

# Extreme Heat: The Niagara File

It's All About Power

*It's all about power in the hands of a Renegade element within the Police Force and Judiciary of a small Canadian City.*

*It's about a veritable cataract of ongoing corruption, veiled from public view by the mists and myths of a Justice system gone horribly astray.*

*It's the story of one man who withstood more than two decades of intimidation and coercion, the story of a man whose challenge to official police and judicial authority in the Niagara Region launched three unique Government Inquiries into police corruption involving secret deals, secret wiretapping and secret rituals in the very shadow of the mist and proved that, in the honeymoon capital of the world, secret motives and public judicial rights make for a bad marriage.*

*It's the Story of Businessman and Whistle Blower Mark DeMarco*

To the very special people in my life,  
who while at risk stood close as long  
as they could. I dedicate this book to  
Bill and Kandy Meixner, Niagara  
Police Inspector James Bryan,  
Provincial Agriculture Inspector  
John/Jack Walker and my inspiration,  
the late Victoria and Super Mario  
DeMarco who, with love and unique  
understanding, gave me the moral and  
raw tenacity to face adversity in the  
extreme.

**Foreward**  
**By Mark DeMarco**

Recently, because of public outrage the Canadian Bar Association once again urged the Government not to allow police officers to break laws that other citizens must obey. Rights groups and many observers regularly express that there exists a judicial element which sees nothing inappropriate with police law-breakers who fabricate evidence, open personal mail, perjure and suborn perjury, coerce others to commit criminal acts, and all to often engage in criminal sonic voyeurism.

Historically, it appears that police are not intimidated by courts or official inquiries that reveal their wrongdoings. They simply wait for the smoke to clear and continue on their way with the same cavalier officer of the courts attitude. The very seriousness of this conduct is shockingly apparent in most area courts where police make preposterous statements on witness stands and depend on the old-boy network and a blanket of secrecy around the police station to target citizens and get convictions, often assisted by like-minded Crown Attorneys.

For those of us who more often than not, are their victims, we must reconcile ourselves to that fact that: The Canadian Charter of Human Rights Code express in detail our guaranteed rights and freedoms but lack the conditions to exercise our promised guarantee.

For those of us who have been slighted by this well organized and greased ilk, we can only, as stated in section 24 (1) of the charter, apply to a court of competent jurisdiction to obtain such remedy as the court considers appropriate and just in the circumstances. (this is the point in time where you find the cost of that guarantee.)

Section 21 (B) of the Criminal Code of Canada states that "everyone is a party to an offense who does OR abets any person in committing it.

The law is clear according to section 24(1) and 21(b) that equal rights and equal law enforcement are paramount and all or any offenders will face charge. We need look no further than widely publicized cases as the Neal Proverbs cover-up, 31 million dollar Cumberland Four Ottawa conspiracy prosecution, Comeau, Sauve, Blaker and McLeod cover-up, Conspiracy assault and intimidation of a "cat-licking (catholic) daigo bastard" cover-up that lead to the 26 million dollar Colter police inquiry cover-up, Ipperwash George cover-up, Guy Paul Morin cover-up, Frumusa cover-up and the many others that clearly and dramatically show on examination the common thread being that Mutual Aid and secrecy that is contrary to oath and obligation permeates most policing and crown agencies.

The often invisible factions use familiar clandestine methods to further the cults goals often using social infiltration and declaring brotherly purpose to achieve its self embellishing interests. For example, few are aware, nearly forty years after the U.S. moon landing, that the N.A.S.A. space program was infiltrated by this very same secret society who used its mutual "power edge" to place its society emblem on the surface of the moon at a specific distance/degree from the proud and expensively placed American flag.

The narrative is based on true personal life events and more than twenty-five years of core observation, study and investigation of primarily secret and self-regulated societies, influence and power that is most often boasted about by this ilk. While I have known and been long time friends with forty and fifty year lodge members such as James Bryan former Detective Insp. of the Niagara Regional Police and John Walker former Insp. for the Provincial agriculture department, I owe special thanks and indebtedness to both of these men and the late William Meixner who imparted to me the propriety and impropriety of the cult, the lodge in society.

## **About the Co-Author**

**James Winston Demers is a broadcaster, teacher and playwright with 25 years experience in education and the arts. He has produced an extensive array of youth programs on child abuse, gangs and drugs.**

**A regular on North American lecture circuits, he knows very well modern pressures on parents, educators and children alike.**

**Demers also authored the Canadian best selling *The Last Roman Catholic?***

**Demers is an unabashed traditionalist. He makes no apology for his opinion that rejecting our roots is causing the world to go mad.**

## Special Acknowledgements

To investigative authors Stephen Knight and Martin Short for public education works titled "The Secret World of Freemasons" and "Inside the Brotherhood", 1984-1989.

Like Knight and Short I have had to feel my way through the fog of obfuscation, ignorance and malice that engulfs the freemason cult. These means allow insertion often of key lodge controlling interest brothers to essential ministries as Canadian Attorney General and associated legal enforcement who's first order of the day is mutual protection and lodge societal self interests, as opposed to public interests.

This, all about power, secret society that simply ignores near all oral and written concerns either made to its lodges or made by concerned public to the government in spite of world wide claims of being a Society of Morality, lays itself open to justifiable inquiry, given the well-publicized events of corruption by its morality based core members.

Mounting hostilities from churches, journalists, politicians and the public who rightly have observed the greed and self-interest of this ilk, *who by design have hijacked the judicial and social system in self interest efforts to further monopolize both national power, resources and finance.* By these means, the private corporation LSUC lawyer membership with the aid of its law enforcement foot soldiers can, at will, take with little or no restriction or penalty, the citizens rights and financial interests without fear.

Also, a special acknowledgement to NRP Sergeant Michael Miljus, for his candor and honesty during his sworn testimony in relation to the 26 million dollar Royal Commission inquiry into Niagara Regional Police.

Sergeant Miljus who has been in charge of the Niagara Regional Police stores since May 16th of 1981, gave evidence concerning the procedure for issuing and replacing police officer's uniforms and equipment and for the return of the equipment upon retirement or dismissal. He indicated procedure and regulations of the NRP and Regional Government affirming that an officer discharged is not entitled to keep any equipment or uniform parts as a memento of his years of service, and that upon voluntary retirement an officer is required to return his equipment, but may be permitted to retain his badge or some other piece of his equipment as a memento of his service.

Senior Niagara Regional Police **Officer Miljus affirmed that certain members of the force are permitted to keep their entire uniform to be used by a Police Degree Team in respect to Masonic ritual.**

By-law number 4-72 of the Niagara Regional Police Commission which was filed as Exhibit 38 provides in Article 3(3) (i) of the regulations as follows;

"Articles of uniform and equipment issues to members shall be returned by the member on termination of employment or suspension and any such articles not returned or damaged through carelessness will be charged for at the expense of the member to whom issued."

Officer Miljus has indicated that this regulation is followed, except that retired police who are also freemasons, are allowed to keep their uniforms for use in **secret Masonic rituals.**

All related government ministries and Niagara Region Crown law officials have refused to indicate why the by-law makes no reference to the **special Masonic privilege.**

In court, questions put to Officer Miljus by Mark DeMarco regarding specifics of **secret Masonic privilege** remained unanswered.

# **Extreme Heat: The Niagara File It's All About Power**

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**Part I**

**The Niagara Files**

*Out of the Mist*

## Chapter One

1974

### The Dance Begins

A child's foot whisks about the floor, brushing dust and Celtic magic on the hardwood surface where there lies, unsheathed, a gleaming sword that's never known war. Mythic rituals of Scotland enacted heel to toe, ancient rites, timeless rubrics captured in each mystic step. On each foot a leather slipper that pays homage to the blade upon the floor. The dip and point in patterns only few can ever master, the moral and dogma of a dance that is a metaphor for mystery. Ancient steps coveted by those who thrive on secrets, acted out in a rehearsal hall in the small city of St. Catharines, Ontario.

This was the end of the Underground Railroad. Harriet Tubman herself in the years leading up to the American Civil War, having guided runaway slaves across the Niagara Gorge, often came these few extra miles inland from the Falls to see that her charges were welcomed and housed and fed by their new neighbours, that strange European concoction ruled by Britain, soon to be called Canadians. This was contraband of a special historical nature. No police registry in those days for Tubman to inscribe her name. After all, she wasn't trading them for anything tangible. Just that thing called – freedom.

It was decades after the Civil War before anything else of note would cause people to mention the name St. Catharines. That too had to do with a spirit of freedom. Here the

world famous Dumbo The Elephant, the most lucrative investment of the grand master of all showmen, Barnum and Bailey, walked away from his handlers and into an oncoming train. The giant, the King of the Elephants, was dead on the same rails that Tubman has made famous.

Many more decades would pass before a 'king' of another sort would once more put St. Catharines on the map. The most notorious murderer in Canada's history would hunt his prey here, force his victims to call him 'King' and in the process become the grand master of a mammoth horror unequaled in the nation's history. But this story is not about the 'monster king' of St. Catharines, the Dumbo of Satanic crimes and his craving to be famous. It is about secrets and the craving of certain men to keep them.

The girl of merely childhood years prances left and right of the silver blade. Then she stops. Rehearsal's over. Her mother's satisfied. The sword is lifted from the floor and placed just there upon a bench that runs along the wall. Kilts make way for blue jeans as the dancers head home. Last one out turns out the light. Darkness fills the room. Except for just a glance of light that outlines, lying there, a sword forgotten on the bench.

Pawnshops the world over carry the trinity symbol, a branch bearing three globular shapes that for centuries has beckoned the trader in disposable goods. The image of those three mystery-filled globes originated in Myra, an ancient habitation on the coast of Turkey. Legend has it a merchant down on his luck was about to force his three virginal daughters to paint themselves up and go out to solicit investment in the family's survival. A man of note, whom today we might refer to as a solid citizen, known as much for his generosity as for his

desire to remain unheralded heard of the three virgins and, approaching their house at night, threw three bags of coin in their window, enough to rescue the distraught family from their poverty and save the father of the virgins from forcing them into a trade that would certainly have aged them over night. That act of charity so long ago might have been lost in the mists and myths of the centuries were it not for the fact that he was seen performing his good deed. His identity has been repeated ever after on a special day of the year. He was the bishop of Myra, one Nicholas by name, who after his death was honored as a saint of the Church, St. Nicholas, or, as every child who has ever seen a Christmas tree calls him, Santa Claus. To this day the pawnbroker's counter annually does a brisk business with those down on their luck hoping to trade a treasured item for money to buy Christmas gifts for their children.

Nevertheless, Christmas spirit aside, a sword into a pawnshop is not an easy chore. What if it has no value? What if the broker does not care for swords? What if three or four people are already in line, each with a sword to sell?

### Summer of 1973

The phone rings in the second hand store. Someone has a collection of memorabilia to sell. Doesn't everyone? Still, better safe than sorry. The second hand dealer takes the call. His name is Mark DeMarco. He has been taking calls like this for years now. And why not? This caller may have walked the fields of Gettysburg, may have re-enacted Picket's charge in his bedroom every 3<sup>rd</sup> of July or even haunt old bookstores for volumes on Waterloo. From such callers as these treasures often come.

As, he listens, a man enters the store carrying a sword in its sheath. He is neatly dressed, certainly not down on his luck, slightly mannered, not exactly courteous, but either is he abrupt. The phone call ends, the sword is unsheathed and scrutinized. Been in his family for years the seller says. His name is 'T.S.'. Just bought a home on Lakeshore Road. The sword is merely collecting dust. A glancing flash of light slides down the blade as it is returned to its sheath.

“Hundred-forty dollars?”

“One-twenty”

“Deal.”        Its been a clean transaction.

'T.S.' signs the police registry. Handshakes all around. The buyer is invited to the seller's home on Lakeshore Road to look at more. Guns, this time. Mark agrees to drop by soon. And so another day comes to an end. Just another day, it seemed at the time, another eight hours of swapping tales across the only counter in St. Catharine's that trades in disposable dreams.

Whenever a woman approaches a second hand dealer's counter alone it is considered poor taste to glance at her hands. Chances are her wedding bands are in her pocket and she will draw them out when she is sure she is alone at the counter, let them clink onto the glass surface wordlessly. Let the buyer do the talking. Silence now is a small enough sacrifice to make for a last bid at dignity.

**Day one. One week after the sword is put on display, suspended in its sheath behind the counter, a woman steps into DeMarco's line of vision. She's wearing wedding rings, he can tell that without looking at her hands. Everything about her says she is not here to sell. She is slightly nervous, not accustomed to being seen entering a second hand store. She says she is interested in a sword, "Like the one on the rack".**

**"May I see it?"**

**He passes her the sword he bought from 'T.S.'**

**"How much?"**

**"Two hundred and twenty."**

**She says she will consider the price and departs, leaving a certain indefinable tension in her wake.**

**Day two. Buy-and-sell proprietors are accustomed to the daily reality of the policeman who tries to scoop a few extra dollars into his lifestyle by hawking what might otherwise be consigned to valueless oblivion in the official lost and found of police H.Q. It should then be no cause for alarm, when two uniformed policemen enter the second hand and look around. Sarcasm and condescension lead to ethnic jokes. All part of the pattern. They ask to see the sword purchased for one hundred and twenty dollars. Mark unsheathes it. Passes it to them, a well honed instinct prompting him to retain the sheath on his side of the counter. They had asked for items in the past and not returned them. One of them barks,**

**“We’re taking the sword. Give me the sheath.” The larger policeman strikes out at him, leaving marks on his face and neck. Mark refuses to give the sheath to them. Especially now.**

**He tells them he bought the sword from a prominent businessman and show them the name in the police registry. Not necessary! Customers try to enter the store. Finally the officers leave stating, “We’ll be back. You can count on it.”**

**Day Three. Heaven seems to have calculated that dealers of buy-and-sell deserve some kind of seven second warning whenever a policeman not in uniform enters their place of business. Ask any proprietor of any second-hand exchange counter and they will tell you a plainclothes policeman entering the store is as obvious as a man trying to hide a sword under his coat.**

**On the third day, two detectives enter the store and ask to see the sword. Again DeMarco passes them the sword but refuses to hand over the sheath.**

**“When you give back the sword, you see the sheath.”**

**They give him two choices – surrender the sword or be charged with possession of stolen property.**

**“Stolen? Then why not charge the man who signed the police registry?”**

**“We’ll fix you, you little daigo bastard!” are the parting words as they leave to obtain a search warrant. “...for your store and residence.”**

**Day four. The lady returns.**

**“The sword is not for sale,” DeMarco tells her, since it is the subject of some conflict.**

**She says she doesn’t care, will pay the price tag and digs out the money. He refuses it.**

**“You could do everyone a big favour by selling me back my family’s sword.”**

**“Family’s sword?”**

**“A few weeks ago my daughter was in her Highland Dance class and the sword was stolen from where she left it on a bench.”**

**She draws out a paper describing the sword exactly.**

**But he bought the sword from a prominent businessman, DeMarco tells her. Where had the girl lost the sword?**

**She hadn’t exactly lost it, merely forgotten it on the bench in the rehearsal hall.**

**“Where’s the rehearsal hall?”**

**“St. George’s Hall.”**

**The Masonic Lodge. DeMarco looks at the police registry again and this time remembers Mr. ‘T.S.’ is a Master of the Lodge. Chairman, in fact, of that particular Lodge.**

**The lady knows. She lowers her eyes.**

**“I am aware of that but I was told the best way to settle this situation is to buy the sword back.”**

**A blade of ice flashes down his spine. He had been abused, threatened with a search warrant, called names, treated like an animal – an ethnic animal, as the police were so wont to point out, all for the protection of a Master of the Lodge. A Master who was important enough to involve enjoining this woman in a plot to veil his actions in the mists of police authority.**

**“They protect their own,” she said softly. “Just drop it.”**

**Drop it? If DeMarco had ‘dropped it’, the events of that week may have added up to no more than the kind of skirmish that is often overlooked in the history of many small towns except, in this case, about to be revealed were the patterns of some unusual footwork in a power dance between the merchant who bought in to a secret and those power brokers who feel they have a moral, dogmatic duty to protect their own, a power that is unspoken, secret and so secure it can and does hold entire communities in its grip. The power of the Lodge.**

**Ah yes, the Lodge. Famous, infamous. Credible, incredible. Philanthropic, exploitative. That bizarre entity, the Lodge, had, by the middle of the Twentieth Century, managed to exercise its gloomy mandate in almost every community in North America. What entity? What mandate? Only a secret society could last so long without answers to those questions being obvious.**

**In the rule book, Charges of a Freemason, the Mason is ordered, “particularly not to let your family, friends, and neighbours know the concerns of the Lodge; but wisely to consult your own honor and that of the ancient brotherhood, for reasons not to be mentioned**

here.” And, “regarding a brother-Mason-in-need, ‘You must relieve him if you can, or direct him how he may be relieved’.”

Clearly, over the years, more than just a few ‘brothers’ were directed to the local second hand shops when times got tough, there to weigh the benefits of his much heralded membership in the secret fraternity against the coin rattling on the glass countertop telling him the value of his symbol-laden ring, bracelet or tie pin.

On display under the glass of any exchange counter in North America you will find a landscape of symbols in silver and gold, diamond and turquoise, an uncharted surf of specialized, customized, bejeweled ornaments all intended to remind the wearer that he bears on his person and in his personality the hallmark immaturity craves the secret language and so-called knowledge of the cult of Masonry. Rings, tie pins, buckles, even earrings bearing the symbols of Masonry speak a strange esoteric language to the shopper.

Albert Pike, the most famous of all Grand Mason wrote in *Morals and Dogma*, “The symbolism in Masonry is the soul of Masonry. It is in its ancient symbols and in the knowledge of their true meaning that the pre-eminence of Freemasonry over all other orders consists. By its symbols it will reign without a peer when it learns again what its symbols mean and that each is the embodiment of some great, old, rare, truth.” [19SH]

If that is the case, the soul of Freemasonry is captured under many a buy and sell countertop. How did it get there? Masons surely did not bring them in to sell. Why are the symbols of Freemasonry dumped so unceremoniously onto the glass cage?

**They are the stuff of clubhouse lore, a veritable Spanky and Our Gang encyclopedia of obscure images, supposedly salvaged from languages and culture only the ‘initiated’ have ever heard about, all transmitted between ‘initiates’ through a miasma of secret passwords and handshakes of which only children could keep track. Then too there is the catalogue of secret creeps and critters that supposedly possess knowledge so weighty only a select few can be exposed to them. Lions and tigers and bears, Oh My! And dragons, of course. And ceremonies where you have to take off your pants and don an apron, the kind of thing your mother would spank you for if she ever caught you doing it.**

**In every community in North America, the bizarre flotsam and jetsam of Masonry litters buy and sell counters. Because someone got tired of the rings, bracelets, belt buckles and aprons. Or because someone was afraid of them.**

**No. ‘Dropping it’ was the last thing on DeMarco’s mind. What he did instead was set out for the offices of the Niagara Regional Police with intention of detailing to Chief Harris what had transpired in his place of business and to demand the officers involved be charged with assault and issuing threats.**

**There the officer on duty, Officer Watson, would tell him to get out or be charged with trespassing on police property. After all, proprietors of buy-and-sell were always doing the quick cash tango with the wrong sort. This time, alas, the wrong sort were the police themselves. When did DeMarco have his first conflict with the Niagara Regional Police Force? When then did this dance begin?**

**Mark DeMarco's factual account, removes the blanket of secrecy over the judicial system and Freemasonry and permits an objective investigation into a topic of considerable public interest. Ongoing scandals in Italy and elsewhere that have rocked governments, and the waves of scandal continue to reverberate.**

**Does Freemasonry discriminate in favour of its members and sympathizers when it comes to jobs, contracts, promotions, discipline, criminal investigation, charge or penalty? How compatible is Freemasonry with Christianity and Judaism? Varied historic instances show how and where Masonic ideas of morality, charity, equality and fraternity have been abused.**

**The secrecy that surrounds Freemasonry has traditionally been its greatest strength. *The Masonic secretive methods have been adopted by virtually all law societies, intelligence agencies and police forces and most governments throughout the World.* They simply ignore oral and written inquiry, while effective, this schismatic method has become their worst enemy in today's public, media and rights advocates concerns and efforts. Officials and departments saturated with society members and sympathizers protecting self interests from criminal code section 380. (1) service fraud, conspiracy and corruption charge, is overwhelmingly evident and rampant.**