

## THE COLD WAR, THE FLQ CRISIS & FORENSICS



*William S. Stephenson  
(1897-1989)  
Codename: 'Intrepid'*

The Cold War came into existence immediately after the Second World War due to mistrust between Russia and the United States. The Soviet Union participated in the war as a friend of Britain, the United States and Canada in the fight against Nazi Germany but immediately afterwards both sides became suspicious of each other and became enemies. In Canada, espionage began when Igor Gouzenko, a Soviet intelligence officer, defected to the RCMP in 1945. When Gouzenko switched sides, Canadian super spy William S. Stephenson intercepted him and whisked him away to Camp X to conduct an interrogation. The Russian rat gave up 22 of his comrades. The force's Sergeant George B. McLellan was Bill's assistant.

The Winnipeg-born Stephenson established the 160-acre Camp X at Whitby, Ontario, just outside Toronto, to train British, American and Canadian intelligence officers. During the war years, Bill became the only person alive to have 24/7 access to England's King George VI, British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill and U.S. President Harry Truman. Here's how it came about. A fighter pilot during the First World War, Bill was credited for shooting down 26 enemy aircraft. Immediately after the war, Bill became a very successful international entrepreneur with an office in

London, England. During this time, he partnered up with Alfred 'AJ' Taylor, a British Columbia businessman, and the two men established the Stephenson-Taylor Trust Company to woo money from Britain's wealthy elite including the Guinness Brewing Company and Britain's Royal family.

In the summer of 1930, Taylor and an English investor travelled to Vancouver together and the two men realized the potential for property investment across Burrard Inlet in West Vancouver. It's a long story but Stephenson and Taylor built the Lions Gate Bridge across the inlet connecting Vancouver to West Vancouver. They purchased 1,500 acres on the side of Hollyburn Mountain which became British Properties. Sir Bill was the inspiration for author James Fleming's fictionalized character Sir James Bond!

Clifford W. Harrison was George B. McLellan's boss. Cliff was commissioner from 1960-1963. George was the top cop from 1963-1964; William L. Higgitt from 1969-1973 and Robert H. Simmons from 1977 to 1987. They were all in security and intelligence. George was Canada's Chief of Police during my time in training. Bill was Canada's top cop during my time in forensics in Ottawa in 1970. Bob sat as judge and jury at my court marshall in Burnaby in 1966.

On 27 April, 1967, Canada's Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson invited France's Prime Minister Charles de Gaulle to attend the opening ceremonies for Exposition 1967, also known as the Universal and International Exposition. The event took place at Place des Nations in Montreal in celebration of Canada's 100th Birthday. The president used the occasion to instigate French sympathizers to break away from the rest of the Dominion and create the Country of Quebec.

Three months later Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth II and her husband Prince Philip visited Canada to celebrate the Dominion's 100th birthday. They visited the French speaking Quebecers in Montreal and were booed and told to go home.

Although unaware of it for many years after taking my course in forensics, the force's Security & Intelligence Section were convinced civilian member Les Bennett was a mole. A few years after my purchase, Les Holmes flew to New York to take a polygraph course. He afterwards flew to Ottawa to give Bennett the lie detector test. He passed with flying colors but at the cost of his career. The rat turned out to be Gilles Burnet, a member of the force's own Security and Intelligence Section working out of Headquarters in Ottawa. He was feeding intelligence to spies at the Russian Embassy, a short skip and a hop across the Rideau Canal from RCMP Headquarters.



*James "Jasper"  
Richard Cross, CMG  
(1921 - 2021)  
British diplomat kidnapped  
by the Front de libération  
du Québec (FLQ) militants  
during the October Crisis.*

Twenty-five years later, I was at a coffee klatch in West Vancouver and met George Paquette, a retired Assistant Commissioner in the force. As a rookie straight out of training, he was assigned to be Igor's babysitter. "He seemed to be a complete ignoramus and dumb as a rock. He wasn't." I visited George at his home. "Here's a pic of me when I was Officer in Charge in Montreal during the height of the FLQ crisis. It was a gong show. No one trusted anyone. It was impossible to determine if French members of the force or Montreal City cops were loyal to the force or French sympathizers. I'm going to be dead from cancer in a month. If you write a book, I'd like for my pic to be included in the book."

In 2009, Tina and I travelled across Canada collecting photographs and material for my book title 'Camp X & the Cold'. I suffered a mild bipolar breakdown and the words 'mole hole' kept popping into my head. During my time visiting with my kid brother Bill in Dunrobin, I gifted a copy of the book, 'Spycatcher' by Peter Wright to his daughter Robyn. On the inside cover I wrote, 'With best wishes from Uncle Donnie, OMH'. Was 'mole hole' or 'rat hole' code-names for the Brunet investigation? Tina and I spent time researching Gouzenko and visited the city block 'Gouzenko Park'.

With only five years service, I requested a transfer to Ottawa to take the forensics course knowing there was no possibility of anything happening before 10 years service but was accepted immediately.

Carol and I took 10 days to drive from Maple Ridge to Ottawa giving us ample time to stop off in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and visit her Mom and as well time to spend a few days in Renfrew visiting with my Mom and Dad. We then started to look for an apartment and quickly found a place in an affluent part of Ottawa just a 10 minute drive from RCMP Headquarters. It was the Les Versailles, 27 Henderson Avenue. We lived in a suit on the fourth floor.

On June 8th, 1970, I reported at RCMP Headquarters on Vanier Parkway at the Queensway, a part of the Trans Canada Highway. Even before starting my forensic courses, a member from the force's Security and Intelligence Section, Canada's spy arm, visited the Identification (Forensics) Section's office and asked to speak with me. The member told me two men from the Russian Embassy lived on the same floor as Carol and me. The force wanted to know everything possible about these individuals. The embassy was five blocks from the Les Versailles.

My handler asked me to buy running shoes and two pairs of sweats. I'd hook up with this member at a pre-arranged intersection not far from the apartment. We'd go on a jog and I'd debrief anything of interest observed on our Russian neighbours about once a week. These runs occurred in the evenings. About the only thing I observed with the two diplomats was their appearance as they rode up and down the elevator jibbering away in their native tongue.

The member was several years older than me and sometimes he'd challenge me to race for the last block at the end of our chats. After the sprint, he always disappeared into the darkness. I can't recall if he ever told me his name. A short time after meeting my bachelor handler, he took me back to his apartment for coffee and to show me some large framed black and white prints on both sides of the hallway. He was a hobbyist photographer and had his own darkroom. Before coming to Ottawa, I purchased a couple of cans of an ultra-fine grain developer produced by a company in Germany. I gave him a can. It was far superior to the developer used by the force. On our next run, he told me about his happy results using the new developer. Our runs were less than an hour.

One weekend Carol and I were leaving to visit my parents 60 miles away in Renfrew. As we were leaving, the two Russian men parked two cars in front of the apartment and began placing baskets and cameras in their trunks. It looked as if they were going on a picnic with their girlfriends. I called my observations into a hotline number, gave my regimental number, 23661, and my password, Tippy II. I talked to someone and never heard from anyone again.

During one of my runs with my Security and Intelligence Branch handler, I remarked, "Why all this cloak and dagger stuff when it's easy to just break into their suite after they walk to work and take pics of anything of interest. I can be in and out in an hour, be at work by 10, and have the film processed and printed before noon."

The force did clandestine police work at the height of the Cold War and teams up as high as 10 and more members were sometimes involved in surveilling communist spies and breaking into their homes in search of classified documents. They usually came up empty. The RCMP spies and Russian Embassy spies were both aware of the other's methods of operation and played games. In reflection, why would a Russian spy or diplomat ever take their work home knowing a policeman lived less than 50 feet away down the hallway? It didn't make sense for me to commit a break and enter into their flat as they would have likely booby trapped the entrance or dresser drawers with something as innocent as a piece of paper. Russia's communist spies were well trained before ever setting foot in Ottawa. Besides, under Canada's Foreign Missions Organizations Act, 'diplomatic agents' are granted full diplomatic immunity from arrest.

*Royal Canadian Mounted Police Technicians's (Fingerprint) Course No. 4 - June 15 - July 17, 1970*

Back Row: Constable Gordon A. Smith, Constable J. Chris St. Onge, Sonstable J. Keith McMurchy, Miss Kim M. Norberg, Constable H.J.R. Murray Goldstein, and Constable Ken W. Baird.

Front Row: Constable Robert P. Cockrell, Mr. H.G. Tuthill, Corporal Jim D. Walker, Constable Jacques P. Labrecque, and Constable Donald E. Waite



The very first item on the forensics agenda was a very intense and competitive six week fingerprint identification course. For me, the course was boring and barely worthy of mention.

Upon completion of the fingerprint course everyone had to do almost a year in the bureau matching sets of prints taken in the field against those already existing in the collection. The sets of prints were sent to the bureau for classification. The bureau took up most of the second floor of the headquarters building with each unit of the bureau consisting of five searchers and a supervisor. The five desks for the searchers were arranged in a C-shape around a supervisor. Two four-drawer filing cabinets were located on either side of each searcher's desk.



We learned every time a lawbreaker was criminally charged at a detachment, the arresting member was required to have photographs, height, weight, and a set of fingerprints taken to be forwarded to the fingerprint bureau. We had to search the vast collection. Fingerprint Identification is the method of using the impressions made by minute ridge formations or patterns found on the fingertips. No two persons have exactly the same arrangement of ridge patterns and the sets of any one individual remain unchanged throughout life. These prints were classified in the bureau. All of the cabinets were filled to capacity with sets of fingerprints and trainees had to search the incoming sets of prints against those in the drawers.

It was tedious work, and anyone who failed to match only two sets of new prints against those already in the collection was automatically removed from the course. Many times criminals used an alias and appeared twice in the collection. There were several supervisors on the floor of the bureau but mine was the chief supervisor.

The most turbulent period in the history of Canada took place in 1970 when the French in Quebec wanted to separate away from the rest of Canada. It came to be known as the 'FLQ October crisis of 1970'.

During my time in Haney, rookie David Scott was assigned to work under my supervision. After training, Dave went straight to Montreal's Expo 67 and walked around the 900-acre site incognito in slacks and sports jacket looking for trouble. Dave got more than he bargained for on the 24 July. He was standing not more than 10 feet from France's President Charles de Gaulle when the French nationalist belted out his famous, "Vive le Quebec libre!" speech, "Long live free Quebec!". He made his orations from the balcony at the Place of Nations. French sympathizers had come with leaflets and immediately after the talk began throwing them into the air. It was all prearranged. De Gaulle's phrase, a slogan used by Quebecers who favored French sovereignty, gave support to the movement. At a referendum a short time later, the vote was 50.5 for Quebec to stay in Canada and 49.5 to form their own government. Had it gone the other way, Canada would have been chopped into Western Canada, Country of Quebec, and Eastern Canada and would have resulted in the end of the Dominion of Canada. Much of Canada's military was in Quebec. Had the polling gone the other way, there was the possibility of a Canadian civil war between the two nationalities. It had been tried 82 years earlier when Louis Riel tried to separate Manitoba away from the rest of the Dominion chopping the Dominion into Western Canada, the Country of Manitoba and Eastern Canada.

Ironically, much of Canada's military was in Quebec. It's important to get the chronology of the FLQ October crisis in order: On the 5 October, British Trade Commissioner James Cross was kidnapped in Montreal and a Liberation cell of the FLQ demanded the release of 23 'political prisoners', \$50,000 in gold, the broadcast and publication of the FLQ Manifesto and an aircraft to take the kidnappers to Cuba or Algeria. The French militants demanded Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa give in to their demands and publish the FLQ Manifesto (or excerpts of it) to several French newspapers and radio stations received communiques James Cross would be killed if their demands were not acted upon by the Federal and provincial governments.

The following morning upon arriving at work, Staff Sergeant Chris Tiller, the fingerprint supervisor in charge of our course, held a briefing and told everyone a partial fingerprint had been lifted from a communiqué sent to one of the French radio stations by members of the FLQ. For the next few days everything in the bureau was placed on hold while its members tried desperately to match the lifted partial to a fingerprint in the vast collection. The more experienced members were given sets of prints of individuals who were likely to be FLQ members. Our searchers worked non-stop day after day with only 15-minute breaks. At noon a loud bell would ring and meals consisting of hamburgers and milk shakes would be provided. These were consumed by the time the second bell rang 15 minutes later.

On 7 October, Quebec Justice Minister Jerome Choquette said he was available for negotiations and the following day a FLQ Manifesto was read on the CBC French network Radio-Canada.

On the 10 October, The Chénier cell of the FLQ kidnaped Quebec Minister of Labour Pierre Laporte. They showed newspaper photographs with Cross as proof he was still alive. In the evening, the cell notified both the provincial and federal governments Cross would be killed if their demands were not met. The following day, Premier Bourassa received a letter from Pierre Laporte pleading for his life.

On the 11 October, soldiers from the Canadian Forces Base Camp Petawawa, located 100 miles west of Ottawa, were deployed to guard the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa City Hall and the residences of Governor General Roland Mitchener and the Prime Minister.

On the 13 October, Prime Minister Trudeau stood at the entrance of the Parliament Buildings and uttered his famous phrase when answering a question from a television reporter, "Just watch me". It must have been 13 or the following day that Carol and I took a walk around the Parliament Buildings and witnessed the presence of soldiers posted everywhere with machine guns slung over their shoulders. We saw Trudeau step out of his limousine and go through the front entrance into parliament. His suit looked as if it had been slept in and he appeared not to have shaved for several days.

On 15 October, Premier Bourassa's Quebec government requested the military to Montreal to help the police protect politicians and public buildings. It was the very day, 3,000 students held a rally in support of the FLQ at the Paul Sauve Ice Arena in Montreal. It was especially troublesome as some French RCMP members and Montreal City policemen were sympathetic to the FLQ cause.

On the 16th, Trudeau announced the proclamation of the War Measures Act first adopted by the Canadian Parliament on 22nd August, 1914, at the onset of World War I giving authority to the Canadian government to the government to maintain security and order in times of war or civil unrest. Those considered "enemy aliens" (Germans, Italians and Japanese) were subject to suspension of their civil rights and liberties. The War Measures Act was also invoked during World War II, resulting in numerous searches, arrests, and detention without the benefit of charge or trial.

On the 17th, the body of Pierre Laporte was found strangled in the trunk of a car at the airport in Saint-Hubert, Quebec.

The following morning members in the bureau were given photographs of a smudged partial fingerprint lifted from the letter to try to match with prints already in the collection. Members had to find 10 identical matches on a fingerprint to make a positive identification. This was difficult because often crime scene prints were only partials or smeared making them almost impossible to match.

Before noon, Sergeant Dick Mockler came over to my supervisor with possibly a positive fingerprint match. Looking at the print, she nodded he had a match and a few minutes later other senior bureau members came over to the table to confirm a positive identification. The staff of the entire second floor of the headquarters building began cheering at the top of their lungs and throwing items towards the 30-foot ceiling. Members appeared with rolls of toilet paper and soon white streamers were shooting the length and width of the bureau floor. Everyone was ecstatic. I was sitting at

## SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS

my desk when everyone heard the loud whirr of a helicopter. We ran to the window just in time to see Prime Minister Trudeau emerge from a helicopter and step down onto the lawn to be greeted by Commissioner Bill Higgitt and other senior members of the force. I was a part of Canadian history.

The key FLQ players in the debacle managed to make deals and were flown to communist Cuba. Ironically, years later, a few came back to Quebec and became politicians!

After my time in the bureau, we began our classes in the photography portion of the course. One day the class was given the task of photographing a four foot by five foot map of Canada with a four inch by five inch large format camera. It was a very difficult assignment as four floodlights of equal intensity had to be placed evenly to illuminate the map for photography. Our instructions were to photograph the map using red, orange, yellow and no filter. The class worked as a team and after two days of trials eventually got the camera set up on a tripod at just the right height and distance from the wall hanging map. We used a long lens to get the right perspective, and once everything was just right, each member in turn placed his assigned number on the map's lower right hand corner and then photographed the map with the three different filters and no filter. We'd either open up or close down the lens iris or decrease the shutter speed to compensate for the light loss due to the filters. The camera and tripod were left in position for several days since members wanted to process their film to ensure they had acquired acceptable prints. Some members even went to the extreme of photographing the map in the early hours of the morning since they believed truck traffic on the nearby freeway might cause vibration to the building during the lengthy exposures. Our task was to crop the city of 'Calgary' out of the huge negative and blow the tiny section of the negative to an 8x10 inch print. Members who had taken the course earlier explained a fine grain rather than the coarser developer was required for the assignment. Because Carol was sick, I asked my partner to process my film but he used the coarser developer and my 'Calgary' came out grainy. His mistake resulted in my having to do the assignment over again after everything had been dismantled.

It took me all weekend to redo the project leaving me far behind in my other assignments. My relationship with my partner became toxic and one morning while working in a room adjacent to the darkroom, I overheard him remarking there was going to be a bloodbath between us. When confronted, things quickly escalated and a shoving match ensued, ending in a skirmish leaving him on the floor. The incident quickly travelled by moccasin telegraph to our superior. My incident with my partner was followed by an act of sheer stupidity. I managed to make a thoughtless, tactless remark to end my police career. I had been having troubles with my eyes and taken time off to have them tested at an eye clinic a few blocks from the headquarters building. I drove my car over to the clinic with the intention of driving home after the examination. The doctor took me into his office, put drops in both eyes, and let me go back into the waiting room. I picked up a magazine but my eyes went out of focus due to the drops. I was totally preoccupied with figuring out how I was going to get home. Carol was quite pregnant and I was wondering if she had cash on hand for a taxi. Just then a gentleman in a nearby chair complimented me on my shiny black boots and I replied with the dumbest remark possible. I told him they sure came in handy in a fight. I looked up and couldn't believe the individual was a man of the cloth. I had just made the most stupid remark in my entire life to a priest. He was absolutely disgusted with my comment and left the room. My vision was bad but I was still able to see the outline of a well-dressed distinguished-looking individual. As soon as the preacher man departed, the other chap began doing his best to engage me in dialogue and it occurred to me he might be a member. His line of questioning suggested he was trying to hone in on my identity without coming out and asking my name. Eventually my vision came back and I was able to drive myself home and tell Carol about probably managing to get myself into trouble. Sure enough, the next day I was told to report to a commissioned officer who informed me another officer had prepared a letter for me to sign acknowledging an official reprimand for my rude conduct at the eye clinic. I took the piece of paper and read everything about my remarks to a man of the cloth at the medical clinic. During the reprimand, the officer had me sit down on a low chair while he sat on a high desk and proceeded to give me a verbal spanking. He told me, "You're not a team player". I told him he hadn't done his homework. It happened in a blink of an eye. I stood up and told him I'd just quit. It wasn't the response he expected. He obviously didn't know anything about my police work in BC or my involvement with the Security and Intelligence Section in the capitol city.

About a month after submitting my request to purchase, the same officer requested a second interview and admitted he had been misinformed about my not being a team player and went on to say the force had spent a lot of money training me for a specialized career. He tried to talk me out of buying my way out of the force and made it quite clear he believed my chances of making a success of any business was certainly minimal. My pregnant wife and my parents were of the same opinion. Dad wrote me an impassioned letter pleading for me to change my mind explaining government employees could retire with full pension with only 20 years service and go into another line of work. Upset, I tore up his letter.

## SEVEN YEARS A HORSEMAN

## SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS

I had seven years service and at the point of being a real value to the force. It was an expensive decision but the bridges behind me had been burned and there was no turning back. An unfortunate chain of events had led to this quick end of my police career. I had joined the force with the best of intentions but left disillusioned, concluding the organization was very militant in its functioning from top to bottom. There existed a very subtle type of bullying, and a case in point was the senior instructor on the identification course. He used to walk around slamming an imaginary club from his right into his left fist. He would greet grown men with five and 10 years service with the question whether they knew what he was carrying, and the response was supposed to be, "Why, it's your stick to keep us guys in line." It was about power. Although I submitted my request to purchase, I was sent to the Scenes of Crime Branch right at RCMP Headquarters to investigate bombings of government buildings in Ottawa and Hull. Always believing a block of time was missing from my time in Ottawa, I requested my "discipline" and "history" under the Freedom of Information Act and a few comments were downright humorous. On 19 May, 1965, a driving instructor wrote, "It is my opinion this member is intellectually incapable of correcting these errors. Prior to giving him further driving tests etcetera it is suggested the time, financial and potential aspects involved should be given full consideration." His remarks about me two weeks later had changed considerably. "I am unable to explain the seemingly unbelievable improvements in this member's driving considering only a two-week period lapsed between the time 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 and testing period." It was equally interesting to read what training instructor Sergeant E. Cosstick had to write about me, "This is a small timid looking man who has a sleepy look about him. This is usually an illusion."

Even when stationed in Ottawa, a lot of my time was taken up corresponding with people about the eventual publication of a book about Maple Ridge pioneers. It did happen but it took 40 years.

1970-01-29 - BC Provincial Police - Cecil Clarrk, ex-Commissioner, B.C. Provincial Police

1970-02-01: The University of BC Research Forest, Maple Ridge, BC - John Walter, Director

1970-05-94: State of Hawaii, Honolulu, Hawaii - (Miss) Agnes C. Conrad, State Archivist

1970-05-08: Charles A. Miller (Re: Bill Miner, Train Robber)

1970-05-13 - Provincial Archives, Victoria, BC - W. E. Ireland, Provincial Librarian & Archivist

1970-06-11: Charles A. Miller, Mission, BC -

1970-07-24: Kamloops Museum Association, Kamloops, BC - Mary Balf, Curator

1970-06-30: Herbert W. Crickmer, Bremerton, Washington State (re: Reverend William Burton Crickmer)

1970-08-04: Kamloops Museum Association, Kamloops, BC -Mary Balf, Curator (Re: Bill Miner)

1970-08-18: University of British Columbia, Vancouver, BC - Miss J. Bannerman, Interlibrary Loan

1970-10-19: Diocese of New Westminster, BC - Godfrey P. Gower, Archbishop of New Westminster

1970-10-26: Eila Male (nee Rauma) - Maple Ridge, BC - History of Finns in Websters Corners

1970-11-25: Kamloops Museum Association, Kamloops, BC - Mary Balf, Curator

1970-12-14; Carmella J. Clark, Mission, BC

1971-02-04: Donald J. McFarlane, Maple Ridge - History of Maple Ridge, BC

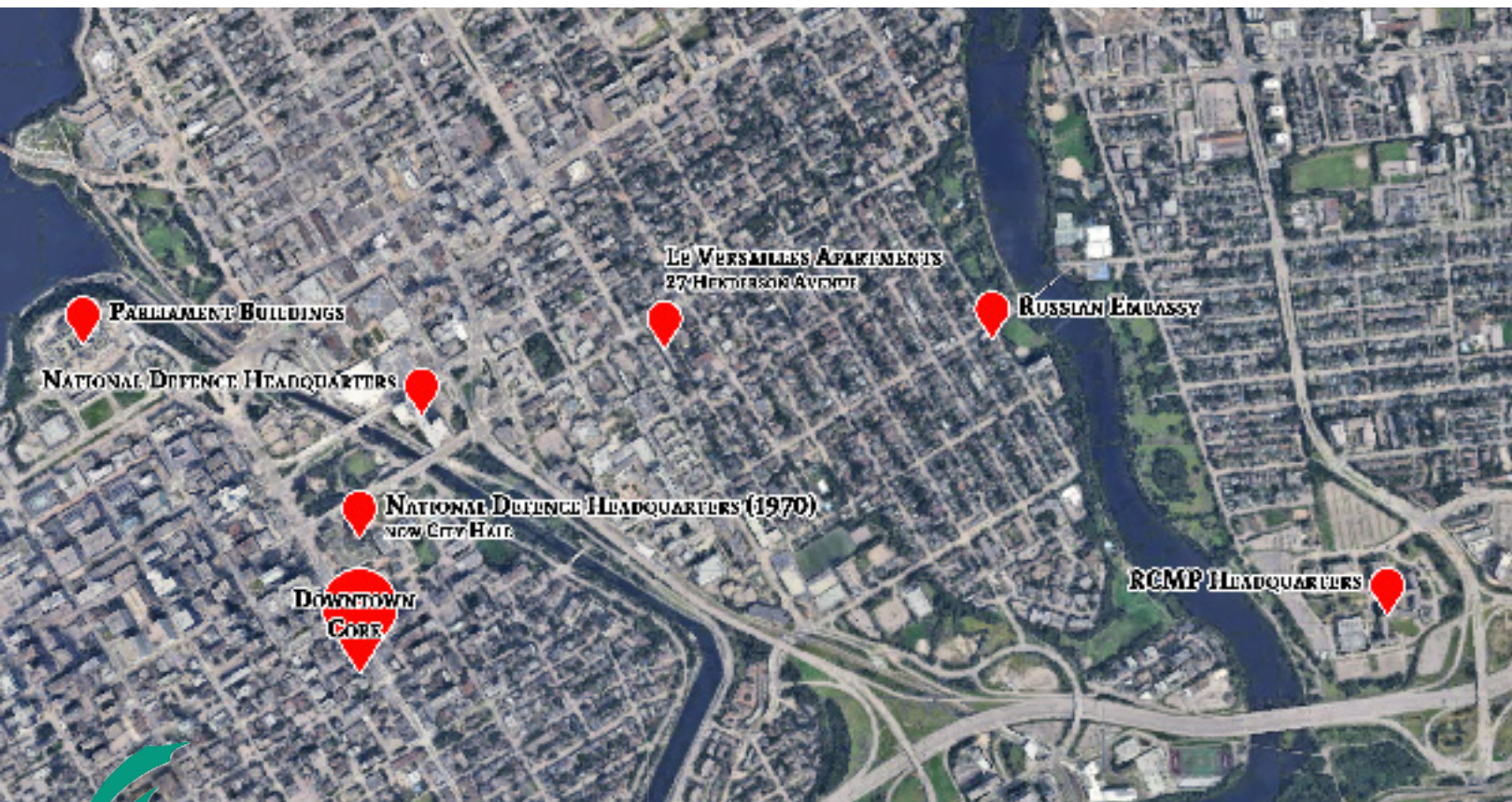
1971-06-15: Violet Bokstrom, Maple Ridge - Websters Corners Finnish History

1971-06-23: RCMP Sergeant Bob Crookshank, Grand Forks, BC - (re: Doc Brown)

1971-07-12: RCMP Headquarters - M.A. Allen, Chief Superintendent, Officer Organization & Establishment Branch

It's a funny thing. Immediately after a mental breakdown in 2007, I began having flashbacks about my time in Ottawa during the October 1970 FLQ crisis and Canada's Cold War with Russia. It's maybe plausible. Did my handler give me instructions to break into the offices of FLQ members in Ottawa? Could it have been Gillies Brunet? Is it remotely possible I saw him before one of our runs talking to the two Russian diplomats on a street corner not far from the Russian Embassy. Is it possible I contacted Tony Beecroft and Tony got on touch with Commissdioner McLellan? Tony's older daughter remembers her Dad packing up a couple of suitcases and flying back to Ottawa at a moments notice. Why? Was to brainstorm about Brunet? Was it to feed him false information to feed back to the Russian Embassy?

## SEVEN YEARS A HORSEMAN



# Ottawa

Upon moving to Ottawa to take the Identification (Forensics) Branch course in fingerprinting and photography, Carol and I lived on the fourth floor of the Le Versailles Apartments, 27 Henderson Avenue in the affluent Sandy Hill District in Ottawa. It was less than a 10 minute drive to my place of work at RCMP Headquarters, the Russian Embassy and the Parliament Buildings.

That night I met my handler at the usual intersection for a run. He said, "I have a job for you, Don. Here's a case with a camera, telephoto lens and flash. I want you to stand on the snow bank over there. Three men in a car will be there momentarily." He told me not to talk to anyone. In less than 10 minutes, a car pulled up and the driver took us to a high rise in downtown Ottawa. From the time we talked until being in downtown Ottawa was no more than 10 minutes. We drove down Laurier Avenue, crossed the Laurier Avenue Bridge over the Rideau Canal and a few minutes later were at the high rise. The driver parked and remained in the car next to the high rise. Another stood to run interference if necessary at the hotel's entrance and the other member accompanied me up the elevator. He broke into a suite.



We searched the office for some papers with names of FLQ sympathizers. I took any correspondence into the bathroom, shut the door, and took pics with a 35 millimeter camera with a 135 millimeter lens and a cheap flash. We were in and out in 20 minutes. Although I recall the name of the hotel, it's not going to be mentioned in my memoir. I had been the last to be picked up and the first to be dropped off and back at the snowbank. I gave my film to my handler. Upon leaving, he remarked, "This never happened." From the time of my leaving the apartment, I was easily home in less than an hour. It makes sense the film was processed in the fine grain developer revealing the names of key French sympathizers. It was the only cloak and dagger hour of my time in the force. My dastardly deed took place around 8:00 p.m.

**SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS**

Officer of the Year	Regimental #	Rank
1932 Nicholson, Leonard Hanson Headed up the Igor Gouzenko Russian defector investigation	10049	Commissioner
1935 Brunet, Josaphat Father of #18998 / G. Gilles Brunet - RCMP 'mole' rat Last day 1973-12-07	9952	Deputy Commissioner
1938 Harvison, Clifford Walter 'Slim' 8758 Participated in the Gouzenko investigation		Commissioner
1939 McClellan, George Briton Participated in the Gouzenko investigation	11757	Commissioner
1952 Higgitt, William Leonard Headed the force during the FLQ investigation.	12979	Commissioner
1959 Paquette, George J.A.P. Rookie out of training babysat Russian defector Igor Gouzenko Headed the investigation in Montreal during the FLQ crisis. During Coffee Klatches in North Vancouver, talked about his participation during the FLQ crisis.	14243	Assistant Commissioner
1960 Gibbon, John 'Jack' E. The officer in charge of Burnaby Detachment in 1965.	14324	Assistant Commissioner
1961 McAffie, Alexander Taylor Acted as prosecutor at my charge of my conduct unbecoming in training by swearing	18697	Assistant Commissioner
1962 Wright, Peter Officer i/c Chilliwack Sub/Division in 1967-68 When Peter did my annual interview, most of the conversation centered on my court marshalls while in training and in Burnaby. It did not go well.	15225	Assistant Commissioner
1964 Simmonds, Robert Henry Acted as Judge and Jury at my charge of false statements when in Burnaby	14885	Commissioner
1966 Moffatt, R.G. Acted as my defence at my charge of conduct unbecoming for swearing	17307	Deputy Commissioner
1967 Proke, Larry Russell Knew Larry briefly from my time at New Westminster Sub/Division Headquarters. Larry and Les Holmes headed up the investigation of Otto Joseph Horvath in 1978.	20329	Deputy Commissioner

**SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS**

1969 Cain, John Vincent 'Vince' With Les Holmes was involved in the interrogation of Civilian Member Les Bennett, suspected of being a "mole" in the force feeding intelligence to the Russian Embassy in Ottawa. Turned out to be RCMP member Sergeant Gillies Brunet	19396	Chief Superintendent
1971 Tiller, Christopher Douglas 'Chris' Staff/Sergeant i/c Identification 'Forensics' course in 1970-71	19960	Chief Superintendent
1971 Schmidt, Florian When a Staff Sergeant in Burnaby charged me with false statements in a police report.	16010	Superintendent
1971 Northorp, Bruce L. My boss in GIS Burnaby Detachment's Burglary Detail in 1965 With Les Homes headed the notorious serial killer Robert Clifford Olson. With Les Holmes co-authored "Where Shadows Linger The Untold Story of the RCMP's Olson Murders Investigation"	16630	Superintendent
1972 Galbraith, Robert W. 'Bob' Worked under Bob during his time as Chief Coroner for BC. Officer i/c Langley Detachment during my time writing "The Langley Story A History in Photographs".	19100	Inspector
1973 Les Holmes Worked with Les briefly at Burnaby Detachment. Les took the first polygraph (lie) detector course in New York in 1972. With Vince Cain used a polygraph lie detector of suspected civilian member Les Bennett as a suspect as a possible "mole" within the force. He passed the test and afterwards RCMP Sergeant Gillies Brunet was charged with the crime. Les Holmes headed up the Otto Joseph Horvath for murder case. Horvath, 17 years old, was charged with first degree murder. Les used the lie detector to aid in Horvath's conviction. With Bruce Northrop co-authored the book 'Where Shadows Linger'.	19209	Superintendent
1973 White, John 'Jack' Lesley Investigated the Anna Caroline Whitby murder, 1966. After 3 members were killed at Kamloops, Jack shot and killed George Booth.	16721	Chief Superintendent
1974 Tiller, Chris D. Officer in charge of the Identification course	16960	Chief Superintendent
1974 Kenneth Eugene Hollas Involved in barn burning during the October 1970 FLQ crisis Testified under oath at the MacDonald enquiry	17562	Superintendent
1975 Walker, James D. 'Jim' Jim was an instructor at the Forensics course in 1970-71	20881	Chief Superintendent
1975 Pickell, Roy My boss, Roy headed up Burglary Detail in 1966.	19569	Superintendent

## SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS

1975	Larry Proke Worked with Les Holmes to extract a confession of 17 year-old Otto Joseph Horvath. Worked with Bruce Northrop and Les Holmes on Robert Clifford Olson.	20329	Deputy Commissioner
1976	Rivers, Robert W.	18144	Inspector
		1976	
1976	Hart, John A. Arms instructor at 'N' Division training facility in Rockcliffe, 1964-65	20290	Inspector
1989	Joseph James Healy Joe was my foot beat patrol partner at Burnaby Detachment in 1965-66 Joe founded the web site rcmpgraves.com	23685	Superintendent
1992	Busson, Beverly A. Bev was a pallbearers at the celebration of life for Katzie Chief Agnes Pierre	31796	Commissioner