

R.C.M.P.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE QUARTERLY



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A MAN IN A FEZ helps pay a Third of John's Wages

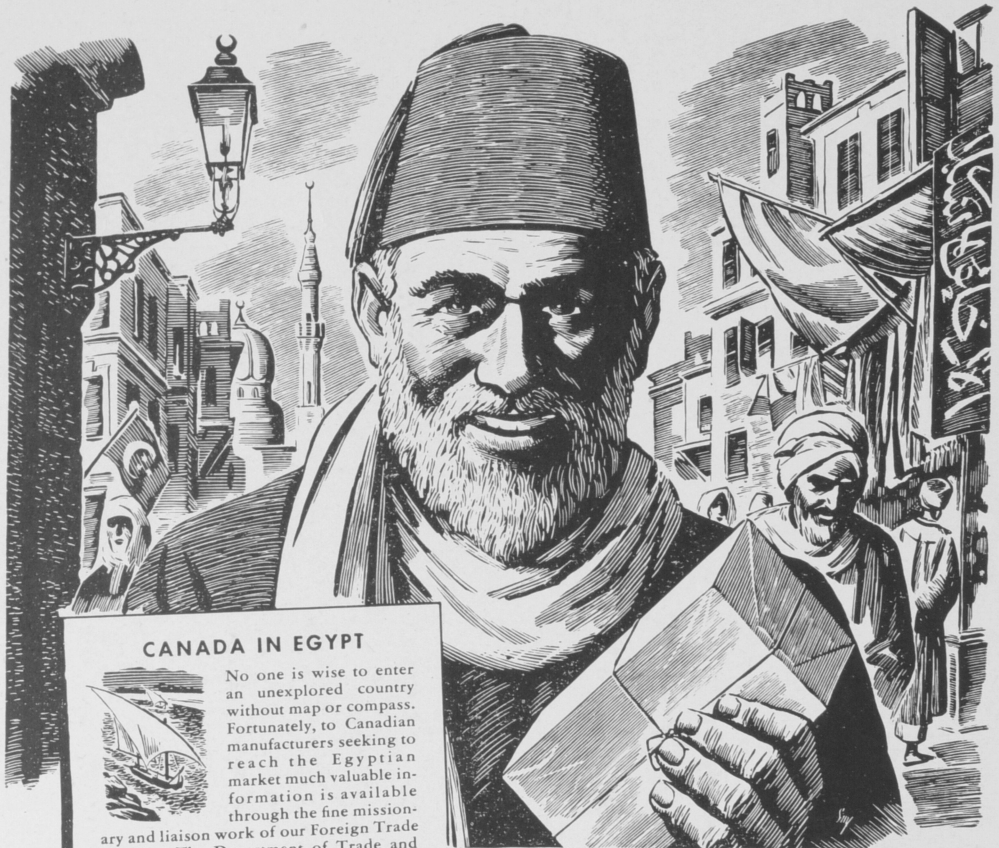
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Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly

VOLUME 12

APRIL, 1947

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EDITORIAL

Why the Red Serge?

*His Friend demanding what Scarlet was?
the blind Man answered, It was like the
sound of a trumpet.*

Locke.

The adoption of that most striking detail in the Force's uniform, the "red serge", was not a piece of empty swagger, nor was it merely another expression of the strong British sentiment in this country. It resulted from sound diplomatic forethought. To trace the reason to its origin one must turn the clock back to the frontier days of the West, to when a rifle regiment garbed in green replaced a red-coated line regiment at Fort Garry. Perhaps further than that, for the British military scarlet, worn as long ago as 300 years, came to this continent about the beginning of the 18th century.

In an age when many white men subscribed to the barbarous doctrine that "The only good Indian is a dead one", the Indian came to realize that in the eyes of the soldiers of the Great White Mother (Queen Victoria) the life of every redskin was as sacred as that of any pale-face. By experience he knew that justice and fair dealing could always be expected from the redcoats.

To most of the colour-sensitive aborigines of the Canadian North West, however, this cherished tradition sprang from the regiment that in 1846 had been sent by Her Majesty's government to Red River Settlement, the very region from which 28 years later the North West Mounted Police were to make their epic march westward to the mountains. In 1845 the tocsin "54-40 or Fight" sounded and ominous threats of war over the bitter boundary dispute came from below the border, while on the Canadian side around Red River there was growing unrest among the half-breeds many of whom to secure redress for their grievances would readily have fallen in with an outside belligerent. The controversy ended amicably in the Oregon Treaty of June 15, 1846, which set the 49th parallel as the boundary line between this country and the United States; but news of the settlement, which allayed the fears of war, did not reach England until after the troops had sailed forth to uphold British claims.

A second battalion of the 6th (Royal First Warwickshire) Regiment of Foot formed in 1841, the expeditionary force numbered 382 all ranks under the command of Lt. Col. John Ffolliott Crofton. Arriving at Lower Fort Garry on September 17, the contingent divided—some of the officers and men remaining there, the others continuing the 19 miles further south to the Upper Fort. To a man the members of the 6th Foot comprising the three companies were good soldiers and exemplary in conduct. They wore red coats and from then on the Western Indian identified all Her Majesty's soldiers with that colour. Entering into the social life of the forts, the new-comers mingled affably with the toqued voyageurs and buckskin-apparalled pioneers and by their presence generally improved those little havens in the wilderness.

The need for troops at Red River Settlement passed as soon as the Oregon boundary dispute was settled, but the 6th Foot remained on for two years in the interest of law and order; then to the great disappointment of everyone, especially the Indians, they were replaced by a corps of 70 pensioners, whose strength was doubled the next year.

The replacements, whose function was that of a police force rather than of a garrison, were quartered throughout the settlement, not at the forts, and being a contented middle-aged "job lot" they settled down more or less quietly in their new locale. "Compared with the gallant band who have left us", a contemporary writing says, "the pensioners cut rather a poor figure both in point of numbers and appearance." Far from being a success, the pensioners were disbanded seven years later when their term of engagement expired.

Rifle corps, no doubt following the precedent set by archery battalions from the days of the legendary Robin Hood in Sherwood forest, wore dark green uniforms. In

1857, because of rumours of half-breed restlessness and a threatened uprising of the Sioux in Minnesota, U.S.A., a company of the green-clad Royal Canadian Rifles was sent to Fort Garry and remained there four years. The Winnipeg 90th infantry rifles also effected that colour in a shade so dark that the unit was dubbed "Little Black Devils" in The North-West Rebellion. Many of Wolseley's troops who arrived at Fort Garry in 1870 had uniforms of bottle green and so, to some extent, were linked in the minds of the Indians with the pensioners of 1848.

About the time of the transfer to Canada on July 15, 1870, of Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory from the Hudson's Bay Company, the government at Ottawa was receiving vigorous complaints that the Indians of the plains were being debauched and robbed by whisky traders. The lawless conditions in the West coupled with the need for maintaining more rigid sovereignty there, led to the formation in 1873 of the North West Mounted Police. The previous year the government had sent out Col. P. Robertson-Ross, adjutant-general of the Canadian Militia, to make a general reconnaissance of this untamed realm with a view to ascertaining what constitutional lines the proposed force should take. Accompanied only by his 16-year-old son, one guide and an Indian lad the colonel left Fort Garry on Aug. 10, 1872, for the Rocky Mountains.

Before he had gone 60 miles, he met three large camps of Sioux Indians—part of the band which but ten short years before had sought refuge in Canadian territory after participating in the bloody Minnesota Massacre—and on another occasion when far out on the prairie his small party was ridden down by ten mounted Sioux who "became quite friendly in manner, shaking hands with us heartily" upon learning that the colonel was a British officer. Not once during the whole 8,000-mile trip were Robertson-Ross and his three companions molested, a fact which is attributable to the Indians' respect for a soldier of the Queen.

In the light of today's tradition, the colonel's most interesting observations were based on his own experiences during that trip, and they concern the uniform to be worn by the new Force.

"During my inspection of the North West" he reported, "I ascertained that some prejudice existed amongst the Indians against the colour of the uniform worn by men of the provisional battalion (militia in Manitoba), for many of the Indians said, 'Who are these soldiers at Red River wearing dark clothes? Our old brothers who formerly lived there (meaning H.M.'s 6th Regiment of Foot) wore red coats. We know that the soldiers of our great mother wear red coats and are our friends'."

So, on grounds that it would gain the confidence and respect of the Indians as nothing else could, the militia commander suggested that the proposed mounted police should be provided with the time-honoured scarlet coat. He doubtless had in mind the tradition already established by the troops in 1846 and the natural fondness of the Indian for bright colours; but he was also well aware from personal knowledge of the power the red coat held over the unrestrained Indian of whom there were at that time some 25,000 on the prairie.

On May 23, 1873, the North West Mounted Police came into existence and in police matters were modelled partly on the Royal Irish Constabulary and partly on a system followed in India; however, the similarity of the conditions under which they and the army would operate dictated that they take after the latter in dress and interior economy. But even here the Prime Minister stressed that he wanted a plain, mobile, purely civil force suited to the rigours of the country with "as little gold lace and fuss and feathers as possible". Above all, he insisted, there was to be no ostentatious display.

Thus was the traditional red coat of the British soldier introduced to the plains of Western Canada. Shortly before and also with a view to reassuring the Indian mind the red coat for militia on duty in Manitoba had become a permanent policy.

In the Force's initial annual report Commr. G. A. French explains that upon his return to Ottawa in February, 1874, he arranged for "uniforms to be designed and supplied". From this it appears that the regulation uniform had not as yet been decided

upon. And then later, at Dufferin, when the six troops of the N.W.M.P. united for the first time, that assumption gains weight in that the Commissioner said, "uniform . . ." was "served out".

What is believed to be the first requisition for supplies, or as it was designated "clothing and other stores supplied from the Militia Stores for the service of the North West Police Force, recently enrolled and dispatched to Manitoba", is dated Oct. 17, 1873. Rendered by the Department of Militia and Defence against the Department of Justice, it included 200 cloth tunics and 200 serge tunics and is documented in the Dominion Archives as order "Manitoba, No. 8770".

Scarlet cloth for tunics was imported from England in October, 1874, and was used for the tunics and jackets (Norfolk) worn in 1875-76, which along with several other items of uniform were made in Kingston Penitentiary.

Records show, too, that the original coat of the N.W.M.P. N.C.O.s and men was scarlet and similar to the Norfolk jacket popular in the Imperial Army after the Crimean war. Without facings, it had an open roll collar, two breast pockets, two skirt pockets lined with heavy moleskin, and belt loops.

Surgeon J. Kittson, M.D., in a report submitted after his return with the other members of "D" and "E" Troops following their 1,959-mile trek to the Rockies and back, had this to say:

"The scarlet Norfolk jackets altho' made of superior quality of cloth are faulty in shape. It is my humble opinion that a tunic would be more comfortable, a better fit, more seemly in appearance and warmer in cold weather. The jacket when once it gets wet draws in every direction; the belt, which is a fixture, is drawn towards the arm-pits and thus allows cool air, dust, etc. a free entrance between it and the breeches or trousers. The buttons being placed far apart have a draw game with their fellow buttonholes and give a scoloped appearance to the front. Altogether I believe the Norfolk jacket to be a failure and would humbly suggest that it be substituted by the tunic".

In these days the men received a uniform and put it on their back without alteration whether it fit or not. Master tailors were unheard of in the Force, and it is only fair to say here that the faults complained of lay in the tailoring rather than in the jacket itself. This is implied in a report of the N.W.M.P. quartermaster dated at Swan River, Sept. 24, 1875:

"In reference to the dress tunics (or Norfolk jackets) I would respectfully suggest that a change be made in the pattern, and that a scarlet cavalry tunic with blue cloth collar and cuffs be substituted therefor. The tunic at present in use, is a very uncomfortable one to wear, and unless made to measure it is rarely that a proper fit can be attained, and owing to the peculiar construction of the breast and the position of the pockets on the hips it is impossible to alter it without spoiling the tunic and making the wearer look ridiculous".

There does not appear to have been any distinctive regulation dress for officers in 1874. Their uniforms, conforming to the Prime Minister's wishes for conservatism, differed from those of the rank and file only in the addition of light edgings of gold lace to the frocks (long skirted coat not cut away in front), and it has been said the officers presented a rather nondescript appearance on parade.

Major Gen. E. Selby Smyth, commanding officer of the Canadian Militia, looking things over for the government in 1875, also expressed distaste for the Norfolk pattern, and very soon a reform favoured a tunic shape for all ranks.

"I like the dress of the Mounted Police", he reported, but "prefer the tunic shape to the frock; it is more 'dressy' and the men take some pride in looking smart. At present there is a want of uniformity in the dress. . . . I hardly concur in the system of allowing officers to wear the same as the men with the addition of gold lace. It may do for service but I think a neat full-dress uniform should be adopted—not costly but such as they could feel becoming their position in society."

Subsequently a more elaborate uniform was sanctioned for commissioned ranks, one resplendent with a scarlet cloth tunic according to regulation "13th Hussars" pattern.

A quite showy affair, that tunic was decked out with handsome gold lace and braid trimmings round the top of the collar, gold eyeing under an Austrian knot on each sleeve and gold figuring braid, blue cloth facings and all belts richly embroidered with gold piping. Their undress patrol jacket, too, was of scarlet cloth lined with scarlet silk, being trimmed with gold braid and having Austrian knots on sleeves and gold tracing.

After The North-west Rebellion many of the Force's officers recommended changes in the uniform, especially in connection with the scarlet tunic. One officer complained that the tunic fitted too snugly for active patrol or rough prairie work, that it soon lost its colour from frequent encounters with the dust and grime of the plains and from rugged use round the camp fire. He suggested that in the interest of efficiency, personal comfort and appearance, a "prairie dress" with "lots of pockets" be issued, and that both the scarlet cloth tunic and scarlet serge should be used exclusively as walking-out dress, for parades, and for duty in settled districts.

Concurring with this view another officer wrote: "It appears to me the day has arrived when anything in the nature of a 'red coat' for prairie work should be discarded".

"It is a pity", reads still another report from an officer in the Yukon, "that some kind of uniform cannot be devised for service in all kinds of duty where freedom of action is required. The present one, while it looks well, cannot be used for boat and general river and lake work".

These and similar suggestions were repeated till after the turn of the century. Then, on Jan. 1, 1901, by order in council, some changes designed to render the uniform more serviceable and suitable in the Northwest Territories (Saskatchewan and Alberta) and the Yukon Territory, were authorized.

Among other things the "tunic" was discarded and a "field service jacket" similar to the Norfolk pattern, of brown canvas and duck-lined (resembling the present fatigue jacket), was adopted for outside duties. But this jacket was not altogether satisfactory either. It was good for only about three months; the sun quickly faded it to a shabby washed-out sand colour. Yet it was a boon to the men; the high-priced scarlet serge, being in almost daily use, seldom lasted a year, and replacing such an expensive item of kit was an irritating drain on the men's pay for in those days this garment had to be kept in serviceable condition at the men's expense. However, after the First Great War the field service jacket was superseded, so far as drill parade and patrols were concerned, by the present very comfortable and smart appearing brown serge patrol jacket.

The order in council already referred to also provided new regulations respecting officers' uniform. To cut down expenses, the gold lace was lessened and a plainer tunic adopted for full dress.

The scarlet serge worn by the R.C.M.P. today has been in use since 1904. On June 24 of that year His Majesty the King honoured the North West Mounted Police by conferring the title "Royal" upon it, and the tunic took on the now-familiar gorget patches and shoulder straps of navy blue.

In this way, in the course of time, the dress of the Mounted Police underwent a gradual and essential evolution to meet the demands of efficiency. Defects were eliminated, and the Force all along has never relaxed its efforts to achieve the maximum in comfort and durability. Progress has been made in this matter until today's unique, smartly-tailored serge is barely recognizable with the garment from which it descended.

The terms, "tunic" and "serge", are both commonly applied to the scarlet serge we know today. Actually a tunic is a pocketless garment tailored from plain material or beaver cloth, never serge; the scarlet serge worn by N.C.O.s and constables today is a hybrid creation which might correctly be described as a "scarlet serge tunic with pockets". Down through the years the Force's *Rules and Regulations* have made no clear distinction between the two words and in fact seem to use them indiscriminately. "Tunic" more properly refers to a garment for "full dress order" (state functions and when acting as aide-de-camp to the Governor General or a lieutenant-governor upon occasions when

officers of H.M. Forces are wearing full dress) that is still worn by officers, and was, previously, by N.C.O.s and constables before its deletion from their kit in 1901. The officers today have both types of garment and use the "scarlet serge tunic with pockets" for "review order" (church and funeral parades, general inspections and usually when parading with other ranks wearing review order). Presently serving N.C.O.s and constables have only one type of scarlet garment which is used both for "review order" (ceremonial and other special duties, e.g. general inspections, funeral parades, court orderly, etc.), and "walking out order" (on leave or pass when permission to wear uniform is granted).

There is also some confusion regarding the garment's colour. "Red", according to the dictionary, denotes shades ranging from bright scarlet or crimson to reddish yellow, while "scarlet" (the colour we use) is a brilliant vivid red inclining to orange. However, through common usage, the "scarlet serge tunic with pockets" is now invariably spoken of by the men of the Force as the "red serge".

Dr. Charles Mair, famed frontier author of *Tecumseh* and *Through the Mackenzie Basin*, wrote of the Force's scarlet tunic:

"There is a moral in colour as in other things and the blind man who compared scarlet to the sound of a trumpet was instinctively right. It does carry with it the loud voice of the law and authority. . . . It disconcerts the ill affected and has no small bearing in other ways".

The Force's history points to that moral. In great measure the red serge was the secret of N.W.M.P. success in dealing with the Indians and on many occasions since then it has acted as a shield for the wearer.

The uniform of every police force is a matter of prime importance, for smartness in appearance materially assists in bringing about efficiency. Neat and well-fitting uniforms are good for military morale and, where a police force is concerned, for public morale as well. Always a cherished feature of the Force's uniform, the red serge continues to fill a significant role in Mounted Police activities as it did in bygone days. According to *The Book of Knowledge* the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is "the only police force in the world who wear scarlet uniforms". But to dispense with this cherished feature of the Force's dress would have an adverse psychological effect not only on members but on the public, for it has earned wide admiration and the respect of all classes, and it carries a prestige that far outweighs other considerations.

* * * * *

Comprising 17 dogs and their handlers, the R.C.M.P. Dog Section, which had its beginning in October, 1935, is an integral part of the Identification Branch of the Force's Criminal Investigation Department, and it has a separate establishment in each of the six provinces where we do provincial police duties. Though in recent years the Force has bred

Four-footed Detectives its own dogs, some still are required from outside sources. The breeds are German shepherd, cross shepherd-Labrador, Doberman pinscher and Reischenschnauzer. Scientific studies long ago revealed that every human has his own peculiar "body order" which cannot be erased regardless of how often the person bathes or of the antidote taken. It is the trained dog's ability to trail this spoor hours after it has been left that makes him so valuable an aid to law-enforcement bodies. The dogs must undergo rigid training. For while special emphasis is placed on their ability to track, to qualify in the Force they must develop a high brand of courage and an unfailing tenacity of purpose. Each one selected is turned over to a dog master, and man and beast work together as a team. The dog master directs the dog's education and habits, and his first concern is its health and efficiency. He feeds it, grooms it, exercises and trains it. He is the only one it obeys, its only handler for its entire service which averages nine years.

The training starts when the dog has outgrown some of the scatter-brained antics of puppyhood and is old enough to be taught obedience. It usually lasts about a year and the exercises embrace, among other things: trailing under many varied conditions; climbing, scaling walls, walking along narrow planks and so on, so that the animal will be able

to follow a fugitive no matter where he goes; protecting the police and warning them of impending danger; facing gun-fire; overtaking, disarming and guarding a fleeing criminal until help arrives; standing guard over prisoners, police cars and stolen property; water rescue work.

Such crisp commands as "heel", "sit", "down", "up", "come", "stop", "fetch", are drilled into the dog's ears until it learns to respond immediately to them. Each dog is schooled in everything it does, and not until it is thoroughly obedient is it allowed out on its first assignment.

When the course is over, dog and master are posted for active police work in the field. But even then they continue in a daily round of work-outs that keep the dogs alert and in good condition, and every year they "return to school" for a refresher course. That the training is taken very seriously seems to be exemplified by the actions of one dog who was found to be missing from his kennel; located by himself on the training field, the shaggy pupil was conscientiously rehearsing his drill exercises as a good student should.

Police service dogs have piled up an impressive record in crime detection and prevention. Frequently, in robberies, safe blowings, arson and other major crimes, the only clue is an unseen trail that only a dog's keen nose can follow. Given the right scent a dog can pick out the wanted man from an identification parade or group of suspects. In one case a dog followed a trail and found a button which later was a vital link in a chain of evidence that convicted a criminal, and in another a dog achieved the almost impossible by taking scent from a brass cartridge ejected from a rifle after being fired.

In liquor investigations police service dogs play an important part; working free off the leash, these "still chasers" have ferreted out caches of illicit spirits so often that they have been called "booze hounds". Annually their alcohol-conscious noses save the Federal treasury many thousands of dollars under the Excise Act.

As in the classic case of Sherlock Holmes' amazement over the remarkable behaviour of "the dog in the night" (you'll remember that the dog did nothing), negative findings also are not without their value. Thus a man who complained that he had been beaten up and robbed, confessed his story to be untrue when a dog failed to locate any scent at the scene of the alleged crime. Again, evidence of a dog's propensities and past performances repeatedly has been admitted to corroborate other testimony in Court.

The variety of cases that dogs can help solve is almost as extensive as crime itself. But apart from their detective prowess police service dogs have a considerable deterrent effect upon criminals. Their moral effect, too, is considerable and occasionally, fear that a dog's nose would sniff out the truth anyway, has led to a confession of guilt.

Yet the dog's work is by no means always aggressive in nature. Countless times these wonderful animals have smelled out hidden and lost property—wallets, keys, jewellery and other articles of value— and proved their worth in scores of other ways that, strictly speaking, are non-police jobs. When a Manitoba farmer lost his bill-fold while cutting oats in a 45-acre field and had despaired of finding it a police dog's sensitive nose whiffed it out from inside one of the sheafs within a couple of hours.

Perhaps, though, the dogs' most notable contribution to the public is their finding of missing persons; because a human life is at stake each time, these duties may be said to outweigh by far their pursuits along other lines. Day by day, these marvellous protectors and guardians add to their laurels in tracing the young and aged who wander away from their homes and become lost.

Many crimes that formerly went unsolved due to the absence of clues might have been successfully concluded with the help of a dog, and many a policeman in the last dozen years has had just cause to be grateful that he "called in a dog". In Canada with its vast expanses, the scope of usefulness of these faithful canine servants naturally is very great, and the uses to which they may yet be put seemingly are endless. The latest development in the R.C.M.P. is their role in furthering the year-old Youth and Police movement in which they have invariably proved to be an inspiration to youthful audiences.

The *Quarterly* is pleased, therefore, to picture on its cover this issue four R.C.M.P. dog masters and their charges who have made good in upholding the right.

NOTES *on Recent Cases*

R. v. Bourque and Megras

Assault with Intent to Rob—Criminal “Fun”

Toward evening on Feb. 4, 1947, Leroy Kinnear, who lives alone on his farm at Cookville, N.B., was chatting in his kitchen with Alphonse Joseph Megras, when they were disturbed by a knock on the front door. Upon opening up, he was pushed back by a masked man who sprang inside wielding a club and shouting, “Your money or your life”.

Kinnear retreated to the kitchen, where Megras leaped to his assistance but fell to the floor apparently knocked unconscious. During the scuffle, Kinnear loaded his shotgun and threatened to shoot the intruder who turned tail and fled. Minutes later Megras got up, rubbing his neck and saying he had been knocked out.

His host said he intended to phone the police, and after agreeing that that was the proper thing to do, Megras left. On his way to a neighbour's farm where a phone was available, Kinnear came across Megras who was talking to a man named Livain Joseph Bourque. The latter alleged that he had just been attacked from behind and rendered unconscious by a man who had stolen a pocket-book containing a \$5 bill from him.

R.C.M.P. investigators learned that Megras and Bourque lived about a quarter of a mile apart at LeBlanc's Post Office, N.B., and both worked at a lumber camp in Cookville. The two men had left their homes early that morning together to return to work some 24 miles distant. Each stated that upon going only a short way they had parted company and had not seen one another again until that evening after Bourque had been attacked and robbed.

Under further questioning, Bourque

stated that he was taking a short cut through the woods near Kinnear's place when he had been set upon by a thug whose face he did not see. He offered to go along with the investigators to look for his assailant, and an extensive patrol was made without results.

However, suspicion against the pair became strong when people in the nearby town of Midgic, N.B., reported having seen two men in work clothes walking toward Cookville. The general description provided corresponded to the appearance of Megras and Bourque, but they insisted that they had not been together since parting at LeBlanc's.

On February 6 word was received from the lumber camp that Bourque and Megras wished to give themselves up to the police. When an investigator arrived, they confessed that they actually had been together all day February 4 and that they had committed the offence against Kinnear; however, they claimed they had done so only in fun with no intention of robbing him. They were to learn that their hoax, if such it were, was a serious offence—as most pranks of that nature are. And Bourque may well account himself fortunate in that he did not pay with his life for his foolishness.

Both men elected to be tried by way of summary conviction and at Sackville, N.B., on Feb. 13, 1947, before Police Magistrate W. A. Gass, pleaded guilty to Assault with Intent to Rob, s. 448 Cr. Code. Prosecuting was J. M. McIntyre of Sackville, while E. R. McDonald, K.C., of Shediac, N.B., was defence counsel. The accused were convicted and sentenced to two months in county jail at Dorchester, N.B.

R. v. Francis*Breaking, Entering and Theft—Safe Blowing—Cooperation
Between Police Forces—Identification Parade*

In the small town of Hubbard, Sask., two brothers, proprietors of a general store known as the Hubbard Trading Co., closed shop at midnight on Oct. 4, 1946, and went home. Next morning they arrived at 7.30 to open up for business and were surprised to discover that the front door had been forced during the night and a safe in their office broken open and looted. Papers from the safe littered the floor, and some tools from stock in the store had apparently been used to commit the crime.

Investigation by the R.C.M.P. disclosed that the perpetrator had pushed a chisel or screw-driver past the molding on the front door until it reached the yale lock inside, then hammered it until the lock casing gave way.

The safe was in plain view near a stove round which the customers often gathered to warm themselves and chat on chilly days. Its outer and inner doors were open, the dial having been smashed from the face of the former and the broken shaft being battered and bent from much pounding. A cash box containing approximately \$160 in cash, some negotiable cheques, \$350 in Victory Bonds, and a miscellany of private documents belonging to the brothers, had been removed from the safe. No merchandise had been taken, and some loose change in the cash register was untouched.

On the floor in front of the safe were a new heavy blacksmith hammer and a new wrecking bar, both of which had been taken from the store stock and lying nearby were a bolt, that had obviously been used as a punch to wreck the safe, and a pair of pliers with one jaw broken. None of these instruments bore finger-prints and no tracks were visible on the hard ground outside.

By careful calculation based on state-

ments of various persons it was estimated that the offence had occurred sometime between 1.30 and 3.30 a.m. Exhaustive inquiries in Hubbard elicited information that pointed to certain suspects, but one after another the leads proved to be false. One person remembered seeing a car in the vicinity of the store early in the morning of October 5, but was unable to describe it other than to say that it was being driven without lights. A blacksmith reported that late in the evening of October 4 he had seen a stranger in town, dressed in dark clothes, but on being shown photographs of possible suspects, he was unable to identify any of them.

On October 8, James Francis, a known safe breaker with many aliases, was picked up at Brandon, Man., by the city police department of that city. In his possession they had found three ladies' wrist watches, also a Victory Bond for \$100 which was definitely established as being one of the bonds missing from the Hubbard Trading Co.'s safe.

On October 12, a line-up parade was staged at Melville, Sask., and the blacksmith, after watching several men walk past him, unhesitatingly put the finger on Francis as the stranger he had seen in Hubbard on October 4. When questioned, Francis refused to make a statement—an attitude he maintained up to his trial, though he was given every opportunity to state his case.

Charged with Breaking, Entering and Theft, s. 460 Cr. Code, he appeared at Melville, on Nov. 21, 1946, before District Court Judge A. Ross of Yorkton, Sask., and pleaded not guilty. H. E. Ross, Melville, agent for the Attorney General, conducted the prosecution, while V. P. DeShaye, barrister, appeared for the defence.

At one point in the trial the accused

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decided to speak. He explained that he had bought the bond and watches from a friend, a discharged soldier who had purchased the bond by pay stoppages while serving in the army. Further, he said that he had stayed at a Chinese cafe and rooming house in Souris, Man., on October 4 and 5, and was registered there as George Patterson.

The Court asked the defendant why he had not disclosed this information

earlier so that steps could have been taken to verify or disprove it. In view of all the circumstances, His Honour refused to credit the belated testimony and found Francis guilty as charged, sentencing him to six years' imprisonment at hard labour in Saskatchewan Penitentiary, Prince Albert, Sask.

In an appeal heard on Feb. 17, 1947, the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal upheld the conviction and sentence.

R. v. Houle et al

*Customs Act—Possession of Goods Unlawfully Imported—
Black Market Hosiery*

When a merchant in Shawinigan Falls, Que., conspired to purchase 300 pairs of nylon and rayon ladies stockings in the United States and arranged to import them secretly, he probably failed to realize until too late that the transaction would be so much more expensive than he had anticipated. In December last

the R.C.M.P. detachment at Three Rivers, Que., learned that J. Adelard Houle of Shawinigan Falls was in possession of nylons that had been imported illegally. On December 5, as a result of a search of his premises, 37 pairs of the hose were placed under seizure.

The investigators were admitted by

Lionel Lemay, an employee who had access to Houle's residence at all times. Houle, himself, was absent at the time, but returned while the search was in progress. When faced with the evidence, he confessed his guilt and gave the details of the offence.

On Nov. 16, 1946, his son, Florent, left in his (the elder Houle's) car for a visit to relatives in Waterbury, Conn. His father had given him \$250 with which to buy nylons, and when the son returned to Shawinigan Falls three days later he brought along about 300 pairs of the coveted hose. They had cost him roughly about \$1 a pair, but on November 27 his father sold 76 pairs to Lemay for \$125. Lemay, incidentally, admitted that he knew the stockings were of American origin and contraband, and 54 pairs which were all that was left of the stock he bought were seized.

Florent Houle corroborated his father's confession and stated that to negotiate the deal it had been necessary for him

to add some of his own money to that given him by his father. The car, a 1937 DeSoto sedan, used in the illegal importation, was also seized.

All three men appeared at Three Rivers on Dec. 24, 1946, before Magistrate L. Lajoie and pleaded guilty to Possession of Goods Unlawfully Imported, s. 217 (2) Customs Act, their counsel being Wilfred Garipey, K.C., of Three Rivers. They were convicted and each sentenced to a fine of \$50 and costs or in default to serve one month in jail. The fines and costs were paid.

Some of the unaccounted-for stockings, according to the accused, were sold over the counter in lots of a pair or two to a customer while the others had got damaged and been scrapped. At all events Houle, Sr., subsequently paid \$420.28, which represented the duty on the 209 pairs that had gone into consumption, plus \$200 for the release of his car. The total cost of the nylons, not counting the transportation expenses, came to \$1,082.93.

R. v. Lemieux

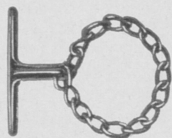
Illegal Possession of Explosive—Dangerous Mail—Cooperation Between Postal Authorities and Police in Law Enforcement— Crime Detection Laboratory

On Nov. 15, 1946, a small inconspicuous parcel wrapped in brown paper turned up in the dead letter office at Moose Jaw, Sask. It had arrived from Calgary, Alta., the previous night addressed "To Mr. John Millman, Moose Jaw", but no street or street number was shown on it. The city postal authorities knew of no one named John Millman and, because there was no specific address—that is, street address or General Delivery—the parcel was stamped "Not in the Directory" and opened in the hope of finding a clue to the identity of either the sender or the intended recipient.

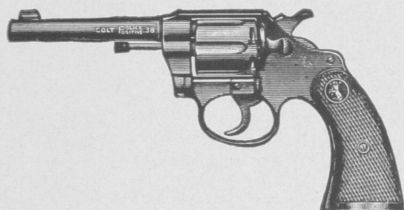
The contents of the parcel at once became the cause of considerable con-

sternation, for they comprised some white safety fuse, a small glass bottle about two-thirds full of an oily slightly-coloured opaque liquid (39cc) and another bottle holding 20 aluminium detonators (dynamite caps) packed in white cotton wool. Subsequent examination in the R.C.M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory, Regina, Sask., established the oily liquid to be nitroglycerine of the home-brew variety.

The matter was reported to the R.C. M.P., who recalled that in June, 1946, a man named Louis Wilfred Lemieux, alias Trapper Johnson, long suspected of connection with expert safe blowings in the prairie provinces, had been seen by a member of the Force in Calgary with



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another parcel which was addressed to D. Millman, Moose Jaw; though that was not the parcel now in the hands of the police, the similarity in the addresses was enough to point suspicion to Lemieux as being the sender of the "dead letter" package.

The bottles containing the nitroglycerine and detonators were replaced by others, then the parcel was re-wrapped and put with the General Delivery mail. In the afternoon of the same day, November 15, a young woman called at the wicket and said she was Mrs. Millman. She signed a receipt as "Mrs. John Millman", took the parcel, and was intercepted in the post-office lobby by a plain-clothesman who had been tipped off. On the way up in an elevator to the R.C.M.P. detachment office, which is in the same building, she tried to rid herself of the damning evidence, but was unsuccessful.

Upon being questioned, the woman stated that she was Mary Crystal (Mrs.

Robert) Robertson, that she had arrived in Moose Jaw from Calgary by bus early in the evening of November 13 and since then had been living with a man named Bud Johnson at a local hotel where they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brown of Medicine Hat, Alta. She explained her possession of the parcel by saying that a man with whom she had struck up a conversation in a nearby cafe had asked her to get his mail for him. He told her his name was J. Millman and that he would wait for her in the cafe.

The cafe was visited at once by the investigators but the mysterious Millman wasn't there, whereupon Mrs. Robertson changed her story and said she was supposed to meet him outside the post-office.

Upon visiting the hotel room where she said she was staying the investigators found Louis Lemieux alone in it. He refused to make any statement and



Stamps, slightly separated and in juxtaposition, demonstrating how the uneven tearing on the right perforated edge of the uncanceled one, left, found in Lemieux's possession, matches that on the left of the cancelled one taken from the parcel.

was taken to the detachment for questioning.

Several clues pointed to his complicity: the address on the parcel had been printed with a lead pencil and individual letters in it corresponded to similar printed letters in a note-book belonging to him; stamps on the parcel bearing cancellation marks "Calgary, Alta." were definitely identified through comparison of their perforated edges by a document examiner on the laboratory staff as having been torn from a book of postage stamps in Lemieux's possession, and some white cotton found in the hotel room was similar to that in the parcel. Linked with the facts that Lemieux had been seen in Calgary with a package bearing the same name as was on the parcel under investigation and that he was living with the woman who called for the parcel at the time he was picked up, this and other evidence seemed to point conclusively to his guilt.

It was subsequently learned that Mrs. Robertson had been in the hotel at approximately 2.10 p.m., November 15.

She appeared at the post-office less than 20 minutes later, therefore it was obvious that she could not have gone to a cafe and drunk coffee, met up with a stranger and reached the post-office when she did. This conclusion was strengthened when a man was located who maintained that he had been with her in the cafe but that the meeting took place before 2 o'clock. Doubtless the "Millman" of Mrs. Robertson's story was a myth fabricated in an attempt to free both Lemieux and herself from suspicion.

The day following her arrest Mrs. Robertson was taken to the hotel room to get her personal effects. While there she paid the hotel bill which included laundry charges that Lemieux had contracted. Afterwards, Lemieux was taken to the hotel for his clothes and, upon asking if the room had been paid for, was told that Mrs. Robertson had attended to the matter. This additional information and the word of witnesses who had seen them together left little doubt but that Lemieux and Mrs. Robertson had lived in the hotel room and were working together.

Previously, in August, Lemieux had bragged to an officer of the Force of having plenty of explosives. "Look at my hands", he had remarked. "I've been making lots of 'grease' (nitroglycerine). I've got a gallon of it."

Later, while being interviewed in regard to the present offence, he said that during the summer he had visited over 300 grain elevators in Saskatchewan and taken special note of any with "cans" (safes). A check up proved the information disclosed in this statement with regard to the location of safes to be true, and accordingly it is believed the possibility is very strong that the explosive

mailed to Moose Jaw was intended for blowing some of the "cans" he had "cased" during his tour of inspection.

On Mar. 24, 1947, Lemieux appeared at Calgary before Mr. Justice S. J. Shepherd of the Alberta Supreme Court, and jury, charged with Illegal Possession of Explosive, s. 114 Cr. Code, and pleaded not guilty. C. S. Blanchard, K.C., appeared for the prosecution while the defence was conducted by N. D. Dingle, K.C. On March 26, after a trial that lasted three days, the accused was convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Saskatchewan Penitentiary, Prince Albert, Sask.

Equivocal Clues

INTERPRETATION of clues at the scene of an alleged crime is a responsibility never to be taken lightly, for sometimes appearances are very misleading. In a recent issue of the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, Charles M. Wilson, Director of the Chicago Police Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, writes of a case which points to this truth, a case which but for the intervention of science might have resulted in an innocent man being convicted of murder.

Called to a dwelling-house to investigate a shooting, a member of the Cleveland Police was admitted by a man who led him to a bedroom and unlocked the door.

"I locked it", the man exclaimed calmly, "so that nothing would be touched."

The man's wife, fully clothed, lay dead on the bed. She had been shot through the heart, and one arm was extended as if reaching toward a small trunk across the room.

The room had only the one entrance—the door that had been locked—and the windows were shut. Neighbours said that the couple had quarrelled and that no one had been seen entering or leaving the house. No weapon was in sight, and

the husband was arrested on suspicion of murder.

Insp. D. Cowles, head of Cleveland's Police Crime Detection Laboratory, examined the room minutely and located a nickel-plated Smith & Wesson break-open 5-shot .38 revolver behind the trunk, ten feet from where the body was found. Two shots had been fired from the weapon and two metal-point .38 S & W revolver projectiles were recovered from the victim's clothing. This evidence strengthened the theory that the woman had been killed by her husband; for what suicide had ever fired twice through the heart and then hidden the gun or even thrown it away?

The post-mortem examination, however, yielded evidence that was curiously incongruous with the known facts. There was only one entrance and one exit wound. Close scrutiny of the revolver disclosed an almost imperceptible swelling in the barrel approximately midway between the breech and the muzzle (C, Fig. 1). From this, Cowles deduced that a bullet had at one time lodged in the barrel and with this obstruction in place another shot was fired which caused the bulge. In the chamber under the hammer was an empty cartridge case (S₂, Fig. 2), its primer cup, obviously

Cuts borrowed from *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*.

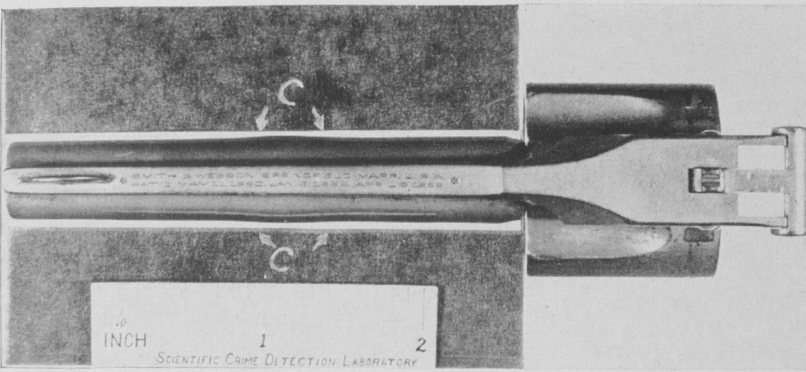


Fig. 1

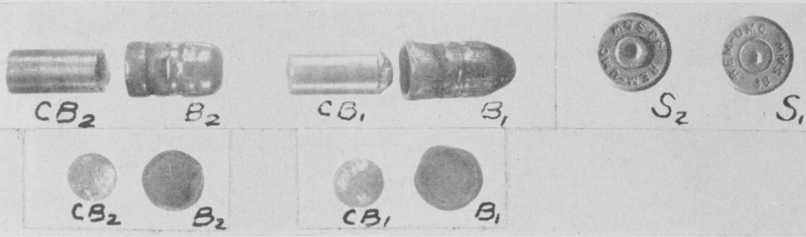


Fig. 2

four fitted perfectly over the nose of B_2 , which was blunted. When the woman pulled the trigger, B_2 pushed B_1 , the obstruction referred to, out and both projectiles entered her body as one, the released explosive gases being forced backwards; the resulting concussion bulged the barrel slightly, marked the primer cup in the odd manner mentioned and kicked the gun out of the woman's hand to

due to excessive pressure, blown partly out of the case head. In an adjacent chamber, clockwise, was another empty cartridge case (S_1 , Fig. 2) whose primer cup was in a normal spent condition.

The two projectiles (B_1 , B_2 , Fig. 2) were examined. In the base of B_1 was a much deeper indentation than is customary in this type of ammunition. The con-

where it was found behind the trunk. This theory was substantiated by the outflung arm.

Fig. 2, CB_1 and CB_2 , top and bottom, shows casts of the base and side of projectile B_1 and B_2 .

The husband was exonerated; the crime was suicide not murder.

Hit and Missed

Too often is the Force called upon to remove maimed bodies from wrecked cars, and accident reports come in a grisly procession to every reader's desk. However, this sentence from a report of one investigator concerning an accident in which a freight train hit a truck shows that occasionally miracles do happen and death takes a holiday:

"When the writer arrived at the scene the driver was sitting on the smashed overturned truck without so much as a scratch on him, and a hundred chicks which had been in the front seat with him were chirping merrily—apparently their only complaint being the cold; the lid of their box had not even been dislodged".

"Illiteracy"

RECENTLY a mother whose son was rejected by the Force, became indignant when she learned that the reason was illiteracy.

She immediately wrote the following message to the recruiting officer:

Dear Sir: I understand now that my son he is rejected from you for being illiterate. I want you to know he is decent, as I marry my boy's father a week before he was born.



THE R.C.M.P. RESERVE

BY INSPR. C. W. HARVISON

THOUGH it abounds with interest and exciting episodes, few people know the story back of that additional "R" atop the shoulder badges of some members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It involves enemy agents and law-breakers, courage and humour, but best of all it is a tale of self-effacing loyalty and hard work given willingly, even eagerly, without hope of reward or recognition.

That the wearer of that R may be a banker, truck driver, lawyer, doctor or clerk, that he may be a retired high-ranking officer or a buck private is incidental. In the R.C.M.P. he is simply Reserve Constable So-and-So, subject to the full discipline of the Force but seldom on the pay roll and never eligible for promotion.

With the approach of war in 1939, the R.C.M.P. was faced with a tremendous burden of new and varied responsibilities. To meet those responsibilities it was compelled to develop temporary measures, to improvise. Every member was carrying several times his normal load, every car was in almost constant use. Still that wasn't enough—more men and more cars were needed.

Meanwhile thousands of Canadian civilians anxious to serve their country had offered their assistance to the Mounted Police, and in many instances this included the use of an automobile. Here might be an answer to the problem. But would the employment of persons untrained in police work ease the difficulties? Or would it result in criticism being heaped on the Force? Would

During the war, the R.C.M.P. Reserve played an important role in law enforcement and proved its worth in many ways. Today, this valuable arm of the Force continues to add to Mounted Police efficiency.

Shown above is Commr. S. T. Wood, C.M.G., inspecting Reserve members of the Force at Montreal, Que.



• Reserves on the march in Montreal.

incidents occur to undo the good work of others?

Circumstances left no choice, so the records of the volunteers in some of the larger centres were scrutinized. Men of unquestionable loyalty from nearly every profession, trade and business and with spare time at their disposal were advised that, purely as a temporary measure, their services might be required in the event of war.

When war broke, it was imperative that several hundred known Nazi sympathizers be picked up. In some parts of Canada the call for help went out immediately, and so quick was the response, so willingly and faithfully did the volunteers follow instructions, that within a matter of hours this urgent work had been completed. Everything went smoothly, and the misgivings concerning the use of untrained personnel disappeared.

At first these volunteers were not an official part of the Force; their status was in considerable doubt and depended to a great extent on the requirements of the districts in which they operated. In some places they were sworn in as special constables; in others they were without

title; in Montreal they were appointed to the somewhat tenuous and novel rank of "temporary special agent".

Nevertheless they served whenever required. And due to further demands being made on the Force and largely to a mounting confidence in the efficiency of these part-time workers the calls upon them came with greater frequency. During that first year they demonstrated their worth over and over and became so much a part of the Force that it was decided to form them into an official unit.

This step called for submission to R.C.M.P. discipline and participation in a rigid course of training. But there was no hesitation and almost to a man the volunteers swung into the new unit.

Followed months of drill and training, of lectures on subjects ranging from first aid, the Criminal Code and court procedure to report writing and Rules and Regulations. After passing the examinations, each member was issued a uniform and the newly-created Reserve became an integral part of the R.C.M.P.—no longer a "temporary measure", but a hard-working body, esteemed and welcomed by all ranks.

The Reserves, many of whom had

been in the Armed Services, were keenly interested in their initial training. In shooting competitions, friendly but sharp rivalry grew between them and the regulars who often have been hard pressed to retain their laurels; in fact they haven't always done so.

* * *

So much for the organization of the Reserve. What about the work they have done? Their interesting and exciting duties?

The rounding up of Nazis at the beginning of the war had been carefully planned. Lists of them had been compiled by the Force's Intelligence Section, but the almost simultaneous arrests of several hundred persons, the searching of offices, meeting-places and homes, the safeguarding of the prisoners until they could be turned over to internment camp officials, called for smooth team-work on the part of dozens of small squads of men at widely separated points. Without the Reserves who helped make up these squads, much important time would have

been lost, many of the Nazis might have escaped to carry out their plans against our war effort.

But they did not escape. And that "round-up" destroyed an espionage and sabotage machine that had been painstakingly built up by enemy agents. How different might have been Canada's "no enemy sabotage" record had there been delay in those first hours!

Speedy action was again essential when Italy became an active belligerent. The sympathizers of this new enemy, also, had to be isolated without delay. The resources of federal, provincial and municipal police were taxed to the ut-



A staff sergeant and Reserve constable of the Force chat with a young assistant and friend.



A Reserve constable on duty at Quebec City during Churchill-Roosevelt Conference.

most and once more it was the Reserve that supplied the needed personnel to make up the many squads required for the task.

Other duties followed rapidly. Across Canada were scores of essential industries,

vulnerable to sabotage. To protect them specially trained members of the Reserve worked with members of the regular Force. They visited plants periodically, inspected equipment and discussed counter-sabotage precautions with company officials; frequently, to test security measures, they attempted while without passes to get by the guards, and faults thus exposed were eliminated.

To prevent the illegal entry of enemy agents into this country, Reserves throughout two seasons boarded every vessel that docked at Montreal. On these occasions they checked the crew lists, apprised the ships' officers and men of the rules in force to protect the port, and issued harbour passes which they picked up just before sailing time to ensure against their falling into unauthorized hands. The wartime upswing in shipping traffic made these duties inordinately heavy but they were discharged in a manner that drew praise from port officials and ships' officers alike.

When enemy submarines menaced Canadian shores and penetrated the Gulf of St. Lawrence, constant patrolling of the coastal roads became necessary. With the aid of Reserve constables who took leave from their regular occupations or sacrificed their vacations, R.C.M.P. detachments were able to keep police cars on the roads at all times and maintain unceasing vigilance over suspicious persons and enemy activities.

In the essential policing and protective duties connected with the sojourns of visiting dignitaries, these brown-uniformed members assisted greatly and their conduct and bearing have been the subject of much favourable comment. Drawn from many points in Canada, they were for example much in evidence during the historic Churchill-Roosevelt Conferences at Quebec City.

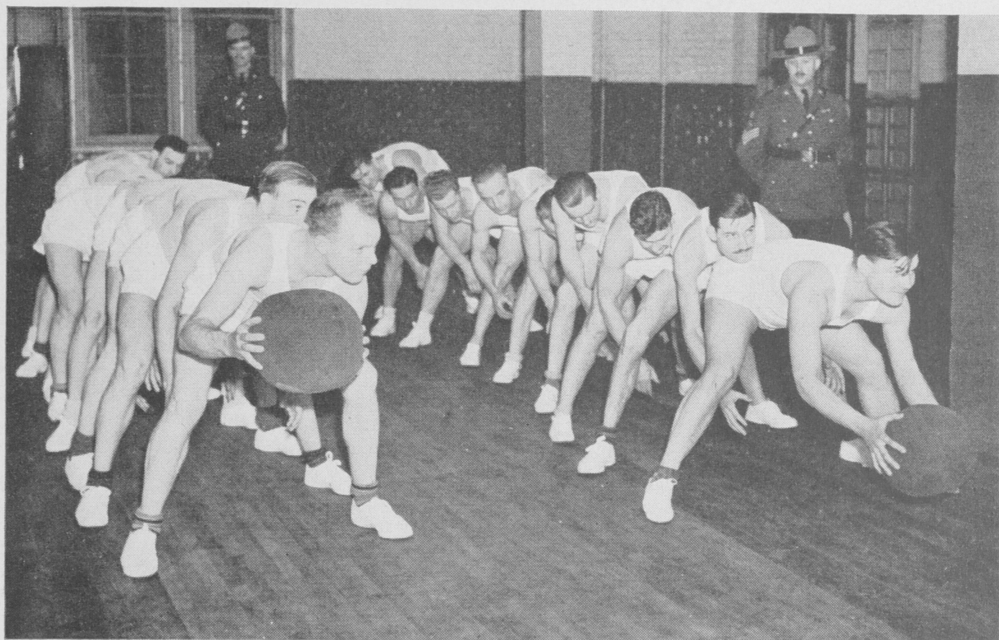
When the police of one of Canada's largest cities went on strike and the R.C.M.P. were called upon to take over, the Force's already serious man-power problem became acute. It takes many

men to police a metropolitan area on even a skeleton basis, and here again the Reserves filled the breach. Brokers, bankers and truck drivers, insurance men, doctors and dentists patrolled the streets along with regular members of the Force and maintained law and order. The patrol cars were manned by mixed squads of regulars and Reserves, and the voice that came over the police radio was that of a well-known lawyer.

Reserves worked with the Force's black-market squads, too, and in the struggle to stamp out black-market activities played an important part in many major cases. They helped to round up deserters, to investigate subversive activities, to arrest counterfeiter, bootleggers, drug pedlars and other criminals. They helped also, in many equally necessary, if more prosaic, ways—on highway patrols, as guards and telephone orderlies. They spent hours "standing to" in barracks and detachments awaiting developments that never came, devoted long periods to "shadow" jobs, and relieved our detachment men of certain duties.

With almost every profession, trade and occupation represented, the Force had at its finger-tips a wealth of expert knowledge that proved to be of incalculable value. Printers, mechanics, doctors and chemists were called into consultation on cases requiring specialized skills. Their advice saved much time and unnecessary labour and helped in the successful and speedy conclusion of many investigations.

Humorous incidents were bound to occur. One Reserve constable following his instructions quite properly demanded that several persons wanting to enter a protected area produce passes. Their spokesman displayed documents that showed him to be an individual of consequence, but he didn't have the required pass. He insisted that the formalities in this regard be waived, but the Reserve constable was politely adamant.



Some Reserve constables in physical training exercises.

Cajolery and threats were of no avail, and at length the man blew up. "With a brain like yours", he stormed, "you will never be anything but a constable."

Off duty, the object of this scorn is a leader in his profession.

Another time, one of a party of Reserve constables, who were assisting the Red Cross to disembark refugee children from an English ship, spotted an elderly man struggling with some heavy baggage down the gangplank. The Reserve constable lent him a hand and on getting ashore saw him to a taxi. As the old gentleman got into the vehicle he proffered a shilling. The tip has since been framed and now hangs in the president's office of a large banking establishment. The president says it's the hardest shilling he ever earned.

* * *

WHEN R.C.M.P. headquarters suggested promoting Reserve members to non-commissioned rank, the proposal was not popular as the Reserves preferred to be on an equal footing with one another and under the direction of officers and N.C.O.s of the regular Force. There the matter ended, and as a result "constable" is the only rank in the Reserve.

The usefulness of the R.C.M.P. Reserve did not by any means cease when the war was over. What started as a temporary measure in an emergency has become an efficient, well-trained dependable arm of the Force. During the long hard grind of the war years a strong *camaraderie* was built up between the Reserve and regular members of the R.C.M.P., and the Force hopes that its wearers of the additional R will be with us permanently.

Something New in Discipline

AMONG other things in one division's confidential monthly report for April was the startling announcement: "Discipline—Nil". It has been whispered about that the O. C. expects some improvement in May.

CLUBS FOR TEEN-AGERS

By Cst. G. Rivett



DURING the war many people looked upon the misdemeanors of our young people as an evil brought on by the abnormality of the times. They seemed to forget that the youth problem was with us before the war, though admittedly not on the same scale. However, whatever the causes underlying this question, recent developments in various communities indicate that we have awakened to the need for suitable juvenile entertainment centres.

As a policeman I am profoundly interested in teen-agers and believe that many of them are being neglected. In other words by trying to keep pace on their own with conditions in this fast-moving world, they are missing out on the fun

and entertainment to which they are entitled.

At the bottom of the whole situation are the wide-spread changes of recent years. When today's adults were teen-agers, liquor did not figure nearly so prominently in social activities as it does now, country dances were held about once or twice a month, pool halls were scarce and cafes with juke boxes unknown. Our parents had to be satisfied with the company of others their own age, and their amusements were fashioned accordingly.

Today it is different. There are country dances two or three nights a week and in towns and cities three or four nights a week; beer parlours are going full blast, and there is an abundance of pool halls, juke joints and jive hives everywhere. Our teen-agers seem to be constantly in search of what form of entertainment they will turn to next; many of them attend dances and mingle with older people under the influence of

As the sapling is bent, so grows the tree. Many communities have found that properly conducted clubs for adolescent boys and girls are a stabilizing influence that fosters good citizenship.

All photos National Film Board.

liquor and apparently having a whale of a time, and perhaps inevitably they follow the example thus set for them by their elders. Unknowingly they overlook the type of fun best suited for their enjoyment and happiness—properly screened entertainment with youngsters their own age. Is it any wonder that with all the confusion around them our young people are bewildered?

* * *

THESE things being true, surely it is the duty of teen-agers of yesterday to go all out in their efforts to assist present-day teen-agers in their predicament. Teen-age clubs are an excellent medium for doing so, for they provide a wholesome environment where boys and girls can join with one another in clean sports and fun free from improprieties. A source of benefits that are far-reaching in promoting good citizenship, these clubs are a cause for pride among their members and a credit to all concerned. At least one of them should be in every community, open to all young people between the ages of 13 and 20.

An effective start in forming a teen-age club is to hold a general meeting, attended by the lower and high school teachers and pupils so that the organizer can outline the plan and the whole

matter can be discussed. In his talk the organizer should emphasize that the purpose of the proposed club is to provide entertainment and sports for the local young people.

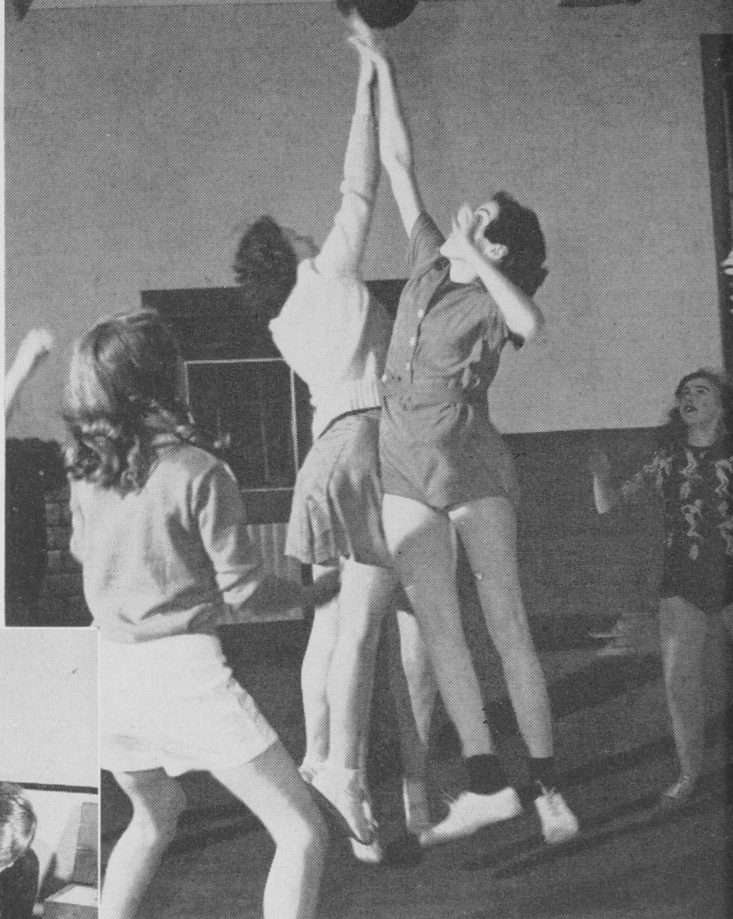
The students at the meeting nominate a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and the next week a general election is held. The election is conducted along the lines of a civic election, the nominees working out their own platform and campaign for votes much as politicians do. In some localities the campaigners place posters around town and even advertise for votes on the town's theatre screen. On election day ballots are made ready and scrutineers appointed, the polling hours being from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. When the polls close the ballots are counted and the results posted. In this way the students choose their own governing body.

Once elected the club's officers, in turn, appoint an entertainment committee, a sports committee and a court committee. The entertainment committee arranges for the social functions—dances, wiener roasts, sleigh drives and so on. The sports committee is in charge of the club's sporting activities, and the court committee deals with infractions of the club's by-laws. Anyone suspected of breaking club laws is brought before

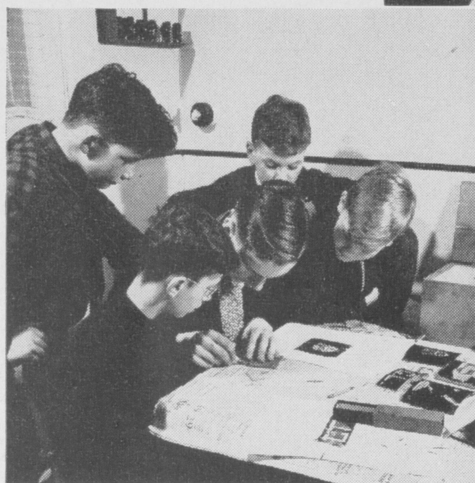
Teen-age girls playing broom ball.



**Teen-age female gladiators
of basket ball.**



**Handicraft for boys. In-
structor shows how in lino-
cutting.**



the president and the court committee for a hearing at which he is permitted to state his side of the case. After that a vote is taken, and if declared guilty the offender is dealt with under the club's by-laws.

An annual membership fee of a dollar will make the project self-sustaining. Friday nights are usually set apart for general entertainment, so that the youngsters can dance to a record player, play games and indulge in the other forms of gaiety fixed by the entertainment committee. The price of admission to these "fun fests" is ten cents, and the money is spent on records and refreshments. Occasionally, if the treasury permits, a free lunch and soft drinks or milk in half pints are handed out. It is gratifying to note that at least one company

has been very generous in supplying drinks for these occasions. Sports programs occupy most of the other evenings.

* * *

THE constitution and by-laws of the teen-age club at Innisfail, Alta., which became effective on Feb. 18, 1946, may serve as a useful guide for the formation of similar clubs elsewhere.

The club's object is to promote entertainment and good fellowship among the teen-age citizens of Innisfail. Its members must be between 13 and 20 years of age and willing to conduct themselves properly. Membership dues are \$1 a year plus a 14-cent admission fee on entertainment evenings. Entertainment evenings are set by council.

The club's officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and elections are held annually.

Regular business meetings are held the first Monday of every month at a place named by the council, and these and the entertainment meetings are open to par-

ents. Each committee is composed of two boys and two girls.

The constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a majority vote.

There are four by-laws:

1. No member of the Innisfail Teen-Age Club may appear at a club function with the odour of liquor on his or her breath. This rule cannot be amended. To break it means a six months' suspension from club activities and the forfeiture of the membership fee, but the offender may be reinstated at the end of that period by a unanimous vote of the assembly and repayment of annual dues.
2. Wilful destruction of property owned by or in the care of the club entails a suspension of not more than three months and not less than a week.
3. Anyone using profane language at any of the club's functions is liable to a fine of 15 cents.
4. With the exception of parents or guardians, all of whom are invited, no one is admitted to a meeting of the Innisfail Teen-Age Club without his or her membership card.

* * *

BEFORE a club's first business meeting is held a bank account should be opened for the deposit of all club funds. Cheques are signed by the president and countersigned by the treasurer.

Usually the first Monday night of every month is set aside for a business meeting. The president, flanked by his council, asks that the minutes of the last meeting be read, and when these minutes are adopted and seconded by the members he calls for the financial statement which is a report of the expenditures incurred during the preceding month, money received, amounts deposited in the bank to the credit of the club. When this statement has been passed, the president authorizes payment of the outstanding accounts.

Each committee is then called upon to give an accounting of its past activities and its plans for the coming month,

after which the general meeting is thrown open for discussion so that complaints and suggestions for improvements can be made. When all points have been thrashed out, the president requests a motion for adjournment.

Should the court committee have any infractions to report the procedure is for the president to name a day for that tribunal to sit, for such matters are not dealt with at general business meetings.

Record selections, sporting goods and other equipment are kept in the custody of the appropriate committee, but all purchases must be approved by the president. In some communities, revenue for the club can be raised through the canvassing of merchants, returns from various sports events, plays and concerts staged by club members.

The club room should be fairly large. In Turner Valley, Alta., the Legion Hall is used on entertainment evenings; in Olds, Alta., the Elks Hall has been the scene of action, though here I believe the young people have since been granted the use of a building that belongs to the town; and in Innisfail, the high school gymnasium provides accommodation. However, any empty store or large building in your town will do.

Special nights—three a week, or even more—should be set aside for social gatherings; a night for such games as ping-pong, darts and checkers; one for dancing, and another for theatrical rehearsals and perhaps the study of various arts. A library is always a good medium of entertainment, and a refreshment counter helps defray expenses. Good hours for the club room to be open are from 7 to 10 on week nights and until midnight on Fridays and Saturdays.

* * *

THESE affairs keep our teen-agers off the streets and out of trouble. Every club function is open to the parents, and the supervisor should make it a point to have a chaperon present at entertainment meetings—not that the teen-agers need one, but it encourages



Young hockeyists getting ready for the ice.

parents to turn out and see for themselves the wholesome type of recreation provided by the teen-age club.

Some centres have a rifle club, directed by the sports committee. The Innisfail rifle club is on the outskirts of the town and uses .22 rifles. Both boys and girls participate and train for Dominion marksmanship competition. The main object is to teach the young people the proper care, handling and use of firearms, so that indiscriminate shooting will be eliminated and shooting accidents reduced to a minimum.

Teen-age clubs are a source of education too. At all business meetings the members are encouraged to present their views before the whole assembly during the discussions period, and in this way gain a superficial knowledge of public speaking. Members of the council are schooled in executive duties, and their

records and books are open to inspection at any time by the members or their parents.

For experience in club management and to learn how to conduct their own meetings in a smooth business-like manner, members of some councils attend as guests during the business hours of a senior service club. In small communities offering few potential members, where a club could not get along on its membership fees alone, it may be possible to secure financial backing from a senior club.

Incidentally, teen-agers don't appreciate being classed as "kids". Terms of this kind engender resentment in young minds and stir up unnecessary and unwanted ill feeling. The running by teen-agers of their own affairs may give rise to some controversy by those who suggest, as some have done, that "Kids can't

look after a club; it will go broke before it gets started", or "Kids will ruin any equipment we donate to them". But the facts dispute such opinions. There is a general impression among teen-agers that if an outsider wants to run things for them there is a joker in the deal somewhere. Given a free hand, they can run their own club efficiently. Responsibility makes them cautious, and experience shows that they inquire carefully into the cost of things before deciding whether the club can afford them or not. They soon realize that it takes money—their money—to repair or replace broken furniture or equipment; and it will be found that any property owned by them is generally well taken care of. Yes, teen-agers are business people, and if given the opportunity and backing they will

operate their club capably and on a paying basis.

* * *

TEEN-AGE clubs are worthy of all the financial and moral support they can get and should be looked upon as essential in every community. Parents and adult organizations should encourage them and help them along by seeing that a competent person is available to coach the club members in sports and athletics and in other directions. In every way fathers and mothers should lend a helping hand, for in doing so they will be amply repaid by knowing that their children are enjoying clean wholesome sport and entertainment—an all-important step in preparing boys and girls for their place in the business world.

Pet Dog Mutilates Human Body

PROBABLY the records abound with cases where dogs have mounted guard over the remains of a departed loved one—everyone has heard of those sad instances of canine faithfulness in which the animal has refused to budge from his self-appointed task even to the point of starvation—, yet on rare occasions these domestic pets exhibit the predacious instincts that impel their cousins of the wilds, given the opportunity, to mutilate cadavers.

According to the latest *Bulletin*, official publication issued by the Bureau of Criminal Investigation, New York State Police, a two-month-old collie last autumn proved to be the exception to the rule. An aged woman, home only a few days from the hospital where she had been treated for a heart ailment, was found dead on the floor of her living-room. Her head and the upper part of her torso were drenched with blood and her right ear was missing.

Blood-stains on the muzzle and one flank of the pup, one of three family pets, led the investigators to surmise that the jagged wound on the dead woman's head might be the chew marks of sharp teeth, and under the influence of a strong emetic the animal vomited up the missing ear. An autopsy revealed that the deceased had died from acute dilatation of the heart, the quantity of blood that had flowed from the wound indicating that the puppy must have attacked her after she lost consciousness and just before her death.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the woman had assured a relative that she was all right but when the relative returned about an hour later she was horrified to find the invalid dead on the floor. Apparently in the interval she had suffered a fatal seizure, managed to get out of bed, collapsed and the young animal had then attacked her while she was unconscious.

There is a lesson to be learned from this tragedy not only for people in general not to leave a household pet alone in a room with a dead person or a person who might lose consciousness, but for investigators in particular not to approach an inquiry with any preconceived ideas, for outward appearances such as those present here might well lead to a suspicion of homicidal violence.

The Big Sleep

*A couple of recruits are
laid low by tired Nature's
sweet restorer.*

BY A/CPL. P. P. NIGHTINGALE

McFAZZLE and McFoozle were weary, worn out. After two months at "Depot" they agreed that the regulations didn't allow for enough sleep. Ten hours a day wasn't nearly enough—in fact it was only a start. Why, a person no sooner got settled under the blankets, when from the square that pesky trumpet woke every one up with an unearthly blast that proclaimed the beginning of another day.

As time went on, the desire for sleep got to be an obsession. The two recruits longed for one morning—just one, in which they could sleep on and on, and not get up until they darned well wanted to. That would be heaven.

However, their attempts to get week-end passes were always frustrated by the sergeant major whose piercing eyes read their minds and whose keen ears heard even their most secret conversations. That "Houdini" knew beforehand the pattern of their most carefully laid plans, and he seemed to take special delight in thwarting them. He had an uncanny knack of making life miserable.

Finally McFazzle and McFoozle worked out a winner in strategy—a masterpiece of plausibility. And the gods smiled on them.

They lost no time reaching the city that Saturday afternoon. The hotels were full, but luckily they obtained a room with twin beds at a tourist home.

At last they were going to get enough sleep!

The rooms only window faced east and they put a quilt over it so that the early morning sun wouldn't waken them. In the semi-darkness they locked the door, crawled into their respective beds and stretched luxuriously.

Ah balmy sleep!

McFazzle's eyes closed, his mouth opened and he snored. His chum followed suit and soon in that small room a discordant rumble as of thunder close by reverberated from wall to wall.

Time passed, and Morpheus was appeased.

First to wake was McFazzle. Drowsily content, he lay there pondering the



blessed happiness sleep brings, the joy of resting until all fatigue is gone. He glanced at his watch. Eight o'clock. He felt refreshed, profoundly so, and at peace with the world; yet he was curiously gaunt and hungry.

His friend slept on, the energy of his snore tapered down to a whistling sibilant. McFizzle rose silently, walked to the window, lifted a corner of the quilt and looked down on Regina's main street.

Idly, he contemplated the traffic. Then suddenly his scalp tingled. Trucks, drays, people in a hurry. That was no Sunday morning.

"McFuzzle", he yelled. "For hell sake, get up. Look!"

Spellbound, they gazed at the street below—the open stores, the busy shoppers, the messenger boys on bicycles.

"Jumping grasshoppers", cried Mc-

Fizzle, "it's Monday. No wonder my stomach feels like my throat's cut."

They dressed faster than ever before, hopped a taxi and pleaded with the driver all the way to barracks to "step on it". Their passes had expired hours ago.

Standing before the sergeant major's desk, each frantically tried to explain. For a time the sergeant major listened stonily, then gradually his expression softened. Who knows, maybe in his rookie days he himself had been guilty of a similar breach of the rules?

He rubbed his jaw and looked very grave. "I suppose such things do happen", he declared, nodding his head judicially. "But where the devil were you Monday? This is Tuesday."

And his voice was no longer soft, his eyes no longer sympathetic.

The Evolution of the Biscuit

THE story is told of a sergeant in the Force returning to his detachment at Baker Lake, N.W.T., after a patrol to Backs river. One night he and his special constable guide came to a likely camping spot, tired and cold from a trying day of travel. They erected a snow house and crawled in, almost tempted to retire without eating. Neither was very fussy about getting chuck ready.

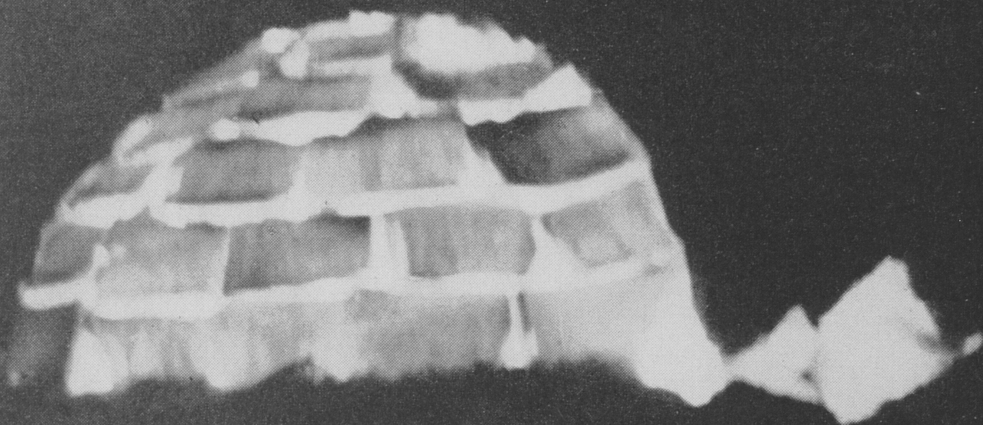
The sergeant got the stove lighted, put on the tea-pot and sat down. Beside him, the native, Parker by name, took a garangantuan mass of tobacco from his mouth and carefully placed it on the snow for future use. Slowly he reached for the biscuits in a ten-pound container.

Suddenly he grunted. "Long time ago me small boy. Me work for police at Fullerton. My father work for police, too. They feed us biscuit. Biscuit very hard. Need damn hammer to break."

He shook his head sadly as if regretting the hard times of his childhood, a half-century or more behind him. "After that, me work at Chesterfield. Biscuit there not so hard. Can break in hands."

He reached into the container before him, pulled out a handful of its contents, and his lips curled into a grin. "Now, look! Damn biscuit break in box."

Behind the Scenes of a Winter Patrol



B Y C P L . L . F . W I L L A N

THE personal experiences in Northern winter travel, related here, embrace climatic and terrain conditions to be found in the area from Baillie Island on the Western Arctic coast, if not Herschel Island several hundred miles further west, eastward to Berkley Point on Victoria Island at the southern entrance to Prince of Wales Strait; from Baillie Island eastward along the coast to Kent Peninsula, across Dease Strait to Cambridge Bay, and further east to King William Island and the west side of Boothia Peninsula; from Boothia southward to about 150 miles inland; from the Napaktolik Lake district eastward to Bathurst Inlet on Coronation Gulf, and from there eastward again to Adelaide Peninsula.

Throughout this vast expanse, transportation is chiefly by native sled (*komitik* or *ad-lee-ak*) and varies only slightly from personal choice in equipment and routine.

A member of the Force newly arrived in the North is generally paired with a constable or N.C.O. of experience, or

failing this, must rely on the services of a special constable—an Eskimo hired to act as guide, interpreter and snow-house builder. The novice in most cases has little faith in these specials and, being fresh from the urbanity of the outside world and believing that Eskimos are beneath him in intelligence, is inclined to ignore their advice. But it should be remembered that these natives have spent their whole life in what the white man (*kab-loo-nahk*) looks upon as a most inhospitable land (*noona*) and are thoroughly acquainted with the customs of their own people (*in-oo-een*); they are capable key men often responsible for the success of patrols.

However, the average Eskimo is careless with equipment and lacks foresight—two characteristics that are annoying to the new-comer but understandable in the light of the Eskimo's training and outlook. The native special does not consider himself responsible for the safe keeping of any object even though borrowed from or jointly owned with another, nor does he demand that respon-

sibility from others. His philosophy is that if an article gets lost or damaged, even through carelessness, it can't be helped—it's done—, and a replacement will have to be made in some way. He doesn't stop to consider whether the article is his, the government's or anyone else's. His disregard for the future is second nature to him; he lives for the day, believing that tomorrow will look after itself.

Patience and instruction on the part of detachment members in dealing with guides will help eliminate these faults. Eskimos generally are apt and willing to learn; the very fact that they survived the elements before the white man came—when caribou was their only source of food, clothing and weapons—indicates intelligence of a kind. But it is impossible in a single generation to train and educate a people whose only background is the rugged North.

Therefore be sympathetic when a special approaches with downcast eyes and prefaces an announcement of bad news, as he invariably will, with the expression, "*mam-ee-an-na*" ("it's too bad"), then discloses that the anchor has been lost (*kee-habk tamukpuk-tohk*) or that some other misfortune has befallen; an angry reprimand will only stir up hard feeling and probably result in grudging, inefficient service. An experienced Northern man bottles up his resentment—never even by his facial expression shows that he is perturbed—and resolves to keep a close watch in future to prevent further carelessness. For he has learned that this is the best way to meet the situation.

* * *

IN northern winter patrols the prime requisite is dog feed. Dried fish and blubber are used. In work that for obvi-

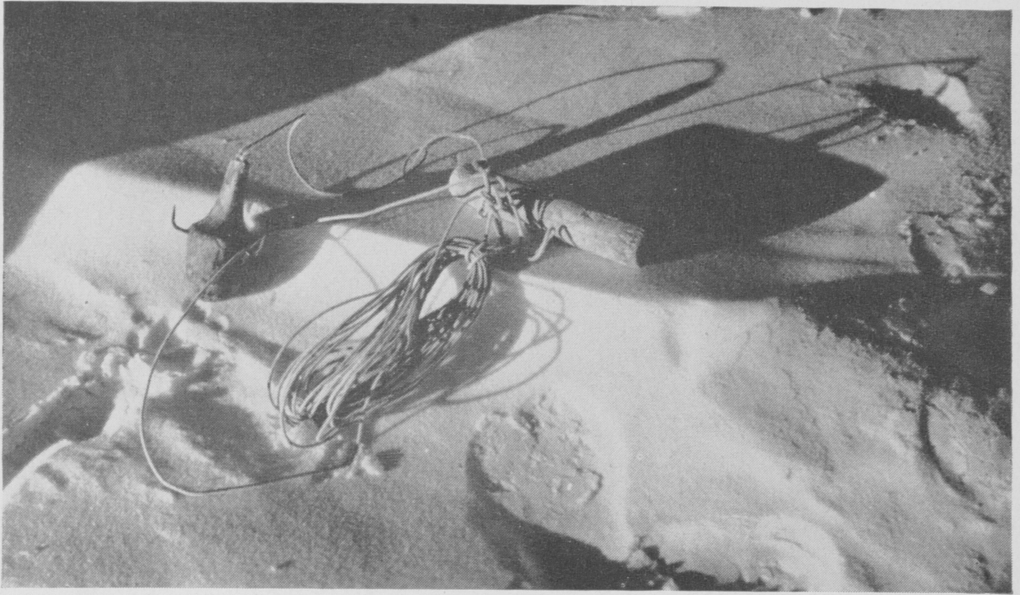
ous reasons necessitates a minimum of freight fish is the ideal dog feed for it reduces to one quarter its original weight when dried. Some detachments are fortunate in having prolific fisheries near at hand where during early summer the fish can be caught and dried for winter use. Other detachments not so favoured must rely on dried fish being shipped in.

The Arctic salmon (*ek-ah-look*) makes excellent dog feed, as it has a higher oil content than the whitefish (*capee-bee-lik*). To prepare fish for drying, the usual method is to cut along the front and back side of the spine from behind the gills to the base of the tail. The head, spine and entrails provide fresh dog feed and for future use any surplus is sacked and buried in sand or stored in some cool spot away from flies. The roe, if any, is also set aside to dry as it is an Eskimo delicacy. To hasten the drying process, several lateral slits are made on the inside of the boned fish so that the air can circulate freely; the segments are held together by the skin, which shouldn't be cut, and "hung" on small rafters in the fish house screened from flies.

The blubber (*ohk-sook*) is necessary in dog feed for it prevents scouring which results from a steady diet of dried fish and supplies fats that are essential to condition dogs against cold. While on the trail it is doled out in chunks four inches square, one going to each dog every second night.

Seals from which the blubber is obtained are hunted during July, August and early September, and every advantage is taken of calm days. A swimming seal is difficult to hit from a moving row-boat as its head which is the only part above the water presents a small target, and due to its usual summer lean-

A back-stage view of the careful preparation that goes into a long winter patrol in the Far North and of the routine that is followed once the trip gets under way.



A *niksik*, the Eskimo's gaff for hooking seals.

ness it sinks rapidly when shot. Rough weather makes an additional handicap.

None of the animal is wasted. Once fleshed, the skin is stretched and used for clothing; the blubber which is about an inch or two thick is stored in barrels and any left over is fed to the dogs. Or if feed is plentiful the left over is buried in sand until cold weather sets in; unskinned seals can be preserved a long time in sand. In extreme cold weather blubber should be warmed before feeding time to eliminate frost, otherwise the dogs will gulp it down and it will lie like a lump of ice in their stomachs until body temperature renders it digestible.

The seal-hunting season is also the time to make caches of grub, coal oil and feed for winter patrols. Caches should be constructed strong enough to resist assault by bears and wolverines—curious beasts capable of moving rocks so large as to challenge credulity. Animals are the only pilferers one need worry about; an Eskimo will remove nothing unless driven to it by dire necessity, and then he reports the matter immediately so that the cache can be restocked.

WINTER clothing is another important item and it is wise to have a supply made early before the Eskimo women get too busy sewing for their own families. Clothes-making in the North is a long tedious business because, first, the skins have to be rendered pliable by hours of scraping, and, second, the average native seamstress takes a pride in her work that prevents haste.

The best way is to give the work to one woman and without bothering her let her do all of it, even to the selecting of the material; every woman has her own preference for skin thickness and will do better work if pampered in this respect. The patronizing of several workers may seem to be a good community-spirit gesture but it is misunderstood, and to switch from one seamstress to another is bad policy. Some Eskimo women interpret the action as one of censure and are so offended that they will refuse to sew again for the person responsible; others, though they may accept the work, will not give it the painstaking care they do when dealing with a steady customer.

On the trail in mid-winter the clothes needed are:

The **inside artiga** (*ill-oo-pak*), worn with the fur turned in, is made either of summer or autumn skins according to personal taste. Its hood (*nah-bak*) is trimmed, preferably with wolverine, (*kool-vig*) round the facing (*poo-ee-tabk*).

The **outside artiga** (*kool-ee-tak*) should fit perfectly over the inside *artiga* and is made of heavy, winter caribou skins. Its hood also is trimmed with wolverine; wolverine stands up better than wolf skin under the numerous beatings necessary to rid the facing of ice and frost formed by the wearer's breath. On the trail the two *artigas* should never be separated or taken into one's quarters at night, as a sudden change to a warmer temperature may dampen the skins.

An **extra inside artiga**, sometimes called the **camp artiga**, should be included. Worn under a skirt of Grenfell cloth (balloon fabric will do), it is used while visiting camps and settlements or when sweat and toil of the trail have dampened the regular apparel.

The hood of each *artiga* should fit snugly about the face and there should be no drag on the head—a fault that is conducive to headaches and fatigue. These garments should be fashioned so that their weight is borne on the shoulders, and the wearer, to protect his back from draught, should be able to tuck the tail under himself when sitting; Eskimos have a tendency to make *artigas* too short.

The **inside fur pants** (*a-tuk-tabk*) should be roomy enough to provide plenty of leg and seat space. Tight-fitting clothes in 40 or 50 degrees below zero will make a patrol little short of unendurable.

Oversize drill trousers of the fatigue type, made of canvass or denim or any hard-wearing material that does not collect snow, are worn over the inside fur pants during ordinary Northern weather.

Outside fur pants (*cog-leek*), made long enough in the legs to permit the bottoms to overlap the tops of the wear-

er's boots, are for very cold or windy days or when the patrol calls for long sessions of sitting on the sled.

Fur boots (*kahm-miks*) have tops made of skins from the legs of caribou and bottoms made of tanned moose-hide with lined insoles of caribou skin fur side up. For trail use, only one pair is necessary, but if the durability of the boots being worn is at all doubtful an extra pair should be taken along.

And special boots with seal-skin bottoms are required for visiting camps as often there is moisture underfoot in the igloos.

Boots should be large enough to allow for a pair of issue, light woollen socks, a pair of fur socks with fur turned in, and two pairs of short duffel socks for extreme weather.

Two pairs of **fur socks** (*oo-luk-tee*), made of fawn skin for comfort and extra warmth, should be sufficient. A pair of duffel socks (two if necessary) is worn over the fur socks so that frost won't form between the fur insoles and the hide of the socks; frost turns to ice which must be melted before it can be removed and the resultant moisture when dried imparts a hardness to the hide that will cause cracks and eventual tearing. Duffel socks should be sewn strictly to measure and their seams should meet edge to edge without overlapping.

Four pairs of **mitts** (*pwak-luk*), two inside pairs and two outside, are needed. They should be large enough to cover the face for even a slight breeze on a very cold day may inflict frost-bite.



Uluks — keen-edged knives used by the natives for fleshing.

Contrary to popular belief, the native is not immune to the cold; he feels it as much as the white man does and on the trail continuously nurses his face to maintain proper circulation. Experience has taught him how to exist in his native land, and on the question of what to wear the novice will do well to be guided closely by his actions. Things he does may seem senseless at first, but results will reveal that behind them there is sound reasoning and that usually they make for personal comfort. Mitts hang ready at all time, suspended by a woollen cord that passes round the neck.

The **fur sleeping bag** (*kee-pik*) is a most important item of equipment. It is made in two parts with the inside part fitting perfectly into the outside one. Its top edges should be fringed with small strips of caribou (*heen-yuk*) to prevent draft and frosting. Rolled up the inside *artiga* serves as a pillow (*uk-huk*). A well-made sleeping bag is warm—the natives sleep naked in theirs.

* * *

SOON after the first snow-fall is a good time to "worm" the dogs as they are then again being exercised. Worming, by the way, should be done every three months, oftener if necessary. Doing it right after the first snow-fall obviates the necessity of starving the animals for 24 hours shortly before they begin the patrol and consequently they are not in a weakened condition at this time when they need all their strength.

Many Northerners feed their dogs sparingly, believing that a full diet makes dogs fat and lazy. I contend that dogs should be given every ounce of green fish they can possibly get, with occasional pieces of blubber; also that between patrols they should be well fed so that their stamina can be built up and maintained.

Some dog owners, who find it convenient to be miserly with dog feed, feign belief in the theory that a dog works best when hungry. They should not be criticized too severely, I suppose,



The author in winter patrol dress.

as dog feed is very expensive to buy and there are times when artificial feed such as fish meal, corn meal and patent dog meals have to be used.

The proper feeding of dogs is important and the subject has been dealt with at some length here so that the novice may not be misled into continuing all year round the custom of feeding dogs only once every two days as is done during the off season which starts late in May or in mid-June according to the locality.

* * *

WITH dog feed, winter clothing and the conditioning of the dogs attended to, the next step is to put harness, gear and sleds into shape for patrol work and to prepare the trail grub.

On barren lands in the Western Arctic the Nome hitch is used exclusively. This consists of placing the dogs in tandem or pairs with a leader that works alone

out front. Teams of 11 or 13 dogs are used, depending on the feed available.

The harness comprises a soft pliable leather collar with two strips attached of either leather or webbing about an inch and a quarter wide and an eighth of an inch thick. The strips, one on each side of the collar, extend back about four inches beyond the dog's hindquarters and are hitched to a whipple-tree. Each dog has an individual whipple-tree—hard wooden bar slightly longer than the animal's width—and this provides a means for attaching him to what is known as a trace. Cross straps rest on the dog's back and hold the side strips up free of his legs while a belly-band, fastened by a bulldog snap, keeps the harness in position.

Care should be taken to make sure that the harness fits well, for comfort is essential if best results are to be achieved from the team. Ill-fitting harness causes gall sores and can render a dog useless its first day out.

A second collar, worn continually, is used to attach each dog to the tug, to keep him in place in the team line-up and to anchor him to the dog line at night. This collar should be made of harness webbing, not leather, and fit snugly enough that the animal can't slip out of it; a leather collar is bulky and interferes with the harness collar, rubs the dog's neck and promotes soreness, and is heavier and colder.

The tug—a line that connects the dogs to the sled—is made in sections and can be adjusted to accommodate any number of dogs. The section nearest the sled should be the heaviest—not less than one inch and an eighth in diameter—for the greatest strain from the whole team is here, with the exception of that caused by the two wheel dogs which are attached to the thimble of the main tug. The tug is connected to the bridle of the sled by means of a shackle that also has an attachment for the anchor line. To allow plenty of space between the pairs of dogs, each section of the tug is usu-

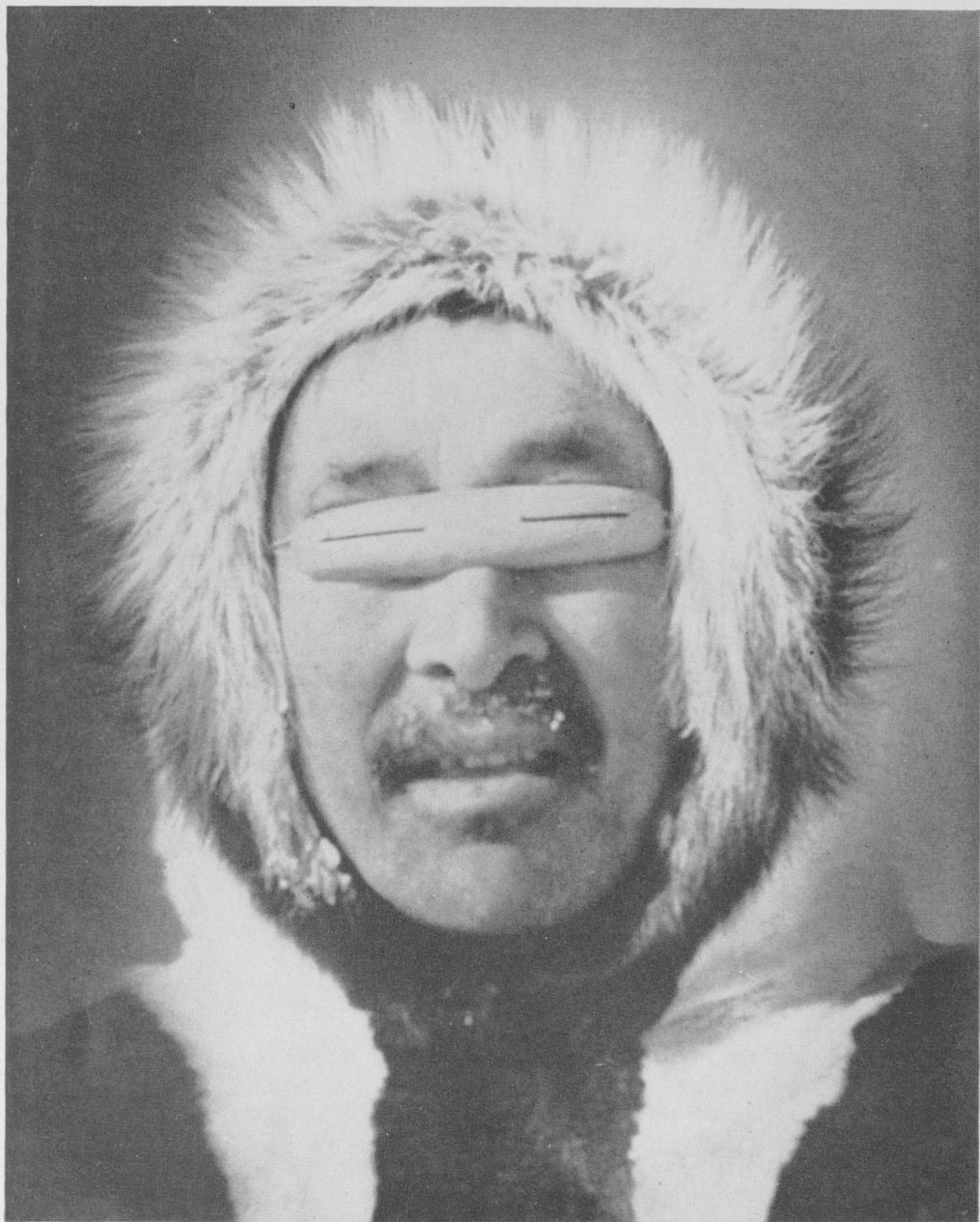
ally nine feet long and tapers gradually. The tapering is carried on through the tug's entire length until at the end of the lead section it is about three-eighths of an inch thick.

At the front end of each tug section is a collar tie-rope made of one-quarter-inch line about a foot long with a small snap that is hooked to the dog's collar when he is harnessed. At the other end of each section is an attached line known as a trace, usually three-eighths of an inch thick, that is fastened by a bulldog snap to the whipple-tree staple. The equipment is designed to facilitate a quick and easy change in the team line-up if expedient. A change simply entails undoing the trace of one dog and leaving him anchored to the tug by his tie-rope while the tie-rope and trace of the other dog selected is uncoupled and he is moved to his new position. The first dog is then released from his tie-rope and moved back to the space left vacant by the other dog.

* * *

TOBOGGANS are seldom used in this area of the District of Mackenzie. In some cases they are favoured by natives for trapping and round the detachment they are handy for hauling fish from winter net holes. But all "tripping" (patrols and so on) is done with the native sled.

The most satisfactory type is 16 feet in length and made of knot-free white pine. To keep the sled from slewing, its sides are wider apart on the front than on the back; about two inches thick they are spaced some two feet apart at the front and slightly less, perhaps an inch or two, at the rear. They are nearly always shod with steel (*peel-ra-ak*), but sometimes Australian gumwood serves the purpose. In rocky, timbered regions, the steel runners are removed and cached until the return trip, and soft wood runners are used instead. In early spring, especially, when the going is heavy and steel runners have a tendency to drag, the wooden ones are more satisfactory.



Snow "glasses" protect the Eskimos' eyes from winter glare.

The front ends (*oo-airng-nuk*) of the side boards taper upward and have ski-like tips grafted that slide easily over uneven surfaces. The boards themselves are held together by slattings (*napoon*) which are lashed to them at right angles; the holes by which the securing thongs pass through the side boards should be

staggered to minimize the chances of the wood splitting.

Round the sled, much like a life-line round a life-boat, is a line (*kie-luk-ee-oot*) that serves to lash the load into place.

The bridle (*pak-tee*) by which the main tug is fastened to the sled is so designed that the tug is easily attached

and detached—the tug simply passes through large holes in the fore part of each side board and hooks round the ends of the front cross-pieces which protrude for the purpose.

When cold weather sets in and the natives are certain there will be no thaw until spring, the special constable prepares the sled for the winter trail. First he covers the runners with sacking and with his bare hands moulds over this a paste of water and earth acquired earlier in the year before freeze-up. When the mud casting is approximately four inches thick and frozen, its running surface is levelled with a pack-plane. Then water is brushed on with a bearskin mitt in long even strokes over the full length of the runner to ensure smoothness. Water for this operation is carefully selected by the native, as the slightest trace of salt (a commodity present in the early winter snow on sea ice) is undesirable. Sometimes melted snow is used.

The mud runners (*hair-mirk*) are now ready.

If best results are to be obtained in the constructing of a *komitik* the Eskimo should be left to his own devices; in this field, he is possessed of infinite patience and invariably produces better results than the white man does.

* * *

WHILE the sled and harness are being made ready, some attention should be given to food for the trail. The new-comer leans toward living “hard” on the trail, a characteristic that stems from inexperience. He shouldn’t do this. Eating is frequently his only pleasure for days on end, and he should see beforehand that it will be as satisfying as possible. Preparation is the keynote here.

Food balls are important and easy to make. Simply mix various canned goods with fresh meat that has been through a grinder, add potatoes, onions and other vegetables and let stand in a safe place to freeze. Beans are more palatable if Mapleine is added, and macaroni and cheese, light to carry yet high in food

value, can be mixed with canned tomatoes and made into cakes in bread pans and frozen.

In baking bread for the trail, use lard generously as it prevents rigid freezing, stops the slices from crumbling and promotes instant thawing on the primus stove. Rather than take pilot biscuits, otherwise known as hardtack, sliced frozen bread should be taken.

Caribou hindquarters can be cut into steaks or stewing meat, frozen and packed into a bag or light box. Potatoes and onions should be peeled and frozen, and the former will cook faster if diced. Trail bannocks should be made with extra lard to prevent hard freezing, and the addition of extra sugar spiced with cinnamon gives them a more appetizing flavour. These are tasty with a cup of tea. Raisins are also a good food to take along. Doughnuts, another item that provides good snacks with tea, are easy to prepare and don’t require butter or jam; incidentally the former of the last two delicacies is usually so hard that a small hatchet is a more sensible utensil to use on it than is a table knife.

Bacon sliced, blended with beans and frozen is the staple breakfast food, not to mention rolled oats which are easy to cook and possess high blood-heating qualities. Sausages too are a favourite with many travellers in the North.

Food is, of course, a matter of personal likes and dislikes. However time devoted to preparing it properly before “hitting the trail” is time well spent.

* * *

WITH the foregoing tasks completed, a patrol is more or less ready to start. Of course there are other items to check, such as the primus stoves—a very important chore; be sure that the font is clean and the nipple serviceable—a worn nipple causes disagreeable fumes that become unbearable in a confined space such as inside an igloo. Also see that you have spare primus pricklers for cleaning the nipples, a wrench, spare nipples and spare pump leathers.

And here’s a tip regarding the primus



Author and special constable ready for extremely cold weather on a winter trail. Note rolled-oat repairs on runners.

stove. After using it, don't screw down the air release under the impression that by so doing you prevent the kerosene from dripping into the primus stove box; for some reason, probably the result of constant jolting working up an air pressure, considerable oil will force its way out through the nipple.

Next to attend to are the grub boxes, one for daily use and another for stock for the whole trip. The day box usually accommodates knives, forks, spoons, plates, matches, a screw-driver, some pliers, a small first aid kit containing the barest essentials, a box for bread and bannocks or doughnuts, salt, butter, jam, Klim, a can-opener, dish-towels, tea, coffee, bovril and last but not least some Government of Canada issue bond in neatly-wrapped lithographed packages of 1,000 sheets per.

Other articles to include are spare line to replace chewed or worn trace gear, coal-oil cans, snow-knives—always carry two of these, and when breaking camp make sure you don't forget them—candles, dog line, tethering chain, short lengths of hay wire, polar-bear-skin ic-

ing-mitten to ice the runners, wood rasps for filing the runners, sleeping skins, a shovel, sled anchor, spare rolled oats to repair possible mud fractures, two unbreakable thermos flasks wrapped in caribou sacks (*pohk*) to insure great insulation, methyl hydrate for lighting the primus stoves, a hurricane lamp, a cheap watch that can be hung about the neck where body warmth will keep it from freezing, and a tent if there is any sign that snow conditions won't be suitable for igloo construction. A telescope is useful, especially in spring for sealing on the ice. And another thing, don't forget a supply of caribou flank protectors for the younger dogs to save them from frost-bite.

An Eskimo usually takes the greater part of a day preparing for departure. He is methodical, refuses to be rushed and makes sure that nothing is overlooked. As long as he gets away, even if only four or five miles the first day, he is satisfied. The white traveller, on the other hand, is inclined to hurry. To get going is his chief concern, and in his haste he is apt to leave behind some article he can ill afford to be without. It has happened to me, in spite of using a check list to prevent it.

* * *

FINALLY, everything is ready. The night before departure, the special constable works on the mud runners and in the morning gives them another going over. The harness is laid out, and the dogs, eager to be off, bark excitedly as the big sled is made ready, its anchor down to prevent a sudden breakaway. The leader is hitched up first to keep the traces taut and clear, and his canine comrades whine anxiously, impatiently, and rear up on their hind legs as they wait their turn to join the team.

While this is going on, the special constable loads the sled, a duty he takes seriously, and his whole day may be spoiled by any inadvertent change or replacement not to his liking—a good point to remember. He puts the sled wrapper on first, then the heaviest articles for

stability, a grub box at each end, the primus stove box, possibly a ten-gallon drum of oil and several gallon coal-oil containers in their appointed places. The oil, of course, should be as far as possible from the grub.

Next come the sleeping skins (*kabk*) which are folded the width of the sled fur side in and tucked down between the grub boxes; then the dried fish, grub bags and so on, and on top of all these your personal clothing bag and *kee-piks* provide a semi-comfortable seat. Last to go on are the dog line and shovel, which are usually lashed on the outside of the load, along with the hurricane lamp, the rifle and the day bag which contains spare mitts, chocolate bars, ammunition and personal items.

When adjusting the sled wrapper, make sure that the top fold is toward the lee side of the sled so that drifting particles of snow cannot get under it to the supplies. This precaution helps a great deal in dirty weather, or against ground drift such as is experienced occasionally in otherwise perfectly fine weather.

The thermos bottles should be kept handy near the day grub box at the front

of the sled, and it is advisable to include an extra one filled with hot water for icing the runners on the trail.

* * *

AFTER the start is made, patrol procedure becomes routine, established according to individual preference. A fully-loaded sled weighs in the neighbourhood of 1,100 lbs., but slides along quite easily on its iced mud runners. Stories and movies of the North lean toward drama with men running all day behind or alongside the sled and cracking a whip. An absurd interpretation of reality! For if conditions are conducive to speed, there is certainly no necessity for the man to exhaust himself running. He can ride. The only reason he runs on occasion is to keep himself warm.

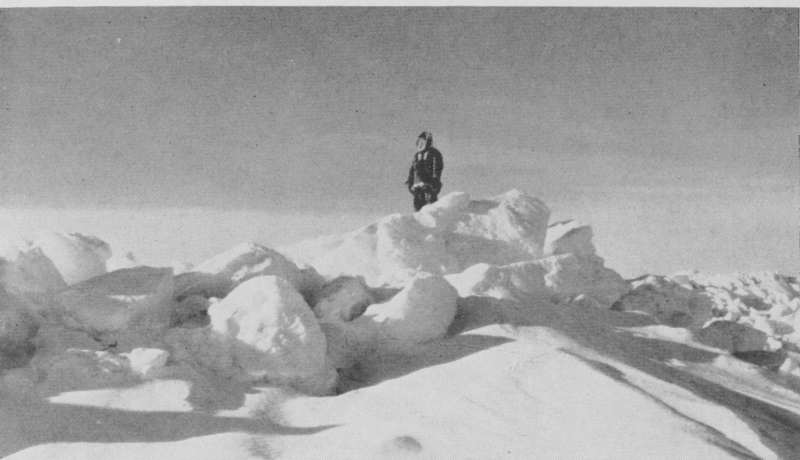
A whip should be carried only as a deterrent against dog fights. Indiscriminate use of a whip indicates not only incompetence but a despicable nature that should never be associated with dogs. A lazy dog should be dispensed with, not whipped, as all the punishment in the world won't improve him as a work dog. But a recalcitrant dog does not necessarily mean a lazy dog; the animal may be sick, and consideration should be shown him. Dogs don't work well under the menace of a whip, and a native shouldn't be allowed to beat them over the head with the whip handle. The constant use of a whip will embitter a dog, and should he ever escape from his leash he will be hard to catch. Nothing short of a steel trap will accomplish it.



Applying water to icing mitten.

Special constable files rough spots off runners of *komitik*.





A special constable looks out over ice hummocks, in search of the best route.

Huskies are friendly if treated properly, and from puppyhood should be handled daily to curb their instinctively wild nature. However, they should never be trusted ultimately, as their natural ferocity occasionally erupts in the form of savage assaults, and an unwary victim may suffer a severe mauling from vicious teeth. Among themselves, these animals prefer fighting to eating.

ABOUT three hours after starting the patrol is halted, the anchor thrown out and the dogs lie down to rest. It is time for tea, and the sled runners need re-icing. The sled wrapper is unlashed and the heavier articles unloaded, after which the wrapper is loosely hitched around the remainder of the articles to keep them from falling out when the sled is overturned. The rough edges of the runners are filed down, then the native applies the warm water from the additional thermos to each runner down its entire length in one sweep; he squirts the water from his mouth onto the bearskin icing mitten. Afterwards he throws the mitten into loose snow, stamps on it and leaves it to dry out. Bearskin is used because it is water-proof and tough, and if it does ice up the fur doesn't fall out.

The icing operation completed, the sled is turned over on its runners again and slewed back and forth sideways to free the new ice from snow. The sled is then reloaded and the guy rope tightened, leaving access to the grub box so that the bannock or doughnuts can be got at to have with the tea.

When the repast is over, be sure to

empty the thermos bottles and leave them open. If the cork is placed back in a thermos opening it will freeze there solidly, so put it in the bottom of the fur *pohk*. With utensils and accessories returned to the grub box, you check to make sure that none of the rasps have been overlooked—natives have a habit of sticking them in the snow and forgetting them—, and you're ready to hit the trail again. The anchor is taken up, the dogs given the go signal, and after kicking the front end of the sled to free it, the patrol continues. And all is well until the runners need further attention.

Some natives re-ice only when the sled starts to drag, apparent when mud stains appear on the trail; others re-ice at frequent intervals, whether the runners need it or not.

In areas of rough ice (*mahn-neel-labk*) and in heavy drifts (*net-sair-oh-vig*), a man should be on either side of the sled at the front to ease the fore part down gently each time the middle of the sled reaches the crest of a drift or goes over a big chunk of ice. Still, there are times when mud will fracture from one-quarter to one-half the length of the runner. Such occasions compel a halt for repairs and the patrol camps on the spot until the runners are patched up. The patching is done with rolled oats boiled to a thick consistency. Before applying the mixture the native dips his hand in water and smooths over the runner's surface. When the "patch" is in place it is allowed to stand until frozen, rasped even and iced in the same manner mud is.

Camp each night is made in a location

selected by the special constable. First he hunts for a drift of snow that looks suitable for his purpose, then finds a place that supports his weight and which contains no striations when he tests it with the snow-knife by sinking the 13 inch and a half blade up to the hilt. Snow blocks made of striated snow fall to pieces when handled.

The special changes into his fatigue *artiga* and dons mitts with tie strings round the top to shut out the snow while he is working. The hurricane lamp provides light until the igloo is completed and the patrol moves inside where candles are used.

While the special is busy with his construction job you lay out the dog line and bury each end of the toggle in hard snow, packing it down securely. The dogs are then taken out of harness and leashed to the dog line by swivelled chains that are about nine feet apart. Glad to rest at this time, they usually curl up quietly. The sled is unloaded and equipment not required for the night is set aside and covered with the sled wrapper which serves as a tarpaulin. The harness is stored here as a safety measure against any of the dogs getting loose in the night and chewing it to shreds. Incidentally an application of coal oil on an article will discourage any dog for all time from chewing it.

With the dogs settled down and the equipment stowed away, the next task is to help the special by passing to him the snow blocks he has cut. When the igloo is built you can assist with the chinking and banking. It is advisable to bank the igloo well, and in bad weather extra care should be devoted to this task.

Sleeping skins and fur sleeping robes are passed in through the entrance (*tobk-hobk*), as also are the day grub box, the primus stove box and other essentials. Articles such as clothing, sacks, skins and so on are beaten with a small stick (*an-now-tabk*) to free them of snow that might fall on the sleeping platform (*eeg-lairk*). Be sure to beat out your own clothes whenever you enter an igloo if

you intend to stay awhile.

Inside the igloo, after making sure there is a hole (*poo-too*) in the top for ventilation, the primus stoves are installed and lighted. Without proper ventilation even a candle soon sputters and goes out; one should always make sure before retiring that the *poo-too* is in good working order.

The special hauls in ice or a snow block to be melted for cooking purposes, and the stoves soon warm the place comfortably. The dogs are fed while the meal is being cooked. After supper the dishes are washed, more snow is melted for the morning, the diary is written up, the special fits into place the block that seals the entrance and—day is done.

* * *

IN the morning after breakfast, the thermos bottles are filled for the day, the special gives* the sled a going over while the primus stoves are being filled and the breakfast dishes cleaned. When the sled is ready, the equipment in the igloo is passed out through the *tobk-hobk*, if the igloo is still in good condition. But if the igloo is in poor shape and cannot be used again, the articles are pushed out through a hole made in the wall. Then the dogs are harnessed, the dog line is taken up and the load is securely lashed. A final survey to ensure that nothing has been left behind, and you jump on the sled before the dogs start for they like a quick getaway.

The special lifts the anchor, kicks the nose of the sled, you note the time and another day has started. And you wonder what it has in store and whether "tripping" is all it is romanced up to be.



Anchored to the dog line, in drifting snow.

A Police Patrol

Skirmishes with Indians

by EX-CST. E. F. RACEY

FOLLOWING the engagement at Cut Knife Hill some 30 miles from Battleford on May 2, 1885, between Lt. Col. W. D. Otter's column and the Crees under Poundmaker, the victorious red men became wanderers in the Eagle Hills and Battle river country.

Food was scarce. The supplies looted from the Indian agency stores and settlers' homes had been consumed and Nature's larder was emptying fast. Gone were the days when the plains and forests abounded with game, when luscious trout and bass swarmed aplenty in the woodland streams and lakes. Rabbit meat had now become the main dish of the nomads who, to conserve their ammunition for future clashes with the white man, resorted to the primitive bow and arrow and the snare while hunting.

Yet hunger and want failed to dampen the aboriginal ardour for nightly war-dances executed to the sombre throb of tom-toms and the weird shrieks of untamed spirits. Cavorting wildly in breech-clout, moccasins, war paint and feathers, their shadows in the light of the camp fire flitting from tree to tree, the dancers produced a spectacle of demoniacal passion. Advancing with shoulders well back, they started with a sort of exaggerated goose step and as the tempo mounted so did their frenzy.

Some older bucks harked back to the days when they fought the Blackfoot and the Bloods, when scalps were plentiful and buffalo roamed the plains. Those good times, they prophesied, were destined to return after the white foe was

A stirring tale of high adventure, exciting danger and bloodshed with the Indians during The North-west Rebellion, told by a veteran of the Force who took part in the incident.



Poundmaker, leader of the Crees, as he appeared about the time the incident related here took place.

Reg. No. 969, ex-Cst. E. F. Racey joined the N.W.M.P. at Ottawa, Ont., on Nov. 7, 1883, and served five years. A member of the Force's old "B" Division, he was in the engagement at Cut Knife Hill and was mentioned in dispatches by his officer commanding as "deserving of recognition for bravery and dash". He now resides in Victoria, B.C.

exterminated and the prairies, as Riel had promised them, once again belonged to Indian and half-breed. The younger braves were imbued by a desire to emulate the deeds of their elders.

Such orgies kept the war flame glowing, the warriors' vehemence at fever pitch and helped to ease the pangs of hunger.

Meanwhile, the men in Colonel Otter's column, which had retired from the perilous position at Cut Knife Hill and camped just outside the stockade at Fort Battleford, spent most of their time training and sharing nightly outlying picket duty. The Mounted Police attached to the brigade patrolled the country daily in all directions. At an early hour each morning a patrol, consisting usually of an N.C.O. in charge and four constables, started out; each day miles of almost impassable ground were traversed, and seldom would the weary patrol return before sundown. It was dangerous work in that savage-infested area, for the patrol might at any time meet up unexpectedly with a band of wandering Indians and either have to fight it out or, if too greatly outnumbered, work out their salvation in other ways.

* * *

I REMEMBER one such encounter which took place on May 14, 1885.

In the morning of that day we were instructed to ride a little further than usual in the area south of the Battle river, if possible to a certain settler's cabin. The settler had been forced to flee, but before doing so had buried two guns in his back yard. Our task was to unearth the guns and bring them to camp. Our search was to be in a section unfamiliar to us of the Eagle Hills which was a favourite stamping ground of wandering enemy bands, and to find the small cabin was going to be difficult—that much we knew.

We left camp at 7 o'clock with Reg. No. 670, Sgt. J. C. Gordon in charge of our party which comprised besides myself four other constables and a half-breed guide. After a few miles the trail was little more than an indistinct thread. It wound tortuously through rough hilly country well wooded with poplar bluffs that made ideal cover for anyone bent on ambush. For several miles we followed our usual routine of examining the ground a mile or so in from the trail on both sides.

At noon we stopped beside a small stream for a lunch of hard tack and spring water. A short rest, then we decided to push straight on for the settler's cabin. The trail got worse as we went along, but that was nothing to what awaited us at the top of one hill we ascended. We rode into a large band of Indians travelling in the opposite direction.

For a moment they were as startled as we. A glance satisfied us that we were hopelessly outnumbered, about 20 to one, and that our only hope was to make a running fight of it.

Rifles barked—theirs and ours—and the Indians made a concerted rush forward, yelling like fiends. We emptied a few of their saddles, then turned and rode for cover. To our dismay we saw a large party of Indians bearing down on us from the crest of a hill on our right. To think of stopping and making a stand was out of the question, so we rode like mad. One of our men, Reg. No. 983, Cst. W. I. Spencer, kept on going. As he dug both spurs into his horse, we cursed him heartily, checked the Indian advance and retreated further.

Another of our party, Reg. No. 973, Cst. F. O. Elliot, was shot from his horse, but we were being pressed too hard to stop and see whether he was dead or not. Common sense dictated the only sensible course open to us. Elliot's horse had bolted, and to stop and try to help our unfortunate comrade, or to investigate, would have been sheer suicide.

All we could do was retreat a few yards at a time, seek cover, fire one or two rounds, then retreat again. We kept doing this until in about an hour and a half the Indians forsook the chase, fortunately before we suffered more casualties.

Back at Battleford we learned that Spencer was under the care of Dr. Strange of "C" Company, Royal School of Infantry, one of the militia surgeons. Then only did we understand why he had fled, leaving us behind. During the first exchange of shots he had been

wounded in the back. The bullet had been deflected by a cartridge in his belt, entered his body to the right of his spine, made a sort of half circle and emerged through the front of his belt, taking some of his revolver ammunition. He had ridden to within a short distance of the Battle river when he was taken from his horse and conveyed in the ambulance to the field hospital. Deciding that a man who, with a bullet hole in his innards, had ridden seven miles or more over a rugged, ill-defined trail through bush country had grit to spare, we forgot our grudge against him.

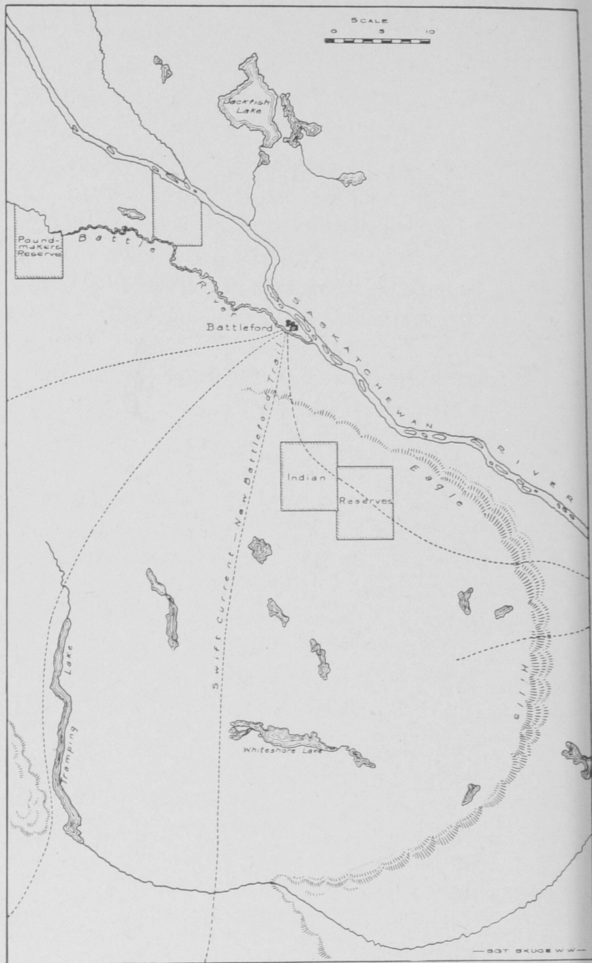
A large rescue party and a wagon drawn by four of our fastest horses were immediately made ready to go for poor Elliot. We of the scouting party just had time to replenish our cartridge belts, saddle fresh horses and grab a mouthful of food.

* * *

Two trails led up into the Eagle Hills. One, known at that time as "the new trail", was in general use; it curved along the top of a ridge flanked on both sides by heavily-wooded ravines. But it was not as steep or dangerous as the other which forked off to the east about a quarter of a mile; the latter, called "the old trail", had a surface of very heavy gravel, mostly round flint stones that made poor footing for horses. From these hills it was about four miles to our objective.

At the scene of our skirmish we had little difficulty in locating the spot where Elliot had fallen. On foot we followed the Indians' tracks through bush and over hills until we reached a part of the Battleford-Swift Current trail that circled a dune. Here we saw a gruesome thing. Elliot's dead body had been buried in sand taken from a badger mound nearby, but his head was uncovered—left to the mercy of any wild beasts that chanced by.

In silent rage we gazed at our departed comrade, realizing that in the fast-approaching darkness it would be impossible to convey his remains to the wagon



over the rough ground we had travelled; to attempt it would be foolhardy. Nor was there any way of moving the wagon to the other more passable trail without returning to Battleford. While we pondered this problem, another point came up for consideration. The Indians, confident that we would come back for the body, had made sure it would be easy to find. But their strategy was obvious to all of us; the spot they had chosen for burial was ideal for an ambush. Well aware of their intention and preferring to run the risk in daylight, we returned to Battleford to wait for dawn.

Next morning at 4.30, a squad of 20 men together with a light wagon and a four-horse team, set out along the Swift Current trail. We rode south from Battleford, crossed the Battle river about half a mile from camp, then proceeded through hilly country lush with poplar bluffs.

At the junction of the two trails, just before they entered the Eagle Hills, was a high bald-faced elevation, from the top of which a person with binoculars or remarkably good eyesight could spy on the activities in the camp at Battleford. Here, one of our men who had recently patrolled that locality drew attention to a clump of young poplars.

"Those trees grew up mighty fast," he announced.

Upon investigating we found that the trees had no roots. They had been merely stuck in the ground, making a U-shaped screen behind which were signs that someone had recently lain hidden there.

We resumed our march, rode up the new trail and through the wooded hills until we came to the dune. Our comrade's body had not been disturbed. Cautiously we circled the clearing, our senses alert to detect any movement in the surrounding bush. The wagon was wheeled round and the body dug up and placed in it.

And at that moment the Indians broke cover and were upon us. They swarmed from all directions. The corpse was hurriedly roped down and, as the signal to return to camp was given, rifle fire poured in on us. But marvellous to relate, not one of our party was hit.

We were soon in full retreat, returning the Indians' fire as we urged our horses to utmost speed. I happened to be one of the advance guard and some instinct caused me to swerve to the old trail, despite the shouts of Reg. No. 594, Sgt. Major T. Wattam who was riding with the support. My two companions stayed with me, and fortunately the whole troop with the wagon followed us.

It was a wild ride that got wilder as we plunged down the steep hill. A group of Indians in ambush on the new trail awakened to the fact that we had changed our route and rushed toward us, shooting as they came. We of the advance guard wheeled at the bottom of the hill and

emptied our guns with good results. Soon the support was aiding us, covering the wagon's descent.

The wagon rolled down at terrific speed, bouncing and jolting along with an incessant clatter as it passed over the many rocks. The lower part of the dashboard was knocked out and the corpse, shaken loose from its hastily-knotted bindings, slid forward along the wagon pole. The off man threw himself into the wagon box and gripping Elliot's hand held him steady. At the foot of the hill, the old four-wheeler trundled past us and scudded under cover for repairs.

We also took cover and engaged the attention of our enemies who seemed to be closing in on a wide front. The weird beat of tom-toms sounded from the top of the hill; war-whoops and yells re-



Ex-Cst. E. F. Racey wearing his North-west Rebellion medal.

sounded on all sides, and rifles barked harshly. We went about the business methodically and kept up a steady fire. Finally the Indians retreated; our resistance was evidently stiffer than they had expected. They made one or two attempts to draw us into the open, but, failing in this, withdrew.

Meanwhile the wagon had been repaired and the corpse fastened down firmly. Battleford was reached without further incident, and Elliot's remains were buried in the Mounted Police cemetery there*.

SUBSEQUENTLY, following their surrender and the end of the rebellion, we learned from the Indians that Fate had favoured us. The Indian scout stationed on that hill behind the poplar screen, not expecting us so early in the morning, had fallen asleep. Barely getting clear himself, he had scurried from his hiding-place a few minutes before we arrived. Belatedly he carried news of our activities to his brother savages with the result that they had not sufficient time to perfect their plans for the ambush they had in mind.

**Editor's note:* Ex-Constable Elliot's "Rebellion 1885" medal is held at R.C.M.P. Headquarters, Ottawa. Information from any of our readers regarding his next of kin would be appreciated. Address: The Commissioner, R.C.M.P., Ottawa, Ont.

Reflections of a Reserve Constable

by ONE OF THEM

THE lot of a Reserve constable in the R.C.M.P. furnishes him lasting memories of good companionship and close association with that great family—the Force—and none of us would have missed it for anything.

Most of us in the Reserve are business men with some experience in meeting and judging people, but few people in civil life are entrusted with the responsibilities that came our way under the stress of the times when war was upon the world. Few civilians are familiar as we are with the ironclad limits of Rules and Regulations, with the inflexibility of the Criminal Code.

Motor cars owned by members of the Reserve played a useful part in our policing activities, and we learned to appreciate the special brand of ironic humour incidental to spinning wheels in snow-drifts at seven cents per mile and using up precious gas coupons to get nowhere. But it wasn't funny when our vehicles sustained broken parts for which there were no replacements. And sad indeed was the experience of one Reserve who parked his car under a rotted oak during a round of duty.

For some, the shadows of those dark events linger on. But, now that the rush of war years is over, we rather tend to remember best the lighter moments of our experiences and are inspired by the Commissioner's assurance that we Reserves are still wanted. Our job is not yet done. Assignments in the Youth and Police program, in recruiting campaigns, in routine inquiries and as contacts in criminal investigations await us, and all are pursuits of potential interest.

While I'm in the mood I'd like to say something about those "routine" files—I'm addressing N.C.O.s in charge. I wasn't able to locate Mrs. Gwendolyn X believed to be residing at Montreal; I didn't unearth the revolver described in circular C-1—I didn't even see the circular; and when John Doe, 93, was missing, I never did learn what church he attended so that the burials could be checked. I partly succeeded though in that "for necessary attention and report" investigation; with the help of the 18 mm snapshot attached I produced the subject's brother but, apparently judging from the way the N.C.O. spluttered, my efforts were unavailing.

Don't forget that diary dates which always arrive on schedule but are not "concluded here" are a little less than new to us; that serving as detachment relief is one thing, but policing in a big city has its troubles for the newly trained. So have a heart for guys like me.

ALL OVER THE WORLD -



From Vancouver to The Cape the preference
is for Player's . . . Because as always "It's The Tobacco
That Counts" . . . So for complete satisfaction say

*Player's
Please*

CORK TIP and PLAIN

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



Recruits on foot drill, Regina, Sask.

Training and Duties in the Force

AS THE Force approaches its objective of 1,000 recruits the *Quarterly* echoes what has been said often and well by many others—that the opportunities for a good career and for satisfying a sense of adventure and service to community and country are practically without limit in the R.C.M.P. For instance, apart from much of the work embraced by the land section of the Force, the R.C.M.P. Marine and Aviation Sections offer unprecedented attractions for young men not possessed of the analytical turn of mind required of the plain-clothesman or detective and the laboratory technician, as it were.

Though its character has changed greatly since the Force's formation 74 years ago, the R.C.M.P. in its duties still embodies much of the glamour of the frontier through its Northern and other far-flung detachments. But with provincial statute enforcement duties in six of Canada's nine provinces, plus town policing in an ever-mounting number of municipalities in those provinces, and as sole enforcer of all Federal statutes in Canada and of all laws in the Northwest Territories and Yukon Territory, the job of the R.C.M.P. has steadily grown in variety and importance.

With this great and vast country of ours entering more and more into world affairs and acquiring greater significance in its global role, the always-present possibilities of international intrigue have imposed new and graver duties upon the Force, just as they have upon such of our esteemed contemporaries as the F.B.I. in our great neighbour to the south and Scotland Yard in Great Britain. No, the R.C.M.P. is not, as some people have chosen to put it, coasting on a tradition and prestige won in an earlier day.

As a follow-up to the article which appeared in the January issue of the *Quarterly* under the title "Training",

and because it describes so well and truly the lot of a Mounted Policeman and the life that is his as he pursues his high purpose of enforcing the law by land, air and water (sea and inland), we reprint the appended piece from the Saskatoon *Star Phoenix*:

* * *

THERE still is adventure in the life of a Mounted Policeman.

In 1947 a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police may pound a typewriter at 30 words a minute, touch system, which his much-in-the-saddle forebear in the North West Mounted Police of 1873 never did, but he also may find himself on a lonely Arctic trek, in an aeroplane, aboard a speedy gas cruiser, or facing a desperado armed with a gun.

The R.C.M.P. patrols cover an area as large as Europe, ranging from cities and towns to sea coast, Arctic ice, the Yukon and many far-flung places. There's still lots of scope for a young fellow with character, muscle, and good everyday Canadian know-how.

Today's Mounted Policeman may not often be called upon to ride a horse, but the riding school, abandoned during the war, is once again part of his curriculum, real riding not merely learning to sit prettily and pose for tourists' cameras.

The saddle part of it today is a very minor and emergency asset in actual police work, but an important item in training. It has been proved that the riding school, with its gruelling routine, is a splendid form of physical culture, and, more than that, an index of, and developer of character. "If a chap has any yellow in him, it'll show up in equitation", old-timers say.

Moreover, the famous musical rides, Canada's unique contribution to the national symbolism and the world of colour and pageantry, are to be revived.

While since 1939 there has been less accent on horsemanship, the Force never



Crime Detection Laboratory technician restoring erased serial number on weapon.

entirely forgot horses, and a remount unit for the breeding of saddle stock has been maintained in the Maple Creek, Sask., country.

Today, of course, the training is more diversified, and more intense than in the days of the men who "could shoot and ride".

Today a rookie's training will qualify him for any of the following activities of the Force:

General enforcement of law and order.

Provincial and municipal police work.

Duty in Yukon, Northwest Territories and Arctic.

Aviation Section; Mounted Section; Dog Section; Marine Section; Criminal Investigation Department; instruction cadre.

* * *

Work with Youth

To these have been added a new field for those officers and men adapted to it—"Youth and the Police", quite a recent development. The purpose is to build up in school children understanding of the proper relationship between law-enforcement officials and the general public—to teach youngsters that the Mounted and other police are "their friends, and not the bogey man".

The Force was seized with a consciousness of the increase in juvenile de-

linquency. One part of the plan was by talks to school classes and visits to institutions to show in simple manner how laws operate, and how the liberties we enjoy are only possible through laws and their enforcement.

As a matter of fact it goes a good deal further. There is no attempt to found a "junior Mountie" movement, or anything like that. The idea is to work alongside with existing youth movements. Many members of the R.C.M.P. are, for instance in small communities, organizing such recreations as swimming, boxing, and physical training. One detachment put four school rinks into a curling bonspiel.

The talks are informal, and avoid dryness. Some of them are illustrated, and the colourful items of history and operation are not forgotten.

* * *

They Have a Tradition

There is, admittedly a lot of routine in the training, and after graduation. There is a certain amount of brass and leather polishing, even broom-wielding, to contrast with lectures on criminal law and courses in chemistry, a meticulous formula for writing reports, a strict discipline in even the minor details of personal living.

All of it is calculated to produce a man who in character, in forgetting of himself, in physical endurance, in mental

alertness and ability to think and act quickly, can live up to the tradition of frontier days, but in the modern manner.

Glory? It wasn't all glory in the old days, though history, with its habit of picking out high lights, might make you think so.

For every surrender of a band of Indian warriors to a lone figure in a scarlet tunic, there were many dusty overalled hours of grooming horses. For every triumph of a bad man brought to justice there were many miles of heat and dust, cold and hunger, of wearisome and seemingly useless questioning.

But, coming back to fact and today, let's have a look at *Information for Prospective Recruits*—official handbook on the requirements of the Force.

To be accepted as a recruit you must be:

A Canadian or British subject.

Not less than 18 (temporary limit—usually is 21) and not more than 30 years old.

Not less than 5' 8" in your socks; not more than 185 lbs. in weight, if between 5' 8" and 6' 1"; not more than 200 lbs., if over 6' 1".

Able to speak and write either French or English.

Able to pass a rigid medical examination on a standard set by the R.C.M.P.

Able to attain a pass mark in educational and other tests. Education must not be less than graduation from Grade X.

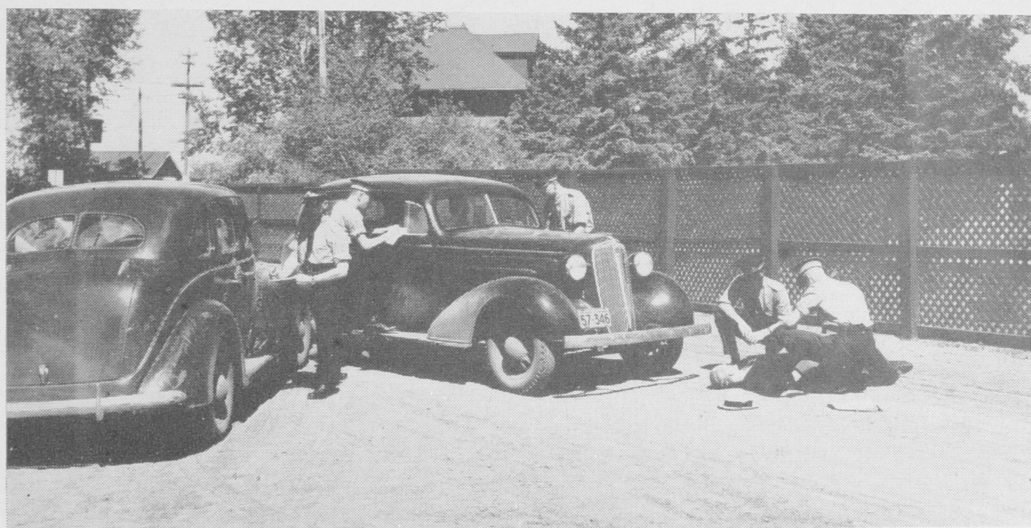
There are several other provisions, including production of two certificates of character, and proof of vaccination within the past seven years. All applicants are finger-printed.

* * *

Rules on Marriage

THIS might be the point at which to mention the Force's attitude on marriage.

Married men cannot join the Force. The married establishment is limited to 50 per cent of the total uniformed strength, with approximately six years of service before marriage permission can be granted. Members are not permitted to marry without the consent of the Commissioner, and if this is granted the applicant must be free from debt and have cash or convertible assets to the value of \$1,200.



Recruits studying an automobile accident, as part of their training.

Talking about debt, "No member of the Force is permitted to incur any debts which he is unable or unwilling to discharge . . . it will be obvious that any peace officer who places himself in such a position can no longer carry out his duties in a strictly impersonal way in the community where he has become involved. . . ."

Engagement (they don't call it enlistment) is, first for a probationary period of five years, and re-engagement means a further course of instruction at Rockcliffe, near Ottawa, Ont., or at Regina, Sask.

Some 200 "rookies" were recently in training at Regina, while 30 graduated at Rockcliffe in December last.

Part 1 of the syllabus comprises 37 hour-periods of parade-ground drill, 38 of physical drill, including "physical jerks", cross-country running and boxing, and 13 hours of "police holds" which render the pupil capable of handling the toughest of toughies.

In addition there are many hours of lectures on criminal law, court procedure, R.C.M.P. Rules and Regulations, Federal Statutes, public relations, R.C. M.P. Act, driving and maintenance of automobiles, and care and riding of horses (equitation).

The second three-month phase of training (known as Part II) gives 120 more hours to the various branches of physical training, and 20 hours to qualify for a St. John Ambulance Association certificate, and, with increased proficiency, additional bars to the medallion.

In the second phase, too, the courses of the first three months are consolidated, and the student starts to branch out into the details of Federal law. Intensive instruction is also given in such things as reporting automobile accidents, studying cattle brands, fire fighting, traffic control, handling crowds, interviewing, searches, handling police witnesses, and "aids to investigation".

Fascinating Work

"AIDS to investigation" covers a lot of territory, and is the most fascinating part of a Mounted Policeman's education. The course includes a series of illustrated lectures and actual tests conducted by experts in the R.C. M.P. Crime Detection Laboratory which holds its own in technique and equipment with London's Scotland Yard, the Paris Surete and the F.B.I. set-up in Washington. Here are some of the things the recruit studies as "aids".

Counterfeiting; finger-prints; photography, including enlargements, reproduction of documents and the taking of stereoscopic pictures; drawing plans of the scene of an investigation, or to indicate a route; bullet fractures in glass; identification of metals; medicine as it applies to crime; stains and toxicology; ballistics; the science of identifying firearms and relating bullets to the weapons from which they were fired, by microscopic examination; estimating the distance at which a shot has been fired; the portrait parle, or word portrait, by which, through the use of standard definitions on shape of face, eyes, ears, head, nose and other physical characteristics a person's appearance can be accurately described in detail.

Leisure hours are few—a recruit's life is much like that of a cadet at an officers' training centre. And discipline covers everything, even to the proper place to stow a Stetson or a toothbrush.

And so your recruit graduates, for his five-year probationary period. He won't go out on his own immediately—perhaps he'll be assigned to headquarters or to a large detachment, then possibly as second man in a small detachment.

It's Still Something!

He'll learn to wear his red serge and not be self-conscious about it—not to blush when he hears a feminine tourist's gasp of admiration, not to scowl at the facial or verbal sneer of those who, for reason, hate his uniform. He'll learn to be a diplomat, father confessor, friend-

in-need, amateur doctor, and lawyer of parts. He'll learn to go without sleep for two or three nights, to travel cross-country, without benefit of roads, by car, to paddle a canoe, drive a dog team or motorsled, even, perhaps to pilot a plane. He will, if found suitable, spend a year at a time in the solitude of an Arctic outpost or fight his part of the war against crime with microscope or

typewriter. He will, after 20 years, have the opportunity to retire on a fair pension, with enough of his life left to earn a useful living, and to look back with satisfaction on his days in the Force, days, and nights, of hard work and good comradeship, of contrasting adventure and routine.

Yes, it's still something, this being a "Mountie".

Free Medical

In this more or less true story there will be no attempt to leave the impression that all or any of the participants lived happily ever after. It's about a certain sergeant major who believed in tradition and carried out his duties with the fervour of an actor playing the lead in Hamlet. He was bluff and gruff, and on Saturday mornings when presiding over the sick parade he was at his bluffest and gruffest.

On this particular Saturday morning it so happened that the N.C.O. in charge of Headquarters Detachment became irked at so many "customers" crowding the office counter and instructed some of them to wait in the adjoining room—a huge hall used for drill and badminton. The medical office also abutted on this room, and benches, which accommodated the morning sick parade along with prospective recruits waiting the pleasure of the acting assistant surgeon, skirted the wall between it and the detachment office.

Meanwhile in his usual masterly fashion the sergeant major ran off the sick parade, sending each patient in turn to the M.O. When this work was completed, he remarked to the doctor that the Personnel Department's publicity program seemed to be bringing results.

He called in one of the likeliest looking of the potential recruits for medical examination, and with the ease of long practice set the routine in motion.

"Off shirt, down pants, off shoes, step on the scales" and so forth. The doctor examined the applicant and sent him on his way to try the educational test.

Applicant number two!

The sergeant major spotted a tall, well-built young fellow and curtly beckoned him into the M.O.'s office. The customary procedure followed. Heart good; blood pressure okay. A fine physical specimen. Oh oh, one little thing.

"Young man", said the doctor, "your teeth need attention. There are several *caries*."

The young man, obviously overawed from the start by the size and demeanour of the sergeant major, not to mention the glitter of surgical instruments in the wall-case and the business-like efficiency of the M.O., now looked definitely nonplussed.

"My teeth", he echoed. "Say, is all this necessary?"

The sergeant major drew himself up. "It most certainly is. It's regulations."

"Since when? What in the world have my teeth to do with my car skidding into another jalopy?"

The sergeant major started. "Car?" He cleared his throat noisily several times, "Aren't you a recruit?"

The young man frowned. "I am not. I'm here to see about a car accident I was in." He gestured with his hand. "Is there some new law about things like that?"

The sergeant major grinned weakly. "There's been a mistake", he explained. "The— the joke's on us. No charge for your medical."

The stranger put on his clothes and stalked out. There is no record that he ever got his teeth fixed.

POLICE TELEPHONE MANNERS

By SUB.-INSPR. H. S. COOPER

In the building of good public relations, telephone manners play an important part. There is no model to follow, as unfortunately a telephone conversation, unlike the written word, leaves no record for subsequent examination. It does, however, leave an indelible impression — good or bad — on the caller.

PROGRESSIVE organizations are becoming more and more alive to the necessity of establishing good public relations, for good public relations reap that priceless asset — goodwill. All experienced policemen appreciate the value of goodwill and realize that without it their work is made more difficult.

There is one way of bettering our public relations which many of us are inclined to overlook. I refer to telephone manners. So important did the United States Army consider this phase of its public relations that it ordered the production of a special film dealing with telephone technique. Police concern for courtesy on the telephone should be much greater than the army's, considering the relatively larger amount of public contact we must maintain by telephone. And as we all know, much of our success as a police force depends on the degree of respect and cooperation we get from the public.

Our manner of answering the telephone tends to become a habit. Like many other habits its form can be good or bad. Into which category does yours fall?

* * *

WHEN the telephone rings, answer it promptly. That is the courteous thing to do, and it gives the caller



the feeling that he is dealing with someone who is "on his toes". Even if you are busy with someone else at the time, that person won't mind being interrupted for the moment; in fact he'll expect it. Simply excuse yourself and answer the phone.

A mere "hello" into the mouthpiece is not enough, and it generally leads to something like this:

"Hello."

"Hello. Is this the Mounted Police?"

"Yes."

"Well, could you . . .?" and so on.

You have wasted time—yours and the caller's—and made a poor impression, possibly caused annoyance.

The moral is obvious: always use some identifying opening such as "R.C.M.P.", and where there is more than one, name the particular department receiving the call, i.e. "Mounted Police, C.I.D., Constable Jones speaking".

Speak clearly in a moderate tone with your mouth close to the mouthpiece. This will react pleasantly on your caller's ear and nerves, and obviate needless repetition. The individual who mumbles into space is, I would say, one of the prime contributors to the incidence of high blood pressure. In the same class is the dreamy person who drawls from a distance. And an appropriate fate for him who talks with something in his

mouth, be it gum, a cigarette or pencil, is a session of several hours with an old-time pillory.

"Without courtesy a policeman is a failure; with it, he helps earn all citizens' respect and thereby builds a great profession." Experience has shown the truth of this remark to be almost axiomatic.

Telephone manners go beyond the mere use of courteous words. Polite language can be offensive if the manner and intonation in which it is spoken imply rudeness or indifference. More important than your choice of words is the way you deliver them, for the listener's impression of the police will be based, though perhaps unconsciously, not so much on what you say as on how you say it and possibly on what you leave unsaid. A reassuring, business-like voice indicating a sincere desire to help will do more for the Force, and for you in the discharge of your duty, than all the flowery phrases in the world.

Train your voice to be pleasant. A pleasing voice can do much to place a complainant at his or her ease. Incidentally, if at any time you get an opportunity to have a recording made of your voice, take it—and be prepared for a shock. It is a revealing, often humbling, experience.

* * *

REMEMBER that most calls to the police come from people who want information or help. In many cases it is the caller's first contact with the police, and he may want assistance in a situation that has got beyond his control. He may be excited and inclined to exaggerate. He may be vexingly incoherent. On the other hand he may be in danger and panicky, unable to marshal the facts intelligibly.

Courteous and efficient handling of the matter is necessary if you are to glean the requisite information without offending the complainant. A sympathetic attitude can do much to allay his agitation. Don't lose sight of the fact that few

civilians have had police experience. Violence, death and disaster are probably extremely rare in your caller's round of activities, and he shouldn't be expected to appraise the event with the objectivity of a policeman whose daily business it is to deal with such matters.

A caller's opinion of the police will be moulded to a large extent by the impression he forms when he first does business with them, which often is over the telephone. That impression can easily be good; but it can as easily be bad. Make it good; be helpful, polite, quiet and sincere.

* * *

FIRST get the caller's name, his address and the number of the telephone from which he is calling—this in case a call back is necessary, or so that in the event of a cut off you will be in a position to dispatch assistance to the premises where the phone is located. If the caller is excited try to calm him by remaining calm yourself, and by your manners inspire confidence in him.

Don't give way to temper, even under provocation. To do so only lowers your dignity and your power of discretion. A quiet firm tone will engender respect and do more to bring an excited person back to normal than any amount of recrimination or "telling off". Giving way to anger because the other person has done so is, to put it plainly, allowing him to control your emotions. Why not reverse the process and bring his emotions under your control? However, if you are at fault be big enough to apologize.

Good telephone manners forbid committing a caller to unnecessary waiting. If the call is for someone other than yourself try to notify that person promptly, and should that not be possible, ask the caller to leave his name and number; but don't insist on it—after all it's the caller's business, not yours. If time is needed to look up information or to get in touch with a certain person,

explain this and ask if you may call back. When a message is received, write it down and see that it is delivered as soon as possible; cases may be protracted or go unsolved through failure to deliver messages correctly and promptly. So if phone calls await you upon your return to the office, attend to them without delay.

Before phoning be sure you have the right number. If at all doubtful, look it up. You dislike receiving "wrong-number" calls; so do most people. If you do get a wrong number have the grace to say you are sorry.

Wit over a telephone to an unknown caller is seldom funny. Eschew it.

Where there are extension phones in use, always hang up as soon as the person sought starts talking. It is most disconcerting for both parties to have someone listen in on what they are saying.

When a telephone conversation is completed, the caller should have the

chance to hang up first. Slamming the receiver down in his ear is a quick and certain way to give offence. Policemen, above all, shouldn't do it.

The insistent jangling of the telephone, particularly around 2 a.m., tends to arouse the primeval instincts in all of us. Refrain from venting your ire on the caller, for, pleasant a prospect as that may be, it is an indulgence we must not gratify; like most indulgences it may bring headaches. Acquire the habit of being courteous at all times, and you'll have no difficulty in subduing primitive tendencies when policy dictates that you should.

* * *

THOUGH you may often feel that the telephone is a nuisance, even a curse, remember that it carries your personality wherever it carries your voice. It is very important that the impression it conveys be a good one. So use the phone not only to elicit information but to win that intangible asset of real value—goodwill.

A Dyed-in-the-Wool Son of the Force

*M*ANY members of the R.C.M.P. are direct descendants of former members and some can trace their lineage back through even three generations of service. In most cases the relationship flows from the paternal side. Unique, we believe, is the status of Stewart Theodore Hutchings, young son of Reg. No. 12687, Cst. and Mrs. C. T. A. Hutchings of Edmonton, Alta., who was baptized in the R.C.M.P. memorial chapel at Regina, Sask., on April 5, 1947. His ancestry includes generations of service on both sides of the family.

On his mother's side he is the great grandson of Reg. No. 400, the late S/Sgt. "Bull" Alfred Stewart who engaged in the Force on May 8, 1876. As a sergeant, Stewart was with Supt. L. N. F. Crozier at Fort Carlton when the Rebellion broke out in 1885 and was in the advance guard of those with Crozier in the tragic opening battle with the rebels at Duck Lake. He was well known around Wood Mountain, Macleod and Regina and his son, G. Fraser Stewart, K.C., Regina's city solicitor, was born in the N.W.M.P. barracks at Macleod and first attended school in the Regina barracks, while Mrs. Stewart was for a number of years police matron at Regina.

AN INTERESTING REGISTER

By SUPT. R. ARMITAGE

REGINA barracks, headquarters of the Force from 1883 to 1920, are steeped in Mounted Police history and because they have been the Force's main training centre since they opened, and contain many reminders of the past, they have down the decades become a Mecca for many distinguished visitors to Western Canada. One of the records of this popularity is the Visitors' Book there in the Officers' Mess, which has been signed by many notable and famous figures. Some of the signatures have been culled from the book and are reproduced in these pages for such interest as they may hold for *Quarterly* readers.

First to sign the register was Col. Francis Louis Lessard, C.B., of the Royal Canadian Dragoons who in 1900 was appointed aide-de-camp to the Governor General of Canada. His visiting day was Aug. 17, 1901.

The names of some of the other personages who have called at the mess, the dates in chronological order of their visits, and other available particulars follow:

Prince Henry Croy of Belgium—Oct. 11, 1903.

Rt. Hon. the Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G.: Governor General of Canada (1898-1904); Chief of Staff in The Northwest Rebellion, 1885—Sept. 22, 1904. Lady Minto also signed on the same date.

Field Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G.: Governor General of Canada (1911-1916)—Apr. 11, 1906. At the time of his visit the Duke was a member of the 7th Hussars. Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, G.C.B., Admiral of the British Fleet since 1904, accompanied the Duke of Connaught.

Brig.-Gen. Harry Finn: Inspector-General, Commonwealth Military Forces, Australia—Oct. 8, 1906.

Lord Milner, G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.

M.G.: late Governor of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony; High Commissioner of South Africa—Oct. 14, 1908.

Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King: Deputy Minister of Labour for Canada; Editor of the *Labour Gazette* (1900-1908); present Prime Minister of Canada—May 20, 1908.

Major H. de T. Phillips of the Royal Artillery, recently arrived from Hong Kong—May 20, 1908. Possibly Major Phillips accompanied Mr. King who in 1908 was a member of the first International Opium Commission, Shanghai, and had just returned to Canada.

Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton: Arctic explorer who reached a point about 100 miles closer to both Poles than any other person had up to that time, accompanied by Emily M. Shackleton—May 24, 1910.

Lt. Gen. Sir Robert Stephenson S. Baden-Powell (later Lord Baden-Powell): Organizer of the South African Constabulary; Inspector General of the South African Constabulary (1900-03); founder in 1908 of the Boy Scouts to promote good citizenship among the rising generation—Aug. 25, 1910.

Col. Sir John Morison Gibson, K.C. M.G., M.A., K.C., A.D.C.: lieutenant-governor of Ontario—Oct. 3, 1910.

Hon. George William Brown: second lieutenant-governor of Saskatchewan, who apparently attended a presentation to Asst. Commr. J. H. McIlfree, R.C.M.P.—Oct. 28, 1910.

Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier: Prime Minister of Canada (1896-1911)—autumn of 1910.

Edward O'Connor Terry: owner of Terry's Theatre, Surrey, Eng., founder and first master of Edward Terry Lodge; publisher of short articles—Feb. 21, 1911.

Alexander of Tunis & co

Elizabeth R

Atllom.

Edward P
George.

Mint

It. m. Herbert Samuel
Postmaster-General, U.K.
Cairist Peltier
Palmolive General

Arthur T. H.

General General

Luise Margret.

Devonshire.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Patricia

Lad Marley.

Historic. Churchill.

Edward Terry

Dying of Viny.

~~John~~ Leat. Gov. of Ontario

Ernest apin

James Halley

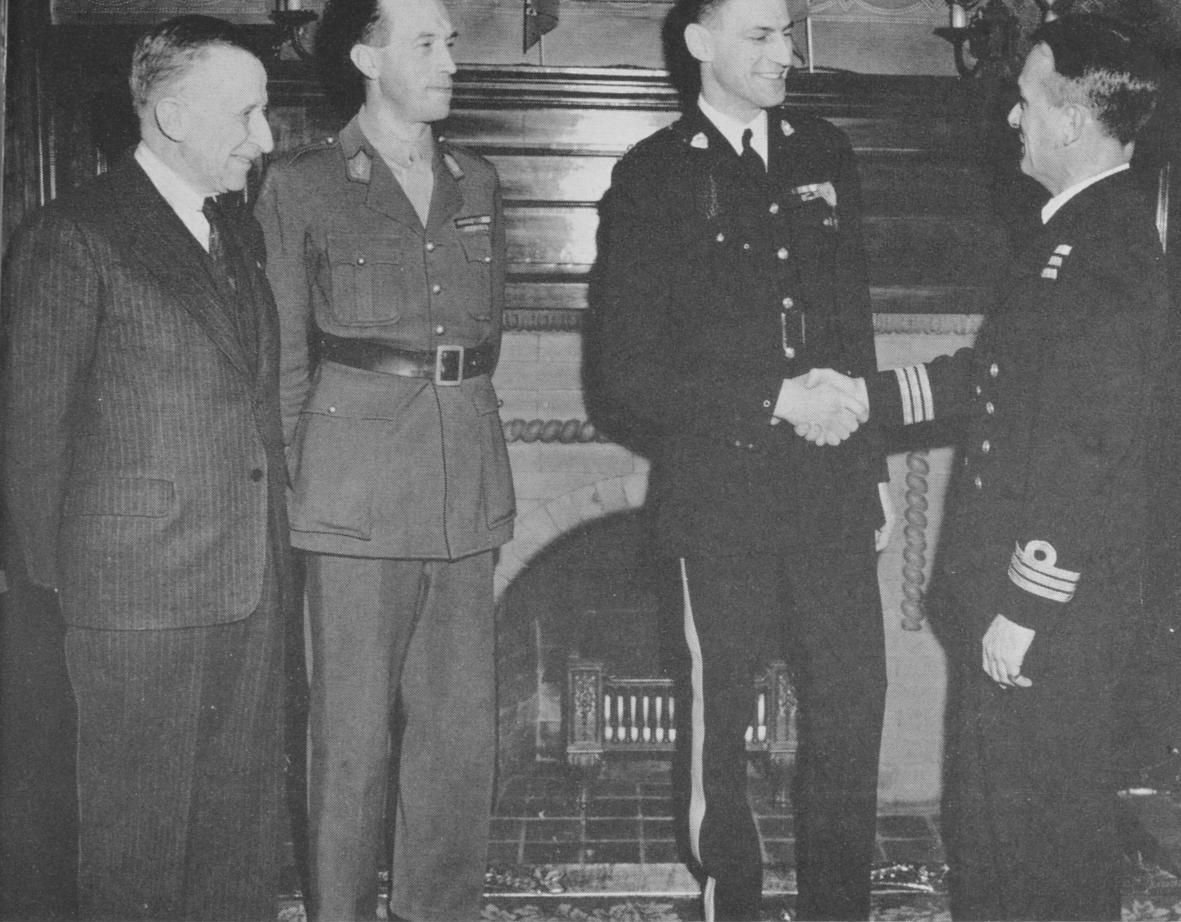
G. W. Brown

Prince Henry Croij

Duncan
Belgium

Maj. Gen. A. H. M. Prop. Gen. 6. Batt. Mil. Force, Australia

- Mr. Terry was accompanied by a theatrical group drawn from different parts of England.
- Col. J. B. Beresford, London, Eng.: Commandant, Imperial Cadets—Sept. 13, 1912.
- Field Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.C.: Governor General of Canada (1911-1916), accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Patricia—Oct. 14, 1912.
- John McCormack: Irish tenor, London, Eng.—Apr. 12, 1913.
- Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Louis Samuel: Postmaster-General, United Kingdom (1910-14)—Sept. 11, 1913.
- Louis P. Pelletier, Postmaster-General of Canada and Chas. P. Doherty, Minister of Justice, Canada, were in the party.
- Sir Martin Harvey and party—Apr. 18, 1914.
- Rt. Hon. the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.: Governor General of Canada (1916-1921)—Sept. 7, 1918.
- H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and party which included Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, R.N., K.C.M.G., Chief of Staff to the Prince during his Canadian tour—Oct. 6, 1919.
- Vilhjalmur Stefansson: Arctic explorer and writer—Nov. 13, 1919.
- H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and party—Aug. 27, 1927.
- Rt. Hon. Viscount Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.: Governor General of Canada (1926-31)—Apr. 26, 1927.
- Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill: Chancellor of the British Exchequer (1924-29); Prime Minister of Great Britain during the recent war—Aug. 21, 1929.
- Lord Duncannon: son of the Earl of Bessborough, Governor General of Canada—June 11, 1931.
- The Bishop of London accompanied by the Bishop of Qu'Appelle and other church dignitaries—Sept. 2, 1931.
- Gen. the Rt. Hon. Baron Byng of Vimy, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., C.B.: Governor General of Canada (1921-1926); Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, 1928—Apr. 18, 1932.
- The Earl of Bessborough, P.C., G.C.M.G.: Governor General of Canada (1931-1935)—Sept. 23, 1932, and Apr. 13, 1935.
- Rt. Hon. Baron Tweedsmuir of Elfield, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.H.: Governor General of Canada (1935-1940); as John Buchan the author of many books—Aug. 11, 1936.
- Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth both signed the Visitors' Book—May 25, 1939.
- Lord Morley—Feb. 2, 1940.
- Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe, P.C., K.C., M.P.: Minister of Justice of Canada Mar. 5, 1940.
- Major Gen. the Earl of Athlone, K.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.D.C.: Governor General of Canada (1940-1946)—Apr. 23, 1941.
- Prince Otto of Austria-Hungary—Sept. 21, 1941.
- Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. Viscount Alexander of Tunis, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.: present Governor General of Canada; accompanied by Viscountess Alexander—July 7, 1946.
- Among other well-known distinguished visitors who have honoured the Officers' Mess with visits are Sinclair Lewis, famous author and journalist and Nobel prize winner for literature—June 11, 1924; John Philip Sousa, renowned band leader—July 29, 1925; Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commander of Canadian 1st Division overseas during opening years of the recent war—Apr. 14, 1944; and Gen. H. D. G. Crerar, C.H., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding in Chief, First Canadian Army, who visited the mess both on Sept. 18, 1941, and Jan. 19, 1946.



R.C.M.P. OFFICER CONGRATULATED

Shortly after the investiture in which he received the Croix de Guerre, Sub-Inspector Hall is shown being congratulated by Commander Storrs (extreme right) who commanded the flotilla in which he served. The others in the picture are Deputy Commissioner Gagnon and Colonel Mesnet.

R.C.M.P. Officer Decorated

Sub-Insp. K. W. N. Hall of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Marine Section at Halifax, N.S., was invested with the Croix de Guerre avec Etoile de Vermeil (War Cross with silver-gilt star) at a ceremony in Ottawa, Ont., on Mar. 22, 1947. The award was given in recognition of his resolution and devotion to duty as commanding officer of a Bangor minesweeper that helped clear mines from the path of the forces invading Normandy in Operation "Neptune" off the shores of France.

Sub-Inspector Hall joined the R.C.M.P. in September, 1932, and upon the declaration of hostilities transferred to the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve in which he served throughout the war, first with the rank of skipper lieutenant and later being promoted

lieutenant commander. He returned to the Force on Oct. 21, 1945, and was appointed sub-inspector on Mar. 15, 1946.

On the occasion for which he was decorated, he was in command of H.M.C.S. *Cowichan*, with the Canadian minesweeping flotilla that cleared the way for U.S. battleships and troop carriers off Sainte Brieux. *Cowichan*, credited with sweeping 23 mines, held the flotilla record.

The investiture was performed by Col. Henri Mesnet, French military, naval and air attache. Among the guests present were Mrs. Hall; Comdr. A. G. H. Storrs, D.S.C. and Bar, R.C.N., who was senior officer of the minesweeping flotilla, and Deputy Commr. H. A. R. Gagnon, C.B.E., A.D.C., of the R.C.M.P.



Alcohol and Automobiles

THESE remarks I am particularly addressing to those members of the radio audience who are the owners or drivers of automobiles and who drive a car themselves after one or more intoxicating drinks or who permit their car to be driven by others who have been drinking.

At the outset, let me make this quite clear. I don't intend this to be a brief either in favour of or against alcohol. My only purpose is to illustrate that the owner or driver of an automobile has the control over a highly dangerous machine and great care is required not only in the driving of it but in the choice of person permitted to operate it. The penalties and expense to a driver who fails to exercise reasonable care in the operation of a motor car and who becomes involved in an accident are costly at all times. But a casual glance through your daily newspaper almost any day in

Breaches of the liquor laws lead to accidents like the one pictured above.

BY R. G. PHELAN

One of nine broadcasts by various speakers in a series entitled "What About Alcohol?", this talk by R. G. Phelan, Toronto lawyer, was given over the C.B.C. Dominion network.

the week should be sufficient to convince you that if you take a drink and have an automobile accident you are really in for serious trouble. What's more, you'll find that the mixture of gasoline and alcohol can be a very expensive one.

* * *

LET us examine some of the reasons for this:

In the first place, driving while intoxicated is an offence under the Criminal Code throughout the whole of Canada. Some of you may be surprised to hear this. In other words, a person who

ent to bring about this result. No one has to prove that the driver is intoxicated.

* * *

Now let us deal for a moment with another effect which liquor has on the driver of an automobile. Members of the medical profession tell us that intoxicants effect the functions of the brain so that we lose our normal inhibitions and sense of caution and consequently have a feeling of exhilaration. They also tell us that our mental reaction is slowed down so that we are less capable of acting quickly in an emergency than we are normally able to do. That's why so frequently drivers who have been drinking become involved in accidents. Their so-called feeling of exhilaration gives them a devil-may-care attitude and a sense of false confidence so that they drive more quickly or with less care than the circumstances require. Then when an emergency arises which calls for quick decision and immediate action, their brain is slower than usual in relaying the message of danger to their muscles, with the result an accident occurs which might otherwise have been averted.

How often do we hear drivers say "Oh, I can stop my car on a dime" or use similar expressions to indicate the speed with which they can stop their car in an emergency. But can they really stop as quickly as they think they can?

Few drivers realize that a car going 50 miles per hour is travelling 75 feet or five car lengths a second. It has been demonstrated that between the time danger arises and the brakes start to take hold, about three-fifths of a second elapses for the average driver. During that time, if he is travelling say 50 miles an hour, he goes about 45 feet or three car lengths before the braking of his car commences. If his reaction is slowed down by just one-half second as a result of what he has had to drink his car will travel almost another three car lengths or six car lengths in all before his brakes become effective and his car commences to slow down. That extra distance or

some part of it may mean the difference between liberty and imprisonment, it may mean the difference between health and serious injury, it may even mean the difference between life and death.

I do not know anyone who can honestly criticize our judges, magistrates or juries for dealing severely with the man who sits behind the wheel of a car after one or more drinks. Such a man is the operator of a machine which is potentially capable of doing just as much damage to himself and others as a live stick of dynamite. It would be bad enough if the only consequences of mixing alcohol and gasoline were to the offending driver who must spend his week or two in jail, who forfeits his insurance, who imperils his interest in his home and his business and who loses for himself the respect of his fellow-citizens. But unfortunately, that's not all. There's the injured person to be considered as well. All too frequently we read or hear of the child who has been maimed for life by the driver returning from a cocktail party. We read of the woman who must spend the rest of her days in a mental institution because of injuries received in an automobile accident.

Tragedies such as these are unfortunately finding their way into our newspapers in ever-increasing numbers. Each one results in pain and misery for some person. I have seen it and so have all lawyers who take part in automobile-accident work. How easily it could be avoided if only the operation of the car were left to someone who has not been drinking instead of to the driver who takes a few drinks and has the mistaken idea that he can drive his car in safety.

We lawyers see also the intense anguish of parents whose children have been killed by intoxicated drivers. A few years ago on Christmas Eve, a young girl—an only child—was returning home with her aunt after church service; while waiting on the side of the road for a bus they were both struck by a car driven by a man who had been drinking. They were killed instantly. It was little



satisfaction to the parents of the girl or to the husband of the girl's aunt that the driver got nine months in jail for manslaughter, or that they received a few hundred dollars from the driver's insurance company. The loss to the parents and to the husband was irreparable.

* * *

IN concluding let me repeat what I said at the outset: my remarks are not intended to be construed as an argument either for or against alcohol as such. But I do want to bring home to you the great danger of driving a car after drinking. There are other means of conveyance—taxis, street cars, buses and so on—; perhaps the other fellow at the party who doesn't drink will act as chauffeur for the occasion. You will find it a great deal cheaper in

the long run to employ some other means of reaching your destination after a few drinks rather than run the risk of driving yourself.

Whatever liquor may mean to you, owners and drivers of automobiles, don't let it mean so much that you will take the chance of losing your liberty, of placing yourself and your dependents in a position of financial insecurity and of putting in jeopardy your life and the lives of all others using the highway. This is exactly what you do when you sit behind the wheel of a car after consuming one or more intoxicating drinks or when you allow others in this condition to do so.

It can all be summed up in this expression: if you want to drive a car, think before you drink.

*And the Lord said unto Cain,
Where is Abel thy brother?
And he said, I know not:
Am I my brother's Keeper?
Gen. 4.9.*

The Problem of Delinquency

By **CPL. D. H. BEECHING**

THE statement, "There is no such thing as a bad boy", is false. There *are* bad boys. But fortunately time, energy and money judiciously spent can convert them into good boys—time, energy and money that should come from you and me.

To understand the problem better it is necessary to know how the desire for wrongdoing enters the juvenile mind, how it comes about. When we know that, we can formulate plans to attack the trouble at its root before—not after—delinquency takes place.

Study of the mind necessarily involves consideration of its component parts. At school we learn that we have five senses: sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. It follows therefore that only through these channels can impressions enter the mind and that our memory of anything is strong or weak according to the duration of the sensation which caused it. To illustrate, most of us are unable to visualize sharply any object seen for only a fraction of a second; but if we have time to examine the object minutely, to note its size, shape and other characteristics, we can subsequently produce a clear mental picture of it without much difficulty.

Analyses of the mind show that people generally possess the ability to think in three different degrees which in turn yield ideas that are clearly perceived, vaguely perceived, and submerged in subconsciousness—that portion of the mental field the processes of which are beyond the range of perception. Thus, the artistically-inclined can readily conceive a mental picture of the subjects they wish to paint and can work out various nuances of balance, detail and composition; other ideas not so appealing to us remain in the margin of our mind and are only dimly perceptible, while still others lie in the subconscious

mind unnoticed until something arouses them and forces them into the conscious mind. From these ideas comes desire which if carried out constitutes volition.

Psychologists tell us that habits merely are well-worn channels or grooves in the mind. The verity of this concept can be demonstrated by observing a group of men engaged in conversation. One of them pulls out a cigarette and lights up. What happens? The other smokers in the group do likewise. Something, perhaps the combination of sight and smell emerging from their grooves, occasions quick reaction through what appears to be some kind of short cut in their minds.

Another example brings us closer to our subject. A mother leaves candy within easy reach of her child. The first time the child succumbs to the temptation he does so only after a mental struggle, but with each succeeding trip to the candy jar, his qualms lessen. The groove is being formed. The mother discovers her error and moves the jar to a higher shelf. Habit by now, however, has become fixed and the child uses a chair to get to the candy. Through repetition the habit is being more firmly imbedded in his mind. He walks down the street and in a store window sees similar candy. Immediately desire sets to work on ideas that are wandering round in his subconscious mind, tumbling them into the groove that prompts* a flow from desire to volition. Circumstances are propitious, the candy is within easy reach and no one is watching. The child steals the candy, and so the groove deepens.

The principles behind this line of reasoning apply to all of us. Adults through experience attain the faculty of contemplation and when confronted with a problem can fall back on their experiences for guidance. Not so the juvenile,

*Free will allows us to make a decision.

however. He hasn't had the experience that brings wisdom; his reasoning is not mature and when called upon to make a decision he has no store house of knowledge to draw from, no guiding force to point out the right course to take.

With so many vagaries of the mind and caprices of habits, instincts and experiences, the cause of delinquency cannot be attributed to any one factor. A diversity of thinking is involved in a child's reasoning process, and for proper interpretation of it a psychologist should be consulted. Still, as policemen, we can in a more general way direct our efforts toward abolishing juvenile delinquency by trying to dispel the influences of bad companions and unsavoury home environment.

* * *

THE general causes of delinquency are well known to social workers. Some of the main ones are: homes broken up by divorce or desertion, or where the death or absence of a parent, divided authority or illegitimacy renders the home incompatible with good living; lack of moral upbringing and religious training, resulting in ignorance of and

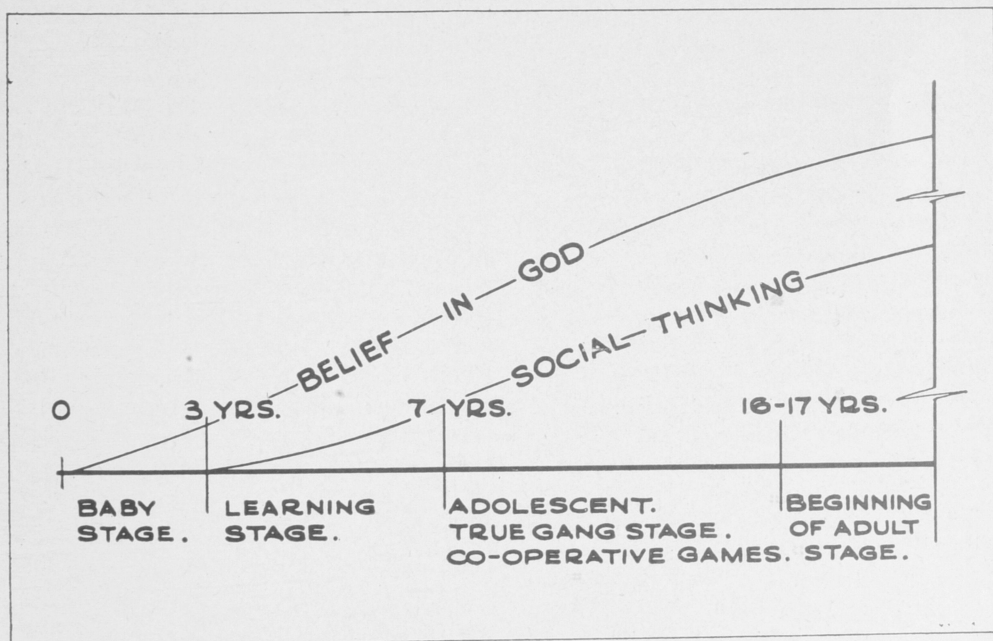
possibly contempt for the property rights of others; association with bad companions, reading salacious and demoralizing literature, and witnessing improprieties and debasing conduct of others.

Sheldon Glueck, Harvard professor of criminal law and criminology, in an interesting survey tells us that broken homes are responsible for 94 per cent of 500 delinquents, 90 per cent of 1,000 delinquents, 90 per cent of 500 women criminals, and 64 per cent of 500 men criminals*.

Obviously, then, broken homes are the main cause of delinquency. And this should not be difficult to understand for the home is the very basis of our society, the unit upon which our democracy is founded. Some authorities claim there is every indication that in the next two years in the United States the divorce rate will be one in every three marriages. In the light of this prediction, if true, the problem reveals itself as being a most serious one.

How do bad homes contribute to de-

*These statistics are from lectures given at the Canadian Police College, Regina, Sask., by Rev. H. Atkinson, Superintendent of the Manitoba Home for Boys, Portage la Prairie, Man.



linquency? Well, the home is the child's first contact with life. Here his associations with others commence and he learns at least one language and numerous routine actions. In this environment where his moral education begins, where his sense of right and wrong starts to function he should have (a) a real status in the family, (b) a feeling of emotional security and (c) be encouraged to take pride in achievement. (See accompanying illustration.)

The child passes through the baby stage in from one to three years, learns to talk and walk. During this time he is forming habits and, being unable to fend for himself, needs definite emotional security. Later he branches out for himself—acquires more habits, learns more about life.

When he reaches the age of reason (about seven years old) he is most receptive and responds readily to example and instruction. Normally, a child at this age is quite innocent and just beginning to have his own ideas of right and wrong. At school he enters a new phase where he is brought into closer contact with the outside world. At this stage he is very idealistic and possesses an urge to be cooperative, a yearning that finds an outlet in such games as cops and robbers.

When approximately 12 years old the child enters puberty and commences adolescence, meeting up with true community life. Thus far innocence has carried him, but now belief in God should crystalize as he experiences emotional conflicts and takes the first steps toward complete independence.

In the final stage, at 16 and 17 years, he may leave school and go forth on his own thinking himself an adult.

Throughout all these phases the home must exert a strong influence, must teach the correct moral outlook and the difference between right and wrong. If the home is a good one its teachings are good and the juvenile's sense of values are established accordingly. However in public the juvenile may find that apparently there is a different code to follow. He sees and hears of citizens reputedly

of good character breaking ration regulations, traffic laws, liquor laws and even ignoring moral ethics. What a conflict such revelations must raise in his mind! His idealism receives a severe jolt from this iconoclasm. Lacking the experience and wisdom of age which are so essential to good judgment he may be swayed toward wrongdoing. This danger can affect children from all homes. But in homes where divorce, desertion or the death or continued absence of a parent has occurred, the child has less stabilizing counsel to help him ward it off. Is it not natural for this latter child's security to be further jeopardized?

Divided authority and illegitimacy detract from the security of a child's emotional life. With his parents at cross purposes, to whom can he turn for guidance? Lack of moral upbringing also has been mentioned as a major cause of delinquency. In this regard the value of religion should be apparent. All normal children have a high idealistic sense that provides a solid foundation on which to build, especially if it is coupled with a belief in God and moral integrity.

When there is conflict in the child's mind, how will he choose right from wrong? When he is confronted with two ideas, one right, the other wrong, how will he decide which course to pursue? Brasol* explains it very well in his comments on "Divine Sanction". With proper religious teaching the child is strengthened so that when he encounters internal conflicts he has something to help him make a decision. The one authority to which he can go with confidence is the divine one. Divine sanction, which is above human and material motives, will point out the right way. Religion, says Brasol, is the one single bulwark against crime and antisocial conduct. * * *

FROM all this, I think, we can safely deduce that "Delinquency results from lack of proper home training". How can we improve the situation? Ob-

**The Elements of Crime* (Psycho-social Interpretation) by B. Brasol, M.A. Oxford University Press, 1927.



MACDONALD'S
"EXPORT"
 CANADA'S
FINEST CIGARETTE

viously there are only two avenues of attack—before delinquency begins, and after it has happened. Great strides are being made along both these paths.

In the preventive-measure class we have adult education groups, home and school associations such as Scouts, Tuxis Boys, Guides, Explorer Groups, Cadets and so on. But are the efforts of these bodies alone strong enough? Together, they undoubtedly are accomplishing much and are a great influence in the community. Yet there is still much to be done.

The adult organizations should strive to raise the cultural level of their district for, though it must be admitted that unfortunately the type of people most in need of social improvement often are not members, it follows that as the cultural level of a community as a whole is raised the benefits will spread to homes that foster delinquency.

Juvenile organizations exert a commendable influence by encouraging young people in correct moral standards

and teaching them to cooperate and get along with one another. In this category, too, however, many needy ones are not reached.

To fill the breach there is one place where proper influence can reign eight hours a day. And that is in the school. If the basis of good citizenship is not taught in the home, where else but in the school can it be taught?

Our educational curriculum is designed to teach among other things cooperation and good citizenship. But in my opinion it falls short of its objective in this respect because some of our teachers are immature in their sociological views, have not time for any but academic subjects. Surely our educational and religious leaders can get together and introduce into the school program stronger emphasis on the propagation of good citizenship, respect for others' property, sharing, cooperation and self-control.

It is my belief that part of a teacher's creed should be a spirit that the teaching of good citizenship is as important as the

teaching of how to read and write*. I believe that the subject of tolerance and respect for the rights of others does not receive the attention in our schools it deserves. Examiners never hold tests on good citizenship; examinations are confined to subjects of an academic nature. This neglect results in the loss of a wonderful opportunity to aid in stamping out juvenile delinquency.

* * *

BUT what of the other half of the problem—the applying of corrective measures after delinquency has developed? We as a society are in general moving, I think, in the right direction and a case in point is the provision in some places for the segregation of offenders according to their crimes and temperaments, plus the introduction of the Borstal type of institutions for correction.

Under the Borstal System certain adults with a wide knowledge, special training and strong leadership tendencies are selected to supervise small groups of delinquents and teach them the value of good citizenship; after the delinquent is released he is given follow-up guidance.

There are two possible weaknesses to guard against:

- (a) the wrong kind of instructors;
- (b) the danger of deleterious association from grouping delinquents together.

It goes without saying that any system guilty of the first courts disaster. Therefore our governing bodies should ensure that the teachers are of the highest calibre and genuinely interested in this type of work. Do we not insist on highly-trained personnel for our universities and normal schools? In like manner we should insist on specially-trained instructors for our reform schools, for their's is intricate work: they must deal with the delicate machinery of adolescent minds which

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Many teachers hold the view that the old three R's—Respect for thyself, Respect for thy neighbour, and Respect for thy God—should be re-introduced and the modern three R's—Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic—relegated to a place of second importance.

are weakened by some noxious quirk or injury. In other words a fundamental weakness in character leaves the subjects with anti-social inclinations and it is the leader-instructor's responsibility to see that this deficiency is overcome.

Could not a 20-year program, planned and underwritten by the Government, be instituted for the education of selected personnel as leader-instructors in our delinquency institutions? Every year without producing any positive improvement we spend thousands of dollars apprehending, trying and incarcerating delinquents. Some of this money should be devoted rather to a long-range program better calculated to bring about a cure.

Regarding the second weakness—the throwing together of a number of delinquents—the danger here lies in the fact that even if the group be small the total knowledge of each delinquent eventually amounts to the accumulation of all the wrong thinking of the whole group. The boys are bound to talk and brag of their misdeeds, with the result that each member of the group learns what the others have done and how they did it. Collectively, they acquire knowledge of the wrong kind. This same objection has been discussed in connection with our penal system; if it applies to men, it seems only reasonable to say that it applies to boys as well.

There is one other potential remedy, and that is the establishment of organizations made up of good boys, such as Boys' Town at Omaha, Neb. Projects like this merely sponsor the principle that good company discourages bad habits and that by mixing one bad boy with a fair number of good boys the former under the influence of the majority will be led into channels of right thinking.

In each of our provinces there are many neglected children—not bad boys, but simply youngsters thrown by force of circumstances on their own resources. Could not these boys by working in conjunction with specially-trained personnel be used to re-train delinquents? Homes or Towns could be set up on the

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principle of Boys' Town. Our neglected children would find a haven and delinquents could be included at a ratio of one to every ten of the others. The influence of the ten would be continuous and the leaders' skilful assistance would govern the group's activities.

Would the delinquent disrupt the morals of the group? I think not. The very fact that he is antisocial reveals that he is not a leader, that he is seeking some lack in his personality, something which was denied him early in life because he missed the three fundamentals I have already mentioned—status in the family, emotional security, a sense of achievement. These fundamentals could be supplied by association with a group his own age.

* * *

WHAT part do we as policemen play in the picture? What action can we take to remove the causes of delinquency?

As part of our job is the prevention of crime, which includes prevention of

delinquency, we can be active in this respect by participating in the adult organizations of our communities. The benefits to be derived from such participation are threefold: (1) It creates trust in us that encourages people to consult us more openly in problems of this nature; (2) it provides a means of becoming more familiar with general conditions in the district—in many cases the cause of delinquency can thus be detected before any damage is done and steps taken to remove it; (3) it sets a standard of conduct by example, for policemen are observed by the public *all* the time.

Do not our pedagogues tell us that example is the best teacher?

Whatever juvenile work we do, whether it be with Scouts or Cadets, sports or lecturing in schools, we are counteracting some of the conditions that breed delinquency. In the minds of the growing generation we are planting a new concept of the police and the policeman's work in his community.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"



Lost in a Prairie Blizzard

IT was 28 below as Cst. Harry MacNeil of the North West Mounted Police set out on an important patrol from the cluster of buildings in the Northwest Territories that was Fort Macleod, "D" Division headquarters of the Force. A biting November wind cut him to the bone and ominous dark clouds were gathering in the north-east. Before him the snow-covered prairie stretched

By ex-S/Sgt. A. R. Douglas*

for apparently illimitable distances. To the west he could see the upreared pinacles of the Rockies, but these were soon blotted out in the gathering darkness of late afternoon.

In those days human habitations on the prairies were few and far between; a small number of isolated ranches bordering the Blood Indian reservation was all the region boasted, the vanguard of the white population soon to arrive.

As he rode along, MacNeil apprehensively watched the clouds tumbling out of the north-east. The temperature had moderated slightly, but particles of snow

*Reg. No. 4340, ex-S/Sgt. Alexander Ruthven Douglas, honour graduate in 1902 of McGill University in veterinary work, served in the R.N.W.M.P. from May 6, 1905, to June 30, 1907, as a veterinary staff sergeant. He is the author of a number of articles including *Nerve* which appeared in the July 1941, R.C.M.P. Quarterly.

struck his face like needle points. Half an hour later night had descended and he was in the grip of a blizzard, the worst he had ever experienced in all his years of service on the plains.

Out of the inky blackness the storm roared with ever-increasing fury. Bending low in the saddle MacNeil urged his sturdy mount forward. But "Custer", like most horses, preferred to keep his back to the biting blast and as a consequence MacNeil's attempt to maintain a straight line of travel was useless. This became obvious to MacNeil when, an hour or so after passing some cattle huddled together for warmth in the shelter of a low coulee, he came across what he first thought was another herd under similar conditions, but soon realized that they were the same animals. Like a tenderfoot he had made a wide circle.

All about him the whirling snow was getting deeper and deeper.

One thought was uppermost in his mind, and that was to keep moving at all costs. Several times he dismounted and plodded ahead, leading his horse now leg weary from floundering through the high drifts. At times he felt inclined to throw himself in the snow and rest, but realized that numbness would soon creep over him and end in fatal sleep. When such temptations plagued him he forced himself to action and climbed stiffly back into the saddle.

Through his mind flashed the advice an Indian scout, Little Bear, had given him a long time ago. By keeping a certain part of the face, such as the right or left cheek or perhaps the front or back of the head, facing the wind, one would travel in a fairly straight line. But the wind seemed to be hitting MacNeil from all directions. He thought of another idea and started to dig through the snow,

hoping to find which way the grass lay. Usually it points to the east, the Indian had told him, blown that way by constant west winds. But this plan too proved of no avail. He was unable to break through the hard crust that lay under the surface of the snow.

For what seemed countless hours he kept travelling through the blinding, swirling snow, munching at intervals some emergency chocolate which fortunately he had put in his saddle-bags.

Suddenly he was aroused from his lethargy, jolted erect in the saddle. Custer had stopped abruptly and refused to move on another inch. MacNeil strained his eyes trying to see ahead, but could not penetrate the curtain of wind-driven snow. He tried to coax him on, but Custer remained adamant, apparently glued to the spot. Probably a wire fence, thought MacNeil as he slid from the saddle to investigate.

Luckily he retained a hold on the reins, intending to lead his mount over or around the obstruction or whatever it was. Then, without any warning, the ground under his moccasined feet gave way, and he almost lost his balance. A moment later he realized he was on the very edge of a cut bank, possibly 50 or 60 feet deep. From far below came the sound of a swift-flowing river, and he shuddered as he thought of falling into its black depths, of its unfriendly surface closing over him. Undoubtedly his grip on the reins had saved him from death.

He stood there a moment in thought. This must be the Belly river, he calculated. Now he had a notion of where he was; but it yielded him little satisfaction, for his destination was still some distance away.

"Well Custer", he said, giving his horse a friendly pat on the neck, "you sure stopped in time, didn't you?"

Of all the patrols Constable MacNeil of the N.W.M.P. made, he remembers one best of all — the night he spent on the open prairie in a blizzard when his horse, Custer, saved his life.

MacNeil decided to proceed along the river bank and look for a trail leading down to the river bottom where he might find shelter from the storm until day-break. For more than a mile he trudged keeping as close to the river as he dared, but found no place where he could make the descent. Finally he concluded that it would be wiser to keep a discreet distance from the treacherous embankment, and climbing into the saddle, he turned off to the right.

His tired horse fought on mile after mile through the deepening snow. The only sound above the howl of the storm was the creak of leather and Custer's laboured breathing.

A curious sense of detachment and poignant loneliness stole over MacNeil. He tried to dispel the feeling by talking to himself, his head buried deep in the fur collar of his buffalo coat. Seemingly interminable hours passed before the mantle of darkness began to lift.

Dawn was at last approaching—but the storm still raged, everything was still obscured. Exactly when Custer came to a full stop again MacNeil couldn't remember, but he cautiously dismounted and took a step forward, suspecting another cut bank. Instead he came in contact with the sharp barbs of a wire fence and could hardly restrain a shout of joy. Human habitation of some kind must be near.

Following the fence for about three quarters of a mile he came to a log cabin from whose chimney comforting wisps of smoke rose gamely an inch or two and were whisked away. He pounded on the door, and after a short wait it opened slightly and a gruff voice said, "Come in".

* * *

COVERED with snow as he was, MacNeil's identity was not revealed until he was inside.

"Well, I'll be darned", explained his host. "A Mountie. What the devil are you doing out in a storm like this?"

MacNeil admitted that he was lost. The old chap began brushing the snow off, but MacNeil protested through chattering teeth.

"Just a minute, old-timer. What about my horse?"

The other pondered a moment. "Ain't got much of a stable", he commented, "but we'll fix him up some way." He reached up to a rafter for a lantern. "Folks call me Bull Jensen."

Donning cap and mackinaw, he opened the door. As the two men stepped outside a blast of wind blew the light out. But there was enough brightness in the vague grayness of dawn, and they soon located the horse standing with arched back on the lee side of the little building. The so-called stable was nothing more than a lean-to covered with willow branches and sod, but it afforded some protection from the wind. MacNeil removed saddle and bridle and covered the shivering animal with the saddle blanket, while his companion forked some coarse swamp hay into the manger.

Back inside the cabin, a one-room affair with earthen floor, MacNeil warmed himself before the open fire-place and got his first good look at the man who lived there.

Jensen was probably 65 or 70 years old, stockily built with a bristling, reddish beard and unkempt hair that reached his shoulders. His kindly face lighted up when the policeman offered him a plug of tobacco.

"You smoke, I suppose?" smiled MacNeil.

"Sure do. An' eat it too. Haven't seen any for nigh on three weeks. Don't get out much in this weather."

As MacNeil crouched before the fire, the old man disappeared for a minute or two and came back carrying a copper pot filled with snow.

"Don't suppose you'd object none to a cup of coffee?" he chuckled.

Presently MacNeil was munching a stale bannock and supping hot coffee.

There was neither milk nor sugar in the coffee, but never had anything tasted so good to the policeman. His host plied him with questions, and as they talked the wind almost drowned out their voices; the little cabin shook at each violent gust.

MacNeil eventually had his turn at asking questions, and much to his surprise learned that he was only 10 miles from Fort Macleod—still was many miles from Fort Kipp, his destination.

"You sure musta circled some", Jensen observed. "But you were lucky. Man, it musta been a wild night in the open."

"It was a bit rough", MacNeil grinned. "Especially with the horse I had. A wiry little cuss, but he's not familiar with this part of the country."

Jensen turned out to be one of the bull-whackers who in bygone days freighted buffalo hides by oxen and Red river cart over the deep-gouged trail from Fort Benton, Mont.

He told MacNeil that the cabin they were in was close to the old trail over which he had gone countless times from Fort Macleod through country where not-too-friendly Indians roamed at will. Things had changed with the coming of the Mounted Police, he reminisced, and he was loud in his praise of the work they had done in policing the old West.

Time passed, the storm continuing unabated, and at mid-morning the place was still quite dark.

"Guess you're kinda sleepy", Jensen suddenly remarked, getting up and producing some blankets. "You better roll up in these for a while. Don't see no chance of you gettin' out today."

MacNeil, dog tired, didn't need coaxing, and though the blankets were filthy in the extreme, he appreciated their warmth. Curled up on the floor before the open fire he soon dozed off.

All that day and the following night MacNeil was Jensen's guest. Several times

he tramped through the snow and attended to his horse; the rest of the time he fretted impatiently, waiting for the storm to let up so that he could be on his way.

Finally on the morning of the second day, the storm broke. Jensen directed MacNeil to go due south-east and impressed upon him the need for sticking to the old Benton trail. Accompanying the constable outside, he dug a hole about three feet deep not far from the cabin and graphically demonstrated that there actually was such a trail—it was a good one, as clearly defined as a railway track. Etched in the hard surface of the prairie by the fur-laden carts of former days it had remained uneffaced by the passing years.

"When in doubt", Jensen advised, "Just work back and forth until your horse steps into it again."

Bidding good-bye, MacNeil swung into the saddle and was again on his way. Tremendous drifts made the going difficult for Custer who floundered through them up to his middle.

The old bull-whacker's advice proved valuable, for MacNeil checked his direction many times by searching for the trail, which, buried under snow that had not packed sufficiently to bear much weight, was easy to find by stepping into it.

* * *

FORT Kipp was a welcome sight when he pulled up before it shortly after sundown that evening and received hearty greetings from "Dusty" Shaver, the lone constable in charge.

With a sigh of relief MacNeil slid from the saddle. The worst patrol he ever experienced was over.

Renfrew of the Royal Mounted

By Richard L. Neuberger*

I now have a real grudge against the movies. Formerly it was only a very evanescent and intangible grudge, like the homeopathic soup which Abraham Lincoln said was made "by boiling the shadow of a pigeon which had starved to death".

But it is a big, bristling, *bona fide* grudge now.

It all began the other evening when my wife and I trudged into a second-run movie house advertising *Renfrew of the Royal Mounted* on the marquee.

As a boy—and that was not too long ago—I had thrilled to Laurie Y. Erskine's book about Renfrew. Who under 12 had not read the Renfrew tales in the old *American Boy*? Some of the most stirring moments of my boyhood were spent on the trail with Renfrew—slogging through the snow-drifts to Yellowknife, trading .45 shots with McGaw and his free traders, and riding to rescue with the patrol from Athabasca Landing when the beleaguered settlers would see red dots in the distance and know that Renfrew and the wilderness police were coming.

*Mr. Neuberger, whose *Our Promised Land* published less than ten years ago is regarded by many as an epic of its kind, is a well-known writer of Western American history. He first came in touch with the R.C.M.P. in the Northwest Territories where as a captain in the United States Army he was personal aide to Gen. James A. O'Connor who was in charge of the construction of the Alaska Highway and the Canol Project. He is now on the staff of *The Oregonian*, Portland, Ore., in which city he resides, and is state representative of the Oregon Legislative Assembly. His article "The Royal Canadian Mounties" appeared in *Harpers* magazine and later was published as a world rewrite in *The Reader's Digest*. Thus, though an outlander of sorts, Mr. Neuberger is not unacquainted with the Force, its ideals and prejudices, and the present critique which appeared under his by-line in *The Progressive*, a newspaper in Madison, Wis., should prove of interest to many of our readers.

I REMEMBER my boyhood conception of Renfrew as a grim, resolute man with iron gray temples and a calm, steady look. He even had a thick beard after he had been on snow-shoes for six months along the frozen shores of Hudson Bay and Coronation Gulf. In Renfrew's life there was no truck with women and other frivolities. Renfrew was the fellow who got his man. The chase might lead across the pole and to the nethermost regions of the planet, but Renfrew would bring him in. Stubborn and determined, yet sympathetic to the mistreated Indian tribes—that was Renfrew.

In my most rapturous day dreams I was not Tarzan of the Apes nor President of the United States. I was Renfrew, three great gold chevrons on my scarlet tunic, slogging across the barren lands to carry the King's law beyond the Arctic Circle.

Well, my wife and I entered the theatre.

There on the screen was a beardless lounge lizard with a yell-leader look whom other characters addressed as Renfrew! The hackles rose on my neck. Each time this individual from behind a soda fountain was called Renfrew I squirmed lower in my seat. I refused to accredit my hearing organs whenever I heard the name Renfrew applied to this fugitive from a rumble seat.

Lese-majeste.

For 20 years—two decades, the better part of a generation—I had treasured a memory of Renfrew. At difficult moments in my life, when failure seemed to pile on failure, I could still retreat to the remembrance that I might be Renfrew, the manhunter of "N" division, stalking his prey across the Arctic.

Could this dance-hall Lothario on the screen actually be Renfrew, the pinnacle to which I had aspired during the greater part of my life? The answer seemed too awful to contemplate.

Then, shame of shames, Renfrew burst into song. Right in the inspector's office, he put his hand to his emaciated chest and began to sing something fit to dance boogie-woogie to.

The humiliation was too great. I slumped to the floor and covered my face with my hands. Hollywood had laid me out—down for ten, slugged by the sledge-hammer fist that only genuine disillusion can wield.

I wondered what my boyhood—yes, and manhood—would have been like had I gone through the years cherishing the image of a Renfrew who looked like a chorus boy and sang boogie-woogie when the inspector handed him a difficult assignment.

I hoisted myself off the floor and looked around. The theatre was full of youngsters, who didn't seem one bit stirred up. They watched the picture placidly.

Looking at the pages of the *American Boy* I can recall whistling with delight and tramping vigorously about the room when Renfrew and the patrol would hit the road and the besieged families at Fort McPherson would glimpse "dots of scarlet in the woods below the grasslands".

No small boys whistled with delight at this Renfrew. How could they?

This may seem funny, and probably it is. Yet I can't help but wonder how many small boys Hollywood has cheated out of the legitimate thrills and stirrings of boyhood? *Westward Ho!* *Renfrew of the Mounted*, *The Rainbow Trail*, *Call of the Wild*—these were something for a boy to read. They were experiences he never forgot, not through all the trials and vicissitudes of later life.

Today boys go to the movies. What do they see? They glimpse an oval-faced college cheer leader masquerading as the indomitable Renfrew. Instead of the immortal tale of Buck the dog in *Call of the Wild*, they watch Loretta Young and Clark Gable deciding when the big kiss takes place. The only resemblance, living or dead, to Jack London's great tale is the unjustified use of its title.

The stories that moved me as a boy were not epic literature. But they were magnificent stories. I even liked the Tarzan tales. The movies, however, are a colossal washout so far as reproducing any of these thrills is concerned. Tarzan no longer is Lord Greystoke, the brawny ape man, dealing out justice in the jungle. It merely is an effort by the producers to see how few clothes they can drape on Brenda Joyce or Maureen O'Sullivan. I confess this is not without its attractions, yet I still insist that a whole lot of boys would rather see an actual reproduction of *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar* than a generous glimpse of Brenda Joyce's thigh. Of course, this might not be true of their elders, and after all the poor producers must consider the box-office aspects of everything they undertake.

One wonders if movies *must* be phoney. Plenty of books seem to get themselves read without being completely false and twisted.

Does a Mounted Policeman on patrol have to sing *I Crave a Red-Hot Mama* as his horse gallops through the Canadian Rockies? Does Buck the dog have to give way to Clark Gable chasing Loretta Young?

I'm sure I don't know. I wonder if anyone does.

What I do know is that a lot of American youngsters of the 1946 vintage are being cheated out of some of the great thrills and experiences of boyhood. Not for the fattest stamp album or the slickest electric train in the world would I trade the hours I spent on the trail with Renfrew, swinging through the trees with Tarzan, or following Buck along a frozen Alaskan river.

But boyhood today is often spent in the movie theatre rather than over the pages of a book. This is not so good; ask anyone who has seen Renfrew in the movies after reading about him in the book.

As my wife and I walked up the aisle, someone was calling Renfrew "Rennie". I hurried to get away from the horrid sound.

Old-timers' Column

"News of the Past"

Occasionally closed corridors of time are opened, silences are broken and out of a seeming void comes news of the past which enriches our too-scant miscellany of Western lore. Recently the door was opened to the *Quarterly* on such a piece by Reg. No. 2553, ex-Cst. Wallace Ernest Peirce, who served in the N.W.M.P. from Dec. 24, 1890, to Feb. 24, 1897, as a member of "G" Division at Fort Saskatchewan. Mr. Peirce, who now lives at Fraser Mills, B.C., writes:

"As soon as I received the *Quarterly* I sat down and read it through, so eager was I to get news of my old comrades of the early 90's—especially those whom I used to meet in the course of our patrols from "G" Division, and others I met when I was cook for the Governor General's party that visited all the posts of the Force in the summer of 1895. Lady Aberdeen was in the party and they visited Edmonton on August 5, where an escort under the command of my O.C., Supt. A. H. Griesbach, was furnished. Next day we went to St. Albert and Stony Plain and on the 7th arrived at my stamping grounds, Fort Saskatchewan, where His Excellency inspected and was pleased with our barracks.

"Then on August 27 we had more distinguished visitors at Fort Saskatchewan. The Prime Minister, the Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, accompanied by Minister of the Interior the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, Lt. Col. Fred White, C.M.G., Comptroller of the Force, Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs Hayter Reed, Commr. L. W. Herchmer, N.W.M.P., and four C.P.R. officials, whose names I have forgotten but who were out to look over the proposed rail route from Edmonton to Prince Albert, made up the party. It was a great event and everyone for miles around came into the fort to see these personages.

"The party sure enjoyed the trip. There was plenty of hunting and some of them were good shots. I was kept busy cooking the game they got. Our first stop after leaving the fort was near a beaver creek where we had lunch. Then we went on to Victoria where we camped for the night. We ferried across the Saskatchewan river in the morning, had lunch on the lobster reservation, and that afternoon reached Frog Lake; the



Ex-Cst. W. E. Peirce.

heavy oak stand of the bell which used to summon the people for meetings was the only thing left of the settlement—a tragic reminder of a decade before when, shortly after church was out, the massacre took place. The cemetery was in a disgraceful condition with bones protruding from the graves, and orders were promptly given to remove the bodies to the new cemetery at Battleford.

"We spent the night (September 1) at Onion Lake where an escort from "C" Division, Battleford, under the command of Supt. John Cotton, took over. "G" Division transport returned to Fort Saskatchewan, and at noon next day the new escort saw the party to Fort Pitt. Nothing was left of the fort. We camped that night at Stony Creek. Next morning the party went hunting and I had a time to straighten out my equipment. Though we didn't break camp until 11 o'clock we reached Battleford that night and were entertained in true Western style until the small hours of the morning. How everyone enjoyed himself! At 8 a.m. of September 5 we pulled out for old Fort Carlton, had lunch there, and at noon were met at the elbow on the North Sas-

katchewan by an escort from "F" Division under the command of Supt. G. B. Moffatt. We arrived at Prince Albert at 5.30 p.m. of September 6 and my job ended.

"While at Prince Albert I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of the great Joe McCoy, guide and interpreter, who was credited with firing the first shot at the Indians in the Riel Rebellion. A great scout was Joe; everyone liked him.

"I left for Duck Lake the next morning, the district where a little over a month later poor Colebrook was killed by Almighty Voice (Reg. No. 605, Sgt. C. C. Colebrook was shot on Oct. 29, 1895). I had two prisoners with me whom I was taking to Fort Saskatchewan and who later were tried at Calgary."

Grandiose Claims

Our readers, particularly members of the Force, doubtless will be interested in the following account which is typical of many stories that filter through to the R.C.M.P. from time to time. Written by a staff writer of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, it was sent to the *Quarterly* by an old-time ex-staff sergeant who maintains an alert and jealous eye in our behalf in the part of the United States where he lives:

A childhood playmate of British royalty, Boer war veteran and former member of the North West Mounted Police is spending the declining years of a fabulous life in Winona, Minn.

He is Walter H. Dunston, Esq., 78, British-born world traveller and friend of the great. "Squire" Dunston has been living at 611 S. Sanborn street, the home of his late uncle, since his retirement as Winona county justice of the peace in 1941.

The squire's own story of his life, taken from his scrap-book and garnished with his lively, Oxford-accented conversation, is both colourful and incredible.

He was born in 1868 in Richmond Surrey, near London. Son of a wealthy contractor, his playmates were the children of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who lived nearby.

"They were very poor people. One of their daughters is my oldest living friend. We sang together in the choir at Christ church, Kew road. She is now Dowager Queen Mary, and we correspond regularly."

As evidence Dunston displayed the following letter:

Marlborough House
Apr. 26, 1942.

Dear Sir—

I am commanded by Queen Mary to send greetings for your 73rd birthday, May 27, and Her Majesty wishes to say that you are now number 24 yet living of the birthday club formed by her mother, Her Royal Highness, Duchess of Teck, 70 years ago at Christ church, Eastsheen, Richmond Park. Queen Mary also thanks you for your letter and contents of March 28.

Yours very truly,
J. Lewisham, private secretary
to H.M. Queen Mary.

The squire also was a chum of another member of the royal family, the Earl of Athlone, Queen Mary's eldest brother and former Governor General of Canada.

"We went to school together and had many good times. Here is a letter he wrote me following the death of my famous horse, Billy."

Government House
Ottawa, Canada
May 28, 1942.

Dear Mr. Dunston—

This is to thank you very much for your letter which I have read with much pleasure and interest. I also send greetings for your 73rd birthday and hope to have the pleasure of your company sometime during the year.

The newspaper cutting you sent me about the death of your horse, Billy, reminds me of the death of Monarch, the horse you and my brothers learnt to ride 60 years ago, and was pensioned off when we left for school.

Yours sincerely,
Athlone.

Dunston noted with pride that he went to school at St. Paul's, then to Eton and on to Oxford university, where he studied theology. For a time he was an exchange student at Heidelberg university in Germany.

After his student days, he said, he was attached to the party of Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, and the Prince of Wales, who was later to be Edward VII.

The squire also claims to have been present at the birth of the Duke of Windsor.

"I had the honour of standing guard at the door of the bedroom when he was born. It is an ancient British tradition that the door must be guarded whenever the royal family is graced with a new addition."

Dunston said when the Boer war broke out in 1899 he rushed to join the fight with 13 of his friends.

"Two of us came back. I was wounded seven times, losing the sight of my right eye and all my teeth. Banged up pretty badly all over."

In 1910, Dunston said, he went to Canada as a diplomatic aid. Not long after he joined the North West Mounted Police with the rank of major, his old army title.

"I remember one time when it was my duty to take 40 men into the Canadian woods and arrest eight fellows who were making moonshine. They came along quietly enough, and even now I get letters from them. They're all respectable people."

After eight years with the Mounties the squire received an invitation from his uncle, Thomas Hicks, to visit him in Winona. So taken was he with Minnesota that he determined to stay and set up as a farmer. He went into partnership on a farm in Wiscoy and devoted himself to being a gentleman farmer and connoisseur of horses.

It was at this time that he acquired his famous horse, Billy. Recently Billy died at the age, so Dunston claims, of 41.

After Billy's death the squire had his hide converted into a heavy overcoat which he wears now on cold days.

Dunston was appointed a Winona county justice of the peace in 1920, the same year in which he became a naturalized citizen. He held that office until 1941, when he retired, after "serving justice on three continents—America, Africa and Australia".

Among his friends and acquaintances he listed Sir Thomas Lipton, the British yachtsman and tea king.

"Tommy Lipton and I were great chums as boys when we used to roam the docks together."

When Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt met for the Quebec conference in 1944, Dunston flew up to see his "old friend, Winston".

"After the President retired for the night,

Winnie and I would stay up until one or two in the morning talking over old times."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Quarterly* feels bound to say here that headquarters has no record of anyone named Walter H. Dunston ever having been an active member of the Mounted Police, which, incidentally, has never used the rank "major".

Pioneer Doctor

Letter to the Editor

Sir:

I reached old Fort Macleod on July 20, 1880, being in the accident at Slide Out on the Belly River where Bill Hooley and the four horses were drowned.

Your mention of Dr. F. H. Mewburn in the January *Quarterly* recalls to my memory his treatment of Aaron A. Vice here at Lethbridge. Vice had an aneurysm in the main artery of one of his legs. The doctor tried to stop the circulation by having miners hold their thumbs on the outside of the affected part, but the changing rubbed the skin off so he had a heavy clamp made to go round the hip, with a screw to increase the pressure. Two of us assisted, myself and a Mr. Alex Colson.

One would hold the clamp while the other kept his finger on the artery under the knee, and the clamp was tightened as pulsation was noticed.

This was kept up for 12 hours when, presumably, a clot in the artery was formed for the clamp was removed.

The doctor was very proud of this experiment and showed me a copy of the "Lancet" in which it was mentioned; this was the second successful case of the kind in the world.

Vice lived for many years afterwards, but always used a cane in walking.

Yours sincerely,

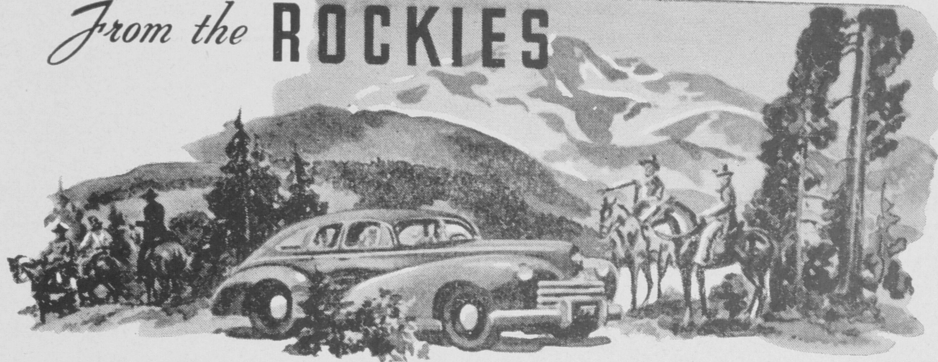
NORMAN T. MACLEOD.

Lethbridge, Alta.,

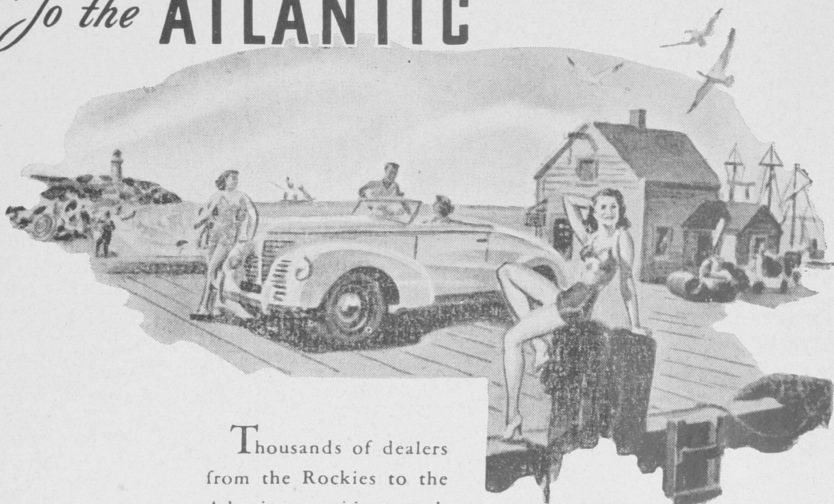
Apr. 25, 1947.

Editor's Note: Our correspondent is a nephew of the late Col. J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., second Commissioner of the N.W.M.P., 1876-1880, for whom the present town of Macleod, Alta., is named. In 1887, Colonel Macleod was appointed a judge of the Judicial District of Southern Alberta and served with distinction in that capacity up to the time of his death seven years later.

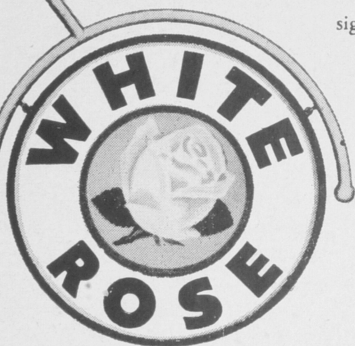
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BOOK REVIEWS — By J. C. Martin, K.C.

DRIFTWOOD VALLEY, by Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher. Illustrated with photographs and sketches. McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 369 and appendix. \$4.

If Cowper were alive to ask

“O, Solitude, where are the charms

That sages have seen in thy face?”

he would find an answer in this book, for here are a young couple who sought solitude in the little-explored interior of northern British Columbia. And having found it, they found it charming.

They had two purposes, both of which they accomplished effectively—to get away from civilization, and to collect specimens of the flora and fauna of the region for the provincial museum at Victoria. The scientific side of their work has been covered in articles which both have contributed to various publications, but an appendix to this book contains an impressive catalogue of the plants, birds and animals which they identified.

The book is written by Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher and is an account of their day-to-day life under conditions which were primitive, often difficult, and sometimes dangerous. She is keenly observant and writes well, sometimes with eloquence, of what she saw and experienced. Perhaps most important of all their qualities, both husband and wife have an engaging sense of humour which, many times, must have been a saving grace; indeed, one gets the impression that they broke their stay to come outside, less from a desire for the comforts of civilization than from a fear of becoming “bushed”.

Mr. Stanwell-Fletcher, who spent nearly three years as a member of the R.C.M.P., has contributed a number of sketches of birds and animals concerning which we cannot do better than quote and endorse this wifely comment:

“I think he has the gift of making animals live on paper, especially with regard to eyes and facial expressions”.

It was no part of their purpose to report on the economic possibilities of the region, although the author mentions prospectors who were understood to be making more than a good living. Yet when she tells of the tremendous snow-fall one cannot but

feel that it is a great, if not insuperable obstacle to settlement. Incidentally, if “Headless Valley” exists, the Stanwell-Fletchers did not find it.

I REMEMBER, by Major General the Honourable W. A. Griesbach. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Pp. 353. Illustrated from photographs. \$4.50.

From the point of view of the R.C.M.P. it can be said that this book is a valuable addition to the already considerable literature on the history of the Force. The author's father was regimental number 1 in the North West Mounted Police, and he himself was born at its post at Fort Qu'Appelle in 1878, so that he is able, either from hearsay at first-hand or from personal experience in his own boyhood, to tell of it from its beginning. For the general reader it is equally valuable as an addition to the recorded history of the prairie provinces (with particular reference to Edmonton, which was a small but active and breezy community when young Griesbach first saw it).

The author did not follow his father into police work, but instead qualified himself to practise law. By his own account his preparation was rather sketchy, and he does not appear to have been much interested in the practice of his profession. His greatest interests were in politics and soldiering, both of which he followed with distinction—in the former rising to become a senator from Alberta, and in the latter, after experience in the Boer War and the First Great War, becoming Inspector-General of the Canadian Army in 1940. He died in 1945.

The book makes little pretension to literary style. It is patchy in parts, especially toward the end, as if the writer was in haste to get it finished. It ends abruptly when the narrative reaches 1914 with so much obviously untold that it seems probable that General Griesbach intended, had he lived, to follow it with another volume. Yet the book gives an attractive portrait of a very human personality who enjoyed life to the full. He is dogmatic at times, especially when he expresses opinions on military affairs; often he is humorous and tells good stories, tall and otherwise, of “the early days”; he is nothing if not candid, and does

not hesitate to tell a story because the joke was on himself. All in all, to read the book is like spending a long evening with an old friend.

22 CELLS IN NUREMBERG, by Douglas M. Kelley, M.D. Ambassador Books Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 245. \$3.75.

Dr. Kelley is the American psychiatrist who examined Goering and the other Nazi leaders who were brought to trial at Nuremberg, and this book is an account, written for the general reader, of his experience with them. He has written also a chapter on Hitler from information gathered from these defendants and others of Hitler's associates. The result is a book of absorbing interest which stands out in the mass of post-war publications. Its value is not merely for the moment but permanent, because (with the exception noted) it is based on personal observation, and because it fills, more authoritatively than could be done by anyone else, a gap which needed to be filled.

Before and during the war there was much speculation concerning the mentality of the men who brought humanity to the most horrible chapter of history. For that reason, it is illuminating and in the highest degree useful, to have Dr. Kelley's opinion that not one of the Nazi leaders who were brought to trial—not even Hess—was insane, that some were men of far more than average ability, and that each in his own way was driven by an overmastering ambition. In the end, he is able to sum up each one in a devastating sentence or two. Thus he says of Sauckel, whom he rates lowest among them, that "to be classed with the major Nazis, even as a war criminal, was for Sauckel definitely aggrandizement of the ego". When he says that Schacht was "merely a financier without conscience", and that von Papen's "basic personality must be considered as entirely normal, except for his inability to abide by the accepted code of honesty and loyalty, either in word or in act", he amply confirms the judgment which public opinion had long since passed upon them.

The concluding chapter "what it means to America" is of great value. It is startling to be told that these defendants are but the prototypes of personalities who could

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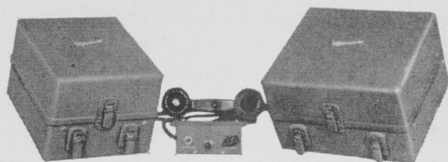
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be duplicated in any large American city (and, not to be complacent, let us infer that they may be found in any large Canadian city as well). Dr. Kelley's findings are a clear warning that "It can't happen here" is a much more dangerous watchword than "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty".

MEN AGAINST CRIME, by John J. Floherty. Longmans, Green and Co., Toronto. Pp. 255. Illustrated from photographs. \$3.

In 1789 the President of the United States was greatly concerned over the impoverished condition of the national treasury. "Our ports", he said, "are gorged with ships unloading dutiable goods on which we collect scarcely a shilling. Our bays and backwaters are havens for smugglers and pirates who carry on a large and ever-increasing trade."

"Give me half a dozen cutters", replied Alexander Hamilton, "and I promise you we shall reap a goodly harvest from the sea, in the way of duties that are justly ours."

So began the law enforcement agencies of the United States Treasury, comprising now a number of highly efficient branches to combat "the smuggler, the counterfeiter, the income tax evader, the narcotic peddler, the moonshiner, and the foreign saboteur". This book is an account of their work.

Mr. Floherty does not concern himself with technicalities, but writes a brisk, swiftly-moving story enlivened by good reporting of a wide variety of cases. Of these, the investigation which led to the conviction of Al Capone, lately deceased, and the story of "the Reverend Johnson" and the buried treasure, are perhaps the most interesting. It is illuminating too, to be told how the Secret Service lives up to its slogan "We take no chances" in protecting the President. Members of the R.C.M.P. will be interested when the book tells of cases which have called for their cooperation, particularly in the work of the border patrol and in the pursuit of counterfeiters. It is all to the good that when this cooperation becomes necessary it is complete and ungrudging on both sides of the border.

CRIMINAL REPORTS (Canada), edited by A. E. Popple, LL.B. The Carswell Co. Ltd., Toronto.

There are two ways by which counsel may prepare to present his case—first, by argument based upon general principles, and second, by a search for the "all-fours" case. The latter is apt to be a matter of chance, however fortunate it may be when it comes off. It is for the former that annotated reports are of the greater value.

This well-printed new series is more than usually generous with annotations, and as the editor's name is well known in connection with other publications dealing with the criminal law of Canada, the reader may be assured of careful scholarship in their preparation.

The subscription price, which includes the bound volume, is \$9 per year; Vol. 1 is now completed and the first part of Vol. 2 has been published.

* * *

SIXTY BELOW, by Tony Onraet. Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd., Toronto. Pp. 192. \$2.50.

This book tells of the rather disjointed experiences and reflections of a French Canadian who went North about 1930. The title is meaningless so far as the material is concerned, and the narrative has apparently been put together by a Dr. Thomas Wood from Mr. Onraet's writings while the latter was serving Overseas in the Canadian Army. As a guide to travellers the book has little use, nor does it contain much of real value for the reading public.

The author and his partner followed the ice down from Peace River and wound up on Great Bear Lake. Some of his statements are difficult to believe—such as the tale about the wolf-and-husky cross and the one of his wandering round and trapping under ice in a frozen lake from which the water had disappeared. On the other hand his portrayal of the present-day prospector and trapper is breezy and accurate, his descriptions of the trap line and animals show him to be a fair naturalist, and his anecdote about being lost on a wet spring day is well told against himself.

C. D. LANAUZE.

Obituary

- Reg. No. 3391, ex-Cpl. Joseph Walter Bourke, 69, died at North Bay, Ont., Feb. 16, 1947. Serving in the N.W.M.P. from May 10, 1899, to May 9, 1904, he was stationed at Fort Saskatchewan, N.W.T. (now Alberta) and Dawson, Y.T. After leaving the Force he continued enforcing the law as a railway plain-clothes detective, was one of the first firemen in North Bay, and for a number of years was turnkey and governor of the North Bay district jail. Of late years he had been employed at guarding the Dionne Quintuplets.
- Reg. No. 3302, ex-Cst. Thomas Henry Burman, 69, died at Seattle, Wash., Dec. 19, 1946. He served in the N.W.M.P. from June 1, 1898, to Dec. 25, 1901, being stationed at Whitehorse, Y.T.
- Reg. No. 9049, ex-Cst. William Burns, 76, died at Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 26, 1947. He served in the Dominion Police from Nov. 29, 1906, to Jan. 31, 1920, and in the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, the date that the Force absorbed the Dominion Police, to Sept. 29, 1932. Throughout he was stationed at Ottawa.
- Reg. No. 9217, ex-Cst. Ewart Charles Burt, 54, died at Whitehorse, Y.T., Apr. 12, 1947. Veteran of World War I, he served in the R.C.M.P. from Mar. 13, 1920, to Mar. 12, 1927, being stationed in the Yukon at Dawson City and Granville.
- Reg. No. 6398, ex-Sgt. Frederick James Culverhouse, 53, died at Penticton, B.C., Oct. 23, 1946. He served in the R.N.W.M.P. from Mar. 8, 1915, to June 2, 1917; in the Saskatchewan Provincial Police from June 6, 1917, to Oct. 11, 1918, and re-engaging in the Force on Aug. 28, 1919, served continuously until pensioned with exemplary conduct on Aug. 27, 1939. While in the Mounted Police he was stationed at Regina, Pelly, Melville, Preeceville, Canora, Yorkton, Weyburn, Swift Current and Moose Jaw in Saskatchewan, at Lethbridge, Alta., and at Cranbrook, Kingsgate, Hazelton and Penticton in British Columbia.
- Reg. No. 3206, ex-Cst. Charles Gordon Duncan, 73, died at Vancouver, B.C., Apr. 3, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Jan. 25, 1898, to Jan. 31, 1900, having been stationed most of the time in the Yukon. He was a veteran of World War I.
- Reg. No. 4732, ex-Cst. Percival William Durant, 66, died at Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 7, 1947. He served in the R.N.W.M.P. from July 20, 1908, to Feb. 27, 1915, having been stationed in Saskatchewan at Prince Albert, Regina, Assiniboia and Wood Mountain. After the First Great War, of which he was a veteran, he engaged in the Manitoba Provincial Police and later was a member of the Manitoba Game and Fisheries Department from which he was pensioned in November, 1946.
- Reg. No. 2788, ex-Cst. Harold Percy Elderton Francis, 77, died at Toronto, Ont., Apr. 7, 1947. He served in the N.W.M.P. from Mar. 28, 1892, to Mar. 27, 1897, being stationed at Calgary and Fort Macleod (in Alberta).
- Reg. No. 3872, ex-Cst. Harry Stewart Johnston, 68, died at Prince Albert, Sask., in mid-March. He served in the Force from May 1, 1902, to Apr. 30, 1907, and from Aug. 11, 1914, to Aug. 10, 1917, being stationed at Whitehorse, Y.T., and Battleford, Sask.
- Reg. No. 2438, ex-Sgt. Major Sidney Marshall, 80, died at Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 21, 1947. He served in the Force from Apr. 23, 1890, to Apr. 26, 1910, when he was pensioned with exemplary conduct. He later was a member of the British Columbia Provincial Police until 1931. In the Mounted Police he was stationed at Regina and Prince Albert in Saskatchewan and Dawson and Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory.
- Reg. No. 1969, ex-Cst. David McCulloch, 77, died at Calgary, Alta., Mar. 3, 1947. He served in the Force from May 14, 1887, to May 13, 1892, and from Apr. 4, 1893, until pensioned on Apr. 3, 1909. A veteran of the South African War, he was stationed in the Force at Regina and Battleford (in Saskatchewan), Calgary and Lethbridge (in Alberta), and in the Yukon.
- Reg. No. 9173, ex-Cst. Michael James O'Brien, 57, died at Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 4, 1947. He served in the Dominion Police from Dec. 10, 1919, to Jan. 31, 1920, and in the R.C.M.P. from Feb. 1, 1920, the date that the Force absorbed the Dominion Police, until pensioned on Apr. 30, 1937. A veteran of World War I, he was stationed in the Mounted Police at Halifax, N.S., and Ottawa.
- Ex-Insp. Charles Cummings Raven, 75, died at Victoria, B.C., Jan. 23, 1947. He engaged in the N.W.M.P. with regimental number 1127 on Jan. 9, 1885, and received a medal for his services that year in The North-west Rebellion. Promoted from sergeant major to inspector on Dec. 1, 1909, he served continuously until pensioned on Sept. 1, 1922. During his lengthy career in the Force he was stationed in Saskatchewan at Regina, Prince Albert and Weyburn, in Alberta at Calgary, Macleod, Medicine Hat and Lethbridge, and at Dawson, Y.T. Upon retirement from the R.C.M.P. he became an Anglican clergyman, being ordained when 57 years of age. In 1897, he assisted in the historic pursuit of the Indian outlaw, Almighty Voice, and in the encounter that culminated in the latter's capture and death was shot through the groin from ambush.

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