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**EXPLANATION AND PUBLICATION
OF POLICE ACTIVITIES**

are also quite a few tawdry jewelry stores trying to get this, and we wondered what it was all about.

In some of the cities of the Dominion lately there has been an epidemic of sneak thieving. Houses are broken into, people are robbed on the street, and other methods adopted to secure what—gold. We are not saying that every place is crooked but we do say that it is easy for this jewelry to be robbed, knowing as the thieves do that there are shady places where—with gold at a premium—that commodity can be profitably got rid of. In fact, in Vancouver there are places where a man can get rid of old gold at any time and no questions asked. In many of them there is a crucible, and it takes no time to melt the gold. Some pawnbrokers, it is true, have to report all things pawned the following morning—but it is possible to melt down that gold in a very few hours without any means of identification, even if the articles stolen—if they were stolen—were pilfered that same day. And Vancouver, these days, is afflicted with an orgy of thieves who make a specialty of getting anything which carries gold with it.

This is a matter for the R.C.M.P. to take up. They should see to it that only those people who are properly licensed—and *who are upright*—are allowed to have these crucibles, and then—and only then—will this theft of jewelry be forgotten. It is getting serious, and some of these days the officials will wake up to the fact. And we will say the longer this step is delayed the more prevalent these thefts will become and the harder it will be for law and enforcement officials to cope with the trouble.

A Meritorious Suggestion

THE old Northwest Mounted Police were a body of men who were an honor to Canada, and also a living illustration of the sacredness of the law which they enforced. Their traditions will go down for years. If one talks to any Canadian, this Canadian will always take great pride in the work done by these men in the past. Now when they decided that every member of that old Northwest Mounted Police with twenty years' service or more are to be granted medals, we think that this matter might be taken up by General MacBrien, the head of the R.C.M.P. and a distribution of these medals in one centralized locality would be fitting in view of the service rendered in the past by these men. It must be remembered that the old Northwest Mounted Police used to work for 50c a day and they enlisted in the body not for the money that was in it, but on account of the adventurous career on which they had embarked. Very rarely in the old days was a man's services dispensed with and most of them re-enlisted when their time was up. Now in these days when the R.C.M.P. receives four times as much money as was paid to the old members it is not very hard for them, with everything found, to make a living. That they are living up to the traditions set up by the old Northwest Mounted Police goes without saying and an example has been set which has guided the modern forces all the way from Labrador to the Arctic. Now quite a few of these men have not the wherewithal to meet in any centralized locality and we consider that it would be an honor to these men if General MacBrien

took the matter up with the Minister of Justice of defraying their expenses from whatever part of the Dominion these men are in and seeing that the medals were presented individually to them. We are sure that both the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. would be only too anxious to assist when they recognize the fact of the inestimable value the old force was to them when the railways were being constructed. Not only that, but the younger generation would certainly appreciate seeing these old pioneers. This is a suggestion which we would give to Major-General MacBrien and which he could well take up with the authorities.

A Salutary Sentence

AT the last assizes in Vancouver, there appeared an Austrian for sentence who had been found guilty by a jury of living on the avails of prostitution. It was proven to the hilt in regard to the man, even one lawyer, Mr. Gerald Hodgson, appearing as a witness for the Crown to clinch matters. It is not so very many years since we were fighting Austria and the impudence of this man coming to Canada to ply his profession is simply astounding! In other words, he arrived here eight years ago, and so far as we can learn, started in on his nefarious business. Not that the people in Vancouver are lacking in *macquereux*! They have plenty of them, but still it must have made these residents of Vancouver shocked to have an Austrian come over here and stick his nose in their business with the resultant loss of revenue from the different harems these people maintain. They are never at a loss for street-walkers in Vancouver. There are plenty of them, though we must say that they are not all good-looking and not all enticing to these "brothers" of pimpology. They only pick the nicest looking ones to fill out their retinue. But can you imagine an Austrian—a former enemy—interfering with the modes of livelihood of the *macquereux* of the City of Vancouver!

Vance Attacked Again

INSPECTOR Vance, the clever criminologist of the Vancouver police force and who is always used in critical cases by the Provincial Government, has again been subjected to another attack by some denizen of the underworld, this being the fifth time. Chief John Cameron has announced that while Inspector Vance decided he could get along without police protection, he is going to see to it that this is done, whether the criminologist liked it or not. There is absolutely no doubt but what Inspector Vance has been of wonderful assistance to Chief Cameron. His analytical powers have shown that he stands in the forefront of scientists in his particular branch of work in these days of shifting criminals. Unfortunately, he lives up to the knowledge that a prophet has no honor in his own country, though outside districts are always eager to seek his assistance. It is well known that many criminals are now behind the bars as a result of the Inspector's deductions and proof, and, consequently, they attack him as the one man who stands between them and liberty, particularly when there is a plethora of thugs frequenting the gambling joints in the Terminal City.

Chief Cameron naturally wants to eliminate these individuals whether by absence from the city or in the penitentiary, and Vance is the man who can supply the proof. The latest outrage against Inspector Vance was that some individual threw vitriol over him. He, being quick enough to place his arms over his eyes, saved himself from blindness. However, we are glad that Chief Cameron is not going to leave it to Inspector Vance, but is going to see that he is protected at all times.

Small Town Chiefs

THEY recently had a meeting of the Ontario Police Chiefs' Association in Toronto, and had an interesting flare-up there. It seems that the fingerprint man from Windsor, Wilkinson, made the following statement: "Many of these men on big forces, trained in police work for years, get no vote, while a vote is given to some small town police chiefs, who are anything from dogcatcher to janitor." Then the fingerprint man added an instance of a police chief calling on him to visit Detroit police, clad in patched, ragged clothes. "I told him I wasn't going with him until he dressed in a manner becoming a police chief," added Wilkinson.

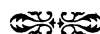
This raised a storm of protest from two of the best known men of the Chief Constables' Association, Chief Boyd, of Cleveland, and Chief Smith of Walkerville, both of whom are of sterling worth and hard workers on the Dominion organization, the latter being at one time president. Chief Boyd in particular said: "I'm a typical small town police chief and I'm not a dogcatcher or janitor. I understood police work before Superintendent Wilkinson ever was in uniform."

We visited a small town one day, where there was a chief of police. He had another cop on the job, and the later showed us his fingerprinting proposition. (As if we hadn't seen hundreds of them before all over the American continent)! Of course, we listened to his talk, but when it came down to comparing his system with others we noticed that he took care to tell us that this fellow and that fellow didn't understand fingerprinting, and covered a lot of territory doing it. Looking at these different places which we visited we might say that given an ordinary education any individual can be a fingerprint man. But even in a village the people there have to look up to their police chief with confidence, realizing that the safety of the community depends on him. And who makes up the different police associations? Isn't it the small town chief? Who is the hardest worker on all the committees? Isn't it the same man? And what membership would there be if it was not for these small town chiefs? We have visited a lot of these places where conventions are held and we have always found out that these small town chiefs, as Supt. Wilkinson calls them, are eager to learn up-to-date methods of fighting crookdom, leaving it to the chiefs of the larger cities to sit at their desks and order things done, while these chiefs in the smaller cities go out and do it themselves.

No, No! It is the small town chief who is the backbone of the policing system of Canada, because after all he not only has to keep up-to-date, but he has to see the work done himself. Knowing this, we have to come to the conclusion that he is in a more direct position to know things than his higher salaried confreres.

We might also add that Chief Wigle of Windsor, in our opinion, would not have ordered this small town police chief to go out and get dressed "in a manner becoming a police chief" had the latter unfortunate individual presented himself before the real head of the Windsor police force.

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