

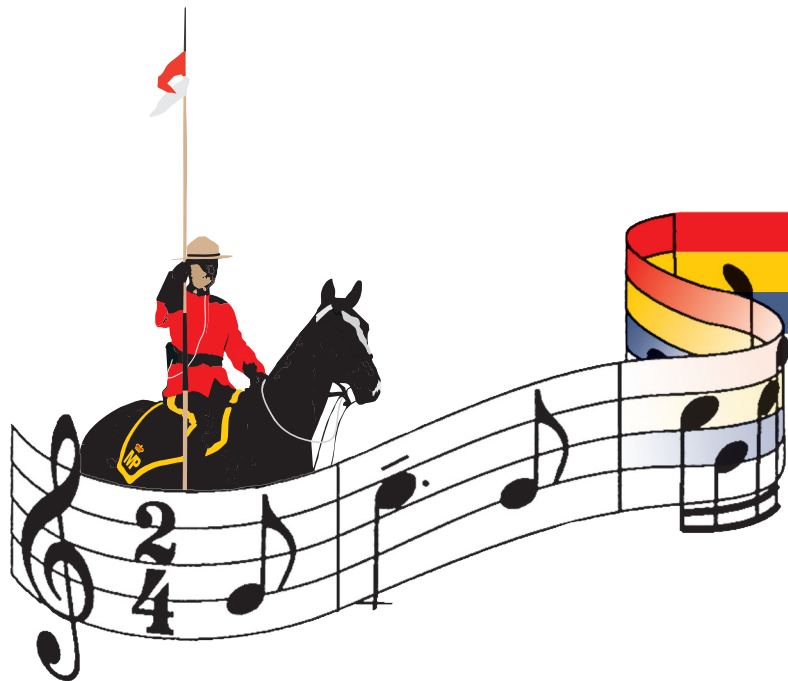
# FRIENDLY NOTES

Friends Of The Mounted Police Heritage Centre

Les Amis Du Centre Du Patrimoine De La GRC

# NOTES AMICALES

VOLUME 24  
ISSUE 4 FALL 2014



## LEN L. TURNER, RNWMP

PROUD  
SUPPORTERS  
OF/FIERS  
D'APPUYER

**RCMP  
HERITAGE  
CENTRE**



**LE CENTRE  
DU PATRIMOINE  
DE LA GRC**

RCMP  
HISTORICAL  
COLLECTIONS  
UNIT



**GROUPE DES  
COLLECTIONS  
HISTORIQUES**



*EDITOR: The photos shown with the following story were provided to our "Friend" Murray Grant of Regina, who forwarded them to us, and I now publish it for the historical value and enjoyment. Ken Turner tells the story of his father, Len L. Turner, of the RNWMP during 1912 to 1913 in Regina, Saskatchewan.*

My Dad came to Canada in 1909 and worked as a lumberjack in Ontario for about 2 years then moved to Regina and joined the RNWMP. Attached is a picture of him on horseback in downtown Regina about 1912. The other picture I sent is Dad outside his tent (he is the one sitting) about the same time or maybe about 1913.

*continued on page 2*

## LEN L. TURNER, RNWMP

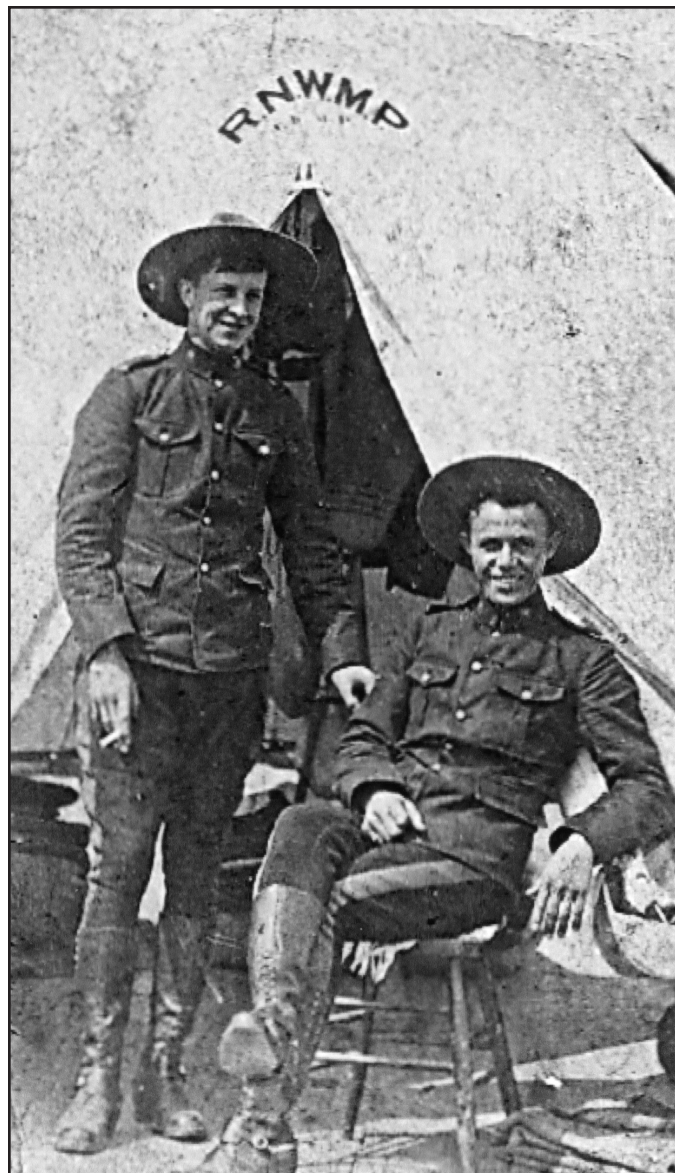
*continued from page 1*

One of the stories Dad told me of his escapades in the Mounties involved a con artist working Regina and making a fast departure on a train. The City Police contacted the RNWMP and told them to try pick him up and Dad found out that the train he just took made a stop at a little town about 5 miles outside Regina. Riding, “Hell Bent For Election” he arrived in the town, boarded the train and took the bad guy into custody. The story made the newspaper and of course talked about the “Mounties always get their man.”

In 1914 Dad joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force and went to France as a motorcycle army dispatch rider. After the war, Dad married my Mother and they came back to Canada and settled in Regina. Dad worked for the Regina City Police and then became a civil servant until he retired in 1953.

\* \* \* \* \*

*I invite any “old-timers” to write us if you recognize or can identify the other Mountie standing in this picture. – EDITOR*



### INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Len L. Turner, RNWMP .....	1
Correction .....	2
Life Membership Presentations .....	3
Readers Write .....	4
Fatal Distraction .....	5
Friendly Notes by E-mail .....	6
At Day's End. ....	6
Donor Wall of Appreciation .....	7
Membership Committee Report .....	7
Message from the Editor .....	8
Board of Directors. ....	8
Becoming a Member/Renewals .....	8

### CORRECTION

The following correction is submitted regarding Volume 24, Issue 3, Summer Edition, wherein the article on page 6 of the *Friendly Notes* regarding the presentation of Life Membership to Patrick Smale of Middleton, Nova Scotia, was erroneously reported that he was an RCMP Veteran. Please be advised that Mr. Smale is a generous supporter of the “Friends” and the Mounted Police Heritage Centre and Collections Unit.

# LIFE MEMBERSHIP PRESENTATIONS



On the occasion of the Red Deer Veterans Association September Meeting, President Roy Beaton presented a Life Membership Plaque and Lapel Pin to Mr. and Mrs. Larry Pearson, on behalf of the Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre. The presentation was in appreciation of their contributions and support of the Friends and the Heritage Centre over the years.

*Photo: Mr. G.L. Smith*

On Sunday, July 27th, 2014, a Life Membership Plaque and Lapel Pin was presented to Jack Boan, Professor Emeritus of University of Regina, and a contributing member of the “Friends”. The presentation was made by Barrie Nowell, Editor and Director on behalf of the Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre, for his generous contributions and support. Friends in the photo attending the presentation at the Pasqua Hospital in Regina, are standing left to right, Barrie Nowell, George Mollard, Dr. Harry Clarke, and Murray Grant.

*Photo: Murray Grant*



On Sept. 17th, 2014, at the Fort Saskatchewan Alberta RCMP Veteran’s Executive and supper Meeting, President Jerry Plastow presented a Life Membership Plaque and Lapel Pin to Bob Ward, on behalf of the Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre. The award was in recognition of Bob’s generous support and contributions over the years. The accompanying photo left to right features Bob Ward, Past President Kees Kikkert, and Jerry Plastow, President.

*Photo: RCMP Veteran’s Association*



# READERS WRITE

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*The following letter and poem was received from one of our "Friends" a retired Mountie, regarding a story of his father, Mr. M.W. Bracewell, and a colourful poem he wrote telling a story about a Court Case involving a known brewer of illicit spirits... (whiskey). The incident took place in Penticton, B.C., in the 1920s when the making of 'home brew' was a common occurrence in remote areas. – EDITOR.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Greetings,

Barry Nowell's poem 'The Moonshiner's Crucifix', which appeared in the last edition of the *Friendly Notes*, brought to mind a little verse my father wrote several decades ago.

He happened to be in Penticton, B.C. one day in the 1920s and thought he would stop into the Court House to see what trials were being heard.

One of the cases which came before the Court was a charge against a man from the Princeton area who was charged with making illicit spirits. Apparently the Court was informed that the accused in this case was known locally by the name of Wood Tick Joe.

This ultimately led to my father rattling off the following verse.

The Similkameen is a river in Southern B.C.

Best Regards,

Laurie Cracewell  
Reg. No. 19556

## Wood Tick Joe

Wood Tick Joe was a quaint old chap  
and a man of some renown

Who lived beside the Similkameen,  
not far from Princeton town.

A man to know when on the road,  
if you were feeling dry

And good for a drop of mountain dew  
if you looked safe to his eye.

In an old log cabin up in the hills,  
beside an old cow trail,

There stood an old and battered copper still  
and thereby hangs a tale.

The Mounties sent a man  
to try to track the spirits down

And for a good three months, or more,  
that Mountie hung around.

He worked for a few days at a mine,  
prospected many a hill

But found it pretty hard to find  
old Wood Tick's little still.

However, perseverance took its toll,  
I'm sorry to relate

And landed poor old Wood Tick Joe  
before the Magistrate.

M.W. Bracewell

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# FATAL DISTRACTION

*EDITOR NOTE: The enforcement of daily law and order such as routine traffic patrols, absorb a major portion of police time, particularly in urban locations and on major highways. They therefore tend to receive less public support and respect due to the perceived minimum value in crime prevention and revenue. In fact on many occasions attempts are made to interfere with enforcement actions by signalling to other drivers to warn them of “speed traps” ahead, unwittingly committing a minor offence of obstruction of the law. The act of flashing ones head-lights at oncoming traffic is one frequent means of warning other drivers, but although it seems to be an innocent act, the following scenario illustrates the tragic implications that could result. Let our conscience be our guide.*

\* \* \* \* \*

She came around the curve on 1st Avenue and saw the ghost-car, just in time to hit the brakes and slow down! Sure enough, the cops were operating radar – imagine – a speed-trap at 7:45 in the morning! Catch innocent people going to work, trying to earn a living. Single mothers working to support their kids. Thank goodness she only had one child. In fact she wouldn't have been late if she hadn't had to drop him off at daycare first.

Thank goodness the cops were on the other side this morning, catching people coming from the other way – toward her. Good. She'd fix them by blinking her lights at the on-coming traffic. The standard warning to drivers like herself to slow down or get caught.

She'd got a ticket once for improper use of her seat-belt. Had the shoulder strap under her breasts because wearing it across them was annoying. It was a chintzy rap, they could have given her a warning.

The first car she blinked her lights at was a doozer. Flying low! The jerk driving was a blur

going by, but she notices the tangled carrot-hair matched the dirty orange car. She glanced in her rear-view mirror and noticed his brake-lights on, as he disappeared around the bend into the radar trap. Oh well, if they didn't get him for speeding they would probably stop him for a dangling licence plate.

She blinked her lights at two more “victims” before she got to the traffic-light at the Main Street, where she had to step on it just to make it through on the amber.

Lucky for a change – she made every green light downtown and arrived at the office with a minute to spare! Her good luck raised her spirits and she knew it was going to be a great day.

Brent, the new manager of account, an eligible bachelor who ALL the girls were making a play for, had asked HER out to lunch. She didn't even want to think where that may lead to.... She was relieved when coffee time came and she could temporarily leave her fantasies and concentrate on the latest office gossip.

The coffee was good and she observed through the transom window that the sun was out. Great, she was glad for three-year-old Shaun, because the sitters were taking them on a stroll to the park. It was a spring-time ritual and a pleasant change for the little tykes, after being shut-in all winter. And then her thoughts slipped back into a dreamy fantasy about her and Brent. It was such a good feeling – almost like watching a tender love-scene in a movie... the only thing missing was the pina-colada and popcorn.

She almost felt silly sitting there smiling, when the rest of them seemed so serious. She almost missed the whole conversation, except the word “daycare” caught her attention and instantly brought her back to reality.

Even before she got to the hospital, she knew the worst. The newscast had given no names. She

*continued on page 6*

## FATAL DISTRACTION

*continued from page 5*

had received no call. Only the horrible sinking, choking sick feeling you get when all your instincts tell you one of the victims is your child.

She had SCREAMED and dropped her coffee when they repeated the scant details at the office. She had gone hysterical, but allowed two of the girls to accompany her in the cab to City Hospital to see. In a trance in the cab, the story repeated itself in her mind like a stuck record... “three children dead – several injured – out for a morning stroll – near the park – speeding car – out of control – taken to City Hospital – police trying to contact the families...”.

\* \* \* \* \*

The worst was true, and she died within herself. Her world, her life, were now taken over by her

friends and family. She was back in her house that was now a stranger’s house, full of people, but ironically so empty.

As she walked out into the cool dawn and automatically picked up the morning paper, she couldn’t even remember if she had kissed the little guy good-bye. Her swollen eyes stared emptily at the headlines and the coloured picture of a dirty-orange car, partly across the sidewalk up against a tree. In the background, a policeman was putting a red-headed guy in hand-cuffs into a patrol car. A crowd of people stood among the colouring books and lunch-kits scattered around.

And then she knew.

When she blinked her lights, she had helped a drunk driver avoid arrest and contributed to her own son’s death. She SCREAMED again – in a heart-rending, anguished scream, as she crumpled in a heap on the steps.

B.F. Nowell

## FRIENDLY NOTES BY E-MAIL

Would you like to receive the *Friendly Notes* electronically?

This e-mail delivery allows you to view the Friendly Notes online rather than through the mail. If so, please provide your e-mail address to **m.klatt@sasktel.net** and your e-mail address will be added to the mail-out list. The *Friendly Notes* will be sent in the Adobe Acrobat pdf format.

The benefits of taking advantage of this include:

- convenience and timely access to the *Friendly Notes* – you receive the *Friendly Notes* a week to ten days earlier,
- environmentally friendly, and
- reduces costs of printing and mailing.

It’s easy! All you need is access to the Internet and an electronic mail address.

Thanks to those Members of the *Friends* who have already indicated they would like to receive the *Friendly Notes* electronically.

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## AT DAY’S END

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?  
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him  
today?

The day is almost over, and its toiling time is  
through,

Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?  
Can you say tonight, in parting; with the day that’s  
slipping fast,

That you helped a single brother of the many that  
you passed?

Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said;  
Does the man whose hopes were fading, now with  
courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day, or lose it?  
Was it well or sorely spent?

Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of  
discontent?

As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think  
that God will say,

“You have earned one more tomorrow by the work  
you did today”?

John Hill

## DONOR WALL OF APPRECIATION

The following changes/additions to the "Donor Wall" have been made since our last issue:

### **\$1200 – LIFE**

Roy & Marie Graziano, Surrey, BC  
Shirley Evans, Kamloops, BC  
Gerry Tetzloff, Sherwood Park, AB  
A. Bert & Darlene Malfair, Kamloops, BC  
Al & Jan Nicholson, Regina, SK

### **\$500 – FRIEND**

Frank J. Kubus, Pittsburgh, PA  
Mary Ann Perry, MN, USA  
E. Keith Trail, Nanaimo, BC  
Jack Borody, Dauphin, MB  
Les & Pat Chipperfield, Summerside, PEI

### **IN MEMORIAM:**

Marilyn & Cpl. David Tyreman  
– in memory of Sgt. Milton P. Tyreman  
Marianne Kereluk  
– in memory of C/Supt. K.T. Kereluk  
E. Jean Thue, Regina  
– in loving memory of Ivan Thue  
Kathleen Holland, Vernon, BC  
– in memory of Joseph Holland  
Shirley Evans, Kamloops, BC  
– in memory of #17482 Insp. Percival  
"Ron" Evans  
Shirley Skaftfeld, Oakville, ON  
– in memory of #15785  
S/Sgt. A.D. Healey

## MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE REPORT

A warm welcome to the following persons who have become members of the *Friends*:

Joan M. Turner, Victoria, BC  
Ed Wilson, Abbotsford, BC  
Herman Griemann, Chilliwack, BC  
Patrick D. Wilson, Burnaby, BC  
Thomas Van Overbeek, Surrey, BC  
Elaine B. Myers, Courtenay, BC  
Charles David Nimmo, Langley, BC  
Hal Whetstone, Vancouver, BC  
Patricia Dinnen, Qualicum Beach, BC  
Barbara Haddon, Surrey, BC  
Paul Brosseau, Parksville, BC  
Alfred G. Macht, Peachland, BC  
Marianne Kereluk, Parksville, BC  
Alain Peneveyre, Sweden  
Mary E. Taylor, Delta, BC  
Frank P. Kelley, Surrey, BC  
Helen J. Brown, Burnaby, BC  
Joan Mitchell, Regina, SK  
John C. Smith, Victoria, BC  
Darrell W. Bellamay, Westbank, BC  
Grace Champagne, Saanichton, BC  
R. Trevor Hayden, Duncan, BC  
Nick S. Shaigec, Vernon, BC  
Jeff Sarsons, Westbridge, BC  
Roy Pickell, Canoe, BC  
Gerry Loeppky, Sorrento, BC  
Vern Baugh, Creston, BC  
Kenneth Aquilon, Kelowna, BC  
Peter & Carol Lucas, Richmond, BC  
Kenneth Eugene Hollas, Surrey, BC  
Ann Enabelle Gorek, Summerland, BC  
Ronald Mangan, Powell River, BC  
Rae F. Gerrard, Nanaimo, BC  
Gary W.G. Day, Kelowna, BC  
Eric J. Castle, Blind Bay, BC

## MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

As the current Editor of the Newsletter, the “Friendly Notes”, I have given the Friends Board notice of my intended move to West Kelowna, British Columbia in the near future.

I have enjoyed the service and fellowship on the Friends Board and the positive feedback that I have gratefully received from our membership.

I am pleased to advise that the Editor position will be assumed by Board Member Murray Klatt, commencing with the 2015 Spring edition.

**Barrie Nowell, Editor**

## FRIENDS BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

President	Bob Smart, RCMP (Rtd.)
Immediate Past President	Bill Greenslade, RCMP (Rtd.)
Past President (ODS)	Tom Light, RCMP (Rtd.)
Secretary	Ron Ostrum, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Bob Cocks
Director	Murray Klatt, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	Barrie Nowell, RCMP (Rtd.)
Director	John Worthington, RCMP (Rtd.)
Force Observer	S/Sgt. Bill Long, A/SSO, RCMP “Depot” Div.
Historical Collections	
Unit Observer	Rhonda Lamb
Heritage Centre Observer	Al Nicholson
Historian Committee	Kenn Barker, RCMP (Rtd.)
Membership Committee	Ron Ostrum, RCMP (Rtd.)
Newsletter Editor	Barrie Nowell, RCMP (Rtd.)

### YES! I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER/RENEW MY MEMBERSHIP WITH THE FRIENDS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE HERITAGE CENTRE

Membership  One Year (\$35)  Three Years (\$90)  
 Life Membership  \$1,200 single payment or cumulative over several years to \$1,200 level. Existing members will have past membership payments credited towards the \$1,200 level.  
 Donation  \_\_\_\_\_ (Any amount is eligible for a Canada Customs and Revenue Agency tax receipt. Canada Only)

American residents please add \$5.00 extra per year and international residents please add \$10.00 extra per year, to cover postage costs.

Total Enclosed Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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My membership/donation will be paid by:

Cheque/check (payable to the Friends of the Mounted Police Museum)

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ (Visa, Master Card or American Express) Expiry \_\_\_\_\_

Name on Card \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

#### Return by Mail:

Friends of the Mounted Police Heritage Centre, 5907 Dewdney Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan Canada S4T 0P4

#### Join or Renew Your Membership Online:

Purchase your membership of the *Friends* with a simple, secure, on-line transaction using Pay Pal. When we receive your payment, a receipt will be sent to you by mail. Visit our website at <http://www.rcmpheritagecentre.com/home/about-the-centre/friends-of-the-rcmp-hc> and click on “Join the Friends” at the bottom-left corner.