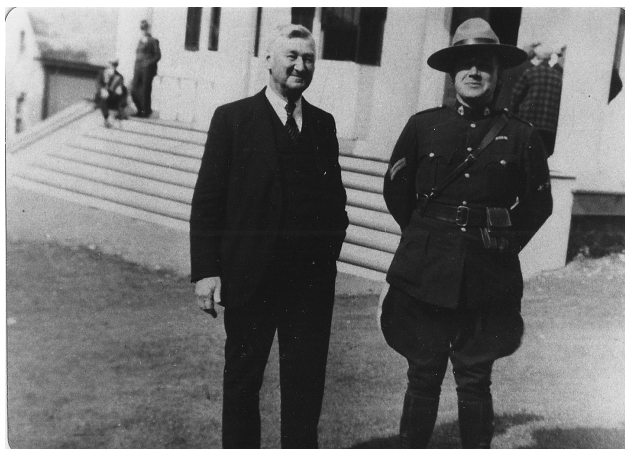


Harry Mallory Remembers

THIS DRAMATIC DEPICTION of the last hours of Roland Hutchings is part of a piece on retired schoolteacher and local historian Harry Mallory, which was published by the author in the *New Brunswick Reader* in 2004. Mr. Mallory's father was Charles Mallory, local Sheriff, and the son of W. E. Mallory, who ran a popular livery stable at the corner of Water and Princess Royal Streets. ~

"My father," says Mr. Mallory, "who was Sheriff at the time and in charge of the execution, he told me that it took place around midnight. He didn't give an exact hour, to kind of side-track would-be spectators. It happened on a very, very cold night - bitterly cold night. He told me there was a bit of snow on the ground; he could hear footsteps on the frost, outside of the gate and the fence. So there were some spectators around, but it took place very orderly and quietly. The chaplain from the Air Base was there, and there were certain witnesses, as required. My father's brother was one of the witnesses, and he really talked to me more about it, later on, than my father did. He did everything he could to ease the burden on my father, trying to run this show. He was one of the witnesses; George Goodeill was one; there was a Mr. Harry Smith, who was the Registrar of Deeds here; and there was a Doctor H. P. O'Neill, who was the local doctor. He had to be there too. And of course the hangman, and the chaplain or padre from Pennfield Air Base.

"I remember my father was a little concerned. This fellow was only 21 years old; he might bolt. I remember he said to the hangman, suppose he gets to the foot of the stairs and bolts, and won't come up the stairs? The hangman said (Mr. Mallory chuckles here): 'Don't worry, Sheriff; I'll just take a hold of him and up he'll go.' Because he was a big, able man, dad said. So when the time came, and they brought him out of the cell, took him into the gallows, the padre with him; Dad was a little disappointed one way: he thought the



Charles
Mallory,
Sheriff, and
R.C.M.P.
Corporal
Tudor outside
the Charlotte
County
Courthouse.
Charlotte
County
Archives
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padre would go right up the steps with him, but he stayed at the foot of the steps. The hangman took him up, put the blinders around his eyes, put the noose around his neck, pulled the lever and down he went. They waited a few minutes. Doctor O'Neill went down, put the stethoscope on him, and he said: 'There's a little beat there yet (chuckles again); let him hang a little bit longer.' So they took him down after that, and they put the body in the Courthouse, and my father was still very apprehensive that someone might break in and steal the body, so he stayed in the Courthouse all night with the body; they had to have an inquest in the morning, which seems rather ridiculous, but it had to be recorded as to how he met his death, and they had inquest, and they took him out into the cemetery and he was interred here, and it just happened (chuckles) that my father was the Secretary-Treasurer of the cemetery company, same as I am, and I looked it up in the book, and it says: 'Tom Hutchins interred this night . . . a murderer, R.A.F., Royal Air Force, December the 16th, 1942.' And his age was 21."