

[Page 81 - Sheriff James C. MacKillop Remembers the Hanging of Emmett Sloane](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 65](#)

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strong man in those days. (Did Sloane ever talk about home?) Never. Never. (Never.) Never. (His mother. You just nodded your head.) The afternoon of the night that he was going to be hanged, his cousin arrived and wanted to see him. Well of course, he had to be searched, the first thing, you know. So, we took him up to the cell. He went in with Sloane, they talked for an hour. That's the only visitor he had. Not even a telephone call. (What would you and Sloane talk about? Can you remember any subjects that he liked especially?) Sheriff MacKillop chuckled. Well, we put in our time wrestling--no time to talk. (When you say wrestling, a lot of people aren't going to understand--what does that mean?) Well just--you see the wrestling on the TV. (You mean headlocks and...?) Yeah, anything at all. (Try to pin one another?) Yeah. But I knew from the first day that I was over Sloane, that he couldn't handle me anyway, I wasn't worried about it. And he knew he couldn't, too. The newspaper reported that "the condemned man was cheerful." The picture on the front page of the paper showed a healthy, young athlete with his sport trophies. NEWSPAPER: Reporters (were) among last to pay visit to Anderson's cell. Prisoner chats and jokes with newspapermen, with death only few hours away. "I'm not worrying. It won't get you anywhere," he declared. Refuses to admit killing Rehberg. Among the last to see Anderson alive were two POST reporters who visited him at 7 o'clock last night and remained with him for more than an hour. At first disinclined to talk, under a barrage of questions, which he answered in monosyllables, he soon warmed up, and soon chatted freely with the newspapermen. When the reporters went into his cell, which was situated on the northeast side of the jail, he was in the iron cage to which he had been removed a week ago so that an attempt at suicide might be forestalled. Clad in some kind of denim overalls, khaki shirt and cap, he was leading a singsong among the other prisoners on the other side of the jail when the reporters were ushered in. He stopped singing when he was introduced to the newspapermen, and somewhat morosely greeted them. Anderson has had no love for newspapermen ever since his identity was revealed, and the consequent flood of American effusions which poured across the border were published in the local papers. But when he realized that the intentions of his visitors were none but friendly, he loosened up and became very loquacious. It was the first time that reporters were allowed to see him since he was arrested and placed in confinement.... (So, Sheriff, to the hanging? We swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Our Service Bay Diagnostic System always tells the truth. SBDS hooks right up to your vehicle so that you and your mechanic both know exactly what's wrong. Quickly and accurately. SBDS also provides a detailed print-out of the problem. So all you find on your bill is the truth. But the truth doesn't have to hurt. WE SERVICE ANY FORD OR MERCURY CAR OR TRUCK. AND WE DO IT FASTER THAN ANYONE! WE MADE THIS \$40,000.00 INVESTMENT SO THAT WE CAN FIX IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME. WE HAVE A FLEET OF 12 LOAN VEHICLES THAT YOU CAN RESERVE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. PLAZA LINCOLN MERCURY SALES LTD. 33 TERMINAL ROAD SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA 567-1616 when it was time, did



you go itself?) Sheriff Jim MacKillop: No. (You weren't there at all?) No, no--see. at the last hour, the police took over. They escorted him when his time came--blind? folded him, and escorted him out through.... We had to move all the prisoners. There were 10 prisoners on that side that he was in. We had to move them all out, see, and that was va? cant. And then, where he went out, where the window was. this was in the wom? en's part of the jail. They had a big room. So we had to move them out. And then that window had been--it was built (so that) you could take it out, you know, unscrew the nuts.... (Steps were) built right up to above the level of the window. When he came out. (he) stepped up at the win? dow of the jail, walked up 3 steps. And then he was on the trap--trapdoor. And he just walked out there, and of course--I don't know what they did. I didn't go up. I didn't go up to the hanging. I could have, but I refused. But somebody had to look after the office, anyway, and I was glad to take that job. So in all, 60 witnessed the hanging that night. (What time did the hanging--it was after midnight, was