

making the final shift into low gear, but instead of the car moving forward there was a terrible grinding sound as I tried to complete the final movement. Saville started shouting at me to shift into low gear and get going. Out of frustration I yelled, "Jesus Christ, I can't get this thing into gear." It was the "Jesus Christ" that got me into more hot water than I ever believed possible, and for years I blamed the outburst as a subconscious mimicking of my Dad's "Jesus, Jesus, German-hearted Christ" orations.

The court procedure was swift, and on March 26 two members of the Musical Ride paraded me before Superintendent J. R. Roy, the commanding officer of the training depot, where Sergeant R. G. Moffat, the man who volunteered to prosecute, unceremoniously stripped me of my spurs and Sam Browne. I was terrified. I was standing at attention as Saville marched into the room and brought himself to attention squarely in front of the desk behind which sat Roy. Saville was wearing his Stetson. Roy glanced up and asked him to remove his headgear. Saville should have gone from standing at attention to standing at ease and then removed his head cover. Instead, he stayed at attention, removed the headpiece, and tried to toss it onto a nearby chair. He missed, and the Stetson rolled around the floor for what seemed to everyone like an eternity before coming to a stop. Roy was annoyed and told Saville to pick up his hat and place it on his desk.

Perspiring profusely, Saville was about a minute into his testimony, when one of my escorts fainted and dropped to the floor. I managed to get out of the courtroom with only a reprimand. When the trial ended, Roy had everyone leave the room except me. He gave me a fatherly dressing-down that ended with his remarking that no policeman that was worth anything ever got through a career without at least a couple of court marshals.

Upon leaving "N" Division's training facility, I went to work in the Orderly Room at Headquarters. My primary task was to record members' holidays and the job was very time consuming as senior members often took only two days off to try a three or four day long weekend into six days or even more. When I first started working in Orderly Room the records were stored num-

berically by regimental number in envelopes. I suggested to the Staff Sergeant that I utilize a large rotary cardex wheel [something that is today obsolete] and it cut the amount of work in half.

My other job was to file any correspondence to a members personal and medical file. There were times when my work load became very heavy but most of the time I was underworked and was able to access books about the force about it's history. Surprisingly, I very much enjoyed my time fraternizing and socializing with some of the more senior members at Headquarters.

In 2010 I requested my "discipline" and "history" files under the Freedom of Information Act. It was interesting to read that training instructor Sergeant E. Alex I. Cosstick had this to write about me: "This is a small timid looking man who has a sleepy look about him. This is usually an illusion."

It was equally interesting to read that a driving instructor at "A" Division jumped on the bandwagon and put in a most negative report about my driver training.

On May 19 he wrote: "It is my opinion that this member is intellectually incapable of correcting these errors. Prior to giving him further driving tests, etc. it is suggested that the time, financial and potential aspects involved should be given full consideration." Driver Trainer Corporal J.F. Armstrong's remarks about me two weeks later had changed considerably: "I am unable to explain the seemingly unbelievable improvement in this member's driving considering that only a two-week period lapsed between the time I tested him and he was tested by a senior NCO of "A" Division Traffic Branch, unless of course, he was finally able to grasp the instructions he had received during the training and testing periods."

City Policing in Burnaby & New Westminster

Mom and I left Renfrew in my new Rambler for Burnaby, British Columbia, on 7th June 1965 and were allowed seven days to drive the 3,000 miles to the west coast. For a man who had never travelled more than 200 miles from home this trip turned out to be quite an adventure, and the drive through northern Ontario made me aware of Canada's size for the very first time. Near Sudbury Mom and I saw our first moose grazing by the side of the road. We saw a rabid fox and Mom insisted that I try



Mom & Me at Banff, June, 1965.

and shoot it. In the rush to get a shot off and put the animal out of its misery, I managed to jam a 16-gauge shotgun shell into the barrel of my 12-gauge shotgun. I tried but was unable to pry the shell from the breech and the fox ran away.

We spent one day in Regina visiting with Delbert Jackson, Grandpa McBride's first cousin. My Great-grandmother, Olive Jane Smith, had an older sister named Anne Marie, who married an Edwin Jackson. Delbert was their eldest son. He was a wonderful host and took us to visit "Depot" Division, where I spent a great deal of time in the Police Museum.

At Banff I got Mom settled into a motel room before going to a Saturday evening dance. As

it turned out I became friendly with the park ranger who had earlier examined my loaded shotgun when we entered the national park. We hit it off, and after the dance she suggested we take a drive to the outskirts of town where elk were grazing. Returning to the motel I found Mom wide awake and bawling her eyes out and totally convinced that something dreadful had happened to me. The following morning Mom and I took the chair lift to the top of Sulphur Mountain at Banff. Upon reaching the top, a photographer took our picture seated in the chair with the beautiful panorama in the background.

When we reached the Fraser Valley, Mom suggested we stop over in Chilliwack and visit her aunt Aleta who had been married to Mom's Uncle Emerson. When Aunt Aleta's first husband died from the effects of mustard gas in the First World War, she had married a Reverend James McKillop. We learned that he too had passed away. It was during this visit that I first met Myrtle and Gordon McKillop and their son Elgin. During the drive across Canada I had to report daily to a police station so that the force was able to monitor my movements.

When reporting at the Burnaby Detachment I noticed a note pinned on the bulletin board in the main office offering members room and board. I checked it out and found living accommodations with Betty and Bill Peterson and their son Bill Jr. They lived on Rosewood Street near Canada Way and not more than ten blocks from the detachment. I learned that senior Constable Ron Kostiuk, a member of Burnaby Detachment's elite General Investigation Section, also resided with the Peterson family. Once I got settled in, Mom took the train back home. Mrs. Peterson was one of Burnaby's top realtors.

My initiation into city police work began a couple of nights after my arrival. The Burnaby Detachment was located at the corner of Edmonds Street and Kingsway. I reported for inspection at 8:30 p.m. and learned that my supervisor was Sergeant Ken Jensen. Immediately after inspection Jensen drove Constable Joe Healy and me up to a fire hall located at the intersec-

tion of Willingdon Avenue and Hastings Street. Joe and I were told to do a foot patrol up and down Hastings Street until 5:00 a.m. It didn't take Joe and me very long to work out a system. Our first walk of the night was from Willingdon west to Boundary Road. The distance was roughly one mile. Joe took one side of the street and I took the other, checking the front doors of the establishments. On the return walk we did the back alleys and back doors of the street. It took us roughly five minutes to walk a block. Usually we both arrived out of a back alley and at a side street about the same time. We would turn our flashlights on and off twice to indicate to each other that everything was all right. If one of us was delayed checking someone out, the other member crossed the street and stood by in the shadows as backup in the event of a scuffle. Joe was a great partner and earned himself the nickname "Gentleman Joe." He and I soon became the best of friends. I learned that he had been in training at the same time as I but had gone through "Depot" Division in Regina.

It was while on our way to foot beat patrol with Sergeant Jensen that Joe and I witnessed our first sudden death. We were about halfway between the detachment and the fire hall when a call came in that a small child had possibly drowned in a backyard swimming pool. Jensen responded and we were at the scene within a couple of minutes. A man was running around the backyard ranting and raving like a madman, kicking over lawn chairs, and pounding his fists into the siding of the house. I next saw Jensen kneeling beside a small child's play pool. It was round and bright yellow and couldn't have been more than six-feet in diameter and the water in it couldn't have been more than three-inches deep. It took a moment for me to realize that the sergeant was attempting to give a small boy mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. I ran to him and he told me to get on the car radio and request a doctor. While I was at the car the distraught father tried to pry his child away from the senior policeman. Joe began wrestling with the father and managed to pin him to the ground without causing him any physical injury. After placing the call for medical assistance I went to the aid of Joe, and we managed to cuff the man with his hands behind his back. While

Joe kept him pinned to the ground, I went to see if I could help the sergeant but the little fellow was blue in colour and rigid. The doctor arrived on the scene and worked on the baby for several minutes and then shook his head to indicate that the child was dead. The father went absolutely berserk and it took Ken, Joe, and me to keep him from further injuring himself. The doctor gave the father a sedative in the hip and that took all the fight out of him. By this time a couple of general duty members arrived on the scene and took over the investigation. Sergeant Jensen told them that he'd drop Joe and me off at the fire hall and then file a report.

During my very first week I spooked three youths in the back alley on the south side of Hastings Street not far from Boundary Road. The three took off in three directions with me in hot pursuit. Without any hesitation I kept chasing after the one that was in the rear. He began running southbound down Boundary Road when I realized that we were both running full out and taking five-foot strides on pea gravel on a steep hill and that a fall would result in an extremely painful tumble. The suspect came to the same conclusion and began yelling, "I give up, don't trip me." He began to slow down, and I caught up to him. I yelled at him to lie on the ground with his hands behind his back. He co-operated and allowed me to place him in handcuffs. After that I sat down beside him for several minutes trying to catch my breath. It was then that I began to smell gasoline. As we walked back up the hill to Hastings Street, he told me his name and that he and his two friends had been trying to siphon gas from an old car. I turned him over to some general duty members who took him into the coffee shop in the Astor Hotel for questioning. He eventually gave a statement revealing the names of his accomplices, and all three were charged with attempted theft. I saw him several years later in a courtroom in Vancouver and he remembered my name. He was quite surprised when I addressed him by his name.

A few nights later I stopped a suspicious looking character in the back alley near the Astor Hotel. When I asked him to produce some identification, he asked me to attempt the physically impossible. Unsure of my authority, I didn't do anything. The next morning over breakfast at

the Peterson residence I mentioned the incident to Ron. The following night Ron drove his ghost car down my back alley until he found me checking doorknobs. We talked briefly and I mentioned that I had seen the chap who the night before had refused to produce any identification. Ron told me to jump into the car with him and we sped off in the direction where I had last seen the individual. When I pointed him out, Ron drove up to him and in very explicit language told him to produce his wallet. He did so and Ron took his driver's licence to run a check over the car's phone with the Criminal Investigation Section. The fellow had a lengthy criminal record for break and entry, theft, and assault.

One night I was sitting in the fire hall shooting the breeze with the firemen when a woman called that a man had suffered a severe heart attack in her apartment. I jumped onto the back of the fire truck with the firemen and arrived with them at the scene. The firemen did all they could but the man was dead. I took a statement from the woman and learned that the man had suffered the heart attack during sexual intercourse. She went on to say that she had met him in a bar earlier that evening and that she hadn't known him before.

Ron and I had lived at the Peterson home for only a few months when Mrs. Peterson told us that their house had been sold and they were moving out to Chilliwack. Ron and I both moved in with the Rose and Gerald Brownrigg family who lived on Monarch Place near Burnaby Central Secondary School. They had a son Bill and daughter Kathy. I stayed with them a few months and then moved again.

This time Joe Healy and I shared room and board with Angela and Thomas F. Dempsey and their two young daughters Sheila and Deirdre. Their home was on 16 Avenue near Kingsway and only five blocks from the detachment. Mr. Dempsey was an intellectual who taught at the local high school. I discovered that he corresponded with Pierre Elliot Trudeau when Trudeau was the federal Minister of Justice and then assisted him with his speech writing about west coast issues when he ran for Prime Minister. Tom also had some connection with Robert F. Kennedy and perhaps even assisted

Jim Whittacher write an article about Kennedy's climb to the top of Mount Kennedy for an article for National Geographic. I remember Jim because Mrs. Kennedy had made a pot of tea for their distinguished guest and I placed it in my thermos prior to going off to graveyard shift and that Mrs. D was not very pleased with me. Tom was instrumental in persuading me to enroll as a charter student at Simon Fraser University on top of Burnaby Mountain. I wrote



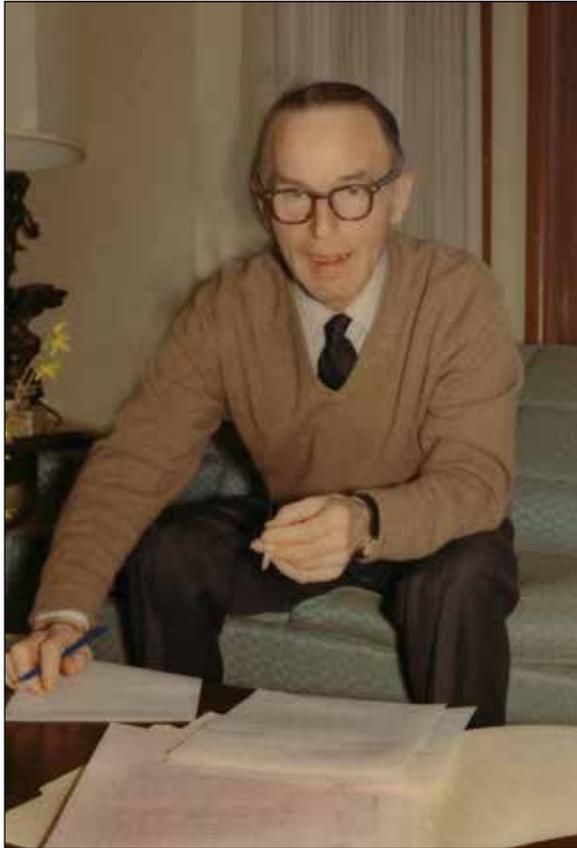
Dad's visit to BC in August & September, 1965.

home for my grade 13 results from the Renfrew Collegiate Institute and had no trouble getting accepting in first year courses at the new university.

My letter to the officer commanding the Burnaby Detachment requesting permission to enroll at Simon Fraser University triggered a reply stating that I should prove myself as a policeman before taking on extracurricular activities such as improving my education. Instead of taking his advice entirely I reduced the five courses I had planned to take by three and en-

rolled in English 101 and Psychology 101. Upon the successful completion of these two subjects I sent in a second memo advising my superior of my passing grades and requesting 50 percent reimbursement for successfully completing the two university subjects.

Tom and I used to go on lengthy walks and he'd



Landlord Thomas F. Dempsey

This man encouraged me to enroll at Simon Fraser University and afterwards helped me prepare a defense when I was charged with false statements in a police report under the RCMP Act. He had a big influence in my decisions in my early police career.

reminisce about his growing up in Ireland and obtaining two degrees at age 17. What I remember most about Tom was seeing him daily holding a cigarette in his left hand and a pen in his right carefully drafting a letter. One day Tom loaned me some notes that had been written by playwright James Joyce. I took the papers up to SFU and showed them to some of the writing professors and they wanted desperately to buy them from me but they were not mine to sell.

One night while Joe and I were on foot patrol

checking doorknobs, I discovered a back door ajar. I listened carefully for several minutes to people whispering but instead of opening the door and walking into a potentially dangerous situation I retreated back down the alley and found Joe. We let ourselves in quietly through the unlocked door expecting to catch someone committing a burglary. However, it turned out to be Doug Hepburn, the store's owner, and his girlfriend. Doug took the "bust" in good humour and explained that as well as operating a health food store specializing in body-building foods he worked at the Cave Supper Club in Vancouver as a singer and bouncer. Doug explained that he had won the title for weightlifting at the 1953 World Championships. Before we left, Doug insisted that Joe and I take two complimentary tickets to the club. A few nights later, when Joe and I had a night off, we decided to go to the club and listen to Doug perform. He greeted us and gave us the best table in the house. It just so happened that the star performer that night was Jane Mansfield, one of the most beautiful women in the world. Joe and I were totally mesmerized as we watched Jane sing and dance not more than ten-feet from our table. Later several Cavettes came out on the stage and danced, and after the performance several of the girls came over to our table and one asked Joe and me what we were doing in the wilder parts of Vancouver. I was surprised to discover that the young woman lived on 16 Avenue and directly across the street from the Dempsey home. She had earlier been in the Royal Winnipeg ballet. A couple of years later Jane and her boyfriend were killed when their car ran into the back of a truck. Their three children were asleep in the back seat and escaped with minor injuries. Jane's daughter Mariska Hargitay stars in the television series 'Law & Order: Special Victims Unit'

After walking the beat for several months I was assigned to General Duties on 3 Watch under Sergeant Ken Jensen and Corporal Charlie Simms, while Joe was assigned to Traffic Detail. My first general duty partners were senior constables such as Bill Benedict, Bob Mortenson, Dale Lang, and Don Brown. I wanted to fit in and be accepted by the older members that I began to grow a moustache and smoke a pipe.

My first general duty partner was Constable Bill Benedict. I attended my first family fight with Bill and was unimpressed with his way of handling the situation. A wife had taken a bad beating from her husband and Bill refused to become involved unless she promised to swear out an information charging her husband with assault. It was obvious to me that the woman was too scared to go this route and charge her husband for fear of reprisals. Out of sheer frustration the woman punched me right on the nose only to have Bill grab and arrest her for assaulting a peace officer. I felt that the wrong person went to the lock-up.

I was working with Benedict during an illegal strike by Lenkurk Electric employees in the Lake City industrial area of North Burnaby. I quickly realized that senior members dressed as civilians had infiltrated the hall where the strikers had gathered and were instigating arguments with the strike speakers. This resulted in confrontations and every time a member was shoved the offender was promptly arrested for assault and passed onto members waiting in cars to escort them back to the detachment. It occurred to me that the arrested men were being set up and arrested to put down the strike.

The early winter of 1965 was extremely cold and members began wearing bulky pea jackets and muskrat hats. I was working graveyard shift with Constable Dale Lang when a call came in that a man had leapt off a cliff at Burnaby Mountain Park just below Simon Fraser University. Dale was a happy-go-lucky policeman who should have been a teacher, preacher, or public relations person. He had just transferred down from Nelson and was an all-round super-nice guy who was not cut out for police work. We drove to the park and met Paddy Sherman, the Vancouver newspaperman whose passion was heading up the North Vancouver Search and Rescue team. His men had driven a jeep to the edge of the cliff and had run out a cable and stretcher and had already lowered two men down the mountain. With walkie-talkies the two had radioed back to Paddy that there were two bodies side by side at the bottom of the ravine. Paddy asked for a police volunteer to go down to have a look and assist in hauling up one of the bodies. Sergeant Jensen was too old and Dale too overweight to make the descent so

I volunteered. Going down was relatively easy, because a rescuer and I were able to stand in the stretcher and use our free hand to push away from rocks and trees as the cable lowered us down the near vertical 300-foot cliff. I wasn't even wearing a helmet.



Photo taken by Basil King of the Vancouver Sun of me, Kathy Brownrigg, Trudy Cafferky & "Gentleman Joe" Healy at the Burnaby Detachment's Christmas Sub/Division Ball, 1965. Joe worked on Traffic Detail in both Burnaby and Haney Detachments. He was later transferred to Ottawa to take a French immersion course prior to being assigned to guard Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau. A career policeman, Joe terminated his career as a Superintendent being Contingent Commander with the United Nations Peacekeeping core. Upon retirement, he founded the Internet website: RCMPgraves.com.

At the bottom I discovered that the second body was several weeks old and badly decomposed. I radioed this information to the top and Jensen requested that a member from the identification section attend to photograph the scene with both bodies. This member was instructed to gain access by the Barnet Highway. By the time the photographer arrived on foot it was starting to get daylight. He took several photographs, and the bodies were placed into two

body bags. It was decided that it would be easier and safer to haul the bodies up to the top of the mountain by cable than try to walk them out to the highway. The bag containing the decomposed body was strapped into the first stretcher that was hooked to the cable. The men at the top began to winch the stretcher up the steep cliff. The rescuer with my stretcher must have placed his feet into the sides of the stretcher or into loops in the cable for the haul up the mountain. No one at the scene gave me any instructions. I didn't know about safety clips or footholds so I grabbed onto the lower right hand corner of the stretcher and was holding onto it with both hands unable to fend off the head in the body bag that kept smacking me on the side of the face. As we neared the top of the cliff, I realized that my handholds were all that kept me from a deadly fall. I was wearing the pea jacket, which added extra weight, and for a few moments I entertained the possibility of my being a third casualty off the cliff. It was a very good example of stupid is as stupid does!

I worked with Constable Irvin Just whose middle initial happened to be M., so I called him Constable I'm Just. We were a Mutt and Jeff team, as Irv was 6'2" to my 5'8". Irv's girlfriend was Miss Burnaby, and it was her parents that owned the Casa Loma Motel on Kingsway. When we worked afternoon shift, we would always take our lunch or coffee breaks in the home portion of the motel. One summer afternoon shift Irv was driving along Kingsway with me as passenger en route to the Casa Loma for our nightly coffee break, when a call came over the air that a suspect vehicle was driving east on Kingsway. The dispatcher gave a description and the plate number on the vehicle. I remarked that the suspect vehicle was about the same distance west of the Casa Loma as we were east. The dispatcher then issued a call telling all vehicles to attempt to intercept the driver, as he was a police informant, and that his intended rendezvous was with two hired hit men from the United States at the Casa Loma Motel. While this short exchange was coming over the intercom, I saw the suspect vehicle making a turn directly in front of us and into the motel enclosure. I hit the emergency lights and siren, at the same time telling Irv to get in behind the car. In the few moments that fol-

lowed the informant managed to park directly in front of the door to the motel room where he was to have his meeting. He jumped from the car and ran to the door, but I intercepted him and asked for some identification. He looked utterly confused, as I told him that he had just struck a pedestrian and was under arrest for investigation. I ignored his protestations and placed him in the back seat of the police car, explaining that if he was innocent, I'd get everything straightened out back at the detachment. I left him in the care of Irv while I went into the motel and took the names and particulars of the two men in the motel room. Once we left the area I explained to the informant that just moments before the interception we had learned that he had been ratted out and that the supposed coin collection buyers were instead contract killers. Several hours later members from the general investigation section, with co-operation from Irv's girlfriends' parents, entered the room with revolvers at the ready and caught the two men as they were sleeping. When they did a search of the room, they recovered loaded revolvers from under the pillows on which the two men were sleeping. I never learned what happened to these two men.

It was Irv's girlfriend who managed to get Joe Healy and me invited to a beauty pageant being held at the Villa Hotel at Willingdon Street and the Trans Canada Highway and a short time later to a Miss Pacific National Exhibition contestants and members dance and party at the Casa Loma Motel. All of the women at the dance were beautiful, but Lené Graaton, Miss Parksville, was drop-dead gorgeous. I was hoping to ask her for a dance, but another member stuck to her like glue. I didn't dance with any of the other girls hoping that the member dancing with her would eventually have to excuse himself to use the washroom and that's exactly what happened. I asked her for a dance and she asked me to stay with her as she didn't like the other member. At the end of the party, she asked me to drive her back to her apartment near Granville Island. That August Dad was out on a holiday and had insisted on attending the Pacific National Exhibition to watch the Holstein cattle judging. I was more interested in watching to see who would be crowned Miss PNE. Dad was in the crowd with me when Lené received the crown.

A few times I went slumming on Hastings Street's skid row at the Smilin' Buddha Cabaret with girlfriends or with cousin Elgin McKillop. One night I was with Elgin when he got into a fight in the men's washroom and broke the other fellows wrist. Another time I was with him when Juanita Lopez, one of the strippers, kept peeling and throwing her garments at me. That same evening Elgin and I were invited to the home of Little Venus and Guitar Shorty, Jimi Hendrix's uncle, at about 4 in the morning. Shorty chatted with me explaining that he had a short time before been arrested coming across the border with a loaded revolver. He expressed his hatred for cops so I told him that I worked in a bank. When the conversation got around to banking jargon, I suggested to Elgin that we'd better head home. During one of our visits, the Vancouver City Police raided the Smilin' Buddha and collected our names with the result that my name showed up on a police bulletin's suspected person list.

I worked with Don Henderson, and although we both had about the same amount of service, he always insisted on taking charge. One night we took a call that a soldier from the army base in Camp Chilliwack had gone absent without leave and had been spotted in a back alley in South Burnaby. Don and I responded, and I volunteered to walk the alley in search of the soldier while Don and members in other police cruisers cordoned off the area. Since the wanted man was a soldier, I naïvely assumed that I was looking for a man in a military uniform. So when I encountered a clean-shaven individual in civilian dress walking toward me in the back alley, I explained to him that I was looking for an army deserter. He walked on past me, but for some unknown reason I looked back at him just in time to see him coming straight at me with what appeared to be a four foot length of 2 x 4. He had picked up the plank in the instant I looked away from him. There was a pile of sand in the middle of the alley, and I tripped over it in the dark. I rolled onto my back on the pile of sand and instinctively shone my flashlight up into the face of the soldier. By now he was standing directly over me with both hands high over his head holding onto the plank. His intentions were clear: he was going to bash me with the plank. I threw a handful of sand into

his face and somehow rolled in such a way that I regained my feet. We squared off with each other to do battle. He had the plank and I had my flashlight for weapons. I was yelling at the top of my lungs for help when a car came out of nowhere and its driver drove straight into the soldier sending him flying through the air. I jumped on top of him and in the struggle to get my handcuffs out of the pouch ended up unfastening the button on my holster strap that contained my .38 Smith and Wesson service revolver. During the fight my Sam Browne belt had become twisted and my gun holster ended up where my handcuff pouch should have been. The next thing I knew was that my antagonist had my loaded service revolver out and we were fighting over the gun. I managed to wrest it out of the soldier's grasp and throw it away. I was just beginning to get control of the situation and land a few punches when Henderson ran up, pulled me off my prisoner, and leaned over to ask him if he was all right. The soldier drove his fist into Henderson's left eye. My partner proceeded to pound the soldier while I went to retrieve my revolver. I then walked over to the car with the good samaritan and thanked him for coming to my rescue.

During that cold spell I had an opportunity to practise what I had learned from Corporal Roy back in Ottawa. I was patrolling with Dale, when we saw two well-known thugs walking through the Old Orchard Shopping Centre parking lot at Willingdon Avenue and Kingsway. The two men were brothers and known for their boxing skills. Dale pulled up to them and emerging from the car placed his forage cap on the hood and began taking notes. I saw one of the men knock Dale's hat on the ground, and as he stooped over to pick it up, the thug positioning himself to boot my partner in the head. I lunged at the suspect and knocked him off balance as we both exchanged kicks to the other's groin areas. We both connected, and we both went down on the pavement. While I was on the ground, the other brother got into a punch-out with Dale. I recovered from the groin kick first and was able to help Dale in subduing the other brother. Backup arrived, and both brothers were charged with assault.

Another time I was with Dale when I spotted a young break-and-enter artist who was want-