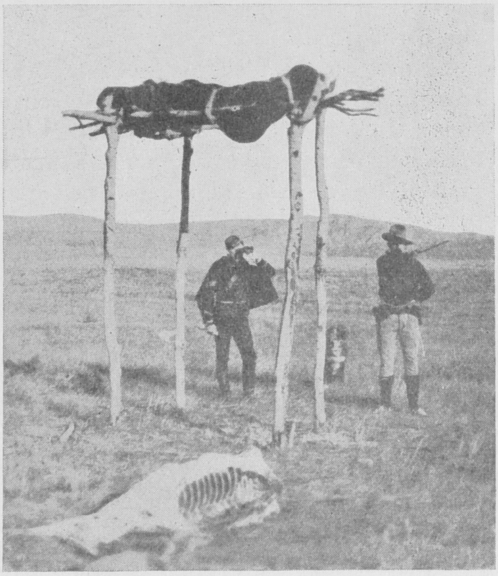
According to the official records of the department more than four thousand Indians enlisted for active service in the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the last war. This number represented approximately thirty-five per cent of the Indian male population of military age in the nine provinces. The fine record of the Indians in the last war appears in particularly favourable light, when it is remembered that their services were entirely voluntary as they were exempted from the provisions of the Military Service Act.

The Indian soldiers gave an excellent account of themselves at the front, and their officers commended them most highly for their courage, intelligence, efficiency, stamina, and discipline. In daring and intrepidity they were second to none. Many of them were hunters in civil life and in consequence were expert marksmen. Because of this experience they were able to render valuable service as snipers, and in this branch of fighting were unexcelled. They displayed characteristic patience and self-control when engaged in this work and were known to sit for hours at vantage points waiting for a chance at enemy snipers. In this way they did much to demoralize the sniping system of the enemy.

Today, the Indians of Canada are found in almost every branch of the armed forces, and may be relied upon to follow the example of courage and devotion to duty set by their fathers a quarter of a century ago.

* * *

THE Métis differed from the Indian in many respects. Neither red nor white man, he was an opportunist who used his own camp or lived with the Indian as it suited his purpose. The fire



An Indian scaffold grave; the Sioux did not bury their dead.



In rough-and-ready garb, a Mounted Police patrol from Fort Walsh *en route* to Battleford.

of resentment towards the white intrusion, that had burned at Fort Garry in 1869, was the result of misunderstandings on both sides, and it smouldered for years. The Métis, in many instances better off in worldly goods than the white settlers, constituted the main opposition to the new order. They were more mobile than the whites; they recognized few laws; unhampered by any colonization scheme, they roamed, hunted, trapped and traded at will. And to add to the general unrest, the whites themselves often fought with each other. Everything at that time portended what was to happen, but the authorities, despite warnings from the Mounted Police, ignored the growing spark of rebellion. Through all that happened afterwards, the Indian, though a pawn in the game, remained loyal to the Queen.

Before me was the stage where all this took place. Before me stretched those same plains upon which the Indian had oriented himself to the white man's way of life. Here and there an occasional knoll, ridge or hill loomed up.

A blue haze hung suspended in the north marking the location of the South Saskatchewan River. To the north-east the land appears to rise slightly—the great Sand Hills embracing the ranches of the Martins, Millies, Mackenzies and Minors. This was the shadow land of the Blackfoot where they lived as shadows after death. To them it was known as a territory afar off, but to the Plains Crees it was a familiar ground in which they hunted. Even today their camp sites, circles of stones, and fireplaces can be found. The east side of a small lake is drab grey in colour from the buffalo bones which litter it.

The Sand Hills are not high, but they are quite rugged and there is a fascination about them. They appear to be immovable, yet some of them are slowly and continuously shifting. Although too arid for the homesteader, the Sand Hills are not, as many would assume upon first seeing them, desert land. Water is close to the surface, and there are several springs in the vicinity. White-faced Herefords graze peacefully in this last stronghold of the Saskatchewan rancher. Poplar, black birch and berry bushes are fairly plentiful, and here too is the home of the prairie chicken and antelope.

To the south once stood Fort Walsh, erected in 1875 by Inspr James Morrow Walsh of the North West Mounted Police. In my mind's eye I saw 'B' troop with its mounted men, ox carts and wagons trooping down off the bench into Battle Creek Coulee and splashing through the creek at a spot later known as the Macleod Crossing. This trail led from Fort Macleod, for several years the headquarters of the Force. The logging industry sprang up as the erection of the Mounted Police stockade, guard-room, prison, store-rooms, men's quarters, stables, shops and hospital progressed. At Fort Walsh vital decisions were reached, and assistance was rendered to Indian and white man alike. On the little flat below the fort was where Piapot received a cast-off team and wagon stuffed with provisions, and was sent on his journey to a reserve near Fort Qu'Appelle with his tribe of several hundred.

Piapot was as wily a beggar as ever lived. Old Paul Lavielle, late scout of the N.W.M.P., once remarked, "Piapot could talk a dead man out of his moccasins." No wonder Fort Walsh breathed easier when it saw the last of him and his band.

Fort Walsh is no more. On the little parcel of land that it occupied, now marked by four cement blocks, the decision was made in 1876 to advance and meet Sitting Bull, Chief of the Sioux, who came to Canada after defeating Custer at the Little Big Horn River in Montana.

The Plains Indians, or the Horse Indians as they were often called, when aroused, were exceptionally savage. Commissioner Macleod of the Mounted Police had acted wisely when he laid down the law and made a friend of Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy which consisted of the Blackfoot, Bloods, Piegans and Sarcees.

Tribal discipline was strong among the Blackfoot and their allies; and, when Crowfoot gave his word in the treaty of 1877, his followers, to their everlasting credit, honoured it. But the chief was confronted with a difficult situation. His people were hounded by runners who endeavoured to talk them into rebellion. He disliked the coming of the white man as much as any Indian, but a fearless, armed constabulary had convinced him that here was a power greater than his own. After witnessing the white man's swift justice, he believed that in it was something that would protect him and his people against unscrupulous persons who roamed the territories.

Among other matters that cropped up and kept the police and loyal chiefs busy, was the stock question. The law of the white man was at odds with the Indians' very nature. Hitherto the Indian had treated as his right anything foot loose on the prairie; it was his for the taking. To steal from his own people was a crime, but to steal from other tribes was considered a paramount virtue, even though such action resulted in a return raid by the enemy and the killing of his own brethren. That was the Indian's life; he knew no other. It was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—usually a scalp for a scalp. But things changed after the white man came: when the Indian helped himself to the horses or cattle of settlers on the prairie the Mounted Police intervened.

The police would first call on the chief, thereby placing on his shoulders the burden of producing the guilty person. Sometimes this was a ticklish



Old Fort Walsh village in the Cypress Hills.

undertaking, especially if the braves were in a warlike mood. However, once the police were certain they were on the right track they pushed things through to the finish with courage and tenacity. The annals of the Force are studded with examples in which the police executed their duties unhesitatingly in the face of superior odds. The Indians recognized the courage of the redcoats and they were impressed with the fact that the policemen kept their word, even when confronted with great danger. Bravery was the Indian's stock-in-trade; he was pleased to see it in others. It drew his admiration.

Some Indian camps were quite large. Piapot's camp at Davis Lake (now Cypress Lake) was probably five hundred strong. Sitting Bull's camp when he crossed into Canada was 350 lodges, despite the loss of about four hundred lodges that he had sustained while crossing the Missouri on his hurried departure for Canada.

The Indians could move from place to place with surprising speed when it was necessary; for instance, the Sioux were able to escape capture by the U.S. Cavalry after the Custer Massacre. One reason that such swift flight was possible was because the Indians used the simple *travois*: two trailing poles, serving as shafts for dog or horse, and bearing a platform of buffalo skin for the load.

On the little eminence to the north-east of the fort site a Blackfoot war party had ridden pell-mell through a Cree camp, leaving a trail of death behind them as evidence of their audacity. Other spots are fading reminders of bitter clashes among the Indians, and of interventions by the custodians of the law.

It is with pride that we honour such men as Macleod, Irvine, Walsh, their officers and men, who in such dangerous situations gave the correct decisions and acted at the right moment. Tactful direction was certainly needed in helping the Indians to adapt themselves to their new mode of life, and to assign them to their proper reservations. To suppress their inborn liking for travel was no small task and it was made more difficult by the activities of the Métis. But in the main, the Indians of the Canadian plains submitted with good grace to the restraint of law and order, and any trouble that was experienced with them was usually fomented by the Métis or other outsiders.

Still looking towards the south I caught sight of the low, dim outline of Signal Butte, a very old mass of slate,



N.W.M.P. camp in the Cypress Hills in the '70's.

sandstone and lignite that was pushed up ages ago by some great geological upheaval. Beyond it I could see the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana. To the east and south-east the Old Man On His Back Plateau thrust its dull form against the sky. Simmering in the heat to the south-west lay that long stretch of prairie along Milk River from the Wild Horse Flats to the Sweet Grass Hills.

In former days Indian signal lights on the Butte were visible from the Cypress Hills, the Bear Paw Mountains, the Little Rockies and the Old Man On His Back. Plentifully supplied with buck brush and soft coal for fires, Signal Butte was an ideal point from which to send signals, lying as it does on the south side of the Sweet Grass Hills, overlooking the Wild Horse Flats on Sage Creek, the breaks above the site of vanished Fort Walsh, and the hills around old Fort Assiniboine in Montana. Although there is nothing majestic about it, with its head rising just above the surrounding haze, it has a greater altitude than one would think.

The telegraph line that ran from Montana to the N.W.M.P. detachment at Ten Mile on Battle Creek followed the old Fort Assiniboine-Fort Walsh bull trail and skirted the base of Signal Butte. Many people living in the neighbourhood of the butte do not know its name; to them it is just another prairie knoll.

To the north-west of Signal Butte is Willow Creek Valley which leads towards the west end of the Cypress Hills. Bare Coulee runs off at a tangent just where the disappearing bull trail crosses the creek at Griffiths' ranch. Despite the belief of many, the name has no connection with bears—black, brown or grizzly. The coulee was so named by a police patrol under Reg. No. 899, Sgt Jack Richards, because they came across a settler there in a skimpy state of dress.

Far beyond Bare Coulee and slightly to the right, three hills thrust their heads up through the summer haze. These are the Sweet Grass Hills and one, the West Butte, which stands out more prominently than the others, is known as the 'weather vane' for when it wears its cap the wise motorist leaves 'Old Lizzie' in the garage. This peak and the two adjoining hills, Gold Butte and East Butte, are visible for miles. On a clear day it seems but a short distance off, yet in reality it is ninety miles away. On a hot day, when the haze is exceptionally heavy, the peaks look as though they were more like 190 miles distant.

Between the Cypress and the Sweet Grass Hills lies a basin that is a regular storm centre. Here clouds often gather and start on turbulent journeys. At first rain seems imminent, and in a short time, certain. But it doesn't come, and the clouds continue to drift overhead. The wind grows stronger. Small spirals of dust whirl across the prairie. And just when a terrific downpour again seems inevitable the clouds alter their course. Upon approaching the summit of the Cypress Hills, they veer off. The wind dies down, the summer heat again settles on the plains. But a change takes place in the Cypress Hills. The clouds, in passing, have chilled the atmosphere, and the hills, because of their altitude, retain the pleasant coolness.

* * *

I LIFT my head to inhale the freshness, and in my mind's eye see a herd of buffalo thundering from Egg Lake towards Pendant d'Oreille. Elk graze in the coulee below me. At Davis Lake beyond, smoke rises from an Indian camp.

Something flashes in the distance. I lean forward to see what it is and discover that the windshield of a car on No. 13 highway has reflected the sun's rays. The thundering buffalo, the grazing elk, the encamped Indians all fade into nothing. I am back to the present. My vision is gone—gone like the traders, the hunters, the liquor pedlars who lived here before I came. Gone too are the

early police forts and most of the personnel who manned them; the old-time hitching posts in the villages, the buckboard, the bull trains and the prairie schooners.

North of me a locomotive steams by; a plane soars overhead. The old order changeth. Towns, villages, railways, highways, and fields of grain have altered the prairie's face, but the same old hills are there. Today 'Thar's gold in them thar hills' all right. Not the gold we know, but the gold of ranches that nestle in the coulees. The strong hard grass, so closely linked with the south-west, still grows as in the past; the deer and antelope and elk still roam the Cypress Hills, in the sanctuary of the Forest Reserve. But the buffalo and the free Indian are gone forever.

Yes, the old order changeth. But not entirely. For you still receive a hearty welcome in the hills: "All right, stranger. Come in and eat."

One feels at home in the Cypress Hills.

But It's Wise to Take Precautions

DARKNESS had enveloped the vast Saskatchewan prairies, and the inhabitants of Hanley Detachment were on the verge of 'calling it a day'. It was the witching hour when the phone usually rings; this time was no exception.

The constable in charge reached for pencil and pad, and took the call. "A bomb?" he queried, his jaw muscles tightening. "Could you describe it? A black cylindrical object with red top and bottom. Yes, go on. Has a protruding fuse which is turned to open and bears a warning, 'Do Not Dial Here.' All right we will be up immediately."

The constable replaced the receiver slowly. Without looking at me he said, "Some person has planted a bomb in a car at Dundurn."

I didn't say anything.

"They have rushed it to a field near the town and are standing by about three hundred yards distant," he continued.

"I see," I commented hollowly.

My superior stood up. "Let's go."

Silently we drove down the highway. I could tell from my companion's expression that his thoughts were in line with my own. We were both thinking of home and our loved ones. We might never—.

At Dundurn two excited men guided us across the prairie to the designated spot.

Cautiously we approached, our eyes glued to the object that lay on the ground. And strangely enough our arrival was a magical antidote that counteracted the spectators' fear. Brazenly they followed us and surrounded the missile of destruction.

Finally, the bomb was picked up.

As human fingers gripped it, black smoke gushed out. There was a sudden mad scramble as the on-lookers rushed for safety. I stood rigid, waiting for—I don't know what.

Nothing happened.

When our breathing grew normal again we examined the object. 'Dixon's Graphgun' was written on one side. My superior looked at me. We grinned sheepishly at each other, then called to our scurrying friends.

Solemnly the constable in charge of Hanley Detachment explained that graphite was a highly-efficient lubricant and that the cylindrical object was merely a gun to dust the graphite wherever it was needed.

And so back to the detachment to bed!

D.M. McE.

The R.C.M.P. Firearms Section*

by S/Sgt A. Downs

Shortly after war began, the R.C.M.P. Firearms Section assumed many additional duties and, as a result, has expanded greatly.

An ordinance passed on Oct. 11, 1939, called upon all enemy aliens in Canada to surrender by the end of the month any firearms or ammunition therefor in their possession. Justices of the peace or members of any police force were authorized to receive the surrendered firearms, and were instructed to report to the Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police under whose direction the property was to be retained or otherwise disposed of.

At that time an enemy alien was defined as one who was a national of the German Reich or of any country under German control on Sept. 3, 1939.

The great German offensive of May, 1940, which resulted in the overthrow of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg, and later in the collapse of the French armed forces, focussed attention on fifth column activities that had been going on in those conquered countries. On June 10, 1940, Italy entered the war as an active ally of Germany, and on that date the definition of the term enemy alien was enlarged to include persons of German and Italian racial origin who had become naturalized Canadian citizens since Sept. 1, 1929. All aliens resident in Canada, in addition to enemy aliens, coming within this new definition, were ordered to surrender, between June 15 and June 25, 1940, any firearms and ammunition in their possession. Subsequently the definition of enemy alien was altered again to include persons of German and Italian racial origin who had become naturalized Canadian citizens since Sept. 1, 1922. Japan entered the war on Dec. 7, 1941, and next day the regulations were again amended—this time to place persons of Japanese racial origin on the same basis as Germans and Italians.

Meanwhile, it became apparent that the surrender of firearms by every alien residing in Canada worked a hardship upon many reliable persons, including thousands of United States citizens who were whole-heartedly supporting the Allied war effort. Representations were made on behalf of patriotic alien residents who relied on firearms as a means of earning a livelihood. Others who were adversely affected included fruit growers and livestock farmers who needed firearms as a protection against harmful birds and animals. Accordingly, on July 18, 1940, an order in council was passed authorizing the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. to make exemptions and to issue special permits allowing the repossession of firearms by responsible aliens.

Up to Oct. 1, 1942, approximately 8,500 Resident Alien Weapon Permits had been issued. Before such a permit is granted, a member of the local police department or R.C.M.P. detachment must certify as to the loyalty and *bona fides* of the applicant. Permits are valid for twelve months, but they may be renewed upon request. The Commissioner must satisfy himself that the issuance of each of these permits is consistent with the needs of the applicant and the requirements of Canadian internal security; concealable weapons are not returned unless the applicant can show satisfactorily that such a weapon is essential for the protection of life and

*Editor's Note: The work of the R.C.M.P. Firearms Section of the Criminal Investigation Branch, functioning as a central bureau for recording pistol and revolver registrations under the provisions of s. 121A of the Criminal Code of Canada, was described in the July 1935, *Quarterly*.

property. A gratifying feature is that, notwithstanding the many nationalities represented in our population, these privileges have been cancelled in only a very few instances.

At various times it has been suggested that Resident Alien Weapon Permits be dispensed from the various provinces instead of from a central office, in order to facilitate issuance. However, there are great advantages in having permits issued from one dominion-wide central bureau; criminal files and records are available in which an applicant's past history can be checked.

For example, a United States' resident recently applied for a weapon permit but was refused when a routine check of headquarters criminal records disclosed that on a previous occasion he had made subversive remarks to the effect that it would be an excellent thing if Hitler won the war and we were controlled by the enemy. Applicant had also been guilty of infractions of the Canadian Customs Regulations. If permits were issued by small provincial offices, which lack extensive central records, many unworthy and potentially dangerous people like this man would most likely be granted permits.

* * *

BECAUSE of greatly-increased activity arising out of this and subsequent war-time legislation, the R.C.M.P. Firearms Section, Ottawa, was reorganized during July, 1940, under the direction of Det. Inspr R. Armitage.

By an order in council passed July 18, 1940, the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. was authorized to issue weapon permits to non-resident tourists wishing to enter Canada from Allied and neutral countries for the purpose of hunting or competing in organized Canadian shooting clubs.

Before the hunting season opened in the autumn of 1940, applications for Non-Resident Weapon Permits, letters, telegrams and long-distance telephone calls came in a regular flood, never before equalled at R.C.M.P. Headquarters. There was little time for adjustments, yet a system and organization to handle such an unprecedented volume of correspondence had to be devised. The fact that the work was handled competently, with a minimum of inconvenience to the tourists, speaks well for the willingness and ability of the small staff then available.

Besides having to fill out permits, the staff was called upon to answer innumerable and often vague questions; American applicants rarely confined their queries to matters relating exclusively to firearms permits. Instead, they wanted to know about almost everything in the book. Apparently the Force was expected to know precisely what areas of Canada gave the best promise of providing moose, deer, ducks and other game; also, how much gasoline would be required to take an automobile of unstated size or vintage to a given spot in the hinterland of Ontario, or in the Rockies. Happily, the Firearms Section, with the cooperation of such organizations as the Canadian Travel Bureau and the Provincial Departments of Game and Fisheries, was able to come through with most of the answers required.

All permits for non-residents are sent to collectors of customs at Canadian ports of entry; it is therefore essential that each applicant for a permit inform the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. of the intended port of entry, or, if travelling by air, the landing terminus of the plane. Although all applicants cooperated whole-heartedly in this respect their knowledge of geography was decidedly below par in some instances. As a result, the Firearms Section office was frequently littered with road and railway maps by means of which the harassed staff tried to guess through which port a tourist would likely enter Canada. With two years' experience behind them, it is safe to say that geographically there are no

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better-informed men in the Force than those employed in the Firearms Section.

The daily monotony of rushing out permits was occasionally relieved by humour in letters from prospective hunters. In 1940, a resident of Florida, apparently greatly impressed by Hitler's then rapid advance in Europe, wrote on the official questionnaire opposite 'Intended Destination': "Duck-hunting in the Windsor, Ont., area, but if Hitler keeps travelling just change it to Coutts, Alta." A veteran of many autumn duck-shoots began his letter with the comment: "In the spring a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to thoughts of love, but I want to tell you that every fall this old man's fancy turns to shooting ducks in Canada. So please send me a permit so that I can visit your splendid country for the fifteenth successive year."

In another instance, a group of Americans who planned a hunting trip in New Brunswick were keenly disappointed upon learning that all liquor stores would be closed when they crossed the border on a Sunday morning. In a letter they confessed that they viewed the twenty-four-hour dry period with dismay, and they requested the R.C.M.P. —in keeping with the Good Neighbour policy between the two countries—to purchase for them four bottles of Scotch whisky and four cases of beer, and to send the consignment along to them with their weapon permits. Although no doubts were entertained as to the genuineness of the promise for re-imbursement the Firearms Section tactfully suggested that the applicants advance or delay their trip one day.

On Apr. 1, 1941, the Firearms Section was merged with the R.C.M.P. Preventive Service Section under the supervision of Inspr J. Healey, Chief Preventive Officer.

Although officially the United States was neutral, her citizens were solidly behind our war effort, as evidenced by the fact that letters often contained cash contributions to be turned over to the Red Cross or some other agency for the benefit of our cause. These remittances were handed over to the proper authorities who at the Force's request sent official receipts to the donors.

From July 18, 1940—the date the order in council was passed authorizing the issue of permits to tourists—to Dec. 31, 1940, approximately nine thousand Non-Resident Weapon Permits were issued. The next year the number jumped to over fourteen thousand; but, by then, prospective tourists had become more familiar with the requirements. Permits have been issued to residents in every state of the union, and to residents of Cuba and the Philippines—striking testimony to the attraction that Canada's hunting grounds hold for sportsmen.

* * *

A FURTHER amendment to the Defence of Canada Regulations on Aug. 3, 1940, provided for the registration of all rifles and shot-guns throughout the dominion. This amendment was passed at the request of the Department of National Defence and the Attorneys-General of certain provinces in order that there would be a record of all firearms in Canada should they later be required by the government for use in an emergency. (Pistols and revolvers had previously been registered under the Code). It was also deemed advisable to have statistics available on the numbers and types of all firearms possessed by the different racial groups in Canada. The same amendment contained a proviso authorizing the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. and the Attorneys-General of the provinces to refuse registration, and consequently possession, if possession of a firearm by its owner was not in the best interests of the public or the safety of the state.

The registration of rifles and shotguns was carried out between August 15 and Oct. 1, 1940, with the cooperation of the Attorneys-General and provincial, city and municipal police departments. The new regulations required that a copy of all registrations be forwarded by registrars to the Commissioner of the R.C.M.P., for use in compiling a central index of registrations.

The installation and maintenance of this index system, which was to record the make, calibre and serial number of each weapon, and the name, address and racial origin of every owner, was entrusted to the Force.

Naturally, the task was a gigantic one, for the census was taken while the Firearms Section was still being swamped with correspondence from applicants for resident and non-resident permits. However, within a few days two million registration certificates, in triplicate, and in French and English, were printed and distributed to registrars throughout Canada, and, with but a few exceptions in isolated areas, these were available on the date set for the commencement of registration.

Set up and put into operation at headquarters was a mechanical tabulating system involving the use of machine-punched cards which by means of code numbers designate the makes, types, serial numbers and calibres of the weapons, also the names and addresses of owners and points at which registration is made. Eight electric card-punching machines were installed for preparing the individual cards and soon enough typists and stenographers were trained to operate them. These girls ran the machines in two eight-hour shifts a day, while a third relay was employed at coding the certificates in readiness for typing. All the machines, together with a large electric sorter were in a room of medium size, and when all of them were running the noise was comparable to that of a gang of riveters at work

on the hull of a steel ship. Never in the Force were so many girls employed under such trying conditions—long hours, cramped quarters and tedious work. But the toughest feature of all was they were denied one of woman's keenest pleasures—conversation. They deserve the highest praise.

Punching, sorting and filing of cards covering the original registrations continued on full scale from September, 1940, until May, 1941. By this time nearly a million and a half certificates had been coded and filed. They were sorted out according to province, make, calibre, and, finally, numerical order based on the serial numbers of individual groups. This work was done by the electric sorting machine which dispatches cards at the rate of four hundred per minute. Each card passes through the machine fourteen times and the process of preparing those received in the original registration for final filing entailed work equivalent to handling 21,000,000 cards.

The number of newly-imported weapons recorded since the original registration was completed has been relatively small—up to June, 1942, it was slightly over 100,000. There is, however, a continual flow of new certificates covering changes of address and ownership, but these are mere clerical changes that do not increase the total number of registrations in the central index.

Although registration of shot-guns and rifles was primarily instituted in the interests of national internal security, the 1,600,000 cards in the steel cabinets of the Firearms Section have proved to be a valuable aid to criminal investigation. On numerous occasions the section has been able to supply inquiring police departments all over the dominion with full particulars concerning weapons reported as lost, found, or stolen.

* * *

THE nation-wide survey brought to light some very large private collections of firearms—in some instances upwards of three hundred, including such antiques as flint-locks and relics of the Napoleonic wars.

Probably the most interesting weapons brought into headquarters for examination were a brace of duelling pistols in an oaken, plush-lined case, complete with accessories for muzzle-loading, and a quantity of ball shot. That expert craftsmanship went into the manufacture of these beautifully-finished pistols was apparent, and, although in the neighbourhood of a hundred years old, they were in first-class condition. The owner stated that these weapons were the only ones of their kind in existence that had been used in a duel in Canada, and that they were of great sentimental value to his family.

Prize-Winning Articles

THE REGULAR $25 prize open to N.C.O.'s and men contributing articles was divided among the following authors for their efforts in the July, 1942, *Quarterly*:

Sgt W. A. Spear—Ask the Desk Sergeant—$5.
R/Cst. A. R. Haskell—War-Time Rackets—$5.
Sgt S. H. Lett—Document Examination—$5.
Cst. J. C. Moulton—Infra-red Photography—$5.
Cpl J. T. Wilson—Better Have a Cigar, Judge—$5.

Document Examination

by SGT S. H. LETT, M.M.L.S.
(*continued*)

In this concluding instalment, Sergeant Lett deals with such phases of document examination as Erasures, Ink Offsets, Submission of Exhibits and Standards of Comparison.

Erasures

ERASURES may be divided into two general classes:

(a) Mechanical or Abrasive (such as are produced by rubbers, penknives, etc.)

(b) Chemical (such as are produced by bleaches, etc. usually sold under a trade name in solution form).

Chemicals, when used on inks which do not contain carbon, may remove all traces of ink. Among the most common ones listed by C. A. Mitchell in *Inks, Composition and Manufacture* are solutions of chlorine, chloride of lime with weak acid, antimony chloride, dilute *aqua regia* and oxalic acid. To these may be added bromine, sulphur dioxide, and sodium nitrate with hydrochloric, citric acid, and hydrogen peroxide with ammonia.

A preliminary examination by transmitted light of a document suspected of having erasures may disclose an area of the paper which is thinner than the rest owing to a removal of part of the paper substance. Oblique light examination may show that some of the paper fibres have been disturbed, and ultra-violet light may disclose a stained area caused by the use of chemical ink-remover. Upon treatment with suitable fumes or reagents the erased writing will be rendered visible. (See p. 78, *Documents and their Scientific Examination* by C. A. Mitchell).

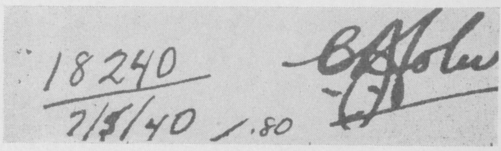

Fig. 16

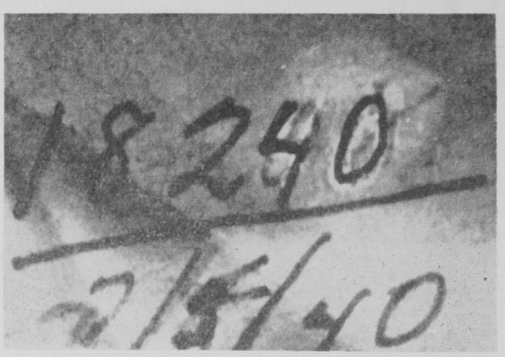

Fig. 17

Fig. 16 shows part of a narcotic prescription on which the prescription number was altered. Fig. 17 shows this exhibit photographed by ultra-violet light; note the bleached-out area surrounding the altered numbers, indicating the use of chemical ink bleach. Fig. 18 shows the same exhibit after exposure to chemical fumes.

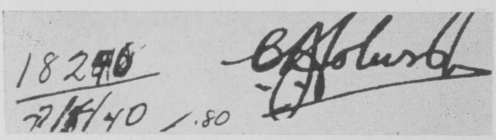

Fig. 18

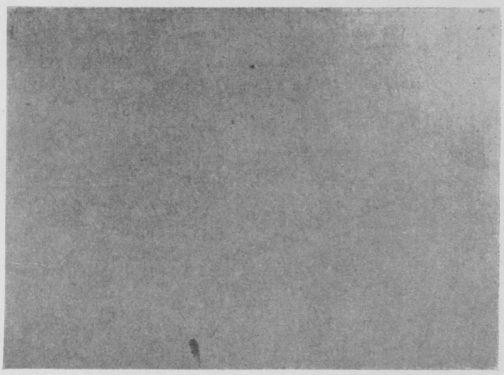

Fig. 19

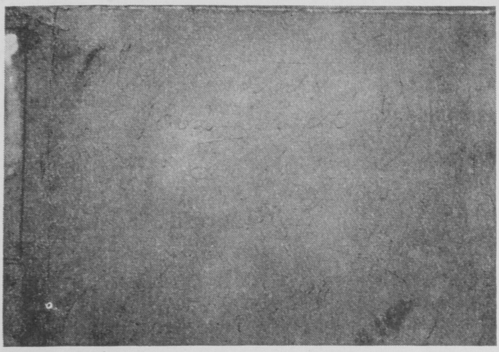

Fig. 20

Some degree of success has been achieved in treating pencil writing which has been erased. Fig. 19 shows part of a cardboard box on which no trace of graphite or indentations could be detected, although there was evidence of considerable erasure. The exhibit was treated, and an infra-red photograph of it (Fig. 20) disclosed a name and address which had been erased.

In other cases of erased pencil writing, traces of graphite have been found by microscopic examination, and indentations of the original writing that was erased have been revealed by oblique lighting. Chemical treatment, too, may disclose erased pencil writing. Fig. 21 shows a pencil-written exhibit before treatment; Fig. 22 shows the same exhibit after the application of chemicals. The erased name was 'Lampert'. That the name 'Grossi' was written in after the erasure was made is obvious; the erasure itself was easily detected by the absence of parts of the upper loops of the letters in the line below.

Ink Offsets

In the case of *Watt v. L.C.C.* (1932), mentioned on p. 205 of *Inks, Composition and Manufacture* by C. A. Mitchell, the question arose as to whether certain marks upon a legal document were caused by partial erasures of a pen stroke, or were offsets of ink. To determine this point a series of specimens made with different inks were subjected to various methods of erasure. In each instance the surface of the paper was more or less roughened and the fibres were disturbed or broken. An offset leaves no roughening on the paper and no loose, broken or frayed fibres, so these experiments proved that the marks on the document were caused by erasure.

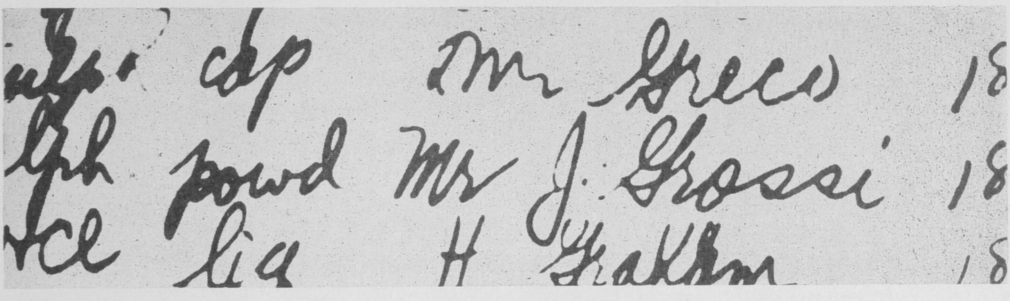

Fig. 21

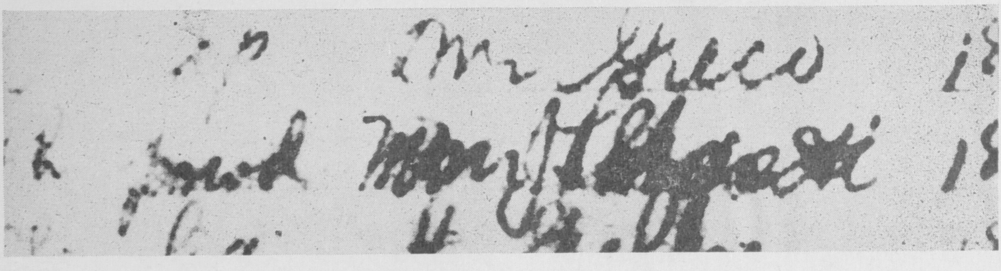

Fig. 22

Exhibits for Document Examination

REGARDING the handling of documents for examination there are some do's and don't's with which every investigator should be familiar. These are based on sound, every-day common sense.

Exhibits should not be handled any more than is absolutely necessary. They should not be pinned, fastened or folded together in any way. However, if they are attached or folded when seized, they should be forwarded in that condition for examination.

Documents being transmitted to the laboratory for examination should be placed between sheets of clean paper or in a clean envelope, and every precaution should be taken to protect them against being folded or damaged before they reach their destination.

Before taking possession of any document, make sure that the person from whom it is taken will be able to identify it later if necessary. When marking documents for identification, use small symbols, and place them so that they will not interfere with scientific examination.

Don't mark a document on the reverse side in such a way that the mark will be behind written material as the document may have to be examined by transmitted light.

Don't mark documents to illustrate points of similarity and so on. Such marks are detrimental to effective examination. Exhibits have been received on several occasions which have been considerably damaged through this practice.

Don't attempt to clean or repair damaged documents before sending them to the laboratory for examination.

Don't subject documents to treatment for finger-prints before forwarding them to the laboratory. If finger-prints are thought to be present, handle the documents carefully. If the documents are to be examined for prints, a notation to that effect should be made in an accompanying letter, and the matter will receive attention at the laboratory. The finger-prints of persons known to have handled the exhibits should be obtained, if possible, so that the field will be narrowed down to exclude anyone above suspicion.

Enclose and seal all exhibits in an envelope on which the case heading has been noted and attach a covering letter listing the exhibits explaining the alleged conditions under which they were written and setting forth particulars of what the examination is to disclose.

When submitting standards of comparison mention briefly in the covering report the conditions under which they were obtained and the type of writing instrument used; and another point to remember is that special care should always be taken when searching a suspect's premises—a thorough search may bring to light the writing pad or book on which the original letter or message was written.

Don't send police reports relative to the investigation to the laboratory.

Caution the recipient of anonymous, threatening or extortion notes to refrain from opening subsequent communications which he recognizes on sight as coming from the same source. The investigator should take possession of such communications as soon as possible so that they may be carefully handled and examined for finger-prints.

Send questioned documents to the laboratory as soon as possible after receiving them—early examination may aid the investigation by establishing a source of origin, saving time and avoiding false leads. Upon request, actual-size photographs of the exhibits will be provided the investigator by return mail from the laboratory.

Standards of Comparison

THE standard of known writing is written, printed or typewritten material acknowledged to be the work of the suspect or of a particular typewriter, and admitted as an exhibit for



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purposes of being compared with a document under examination. Of course the contents of the standard of comparison need not pertain to the subject matter of the case to be admissible as evidence.

One very important point to be kept in mind is that unless the standard of comparison is admissible as evidence, the examiner cannot testify in court concerning it; the responsibility of obtaining suitable admissible standards of comparison rests with the investigator.

In laboratory reports covering an examination, the exhibits are referred to by a letter—'Q' for questioned documents, 'K' for known or standard writing. The numeral following either letter signifies the number of documents that were submitted for examination in connection with the case under investigation.

Standards of comparison are of two kinds: material proved to have been written by the suspect in the ordinary course of his business or social life; 'requested writing' made by the suspect at the request of the investigator. Should the standard of comparison later turn out to be unsuitable the investigator will be so informed in order that he may endeavour to obtain better standards. In the meantime, however, valuable time might be lost. Investigators often fail to send enough material to the laboratory for comparison. Within reasonable limits, too much material cannot be supplied.

A standard of comparison is a document the origin of which can be established by a person who:

(a) actually saw it being written;

(b) through close personal contact has often seen the person write and as a consequence recognizes the standard as having been written by him;

(c) has heard the author of a document admit that the writing was done by himself.

In obtaining requested writing from suspects avoid using yellow paper unless the questioned document is written on paper of that colour.

The best standards of comparison are those of the same general class as the questioned writing, written freely on or about the same date when the writer could have no reason to believe or suspect that his writing might later be used as a basis of comparison. When obtaining requested writing, the investigator should try to duplicate as nearly as possible the conditions under which the questioned document was written.

It is especially important that suitable and sufficient standards be obtained when the questioned writing is that of a person recently out of school, since the writing of young people is more highly systematized than is that of adults. If the questioned document is not of recent origin, the standards of comparison should be of an age approximating, as nearly as possible, that of the questioned document.

In the case of typewritten material, *original* copies of work done on suspected machines the same day as the questioned document or as soon thereafter as possible should be secured.

If it is necessary to type standards of comparison make several copies of the questioned document on paper as much like that of the questioned document as possible. Then with the ribbon at 'stencil' position (or with ribbon removed) type a direct carbon copy. This is produced by placing an unused carbon paper over the sheet to be typed on and typing so that the keys strike directly on the carbon paper and produce a clear impression of the typeface.

Make sure that the circumstances under which the standards are produced are such that the validity of the standards cannot be successfully questioned and attacked by defence counsel.

When obtaining a quantity of extended writing, provide the writer with paper of sufficient size to take the amount of dictation and no more. See that he assumes a natural writing position and that the writing surface is smooth and firm. Courteous treatment will preclude the possibility of the writer getting unnecessarily nervous or upset. Unless the investigation is to be kept secret from the suspect, always try to obtain request writings in addition to other specimens.

To be adequate for comparison purposes, a set of standards should contain enough properly-prepared matter to indicate the writer's writing habits and the range of their variation.

When requested writing is being obtained, consideration should be given to:

(a) the contents of the questioned document;

(b) the collection of material containing words, phrases and letter combinations similar to those in the questioned document;

(c) dictation of a standard form.

The operation is much more involved than merely providing the suspect with a pen and a piece of paper, and asking him to write a few lines.

While the use of the 'London Letter' is generally recommended for obtaining requested writing, it should not altogether replace collected standards of the suspect's normal handwriting, or be arbitrarily used without reference to the questioned document. Many of the words in the questioned document should in fact be incorporated in the London letter, which is given here:

> Our London business is good, but Vienna and Berlin are quiet. Mr. D. Lloyd has gone to Switzerland, and I hope for good news. He will be there for a week at 1496 Zermott St, and then goes to Turin and Rome and will join Colonel Parry and arrive at Athens, Greece, November 27th or December 2nd. Letters there should be addressed: King James Boulevard, 3580. We expect Chas. E.

Fuller on Tuesday. Dr. L. McQuaid and Robert Unger, Esq., left on the "X.Y." Express tonight.

If peculiar spelling, phrasing and so on have been used in the questioned document, such material can be added while dictating this letter.

When producing requested writing, the suspect will very often attempt to disguise his writing. Any such attempt will be nullified by having him make at least three copies from dictation, taking each copy from him as soon as completed. This procedure should be followed whenever possible as the subject will usually find it impossible to maintain consistent deception throughout a series of specimens taken in this way.

Should the questioned writing be a formal signature made with pen and ink on an important document such as a will or a mortgage, a hastily-scribbled signature in pencil is practically useless as a standard of comparison, and vice versa.

Should the questioned writing be a signature, extended writings only are not sufficient as a standard of comparison. Signatures should be obtained. Conversely, a signature is not sufficient as a basis for comparison with extended writings.

Often it is difficult to secure standards for comparison purposes. However when the opportunity does occur, the investigator should be very careful in his attitude towards the suspect. He should never threaten him, nor assist him in spelling a word nor advise him how to make a certain letter. He should avoid helping him in any way that might be criticized in court and made capital of by the defence.

A Remnant from the Past

by D/A/Cpl A. R. Bull

Every now and then some incident occurs that strains the credulity of this thinking world. Recently Lethbridge Sub-division stumbled on one that should be chalked down in the book.

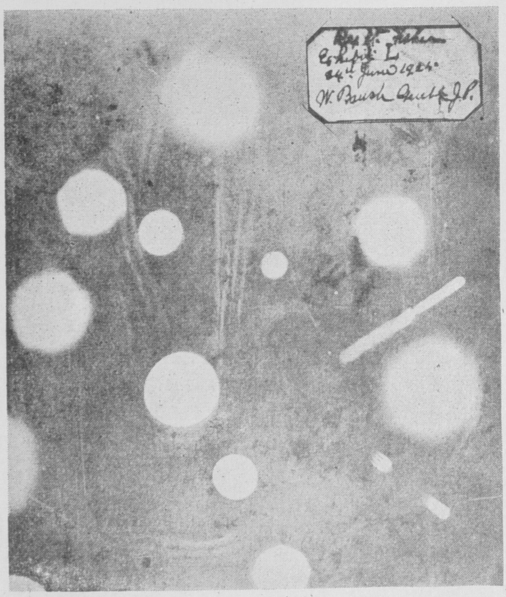


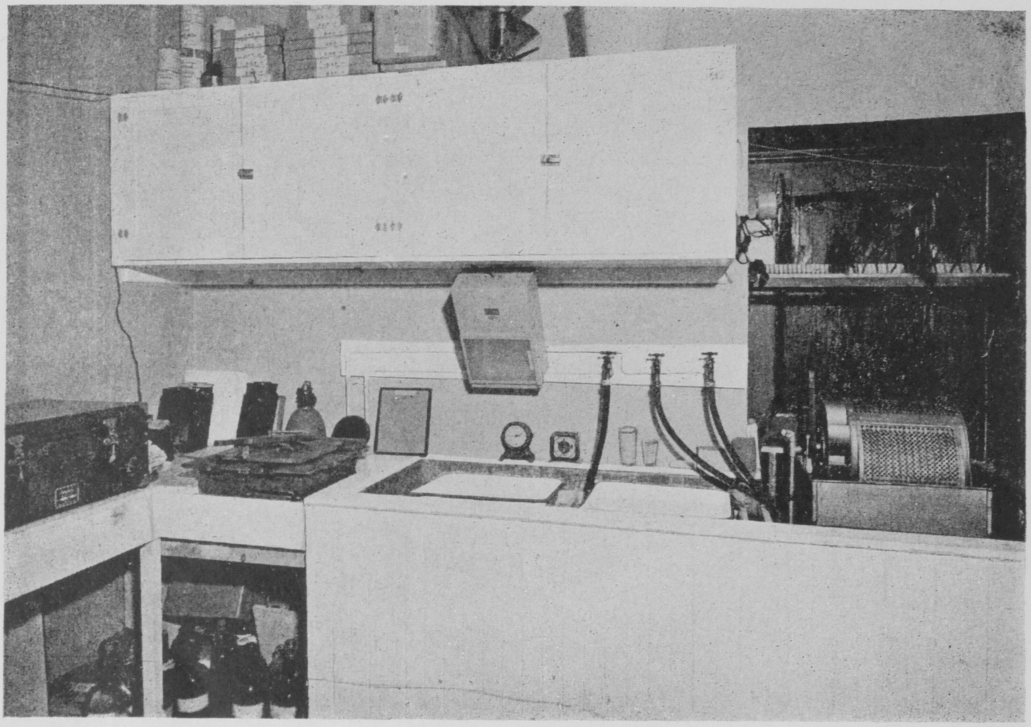
Exhibit 'L'

During July, the garage at 'K' Division purchased a carton of cleaning rags from a local firm. The carton originally came from the Dominion Sanitary Wiper Company, Montreal.

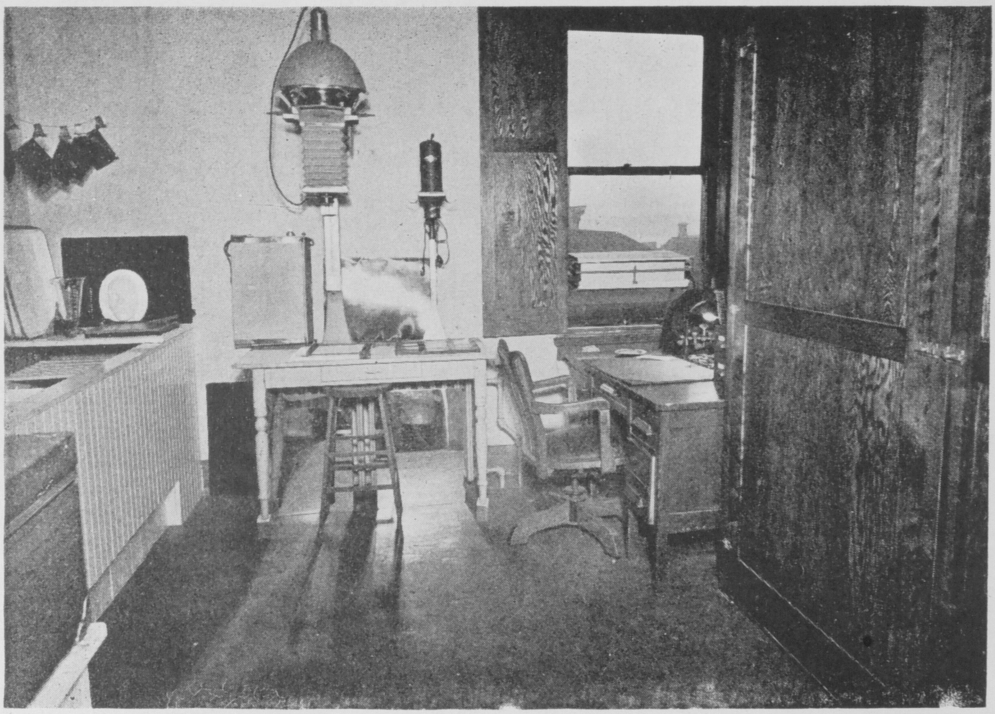
Included in the contents was a piece of cloth bearing cabbalistic designs of a knife, fork and various-sized circles on a dark background. Glued to one corner of the cloth was a label on which was written: Rex vs Fisher. Exhibit L, 24th June, 1924. W. Brush Grubb, J.P.

I stared at the cloth in amazement. My mind went back eighteen years to an arson case I had investigated while stationed at Taber, about forty miles east of Lethbridge. I examined the cloth again. Yes, it was the same tablecloth, badly smoke-marked, showing the position of the crockery and cutlery at the time of the fire; it had been one of the exhibits, and here I had pulled it out of a box of old waste material to be used as a cleaning rag.

The justice who initialled it has since died; the subsequent travels of that cloth remain a mystery. But the fact that after eighteen years the exhibit should return to the original venue from Montreal is indeed a coincidence worthy of mention by Ripley.



Picture No. 1 (see opposite page).



Picture No. 2 (see opposite page).

Photography Department, Vest-Pocket Edition

by A/Cpl J. H. Solly

The increasing volume of photographic and finger-print identification work in 'H' Division led to the establishment of a special work-room. In premises where space was already at a premium, not much could be hoped for, but by careful planning an efficient outfit has been set up in a space 11'9" by 12'4". This combination office and dark room is shown in the two pictures on the opposite page.

No. 1 shows the lead-lined sink 8' by 2' by 18" deep, with a half-inch drop for quick drainage. The sink holds a rotating print washer or circular film washer; there are wooden slats 1" apart and 4" from the top of the sink for holding developing trays; also three taps—one for hot water, two for cold. At the left of the sink are the printing tables, the printer set in the bench for convenience; a contact copying machine is at the extreme left. The cupboards above the sink hold chemicals, films and sensitized paper. The film-drying rack and line are shown at the right, over the print washer, with an electric fan attached to the end of the cupboard to speed drying.

The second picture shows the enlarging table in the background, a 5" by 7" enlarger for general work and a smaller size for finger-print work. The shutters on the windows are wooden with an electric ventilator above. The two large cupboards on the right do double duty: first as storage space for finger-print equipment, exhibits, cameras, stationery and so on; then, when opened, the plywood doors, painted flat white and having no joints or cross-pieces, may be used as a photographic background.

The double print dryer, 18" by 24", shown in the window, has given excellent service, and the desk, with its daylight lamp for finger-print work, completes the unit.

Although there is only enough working room for one person, it is believed that no better lay-out could have been planned for the 144 odd square feet of available space.

Our Police Force

Too seldom does the citizen give thought to the members of the police force who lose their lives in the pursuit of duty. It is all in the day's work. A line or so in the evening papers, and all is soon forgotten.

New York is luckier than it seems to deserve in the matter of its guardians of the law. How a city so careless about so many matters came to acquire a police department second to none, is something of a mystery. Chance or luck cannot be the answer. Someone laid down the policy years ago and it has been adhered to, for the most part, ever since—a remarkable record for a city with the peculiar quality of New York.

Many of the members of the New York force today are of Scottish origin, of the same type that made the Royal Canadian Mounted Police what it is today. And that is lucky for the average citizen of this metropolis. New York's bright lights, easy relief policy, and alleged opportunities make this city the Mecca of all kinds of drifters, of the credulous and the hopeful, of the shirker and the shifty.

Its concentration of wealth lures in the underworld characters, big and little, and all the sleazy elements from the fringes of the underworld. And with all these the police must deal, protecting a careless citizenry that asks for no details as to how they do their job, but squawks and bellows when they fail. A citizenry that pays scant heed, also, when the policeman, in the line of duty, sacrifices his life, as a matter of course. *Spring* 3100.

Suppressing Commercialized Prostitution

by Dr D. H. Williams

Director of Venereal Disease Control,
British Columbia Board of Health.

The results of a cooperative effort by the police departments and Board of Health of British Columbia show that venereal diseases, an evil always heightened during war time, can be fought and defeated.

In the early months of 1939, provincial police departments in cooperation with the provincial Board of Health launched a vigorous drive against prostitution and venereal disease in British Columbia. Beginning in the city of Vancouver, the campaign fanned out from there and gradually extended to most communities throughout the province. The drive was the upshot of careful investigations by the Board of Health into the sources of fresh venereal infection.

In general, the investigations revealed that the incidence of venereal disease was highest in those areas where flagrant commercialized prostitution existed. More specifically, it was found that houses of prostitution were the main source of new cases of venereal disease. The infection of many men was traced directly to such houses; and, more tragic to relate, many wives and children became the innocent victims of disease contracted from husbands and fathers.

From the investigations it was clear that certain coastal city houses were the channels through which fresh venereal disease was brought from distant lands, to be spread by infected prostitutes wandering to other communities where houses existed. Examination of a group of prostitutes in houses revealed that seventy-two per cent of them were suffering from venereal disease, although every one of these women was able to produce a recent medical certificate stating she was free from infection! Realization that commercialized exploitation of highly-infected prostitutes was against the best interests of the citizens of British Columbia precipitated the police and health department action—action which in the short period of three years has been so successful in reducing the number of venereal disease cases.

Conferences between the police and health departments were held, at which there was an exchange of information and an agreement on fundamental principles and policy. It was recognized that prostitution, being essentially a social and economic problem with its roots deeply embedded in defects of human behaviour, could not be entirely eradicated. Commercialized prostitution, by which is meant the exploitation by a mercenary third party of prostitutes in houses, could be dealt with by law enforcement. To be successful, action must go beyond imposing infrequent mild fines on prostitutes; it must reach the 'madame', and carry a jail sentence as provided by s. 229 (4) Cr. Code. Though prostitution can never be wiped out, the 'third party' can; illicit sexual intercourse is thereby made more difficult, less accessible, and when it does exist resolves itself into a man-woman relationship in which there is no mercenary participation by a third person.

Based on these principles, a policy of vigorous law enforcement directed against houses of prostitution was instituted by police departments, coincident with the launching of an educational campaign by the provincial Board of Health. In order to facilitate and support the action of the police departments, it was necessary to inform the public of commercialized prostitution's menace to community health and to

warn citizens against the false and misleading propaganda used by the houses to maintain their business. For years these houses have deliberately spread their subtle and superficially plausible propaganda until well-meaning citizens, in ignorance of the truth, have frequently given vocal support to a policy which undermines the public health.

It will suffice to say that after three years, not a single sex crime in British Columbia can be attributed to the closing of houses of prostitution.

Prostitutes were not 'spread all over the town'; instead, many of them encountering economic difficulties on their own returned to the legitimate occupations from which the procurers had taken them. Many of the older prostitutes, almost ready to give up that phase of their lives, were hard pressed under the campaign against houses, and finally broke away. True, some of them remained as street-walkers, but, owing to their curtailed activities, they spread the disease on a much smaller scale than while members of a house. They were therefore relatively less menacing to the public health.

Decent women and girls were not molested in communities after such houses were closed; in fact they were afforded greater protection. The aphrodisiac influence of the houses was gone; wives and children were no longer endangered by venereal disease brought into the family circle by frequenters of the houses.

* * *

THE splendid response of the British Columbia Provincial Police was most gratifying. The Commissioner arranged a meeting to which some of the senior officers were called in from various parts of the province to discuss the matter. From the start, these men gave every support and it was decided that more meetings should be held to enable all personnel of the British Columbia Provincial Police to appreciate the principles and policy regarding the suppression of commercialized prostitution. The Board of Health gave a series of lectures, with special emphasis on the necessity of suppressing bawdy houses. The active support of the British Columbia Provincial Police resulted in immediate and vigorous action against the houses.

The greatest pressure was naturally brought to bear in Vancouver—a large city, a seaport, a rail terminus with a mixed racial population, with industries in the vicinity employing large numbers of male workers, and, last but not least, with a group of 'madames' and their friends who considered themselves firmly entrenched enough to ride out the storms of the Health Department.

Brigadier W. W. Foster, and later, Chief Cst. D. McKay, held frequent meetings with members of the Board of Health at which they expressed a desire to assist in enforcing sections of the Criminal Code applicable to 'third parties'. To Inspr A. S. Rae and members of the morality department was relegated the task of obtaining sufficient evidence to convict offenders. The frequent assistance and advice of Major Oscar Orr and Lt Evans Wasson—city prosecutors—was always very helpful.

The resulting reduction in venereal disease in British Columbia was immediately evident, and the reduction has been sustained. In one community alone, within eighteen months after closure of the houses, the local Board of Health clinic was discontinued because its case load had dropped so low. In Vancouver, the largest urban community in British Columbia, a fifty-eight per cent reduction in new syphilis infections among males and a twenty-nine per cent decrease in gonorrhea infections resulted within twenty-two months after closure of the houses of prostitution.

The campaign was launched eight months before Canada declared war and without doubt it has contributed substantially to a more efficient war effort in British Columbia.

Prostitution, particularly the commercialized kind, is only one of the many contributing factors in the spread of venereal disease. But it is one of the most important. Without widespread public education and aggressive law enforcement, little progress can be made in reducing the menace of venereal disease to our communities, our homes and our war effort.

The results achieved in British Columbia are paralleling closely those observed in the Scandinavian countries where the flagrant commercialization of prostitution was abolished forty years ago. With continued close liaison between police and health departments in British Columbia, it is expected that the dramatic record of the Scandinavian countries will be duplicated.

Kitchen Chemistry

A WORKING cure for two of mankind's most annoying afflictions—ring-worm and athlete's foot—was recently discovered by a renowned bacteriologist. Just daub a little of the magic mixture on the affected parts, and presto! Away goes the nasty fungi, away goes the itchy, burning scratchiness.

This is good news. But we have come to expect such marvellous discoveries from our modern researchers with their fabulous laboratories and equipment. In our matter-of-fact way we calmly accept new advances in science with a shrug and a sort of that's-what-those-fellows-are-paid-for attitude.

But not all trail-blazers in the world of chemistry are equipped with shining labs and the last word in apparatus. There are plenty of amateur dabblers, all of them striving to hit upon the right formula and add to our store of knowledge. For instance, a short while ago R.C.M.P. investigators paid an unexpected visit to an old Ukrainian and found him in his crude but effective kitchen laboratory cooking up a batch of what he called 'foot-bath' in a home-made still on the stove. Oh, no, it wasn't homebrew at all. Just an alcohol rub used solely for his feet.

The investigators were inclined to be sceptical, however, for after several close looks they saw that he was actually in his bare feet. It was fairly evident, too, that those same feet had had little or no contact with liquid of any kind for many a moon. This fact was enough to efface any doubt in the minds of the police that they might be retarding medical progress by interrupting the kitchen experiments, and they at once laid heavy hands on the make-shift foot-bath machine.

Distillers of illegal alcohol have pleaded that their concoctions were remedies for ailments ranging all the way from stomach trouble to dandruff. The foot-bath story is a new one, and one that can go into the discard along with hundreds of others that won't go down with the police.

Wanted – A Lawyer

THE fence surrounding Heaven often required repairs. For some time an amicable arrangement existed between the guardian of the pearly gates and his Satanic majesty whereby each took turns. However, the task grew irksome for the latter, and one day this conversation was overheard:

St P.—"The fence is bad. It is your turn to fix it."

Satan—"I have decided to break our agreement, so I won't do the repairs."

St P.—"You won't? Then I'll sue!"

Satan—"Oh yes? Where will you get a lawyer?" E.B.M.

And So I Joined The Force

by EX-S/SGT W. C. NICHOLS*

A man extols his own virtues and his listeners yawn; but let him tell how he made an ass of himself, said the author when submitting this article, and they will laugh and think he's an interesting chap. Ain't it true?

IT'S STRANGE but natural that yearning a man gets for the land of his birth. My case was no different. Although I was doing fairly well in South Africa where I'd spent three years, I longed to set foot again in the Old Country. Yet when I did, I got fed up after about a week or two and decided to go to Canada and join the North West Mounted Police.

Eventually I landed in Winnipeg and put up at the Manitoba Hotel.

That day while leaning against the bar discussing current events with the person behind it, a little chap accosted me. His Stetson was tilted at a rakish angle, and his manner was that of a man on a prolonged jag. For a moment he eyed me suspiciously.

"Where're you from, Bud?"

"South Africa," I told him.

"South Africa, huh. I'm from Australia. How about a drink?"

We had several. The afternoon wore on. When, in reply to his questions, I told him I intended joining the Mounted Police, he looked at me bleary-eyed.

"Whyn't ya work on a ranch?"

"I might," I smiled. "But whose would I work on?"

"Whyn't ya work on mine? Thirty iron men a month."

I considered the proposition a minute or two, then nodded. "It's a go," I agreed.

"Good," he answered. "We'll leave for Calgary tomorrow. Your pay starts right now; I'll look after all your expenses. Meet me at the station in the morning. My name is Jamieson; I'm manager of the Quorn Ranch on the Bow River in Alberta."

Next morning I was 'Johnny on the spot' with my one piece of baggage—a Gladstone bag. I waited around, wondering if my 'boss' would show up. Eventually an old hack appeared, and Jamieson poured out of it. When I tried to talk to him, he didn't know me; his mind was a blank—he didn't even know his own name.

The upshot was I paid for my own railroad ticket and boarded the train, hoping to get a refund from my boss when he sobered up.

During the journey—and believe me it was a long one fifty years ago—I didn't see him at all. He was in the drawing room being sick. I had plenty of time to think, and I mentally kicked myself for being a young ass—drinking with strangers, and blowing in good money on a railroad trip I didn't need.

In due course we pulled into Calgary. I met my boss on the station platform. He looked as if he'd been drawn through a knothole, although a porter on the train had groomed him perfectly.

I put on what I hoped was a winning smile and announced airily, "Well, Mr Jamieson, here we are."

He appraised me thoughtfully, rubbed his jaw. "Yes, we're here, all right. No doubt about that," he remarked. "But who are you?"

That was a stickler for a minute.

"Why," said I, "I'm the man you met in the Manitoba bar, the man you hired to work on your ranch. Remember?"

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Reg. No. 2908, ex-S/Sgt W. C. Nichols is business manager of the *Northwestern Miller* and several other leading periodicals of the American milling industry. Although he left the Force over forty-three years ago, he is still hale and hearty and on the job every day at his office in downtown Minneapolis, Minn.

He groaned, took his head between his hands gently. "Don't mention that dump to me. I don't remember anything."

I tried hard to revive his memory for him, but it was no use.

Finally he shrugged hopelessly. "All right. I'll take your word for it. How much do I owe you for railroad fare?"

I told him, and he forked over, then said, "You better go to the ranch tomorrow. I'm staying in Calgary awhile."

"Fine," I said. "Where do I go?"

"Get off the train at Okotoks and see Arthur. Tell him what you just told me. He'll look after you."

"Okotoks," I repeated doubtfully. "Okotoks. How do you spell it? And who is Arthur? Where do I see him?"

His face got red, then purple. He threw out his hands angrily. "Damn it, man, what next? You meet me here, a total stranger, tell me a story I'm willing to believe. I pay you money, and now you ask me to spell Okotoks. I don't know how to spell it, and if I did, I wouldn't, because right now I don't feel like spelling. And I never heard Arthur's other name and don't want to. Just go and tell him your story. He'll know what to do. *Good-bye!*"

He turned and stalked off. I stood on the platform, not knowing just what to do. I'd had a couple of days' trip, my money was refunded, and I was going to a place I didn't know existed. It did exist though, according to the station agent, who said my boss was a gentleman but quite a card. As far as I was concerned, he was the whole damn pack, except the joker. I was that.

* * *

NEXT day I pulled out on a combined freight and passenger train. Okotoks turned out to be a water tank surrounded by a lot of open space. There were no buildings, no platform, no people. Away off to the west were the Rocky Mountains. Disconsolately I sat on my Gladstone and watched the train fade into the distance.



EX-S/SGT W. C. NICHOLS

The stillness thundered against my ear drums.

Presently I sat erect, as a man came up over the hill. When he drew near I stood up.

"Say," I hailed him, "do you happen to know a man named Arthur?"

"Nope," he answered, chewing vigorously, "I'm the only Arthur in these parts."

"Mr Jamieson's Arthur?" I queried.

He nodded shortly. "Where'd he get to? Hitting it up again?"

Quickly I recounted how I had met Jamieson and ended up with, "He engaged me to work for him."

Arthur turned sideways, flooded half an acre with tobacco juice. "Wot, another one! Ain't he a card? We just got rid of two he brung back with him last time he went to Winnipeg."

My heart went down into my boots. Then I grew reckless. Pulling out a

Vision . . .

The eyes of the British Navy sweep the far horizons of the long-drawn ocean highways by which the arms and armies of the United Nations reach their battlefronts across the world. This aerial view of a British aircraft carrier was taken from one of her own aircraft.



Player's Please

MILD OR MEDIUM

Plain End or Cork Tip

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

bottle I asked, "Would you care for a drink?"

Arthur was just about to bite into his plug of tobacco. He put it away, then proceeded to help me put my Scotch away. Man alive, but he could drink! He had apparently acquired the knack in a British infantry regiment he belonged to years before.

Pretty soon I was his best pal. He had been meeting the train twice a week with a 'four in hand' hitched to a democrat, expecting the return of the boss. When the bottle was three-quarters empty we started for the ranch. The horses stretched out in a gallop. Arthur was gloriously drunk, and I perceived he knew little about handling the 'four in hand'.

"Better let me drive awhile," I suggested.

He glared at me. "Don't be ridic-hic-hic-ridic-hic. Don't be foolish."

Approaching the Bow River things went wrong. Arthur got the off wheels too high on the embankment. Something had to happen; and it did. We took a dive, full tilt into the river. The democrat turned over on its side, and I tipped over on to Arthur who was knocked cold. I had a job disentangling the four young horses and myself from the vehicle.

Fortunately the river was low, nonetheless extremely wet, but I managed to get the horses and equipment across, and before me lay the ranch. Arthur staggered in behind me.

His wife, the cook, was a stout woman with a chin. When she got a sniff of her spouse's breath, she put her hands on her hips. Arthur slunk out of sight into the bunk house. She turned a belligerent eye on me and started a monologue on what she thought of any man who inveigled another to drink. I slunk off after Arthur.

THE Quorn Ranch was a big outfit financed by Old Country money. I remember meeting a Mr Swan and a fellow named Sir Gordon Cummings or something like that. Anyway, they were nice chaps; so were all the cow punchers. They took me under their wing after my spectacular entry into their midst.

Pending the return of Jamieson I was given the job of exercising the stud horses. There were about a dozen imported Irish sires—real beauties to ride when they kept their minds on their work.

When Jamieson got back he put me riding eight miles of fence. Once he invited me to accompany him on a ride over the range to round up some beef steers. As we galloped on he shouted to me to take a small herd of about a dozen down to the creek. Like a nut I kept them on the run with spittle flying, and by the time I reached the creek most of them fell over from exhaustion. When the boss came up he talked to me, about me, and all around me. I wonder his words didn't wither the grass. I took it all without a murmur, for I knew I was in the wrong. Leaving me with the cattle he told me to stay with them all night and herd them to the ranch in the morning.

That night was a chilly one. I nearly froze in my light-weight slicker. Next morning I reached the ranch house in time for breakfast. My charges looked none the worse for wear.

The boss met me and apologized. Later he remarked, "I often wonder why you haven't joined the Mounted Police."

My mouth fell open, and I gaped at him. "Good Lord, Mr Jamieson, that's what I wanted to do when you persuaded me to come and work for you."

He rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "I did? Hmm. Guess I was wrong. Look, I'm going to Calgary in the morning. Maybe you'd like to come along?"

It was a nice way to be fired, especially when he handed over $90 and gave me his blessing.

So ended my ranching life.

* * *

ALL in all it was a profitable experience. I had learned a lot about stock saddles, also about my own insignificance.

I joined the North West Mounted Police in Calgary and learned a lot more about things in general; in fact my schooling there fitted me for the job I've held down for over forty-three years.

The R.C.M.P.

PART of the West that will never die,
But will live in the human ken
As a body that's ever fair and just,
Unspoiled by the greed of men.

Founded on little but courage and youth,
They asked neither riches nor gain,
But set for themselves an honour code;
An ideal they still keep their name.

To that ideal they clung in the early years,
Though they suffered hardships and pain,
Faced death, or died, but they helped to build
A force that's won world-wide fame.

Friend of the red man as well as the white,
They proved when the West was young
That justice and mutual trust exchanged,
Were greater than sword or gun.

Part of the West that will never die,
Whatever the future may hold,
Respected by every race and creed—
Our men of the scarlet and gold.

—Mrs S. W. Skilling, Calgary.
Calgary Herald.

Regina — Queen of The Wheat-Lands

by JOHN PETER TURNER

Sixty years ago a city was born in the West. Grown to maturity, it is today one of the leading centres in Canada's vast prairie country.

PROBABLY no other part of the world can point to greater achievements in so short a time as can the plains of Western Canada, a land in which the spirit of the pioneer struck deeply, swiftly and lastingly.

Canada's western enterprise was not confined to cattle ranching and the tillage of the prairie soil. Men of vision and determination, who turned to the North-west Territories more than half a century ago, laid the foundations for many thriving communities and countless industries.

With an appreciative eye upon these salient points, it is appropriate that at this time—her sixtieth birthday—we should review, if but briefly, the story of Regina.

From time immemorial the Wascana Creek, as it is now called, had wound its way through a vast buffalo pasture, a great lone land devoid of trees save for patchy growths along the water-worn channels below the level of the plain. This was the heart of 'Buffalo land'. Indian hunters, imbued with the belief that the shaggy herds would not willingly abandon their stricken kindred, had long been accustomed to pile together the bones resulting from many killings. On a spot beside the creek (approximately twelve miles north-west of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks of today), the accumulated wreckage assumed large proportions. *Ooskunna Kahstakee* the Crees called it —'The Great Heap of Bones'.

Early historical references to the locality are meagre. In 1804 Daniel Harmon, a North West Company trader, set out southward from the Qu'Appelle Lakes to hunt buffalo. Upon reaching an immense alluvial plain upon which innumerable animals grazed, he viewed the territory around him from a conical mound long since known as Pilot Butte. Eight miles to the west was Wascana Creek.

In 1857, Captain Palliser, in charge of a British exploratory expedition, passed that way; but his native guides shrank from conducting him to the Swift Current and Maple Creek country further west, lest they be set upon by Blackfoot Indians.

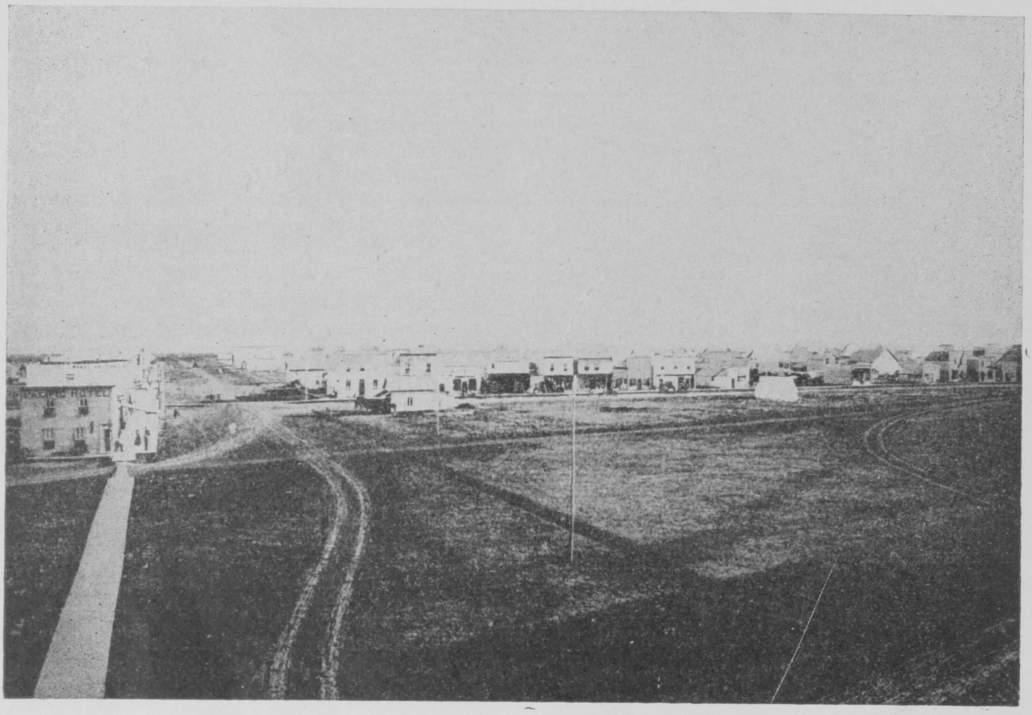
Pile-of-Bones lay on the direct trail from Fort Qu'Appelle (the only supply establishment in that enormous realm of savagery) to Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills near the United States boundary. Far beyond were the outposts of the Missouri.

In the summer of 1881, Sitting Bull, the great Sioux necromancer and leader, with an escort of braves who had participated in the annihilation of General Custer and his command in Montana five years earlier, camped at the Pile-of-Bones on their return from seeking succour at Fort Qu'Appelle. In September of that year, Edward Carss, the first settler in the district, homesteaded on Wascana Creek.

In May and June, 1882, settlers reached the creek and built crude sod shanties and 'dug-outs'. Followed a small settlement, mostly under canvas. The buffalo were practically gone, but a large part of the fuel used for cooking and heating consisted of 'buffalo chips' (dried dung of the buffalo)—*bois de vache,* the French half-breeds called it.

* * *

ON June 30, 1882, there dawned the natal day of a flourishing city of the Canadian West. Selection of a new



Regina, District of Assiniboia, N.W.T., as it was in 1883-84.

Canadian Geographical Society.



Eleventh Ave., Regina. In the right foreground are the grounds of the City Hall while down the street can be seen the clock tower of the Post Office.

Canadian Geographical Society.

site for the capital of the territories was imperative. Battleford, on the North Saskatchewan, hitherto the seat of the territorial administration, was too aloof. Lt-Gov. Edgar Dewdney, with the approval of Sir John A. Macdonald, the dominion Prime Minister, chose the point where the new Canadian Pacific Railway would cross Wascana Creek. Copies of the governor's proclamation as to the town's site were posted on that day in and about the tented settlement, one being attached to a buffalo skull propped up for the purpose, where no other vantage point availed. On August 23, the first passenger train arrived over the incompleted transcontinental railway, and with its coming came the name of the future metropolis of the great, potential wheat belt. The Governor General of Canada, then the Marquis of Lorne had been asked to select a name. He, in turn, asked his wife, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, daughter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Promptly the name 'Regina' had been suggested, signifying queen.

The settlement at Pile-of-Bones was thus given an exacting task—to live up to and always warrant this proud title.

Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills, headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, was also too far removed from the steel-shod artery, and it became necessary to select a more central location from which the plains could be readily reached on all sides. A site on Wascana Creek was favoured, and, on Dec. 6, 1882, the transfer was announced. Thereafter Regina was to be the centre from which the activities of the Force would radiate. The embryo city and the Mounted Police were to grow up together.

In 1883, the first Mounted Police barracks were erected on the margin of Wascana Creek. From here law and order was administered over all the territory from the Great Lakes to beyond the Rockies, from the international boundary to the Arctic.

An order in council at Ottawa on Mar. 27, 1883, declared Regina to be the seat of government for the North-west Territories. On May 13, Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney arrived to take up residence. In August the first meeting of the territorial council held in the new capital took place and plans were adopted for the erection of legislative buildings.

Then in 1885, all Canada was aroused by events on the prairies. Regina became a storm centre. The Riel Rebellion took precedence over all other western activities. The settlement of Prince Albert far to the northward was in imminent danger of attack by the rebels. Commr A. G. Irvine with a large body of Mounted Police marched from Regina in record time over unbroken trails in the teeth of adverse March weather. Prince Albert was saved.

Louis Riel was hanged at Regina barracks on November 16.

In 1886, Sir John A. Macdonald visited Regina. That year more than $1,500 worth of bleached buffalo bones was shipped from Regina for use in the eastern refineries and fertilizer plants.

Pile-of-Bones was no more!

* * *

THE marvellous soil of the Regina plains was coming into its own. Ploughshares replaced buffalo ponies. Governor Dewdney said, "Here is land rich and fertile, land which may be cultivated with little or no waste. A furrow might be driven through it for twenty miles and find in its way no obstacle."

Progress was assured. Where the buffalo legions had recently roamed at will was one of the most productive areas in the whole dominion. Threshing machines poured forth a steady stream of golden grain each autumn. Regina was firmly established in the midst of an enormous wheat field. As agriculture prospered, so also did the young community.

In 1889, a new government house was built. In 1895 Lord Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada, visited the town. In 1898, a large body of Mounted Police left Regina for the Yukon. In 1901, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, afterwards King and Queen, stayed at Regina during their world tour.

June 19, 1903, saw Regina incorporated as a city. The population was three thousand.

On a September morning in 1905, a large crowd gathered in the city to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Prime Minister, welcome the province of Saskatchewan into the dominion. At this time the prefix 'Royal' was bestowed by His Majesty, the King, upon the North West Mounted Police.

New parliament buildings, to cost $3,000,000, were begun in 1909 and completed in 1912—they are among the finest of their kind on the continent.

In 1920, when the Force assumed its new title 'Royal Canadian Mounted Police' its headquarters was moved to Ottawa. Regina barracks, however, continued as the centre of Mounted Police administration over a vast area.

In 1939, the King and Queen of England visited Regina, and their Majesties were accorded a reception at the Mounted Police barracks.

* * *

TODAY, this capital city looms in contrast to the cluster of tents of sixty years ago. In aspiring and living up to a metropolitan status, the community of the Wascana has passed through an engrossing chapter of Western history. In the lonely, wind-swept locality, where three-score years ago there was naught but buffalo bones, a few tents and some sod shanties, has arisen an imposing city, the capital of a province which owes its progress to intrepid pioneers and the basic industry of wheat farming. A modern city, a place of tree-fringed streets and boulevards, lovely parks, fine institutions, thriving business houses, factories, elaborate airport facilities, bewitching waterways on man-made Wascana Lake —a happy community of sixty thousand people, humming with the irrepressible industry and buoyancy of the Westerner —has justified the name so graciously bestowed upon it in 1882.

Regina, 'Queen of the Wheat-lands', basks in the light of her Diamond Jubilee.

Some Bull

NOT so long ago a Western gentleman had a complaint to make to the police. He put it in writing:

> On the morning of the 16th inst. a grade bull that has been running at large all spring and summer got in my pasture.
>
> I put the bull in my barn while making preparations to take him to pound. The owner of the bull came and entered my barn against my demand to keep out, let the bull loose and drove him through my gate and to his home. And he continues to let this animal run at large. I reported this incident but as yet have had no action. As I believe this to be an offence for him to enter my barn against my wishes and having a bull run at large is unlawful and subject to a $50 fine I believe I would like if possible to have this fine imposed on this bull.
>
> Looking for some immediate action,
>
> Yours truly,

Gold Smuggling to the U.S.A.

by A/Cpl W. E. L. McElhone

High grading in Canada's mining industry is a serious evil. Not only are the mining companies and their share-holders robbed of their property—the government loses revenue which is needed in our fight for freedom.

Since mining began in northern Ontario many years ago, thefts of gold and silver by employees of the mines have been frequent. The practice, known as 'high grading', that is, the theft of high-grade gold or high-grade silver, has been a headache to the police and a continual drain on the mining companies' profits.

When the mining industry opened at Cobalt, Ont., where fabulously rich deposits of silver ore were discovered, high-grading activities likewise swept into being; later, when other mining camps opened up, especially in the rich gold-mining areas of Porcupine, the high graders moved in there also.

The enforcement of the mining laws and sections of the Criminal Code relating to theft of gold was in the hands of local municipal police and special enforcement bodies in each camp. But these officers were handicapped as they lacked adequate facilities and did not have sufficient personnel.

In the next few years the high-grading racket became so serious that the problem of eradicating it was placed in the hands of the governments of Ontario and Quebec. The provincial police of these provinces working under the direction of departments of the Attorneys-General and in conjunction with the Provincial Mining Associations, took over the responsibility of enforcing laws against high grading. As a consequence, many persons were prosecuted and sent to jail. But high grading continued to such an extent that it was felt even these measures were inadequate.

In 1938, the Attorney General of Ontario appointed special agents to conduct a thorough investigation. These men cooperated with the enforcement officers already in the field, but were specially empowered to examine bank accounts, money transfers and so on. Subsequently, a series of prosecutions arose which revealed to the amazement of all concerned that the loss of gold through high grading was in excess of a million dollars a year.

Fourteen high graders were convicted on conspiracy charges at Toronto—four of them going to the penitentiary and ten to the reformatory. The evidence showed that gold was stolen from the mines in the form of high-grade quartz. It was then sold by the thief to men in the high-grading business—usually men who lived in the mining towns, so-called good fellows who made it a point to become acquainted with the miners. The high-grade buyer upon gaining possession of the quartz melted it down crudely into buttons containing seventy to ninety-five per cent pure gold, which were disposed of through Toronto 'dealers' (some in the jewellery business), who in turn sold them to local gold-refining companies where they were refined properly and entered in the legal gold channels.

These cases were proved in part by the records of gold receipts at the refining companies, and those of payments by the companies. Judge James Parker of York County Court, who presided at the trials, severely criticized the refining companies concerned, although none of them was included in the indictment, stating that surely they were aware the transactions were illegal; that they must have known the gold they were buying was stolen, because it was mined gold, not gold that had been re-

covered from scrap jewellery or scrap gold coins.

The upshot of his censure was that the refining companies in Canada have since refused to accept any gold suspected of coming from mines through illegal channels—in other words, high-grade gold.

Meanwhile, although some men had gone to prison, their wives, families and friends were ready and willing to carry on. Conditions, however, had changed: the gold could still be stolen, could still be melted down and taken to Toronto, but no longer could it be sold to Canadian refineries.

New outlets had to be found. There were, of course, refineries and manufacturing jewellers in the United States who, if they desired, could use high-grade gold in their businesses just as readily as gold obtained through legal channels.

So matters stood in the spring of 1940.

* * *

THE Dominion Government, however, had passed an order in council—the Foreign Exchange Control Order—which prohibited the export of any property from Canada without a permit from the Foreign Exchange Control Board. Obviously permits would not be granted to anyone for the purpose of exporting stolen gold, so Toronto high graders, who in the meantime had found a market for their gold in New York City, resorted to smuggling gold out of Canada, and Canadian money back.

In July, 1941, these activities came to the attention of Foreign Exchange Control Board officials and members of the R.C.M.P. employed in the enforcement of the Foreign Exchange Control Regulations. Working full time, four men, two from the Board and two from the Force, investigated the matter. When necessary they were assisted by R.C.M.P. personnel from the detachment and division headquarters at Toronto, by the Ontario Provincial Police, by the Toronto, Kirkland Lake and Timmins city police departments, by mine investigators and others.

Observations, which usually began at an assay office in Toronto where a large number of gold samples were brought, led to information concerning certain high graders and their *modus operandi.* It was noticed, for example, that when a load of gold reached Toronto through a particular channel it invariably went to a man named Sydney Faibish.

Many persons were bringing the gold from the north, but in general they belonged to either of two groups—the Labrecque or the Quaranto group. The first consisted of Alphonse, Ernest, Albert, Lionel and Paul Labrecque; the other of Joséph (Tony) Quaranto, Frank D. Luca, Willie Franciotti and Albert Mazucca. All these men were residents of the Timmins district.

When a runner arrived in Toronto with a load of gold he would pass it to a woman named Annie Newman. If Annie knew and trusted the runner she would accept his assay figures and sell the gold to Sydney Faibish. But if there were any doubts in her mind she would send sample drillings of each gold button over to the Heys office for a check assay. The payoff took place when all parties were satisfied that the gold was genuine and not just some base metal plated over. Crooked dealings were common in the high-grade racket; there are even cases on record in which fake gold was paid for in counterfeit money.

After three months' intensive investigation, a fairly complete history of the gold's movements in Canada was outlined in notes and reports submitted by the investigators. But the first real evidence that the gold was being exported came on Sept. 13, 1941, when an automobile bearing New York licence plates was followed from the Faibish residence in Toronto to Fort Erie. The automobile with its two occupants crossed the Peace Bridge and went on to Buffalo where a check-up disclosed that the car belonged

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to a local man named Charles Abrahams and that he had driven it to Toronto.

All relevant information was accordingly passed on to the United States treasury officials in Buffalo whose inquiries subsequently uncovered the American end of the chain along which the high grade was passing to New York City.

* * *

At the same time the Canadian investigators continued to add to their evidence. It was learned that for over a year Abraham's automobile had been making almost weekly trips to Canada. On each occasion it was in this country only a few hours—just long enough to drive to Toronto and back.

Arrangements were made to conduct simultaneous searches in various northern Ontario and Quebec towns and in Toronto. The orders for search, written and signed by an inspector of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, were issued under s. 34 (*i*) Foreign Exchange Control Order. A number of persons were to be detained for questioning.

Abraham's automobile made another trip to Toronto on September 26. By this time it was fairly well established that this automobile was the means by which the gold was being exported, and it was decided that at the next opportunity an attempt would be made to seize the gold in transit.

Thus on the evening of October 4 the automobile was searched by United States customs officials as it entered Buffalo from Canada. Approximately $10,000 in gold bullion was found in a vest worn by Harry Julius, a passenger in the car. The vest, worn under Julius' shirt, was of canvas, specially made with large pockets and shoulder straps. It was later learned that Julius was a New York City taxi driver who lived in the Bronx.

As soon as word of the seizure reached the Canadian investigators the pre-ar-

ranged plan swept into action and during the next day—Sunday, October 5—eight searches were carried out in Toronto simultaneously with others made of premises in Timmins and Kirkland Lake, Ont., Val d'Or and Perron, Que. In all, more than sixty policemen took part.

The results were most gratifying. Numerous articles were found which were later used as exhibits in court. In the Faibish household investigators located over $8,000 in Canadian currency, a gold button worth approximately $1,500, scales, weights, acids and drills used in handling gold; also some slips of paper and note books in which were figures pertaining to weights, assays and values of gold, as well as telephone numbers linking Faibish up with other persons involved. Similar seizures were found in other places, but not in such abundance. Valuable exhibits were also found at Annie Newman's residence, at the many residences of the Labrecque family, and at those of Frank DeLuca and Willie Franciotti.

During this activity it was learned that Tony Quaranto was in the hospital suffering from an incurable cancer. His doctor stated he had only a very short time to live. It was therefore decided that Quaranto should be named in the indictment as a co-conspirator, but that he should not be charged.

All the evidence was presented to a grand jury of the Supreme Court of Ontario, who returned a true bill on an indictment which contained twenty-two counts. The eleven accused involved were arraigned before Mr Justice Keiller MacKay and granted bail ranging from $3,500 up to $20,000.

The charges included five of Conspiracy, s. 573, Cr. Code, with which each accused was charged; and other substantive charges under the Foreign Exchange Control Order and the Criminal Code, against one or more persons with either the illegal export, or the illegal possession of, or dealing in, gold bullion.

Four of the charges dealt with the illegal export of gold under the Foreign Exchange Control Order, and the fifth with Illegal Dealing in Gold, s. 424, Cr. Code. The Crown's evidence was prepared by two Toronto barristers, R. M. Fowler and J. J. Robinette, who had been specially appointed by the Department of Justice to cooperate with Foreign Exchange Control Board and Royal Canadian Mounted Police investigators.

The accused appeared before Mr Justice MacKay and jury in a trial that began on May 4, 1942, and lasted five weeks. Of the original panel of one hundred persons only eleven jurors were chosen, making it necessary to bring in new jurymen to obtain the twelfth juror. The five charges of conspiracy were heard as soon as the trial opened, and eighty witnesses for the Crown produced some 150 exhibits.

On June 5, the jury brought in their verdict after deliberating sixty-nine hours—the longest time a jury has been out on any trial in Canada. Their verdict held that Sydney Faibish was guilty on five charges of conspiracy, Annie Newman was guilty on one charge—they disagreed on a second charge and acquitted her on three others.

Frank DeLuca, Ernest and Lionel Labrecque were each found guilty on one charge, and acquitted on four.

Alphonse Labrecque was found not guilty on four charges, and the jury disagreed on one.

Benjamin Faibish, Albert Mazucca, Willie Franciotti, Paul and Albert Labrecque were found not guilty on five charges.

There are substantive charges pending against Sydney and Benjamin Faibish, Annie Newman, Albert Mazucca, Paul and Lionel Labrecque, but the hearing of these was set over.

The charges against Albert Labrecque and Willie Franciotti were dismissed.

These sentences were imposed:

Sydney Faibish—four years' imprisonment and $7,000 fine; in default of

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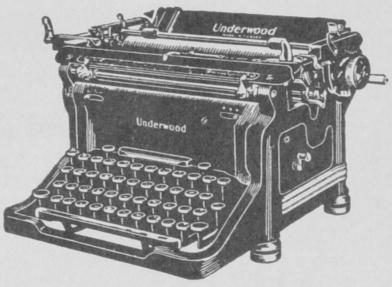

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payment eighteen months' imprisonment.

Annie Newman — three years' imprisonment and $5,000 fine; in default of payment one year's imprisonment.

Ernest Labrecque — two years' imprisonment and $3,000 fine; in default of payment eighteen months' imprisonment.

Lionel Labrecque—two years' imprisonment and $1,000 fine; in default of payment one year's imprisonment.

Frank DeLuca — imprisonment for fifteen months definite and three months indeterminate.

Forfeiture action regarding the money and gold seized will come before the Exchequer Court at a later date.

* * *

IN THE meantime, as a result of the investigation in the United States, five persons were charged in Federal Court before Judge John Knight and jury at Buffalo, N.Y. The five were Charles Abrahams, Harry Julius, David Roth, Jack Rubin and Bernard Kushner. Roth and Rubin were Julius' brothers-in-law, and the taxi driver had acted as runner for them, getting $50 a trip plus expenses. Abrahams' pay was $25 for driving Julius from Buffalo to Toronto and back. Roth and Rubin had been selling the gold to the Kushner and Pines Refinery in New York City of which Bernard Kushner was the owner and operator.

Tried on a conspiracy charge relating to United States customs laws, Rubin, Roth, Julius and Abrahams pleaded guilty and thereafter gave evidence for the government. Kushner was found guilty, sentenced to four years' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of $3,000. It is understood he is entering an appeal.

Rubin was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Roth was released on two years' suspended sentence and placed on probation.

Julius was sentenced to one year and a day in jail.

Abrahams was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The results of the Toronto case were not as satisfactory as might have been expected. It was apparent that the jury took the attitude that any of the accused who had been ignorant of the fact that the gold was for export to the United States could not be convicted of conspiracy to export. Although properly instructed in this regard by the trial judge, they brought in a verdict against only Sydney Faibish of conspiracy to export; the others accused were merely convicted of conspiracy with Faibish of dealing in high-grade ore.

The sentences imposed both in Canada and the United States were severe, but they closed the channel through which the gold had been smuggled.

A WORD may be said regarding the seriousness of stealing and smuggling gold from Canada. The Foreign Exchange Control Board is attempting to conserve foreign exchange to purchase war materials from the United States. It is the policy of the United States Government to pay $35 in American funds per ounce for gold. It will therefore be seen that gold produced in Canada which is sold by the Dominion Government to the American Government is as valuable to our Foreign Exchange position as are United States dollars.

The operating cost of the mines remains the same whether any gold is stolen or not. Loss by theft is, accordingly, a direct loss of profit. Since the outbreak of war, owing to high taxes on mine profits, such loss to the government is a serious one. High grading is a weighty problem—one angle alone, is that it places huge profits in the hands of unscrupulous persons, a situation similar to that which existed in the bootlegging days of the prohibition era.

What Next?

THE following letter was recently received at headquarters:

"Here is a new kind of problem for you to solve. This is the first time my curiosity ever got the best of me. When I got off the St John train at Moncton Oct. 10 around 2.00 p.m., standing by the station door was a man around 40 years old, about 5 ft. 6-8 inches tall, weighing around 170 lbs, fine features, dark blue or brown eyes, dark suit and hat. He wore a jacket and stood with hands in pocket.

He spotted me before I did. We just couldn't seem to stop looking at each other. Neither of us spoke,—I couldn't for all I wanted to. I went in the station and stood there trying not to look at him, but with no success. I went around the station and came back and our eyes met again. If I was a flirt or looking for a pick-up, I wouldn't be writing this letter. I had on a blue turned-back hat, blue coat and blue shoes, carried a black pocket-book and blue gloves, black and white check dress.

I weigh 115 pounds, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, wear glasses, light brown hair. My cousin who is eighteen years old was with me at the time. He is dark complexioned and had on a brown suit.

I wonder if you will be able to find out who it was. I am willing to pay $3.00 if necessary. I don't want my name to appear in any way, strictly confidential. If you don't think you will be able to do anything about it, please let me know."

Should any trace be found of the person sought in the above letter, please communicate with R.C.M.P. headquarters.

Hay Days at Fort Walsh

by GEORGE SHEPHERD

Hay has played an important part in early Canadian history. For this commodity was essential when the Mounted Police introduced law and order to the land that is today loved by all who live there—the western plains.

IN THE autumn of 1874 the North West Mounted Police completed their epic march across the western plains. Fort Macleod was founded in the heart of the Blackfoot realm to enforce the law and curb the activities of liquor traders who for several years had been demoralizing the Indians. Many of the illicit traffickers moved to the Cypress Hills about 160 miles to the east and continued operations there. The building of Fort Walsh in that vicinity in the spring of 1875, under the direction of Inspr James Morrow Walsh, resulted. The trading firms of I. G. Baker and Co. and T. C. Power and Bro. of Fort Benton, on the Missouri, soon established branches there. The new settlement promised to become an important centre of frontier trade.

By the summer of 1876 Fort Walsh had settled down to the business at hand. Inspector Walsh realized that a large supply of good hay for his horses was imperative. The previous year the police had gathered a small quantity that, through careful rationing, had been just sufficient to see them through the winter. The inspector therefore arranged with the Baker Co. for the purchase of approximately five hundred tons to be delivered in good condition to the police corrals at Fort Walsh.

In those days it was customary for the Baker and Power bull teams to make trips from Fort Benton on the Missouri to Fort Walsh with supplies; on the July trip the Baker outfits brought haying equipment with them.

Bull teams were a regular feature of the early West. Each team consisted of from twenty to twenty-four oxen yoked together in pairs with a heavy wooden yoke; each yoke was hitched to a bull chain which extended back to the wagon where it was attached to a heavy hook. Behind the lead wagon were two lighter ones short-coupled one behind the other. The lead wagon was of heavy construction and built to carry a load of five tons; the second and third wagons carried three and two tons respectively. A bull team was handled by a man known as a bull whacker who spoke two languages—English and Profane with a marked inclination toward the latter.

Under average conditions the pulling capacity of an ox was estimated at one thousand pounds; consequently each bull team was relied on to haul ten tons of freight, and pull the wagons free even when they became mired to the axles. Often when bogged down at river crossings or mud-holes the wagons were uncoupled by means of a handy trip device and yanked out one at a time.

An I. G. Baker bull train consisting of ten such outfits, on one journey transported one hundred tons of freight—supplies for the police and goods for the Fort Walsh stores. When lined up one behind the other on the trail the bull teams presented an imposing sight.

The wagons were made suitable for conveying the hay by removing the standard box-like bodies and substituting large basket racks that were constructed from Cypress Hills pine. It was decided that the haying operations should be carried out at the west end of Davis Lake, now known as Cypress Lake. This location is the site of the well-known Wylie ranch, about twenty-five miles south-east of the Fort. At that point in

1876 the blue joint grass was almost waist high and into it went the Baker teams and mowers. In due time the hay was delivered. This was one of the first attempts at agricultural pursuits south and west of Fort Qu'Appelle.

The heavy hay wagons left deep ruts and these are plainly visible to this day. Besides being used as a hay trail, this road was also the first leg of the journey to the Wood Mountain post. Winding down over the Cypress Hills benches from Fort Walsh, past the hay flat and along the south side of Cypress Lake this trail was the scene of many hasty and arduous patrols by Inspector Walsh and his men when the Sioux, who were then under the chieftainship of the famed Sitting Bull, were none-too-welcome residents in Canada from 1876-1881.

* * *

IN 1883 a page in the history of the Force was turned definitely with the building of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Maple Creek. Fort Walsh was abandoned and a barracks established approximately one mile south-west of Maple Creek. At the same time outlying detachments were established south of the Cypress at Ten Mile and Farwell and a summer camp was located adjacent to the hay flat. It is of interest to note that these three old-time police sites are now all occupied by ranching outfits that rank as second to none in the ranching fraternity. For almost fifty years Lindner Bros have been established at Ten Mile, Wylie's on the hay flat, and 'Billy' Caton at Farwell. Among the many Mounted Policemen who knew these detachments in the days of the open range might be mentioned Inspr C. Constantine, and Inspr F. J. Fitzgerald who perished on the Dawson-McPherson patrol in February 1911.

In May 1884 the hay flat echoed to the tramp of horses' feet as a possé of Mounted Police rode over it in hot pursuit of Indians who had fatally wounded a rancher named Pollock, on Fish Creek about fourteen miles south of Maple Creek. The police patrol crossed the hay flat, travelling on down to the Old Man On His Back Plateau, thence west to Wild Horse Lake where the Indian trail was lost.

In 1884 the flat was chosen as the site for a ranch by Michael Oxarat (Ox-heart). Oxarat was a Basque, having come in from Oregon via the Sun River in Montana. His was the first ranch to be located south of the Cypress Hills. The first grazing lease granted in the province was issued to Oxarat on Sept. 29, 1885, and it covered eleven thousand acres.

Oxarat brought with him from Sun River over three hundred head of high quality horses, mostly of Morgan breeding, many of which made fine remounts for the Mounted Police. Among those who broke horses for Oxarat were Gabe and Paul Lavielle, sons of Louis Lavielle, Inspector Walsh's favourite and most trusted scout. 'Old Gabe', now over seventy-five years of age, is still going strong and lives near the ranch.

Many of the early police came to know the *fleur-de-lys* brand on the Oxarat horses. Being situated in a strategic position, the ranch was a ready port of call for police patrols. Hospitality was the keynote of the place and still is. In 1896 Michael Oxarat's health failed; he and his wife left for France, but Michael died while journeying eastward on the train.

In 1897 the Oxarat ranch was taken over by the late 'Joe' Wylie, as dominant and colourful a figure as ever came to the range country. As one of the Maple Creek cattle barons, J. D. Wylie served his province and the cattle industry with unfailing zeal in the legislative assembly during the early years of the present century. Under his vigorous management the ranch prospered, and today it is one of the show places of the Cypress Hills. Modern buildings with all conveniences now stand where Oxarat erected his low buildings almost sixty



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years ago, and a thousand head of 'Whitefaces' (Herefords) can now be seen where once the Baker men drove buffalo off the hay piles.

All three Wylie boys joined the colours during the war of 1914-18. The two present-day owners, Monty and 'Babe' (Frank), exceed, if anything, the standards of hospitality set by Oxarat.

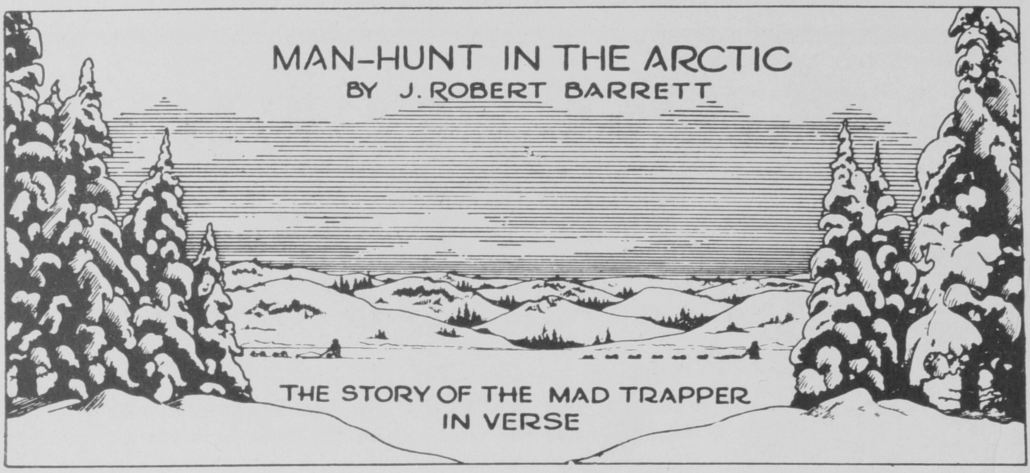
Still another page in the history of this colourful meadow was turned when in 1938 heavy caterpillar tractors chugged over it excavating the main intake ditch in connection with the Cypress Lake project under the direction of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act. This project is the key plan in the water conservation program for south-western Saskatchewan.

Time goes on, changes are introduced, but the old hay meadow so closely intertwined with the history of the Mounted Police has an allure that grows mellower with age, even under the assault of modern alterations.

It's the heart of the old West.

Fort Whoop-Up

OLD Fort Whoop-Up, just south-west of Lethbridge, should be suitably marked by the Historic Sites Board. It was Fort Whoop-Up, more than any other trading post in the southern prairie region, with the whisky smuggling and the debauchery of the Indians caused thereby, that led to the Mounted Police being sent to establish Fort Macleod in 1874. History tells us that it was a massacre of the Indians in the Cypress Hills, arising out of the illicit whisky trade north from Fort Benton and other Montana trading posts on the Missouri that brought about the demand in parliament that such a force as the Mounted Police should be established. Fort Whoop-Up was the most important of the American trading posts north of the 49th, and most of the trading in the Canadian border areas stemmed from there.—Lethbridge *Herald*.



The Arctic Post loomed like a ghost, and
ice-waves chilled the veins;
Like a thing alive the snow-flake drive had
whipped the window-panes;
And God! but the wind was a demon blind
screaming a devil's song,
Choking the breath and icy as death, hurling
the storms along;
Pouring its wrath down the Arctic path,
spouting the shrapnel snows;
Howling stark in the frozen dark, wailing
a thousand woes;
Like driven shot from a juggernaut it
brought the blizzard's sting,
With talon grip it seemed to strip, and lash
each living thing.

Out of this hell with a tale to tell an Indian
runner sped,
And he told of the fear of a trapper 'queer'
who strung their traps o'erhead;
Who swung the might of his six-foot height
along their trap-line runs,
And cursed the face of the Indian race, and
cowed them with his guns.
There were few who knew the trapper bold,
from whence, or why he'd come;
And no-one asked, and no-one told, and the
trapper's lips were dumb;
And the eyes of the law that ever saw the
merits and the flaws,
Were dark and dim as they looked at him,
and wondered who he was.

His ways were lone and he kept to his own,
and he acted 'bushed' and 'queer',
And he turned his guns on the friendly ones
who dared to venture near.

There were looting tales of trap-line trails
where the wild Rat River rolled,
And the law of the land stretched out its
hand with its men in scarlet and gold.
The trapper's home raised its snow-peaked
dome—double-walled and grim,
You could see at a glance he took no chance
of anyone capturing him;
No foot of ground that stood around, from
his rifle shot was free
For loop-holes stared, and waiting, glared as
if the walls could see.

Two Mounties sped from Arctic Red across
the storming land,
And swift they strode to the queer abode,
and loud was the law's command,
And bullets tore through the massive door
as the trapper's rifle rumbled,
And a parka-hood was stained with blood,
and a Mountie reeled and stumbled.
And horror steeled his comrade wheeled in
the glare of the trapper's gun,
Grasping his friend he struck for the bend
of the wild Rat River's run;
The dog-whip slashed and the huskies dashed
and raced for Aklavik Post,
And on the sleigh the trapper's prey lay
silent as a ghost.

The power and awe of the thwarted law
swung swift to the man-hunt trail,
And the trapper's name leaped into fame
from its place beyond the pale.
Through wind and snow at forty below a
possé ploughed all day,
Half blind and cold they fought the hold
that barred their forward way;
With lash and grip of husky whip they drove
their straining dogs,

Till they came to the height where day and night in his loop-holed fort of logs,
The trapper thought his tangled thoughts and stared at the law of the land,
And sullen heard the clear-cut word that was the law's command.

His rifle roar on the river shore was answer to his wrong,
With screeching hell of bursting shell he opened his battle song.
The law retired, and charged and fired, and then retired again,
Till they knew full well no rifle shell could pierce the trapper's den.
Though crude bombs hurled just rocked the world, and shattered the massive door,
The trapper still kept up his shrill and whining bullet-war.
At last the law retiring saw their dwindling food supply,
And shells were few, and the Mounties knew they must come for another try.

But the trapper's lair was cold and bare upon their grim return,
And the trail-wise crew could find no clue —no hint of where to turn.
A search began for the hunted man where even the dog-teams crawl,
Where frozen creeks and craggy peaks, and crooked canyons sprawl;
Where men must crush through tangled brush, and trails were never known,
Where the trapper'd gone by day and dawn, and fought his way alone,
With a devil's goad he packed his load—no husky sled he had,
And 'twas often said in days ahead 'twas proof that he was mad.





Grim days went by, and at last on high on a rock and brush plateau,
They saw rough-made a barricade, and the trapper crouched in the snow.
Their quarry fell as a well-aimed shell opened the battle-raid;
In the frozen day for hours he lay behind the barricade.
Each grim-faced man of the law began to stalk for the final fight,
And swift as storm the leaping form of the trapper shot in sight;
And as he sprang his rifle sang, and rained a hail of death,
And a Mountie moaned and writhed and groaned, and gasped his mortal breath.

The Northland rose in wrathful throes, and sworn to the law of the Crown,
Went men afire with the staunch desire to hunt the trapper down;
And overhead on wings there sped the veteran pilot, May,
To carry supplies through storming skies, along the man-hunt way.
But the battle raid on the barricade had forced the trapper's flight,
And the trail he took had a hurried look where it haunted the foot-hill height.
With never a rest the trapper prest across the high divide,
And close behind the man-hunt grind came down on the Yukon side.

More and more of trail-wise lore the trapper used each day,
As he watched them fail on the caribou trail where he had gone his way;



As he turned in his track and doubled back
across a dozen streams,
And hidden saw how the men of the law
were caught in his cunning schemes.
But the snows grew deep, and hunger's creep
had thinned him to a ghost,
And each day showed the 'Mountie-Code'
was not an idle boast.
And now the might of his six-foot height
was but an empty shell,
He fought the blows of the driven snows,
and a thousand times he fell.

O'er storming waste he ploughed in haste,
though his feet were things of lead,
And forward and back they followed his
track as over the wilds he fled;
O'er crag and hill with iron will he dragged
his frozen form,
And over the creeks and the Yukon peaks
the blizzard hurled its storm.
And the ice-winds pierced, and the storms
were fierce and unrelenting foes,
In the dingy gray of feeble day he stumbled
in the snows;
And ever the law came down the draw that
was the river-bed,
With bushmen's skill they hugged each hill,
remembering their dead.

The trapper turned while bullets burned,
and blasted in the snow,
And, deadly aimed, his rifle flamed, and laid
a Mountie low.
A leaden hail swept o'er the trail, and
smashed the trapper down,
Behind his pack in the battle wrack he fired
at the men of the Crown;
And round the draw crept the men of the
law, with rifles sighted low,
And a hail of lead to the trapper sped, and
his body slumped in the snow;
And he didn't rise with red-rimmed eyes,
and leap and shoot and slay,
As he had done with flaming gun upon that
other day.

For Death had crushed queer thoughts that
rushed, and tumbled in his mind,
And bitter cold and hunger's hold—all that
was left behind;
And his blackened hands were icy bands,
stiff as his frozen legs,
And they showed how he'd lain at the well
of pain, and drank it to the dregs.
This was the man whose hard trails ran from
that grim Rat River fort,
Who hurled his flaws into broken laws and
found his fate was short.
On the 'mystery roll' of the man-hunt scroll
is written the trapper's name,
But no-one knows just who he was, from
whence or why he came.



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Sketches by Cpl W. W. Skuce.

Number Thirty-One

by Cst. B. Ells

In a New Brunswick city is a thriving centre of activity, a busy little metropolis that might be in the very heart of old England. This British community on Canadian soil has won the hearts of the Easterners. It's known as No. 31.

On Sept. 13, 1759, General Wolfe's redcoats stormed and took the city of Quebec; in the autumn of 1941 British warriors from across the sea again 'invaded' Canada and occupied the city of Moncton, N.B. But the modern invasion was far different—courtesy, goodwill and genuine appreciation were the weapons used by blue-clad British airmen and they proved just as effective in capturing the hearts of Moncton citizens as fire and sword in the campaign of 1759 by their forbears in overcoming the gallant defenders of Quebec.

This most recent campaign began when aerial warfare in Europe rendered British flying fields inadequate for training purposes. England turned her eye to the less-congested flying fields of the North American continent for the training of her fledgling pilots, observers and air gunners. The project required careful planning. The initial step was to select a base on this side of the globe where flying trainees from overseas could be stationed prior to their being posted to the various flying fields in Canada or the United States and where, upon completing their training, they could be held in readiness to await their call to a theatre of war.

Probably because of its geographical position, Moncton was chosen as the site for this base, known as No. 31 Personnel Depot of the R.A.F., or more briefly, No. 31.

With incredible speed, No. 31 was built during the summer of 1941. Nothing was allowed to stand in its way; even some of Moncton's long-established private residences were moved to other parts of the city. Scores of buildings were erected along carefully-planned streets; and, as a result, a city within a city was born. Before winter set in the depot was completed, and it included living quarters, hospitals, office buildings, dance halls, gymnasium and so on.

Then came the first group of British airmen: no sooner had this vanguard settled in the new quarters, than, like reinforcements for an invading army, the cream of Britain's youth came, wave upon wave, pouring into No. 31 and into the hearts and homes of all Monctonians—these young men from the Old World were everywhere. Their eyes blinked in the lighted streets, their purse strings opened to purchase articles that were unobtainable at home. Hungrily they assailed everything from sirloin steaks to banana splits, and in this regard alone gave many Canadians more food for thought than a ship sinking in the St Lawrence. Rather touching, too, was the spectacle of some of them spending part of their meagre pay for silk stockings, cosmetics, or some taken-for-granted article on this side to be sent back to mothers, wives or sisters who have for so long been denied such luxuries.

Thus Moncton has the singular honour of welcoming these esteemed guests to Canada, and, in turn, many Monctonians have experienced their first personal contact with the mother country. If it be true that first impressions are lasting, the future of Anglo-Canadian relations looks exceptionally bright. For these boys from Britain like Canada, and Canada likes them. Their popularity was apparent last Christmas when a local women's organization arranged for all airmen to have Christmas dinner in

private homes. The Royal Air Force held its own against our own Canadian boys as far as receiving invitations was concerned; not one airman, Canadian or British, was forgotten.

Perhaps more than any others, the young women have become enamoured of these boys from across the pond, and many of Moncton's loveliest have sighed into their pillows after a draft has been posted from No. 31. Their only complaint is that the Englishmen can't jitterbug.

The deportment of the Britishers has been particularly commendable. Although the transient population of No. 31 has often run into thousands, these men are of law-abiding habits and have caused little trouble either to the R.C.M.P. or to the Moncton City Police. In fact some of them are British policemen who have been granted leave of absence for the duration so they can help carry on in the greater task of smashing Hitler. Frequently these erstwhile policemen visit the Moncton Detachment and chat about their experiences during the blitz and their war-time police work at home.

The British boys have manifested a decided interest in Canadian winter sports, and although at first, as they stumbled around the Moncton rinks in droves on newly-tried blades, presenting quite a hazard to other skaters, some of them become near experts during their stay at No. 31. Skiing, too, has its fans, for these R.A.F. lads are of the calibre that will try anything once.

And so men come and go at No. 31. The endless chain of goodwill goes on and on, binding the peoples of the New World and England ever more closely together. The fortunes of war being what they are, too many of these boys will get their last glimpse of Canadian life when they revisit No. 31 as trained airmen on their way back to pit their newly-acquired skill against the Axis. When peace again prevails, maybe some of the visitors will return and make Canada their home. And this country will gladly welcome them. The future may reveal that this modern invasion was as epoch-making in the history of Canada as was Wolfe's historic campaign 183 years ago. Who can tell?

The People of England

THE countryside of England,
Is pure and fair, serene,
And those who dwell in England,
No conqueror can demean,
For the spirit that was kindled
By her valiant sons of yore,
Will keep bright the light of England
Through these days and evermore.

But the countryside of England,
Has been riven,—torn apart,
By a merciless aggressor
Who is striking for her heart,
And this countryside of England
Blackened, bombed and sorely pressed
Is but the shell of England
For her heart is not distressed.

And the people that are England
Rise from out her ruined walls
Rise from out her shattered churches
And from out ancestral halls
And by deeds they shout the story
Of this proud and valiant land
That will thrash the Nazi tyrant
And forever honoured stand.

Andrew Drummond-Hay

by Det. Inspr J. Fripps

It is hard for me to realize that Drummond-Hay is dead—killed in action on the El Alamein front in Egypt, so many miles away from the east coast of Canada where we knew him as a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was my privilege to be officer commanding 'L' Division, Prince Edward Island, when Andrew Drummond-Hay was stationed there. 'L' is a small division and the personnel is limited. This gave me a real opportunity to study the personalities of the men serving with me, and I made many lasting friendships. One was with Drummond-Hay. He was one of the finest and most interesting young men I ever met.

Drummond-Hay was born of an old and prominent Scotch family, yet he never assumed a superior air. He was popular among the men with whom he worked and, in ability, I'm certain that he was destined to take a prominent place in the Force. He would, I am sure, have made an excellent officer. He was profoundly interested in his work and understood his fellow man—a great asset in the life and work of any policeman.

Andrew Drummond-Hay was stationed for a considerable part of his service in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on Prince Edward Island. The outbreak of war brought many additional duties, and when the formation of a provost company, to be made up of R.C.M.P. members but attached to the Canadian Army Overseas, was announced, he volunteered and, in December, 1939, went overseas with the First Canadian Division.

Shortly after his arrival in England, Drummond-Hay transferred to the Coldstream Guards—a regiment with whose traditions his family had been associated for many years. He was sent to Sandhurst where he achieved outstanding success, and upon graduation was granted a commission with this famous old British Regiment. When the guards were sent to the Egyptian theatre of war, he accompanied them, and at the time of the German drive into Libya in June of this year he was with a battalion of his regiment stationed at Tobruk.



L/Cpl A. Drummond-Hay

The Coldstreams and the Scots Guards refused to surrender when the Axis hoard swarmed down on this post in the Libyan desert; gloriously these two units fought their way out. What was left of them was later reformed into a unit and placed on the El Alamein line. On July 13, the very day he was to be taken to a base hospital for treatment to a poisoned arm, Drummond-Hay was hit by a shell and received severe head and chest injuries. He died twenty minutes later.

Perhaps, after this war is over and the dust of battle has settled on the hot Egyptian desert, men will take time off to write of their experiences and comrades in these horrible days. The true story of the hardship, the privations, and heroism of our gallant desert fighters may then be told. In the meantime we have much to do. We must rid our world of men like Hitler and Mussolini, and avenge the loss of men like Andrew Drummond-Hay—men who were destined to play a leading part in our post-war problems.

He is gone! Although he was a much younger man than I, he has left with me his mark of friendship and devotion to duty. I can think of no better ending for this tribute than to quote an article which appeared in the Aug. 13, 1942, issue of the London *Times*: L. L. writes: "Although I had only known Lt Andrew (Andy) Drummond-Hay since the early days of the war, I was fortunate enough not only to get to know him well but also, I sincerely believe, to make a friendship which will remain with me as a pleasant and happy memory as long as I live. Such was his personality that I know the same to be true of all his friends, of whom there were many in every walk of life. For Andy was completely natural and straight in the highest sense; which combined with an infectious gaiety and love of life, made a lasting impression upon everyone he met. Before the war he had been living in Canada, where for some time he was a member of the famous Canadian 'Mounties'. On the outbreak of hostilities he joined the Canadian Army and soon after his arrival in this country was sent to Sandhurst, where he achieved the distinction of being graded an 'A' or 'outstanding' cadet before passing out to take up his commission in the Coldstream Guards. His sad fate in Egypt is a loss that will be felt by many."

That appreciation was written by the commanding officer at Sandhurst. It is a fitting tribute to our young friend, but it is also very true of the fine young man known as Lance Corporal Drummond-Hay of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

To Canadian Womanhood

HERE'S to the women of Canada,
Who in the hour of woe,
Say to their boys, though their hearts rebel,
It's your duty laddie, go.
We know the pangs you suffer,
We hear the stifled sigh,
As with trembling lips and heaving breast
You bid your boys good-bye.
Yours is the heaviest load to bear,
And the heaviest price to pay;
Yours is the waiting agony,
That drags from day to day.
Yours is the loss, if your hero falls;
It is thus you pay the price.
May a grateful Nation ne'er forget
Your noble sacrifice.

J.M.

The Spirit of Coventry

by A/Cpl D. G. Chater

Coventry, in Warwickshire, England, is sometimes called the 'Peeping Tom' city because tradition has it that a certain tailor was mean enough to peep at Lady Godiva when she rode naked through the town to free the people from oppression. Coventry is also known as the city of three spires because of three beautiful church spires which distinguish its sky-line.

On Nov. 14, 1940, as a reprisal of British bombing of Munich, Hitler sent five hundred bombers in wave upon wave over Coventry and its 160,000 inhabitants; his declared intention was to destroy the city completely. The first planes that flew over dropped incendiary bombs which started fires and lighted up parts of the metropolis. Other planes followed and, guided by the created inferno, dropped high explosive bombs. The raid lasted seven hours and the Nazis dropped 250 tons of bombs. According to international law, only military objectives are supposed to be bombed. However, the German airmen, flying at a great height, unloaded their murderous cargoes indiscriminately, caring not that even hospitals were hit. This attack smashed parts of Coventry as flat as Warsaw, Rotterdam or Dunkirk. It levelled many areas, yet some districts were left undamaged. The fires sent a mile-high fiery cloud shining red in the sky and German airmen winging back to their bases were able to glance back maliciously at the damage they had caused.

Out of that night of destruction and chaos has come a new word of fury—'Coventrizing'.

With the coming of the cold, dismal dawn, the drone of aeroplane engines and the drumming of the anti-aircraft guns died out. When the 'all clear' sounded the hoarse shouts of men and the discordant cries of the wounded could be heard. People came bleary-eyed from the air-raid shelters and gazed with bitterness at the enemy's work.

Holy Trinity Church was still intact, with the battle cry of Coventry—"It all depends on me. And I depend on God"—over its entrance. Firemen had concentrated on the fires in vital buildings of the great aircraft and machine tool factories, and managed to get most of them out quickly. Other buildings continued to burn for hours, and bodies found in some of the ruins were so badly burned that even their metal identity disks were melted. Bricks crumbled like chalk as demolition squads carried on with the work of lessening danger from possible falling debris. Water, gas, electricity and other public utilities were cut off or damaged. Hundreds of citizens had been killed, and many of them had to be buried in huge, common graves. The mayor had to stop queues of relatives from trying to identify bodies because the sight of the mangled and charred corpses was so depressing.

Out of all this horror, an undaunted people rose up and passed through the ruins to their work, and most of the plants were busy as usual that day. People pried hopefully in the rubble of their gutted homes in an effort to recover some treasured possessions. Three of my cousins had worked untiringly all night while their womenfolk and children found safety in a near-by air-raid shelter. In the morning the shock to them was somewhat demoralizing: two had lost their homes in the terrible onslaught and for some time they had to reside with a brother. The King, who visited the city next day, offered his sympathetic condolences to the people in their misfortune.

In the gray light of that dawn only a Gothic shell and part of the walls and spire remained of the famed St Michael's Cathedral, which dates back to the fourteenth century. During the bombing, four men on the roof of this house of worship desperately fought incendiary bombs, putting out ten of them before the roof caught fire. They raced downstairs through a shower of molten lead and saved the cross, candlesticks and chalices. Said the Rev. Richard T. Howard, who commanded the fire-fighting, "This is the work of a Godless man, but the spire of St Michael's is the symbol of Coventry."

Naturally, there were tears and sorrow when the clergy and other persons viewed the ruins of the once-beautiful structure. However, out of that lamentation gleamed the inspiration of the undaunted, unbeatable courage of the British people. Already a fund has been collected for the reconstruction of St Michael's. So when our day of victory dawns, as dawn it will, work will commence on the rebuilding of the cathedral. In time its stately spire will again be reaching into the heavens to the honour and glory of God and the spirit of Coventry.

Many Apply but Few Are Chosen

APPLICANTS wishing to join the R.C.M.P. are required to set forth details of their present occupation and to state their reasons for wishing to become members. Some hopefuls have a queer slant on things, as shown by their letters.

One man wrote: "I have a number of friends and so-called friends, and it is over these latter I would like to look down upon." Presumably from his elevated position on a horse.

Another apparently expected to run into some pretty tough assignments for he "was previously employed as a meat cutter in a packing plant, and acquired quite a variety of experience, and now think I am capable of handling one of your jobs."

This lad allowed his pen to run away with him, letting the words fall where they might: "I wish to write you in earnest to express my wish for joining the R.C.M.P. Force and hope you will cooperate in helping me reach my advancement. I always liked the looks of the police uniform and think it is the most honourable job of any human in uniform. I have always been honest and dependable therefore I can say with honesty that you have the best to stay with my policy. There isn't anything to say about my present employment and for the previous and present work I expect to stay on the farm." And attend to police duties after hours?

Ambition spurs this applicant on: "I am getting disgusted with farming, that is one reason for joining the Force. Further, I have to go out and seek my fortune and future for myself. I am trying to seek my fortune."

Metal Examination

by CPL J. ROBINSON

The scientific examination of metals has frequently been of great assistance to investigators in the field. Information gained from a comparison of two related pieces of metal will often save many hours of tedious investigation, and while positive results are not always forthcoming, false leads may be eliminated and innocent persons exonerated.

IT IS NOT necessary for an investigator to know much about chemical analysis of metals; that is a matter for the expert. But a knowledge of certain less-technical methods for examining metals can be of definite value in the investigation of crime.

The surface of iron or alloys of iron, upon being polished, treated with an etching solution, and then viewed through a microscope, presents distinctive, individual crystalline structures. These distinctions are due to the action of various forces—impacts, heat, chemicals and so on—which change the crystalline patterns on the metal ores. The structure of a metallic object and of a piece taken from it will, unless some unusual condition has affected one or the other, remain identical for a considerable time after separation has occurred. This fact is particularly useful when a metallic substance, which has come from a larger piece in the possession of a suspect, is found at the scene of a crime. For instance, if there is the possibility that part of the mechanism of a home-made bomb has been manufactured from a larger piece of metal, it is advisable to search for this larger piece and, if found, submit both for metallurgical examination.

To compare two pieces of metal the following method is employed: a part of each is polished, for about 1½ inches in diameter, until a glassy, scratchless finish has been attained. These smooth surfaces are then etched with a tested chemical reagent which removes the thin layer of 'flowed metal' that forms on the exhibits during the polishing. The removal of this thin layer enables the investigator to observe and study the true metallic structure underneath.

Four years ago some wheat was stolen in the Indian Head district, Saskatchewan. A piece of wagon tire found beside the granary from which the wheat was taken had obviously been used to pry the window open. When a larger piece of tire was found on the suspect's premises, the two pieces were treated as described and it was found that the crystalline structure of each was similar. Both pieces were entered in court as exhibits, and helped in no small way to link the accused with the offence.

* * *

OBJECTS such as automobile engines and parts, revolvers, knives, typewriters and bicycles that bear identifying numerals or letters are frequently involved in investigations. A knowledge of the method used to restore such markings when they have been deliberately removed will prove very beneficial in establishing origin and ownership.

The stamping of a numeral or letter on metal causes a malformation of the crystalline structure deep in the metal, which conforms to the shape of the die employed. This deformation is much more pronounced in metal that has been heated before being stamped. Therefore, if a number has been filed away so that it is no longer visible, in most cases it can be made readable again. This is done by using either the etching method or the heat method.

The Etching Method: is less harmful and is actually the better of the two methods when the parts to be examined

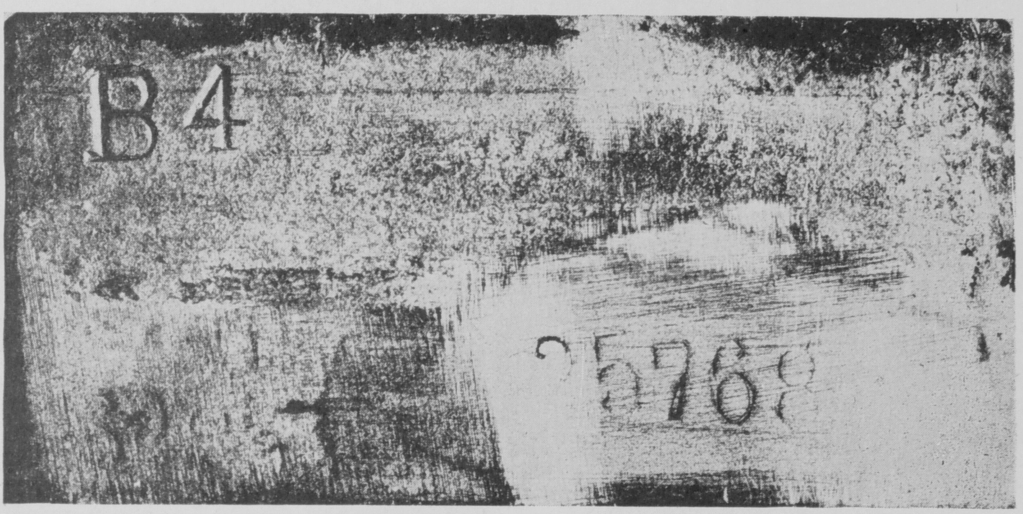

Fig. 1

are adaptable to it. It should always be used first, and, if successful, the fact that a reagent has been used will not interfere with the heat method should it be attempted afterwards.

The Heat Method: consists of heating the metal until the numbers appear. The test should, however, be discontinued before the metal assumes a cherry-red colour as heating beyond that point is likely to cause injury to the metal. It should also be remembered that the heat must be applied evenly to avoid twisting or warping the metal. Fig. 1 illustrates the results that may be obtained by the heat method.

If the etching method is used, the surface of the exhibit should first be washed with a solvent—either gasoline or alcohol—to remove any oil or fats, and if the surface is gouged or rough, it should be smoothed off with emery cloth, taking care to remove as little metal as possible. The reagent is then applied with a small brush or swab of cotton, briskly, so that fresh reagent is in contact with the metal at all times. The use of a controlled amount of heat will assist the action of the chemical reagent. Patience is necessary, as it may take from thirty minutes to five hours to restore the erased number. It is advisable to write down the numbers, or photograph them as they appear, to avoid the possibility of their being etched out completely during the efforts to restore a 'stubborn' one.

When the etching is completed, the surface should be washed with a soda solution, dried, painted with varnish or shellac, and then photographed. The varnish or shellac prevents rust and preserves the figures brought forth by the etching. Figs. 2 and 3 show a revolver butt before and after the etching process; the restored numbers 1-8-1 can be easily read.

Should it seem advisable to confine the etching solution to a limited surface on the object, a wall of paraffin wax is effective. In some cases such confinement is an absolute necessity, as when plates have been attached to objects with rivets of a different composition. The etching solution upon coming in contact with the rivets sometimes attacks them quickly, causing the rivet metal to be deposited on the surface under treatment, thereby materially obstructing the etching process.

Different solutions are required for different metals. For obvious reasons the ingredients of these solutions cannot be quoted but this information may be

obtained from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Scientific Laboratory.

One might well ask what makes restoration of numbers in this manner possible. The answer is that the crystalline structure surrounding the stamped figures is softer than the metal immediately underneath them and consequently is eaten away faster by the etching solution, causing the harder parts to stand out. A parallel to this principle is found in the markings of boom logs by a combination hammer and die of the owner. When the log is struck, usually on the end, the pulp fibre is compressed by the outline of the die for a considerable distance into the log. To cut a piece from the end of the log is not sufficient to destroy its identity as would be the case if paint or crayon markings were used. The outline of the die in the compressed pulp can be restored sufficiently to render identification possible.

* * *

SPECTROGRAPHIC analysis is a means by which the qualitative and quantitative analyses of metals and alloys of metals may be recorded photographically—the qualitative by the number and position of lines as shown by the spectrum on the photographic plate; the quantitative by the intensity of the same lines. A spectrograph is, as the word implies, an instrument which graphs or records the characteristic spectra which emanate from substances having a metallic content, when subjected to intense heat.

Since the installation of the spectrograph in the Scientific Laboratory, paints, paper, inks, counterfeit coins, lead pellets, glue, glass, soap and many other substances have been identified. In addition, the spectrograph method permits the examination of minute particles that cannot be analyzed by chemical or other means. Incidentally, it cannot be stressed too strongly that exhibits for spectrographic analysis should be handled with extreme care to prevent contamination; the spectrograph is very sensitive and records any foreign materials that may come in contact with an exhibit. For instance, the salts from perspiring hands will show a positive sodium chloride spectrum.

Some recent cases reveal the importance of spectrographic identification.



Fig. 2



Fig. 3

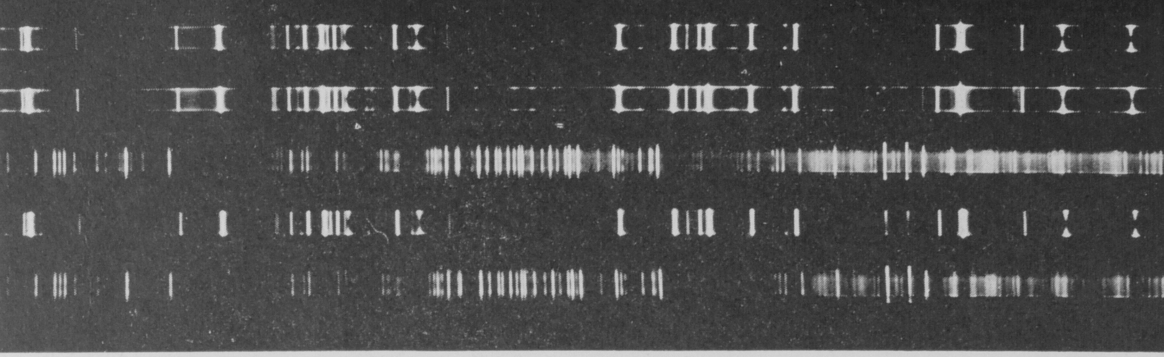

Fig. 4

During several cases in Saskatchewan the spectrograph was used to advantage: in a horse-killing case, it was used to establish the fact that some home-made pellets taken from the leg of the animal were identical in composition to pieces of lead found in the suspect's possession; and when some turkeys were stolen, the spectrograph proved that paint from the walls of the complainant's chicken pen, from his turkeys, from the stolen ones and from other sources contained the same metallic substances; in a Breaking, Entering and Theft case the spectrograph established that particles of metal adhering to a pair of pliers were similar in metallic composition to the dial of the damaged safe; and in another case the spectrograph proved that a questioned coin was counterfeit by comparing it with a genuine coin. Fig. 4— two exposures of the genuine coin and three of the counterfeit — shows the spectrographic comparsion between the two coins.

In Manitoba, in a Tampering With the Mails case, the spectrograph established that some of the glue found on the flap of an envelope, was different to the type supplied by the manufacturer, was similar to glue submitted in a container, and different to that in another container submitted at the same time.

* * *

A BATTERY-OPERATED magnet is useful in securing small metal particles from dust, debris, etc., and metallic substances, such as knives, revolvers and so on, from wells, ponds or river-beds. Fig. 5 shows a magnet retrieving a revolver from water in a vessel.

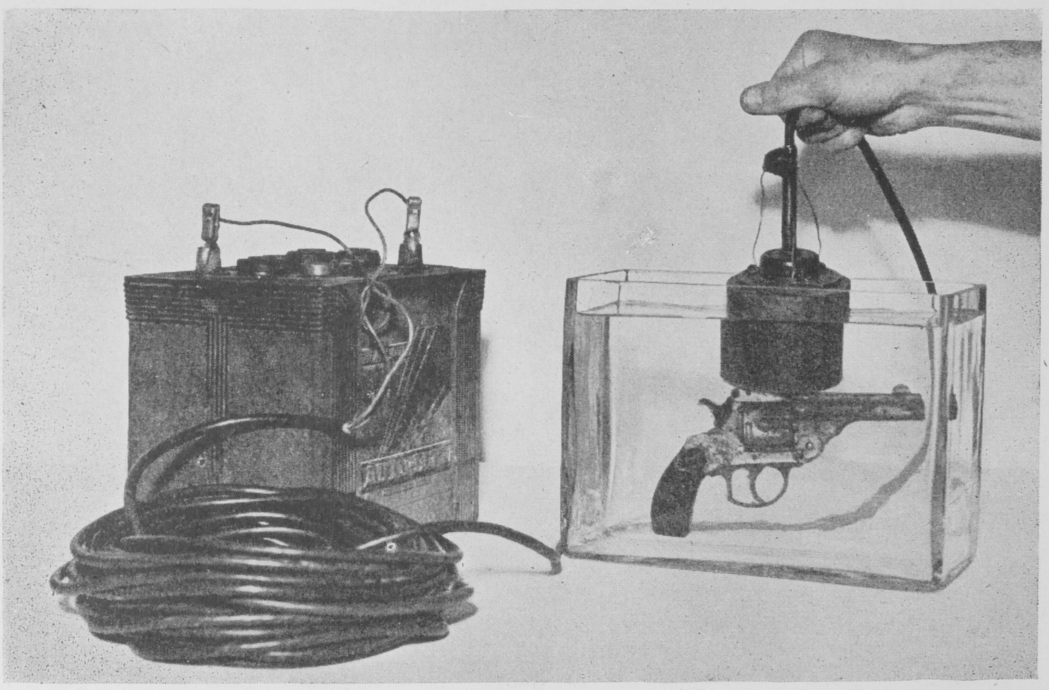

Fig. 5

Pacific Coast Command

by Cst. E. Bowell

Canada's navy has become an integral part of the United Nations' fighting ships, and is holding up its end in the struggle for freedom. This article tells us something about it, and contains anecdotes that are entertainingly instructive.

On a winter's night early in 1941, a young sailor of His Majesty's Canadian Navy was on furlough from the Atlantic coast, visiting his native village off the main highway south of Edmonton. He and some local civilians were sitting around the stove in a small store-cafe. It was rather an incongruous setting for the young sailor, with his white lanyard and oddly-creased trousers.

His beaming father, a typical Alberta farmer, handed him a cigar which was promptly lit by an adoring little waitress who, after serving me with coffee, sat down beside the sailor. We were a congenial group, and, with his hat on the back of his head in the manner of sailors of all countries, our distinguished visitor answered the questions flung at him.

Yes, he had seen action. Leaning forward, his hand half raised in a gesture of sincerity, he told us of the heroism of his officers, of the bravery of his comrades, pictured for us the gunners rushing to their stations, sponging and ramming, the roar of guns on destroyers as they raced through lashing waves and fought off the cobras of the deep, protecting the merchantmen from molestation.

For a moment I wished I were an artist; I wanted to paint that scene and entitle it 'A Tale of the Convoys'—the raconteur shyly holding the floor, the men around him in rapt attention, fearful of missing a single word, the little waitress gazing upward with soulful, adoring eyes.

It was indeed a picture worthy of an artist's brush.

The Canadian public naturally compares its present combatant services and deeds with the martial feats of Canada's intrepid warriors of World War I—an admirable sentiment. But it must be remembered that navy ships on patrol duty in all sorts of weather perform one of the most arduous and monotonous of all duties.

Which brings us to H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, B.C. The harbour and the drydock, which is known as Dominion Drydock, are around a headland about four miles west of British Columbia's capital named after the Great Empress. They are universally known; the drydock, built by a far-sighted Federal Government in 1922, and guarded by the R.C.M.P., whose most westerly detachment is situated at the dockyard, has berthed the world's largest ships.

Incidentally, the name Esquimalt has nothing to do with Eskimos; it is derived from the Indian word *Is-Whoy-Malth*, which means, 'place of shoaling water'.

The navy terms its bases in the far west (Esquimalt and Prince Rupert) the 'Pacific Coast Command'. The senior officer is Commodore W. Beech, R.C.N. The R.C.M.P. Dockyard Detachment in conjunction with the Royal Canadian Navy, directs traffic, guards buildings and installations, and, at night, controls the civilian workers and naval personnel who pass through the dockyard gates. Thus the R.C.M.P. see much of the men of Canada who go down to the sea in ships and move in deep waters.

A century ago the Royal Navy opened a small base on a promontory called Duntze Head, to repair its ships and

guns, and still visible on Cole Island is a long-disused magazine built during the Crimean War (1854). The site of the old base is now used by the military. It is interesting to note that until recently, the last time this coast was shelled was when some British frigates opened fire over eighty years ago during Indian troubles—minor local affairs caused by bands of marauding Indians who used commando tactics in robbing the settlers, pillaging villages and committing small acts of piracy by canoe against the coastal ships. The Provincial Police assisted by irate citizens attempted to apprehend the culprits, but the wily red men took refuge on islands in the Gulf of Georgia, ensconced themselves in woods and caves, and engaged in the 'sport' of sniping at their incensed pursuers.

The authorities promptly requested the aid of the Queen's Navy, and according to local historians the big ships did a very fine job of it. During the U.S. Civil War period the last of the unlawful 'sportsmen' were rounded up.

* * *

But to get back to the dockyard. During daylight hours it is like other marine establishments. Night, however, brings a marked change. In the dark and silent hours, with ringing challenges of 'Boat Ahoy', with armed sailors patrolling its roads and manning its defences, the dockyard becomes a veritable fortress—a grim sentinel guarding Canada's Pacific coast.

Many a member of the Force on patrol duty during the night is brought up short with a bayonet pointed at his midriff by a stern-faced son of Neptune.

Many of Esquimalt's thoroughfares are named after naval heroes, names that ring like clarion blasts along the corridors of time—Nelson, Blake, Frobisher, Drake, Jervis, Anson, Hawke, Jellicoe, Beatty and others.

Gaitered sailors with fixed bayonets guard the entrance to the naval barracks appropriately situated on Admirals Road. The men in training live in buildings named after admirals of history: Howe, Effingham, Collingwood, Rodney and the hero of Tennyson's ballad of the fleet, Sir Richard Grenville.

Until the early 1900's a squadron of British war-ships was based at Esquimalt, then the R.C.N. took over and has since lived up to the great traditions of its forbear, ranking high in the navies of the world today.

Since hostilities began, the dockyard has been enlarged far beyond its original size; those members of the R.C.M.P. who were stationed there a decade ago would be amazed at the change, for the navy has obliterated many of the streets, buildings and landmarks familiar then. The residential section is gone, also the wooden gates of the dockyard; the courtyard of the old detention barracks has been roofed over and is now used as a storehouse.

Remember when Sgt W. Withers of 'E' Division was in charge of the R.C.M.P. in the dockyard? He was very popular; a stickler for discipline, but many young constables discovered he had a heart of gold. Memories about sailors of ten years ago also return. Some of them paid the price of admiralty on the ill-fated destroyers *Fraser* and *Margaree* which went down in collisions, the *Fraser* during the tragic days of the fall of France, the *Margaree* while on patrol duty in the Atlantic.

That period of ten years ago is often recalled as the 'roaring days of Able Seaman Swettman', popular sailor, who as coxswain of the good ship *Armentieres* and protagonist in comical episodes on it, is often the subject of amusing anecdotes. Percy, as he was known to all, played scrum-half on the rugby team, and was a topnotcher. His play in the gory final of the Garrison League, usually between the navy and the 5th Regiment, was a spectacle worth seeing. But the rugby field on which he and his team mates displayed their prowess is

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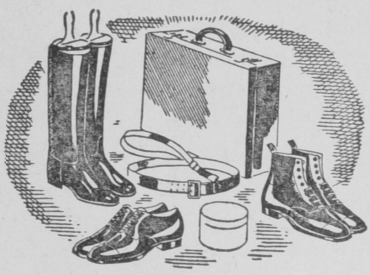

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now occupied by huts of the C.W.A.C. who work on Signal Hill near-by.

When the war came Percy got into a tougher game in one of the minesweepers—the hardest-working ships in the Atlantic—, and after long service on convoy duty returned to Esquimalt. He now wears the uniform and gold crossed anchors of a chief petty officer, but to his friends in the R.C.M.P. he likes to be remembered as just plain Percy.

Memory also recalls other pleasant happenings of a decade ago—the Sunday parades to St Paul's Naval Church and the sailors lifting their lusty voices to render Baring Gould's mighty anthem. The church is an historic edifice; many years ago it was moved from a site near the dockyard gates to its present position on Esquimalt Road. It has served many nautical congregations from the days of the semi-steam and sail ships, down through the man-of-war and dreadnought era, to this modern age of line-of-battle ships. As in the Force's chapel at Regina, its walls are covered with plaques and tablets in memory of men of the sea who have served the dominion and passed on to higher service.

The most cherished relic on its walls is a life-belt from Her Majesty's ship *Condor* lost at sea during the late 90's. Apparently she sailed out from Esquimalt into the blackness of a stormy night, and was never seen again. Only the life-belt was found, and the fate of the *Condor* is still a mystery in the saga of the seas.

Nine years ago the officer commanding the dockyard was Engineer Capt. T. Phillips whose three sons, Geoffery, Raymond and Adrian, are now naval officers. The man who succeeded him was Engineer Capt. George Stephens, an officer who gained the respect and admiration of every constable in the R.C.M.P. detachment, of all civilian workers, and members in the navy. Commodore

(now rear-admiral) G. Jones, R.C.N., of Atlantic convoy fame, was senior officer—as fine a flag officer as ever sailed under the Red Cross of St George.

Composing the small but competent navy of those days were two destroyers, several old-fashioned minesweepers and some smaller auxiliary craft. To see these ships steaming 'Line Ahead' out into the Gulf of Juan du Fuca, where all the navies of the world could ride at anchor, was a sight to stir the heart of any Canadian.

The old drydock chimney, a famous landmark, still stands, though the engine house is now used for other purposes; in these days of electric winches and pumps, an engine house is a relic of a bygone era.

Built in 1887, the old drydock, which berthed many old-time warships, and in its day was the largest on the continent, is now a refit basin, its past glory eclipsed by the Dominion Drydock across the harbour.

The old End House Hotel is now a Y.M.C.A. and picture house for navy members. The street-car stop, which some members of the Force may remember, is far up the main road now, and the Terminus Cafe has ceased to exist, though the Coach and Horses Inn, Six-mile House, Tudor Tavern, Halfway House and, across the cove, the Dugout Inn still cater to their thirsty clientele.

* * *

THE beautiful city of Victoria still retains its English atmosphere, though as in other Canadian cities the war has brought about some changes.

On the streets one sees navy men, army men, kilted Highlanders, British marines, members of the empire's air forces, tall provincial policemen, Anzac officers, navy and army nurses, R.C.A.F. girls and smart young ladies of the C.W.A.C. walking like guardsmen, and quick to salute passing officers.

Uncle Sam's army and naval officers, soldiers and sailors, are often in evidence, also the blue-clad members of that splendid and justifiably proud corps of United States Marines, carrying themselves with an air of precision and efficiency.

The Canadian sailor has most of the characteristics of his British counterpart, and from the police point of view is a very well-behaved young man. The 'yo-ho-ho-and-a-bottle-of-rum' type is practically unknown these days, though a tot of rum is issued at noon daily to all hands on ships, and seems to be one of the traditions of the R.N. that the R.C.N. holds in great respect.

The officers are trained across the cove at H.M.C.S. Royal Roads, formerly a civilian residence named Hatley Castle. Schooled in the traditions of Blake and Nelson, with other stiff tests such as rowing practice in all kinds of weather, these young Canadians quickly become suitable for this great navy which started from scratch.

The ratings receive their training at the barracks, and are often seen at rowing drill in the harbour, their oars sometimes being held vertically in salutation of a high-ranking officer—for the navy's discipline, as that of the R.C.M.P., is one that neither bullies the weak nor fears the strong.

The flagship at Esquimalt is an auxiliary cruiser, and whenever the captain comes up the gangplank to go aboard, the boatswain's mate pipes out the 'Side', and all personnel on deck stand at attention facing him, the junior officers saluting until the officer returns the salute and orders 'carry on'.

On these ships a navy regulation which stipulates that prayers must be said each morning is carried out without preamble. The stern, level voice of the captain rises above the screech of gulls and turmoil in the dockyard as he reads the navy prayer which, in part, goes: "that we be the safeguard of those such as pass upon the high seas on their lawful occasions." In this day and age these words have more than passing significance.

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WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES

The navy's reveille is at 5.30; and from the larger ships comes the blare of bugles, from others comes the shrill note of boatswains' pipes as crews start their daily round. At 8.30 the strains of the R.C.N. Band playing martial tunes come across the harbour as colours are hoisted and the young sailors in training are reviewed by their captain before starting the day's work.

From the commodore's headquarters a signal flag is flown at 8.55, and at 9.00 all ships in harbour 'stand by' as, with the sound of bugles and whistles, the white ensign is flung to the breeze from the gaff at the stern of each ship. During this ceremony all sailors in the vicinity snap to attention, those aboard face aft and the officers salute until the last sound of the bugles and the 'carry on' is given. The performance is repeated at sunset when the flags are lowered.

When a sailor steps from the gangplank on to his ship, he salutes the quarter-deck — an old custom dating from the days when ships carried crucifixes; members of the Force when visiting aboard do likewise out of respect, and visiting civilians usually raise their hats.

* * *

When sailors march ashore their formation is called a 'Liberty Boat', and to an observer at the dockyard gate it is one that arouses more than casual interest, as he can inspect the various types of youth serving in Canada's Fighting Navy. From the eastern provinces come dapper young fellows who seem to favour the Signal and Radio Branches, sturdy French Canadians unsurpassed as sailors anywhere. Winnipeg, that loyal city of the Manitoba plains, supplies raw-boned, husky lads who make splendid stokers and gun-

ners, while from other parts of that great province hail men who become expert seamen for corvettes and minesweepers.

There are fresh-faced boys from Saskatchewan farms and cities such as Moose Jaw, Saskatoon and Regina. These lads show a respect and friendliness towards the R.C.M.P. that is a tribute to 'F' Division.

From Calgary and the Alberta ranch lands comes a smaller, fair-haired, jolly type of young fellow who always seems to be smiling and full of good-natured mischief; he makes a good steward or supply assistant. From the good city of Edmonton and the Peace River country the navy receives tall, round-eyed young men with the reputation of being hard workers and who are certainly a credit to the province of Alberta.

British Columbia also supplies its quota of smart young males who expend their energy on the 'boom' defences and smaller craft which R.C.M.P. members call 'jetty dodgers'. They accomplish much in the smaller sea lanes where the big ships cannot go.

Many ex-members of the R.C.M.P. are now in the navy: they include Dick Bell, formerly a popular member of 'F' Division; Larry Crosier of northern fame is a sub-lieutenant, so also is Fred Olson who used to be in 'E' Division—both are on a minesweeper. Chief Petty Officer Sparrow was a trumpeter at 'Depot' Division ten years ago.

* * *

THE sailor's uniform familiar to every one, is known as a 'round rig'; the kind with peak cap, collar and tie, is called a 'square rig'.

In the dockyard is a dispersal centre called 'Givenchy' where after their barracks training, the sailors await draft to the various ships. The stokers work in shifts, day in and day out, cleaning the boilers of the fighting ships. It is a rather fearful experience to encounter a party of black-faced stokers clambering over the side of a jetty as they go off duty for the night.

A story is told of one of these stokers who had to substitute as a guard—a duty seldom performed by stokers. It was just after Pearl Harbour. An R.C.M.P. member, whose sobriquet is 'Ernie', was patrolling the darkened dockyard when a loud challenge rang out: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend," answered Ernie, and stopped abruptly. A long pause followed, then a timid voice asked, "What do I say now, Ernie? I ain't never done a guard before."

Ernie felt like laughing, but didn't. It was two in the morning; neverthless he then and there explained sentry procedure to the novice, and incidentally made another friend for the R.C.M.P.

Another story that touches on the emotional relates how a strict officer of a small ship when referring in his ship's orders to one of his crew who had passed on wrote, 'our shipmate'. Those two words convey just how this strict officer felt towards his men.

In the dockyard one meets all ranks of naval officers: the commodore; captains and commanders with their austere, schoolmaster-like faces; lieutenants, tanned of face, usually commanding the corvettes, minesweepers and Fairmiles—in a distinct class by themselves, they are stern of mien, as befits men who on their own quarter decks at sea have to maintain a discipline that practically severs them from all companionship, men who must handle their ships in faultless manner; junior officers who display their youth in many ways, but who know their work and who have the required endurance.

* * *

LORDS of the Canadian Admiralty and the public may well rely on these men. Canada has good reason to be grateful to them, and proud of the sleek, trim war-ships of her senior service that steam majestically seaward to distant battle stations.

For Distinguished Service

by Spl Cst. E. J. Donovan, Phm.B.

In this fiction story the protagonist learned that duty can be a hard taskmaster, unaffected by human emotions, callous to personal obligations.

Cpl Tim Weatherby of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police sped down the highway in police patrol car No. 4403. His stiff-brimmed Stetson rode at regulation position on his head, his weathered gray eyes watched the asphalt as it rushed towards him to be gobbled up under his machine.

The sun was at his back as he rode into the morning, between fields of sweet-smelling grain that flanked the provincial thoroughfare. He glanced wistfully at the two golden stripes on his arm. After twenty-five years in the Force serving at many detachments, he was only a corporal—not even a sergeant. In another three years he'd be retired to pension, his file would be closed and at some future date he would reach the obituary column of the *Quarterly*.

That was life, he supposed, but sometimes the breaks were hard to take. Even now he was looked on as a has-been and given routine tasks. The young fellows were assigned to the big stuff. There was no room for old fogies like Corporal Weatherby.

He threw the mood off resolutely. At the moment opportunity was knocking at his door. He was out to bring in a murderer of the first quality. It was strictly his case. He had worked on it for five years and finally learned where the killer had hidden himself. Inspector Morrison had been dubious of the whole affair, but had finally consented to let Weatherby go 'on his own'.

Inspector Morrison, Weatherby reflected as he drove along, had been awarded the King's Police Medal* two years ago.

"For distinguished service," he smiled whimsically. "Gad, it must be a great feeling to have that on your record. All I rate is 'good' in the detective service."

* * *

Fulton was a small, sleepy little town, the last place in the world anyone would expect to find a murderer. Weatherby pulled in about an hour after lunch. Several miles further on was Surrey College where his son, John, wrote letters home asking for money. For a minute the corporal was tempted to drive over and see him; the young beggar hadn't written for weeks, and his mother was starting to worry. But the

*Editor's Note: The King's Police Medal was established in 1909 and is awarded to members of police or fire brigades in respect of one of the following qualifications: (1) Conspicuous gallantry in saving life and property, or in preventing crime or arresting criminals; the risks incurred to be estimated with due regard to the obligations and duties of the members concerned. (2) A specially distinguished record in administrative or detective service. (3) Success in organizing police forces or fire brigades or departments, or in maintaining their organization under special difficulties. (4) Special services dealing with serious or widespread outbreaks of crime or public disorder, or of fire. (5) Valuable political and secret services. (6) Special services to Royalty and heads of states. (7) Prolonged service; but only when distinguished by very exceptional ability and merit.

The medal which is of silver and hangs from its white and dark-blue ribbon by means of a swivel ring, bears on the obverse the effigy of the reigning sovereign with the usual legend. The reverse shows the armed figure of a watchman leaning on a sword and bearing a shield on which is inscribed 'To guard my people'. In the background is a fortified city.

The original Royal Warrant of 1909 was amended in 1916, 1930, 1933, and twice during 1936. British subjects and others serving in recognized police forces or properly organized fire brigades in the United Kingdom, in India or in the colonies, protectorates and mandated territories, are eligible as are also those in any dominion if its government so desires.

If the medal is awarded for exceptional gallantry or courage, a narrow strip of scarlet appears in the centre of each white stripe on the ribbon above the swivel ring.

thought died instantly. There was a killer to be arrested.

The freckle-faced youngster at the gas station had city efficiency. He jumped up, started wiping the windshield. Weatherby got out, his polished boots and spurs gleaming in the sun, and stretched his legs. Once or twice he flicked his crop against his yellow-striped breeches, then handed over his ration book.

"Fill her up," he ordered. "And take a look at the oil."

"Yes, sir."

Weatherby looked up and down the street, spotted the court house across the way. Sober-faced people came from all directions and went inside.

"Something going on?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. A feller named Jones run over the Senator's three-year-old son and killed him. Folks is kinda sore. Jones is on trial. I'd be there only I gotta work."

"So you have a senator in this town?"

"No, sir. He ain't a real senator. Folks just call him that."

Weatherby wasn't much interested. He was more concerned about Jack Stollinger, one-time big-shot criminal lawyer in the city, but for five years a murderer in hiding. The Mounted Policeman located his office easily. The lettering on the door revealed that Stollinger was now known as John Sullivan. It was a plainly-furnished little room with a scuffed desk and no reception clerk. A far cry from the smart barrister's office Stollinger had owned in the old days. A card on the desk told Weatherby Mr Sullivan was in court.

Weatherby frowned, then decided to wait. The chairs were of the straight-backed variety. He tried to make his chunky form comfortable in one, picked up a magazine, but couldn't read. His nerves were on edge. Stollinger wouldn't like the idea of being taken back to the city to stand trial for a murder that occurred when he and his crooked cronies became involved in a fake bond scheme that blew up in their faces. If he was anything like he used to be, he'd argue it out with lead.

The corporal stayed for half an hour. Not a single person went past the window. The street was like one in a ghost town. No voices, no laughter, no automobile horns, no traffic sounds. Nothing. Just Weatherby and that small office and a flapping curtain at the window.

He began to feel restless. He got to his feet, started walking up and down.

Presently he found himself on the street again. The only human in sight was the boy back on the gas-station bench. Weatherby strode towards him.

"Quite a town you have," he growled. "Is everybody dead? Is it always like this?"

"No, sir. Saturday nights it's busier."

"Where *is* everybody?"

The youth pointed to the court house. "Over there. Most everyone is, I reckon."

Corporal Weatherby stamped across the road and went inside the building. The room was crowded, and everyone was intent on the proceedings up front. He squeezed into a seat in the back row, and the first person he saw was Stollinger. He was thinner than Weatherby remembered him, and there were patches of gray in his hair. He was dressed in a long black coat that reached to his knees, a wing collar and bow tie. The corporal recalled that Stollinger had always had a flair for the bizarre.

At the moment he was talking to the jury—a group of farmers and townsfolk in their Sunday best. The judge was a stout, bald-headed man with keen, light blue eyes.

Weatherby looked around, and abruptly his heart rushed up into his throat. Blood throbbed at his temples. The jury, judge and court room faded in a thick haze of incredibility. In that instant he knew why there had been no letters from his son.

The prisoner was John!

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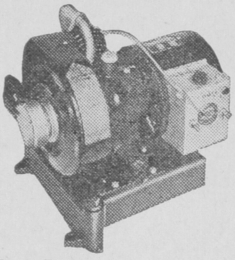

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Corporal Weatherby could never remember when he started breathing again. His hands were clammy and moist, his throat dry. He tried to cry out, but only succeeded in emitting a rasping croak. The man next to him said, "You all right, officer? You look kinda sick."

Slowly faces and figures came back into the corporal's focus. Dark, sullen faces with predatory eyes fixed upon his son. To them John was a careless city driver who had ruthlessly killed one of their youngsters, and the fact that it may have been an accident mattered nothing. Bitter indignation had distorted their reason. They meant to make John pay, and pay plenty.

Presently the Mounted Policeman became aware of a soothing flow of words. Phrases and expressions that gripped and held the entire room. They came from Stollinger, the lawyer. He stood at ease, talking like a tired yet patient father to a group of wayward children. Simple, kind words, easy to understand.

And he was pleading for Corporal Weatherby's son.

The corporal had seen Stollinger perform in many notorious cases. Assured, confident, the lawyer was a born dramatist with all the court-room tricks at his finger tips.

He didn't use those subterfuges in this case. Yet never had Weatherby seen him so dominate an audience. He swayed the jury with every syllable he uttered. And as the anguished policeman listened, hope trickled slowly into his heart again.

* * *

WHEN it was over Corporal Weatherby sat trembling in his seat. The court room cleared, and John suddenly spotted his father. He came forward hesitantly.

"Why—why dad!"

Corporal Weatherby pulled himself to his feet. He clutched his son's shoulders as if he would never let go. He shut his eyes tightly so the dampness in them wouldn't show, his voice shook.

"Good Lord, son, why didn't you let us know? Why didn't you write and—and—?"

John Weatherby shook himself. "I don't know. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want mother to—well, she gets so worried." He gave a nervous laugh. "I even used Kerry Jones' name. It was his car. I borrowed it to go home for a day or so. I was foolish to think I could get away with it. Using his name, I mean. But I was all jumbled up. I couldn't think straight. The little lad ran right out in front of me. I wasn't speeding. It—it was an accident."

Weatherby frowned heavily. He raised his head sharply. "That youngster's parents! We'll have to go see them, son. We'll have to do all we can to—"

"Everything possible has been done, Corporal," a new voice interrupted. "It's 'corporal' now, isn't it?"

Weatherby whirled around. For a long moment he and Stollinger stared at each other. Weatherby couldn't speak for several seconds. There was a bitter taste in his mouth as he appraised the man he had come to arrest—the man who had won freedom for his son.

"I—I can't begin to thank you," he stammered huskily.

"Don't try." Stollinger's lips twisted in a tired smile. Strangely, he was not at all like a man who had just concluded a successful case. He seemed on the verge of collapse. His features weren't hard as they had been in the old days. His eyes had an indefinable something the corporal couldn't fathom.

They started walking towards the door. "You've changed a lot, Stollinger," Weatherby said.

The tired smile showed again. "I guess I have. I picked this place as a hide-out. I met a girl and—well, we got married. I told her what I'd been, of course. Since then I've tried to live decently."

Weatherby hesitated. Doggedly he struggled to get the words out. "I suppose you know why I came?"

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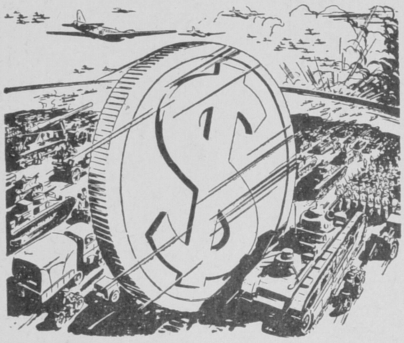

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Stollinger nodded slowly. "Yes, I know. I've been wondering when it would happen."

John looked at both men, not comprehending the byplay, completely unaware of what his father had to do.

They came to the door. A man across the street waved his hand and yelled. "Nice case, Senator."

Corporal Weatherby stopped dead in his tracks. Senator! The gas attendant's words came to him in a rush: "A feller named Jones run over the senator's three-year-old son and killed him."

Senator—Stollinger! Small wonder he looked worn and haggard.

It was *his* son John had killed.

When the facts became known, Corporal Weatherby was awarded the King's Police Medal for having a specially distinguished record in detective service. The apprehension of Stollinger was the coup that won it for him.

But he switches to other topics whenever anyone asks him about it.

The Ballistics Expert

GREATLY agitated, a woman carrying an infant dashed into a drug store. "My baby has swallowed a bullet," she cried. "What shall I do?"

"Give him some castor oil," replied the druggist calmly, "but be sure you don't point him at anyone."

Preventive Service Air Patrol

by Cpl R. D. Robertson

From high up in the blue, preventive service planes kept a sharp lookout for rum-runners in the broad mouth of the St Lawrence. Like hawks, these denizens of the airways hovered, ready to swoop down upon freebooting traders of illicit liquor.

Before the Royal Canadian Mounted Police owned and manned their own planes, I participated in the Preventive Service air patrols along the Atlantic coast. At that time members of the Force acted as observers, the planes being owned by the R.C.A.F. and operated by their pilots; the radio end of the work in the ground stations was attended to by the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals.

It was early in May when I first went to Gaspe, the larger of two bases in Quebec. It was still cold, there were many snow-drifts, and the woodlands were carpeted in white. Incidentally the last of the snow didn't disappear until July.

Our quarters were over the detachment office which was next to a general store. There was no heat, no running water; and we found it decidedly chilly for some time, getting a kick out of heating our shaving water on a small coal-oil heater. We ate at one of the two hotels in the village.

Flying did not start until about May 15, so we had plenty of time to get organized and accustomed to our new surroundings. Then came the day when we were to begin patrolling both sides of the mouth of the St Lawrence River from eastern Anticosti as far as Cap Chat. In addition we had to patrol the Gaspé and Bay Chaleur areas where our patrol linked up with the chief base at Shediac, N.B., second to Halifax in importance.

For my fellow-observer and myself, it was our first experience in the air, with the exception perhaps of a few barn-storming jaunts at $5 for five minutes. We were well aware of the anticipatory gleam in the eyes of our Air Force colleagues, the sly grins on their faces as they waited to behold our reaction to the 'works'.

My companion went first; he came back with a sickly smile and a greenish pallor about the gills. Next day it was my turn. The sturdy old Fairchild 71 pontoon jobs weren't built for stunting, nevertheless, as the plane climbed steeply from Gaspé harbour this greenhorn wondered who was dumping that two-hundred-pound sack on the back of his neck. Then as the pilot thrust the stick forward to give me a taste of diving, I clutched the side of my seat wildly, wondering if I'd ever make contact with it again.

These excursions were just practice flights for the purpose of making radio and other necessary tests, but our work of patrolling started soon afterwards. In all kinds of weather, except when fogs prevailed, we crossed and recrossed that vast expanse of water in the mouth of the St Lawrence. During foggy weather good airmen know enough to stay grounded unless necessity demands a take-off; but in our case, as our sole object was for observation, it certainly wasn't necessary. In fact it was out of the question when the sea fog stretched its enshrouding fingers up the bays, into the inlets and across the river mouths over which we had to fly.

Our usual procedure was to follow the coast line about fifteen or twenty miles off shore at about fifteen hundred to two thousand feet elevation. Under average conditions this position afforded us the best possible range of vision.

Each patrol, however, varied according to circumstances.

Our longest flight was up river as far as Cap Chat, across the narrow straight to Point Des Montes, along the north shore past Moisie, Seven Islands, Ore Point and the Mingans, across Anticosti, then over the wider part of the estuary to home. Sometimes this patrol involved landing and refuelling at Anse Pleureuse our emergency base on the south shore, or the base at Lake Travers on the north shore.

To us beginners these were hair-raising experiences. At Anse Pleureuse—the 'Bay of Weeping', named, I believe, after the many who had lost their lives in its adjacent waters—our base was on the shores of a small circular lake some miles inland. The lake is cupped steeply by encircling hills and to get there we had to fly up a valley so narrow that it seemed almost possible to reach out and pluck the leaves from trees on either side.

Lake Traverse was also a tricky spot to negotiate; it was too narrow for a cross take-off, consequently the wind had to be just right or the pilot was gambling against a side-wind landing, which, by the way, was much more hazardous in those days than it is now with modern aircraft. I remember one experience in late autumn when we had to go to Lake Traverse to remove our summer anchorage buoys and replace them with spare buoys for the winter. The wind was fair, and the pilot set our ship down smoothly. We got on with the job, but halfway through noticed that the wind was changing. We were in a poor place to spend the night, and, grounded as we were, could not make contact with our base by radio to report that we were safe.

We rushed the job to a finish, and on the second attempt the plane lifted. It was a tight squeeze, but, with a grand feeling of relief, we made it and swung away to complete our patrol and head for home.

From a scenic point of view, the Gaspé is a magnificent area in which to fly. But it presents difficulties unknown at Shediac which is an ideal seaplane base. An objectionable feature with which we had to contend was the rough air currents caused by the hilly, and, in some places, mountainous terrain of the Gaspé peninsula and the north shore of the St Lawrence. At one point in particular, where there was a sheer drop of about three hundred feet to the sea, winds lashed the cliffs. Crossing to the north, we could be sure of a boost in elevation of from one hundred to three hundred feet, according to the prevailing pressure. Another problem was the presence of innumerable air pockets in which a plane and everything in its drops like a plummet until heavier air below is reached.

We would often get away as soon as the light of dawn was strong enough to permit a safe taxi down the harbour. One peaceful Sunday morning when all Gaspé, except those near-by who had been awakened by the roar of our engine, lay asleep, we decided to pay our respects to a friendly resident. Upon drawing near his home, the pilot pushed the stick forward, and we started to dive for the centre of the village. Abruptly we hit an air pocket. Down we went, and, though the fall lasted only a matter of seconds, we had plenty of time to wonder if we were going to crash on someone's roof. We seemed suspended in air about a foot above our seats. Every single item that was hanging on a hook, from parachutes to canoe paddles, crashed to the floor when we hit the bottom of the pocket about a hundred feet or so over the village.

That cured us. We paid no more early-morning visits to our neighbours' chimney pots.

In those days an excellent 'trade' was being carried on, but gradually the speedup of preventive service methods by the R.C.M.P. was taking its toll. The rum-runner was forced to abandon the

old, slow-going schooners and dories on which he had relied for so long; sleek motor vessels, faster and more difficult to locate, began to appear on the reloading route to St Pierre et Miquelon.

Their small contact boats sped out from shore to the mother boats and back again with their loads. A peculiar thing was the fact that if one were to draw a line of demarcation down the centre of Bay Chaleur he could say with certainty that north of that line no rum was smuggled in.

During the first months of my flying around Gaspé a motor vessel was almost unknown in the 'business'. But time brought changes. First one, then another appeared, and soon the old schooners had passed out of the picture. At Shediac the same thing happened, although there and further south, motor vessels were in use some time before we began to notice them around the Gaspé area. At the end of my second year there was only one schooner that frequented the Shediac area regularly, and she was the old war horse, the *Nellie J. Banks,* more often reported by Preventive Service patrols than any other vessel in the trade.

Her stand was Malpeque Bay, P.E.I. She anchored as close to the three-mile limit as she possibly could, staying there for weeks on end, until it was time to move on, re-provision and reload. Many times we suspected her of being a decoy to keep some of us busy watching her while faster vessels raced to landings elsewhere on the island.

* * *

In August a shift in personnel sent me south to Shediac. I hated to leave Gaspé, for I liked the boys I worked with there; we had been a smooth-running unit, each man fulfilling his duties without shirking. We observers used to take our turn at night guarding the planes; we helped in wharf and maintenance repairs, assisted in refueling and did any other jobs that didn't require the technical skill we lacked. In turn, the Air Force and Signal Corps personnel treated us as one of themselves. Technically, the observers were in charge of each patrol, and our N.C.O. mapped out the courses to be taken; but there was no dissention of any kind, no petty jealousy among any of us. The pilot was responsible for his plane. Having a comprehensive knowledge of its capabilities, range and so on, he naturally assumed responsibility for the actual carrying out of the patrol, but always with an attentive and responsive ear to our wishes. On the other hand we framed all radio reports regarding suspicious-looking vessels, yet always handed them to the pilot for his concurrence and dispatch.

There were many exciting incidents. On one occasion a young pilot-officer, recently arrived from Ottawa, was assigned to fly a patrol with me as observer. He had the necessary float-plane hours to his credit, but no knowledge of handling these craft away from the shelter of inland rivers and lakes. Visibility was good around Shediac Bay that day, but outside there was the familiar gray of fog. The mechanic and I doubted the wisdom of taking off. However, it was decided to investigate and return if the 'soup' proved to be too thick.

Once outside I immediately saw that a patrol was not only useless but dangerous. I handed a note signifying this to the pilot. The mechanic heartily agreed with me, and made no further attempt to conceal his nervousness. But our pilot, probably in his desire to add to his flying hours and because he was unfamiliar with the Atlantic coast conditions, disregarded my warning. He decided to carry on and try to find a clearer area. For a time we clung to the water close inshore, and were comparatively safe; then the pilot made the bad mistake of climbing in an attempt to break through the fog.

No break could be found, and we did not dare descend for fear of crashing

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into some obstacle higher than ordinary ground level.

We flew on and on through blindness. Finally the pilot turned to us for directions—to us who were not navigators. We were lost in a thick, impenetrable haze that had no sign posts. I had no idea where we were; neither did the mechanic. We had been flying blind over an hour. I told the pilot to hold the plane in a westerly course, figuring that we *should* be about half way between Escuminac Bay and Miscou Island, on our way to the Bay Chaleur.

For another hour we continued—searching for a break in the fog, looking for an opening through which we might sight some landmark. But all we could see was the cold, gray, unidentifiable water.

Finally, just as we were about to give up, and were picturing ourselves landing in the unknown, a prey to the elements, we sighted some sand-bars; the mechanic and I felt they were those on the north shore of Prince Edward Island. Circling down we made sure, then climbed again, reset our course, and finally burst through the fog at Shediac.

Never was our base more welcome. We slipped down, tied up and separated to carry out our assigned tasks. Nothing was said. The mechanic and I kept our own counsel. But for a long time all 'other ranks' had little confidence in the young pilot, although he probably never forgot the lesson he learned that day, and may by now be as fine a pilot as ever handled a plane.

* * *

Two other experiences come to my mind. The first occurred on a beautiful summer morning with unlimited visibility. There was a fairly fresh breeze breaking the dark blue of the water with frequent white caps. Our patrol was Shediac, Malpeque, North

Cape, Escuminac Bay and then home. All went well. We noticed our friend, the *Nellie J. Banks,* just off Malpeque. From there we swung around North Cape, headed south-west along the P.E.I. coast, then west toward Escuminac Point.

Just as we veered away from the coast, something in our engine let go with a loud crack, then followed a hammering that could mean only one thing—a broken engine part striking against other units.

The pilot, a fine, steady chap, sent out an SOS, then faced the mechanic and me with a rueful grin to see how we were taking it.

Luckily we had a little more altitude than usual, which gave the pilot time to make his decision and maintain what altitude he could. The damaged engine, though making a frightful racket, seemed willing to keep on going if not pressed too hard, so we decided to make a try for the New Brunswick mainland rather than set the ship down in the heavy sea in this exposed area.

By gentle handling the pilot coaxed the plane across the intervening stretch of water until, our altitude gone, we were forced down near Vin Island in Escuminac Bay. A patrol boat of the Department of Fisheries sighted us and towed us into Chatham.

There we learned that our experience could have been much more dangerous than at first thought; for our SOS had failed to get through. Almost at the time we began to have trouble, another of our planes out of the Gaspé base went down at sea twenty miles from the shore of the St Lawrence. Their SOS was picked up at Gaspé and relayed to Shediac apparently just before we sent ours out. The other plane's mishap naturally caused a great deal of consternation—so much, in fact, that our coverage was temporarily dropped and our 'message' wasn't picked up. When we phoned Shediac from Chatham, they calmly asked us what the devil we were doing there!

Repair parts were flown to us by a pilot on his way to search for the Gaspé plane. Before long we were in the air again and flew back to our base.

As darkness fell that night the Gaspé plane was sighted by the cruiser *Preventor,* and, though taken in tow, was later wrecked by the heavy seas.

The other incident I referred to happened about two in the afternoon—also, fortunately for us, on a summer's day. It illustrated how important it is for the pilot to have his wits about him at all times and not let his memory fail him. We were swinging over Shediac about five hundred feet up, on the point of making a landing after a routine patrol. Above the centre of the village, our engine suddenly went dead. The pilot had forgotten to change over to his last tank of gasoline. It was about half a mile to the water line. Our faces white, the three of us looked at each other, wondering whether our plane would pick up in time to make it, or—would we crack up in water that wasn't deep enough for proper landing?

Good old 620!

She picked up when we were only a few feet above the beach, braced for a crash. Our pilot gave her the gun; we banked just once, a very short circle, and came in. As we disembarked the three of us heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

* * *

IN 1937, at the end of my second year as an observer, the Force purchased its own planes and carried out patrol operations as a self-contained unit, using its mechanics as observers. Thus I passed on to other duties.

That Shrinking Feeling

by A/Cpl D. G. Chater

I'd often heard about the rough and ready West. I learned how rough it could get when, fourteen years ago, I donned my first issue of long woollens.

What policeman, old or young, does not remember the burning itch, the bristly scrape of his first issue 'shirts under and drawers long'? Those dainty little bits of fluff that cling to the flesh with all the loving tenderness of porcupine quills? I was in the Force several months before I got my taste of them.

It was the beginning of summer when I came from the mild climate of the old country, signed on the dotted line and became a member of the R.C.M.P. I was forthwith introduced to the intricacies of the Q.M. stores at barracks, and made several trips to and from this department with armfuls of kit and accoutrements. It was in the 'good old days' when there was only one choice. Two suits of two-piece, thick, double-breasted woollen underwear were issued to me after the chap in the store had cast his eagle eye over my five feet eight inches and, allowing for shrinkage, *guessed* the size I would require.

I took the neatly-folded garments gingerly, and just as gingerly placed them among the moth balls in the bottom of my trunk. After several months' strenuous training I was transferred to detachment duty under a competent N.C.O. who was well acquainted with the rigorous and changeable prairie weather.

Autumn came, and with it the cold. One dark, windy evening I received instructions to make a night patrol. The man in charge was by this time well aware that I was a greenhorn and suggested that I don warmer underclothing. I deemed this sound advice, for I had already felt slight touches of frost—a new experience to me. So I delved deep into my trunk and brought to light a complete suit of the treasured underwear. Its weight gave assurance of delightful warmth. However a dubious thought entered my mind when I unfurled the 'shirts under one and drawers pairs one'; they appeared large enough to cloak the whole detachment. Upon draping the under-shirt over my shoulders it looked like a bell tent on a centre pole, waiting to have its sides pulled taut.

Somewhat abashed but with determination, I pulled on its team mate and gazed with awe at my reflection in the mirror. The last-drawn-on garment covered my slim frame from arm-pits to ankles with plenty of extra room for my midriff. Ruefully I reflected it was lucky the chap in the Q.M. stores didn't bet the horses. I put on my uniform, and after warming up with a cup of coffee we started by car on the tour of duty.

A few miles later I began to itch. It got worse and worse and before the night was over I felt as if all the lice in Japan were having a convention on my body. Contortions, monkey-like motions, twists and turns didn't help much. Relief came only when, exhausted, I tore off those blasted 'shirts under and drawers long' I promptly fell into a well-earned slumber.

I had been advised, of course, that once winter woollens are donned they cannot be taken off until the spring without risk of colds. Personally I think I prefer the colds; but rules are rules, and for a long time I suffered in my shroud of 'carpet tacks', especially in warm rooms. When I complained to the N.C.O., he assured me that after

several washings the garments would fit like a glove. He was partly right. Each week those duds shrank and shrank and shrank; they went past the fitting stage, turned grey like thick oatmeal porridge, and squeezed me in as if I were encased in a plaster cast.

Spring and warm weather eventually arrived; the troublesome garb was discarded and was subsequently used in my quarters and the detachment office on the business end of 'handles mop one'. I often wonder it didn't brush the floor paint off!



Beautiful Hand

FINGERS limp as petals of a half-blown rose,
Thumb more dimpled than a cooing baby's toes.

Palm o'er the heart, though pressing e'er so light,
Through a vagrant rhymster striking dynamite.

A hand so potent, yet ne'er a sweeter thing:
Ace, Queen, Jack, Ten of spades—I drew the King.

—G.E.W.

Laundry-Mark Detective Solves Mysterious Crimes

by EDWIN TEALE

Reprinted from *Popular Science*

Several years ago, a Long Island police officer began collecting records of the marks by which different laundries and dry-cleaning plants identify their work. Started as a hobby, his remarkable file of more than fifty thousand markings has helped to solve some 150 police cases, and points the way to the development of a powerful new weapon for scientific crime detection.

IT WAS three o'clock on a recent afternoon. A dock worker at Long Beach, N.Y., glanced beyond the piling he was examining and suddenly raced for the nearest telephone. Police cars rushed to the spot. Detectives started combing the area for clues. For the sight which had sent the worker hurrying to call headquarters was the bound and gagged body of a murdered man, lying face downward in the sand. Ten times his skull had been fractured by brutal blows.

The victim was identified as Samuel Rappaport, sixty-eight-year-old jewellery salesman of Long Beach. His overcoat, his black jewellery bag, his monthly railroad ticket, were later discovered hidden at various points along the shore. Most valuable find of all, however, was a bundle of blood-stained towels, tied together with a sash cord and secreted in dense weeds. Within half an hour after they were picked up, the towels were passing under ultra-violet lamps at the Mineola, L.I., headquarters of the Nassau County Police.

Inked in the corner of each was the symbol: 'W-K 33'. To any detective, that would have been a worth-while clue. But at Mineola it was more than that. It was virtually the address of the killer. For, here, the nationally-known laundry-mark expert, Lt Adam Yulch, maintains the most elaborate file of laundry and dry-cleaning marks in existence. Swiftly Yulch dipped into his file of tens of thousands of carefully catalogued cards. The symbol: 'W-', was used by the West End Laundry, in Long Beach. The manager of that establishment, in a few minutes, found the



Lt Adam Yulch, of the Nassau County, N.Y., Police Department, examining a laundry mark.



Cards like these, in the Long Island detective's file, record the markings used by laundries and dry-cleaners.

address of the customer, 'K 33'. And, less than twenty-four hours after the towels were picked up, the police had arrested a suspect and were announcing the confession of the murderer.

It was a sensational daylight holdup some years ago that started the Long Island detective perfecting this new tool for scientific crime detection. At Farmingdale, L.I., thugs with drawn revolvers pounced on a bank messenger and roared away with a $20,000 haul. Later, their abandoned car was discovered in another town. It contained a brown coat with a dry-cleaner's mark in one sleeve. Lt Yulch was assigned the job of finding the shop where the mark was made. Day after day, week after week, he went from one dry-cleaner to another. Two months went by and he had visited two hundred before he came to the right one. But the tip he received there resulted, eventually, in the arrest of the thugs.

During that long search, Yulch realized how valuable a collection of dry-cleaning and laundry marks would be. He began collecting such symbols in his spare time. Nights, he filed them on standard three-by-five-inch cards. By 1938, he had five thousand symbols catalogued. His unusual hobby began to attract attention. His superiors, Commr Abram W. Skidmore and Inspr Harold R. King, turned him loose to devote all his time to building up a laundry-mark bureau.

Today, steel drawers at the Mineola headquarters hold between fifty thousand and 75,000 marks. An actual tag is clipped to each card and the name of the laundry or dry-cleaning shop is typed below. Some establishments use numbers, others letters, others symbols—such as dollar signs, hour-glass markings, or horseshoes—to identify their work. All of Yulch's cards are catalogued according to number, symbol, or letter. When the mark is changed, as it was three times in the case of the West End Laundry, the shift is noted on the card.

Soon after his hobby had turned into a life work, it received spectacular vindication. One of the smoothest, most elusive burglars ever encountered on Long Island began preying on the homes of wealthy residents. He specialized in furs and silverware. He never left a finger-print and after every burglary he seemed to vanish into thin air. The newspapers were full of the crimes of 'The Phantom Burglar'. His loot totalled more than $100,000 and his successful robberies numbered nearly one hundred when two detectives cornered him as he was leaving a Jamaica, L.I., apartment. A huge, silent-footed man, he appeared to have black paws instead of hands. To prevent finger-prints, he had slipped silk socks over his hands before starting out on his night's work.

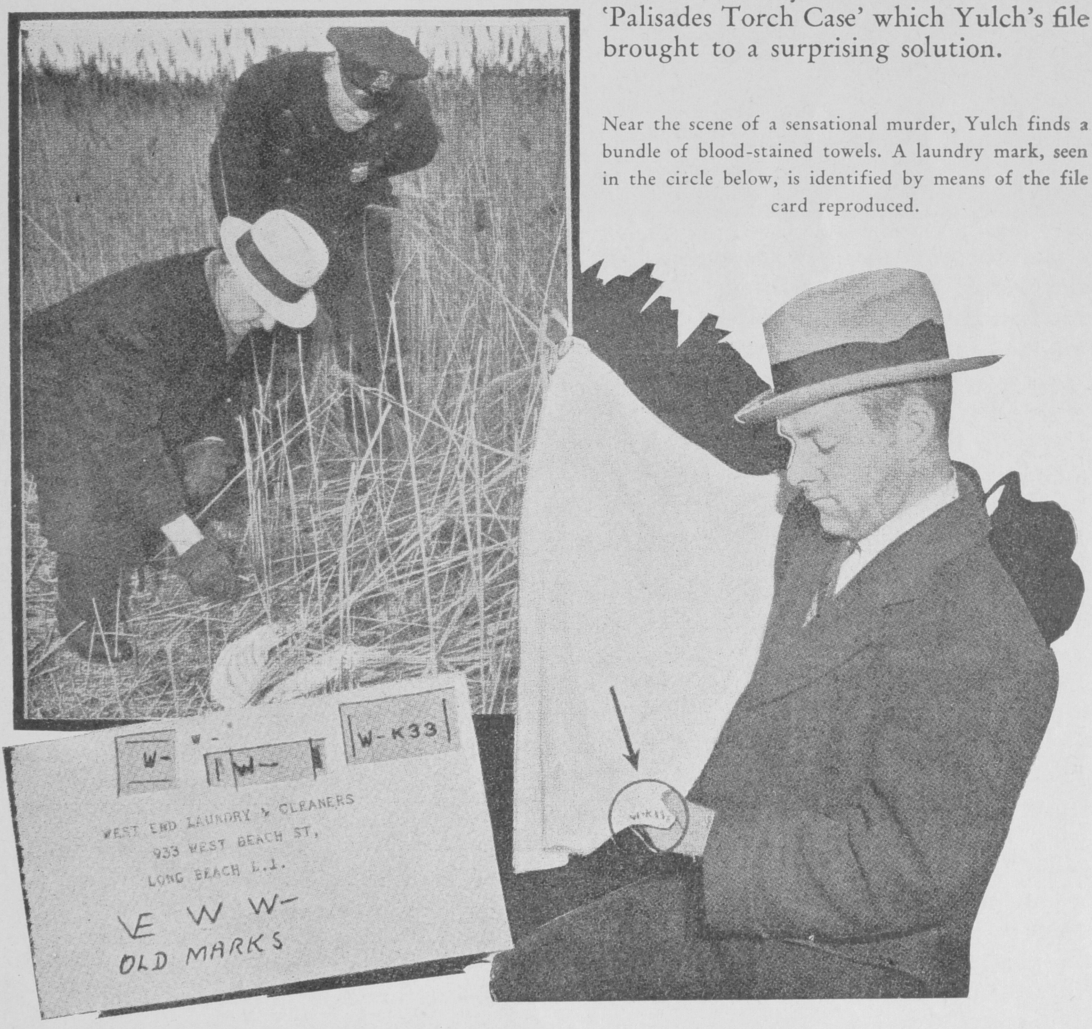
At headquarters, the prisoner refused to utter a sound. Finger-prints revealed he was Morris Kotler, a veteran housebreaker with a string of convictions behind him. But, twenty-four hours of high-pressure questioning left the whereabouts of his loot a mystery. At this point, Yulch and his file came into

the spotlight. A single laundry mark on the collar of Kotler's shirt enabled the detective to trace it to a Lynbrook, L.I., laundry and from there to the room where a fortune in stolen silver and furs was cached.

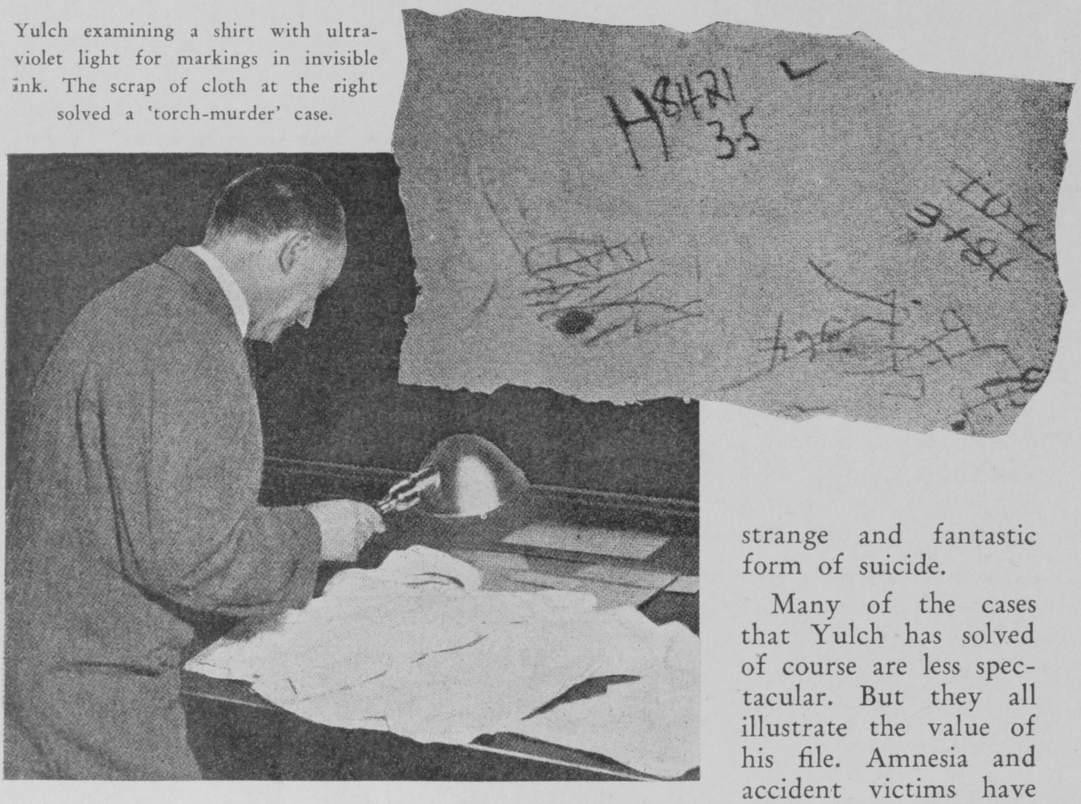
* * *

So far, Yulch and his unique file have solved more than 150 cases. His collection of telltale markings have aided the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the U.S. Treasury Department, as well as law-enforcement officials of a dozen states. Summers, Yulch often spends his vacation on a busman's holiday, canvassing the towns he visits for additional laundry marks. He never knows when they will be helpful. Last August, for instance, he found himself near Binghampton, N.Y., and collected samples of all laundry and dry-cleaning marks there. A few months later, Treasury agents swooped down on a large whisky still near the city and confiscated clothing left by the escaped moonshiners. Through Yulch's file, they were able to trace the clothes to the men who owned them.

Occasionally, more than one laundry or dry-cleaning plant will employ the same number or symbol as its identification mark. Even so, the file at Mineola narrows down the search to a few shops and saves precious time. This was the situation last year in the sensational 'Palisades Torch Case' which Yulch's file brought to a surprising solution.



Near the scene of a sensational murder, Yulch finds a bundle of blood-stained towels. A laundry mark, seen in the circle below, is identified by means of the file card reproduced.



Yulch examining a shirt with ultra-violet light for markings in invisible ink. The scrap of cloth at the right solved a 'torch-murder' case.

Just beyond the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River, police found the charred body of a man wired to a tree. Near-by was an empty gasoline can and a partially-empty box of matches. Leaves, twenty feet in the air, had been seared by flames. The dead man, literally burned at the stake, appeared to have been the victim of a fiendish murder plot.

Miraculously, a small portion of his coat had been pressed against the tree and remained unconsumed. The lining bore the marking: 'H 8421 3-5'. It might have been inked in, Yulch found, at any one of half a dozen dry-cleaning establishments near New York. A quick canvass of these shops brought detectives to a dry-cleaner in Mt Vernon, N.Y., who recognized the mark and identified the man as his own father-in-law. From this starting point, detectives traced the actions of the victim and proved that his death was not a murder but a strange and fantastic form of suicide.

Many of the cases that Yulch has solved of course are less spectacular. But they all illustrate the value of his file. Amnesia and accident victims have been identified through dry-cleaning and laundry marks on their clothing. People who have dropped dead in the street have been saved from paupers' graves by Yulch's file.

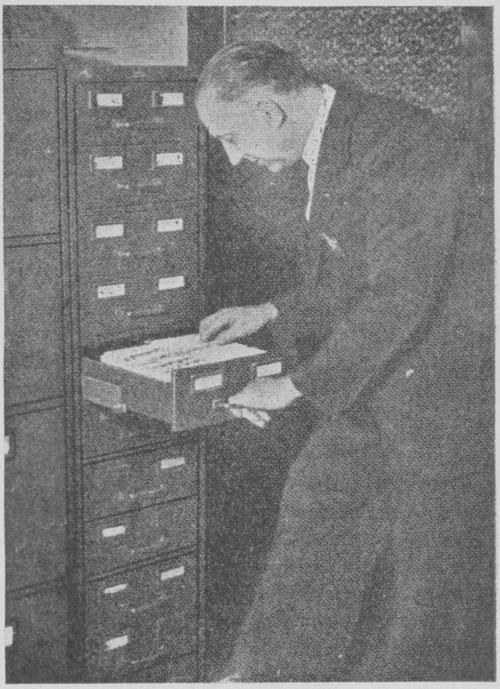
Recently, many larger laundries in the United States have installed machines which mark shirts and other items with invisible ink that fluoresces under ultra-violet light. Yulch has included in his file samples of the work of every machine of the kind now in use in the country. He has, as part of his equipment, a portable ultra-violet lamp for examining clothing for such secret marks.

Criminals, who are aware of the significance of finger-prints, have yet to learn the almost equal importance of telltale laundry marks and dry-cleaning symbols.

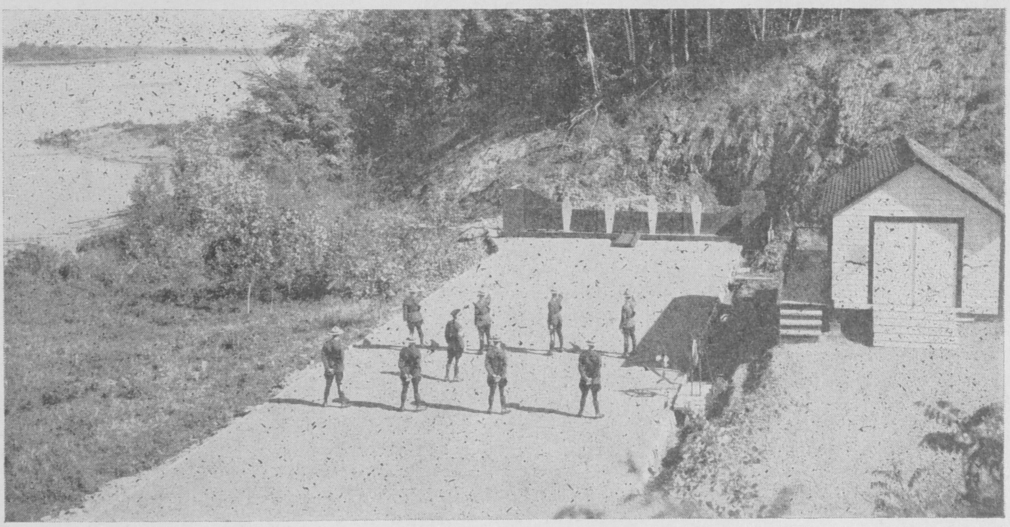
In a recent candy-store stickup, some hoodlums shot and killed the son of the proprietor. The get-away car—a black sedan—was found later on, abandoned

in another part of the city. It had been wiped carefully to remove all finger-prints. However, a hundred yards away, in a vacant lot, the pair of blue trousers which had been used as a rag was discovered rolled up and dropped behind a bunch of weeds. The killers, who knew all about finger-prints, were unaware that the garment contained dry-cleaning marks that, through Yulch's file, would lead the police directly to them.

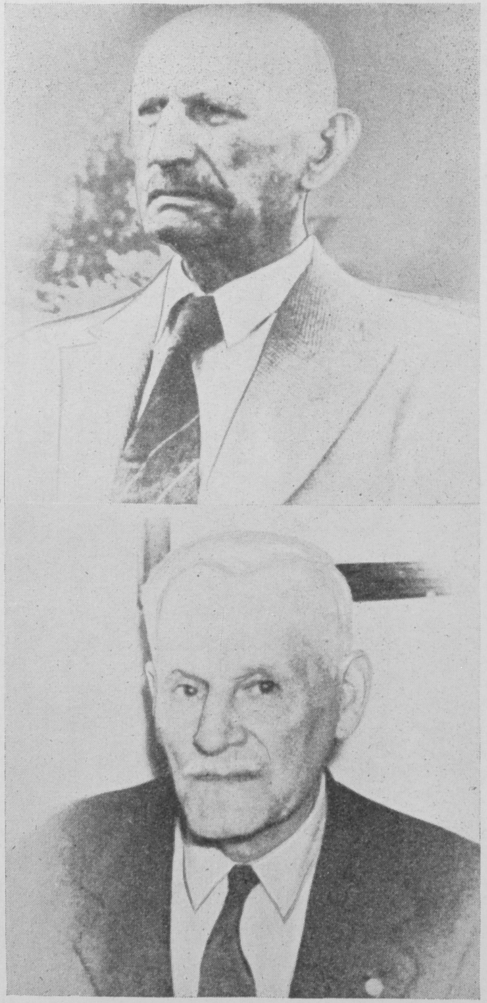
So outstanding has been the success of the Long Island detective's 'hobby' file that recently he was called to New Jersey to make suggestions for the establishment of the first state-wide police file of laundry and dry-cleaning marks. Eventually, Yulch expects to see a national bureau at Washington, D.C., similar to the finger-print file of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Such a central clearing house would aid scientific crime fighters in all parts of the country.



In the laundry-mark detective's cabinet, above, police picked up the trail leading to the solution of a gem salesman's death.



New revolver range, Rockcliffe barracks.



FIVE OLD-TIMERS WHO ATTENDED CALGARY STAMPEDE, SUMMER, 1942

Top left: Ex-Inspr W. Parker (Reg. No. 28), resides at Medicine Hat, Alta.
Top right: Reg. No. 3185, ex-Sgt P. G. Thomas—now police magistrate, High River, Alta.
Lower left: Reg. No. 247, ex-Sgt Major F. A. Bagley, resides at Banff, Alta.
Lower right: Ex-Supt G. F. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O., resides at Calgary, Alta.
Centre: Reg. No. 2116, ex-S/Sgt Sam Heap, resides at Calgary.

Photograph courtesy *Calgary Herald.*

Old-Timers' Column

A Popular Rendezvous

FOR the last four years members of the R.N.W.M.P. Veterans' Association, Calgary, have chosen as their venue the beautiful Homestead Hotel at Banff, Alta. The proprietor is Reg. No. 4167, ex-Cst. David M. Soole, a close follower of the *Quarterly's* progress and a popular member of the Veterans' Association. He joined the N.W.M.P. on Jan. 6, 1904, at Regina, and was invalided out of the Force on Apr. 4, 1905. After a trip to England, he returned to Canada and entered the tourist trade in one of the Dominion's choicest holiday spots —Banff.

On the last day of May, members of 'E' Division of the Veterans' Association met in Calgary and motored to the Homestead, with the usual stop at Bowfort Creek, fifty miles from Calgary, for a picnic lunch.

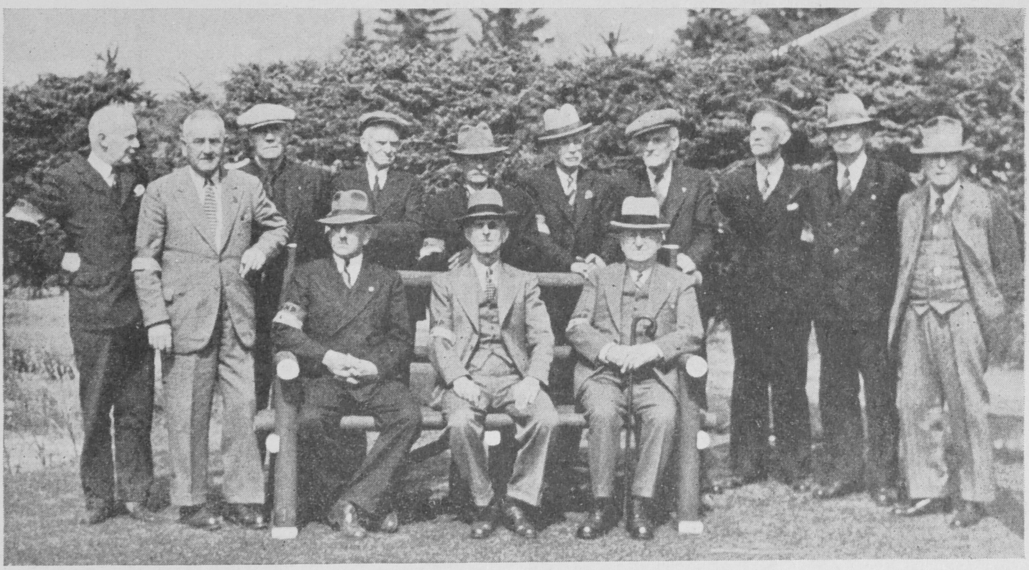
It was generally agreed, that, despite the thinning attendances, the gathering was a great success, and it is hoped that all members will be spared to attend many more such happy reunions in future years.

Members attending the banquet are shown in the picture at bottom of this page; guests present were: Reg. No. 5340, Sgt E. F. McCarthy and Reg. No. 12446, Cpl G. L. Pain, representing R.C.M.P. Calgary; Reg. No. 9454, Sgt B. C. Jakeman and Reg. No. 10766, Cst. W. F. McCallum, representing R.C.M.P. Banff; Flt Lt A. S. McNeil, R.C.A.F., Reg. No. 10927, R.C.M.P. corporal on leave of absence for the duration; Flt Lt Jenkins, R.A.F., representing Flt Lt Gray Campbell, R.A.F., Reg. No. 11764, R.C.M.P. ex-constable, unable to be present.

Veterans Hold Picnic

IN beautiful Stanley Park, Vancouver, on August 16, was held the annual picnic of 'A' Division of the Royal North West Mounted Police Veterans' Association. The day was pleasantly hot, and a large turn-out mirrored the popularity of such gatherings. A picnic lunch in the early part of the day, was followed by a sports program for the children. Old-timers, and there were many, gathered in groups to renew friendships and to chat.

Arrangements were in the capable hands of Secretary Frank Corby (Reg. No. 4219).



Standing left to right: Reg. No. 4167, ex-Cst. D. M. Soole; Reg. No. 4421, ex-Sgt S. G. Church; Reg. No. 2004, ex-Cst. D. Mayne; Reg. No. 3149, ex-Sgt P. Cutting; Reg. No. 1286, ex-Cst. J. Moore; Reg. No. 2789, ex-Cst. F. A. Caswell; Reg. No. 247, ex-Sgt Major F. A. Bagley; Reg. No. 2384, ex-Sgt R. J. Jones; Reg. No. 1312, ex-Cst. J. Stafford; Reg. No. 1922, ex-Cst. J. E. Cullen.

Sitting: Reg. No. 4762, ex-Cst. J. Nash; Reg. No. 4563, ex-Cpl J. S. Jarman; Reg. No. 3185, ex-Sgt P. G. Thomas.

and the Ladies' Auxiliary headed by Mrs Wm Bowdridge, Jr.

Mrs Lloyd-Walters, who came from Galiano Island, was present with Reg. No. 4741, ex-Cpl L. M. Lloyd-Walters, now chief of the special guards at Canadian Pacific Airways. They will soon take up their new quarters near New Westminster.

The Ladies' Auxiliary were out in force to administer with their usual grace and efficiency to the needs of the 'inner man'. Present were: Mrs Frank Corby, past president, Mrs Hodgson, president, Mrs Wm Bowdridge, Jr, secretary; others of the auxiliary present were Mrs Irwin, Mrs Smith and Mrs Johnston.

Reg. No. 3035, ex-Cpl W. S. Jealous, vice president of the association, and Mrs Jealous were present with other veterans and their wives from the North Shore. Among those noted around the picnic grounds were Reg. No. 1188, ex-Cst. Charlie H. Baker, Capt. W. J. Bowdridge (Reg. No. 2357), Clifford Smith (Reg. No. 3926), J. Ellis, Reg. No. 449, ex-Cpl M. Regan, whose ninety-second birthday was the following day, Charlie H. Rawson (Reg. No. 2979), Wm Bowdridge, Jr, Wilfred Cookson (Reg. No. 802).

Some Members of Sergeants' Mess, Regina, 1917

Prior to the formation of the R.N.W.M.P. Overseas Cavalry Squadrons (see 'The Mounted Police in War' January, 1940, *Quarterly*), two training classes with strictly military curricula were held at Regina during 1917. Over thirty officers and N.C.O.'s attended each class, both of which were under the command of Inspr S. T. Wood, the present commissioner (then adjutant at 'Depot' Division), under the direction of Supt G. S. Worsley.

The picture on the opposite page shows some members of the sergeants' mess while the second class was in progress:

No. 1, Reg. No. 6416, Sgt V. A. M. Kemp, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. Now assistant commissioner, commanding 'O' Division, Toronto.

No. 2, Reg. No. 4663, Sgt W. Bullock, at that time division orderly. He was invalided to pension on Aug. 25, 1924. Present address: Ladner, B.C.

No. 3, Reg. No. 4981, Sgt A. P. Pass, served overseas in 'A' Squadron as corporal. On Aug. 13, 1921, he purchased his discharge to take up farming at Humboldt, Sask.

No. 4, Reg. No. 5200, Sgt F. P. Baxter, served overseas in 'A' Squadron. Now inspector, commanding Weyburn Sub-division.

No. 5, Reg. No. 5320, Sgt G. Binning, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. Now inspector, commanding Yorkton Sub-division.

No. 6, Reg. No. 4125, Sgt G. F. Fletcher, served overseas in 'A' Squadron. Retired with the rank of superintendent on July 1, 1938. Ex-Superintendent Fletcher's present address is: c/o Bank of Montreal, London, Eng.

No. 7, Reg. No. 5781, Sgt W. J. Bishop. Sergeant Bishop died at Ottawa on Aug. 23, 1925. At the time the photograph was taken he was employed in one of the offices at 'Depot' Division, Regina.

No. 8, Reg. No. 5740, Sgt H. Darling, served overseas in 'A' Squadron. Now superintendent, officer in charge of 'F' Division C.I.B. At the time of the photo he was employed in one of the offices at 'Depot'.

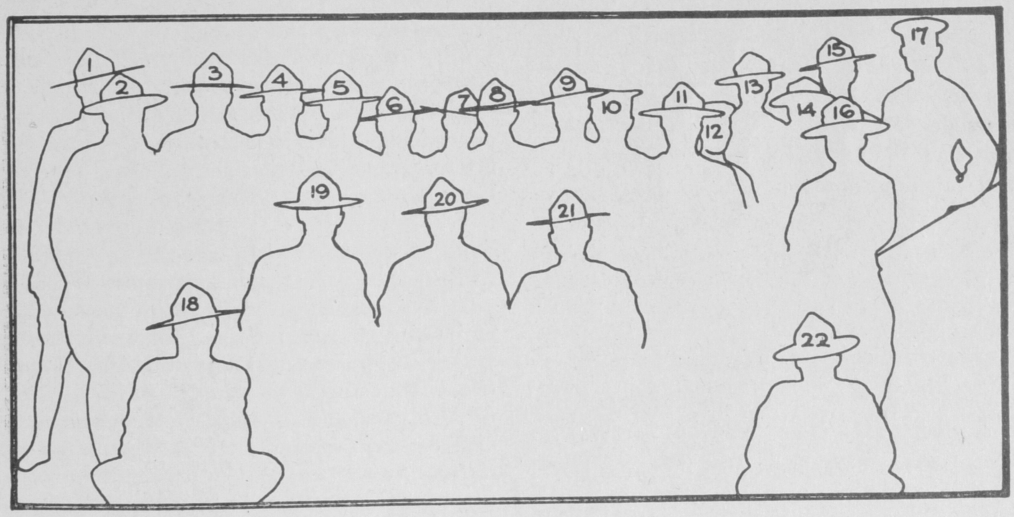
No. 9, Reg. No. 3238, S/Sgt R. W. McLeod, served overseas in 'A' Squadron, discharged Aug. 10, 1923. Last address: 607 First St, New Westminster, B.C.

No. 10, Reg. No. 2835, Sgt C. F. L. Money served in the N.W.M.P. in the early '90's subsequently serving in the B.S.A. Police, Rhodesia, South Africa; he was captain and paymaster of that Force. He served in the Matabele and Mashona Rebellions, 1896-97, also in the South African War, winning the King's and Queen's Medals. In 1914 he was in Canada and offered his services to the R.N.W.M.P., serving three years as sergeant when he retired to Victoria, B.C., where he died some years ago.

No. 11, Reg. No. 4984, Sgt B. T. Tomlinson, served overseas with the C.E.F. 'A' Squadron, 9th Draft, Fort Garry Horse and the 3rd Cavalry Division of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He was discharged to pension from the R.C.M.P. with 'Exemplary' conduct, on Sept. 15, 1936. Present address: 313 Stewart Ave., R.R. No. 1, View Royal, Victoria, B.C.

No. 12, Reg. No. 5079, S/Sgt P. R. Forde, at that time employed in an office at 'Depot'. Now superintendent, R.C.M.P. Supply Officer, Headquarters, Ottawa.





No. 13, Reg. No. 5155, Sgt A. L. Martin who, on Mar. 31, 1919, was invalided from the Force at Regina. According to latest information he wound up in Hollywood, Calif., as a director or an actor.

No. 14, Reg. No. 4719, Sgt E. W. Bavin, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. Retired to pension May 9, 1941, with the rank of superintendent. Present address: British Purchasing Commission, 15 Broad St, New York, N.Y.

No. 15, Reg. No. 4953, Sgt F. P. Mann, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. He was retired to pension from the R.C.M.P. with the rank of sergeant major on Apr. 30, 1934. Present address: Qualicum Beach, Vancouver Island, B.C.

No. 16, Reg. No. 4631, Sgt C. J. Coleridge, served with R.N.W.M.P. 'B' Squadron in Siberia. Discharged from the Force Apr. 3, 1925. In October, 1939, was manager of a large vacuum cleaner company in Nova Scotia.

No. 17, Reg. No. 5209, ex-Sgt Walter Walshaw, who, at the time of the photo, was provost at 'Depot'. He was discharged

to pension on Aug. 15, 1931. Present address: R.R. No. 1, Royal Oak, Vancouver, B.C.

No. 18, Reg. No. 4543, Sgt P. W. Rawson. Took his final discharge on Sept. 17, 1918, at the expiration of his term of engagement. A press release dated Mar. 14, 1941, states that ex-Sergeant Rawson is now serving overseas as a bombardier.

No. 19, Reg. No. 5117, Sgt Major F. J. Mead, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. Now assistant commissioner, Director of Criminal Investigation, Ottawa.

No. 20, Reg. No. 5426, Sgt Major G. F. Griffin, served overseas with 'A' Squadron. At the time of photo was foot-drill and riding instructor at Regina. He served as Riding Master at 'Depot' until his retirement to pension on Aug. 11, 1941. Present address: c/o W. H. Castor, 1664 Trans-Canada Highway, R.R. 3, New Westminster, B.C.

No. 21, Reg. No. 4608, Sgt H. U. Green, served in Siberia with 'B' Squadron. Sergeant Green gained fame as an authority on game conservation and still writes many articles on the subject under the pen-name of Tony Lascelles. He retired to pension as sergeant on June 30, 1932. Ex-Sergeant Green now resides at Banff, Alta.

No. 22, Reg. No. 6433, Sgt L. Bennett is still serving with the Force at headquarters with the rank of staff sergeant. At the time of photo was Q.M.S. at 'Depot'.

A Letter Home

IN 1940, the *Quarterly* published a serial entitled *Echoes and Letters from Fort Walsh.* The letters, written by the late Sgt Tom LaNauze—father of Asst Commr C. D. LaNauze, now Officer Commanding, R.C.M.P. 'F' Division, Regina—, recorded the life of a recruit in the 80's. A subsequent letter, describing what might be termed a recruit's progress, gives an account of a round trip between Macleod and Calgary. The reference to Fort Kill-Garry is of interest, for it reveals that, even then, the name Calgary had not been fully established. Actually, the present city of Calgary was so named by the second Commissioner of the Force—Col J. F. Macleod, C.M.G.—, in honour of his family home in Scotland.

Here is the letter:

Fort Macleod,
December 9th, 1880
Via Benton, Montana
U.S.A.

My very dear Mother,—

It is about a month since I have written to you or anyone, the reasons for which you shall know. About four weeks ago 25 of us were sent fully armed and well mounted to Fort Kill-Garry 150 miles from here northwards along the Rockies, where a tribe of Indians (the Sarcee's) were giving a good deal of trouble to the small garrison there (consisting of a Sergeant and three men) threatening to sack the fort for provisions, also a Hudson's Bay store and an American Trading Post. The Indians were almost starving so they were becoming desperate.

We accomplished the journey without mishap, only had one snow-storm and the first night when rolled in my blankets on the prairie our Commanding Officer and the Indian Agent (Colonel Macleod's brother) arrived in camp and brought the mail, containing a letter from you and one from George from Limerick, both of which I read with ease by the moonlight. I suppose our warlike appearance struck terror into the noble savage, as after a couple of days of "Pow-wowing" and firing off shots, dancing and yelling, they came to terms and agreed to come to this fort for the winter, to be fed, of course, at Government expense.

It took some more days to get carts, etc., to transport the infirm and very young across the prairie and I was put in charge of the whole concern to bring them here. I had to divide out the rations each day where we camped for the night, try and get them to shove ahead as quickly as possible and keep the chiefs in as good humour as possible, a troublesome enough job it was, and sometimes the thermometer 35 below zero.

I got my fingers and ear frozen one morning when saddling my horses, having to take my mitts off for a minute or so. It was blowing hard and snowing and I made a rush for it to get to the Fort and send out more provisions, as three days storm prevented us from travelling and grub had run out. I did the 40 odd miles in about five hours, not bad galloping in deep snow and could just make out the track. Both the Officer and the Indian Agent thanked me and said I had done well.

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One has to be very careful about getting lost on the prairie, as in such weather one is sure to freeze. I got on first-rate with the Indians and had a good opportunity of studying their customs, their dances, singing, and death dirges; as we had one death, an old man.

I slept in a tepee or an Indian tent; it has a fire in the middle and in ordinary weather is warm: but some nights while warm in front, your back was quite cold. I was eight days with them and they took three more to get in after I left them. We had to measure out 420 lbs., of beef and flour every day, each member of the family getting a pound of each. The freezing sensation is not pleasant; one feels as if all fingers were bruised by a hammer when the thawing commences: however, I am alright now.

Two days after I got into this Fort we were all aroused from our beds by the alarm of fire and sure enough, the shoemaker's shop next to the stables was in a blaze. We had barely time to turn out the horses when the whole thing was on fire. We all worked with a will and with great difficulty succeeded in saving the stores and our own quarters; everything was so frozen the only water we could get was the snow melted by the heat from the fire. Next morning we were all paraded and thanked by the Commanding Officer for our exertions in putting out the fire.

I have been for the last three days herding the horses about three miles from here, a nice life; like my former one. We had a nice little ranch to live in and lots of hares and prairie chicken to shoot but was sent for today, being required at the Fort. I think now I have told you most of my adventures. I enjoy this sort of business far better than barrack life, but this place is nicer in every way than Headquarters.

I have told you of the cold; I will now tell you how suddenly it can change. Yesterday morning we woke up and there was a soft warm breeze blowing from the Rockies, and the snow melting away fast. This hot wind is called a "Chinook" and is the redeeming point in the otherwise severe northwest winter, and we are now going about in shirt sleeves, as in spring. I cannot say now I have kept from smoking as I found a pipe most acceptable when camping on the cold snow-covered prairie and I suppose I never enjoyed a cup of tea properly before.

With love,
Your affectionate son,
(sgd) THOMAS LANAUZE.

The Good Old Yester-Years

REG. No. 2432, ex-S/Sgt W. C. Jackson of North Battleford, Sask., maintains that, in the past, power of observation and quick thinking were just as indispensable as they are today. Out of his storehouse of memories he picks several instances to prove his point.

"Once when searching a house under the Excise Act, it was found that all occupants but one, a woman, were deaf and dumb. The constable accompanying me thought he knew where the still was hidden, and went to investigate, while I took particular note of the lay-out of the farm. When my partner returned he told me his search had been unsuccessful. The woman, using finger language, immediately told the others that we could not locate the still. I translated her message to paper, then went to the building that had already been searched. The walls were neatly lined with stove wood, and a thorough examination of a section revealed that some of the wood had been nailed to a board on the wall, which when removed uncovered the entrance to the illicit manufacturing plant.

"On another occasion while searching a house in a German district, the woman of the household tried to dissuade us from entering a certain room. Her daughter was inside sick, she told us, but was evasive when we questioned her about the illness. She did say however that the girl had been sick for several weeks. Her manner was suspicious, so we went inside. The blinds were drawn, and a girl was in bed. While talking to her we noticed that her hands were filthy and did not look like those of a person who had been confined to bed for the length of time stated by her mother. A search under the covers brought to light two jugs of home-brew and a copper worm. The girl, fully clothed, had drawn a night-dress over her regular attire.

"At another place suspected of containing an illicit still, where numerous investigations had been unsuccessful, we noticed that the smell of brew seemed to emanate from the stable. We also noticed that each time we called, the owner of the property invariably put our team in the same stall. Upon testing the floor of this stall we discovered that it was hollow underneath. We removed the team and found that the floor was on a roller and could be pushed back. Below was a room equal in size to the stable. The fumes had escaped through the posts that supported the floor of the stable.

"During another investigation we came upon a baby in a cradle crying for no apparent reason. In the cradle we found two jugs of brew and a copper worm.

"At yet another place, while conducting an investigation, the member accompanying me discovered a still, going full blast in one room. As I went into the house I noticed a shot-gun near the door. Absently I picked it up, looked it over; it was loaded. Mechanically I removed the shells and returned the gun to its original position. I had no sooner done so, when the woman of the house pushed by me, grabbed up the weapon and threatened to shoot both my companion and myself. When I told her the gun was empty, she threw it aside in disgust. My instinctive action had probably saved our lives and the rest of the boys the trouble of having to dress for a funeral."

General Remarks

SOMETIMES the 'general remarks' to the weekly-diary report of a constable were remarkable. Here's one that was penned during the South African war:

"Sir:

I have the honour to state that no interest is being taken in this settlement regarding Britain's struggle for supremacy in South Africa. Kings may tremble on their thrones and empires pass away, but the interest in the settlement is whether Mrs 'So-and-so's' cow will calf without accident, or Mrs 'So-and-so's' hen will bring out her setting."

And here's another:

"Nothing unusual occurred in this settlement except Mrs 'So-and-so' gave birth to a son, owing to natural causes."

Comrade Scott

YOU never know when or where you're apt to run into an ex-member of the Force—they seem to turn up everywhere. At Kirkland Lake, Ont., last August, D/Sgt F. E. Smith of Toronto Detachment met ex-Cst. William Alfred Scott, Reg. No. 3331, who joined the N.W.M.P. on Aug. 7, 1898, at the age of nineteen years.

Mr Scott had many interesting tales to tell of his experiences while serving at Calgary and Dawson under Inspr J. Wilson. He also served at Gleichen and at Blackfoot Reservation. He took his discharge at Dawson, the day after Christmas, 1901.

No. 1 Provost Company Canadian Army (A.F.)

R.S.M. E. Tutin, M.M., along with eleven other members of No. 1 Provost Co. (R.C. M.P.), returned to Canada from England on September 6 after a ten-day crossing which was uneventful, though interesting in the extreme.

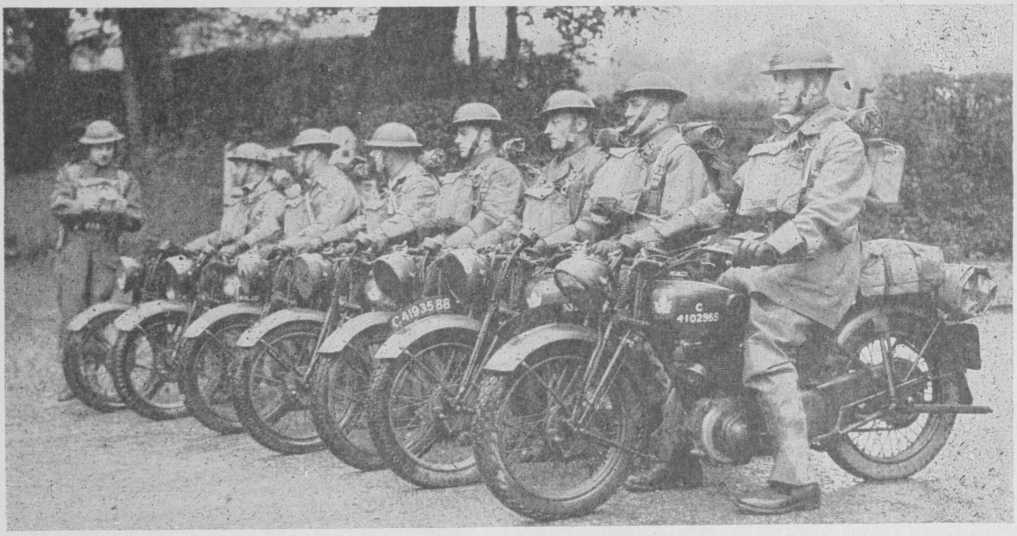
Back home with 'Ed' Tutin were Sgt J. H. C. McFee, Cpls E. C. Richmond and D. C. Beach, L/Cpls L. L. Villeneuve, R. W. Kells, J. U. Eddy, C. D. Hole, A. McDonald, T. Jones, F. J. Burke and J. Stephens.

The regimental sergeant major, looking in the pink of condition after his thirty-two-month stay in England, reported that the boys of No. 1 Provost Company have given a good account of themselves in every way, and have won the respect and admiration of soldiers and civilians alike. Not a road or highway in the whole of south-eastern England is unknown to members of the company; they have gone over almost every inch of ground, maps propped up between the handle-bars of their motor-bikes, until the country is as familiar to them as a kitchen is to a housewife.

In July, 1940, when 'Ed' was promoted R.S.M. of the company, the group was billetted under canvas at the estate of a very prominent business man at Merstham on the Surrey Downs.

The men were feeling pretty well down in the dumps at that time, having returned from a strenuous month of travelling during May and June. The company was on the move constantly touching, in quick succession, Dover, Northampton, France, Oxford.

At the university city of Oxford, excitement on one particular Saturday night—the one when everybody drew their first pay in six weeks—ran exceptionally high. The first outlook was pretty depressing but this feeling was soon dispelled as the residents of the district opened their hearts and their homes and showed just how hospitable they could be. Shortly after arrival at this place came the momentous Battle of Britain with its fierce aerial attacks, its bombings, fires and strafings. Orders were given that slit trenches were to be dug—4′ by 6′ by 2′ per man (figure this out for 120 men). This work was accompanied by much moaning and groaning. There were moans and groans too, day after day, as practice alarms



R.S.M. E. Tutin, M.M., (extreme left) calls the roll as seven riders start out on convoy duty, autumn, 1941. *Left to right*: Sgt (now lieutenant) J. R. Gauthier; L/Cpl (now corporal) J. E. McCardle; L/Cpl R. G. Cooper; L/Cpl (now corporal) R. T. W. Gargan; L/Cpl (now corporal) P. A. Anderson; L/Cpl (now corporal) G. A. Cutting; L/Cpl (now corporal) R. A. Butler.



Company parade headed by R.S.M. Tutin, on drive way at the Provost Company headquarters, July, 1942. *Left file*: Sgt J. R. Gauthier; L/Cpls O. Ness, R. C. A. Leach, G. W. Mudge; Cpls H. J. Fitzallen, and D. R. Henzie; L/Cpls A. W. King, and J. E. Wild. *Middle file*: L/Cpls H. Hayes, A. T. Kent, A. T. Boal, B. A. Lane, J. E. McPhee, C. Stanyer, and F. L. Pierce. *Right file*: Sgt A. R. Collis; Cpl C. J. F. Pooley.

sent the men tumbling and scurrying pell-mell into the trenches, gas-masks at the 'alert', full equipment ready.

These practice scrambles were fast becoming one of life's most tiresome and annoying banes when, suddenly, without warning came the real thing. The men were just lining up for supper, mess kits in hand, all set for the evening meal when the sirens sounded—the raiders were coming! For hours the men were ring-side seaters at a grim aerial show—falling planes, A.A. fire, zooming dog-fights, bombs. During this period No. 1 Provost Company had the responsibility of guarding and escorting enemy prisoners who parachuted to earth.

Bit by bit the R.A.F. gained supremacy in the air until at the present time Axis raids have been reduced to mere hit-and-run nuisance raids. In R.S.M. Tutin's own words:

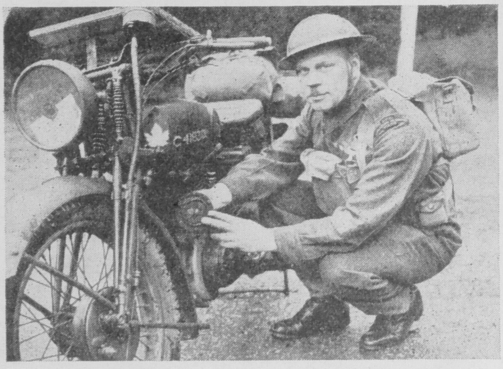
"I have witnessed the gradual gaining of the upper hand by the superb R.A.F. On several occasions I have seen combats between R.A.F. and Axis raiders in which the enemy

was routed. When they were driven back, our area, being near the east coast, bore the brunt of Nazi bombs, because when the raiders were forced to beat it for home they jettisoned their bomb loads in order to do as much damage as possible before starting back over the channel. It was gratifying to see the R.A.F. assume command of the air, and to witness how it has continued to hold its own today. The most that can be said is that Axis raids are of the nuisance class, and confined to coastal towns.

"Our stay in this locality was fourteen months by which time most of the men had made social contacts and many good friends who hated to see the company go when we moved to another area in November, 1941. Again our first impression was poor, but we stayed only two months.

"Our third Christmas dinner away from home was on the estate of Major James of the Imperial Army, Blanehurst, Sussex. The isolation was such that any fun we had demanded our own initiative; nevertheless we had a fine time. Next we moved to a still more isolated place— the Hall, West Grinstead Park, where the closest point of entertainment—'Tabby Cat Public House' —was a good twenty minutes' walk.

"During our stay at the James estate we were fortunate enough to see the mighty air armada which attempted to intercept the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* in their escape down the channel. At first we didn't know what was up, but when we saw the numbers and formation in which the R.A.F. took to the air, we had definite assurance of something big. Members of the Force who have seen grasshoppers on the Canadian prairies will have some idea of the numbers of British machines that swept overhead; it is scarcely an exaggeration to say our planes were just as numerous as the insect pest.



R.S.M. E. Tutin, M.M., No. 1 Provost Co. He has now returned to Canada and is stationed in Ottawa. He has recently been promoted sergeant.



Sgt (now lieutenant) J. R. Gauthier, i/c 'B' Section, October, 1941.

"Fortunately we stayed at Grinstead estate only six weeks. From there we moved to a very pretty village—Henfield—taking over a preparatory school for billets. Henfield inhabitants were really sociable in the strongest sense of the word, and we remained there right up until August, 1942. We were very sorry to go, and the people of the district were equally loth to bid us good-bye. This locality was near many points of interest on the south-east coast: Brighton, Hove, etc., where several of us used to seek amusement at the popular dog races."

* * *

Capt. M. E. Byers, O.C. No. 6 Company, Canadian Provost Corps, in writing to express appreciation and thanks for comforts and cigarettes received from the Force, goes on to say:

"I was with No. 1 Company when it made its memorable little jaunt to France in September, 1940, and have served with several other companies as the corps expanded, finally being selected for an O.C.T.U. course, receiving my commission in June,



R.S.M. E. Tutin, M.M., and one of his overseas pals.

1941. I was posted to the London company where until recently I acted in the capacity of adjutant, and am now in command with a corresponding step up in rank.

"It has been an interesting period and the experience gained has been invaluable. The duties of a provost company in the London area are very similar to those of a police detachment in peace time. We have our detention room and our administrative offices and we carry out a system of patrols for the purpose of maintaining order among Canadian troops on leave stationed in the area, apprehending those who offend against established rules and regulations, and providing escorts to return them to their units.

"Crime in the criminal-code sense is not prevalent and most of our work consists of enforcing minor sections of the Army Act and formation standing orders.

"Naturally we are looking forward to the time when we can don the familiar serge again, but we have a job to do and until it is accomplished our place is here."

* * *

The company as a whole is loud in expressing appreciation for the comforts they receive from the folks back home. After a long day of tough going it's nice to dig into well-packed boxes and, like little Jack Horner, pull out the plums. It's satisfying, too, to the inner man. But above all, it's something—from home!

* * *

Capt. C. D. Graham of this Force arrived from England on Sunday evening, Sept. 20, 1942, after serving with the provost company overseas. Captain Graham reports that all's well on the other side.

* * *

A letter from L/Cpl Dennis Williams states that several of the provost company attended a pre-OCTU school for two weeks. Included were: Sergeant Ray (recently promoted to that rank); Corporals Fitzallen, Stinson and Morrison; Lance Corporals Mara, Stanyer, Cameron, Ferguson, Paige and Williams himself. The test was pretty tough, but the boys felt they had a fifty-fifty chance of making the grade.

Also in the letter was news that Sergeant Collis was in the hospital suffering from internal injuries.

* * *

No. 1 Provost Company personnel *not* now serving with the unit:

Field Security Section:
Capt. J. Green;
C.S.M. H. L. Martin.

R.C.A.S.C.:
Lt E. G. Norman-Crosse.

Detention Barracks:
R.S.M. F. Smith, i/c Finger-printing;
S/Sgt R. H. Durfy, Chief Clerk i/c Records;
S/Sgt C. F. Quantrill, i/c Shoe Repairing and Chief Instructor;
Sgts R. J. Gammie, L. G. Dagg, J. A. Primrose, and Cpl P. S. Anderson, Warden Instructors;
Sgt J. McCarthy, Cook.

C.M.H.Q.:
S/Sgt J. Wynne, Chief Clerk, D.P.M.;
S/Sgt A. R. Allan and Sgts H. F. Hammond and L. A. Denton;
Special Investigation Section.

H.Q. First Army:
Cpl J. L. Clearwater, Clerk to H.Q. First Army;
Cpl J. A. Sherwood, Clerk to D.A.P.M.

Book Reviews

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE, Preparation and Presentation, by Charles C. Scott. Vernon Law Book Co., Kansas City, Mo. Pp. xxxii & 922, 186 illustrations. $15.

Here is a most imposing-looking book and a most important one too—a veritable family bible in bulk and weight. A faint conception of its scope may be gleaned from these chapter headings: Apparatus for General Legal Photography; Traffic Accident Scenes; Skid Marks and Tire Tracks; Pavement Defects and Obstructions; Damaged Vehicles; Real Property Pictures; Criminal Cases Generally; Legal Portraits; Fingerprints; Shells, Bullets and Firearms; Disputed Documents; Medico-Legal Pictures; Processing the Negative; Printing and Finishing; Basic Rules; Effect of Various Photographic Conditions; Ordinary Photographs of Persons, Places, and Things; X-Ray Pictures; Trial; Admonitions and Instructions to the Jury; Appeal. There is also a glossary of photographic terms, a table of cases and an index.

Photographic evidence is of tremendous value in law-enforcement and is every day becoming more important in cases before the courts. But there are right and wrong ways in the preparation and presentation of results, and this book shows nearly every phase of criminological photography.

It is not possible to review this volume to the extent that its importance deserves, but one branch of legal photography, as the author terms it, may be mentioned: the photography of prisoners, suspects, etc., dealt with in Chapter 9 under the heading, Legal Portraits. The author tells us that separate lighting must be projected on to the background to prevent, as every photographer knows, misleading shadows from merging with the head or facial formations of the person photographed. But he does not practise what he preaches, for on page 225 he shows a photograph of a man to the left of whose head appears a very heavy shadow; this specimen is entitled 'Correct for Identification Purposes'!

However, to be fair, it should be mentioned that the profile and three-quarter shots on pages 230 and 231 have the necessary white background for contrast and separation of contours.

It is unfortunate that the volume makes no mention of the three-pose type of photograph of prisoners, that is, profile, full-face and full-length views of an individual on one photograph. In 1937, the present Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, realizing the great value of three-way-pose photographs from an identification aspect, directed that they be used throughout the Force. Accordingly, the R.C.M.P. Photographic Section devised a system of photographing persons on a film four by five inches, full-face and profile views appearing on the left half of the picture, and on the right, a full-length shot of the subject standing normally beside a graduated vertical stand with height bar touching his head. An identification frame with number, date and place is attached to the base of the standard. The importance of having the latter data appear in every photograph is not mentioned in the book, and is a serious omission.

While the reviewer is in a critical mood, at the same time endeavouring to be constructive in his criticism, the photographs of prisoners in Chapter 9 are quite large, 4¼″ by 6¼″ to be exact, and by their size are quite misleading, for it has long been an unwritten rule that the most popular sizes for such photographs are 3¼″ by 4¼″ and 4″ by 5″. Both sizes are large enough for identification purposes and capable of being fastened to the various forms used by law-enforcement authorities. An explanatory note on the point by the author would have been welcome.

Mr Scott, a member of the Kansas City, Mo., Bar, has had long experience in the work. It is to be hoped that some day a cheaper edition of the book will be available, thus bringing it within the reach of many more readers. J.G.D.

CIVIL AIR DEFENCE, by Lt-Col Augustin M. Prentiss, Ph.D. Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd, Toronto. Pp xv & 334. $3.75.

This is a text book that could be read and studied with advantage by everybody, especially air-raid wardens or other civilians who want to be ready for any emergency arising from aerial attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss has written fully on methods of defence against air attack, based on

the best modern practice in Europe. He describes many different types of bombs: incendiary, high-explosive, demolition, fragmentation, general-purpose. And with each description he outlines, with illustrations, graphs and charts, the effect various types of bombs have on earth, buildings, concrete shelters and so on. E.W.P.

DEADLINE, by Pierre Lazareff. Translated from the French by David Partridge. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd, Toronto. 359 pages. $4.

It is not easy to follow the intricacies of French politics during the disturbed years before the German onslaught, but this account of them, written by a former member of the staff of the Paris *Soir* and translated into English of an easy and agreeable style, creates some new impressions besides confirming some old ones. It shows France as a maze of venal journalism and corrupt politics, the latter breaking out occasionally in such scandals as the cases of Stavisky and of Prince, the Councilor. Through the maze the self-seeking Laval squirmed his way, and through it moved also the notorious Nazi agents, to whom nobody and nothing was too insignificant to be used.

The aged Pétain appears, not as the man of the hour, but as a schemer plotting for the day when he might step into power. Most startling of all it is to read of the attitude of the Royalist party which, realizing that it was the *Republic* of France—that is to say, the democratic principle—which had won the war 1914-1918, had taken the position that the Republic must never be permitted to win another war. Is it a significant straw in the wind that the stamps of France are now being issued without the letters 'R.F.'?

Surely it is not surprising that in such circumstances the conflict of interests and influences—not forgetting the feminine—did much to smooth the way for the Germans. Yet it is reassuring to read at the end of the book an analysis of the stages by which it has come about that "there remains but one feeling, strong, unshakable, incorrigible in the hearts of the French people—the hatred of the Germans." The situation in France is ready-made for another Joan of Arc. J.C.M.

FIFTY YEARS BELOW ZERO, by Charles D. Brower. McClelland & Stewart Ltd, Toronto. Illustrated. 310 pages. $3.75.

Charles D. Brower first landed in Alaska in 1883. At that time this far northern country was an El Dorado to the young traveller, for it promised him adventure, profit from the whaling industry and the realization of a hankering he always had to see from a ship's deck North America on one side and the Siberian hills on the other.

The author remained in his chosen realm for about half a century—in fact he still lives there—and during that time kept a diary which he has incorporated into this narrative of his life among the Eskimos, their customs, their gradual transition to the white man's way of living. His achievements and stirring adventures as rescuer of wrecked whaling crews as conqueror of treacherous waters some of which were until then unknown to any white man, bring to the printed page a thrilling realism. When the final page is turned the reader will wish there was more to come. W.N.W.

LORD OF ALASKA: Baranov and the Russian Adventure, by Hector Chevigny. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto. End-paper Maps. 320 pages. $4.

ALASKA UNDER ARMS, by Jean Potter. The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto. 200 pages. $2.25.

These two books lend themselves readily to a joint review. One pictures Alaska 'away back' almost two hundred years ago; the other the Alaska of today and its strategic importance in the present world conflict.

Both make good, informative reading, about a land that for decades was ignored by many as territory 'just outside of creation'. In Mr Chevigny's biography of Baranov, the reader is taken back to 1790 when Alaska belonged to Russia and Baranov made it into a kingdom of which he himself was ruler. The story unfolds in a frank, blood-stirring manner, a veritable treasure for those who like to live adventure vicariously.

Miss Potter, on the other hand, deals with present-day Alaska in the midst of an extensive defence program, and points out that it is a rich land in natural resources and worthy of the United States Government's attention.

Together, the books make a delightful combination, a well-packed chest of Alaskan lore. E.J.D.

THE SPECTER OF SABOTAGE, by Blayney F. Matthews. Lymanhouse, Los Angeles. 256 pages. $3.

SABOTAGE: The Secret War Against America, by Albert E. Kahn and Michael Sayers. Musson Book Co. Ltd, Toronto. 266 pages. $3.

The present war has revealed that one of the greatest Nazi weapons in their campaign against freedom is sabotage. The word sabotage is nowadays tossed familiarly off every one's lips, but it is surprising how little the average citizen knows about this insidious 'morale underminer'.

The Specter of Sabotage was written before the United States entered the war. The author, a former special agent of the F.B.I. and former chief investigator of the district attorney's office, Los Angeles, presents a number of opinions and conclusions that have certainly not been borne out by events. He has made an extensive study of saboteurs and their methods and, even though in places he resorts to melodrama, he brings to bear on his subject a fair combination of theory and practice.

Sabotage: The Secret War Against America, tackles the subject from a new angle; while admitting that physical sabotage (the wrecking of steel mills, manufacturing plants, etc.) is indeed a menace, the authors maintain that greater danger lies in what they term 'psychological sabotage'—a system of warping public opinion and fostering doubt and indecision with the result that dissension and disunity prevail. They assert that this type of sabotage is very difficult to combat and suggest what means should be adopted to check it. W.N.W.

IN AND OUT OF COURT, by Francis X. Busch. De Paul University Press, Chicago. 306 pages, and illustrations. $3.

As a youngster, Francis X. Busch spent much of his out-of-school time listening to the proceedings in the court room of the small Illinois town in which he lived. To the exclusion of other entertainments he was fascinated by what went on there. He took up shorthand at night, was appointed a court reporter, and thus, while still in his teens, became an actor in the judicial drama, gaining an exceptional insight into the work of preparing and bringing a case to trial. This varied experience afforded him a 'worm's-eye' view of the ever-changing court-room scene. In his spare hours he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1901, and soon became one of the outstanding lawyers of Cook's County and the Middle West.

In and Out of Court contains original anecdotes and brief case histories from Mr Busch's experiences of over forty years. Perhaps nowhere are interesting personalities, bizarre and curious situations to be found in greater abundance than in the civil and criminal courts. And by the time the reader has finished this fine book, he will feel that the author has had more than his share of unusual and amusing experiences. Written in a delightful and easy style, the text will hold the reader's interest right to the end.

If one moral stands out above the many to be culled from these reminiscences, it is this: persistent, exhaustive investigation and examination of the facts should always be made before a case is brought to trial—a thing, of course, which has been emphasized by other authorities many times before. The prudent advocate, says the author, starts his inquiry as soon as possible and stays with it until the very moment the court takes the case. This sound advice applies to policemen as well as to lawyers. But Fate has a queer way of dealing surprises and, as this book shows, success sometimes depends largely on the 'breaks'. G.S.H.

NEEDLE TO THE NORTH, by Arthur C. Twomey, with the collaboration of Nigel Herrick. Thomas Allen Ltd, Toronto. 360 pages, and illustrations. $4.50.

Needle to the North is the record of an expedition made in 1938 by J. K. Doutt and A. C. Twomey of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Pa, into the Ungava interior and to Belcher and Sleeper Islands. The two scientists were out to get specimens of non-migratory birds and to make collections for the formation of a natural history group. They were especially anxious to get *kasagea*—a fresh-water seal believed to be an entirely new species and said to exist only in the Upper and Lower Seal Lakes, 120 miles inland from Richmond Gulf on the east coast of Hudson Bay.

Starting from Moosonee in mid-January, they were flown to great Whale River where they outfitted, then mushed on to Seal Lakes, returning early in April. They next crossed

the dangerous ice-bridge to the Belcher Islands and arrived back at Moosonee on September 10. Between them they collected nearly seven hundred specimens—including one of the elusive *kasageas*—ranging from tiny plankton to polar bears and an eighteen-hundred-pound walrus.

Both men had many odd experiences particularly among the inhabitants of treeless Tukaruk Island—largest of the Belchers—, and the reader will learn of many curious native customs, of living conditions on this bleak tundra, of the extraordinary adaptability and intelligence of the Eskimo.

On the trip from the Quebec mainland to the Belcher Islands, the party's sled-driver was Peter Sala, who for his part in a series of religious murders, was later convicted and imprisoned at Moose Factory. (See the *Law Goes North,* April, 1942, *Quarterly*).

The isolated instance of cannibalism, referred to on page 161, is authenticated in essence if not in detail by the official R.C.M.P. records. While the late S/Sgt M. A. Joyce is given as authority for the story, any departure from the facts is more or less excusable because it is obviously repeated from memory.

Dr Twomey was born at Midland, Ont., and is a graduate of the University of Alberta. He describes with naturalness, charm and great detail his adventures during the eight-month trip. As he plods through blizzards and snow-drifts, across icy river courses, past treacherous fissures and over reefs and rocks, we get a close-up of life among the natives who eke out a precarious livelihood in the Belchers.

The author has a great enthusiasm for the North and for its peoples, and one effect of his book will be to convince any reader of the Eskimos' great inborn ability and ingenuity. In the matter of obtaining food, clothing and shelter, life is so difficult on the Belcher Islands that the very fact people live there shows they *must* be clever. G.S.H.

SADDLEBAGS FOR SUITCASES (Across Canada on Horseback), by Mary Bosanquet. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. 247 pages. Illustrated. $3.

In 1939 Miss Bosanquet, twenty years of age, set out on horseback across Canada. She had many adventures, saw much of interest, all of which she has packed into this delightful travelogue.

The narrative arouses in the reader a desire to know Canada better, to follow the author's example, change suitcases for saddlebags, climb on a horse and be off. That's how the book affects one. It's good entertainment. E.J.D.

THIS IS MY BEST. Edited by Whit Burnett. Longmans, Green and Co., Toronto. 1180 pages. $4.50.

In this unique anthology, ninety-three of this continent's greatest living authors present over 150 self-chosen writings which they consider their masterpieces. The fact that each is prefaced by the author's own reasons for such selection gives the reader a rare, close view of the story factories themselves.

Editor Burnett was guided in his choice of authors by ballots submitted by literary critics, librarians, subscribers to top-notch magazines, and so on. Unlike other anthologies, the book presents the preferences of America's leading authors who have picked and edited the best from their entire literary outputs, while they themselves have been selected by an expert consensus. The reader is thus doubly assured of a feast of fact and fiction, drama and humour, prose and poetry, history and biography. G.S.H.

CRIMINOLOGY, by Donald R. Taft. The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd, Toronto. 708 pages. Illustrated. $4.50.

Professor Taft's "attempt at a synthetic interpretation [of crime] with a cultural emphasis" is the fruit of twenty years' teaching of criminology. Naturally enough it is an important book for this reason. It is made up of forty chapters, each containing much 'meat' for the criminological student, and each is followed by a list of selected references for suggested reading.

More than half this scholarly work is given over to discussion of the treatment of the adult criminal, the juvenile delinquent and crime prevention. In an excellent chapter on the police, Professor Taft states that the trend towards professionalization of police work is most encouraging and that "police work, with all its weaknesses, has improved more than any other aspect of our penal system in the past few decades." W.N.W.

INFRA-RED FOR EVERYONE, by H. W. Greenwood, F.G.S., M.Inst. Met. Chemical Publishing Co. Inc., New York. 94 pages, and illustrations. $5.

Here is the story of infra-red and its many applications told entertainingly and well, without the burden of confusing data. To those who have shunned the study of infra-red as being too technical and too profound, this book will be like a well-marked trail through bush land. To the professional it will give a broad understanding of the achievements and possibilities of this comparatively new branch of photography.

In the chapter, Light, Visible and Invisible, the author explains just what infra-red is, and in the succeeding chapters tells of its discovery, early history, the modern slants on it, equipment and procedure necessary for successful infra-red photography. The reader absorbs this knowledge without conscious effort because Mr Greenwood, in addition to knowing and liking his subject, has the rare gift of being able to impart information so that anyone can understand it.

The latter half of the book deals with various applications of infra-red in such fields as art, industry, medicine, geology, biology and so on.

Of particular interest to members of the Force is the chapter, Infra-red in Criminology, which includes a number of cases in which this type of photography was used to advantage.

This reviewer was impressed with the way the author presents a defence against those who expected the impossible of infra-red and became scoffers when it failed them. In its early stages, infra-red was ballyhooed by many who in their enthusiasm made extravagant claims, with the result that it was called upon to perform miracles quite beyond its scope. Mr Greenwood presents his case nicely, and, without offending the sceptics, assigns infra-red to its proper niche in the scientific world.

He reveals excellent taste in his choice of illustrations. A study of these alone will give a bird's-eye view of infra-red and its superiority over other types of photography in certain instances. E.J.D.

VOLTAIRE AND BECCARIA AS REFORMERS OF CRIMINAL LAW, by Marcello T. Maestro. Columbia University Press, New York. 157 pages. $2.

In the second half of the eighteenth century the criminal law in both Europe and England was chiefly remarkable for its severity, but signs were appearing to show that reform was due. In France, Voltaire, who was probably the greatest publicist of his time, was inveighing against injustice which had been done in certain cases in which men had been convicted of offences against religion, and these he made bases for attacks on religious intolerance. However, there was a change in his attitude after the publication in 1764 of the *Treatise on Crimes and Punishments*, written by Cesare Beccaria of Milan, for then it came home to him that the root of the trouble lay in the criminal law itself.

There is no doubt that Beccaria's book had a profound influence on Voltaire, for in it Beccaria had proposed a system of criminal law based on broad, humane principles. Nevertheless the two men did not agree on all points. Beccaria was for abolishing the death penalty; Voltaire would retain it but would have death sentences reviewed by the sovereign. Beccaria would abolish torture; Voltaire thought it should be used to make a criminal disclose his accomplices. On the other hand, Beccaria thought that, once sentence was passed, there should be no pardon; Voltaire was of opinion that there should be one authority to judge according to law, and another which might exercise clemency as a matter of grace. Yet they found common ground many times. In particular, they agreed that the punishment should fit the crime instead of being, as it often was, grossly out of proportion, and they agreed too that the family of a convict should not be punished for his misdeeds.

It is the object of the present book to show how the two men reacted upon each other and at last upon the principles of criminal law in force in their own and other countries. That object has been accomplished in scholarly fashion, with much detail and a high regard for accuracy. J.C.M.



Obituary

Reg. No. 12572, Cst. Peter Seddon Oliver

The first member of No. 1 Provost Co. to lose his life in action against the enemy, Lt P. S. Oliver, lately with No. 2 Provost Co., Canadian Army, was reported missing, believed killed, in the recent commando raid on Dieppe, France.

The son of Reg. No. 881, the late ex-S/Sgt G. S. Oliver, who served in the N.W.M.P. from 1883 to 1892, young Oliver was born at Montmorency Falls, P.Q., on June 8, 1913. After about two years' employment in Quebec City as a bond and insurance salesman, he joined the R.C.M.P. on June 22, 1935, and was stationed for various periods at Rockcliffe, Winnipeg, Fort Francis, Wasagaming, Russell and Dauphin.

When No. 1 Provost Co. (R.C.M.P.) was being formed, Constable Oliver was among the first to volunteer, and in December, 1939, he proceeded overseas with the original company with the rank of lance corporal.

In England he graduated from a course at the Army Physical Training School with an excellent report, and then acted as P.T. instructor for the company. In 1941 he was recommended for a commission. He passed O.C.T.U. requirements and was posted to Canadian Provost Corps Depot, later to No. 2 Company, Second Canadian Division, as lieutenant second in command to Lt. J. E. B. Hallett.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs Flora Oliver, 112 Turnbull Ave., Quebec, P.Q.

Reg. No. 9116, Cpl Michael John O'Donnell

After an illness of several months' duration Cpl Michael J. O'Donnell died in the Ottawa Civic Hospital on Aug. 16, 1942.

He was born in Cork, Ireland, on Dec. 7, 1882, and came to this country as a young man. In 1909 he married Annie Theresa McDermott at Ottawa, and on Aug. 1, 1916, he joined the Dominion Police. When the R.C.M.P. absorbed that Force in February, 1920, he was taken over and remained until pensioned on July 31, 1939, with 'Exemplary' conduct and the rank of lance corporal. During his service he was attached to 'A' Division.

On Sept. 5, 1939, he re-engaged for one year with his previous rank. He became acting corporal on Apr. 1, 1941, when the lance corporal rank was abolished in the R.C.M.P.

In addition to his widow, who lives at 198 Preston St, Ottawa, he is survived by two sons, Michael John with the Department of Naval Services, and Patrick Francis in the C.M.S.C. overseas; one daughter, Mary Kathleen of Ottawa, and one sister, Mrs J. Johnson of Detroit, Mich.

Reg. No. 13090, Cst. Robert Henry Chittenden

On Sept. 19, 1942, the R.C.M.P. Band had the sad duty of attending the funeral of Cst. Robert H. Chittenden, a popular and talented young musician who had been a member of the band since its inception. Apparently in perfect health up until a week or so of his death, Constable Chittenden died suddenly on Sept. 17, 1942, at the Ottawa Civic Hospital and was thus the first member of the band to be called by death.

'Bob', as he was known to all, was born in London, Ont., on May 10, 1914, a son of Capt. and Mrs H. L. Chittenden of Bradner, B.C. At the age of four he moved with his parents to the west coast where he was educated in local schools and where he worked for a time as a salesman. But music

was his real interest and he played with several dance and concert orchestras, making many trips on C.P.R. pleasure steamers cruising from Vancouver to Alaska.

He joined the Force at Vancouver, B.C., when Inspr J. T. Brown was in that city recruiting musicians for the formation of the R.C.M.P. Band. After completing his training period at Regina, Constable Chittenden was transferred with the rest of the band to 'N' Division, Rockcliffe, Ont. He was employed in the Intelligence Section of the Central Registry at headquarters. In the band he played tympani and side-drums, but he was also a creditable performer on the saxophone.

As drummer in the R.C.M.P. dance orchestra, and as an active member of the Ottawa-New Edinburgh Canoe Club, Constable Chittenden made many friends. His untimely death came as a blow to all of them, and he is deeply mourned.

Six members of the band acted as pallbearers and a bugler sounded Last Post and Reveille at his grave side in Pinehurst Cemetery as the casket was lowered. Surviving besides his parents are a brother, Wilfrid; three sisters, Edith, Dorothy and Mildred.

Reg. No. 12130, Master John Willard Bonner

In mid-September the Canadian corvette *Charlottetown* was sunk by an enemy submarine. The *Charlottetown's* commander, Acting Lt-Cmdr John Willard Bonner, was killed in action.

Born at Sydney Mines, N.S., on Jan. 1, 1898, J. W. Bonner attended high school, nautical school and finally the Technical College at Halifax. He went to sea at the age of nineteen. He was a ship's officer with the Great White Fleet of the United Fruit Co., sailing from Boston and New York to the West Indies for eight years. During his sea career he travelled around the world. In 1930 he married the former Mary Brown of Sydney Mines.

On May 1, 1932, he joined the R.C.M.P. Marine Section with the rank of master, and took his discharge on Sept. 30, 1939, in consequence of being transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy. During his service in the Force he was on the *Adversus,* the *Laurier,* and the *French.* In April, 1933, he navigated the R.C.M.P. cruiser *Adversus* from Halifax to Vancouver via the Panama Canal. On Jan. 1, 1934, he was promoted to skipper-lieutenant.

He was appointed to the command of the H.M.C.S. *Charlottetown* in December, 1941, and in July, 1942, was promoted to acting lieutenant-commander, R.C.N.R. Lieutenant-Commander Bonner, while with the Marine Section did some excellent work in cryptography—one of his hobbies. He was rated as the best-posted man on nautical matters in the Force. His gentlemanly attitude and bearing coupled with his zeal and energy in matters pertaining to preventive-service work made him a most valuable man in the marine office.

The *Charlottetown,* in a series of depth-chargings and attempted rammings, fought the enemy submarine for a full two hours in a thick fog. Finally, the murderous sub sent a torpedo into the ship's mid-section, breaking her back. The crew had only two minutes in which to launch boats and rafts before the two sections of the ship slid under the waves.

Lieutenant-Commander Bonner was the last to leave and, while swimming away from the scene of disaster, he was killed by a series of under-water explosions, but it is not known whether these came from sister ships of the convoy or from the *Charlottetown* herself. Swimming beside Lieutenant-Commander Bonner was his executive officer, who by good fortune escaped with little injury.

Surviving the deceased are his widow, Mrs Mary Bonner, 423 Oxford St, Halifax, and a daughter, Marilyn, 10. A brother, Lt Wendell Bonner, is in the navy, stationed at St John, and another brother, Thomas, is at Sydney with the N.S. Steel and Coal Co. There are two sisters: Mrs Don. McVicar, California; Miss Bessie Bonner, North Sydney.

Reg. No. 11288, ex-L/Cpl Andrew Drummond-Hay

This terrible war has claimed still another ex-member of the Force—Andrew Drummond-Hay, 32—who went overseas with No. 1 Provost Company (R.C.M.P.) in December, 1939, and a few months later transferred to the Coldstream Guards. A cablegram received in August, 1942, in Ottawa, told of his death in Egypt on July 13.

Born on Jan. 14, 1910, at Belgrave, County of London, Andrew Drummond-Hay was the youngest son of the late Col Jas A. G. R. Drummond-Hay, and a grandson of Sir James Stewart Richardson, Baronet of Pitfore Castle, Perthshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Glenalmond, one of the foremost Scottish public schools. He came to Canada in November, 1928, and for two and a half years worked as an accountant in the Woods Manufacturing Co., Ottawa. In February, 1932, he joined the R.C.M.P. at Ottawa and served at Regina, Charlottetown and Sherbrooke.

At the outbreak of war, 'Andy' volunteered for No. 1 Provost Company (R.C.M.P.), but shortly after arriving in England, he was called to the Coldstream Guards to take a commission as lieutenant. He was very popular and made many friends where ever he went. His appearance was such that he was chosen as a guard on the Royal Train which toured Canada in 1939. He had the distinction of being one of the tallest men in the Force—he stood six feet four inches.

Lieutenant Drummond-Hay's eldest brother, Capt. J. Drummond-Hay, who married Lady Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, is also in the Coldstream Guards, of which his father was regimental colonel in the last war. The other brother, Lt Peter Drummond-Hay, is with the Royal Engineers in the Middle East—he went home from the Argentine where he was following a railway career—shortly after the outbreak of war.

Reg. No. 160 (old series), ex-Sub-Cst. James Henry Fullwood

James H. Fullwood, a real old-timer, who served in 'B' troop under Inspr J. M. Walsh, and who helped build Fort Walsh in 1875, died on July 2, 1942, at his home in Weston-super-Mare, Eng. He was born in London in the late forties and came to Canada at the age of sixteen. After working on farms, in the bush, trapping and lumbering, he joined the N.W.M.P. on June 1, 1875. In the course of his duties he occasionally took the mails to Fort Benton, 175 miles to the south in Montana. He contracted snow-blindness and purchased his discharge on July 25, 1876, in order to proceed to Helena City, Mont., where better medical treatment was available.

After leaving the Force, Mr Fullwood worked for a United States railroad in the Great Lakes district where he met and became fast friends with Thomas Alva Edison, the noted inventor. Among his friends he numbered Sitting Bull and Wm F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody. He also served with the United States Army in the Nez Percee Rebellion of 1877. As a fur trader, Mr Fullwood had charge of a Hudson's Bay Co. post and was also employed by the well-known firms of I. G. Baker and T .C. Power. Later, he owned and operated a hotel in Georgia. During his life, Mr Fullwood returned to England many times, finally settling down in London. During the Great War he served in the army boot department. He retired from business about ten years ago and spent much time in writing newspaper and magazine articles on his early experiences in the Canadian West. Those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr Fullwood found in him a genial companion and firm friend.

Surviving is his daughter, Mrs G. W. H. Archard of Weston-super-Mare, with whom he had been living for the last three years.

Reg. No. 6006, ex-Cst. Edward Payn Le Sueur

A resident of Alberta for many years, Edward Le Sueur, 57, died suddenly in Vancouver, B.C., about the middle of August, 1942.

Before joining the R.N.W.M.P. at Vancouver on Aug. 29, 1914, Mr Le Sueur was engaged in ranching and surveying. He was born in England, but came to Canada as a lad. At the expiration of his term of engagement with the Force, he took his discharge, on Aug. 28, 1915, at Battleford, and after serving overseas with the 57th Battalion,

he returned to Alberta to take up ranching with his father in the Morley and Cochrane districts.

Surviving him are two daughters, Margaret and Mrs R. Harrison of Vancouver; two sons, Richard, Guelph, Ont., and Geoffrey, Edmonton, both with the R.C.A.F.; two brothers and six sisters.

Reg. No. 3260, ex-Cpl Theodore Charles Rubbra

In Lethbridge, on Oct. 3, 1942, Major T. C. Rubbra, 68, died after a lengthy illness.

Mr Rubbra was born in Birmingham, Eng., and came to Canada in his early twenties. After a few years' residence in Toronto, he went to Manitoba where he made his living by hunting and trapping. On Apr. 15, 1898, he joined the N.W.M.P. at Regina, being transferred a year later to Macleod, Alta.

At the outbreak of the South African War, Constable Rubbra enlisted with the Mounted Police group and left Macleod on New Year's Day 1900. He received the South African War Medal with four bars.

When war correspondent Winston Churchill, the present Prime Minister of Great Britain, escaped from Pretoria, Constable Rubbra had the honour of escorting him to a place of safety.

On his return to Canada, Rubbra rejoined the Force on Jan. 15, 1901, being promoted to corporal at once. During the Canadian visit of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1902, Corporal Rubbra was chosen to be one of their body-guards. Later he served at Olds and Red Deer, Alta. On Oct. 22, 1902, he purchased his discharge and took a position with the customs department, being stationed at Wetaskiwin. He took a leading part in organizing 'C' Squadron of the 35th Central Alberta Horse and was gazetted as a captain.

He went overseas in 1916 as second in command of the Edmonton Highlanders, being promoted to major when the unit left Canada. Upon arrival in England, he transferred to the Imperial Army and served in France as a staff officer of the 10th Corps, 2nd Army. After the war he returned to Canada and took up his post again with the customs service at Wetaskiwin, later moving to Edmonton and Lethbridge.

Surviving are his widow, his son, Frederick, and daughter, Mrs Peggy Donaldson; two brothers, Alfred of the *Toronto Star*, and Percy of Montreal; three sisters, Mrs B. Cotten, Toronto, Mrs Anthony of St Catharines, Ont., Mrs W. Daw of Birmingham, Eng.

Reg. No. 10456, ex-Cst. John Oliver Healy

At Victoria, B.C., on Oct. 19, 1942, occurred the death of ex-Cst. J. O. Healy, 34, after a very long period of indifferent health. He was a son of Reg. No. 3027, the late ex-Cst. J. M. Healy who served in the N.W.M.P. from Apr. 2, 1894, to July 31, 1899 (see Obituary, July, 1935, *Quarterly*).

Before joining the Force at Vancouver on July 4, 1928, he was a lance corporal with the 16th Canadian Scottish Regiment at Victoria. He was discharged from the Force on July 28, 1931, in consequence of being badly crippled from injuries received in service. Constable Healy suffered from general debility and poor health for many years. He was drawing compensation from the Force up to the time of his death.

Reg. No. 1179, ex-Cst. George Woolley

In his eightieth year, ex-Constable Woolley suffered a stroke on Oct. 19, 1942, and died in the hospital at Lamont, Alta, four days later. Mr Woolley was born in Staffordshire, Eng., on May 12, 1863, and before joining the N.W.M.P. for a five-year period on Apr. 13, 1885—he had come to Canada the previous year—he had been a blacksmith. While in the Force he followed this occupation, chiefly at Fort Saskatchewan. He reengaged with the Force on June 25, 1892, after an absence of slightly over two years, and was finally invalided from the Force on Apr. 30, 1894.

For his services during the Riel Rebellion he received the regular government grant of $300 in lieu of scrip. After his discharge he went to the Yukon and for five years worked at his trade there. The past thirty-nine years he spent in the Andrew, Alta, district, where he operated hotels and farmed.

Surviving are his widow, three daughters, Jennie of Vancouver, Kathleen of Vegreville, Mrs McPherson of Andrew; three sons, George and Tom of Andrew, and Jack in the Army at Brandon, Man.

Reg. No. 9520, ex-Cpl Charles George Fairman

Afflicted with Bright's disease, ex-Corporal Fairman succumbed at St Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Ont., on Oct. 30, 1942.

Mr Fairman was born in England on Nov. 12, 1896. He served six years in the B.E.F., Imperial Army, and was in the R.A.S.C. during the last war. He joined the R.C.M.P. at Regina on Oct. 9, 1920. A good man with horses, he was assistant riding instructor in the Force for over four years. In the summer of 1922 he was transferred to Ellesmere Land, and served there three years. He took his discharge at Ottawa on Oct. 8, 1927, and returned to England. On Apr. 25, 1930, he re-engaged in the Force at Ottawa and the following year accompanied a musical ride to Buenos Aires, Argentine. He attended the No. 1 training class which commenced at Regina in 1931. On Mar. 2, 1935, he married Miss Jean Craig Hynd at Vancouver.

During his service with the Force he was stationed at 'Depot' Division, 'N' Division, Headquarters, and 'E' Division.

Ex-Corporal Fairman was discharged to pension on Oct. 27, 1938, after completing over twenty years of exemplary service. At the time of his death he was employed by the British Security Service at Hamilton.

Attending his funeral in review order as pall bearers were six members of Toronto headquarters, 'O' Division.

He is survived by his widow; one daughter, Barbara, at home; his parents, two sisters and three brothers, all in England.

Reg. No. 9231, ex-Cst. James Thomas Woodcock

At Prescott, Ont., on Nov. 8, 1942, occurred the death of ex-Constable Woodcock, 43, after many years of poor health due to lung trouble. He was born at Napanee, Ont. After leaving collegiate, he worked for over two years as an electrician, and for a time was employed by the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, Espanola, Ont.

On Mar. 25, 1920, Mr Woodcock joined the R.C.M.P. at Toronto, being later stationed at Regina, Dauphin and Portage La Prairie. In July, 1922, he went to Fort Qu'Appelle Sanatorium suffering from a lung abscess, and remained there until his discharge from the Force on Sept. 24, 1924.

Interment took place at Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Reg. No. 131, ex-Cst. Alexander J. Gilmore

A resident of Calgary for well over half a century, Alexander 'Sandy' Gilmore died in that city on Nov. 8, 1942, following a long period of ailing health.

Mr Gilmore was born in Quebec City in 1852 and after serving for some time as a sergeant in No. 2 Company, 8th Royal Rifles, he joined the N.W.M.P. at Cypress Hills on June 17, 1878. He served at Calgary and Fort Saskatchewan, taking his discharge at Fort Walsh on June 17, 1881. He was one of the first employees of the Cochrane ranches which were founded just west of Calgary in 1881. Mr Gilmore was unmarried.

Ex-Supt Percival William Pennefather

With the death of ex-Supt P. W. Pennefather at Winnipeg on Nov. 11, 1942, the Force loses one of its early sons. Coming to Regina as a raw recruit in the troubled days of 1885, Superintendent Pennefather was destined to spend the next thirty-seven years with the Force, experiencing many of its triumphs and many of its vicissitudes.

In his twentieth year he signed up with the N.W.M.P. at Winnipeg on Mar. 16, 1885, taking regimental number 1148. On Dec. 1, 1887, he was promoted corporal and on Mar. 11, 1890, sergeant. He spent some years at Wood Mountain and served also at Battleford and Macleod. In March, 1896, he was promoted sergeant major and in July, 1899, left for the Yukon where he remained for five years.

In June, 1904, he was appointed inspector and transferred to the Prince Albert district.

During the Great War he was active in controlling the enemy alien element in Alberta.

He was born at Castle Gray, Limerick, Ireland, in 1866, the second son of Dr John P. Pennefather, Norquay, Man., who was a practising physician and senior surgeon with General Strange's column during the second Riel Rebellion. The family have always been associated with the army; an ancestor served as a divisional commander under Wellington in the Peninsular war in Spain. His elder brother, Dr Gerald Pennefather, served under General Strange in the second Riel Rebellion. His two sons served in the Great War. Dr Pennefather was well known in Winnipeg where he practised for many years.

On Sept. 1, 1922, Superintendent Pennefather retired to pension with a total service of thirty-seven years, six months. He received a medal and $300 grant for his services during the Riel Rebellion and in April, 1935, he was awarded the R.C.M.P. Long Service Medal. Since retirement he had lived in Prince Albert.

Surviving are his widow; a daughter, Francis, Mrs D. B. Emeno; a son, Wm MacDermott Pennefather, Calgary; a brother, Frank; a sister, Mrs A. J. Henneon.

Another son, Reg. No. 6726, the late ex-Cst. John Pyne Pennefather, served in the Force from Sept. 1, 1917, to Aug. 31, 1926. He died of pneumonia in Turner Valley, February, 1930.

Funerals Are Not Always Sad

THE Buddhists in Burma believe that a funeral is very often a time for rejoicing; they are of the opinion that the deceased has been released from earthly trials and has gone to a happier sphere.

The Burmese, however, are far from heartless; their code is to forget self and exult at the fortunate one's newly-gained freedom. Stirring music from tom-toms, gongs arranged in scale, flutes and cymbals accompany the corpse to the cemetery. Often the musicians are preceded by two or three men who throw coins to children so that joy will prevail. Indeed, Burmese funerals are not depressing.

Another interesting custom is the manner of transporting the body: the coffin is placed—and no doubt fastened—on top of a large bamboo structure covered with brightly-coloured papers; bamboo poles extend at either end of the base. During the procession the body is jolted vigorously to dispel the 'gnats' (evil spirits); periodically the jolting ceases as the pall-bearers do a short sprint, after which the bouncing is resumed.

In outlying districts the pall-bearers run instead of walk, and accompanying friends of the dead person throw small pieces of paper through the air. Each paper has a small perforation through which the gnats must pass, the idea being to handicap them so that the body will reach the cemetery first.

But during plagues the bodies are taken at night—fifty or sixty every twenty-four hours—, and there is no music, no celebration. The procession, guided by a bluish light, moves silently except for the patter of bare feet on the ground.

Burmese gnats are of two kinds—good and bad. The Burmese contend that a plague is the result of evil gnats being loose in the community, and to end it these gnats must be driven out. To accomplish this, the people build fires on a certain night outside their dwellings and beat empty kerosene cans and other similar objects, creating an infernal din. Such activities generally occur when the plague is on the wane, making the 'battle' more effective and assuring quick relief.

Strange customs? But maybe ours are just as strange to the Burmese.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE
BROKEN LINE SHOWS ROUTE TRAVELLED BY THE R.C.M.P. ST ROCH FROM VANCOUVER OVER THE TOP OF NORTH AMERICA VIA THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE TO HALIFAX.
— Cpl. W. W. Skuse —
WALKER BAY, HERE THE ST ROCH WINTERED SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1940 TO JULY 31, ST 1941.
PASLEY BAY, ST ROCH WINTERED HERE OCTOBER 30TH, 1941, TO AUGUST 4TH, 1942
SCALE OF MILES
100 50 0 100 200 300 400
ARCTIC OCEAN
BEAUFORT SEA
GREENLAND
DAVIS STRAIT
BAFFIN BAY
BAFFIN ISLAND
GULF OF BOOTHIA
HUDSON BAY
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