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it?) It was approximately 1 o'clock. But the sheriff and I were sitting in the office about 12:30. He was just waiting to go upstairs. And the phone rang. I answered the phone. It was an old lady's voice. She said, "Can you tell me what time they're going to hang Sloane tonight? I'd like to go up there to see it." I said, "Just a minute," and I passed the phone to the sheriff. "Yes, ma'am, what do you want?" "What time are they going to hang Sloane?" "Why?" "I'd like to go up there and witness the hanging." "Would you come up here"--in a rough voice--"would you come up here tonight, lady, if your son was to be hanged? Go to the sink and wash your supper dishes!" Click! goes the phone. So that was the last call, then the sheriff went upstairs. So, when (Sloane) stood up on the scaffold, he said goodbye to everybody, and thanked everybody for their kindness, and how good they were to him while he was in jail. That was it. And there was a clergyman standing on each side of him. And one of the clergy, when they pulled the trapdoor--it's built in two pieces. When it's sprung, it goes this way. (The two sides fall back.) Now, if it was built in one piece, it'd go this way. (Only the forward part would fall away.) Yeah, and there was a chance that he might bump one way or the other, see. But when it sprung this way, he went right straight. (A two-piece trapdoor made him drop through the centre.) That's right. From the Newspapers: Mother of slayer a patient in a home hospital, not expected to live by attending physicians. Berlin, New Hampshire. Mrs. Anna Anderson, mother of Carl Anderson, son, who was hanged at Sydney last night for the murder of Deblois Rehberg, is today dying in a local hospital. On receipt of the news that the Canadian Minister of Justice had declined to grant her son a reprieve, she collapsed, and physicians in attendance despair of saving her life. She lies unconscious at the hospital, and has not yet been told Carl paid the supreme penalty. Anderson, according to despatches, died as he had lived, his iron nerve unbroken. In the days when he was ski-jumping champion in the United States he was noted for bravery. To make a leap of 190 feet through the air, a performer must have supreme trust in his own powers, and on numerous occasions, Carl made jumps close to that mark. His one-time comrades of the Nansen Ski Club regret his inglorious death, but have the satisfaction of knowing they did everything that was humanly possible to save him. Maintaining to the last that he "did not remember," Carl Anderson met a murderer's fate on the scaffold early Tuesday and expiated his crime in slaying Deblois Rehberg on February 8 last by suffering the supreme penalty at the county jail. Anderson went to his death without making a confession or without even admitting that he had killed Rehberg in the Norfolk Hotel last winter. Whether he was repentant or not rests on the credibility of his final statement to the newspapermen that he did not remember. Perhaps he did not, but the POST representatives somehow carried away with them the impression that Anderson did not choose to remember. Aside from that, however, the condemned man walked to the scaffold like a martyr rather than a murderer. He showed no animosity whatever, and even expressed the friendliest of feelings toward the authorities and jailers before taking the final steps



to the gallows.... Under the newspaper photo it read: "Athletic Career Ends. Ingrid 'Bing' Anderson, of Berlin, New Hampshire, who died on the gallows in Sydney this morning for the murder of DuBlois Rehberg, former Norfolk Hotel night clerk. Anderson, up until three weeks ago, was ready to die under an assumed name, but was identified as a former internationally- known ski jumper. The photo pictures Anderson at the height of his athletic career, along with trophies won in ski- jumping competitions in New England." All night the atmosphere at and around the jail was tense with suppressed nerves • it seems to be • and the little crowd that was admitted to the jail were conferring in awestricken whispers an hour before the execution took place. Quarter to 1, Richard, who was sitting quietly with the spectators all the time, though not many knew who he was, was called by the sheriff to go up to the cell. He picked up his cap and followed the sheriff and jailer upstairs to the second floor where Anderson's cell was situated. It was said today that his only fear was that the noose would slip off Anderson's neck. The head of the condemned man was not much bigger than his neck, and it was thought that the rope might slip. However, all proceedings went off successfully.... The one fear expressed by Anderson, perhaps strange in a man like Anderson, who did not seem to know the meaning of the word, was that he would not conduct himself well on the way to the scaffold. He was afraid that his steps would falter in Message from the Minister OF Fisheries and Oceans WHEN THE PRIME MINISTER asked me to serve as Canada's Minister of Fisheries and Oceans, I knew that he had vested confidence in me to take on a tremendous challenge. The challenge to rebuild Atlantic Canada's groundfish industry is great because so many lives have been dramatically affected by the collapse of the groundfish fishery. All too clearly we have had to become aware that the once traditional way of managing fishing is no longer acceptable. I know that you are counting on me, and on governments generally, to offer hope for the future. To build a sustainable fishery of the future, we cannot repeat the mistakes of the past. We are already in the process of making some difficult decisions. From these, choices and opportunities will arise. I am committed to consulting you, honestly and openly, so that we can work together in mutual support and trust. During this critical period in the groundfish industry, I want to assure you that the Government of Canada will not turn its back on those whose lives have been affected by the downturn in the fishery. The challenge ahead is one that we must face together. We can restore the great fishing tradition in Atlantic Canada. I am counting on your help. Brian Tobin ?? 'B Fisheries ?? ?? and Oceans Peches et Oceans Canada