

mostly involved prisoner escorts between Oakalla Prison Farm in Burnaby and the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster. These criminals appeared in County Court for heinous crimes. These escorts were extremely dangerous since these prisoners were serving lengthy sentences and had nothing to lose if they attempted an escape. Al Ellard and I escorted McCann and Clark, the two men that had attempted to kill the guard at Oakalla Prison Farm from the British Columbia Penitentiary to County Court for several consecutive days. They were the men I had tried to locate when stationed in Burnaby. On our drives back and forth between the prison and the court room we talked about their escape. McCann told me they had been hiding under the log I was standing on and they would have tried to kill me if confronted. I told them I had my revolver out and would have shot them. Their trial had gone on for several days and we had done the escorts with the prisoners with their hands cuffed to their front but through a wide belt with the buckle in the middle of their backs. We always did a skin frisk before taking the men from the cells. McCann told me when he was only eight, a man attempted to rape his older sister and he stabbed him in the neck. He died and he ended up in the penal system and was never released. Although he liked me, he told me not to ever turn my back on him or he'd try any means possible to escape. On the day of sentencing the pair were extremely giddy so I handcuffed them with their hands behind their backs. That decision may well have saved our lives. On our return to the detachment our superior took us into his office and explained the penitentiary warden had told him the two cons on passing through the metal detector had set off the alarm. The guards did a search and discovered knives hidden in their notebooks. These table knives that had been honed on cement to a sharp point and were called shivs. If the two convicts had been returned to the pen with their hands cuffed in front instead of behind their backs they could easily have had enough reach from the back seat to run the shivs into the backs of our necks at the first stop light. The pair were considered two of the most dangerous criminals in all of Canada.

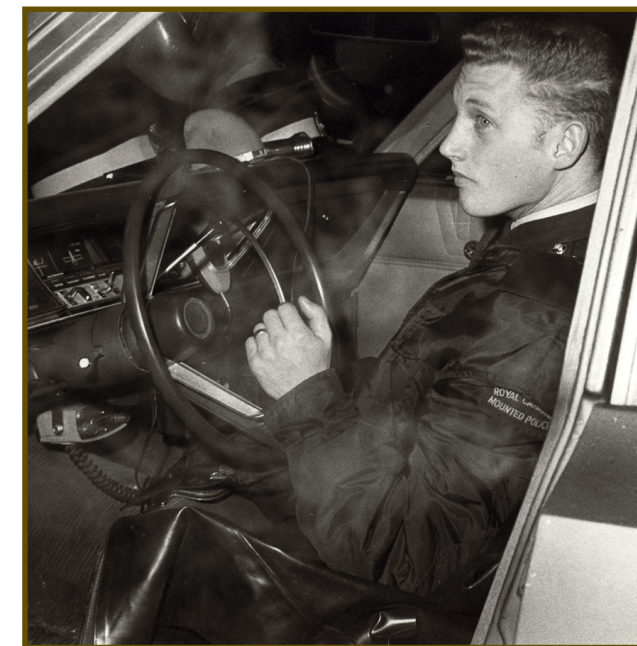
One day Frank called me into his office and asked me to help tidy up a room containing criminal files going all the way back to the late 1880's. He unlocked a door behind his desk which lead up spiral stairwell to a large room. Going back down the steps, Frank casually remarked, "They hung Old Slumach from a rafter at the top of the stairs for murder. He shot a fellow for following him to his gold mine." It piqued my curiosity and a few days later I visited the New Westminster Library and perused a 50 page file on the villainous killer. Before leaving, I asked the librarian to photocopy the entire file. Katzie First Nations' Old Slumach and his Lost Mine of Pitt Lake, almost like an Albatross, kept appearing in my life for the next 50 years.

Having served my time doing city policing it was time for a transfer to rural policing. It was akin to going from Purgatory to Heaven.

RURAL POLICING

On July 1st, 1967, Canada's 100th birthday, I was posted to Haney Detachment some 40 miles east of Vancouver. The detachment included the communities of Haney, Pitt Meadows, Hammond, Websters Corners, Ruskin, Whonnock and Pitt Polder. These communities later comprised the Municipality of Maple Ridge. City policing compared to rural policing was akin to a transfer from purgatory to heaven. The detachment had 17 members to police 17,000 souls in Rainy Haney and neighboring Pitt Meadows. Staff Sergeant Rowland Harding, an ex-British Columbia Provincial policeman, was in charge of the detachment.

One of the first members to introduce himself was Charles Anthony 'Tony' Kelly Beecroft and our paths would cross several times over the years both in and out of the force. He told me he had transferred in a month earlier from Dawson Creek Detachment, a Doukhobor (Russian) posting. He was my mentor for my first several months in Haney. He was an excellent role model and was very much involved in community policing, a politically correct term used today but back then was unknown. When Tony stopped to check out some local troublemakers he was never confrontational. Instead, he had a way of bringing these potential lawbreakers around to his way of thinking and many became our friends.



Constable on patrol in Haney-Maple Ridge, 1968

When working with Tony, I never had to worry about having to call for back up because we always had it from the public. Most of the youths in Haney simply knew him as just plain Tony. I quickly learned he had a photographic memory and could read a National Geographic magazine and have me quiz him on its contents. He always had the correct answers. He loved writing and taught me how to submit reports seldom bounced by a proof reader. He and I often did shifts together and drove around in the same patrol car. I realized immediately Tony was a big man with big ears. He was a sponge constantly absorbing knowledge about anything and everything. Simply put, he was a walking talking encyclopedia. Other members knew when I had been working with Tony because new words were in my vocabulary that were either mispronounced or used in the wrong context. Tony did not suffer fools likely. If he liked someone, you could do no wrong, but if he didn't like someone they knew it and were written off as being a 'DAAR' meaning 'dumb as a rock'. Tony was an Alpha male. One time an antagonist jumped in front of him, threw up his hands and shouted, "Kung Fu" to which Tony responded, "flashlight" and knocked him cold.

While on patrols, we often talked about growing up and our first years in the force. Tony's first posting was into the Security and Protection Section (later the Security and Intelligence Section) where many of his shifts were spent on Parliament Hill or at the Royal Canadian Mint. He often patrolled the residences of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and Governor General Vincent Massey and on more than one occasion was threatened by 'Dief the Chief' with a posting to the PM's hometown of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

After his stint in Ottawa, Tony was transferred to the other side of Canada and posted to Security and Intelligence in Vancouver. Although a policeman first, Tony was a student second for he never stopped furthering his education. His time in Burnaby was no exception for he enrolled in a blend of courses including business administration, criminology, and organized crisis management – all much needed to survive as a standard beat cop. The RCMP in those years was: prove yourself first as a policeman and then we will decide if you go back to school and if so the courses you will take. Tony didn't follow policy. He was a square peg never quite fitting the round hole. The force didn't like him furthering his education without their approval and posted him to a small detachment within the Nelson Subdivision located halfway between Vancouver and the Alberta border and away from any institutions for advanced education but he began attending a school a long drive from his place of work. He passed his courses and asked his superiors for reimbursement but the force was reluctant to pay. Tony had two major occurrences happen to him in Nelson: one was good and the other one was bad. The good one was his marriage to Judy Birch and his bad one was confrontations with

his superiors. They ganged up and sent him down to Vancouver for a psychiatric evaluation. It was intended to throw a monkey wrench into his career but the psychiatrist's report said there was nothing wrong with him. They then tried to hamper his career over his weight. They didn't know Tony had attended a university before joining the force and was a friend with Commissioner McLellan's kid brother. Tony's school chum talked to his brother and a few evenings later Commissioner McLellan's government plane landed at the Nelson airport. During graveyard shift George and Tony talked with two results. Several senior members at Nelson were posted to distant posts and Tony became George's informant on members stationed in British Columbia.

When Peter Wright, the officer commanding Chilliwack Subdivision, came to do an inspection and do a yearly evaluation of members, Tony was his aid-de-camp. Tony was also in charge of the police boat and the interviewing of civilians wanting to become auxiliary policemen. I worked with Tony for several months and on graveyard shifts we sometimes worked alone in separate cars while at other times we teamed up and drove around in a single cruiser. I found Tony rather predictable as he'd make the same patrols night after night calling in his spot checks with comments like "Hammond's secure" and then later "Harris and Lougheed secure." I explained criminals had scanners and would be able to monitor his call-in checks and be burglarizing East Haney when we were in West Haney. I asked him to consider criss-crossing the locations with numbers but my suggestion fell on deaf ears. For a little while, I made patrols and would call in "Number 7 is secure" and so on, and the telephone orderly would criss-cross the number for location and type the notation into the desk report. Sometimes, I called in my locations but in reality was in the office playing cards with the dipatcher. Tony would call and say he would be returning to the office and that would be my clue to hit the road. One graveyard shift, we received a call of suspicious activity at the Farmer's Co-operative Store at the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks at Harris Road in Pitt Meadows. Tony drove to the scene with me as a passenger, and while he shone a spotlight, I did a walk around the premises checking for anything out of the ordinary. We should have talked with the person calling in the tip, but instead we drove off, and Tony called in, "Co-op checked and all is secure." All hell broke loose the following morning when an employee called the detachment to report the safe had been blown overnight and the money was gone. Tony and I had to give statements and we both came out with egg on our faces. The safe crackers had gained entry into the co-op through the roof and had painted the hinges of the safe with nitroglycerine. They had waited for a train to blow its whistle at the crossing and synchronized that precise moment to blow the safe. We concluded the robbers must have been inside the store during the time of our check. They had leaned a ladder against the building, climbed up it to the roof, pulled it after them, and then chopped a hole in the roof. Not many robbers are involved in safecracking, as it is very specialized and dangerous. When I was in Burnaby, safecrackers once used too much nitroglycerine and blew a safe and the first responders found two men unconscious beside the store. They became the laugh of the underworld. I contacted Burnaby Detachment, but our Pitt Meadows investigation remained unsolved.

During this chapter of my life, John 'Jock' Butler Hume became a good friend. Jock was a guard at the Haney Correctional Centre and an avid mountaineer and before my arrival had supervised the search for fellow guard Les Evans and his son John who had gone missing in Golden Ears Provincial Park. The general consensus was that two had been caught in an avalanche and the search had gone on for several weeks without any luck. Jock and I looked at the civil defense equipment stored in a room in the detachment's basement and concluded it dated back to the Second World War. When the man who was in charge of the equipment retired, Jock took the task of training a small group of young men in search and rescue techniques. He worked with this group and managed to raise money to purchase clothes and ropes.

The rock climber and I did several hikes and climbs together in Golden Ears Provincial Park. I found out Jock had come to BC from Scotland. He was from the industrial town of Clydebank and had been just a younger when Luftwaffe German planes bombed the city in an effort to destroy the shipyards. He vividly remembered one night when 600 German planes carpet-bombed the town in wave after wave dropping massive shells in the hope of taking out the battleship, tank and munitions plants on the outskirts of the city. His family lived underground in an Anderson shelter. The bombs missed the munitions' plants but took out most of the houses. My hometown of Renfrew, Ontario, was never carpet-bombed but Jock's hometown of Clydesbank, Scotland, was blown off the map.

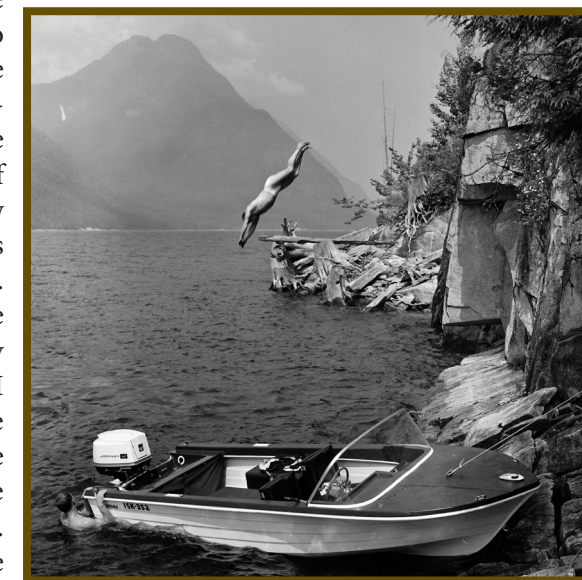
I worked with rookie Al Burnett for several months, and often wondered about my having a positive or negative influence on his police career. He had been transferred straight out of training to Haney a few weeks before my arrival. In hindsight, I suspect he had a negative effect on my policing, because I soon learned that although Tony was in charge of the detachment boat, Al made all the patrols on Alouette and Pitt Lakes. This was a sweetheart of a job and his brunette hair was bleached blonde and his body looked like that of a Hawaiian surfer. Sometimes the police decals were removed from the boat and members, along with wives and girlfriends, waterskied up and down the lake. One

morning Al picked up Jock, rookie Al Allard, and me for an outing to the top end of Alouette Lake called the "Narrows." Al had trouble finding a spot to put ashore, so he decided to pull alongside a rocky outcropping and have me jump ashore with a rope and tie up to a tree. Everyone stripped naked and began making 25 foot dives off the cliffs into the cold lake. We were all having such a good time no one noticed a chop had come up and the boat was being raked up and down the rock wall. Tony recalled: "I always wondered about Don Waite because he would volunteer to run the boat. I always knew he had an exploring mind, so I figured his enforcement abilities would overcome his desire to fool around, and he'd balance off the boat's objectives of enforcing the law and his acquiring some pleasurable time. I came in on a Monday morning and was downstairs and Harding was having a conniption and asked if I had seen the boat? It was backed in under cover where it belonged, but this time it was turned around the other way. Usually it was stored bow out but this time it was parked bow in, hiding the left front. He was doing a chicken dance. He was actually frothing and was saying, 'Do you know what happened?' And I said, 'No, I don't know what happened.' I didn't have the boat out. I said the boat had to have been out but it was in someone else's care. He was screaming so I went out and looked and there were these four-foot gouge marks underneath. It looked as if it had been stroked several times with a huge claw. I could tell what happened. It had bounced up and down on the rocks, and it was right through to the gel coat. There wasn't much of a gel coat on this cheap boat anyway. It looked more like tissue paper. He told me to move it and said, 'I don't want the officer Peter Wright to come and see it or we'll be in big trouble. We are going to have to make a story. Find out what happened to the boat. Phone Waite, he'll know.' Waite was very chipper. He was always busy, and he was usually strung out from lack of sleep from trying to compress 28-hours into a 24-hour day. He had a pretty short story. He'd been up at Alouette Lake and he was tired and didn't have time to talk about the damn boat. He hung up. My boss was listening to me. He was hovering in the background by the radio room, and he saw me standing there holding the phone, and the talking suddenly stopped. He asked what happened, and I said, 'He hung up.' He said, 'Get him down here.' I was about to phone, and he rushed off to the office by the file room. He was just a-boiling. I don't know what happened, but a short time later I see Waite looking angry as hell, wearing red serge. I was wondering if he was going to court. Up until this moment I still didn't know what had happened to the boat. I felt rather out of control like it was some deep dark liberty secret. What happened to the frigging boat? It was years later that I found out what really happened to the boat, when Don, out of the force for many years, and I shared many laughs together. I guess he and some companions had gone on a semi-police sojourn into the wild entrails of northern Alouette Lake and were jumping off rocks. I heard many stories about Al Burnet water-skiing. He used to take it to do patrols but he was more for taking a female companion as a patrol partner. We had an RCMP crest put on the boat, but Al would cover it up. The boat was always a pain in the butt and the cause for problems. I was glad when it disappeared."

One graveyard shift, Al and I came into the office around 4 a.m. to eat, check on the prisoners, and do our police reports. The telephone orderly suggested we should practice our quick draws. We each emptied our .38 Smith and Wesson revolvers. He shouted, "Get ready, get set, draw," and we'd both slap leather and pull our guns. One time he would say, "Don won that one," and the next time, Al won. This must have gone on for half an hour. I left to check on the prisoners while Al went to the bathroom. When we returned the orderly carried on with the game and we both reached for our guns but this time Al let go with a live round that passed between my hip and left elbow and hit the wall. He had reloaded. The bullet made a big gaping hole and there were pieces of plaster all over the office. All three of us were in



'Jock' Hume teaching mountain rescue in Evans Creek Valley.

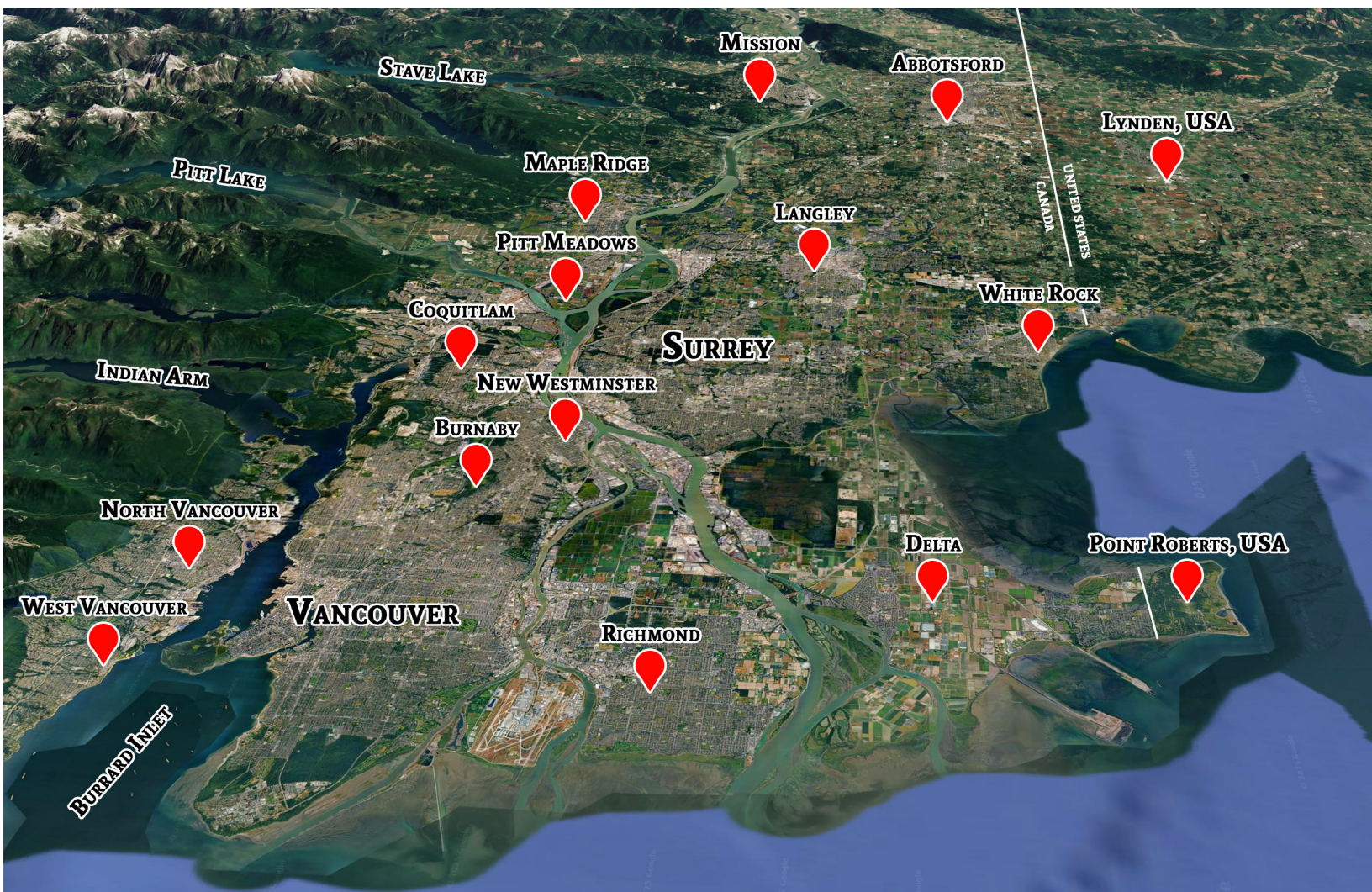


Al Burnett & 'Jock' Hume, 1968 Skylarking at the Narrows on Alouette Lake

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shock but eventually I suggested we call the manager of a paint store and ask him to meet us at his shop. I called him at home and his first thought was his premises had been burglarized. I told him he'd be doing me a big favour if he met me at the store and give me some plaster-of-paris and paint. He agreed and by 7:00 a.m. he had plastered and painted the wall while the AI and I cleaned up all the plaster and disposed of it miles away from the detachment.

A short time after my rural posting, my foot beat partner 'Gentleman' Joe Healy was transferred to Haney and placed in charge of traffic. Because Joe and Tony were devout Catholics, they attended the same church and soon became good friends. Joe introduced Tony to Thomas Dempsey, our former landlord who was an intellectual and a gifted writer. Tony passed this information to Commissioner McLellan who forwarded it to Prime Minister Trudeau. Consequently, Tom became the PM's ghost writer on western Canada's British Columbia.



Looking east, up the Fraser Valley, showing the relative locations of the cities that make up 'Metro Vancouver' and the Lower Mainland. Burnaby is closer to the urban core of the region than Maple Ridge's Haney community.

Rookie Mason Dodds arrived in Haney right out of training and for lack of anything better to do often did patrols with me to learn the ropes. We became lifelong friends.

I'd been stationed in Haney for only a few months when a local doctor called the detachment saying some nurses from the Maple Ridge Hospital were contemplating a transfer into Vancouver General Hospital because there were no eligible men to date in Haney. I took the call and another member and I dropped by for a coffee. The following day I called the prettiest one and asked if she wanted to take in a movie and she accepted. I learned Carol Trueman was from a tiny farming community just to the north of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, called Spruce Home and she had graduated from grade 12 at age 17 and began work as a teller in the Bank of Montreal in Prince Albert before doing her first year as a Medical Laboratory Technologist at the Victoria Hospital in Prince Albert. She did her final 1 ½ years as a MLT at Uni-

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versity Hospital in Saskatoon. Upon graduation, she worked as a laboratory technician at UH for one year before taking a position at Maple Ridge Hospital. She had only been working at the MRH about three months before my transfer to Maple Ridge. I fell head over heels in love with Carol and invited her to be my date to attend a Policemen's Regimental Ball in September in Vancouver. It was a red-serge event. Before leaving her apartment flat, I proposed marriage, and she nervously accepted. We sat at a table with Abe Snidanko and his wife. Abe was the force's number one drug enforcer in Vancouver. He knew I'd applied for the Drug Squad.



'Gentleman' Joe Healy, me, 'Mason the Ace' Dodds
My wedding day, 20 April, 1968

Carol and I were married the following April and after a lengthy honeymoon, I was anxious to show her the breathtakingly beautiful Upper Pitt Valley and a short time after returning from our honeymoon, I made a patrol with Carol and a senior member stationed in Vancouver on a beautiful blue sky day in September. He wanted to do some fishing. We hadn't gone more than a few miles before we spotted a gaggle of Trumpeter Swans flying northward a short distance ahead of the boat. I increased speed to almost full throttle and hit a sand bar on the left-hand side of the channel. The propeller was badly bent and the boat became stuck in the mud. We should have turned around but instead continued to the wharf at the top of the lake. Bill Keillor, in charge of the fish hatchery in the tiny community at Alvin, was supposed to pick us up but he was late so Carol and I began walking. There were signs of black bear everywhere, as the salmon were in full spawn. He gave us a tour and on returning from up Seven Mile Canyon he clocked a big wolf at 40 miles an hour. We saw several black bears. Bill took us across a bridge at Second Canyon over the Upper Pitt Lake and explained that hot springs were located just below the bridge. I later mentioned the hot springs to Andy Heatherington, the Supervisor of the Golden Ears Provincial Park.

For several weeks cars were stolen just about every night. Members had a pretty good idea who was stealing the vehicles but we just couldn't catch the culprit red handed. One night, when working alone, I had the suspect in the back of the patrol car and was interrogating him, when I got a call of a bad fire at a lumber yard. Ironically, it was less than a block from where we were parked. I told him to get out of the car and I sped off to the fire. Moments later, I saw my suspect trying to drive off in a truck that was parked right beside the burning building. It was obvious to me the truck, if not moved, would become a casualty of the flames. Seconds later, the same youth climbed into the pickup. He bound out of the pickup and ran down a side street. A minute later, I saw him drive the truck away from the burning building. He'd returned with a good battery stolen from a nearby truck. He'd removed its battery and driven the truck from harm's way, saving it from being consumed by the blaze. Members finally caught the car thief who admitted to sometimes stealing several cars in a single evening. He would hot-wire a car in Haney to drive to Surrey to see a girlfriend, and then he'd steal another car to take her to a drive-in theatre or to go parking, and then he would steal a third car to get back to Haney. He appeared in court and was sentenced to serve time at the Haney Correctional Centre.

One afternoon shift, the telephone orderly received a call two young women went berserk and were causing a great commotion in downtown Haney. My partner and I were the first responders and we needed backup. In the end it took six men to strap them into straight jackets. They had superhuman strength and were throwing us around like rag dolls. We attended at the hospital and learned they'd had a bad trip on LSD and in their minds had opened the Pandora Box to let out all the evils of the world known to mankind. They saw snakes and rats coming out their eyes. My partner and I learned who had given them the tablets. We attended at the residence of the teenager who provided the tablets and his father let us into his room without a search warrant. My partner found a vial of white tablets under his bed. We held him in a cell while we confirmed the tablets were in fact LSD. His father, a member of the school board, contacted my boss and the kid was released. I told a judge who told me to go and rearrest him. I did and afterwards, my relationship with my superior became strained.

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I learned early on members working the graveyard or midnight to 8:00 a.m. shift in Haney spent about half their time dealing with infractions under the Government Liquor Act. Usually the first half of a shift on a Friday or Saturday night would be spent seizing booze from minors, while the second half would be tied up typing up charges. One judge dealt with liquor offenders with suspended sentences or a \$10 fine and his leniency was probably the cause for the high number of infractions.

One afternoon shift a junior member and I happened to stop a youth driving around with more than 25 convictions under the liquor act. He had a passenger. I walked up to the car and asked him if he had any booze. He gave me a big smile. We searched the car and found open bottles under the front seat and an open case in the back seat. I told the driver I was going to confiscate their beer but that I was not going waste my time laying charges and it was his lucky night. I then told him if I ever stopped him again driving around and he had liquor in his possession while still under age he would be the sorriest guy in Haney. I then had him parrot back what I had just said. He tried to imitate me and remarked, "If I ever get stopped by you and I am in possession of liquor, I'm going to be the sorriest guy in Haney." He drove off. By this time members had become most frustrated with the revolving door attitude of the legal system with not dealing with repeat juvenile offenders and booze. About a week later this same member and I happened to stop this same youth driving on the Lougheed Highway just west of town. We pulled him over. Walking up to the driver's window, I said, "I sure hope you haven't any liquor in the car and immediately followed up with, "I know you have beer in the car, because I can smell it from here." I had them step out of the car so we could do a search. We found an open case of beer in the back seat. I walked back to the cruiser leaving the youth standing on the curb. I called a tow truck driver and asked him to attend and haul the car away to the police compound. The youth was within earshot of our conversation and interrupted to ask why I needed a wrecker. I told him I had just seized his car under a seldom used section of the liquor act and Her Majesty the Queen now owned his car and that he should maybe start thinking about how he would be getting home. The wrecker came and went—with the car in tow—and I drove off to return to the office to do paper work. I had just sat down at a typewriter when the youth appeared at the counter and began shouting. I approached him. He took a swing at me. I grabbed him and placed him under arrest for assaulting a peace officer. I put him in a cell and allowed him to call his father. About a half hour later his dad appeared at the office demanding his son be released into his custody. I told him to go home, and his son would be appearing in court in the morning. Just before going off shift, I went into the cell block and told the youth I had written a letter to the Attorney General explaining why I had seized the car and suggested he write a rebuttal letter as to why he should get it back. I told him to hurry with the letter writing, as I wanted to send both his and my letter to the AG in the same envelope.

A few weeks later I received a copy of a letter from the Attorney General that had been addressed to the underage drinker stating his car would be kept impounded for a period of six months to give him a chance to change his ways. The AG chastised him for taking a poke at a peace officer. A few weeks later, I was again working with the same member when we happened to spot the same youth, but this time he was driving his father's new car. We pulled him over to the curb, and as soon as he managed to stop he jumped out and raced back to us begging us not to seize the car. The story spread like wildfire, and that just about ended liquor possession by minors in Haney. Both vehicles were later sold at public auction. Most times alcohol was found in cars but sometimes marijuana.

I was working with a rookie member one graveyard shift when a call came in of a domestic dispute. We reached the house and could hear screams. I ran up and booted the door but it was made of solid oak. It didn't open. My partner turned the knob and walked in with me hobbling along right behind him. A man was sitting astride a woman, pounding her in the face with both fists. I struck him on the side of the head with my flashlight, but the light broke, sending the batteries thudding against a wall. He came up off pounding the woman like a kid on a springboard, and he was ready to do battle. He must have been six foot plus and 250 pounds. It was as if I'd never hit him. Before I had time to react, my fledging partner had the man down on the floor with his hands cuffed behind his back. It all happened in just a few seconds.

Mussalle's Garage was located on the northwest corner of 224th Street and Lougheed Highway and was the most visible and viable location in downtown Haney for a business. It was the first to open 24/7 with a lone attendant looking after the pumps. One graveyard shift, rookie Ron Hurt and I responded to an armed robbery. We were at Harris Road and Lougheed Highway and about as far away as possible from the crime. I was driving and oped to take the Dewdney Trunk Road. Right at the midway point between Harris and Lougheed and the garage there was a dogleg in the road and travelling at 75-80 miles an hour, i almost had a headon collision with a car going in the oppsite direction. Ron and I talked to the gas attendant. He heard the getaway car accelerate north on 224 Street before turning west. We told the chap at the pump to lock up and stand by until a member from the Identification Section arrived. When we

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passed on the curve, I recognized the driver of the other car. We drove back to his home, checked the hood of his car and it was red hot. We knocked on the door and his father let us in. The robber was already in bed. When awakened, he only said, "Holy crap, it took you guys less than half an hour to catch me."

It was through Carol's brother Gordon that I got to know Rick Scallnecht, his wife Brenda, and baby Tammy. My brother-in-law and Rick were neighbours and were taking an electricians' course at the British Columbia Institute of Technology in Burnaby.

On the evening of the 19th October, 1968, Al Burnett and I responded to a fatal car crash on 272 Street in Whonnock. When we arrived at the scene, I saw Gordon and another man trying to pry open the driver's door to reach the man at the wheel. I climbed into the car from the passenger side and tried to untangle his feet from the floorboards. Gord shouted, "It's Rick." About this time, four men carried Brenda and Tammy into an ambulance. Rick, now removed from the car, was placed beside Tammy. An auxiliary policeman cradled Tammy in his hands and we raced off to the hospital. En route, Mason called to say Rick had died in the ambulance. At the hospital, we gave the injured child to the nurses. We then returned to the scene just as a tow-truck driver was attempting to pull the upside down car from the ditch. Up until this point, I had not seen the second car upended across the street with all four wheels in the air.

Gord, Rick and I had purchased a pig a week earlier and hauled it out to my brother-in-law's place for slaughter. Brenda and Rick, knowing about my photography hobby, asked me to photograph Tammy. It never occurred to me they'd never get to see them.

At daybreak, I returned to the scene and assisted Skip Wheatly take photographs. It turned out Rick had pulled out of his own driveway on a hill and the other much larger car hit the little car broadside. They had been heading to a laundry facility in Haney. Rick had been carrying a trailer hitch in the backseat and we surmised the two arms of the hitch hit both Rick and Tammy on the backs of their heads. I discouraged family members from attending at the hospital to identify the bodies. As a result, I attended at the morgue and identified the bodies. I didn't want a relative to go through nightmares similar to mine at the loss of Uncle John and Cousin Reid.

One afternoon Sergeant Wayne McCarthy called me into his office and explained a "mule", a drug trafficker, had been caught at the Vancouver International Airport. Feigning pregnancy, she tried to smuggle a large quantity of heroin from the US. Under pressure from the Vancouver Drug Section, she decided to co-operate fully with them and try to avoid a lengthy prison sentence. She told the investigators about making several flights to Chicago and bringing back dope. She explained that on several occasions she had been picked up at the airport by a couple of men who blindfolded her before driving to a remote location in the Fraser Valley. She remembered the men had stopped at a gas station and saw the word Mussalle. The driver proceeded at a good speed until turning left onto a very winding uphill road before making another couple of right hand turns into a farm. When she awoke in the morning she looked out and saw several abandoned vehicles in the front yard. Wayne asked me to drive around in my own car and attempt to locate the farm. From Wayne's description, I easily found a farm that fit the description perfectly.

The next morning at 3 a.m. every available member met at the detachment for a briefing and an hour later 10 of us swarmed the house catching everyone fast asleep. We arrested everyone in the house for investigation for possession of drugs. We found scales on the kitchen table with several bricks of hashish. Buck happened to find a book with a list of Chicago phone numbers, and these leads were passed on to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Chicago. I searched a hen house and was surprised to find instead eggs \$2,000 in cash under one of the laying chickens. We brought in dogs and they unearthed several large plastic garbage bags filled with marihuana plants. Several suspects were charged and pleaded guilty after my transfer from Haney to Ottawa.

On most weekend afternoon shifts, I worked with Auxiliary Constable Leo Partanen and on one afternoon shift we responded to a shooting in which someone had fired a .22 shot through a restaurant window at a waitress. The small restaurant was located on the northeast corner of Lougheed Highway at Harris Road. We made the patrol and found the bullet had missed the woman by only a few feet. A short time later a man turned himself in at the detachment and when questioned admitted pointing his small-calibre rifle at the waitress and her boyfriend. It turned out to be a love triangle. He also told us in his statement he had watched us at the crime scene from a concealed location and had taken turns aiming his rifle at both Leo and me. I charged the man with attempted murder, and he served time in prison. Upon his release he attempted suicide, and I charged him with that, expecting the judge would sentence him to psychiatric help. Instead he was given a fine and later did commit suicide.

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Leo and I became best friends and when he married Annie Jansen from Pitt Meadows, I was the best man. Leo started his career working for a Timmins TV station as a technician but was soon afterwards quickly hired by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in downtown Vancouver, also as a technician, until 1972 when he went to work for Northwest Communications as a producer in charge of making TV commercials. After leaving the force, I learned Leo, through Tony, had become involved with the force's security agency and worked out of a huge beautiful estate near UBC. Electronically, Leo was a genius and didn't hesitate when the force asked him to assess and offer input into listening and photo devices. As he was a Finlander, and spoke Finn, the force wanted to insert him into the Communist Party of Canada as a card carrying member. His wife Annie recalled, "The marriage had begun to deteriorate and I was less and less aware of his involvement other than his conversations in Finn on the phone, the long distance calls on the phone bill and the unexplained cash. He was in contact with other like-minded technicians in other parts of Canada and the US. It may have had nothing to do with the RCMP or security but at one point he was spending a lot of late nights designing and building printed circuit boards and at the same time became very secretive (paranoid even) and began using a telex I had at my workplace and then facsimile. At the same time he began to buy shells for his .38 and spent hours in target practice. I believe the alcoholism, his age, and the later political climate made his value to the agency redundant."

My family and I visited Leo's family at Matheson in 1982 and he hinted that he'd stayed on with the force after I left for Ottawa. I visited him on a couple of other occasions many years later when he was living alone on the family farm at Matheson, in northern Ontario, operating an electronics business. When Leo passed in 2021, his son James contacted me. His Dad wanted me to be a pallbearer at his Celebration of Life but it wasn't possible. I had a bad bout of shingles and the pills for it and bipolar pills didn't like other and a short time later my addiction to my medications resulted in drug withdrawal for month. It sure made me acutely aware of a drug addict's addition to heroin.

Bob O'Conner, nicknamed Buck, was a senior GIS (detective) member in Haney and after my transfer into drugs (dettive), we teamed up to do several criminal investigations. Buck was in charge of the Communist file. There was a small group of Finnish families living in Webster's Corners, a tiny enclave northeast of Haney. He knew one 'Commie' doing business with contacts in Russia. It turned Buck into a spy for the force.

It's weird I began collecting history on Maple Ridge and Pitt Meadows pioneers during my time as a policeman in rainy Haney and that my chats with Elizabeth Hawley, Annie and Tom Haney's daughter (and the founders of Haney, later Maple Ridge) would make it into my title 'Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows A History in Photographs' almost 40 years later. During this time, I began corresponding with pioners and archivists about early history of the two cities.

1969-06-20: Surveys and Mapping Branch, Victoria, BC - D. Pearmain, Chief, Legal Surveys Division

1969-08-21: Centennial Museum, Vancouver, BC - R.H.Carcason, Chief Curator

1969-09-11: Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, MB - (Mrs) Shirlee A. Smith, Librarian

1969-10-29: Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, MB - (Mrs) Shirlee A. Smith, Librarian

1969-10-31: Surveys and Mapping Branch, Victoria, BC - W.R. Young, Chief - Geographic Division

1969-11-26: Centennial Museum, Vancouver, BC - (Miss) S. Gay Calvert, Archaeologist

1969-12-05: Agriculture Branch, Vernon, BC - John Corner (pictographs Pitt Lake)

1969-12-22: National Museum of Man, Ottawa, ON - A. McFayden Clark, Athapascan Ethnology Division

1969-12-19: - RCMP Ottawa, ON - G.A. Potts, Liason Officer (Re: Bill Miner, Train Robber)

1970-01-12: - RCMP Quarterly, Victoria, BC - RCMP S/S/M, Associate Editor

1970-01-21 - RCMP Scarlet and Gold Magazine - W.E.G. Macdonald, Editor

Although I didn't know it for years, letters of recommendation from Identification member Skip Wheatly and Tony accompanied my request for transfer into the Identification (Forensics) Section.

Tony was born on 28 April, 1938, in a nursing home in Surbiton, County of Surrey – just to the south of London, England. He weighed in at just less than 11 pounds; and according to his mother was nursed until he had a sense of humor and teeth.

Aware that war was imminent, Tony's fraternal grandfather, an influential member of the staff of the Auditor General in the British West Indies, sent money to pay for the family's passage to the safe haven of Kingston, Jamaica. His constant companions were a devoted Jamaican nanny named Thermutas Wright, who was as black as ebony, with

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a smile as big as the moon and a Rhode Island Red rooster. The big bird was Tony's close companion and protector and the pair often slept together in a big banana box.

In the spring of 1945 and at war's end, the family returned to Surbiton where the precocious Tony entered a religious catholic middle school.

In June 1950, the family once again uprooted and took a ship to Canada where the family took up residence in Toronto and his father continued his career as a linotype engineer. Tony won a scholarship and was enrolled at St. Michael's High, a strict academic boy's school run by Christian brothers who were renowned for turning out well-rounded graduates. The family next moved to Windsor, Ontario, where Tony attended Assumption Boy's College.

On 28 March 1956, 3 days short of his 19th birthday, Tony joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at a salary of \$2,500 per year. He did the first half of his basic training at Rockcliffe in Ottawa and the second half in Regina, Saskatchewan. His first posting was back to Ottawa and into the Security and Protection Section where most of his shifts were spent on Parliament Hill or at the Royal Canadian Mint. Tony often patrolled the residences of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and Governor General Vincent Massey and on more than one occasion was threatened by 'Dief the Chief' with a posting to his hometown of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

In August 1958, Tony was transferred to the other side of Canada and was posted to Town Station in Vancouver. The detachment was housed in the basement of the building today referred to as the Vancouver Art Gallery. About Christmas time, the rookie cop was transferred to Burnaby's Traffic Detail. Tony always had a thing for gismos and on his very first day on the job at Burnaby had a tear gas pen in his tunic breast pocket. It looked very much like a ballpoint pen. Tony draped his jacket over a chair and was going through his initiation process with a superior when he heard a loud BANG from the traffic office followed by a great deal of shouting. One of the members had taken his pen from his tunic and was attempting to take it apart when he accidentally fired the gun that immediately began to fill the entire bottom floor of the large detachment with tear gas. This resulted in the total evacuation of the entire basement.

Although a policeman first, Tony was a student second for he never stopped furthering his education. His four years in Burnaby was no exception for he enrolled in a blend of courses that included business administration, criminology, and organized crisis management – all courses much needed to survive as a standard beat cop. RCMP policy in those years was: prove yourself first as a policeman and then we will decide if you go back to school and if so the courses that you will take. Tony didn't follow policy. He did it his way and upon passing all his courses applied for reimbursement for the partial costs of the courses. He received a payment of 50 % of the university costs – and a transfer to Dawson Creek, a detachment far away from any institutions for advanced education.

A short time later he was posted from Dawson Creek to the larger detachment of Nelson to investigate Doukabor crimes. Tony seized the opportunity and began attending Notre Dame University. He passed his courses and asked his superiors for reimbursement but the force was reluctant to pay. Tony had two major occurrences happen to him in Nelson: one was good and the other one was bad. The good one was a chance meeting with a young woman named Judy Birch. The two fell in love and their marriage took place on 28 December 1963 in Nelson.

Tony's bad occurrence was locking horns with one of his superiors that resulted in an in-depth investigation as to his suitability to remain in the force and he was even sent down to Vancouver for a psychiatric evaluation. He was also sent back to Dawson Creek and away from any schools of higher learning. Tony immediately consulted with Dawson Creek's town lawyer who happened to have attended Assumption College with Tony in Windsor. The lawyer just happened to be the younger brother of George B. McLellan, the Commissioner of the RCMP and the top policeman in all of Canada. Two days after talking with his lawyer friend, a government aircraft landed at the tiny Dawson Creek airstrip and at 5 am off stepped Canada's top cop. Tony spent several hours explaining his situation to this man and in the end all the accusations against him silently vanished. A short time later his superior was transferred and several other readjustments took place with the upper echelon members at both the sub division and division levels.

I first met Tony upon my arrival at Haney Detachment. Now it's the Maple Ridge Detachment. I was a young policeman and it was in the summer of 1967. I already had five years in the force and Tony had fewer than 10. Tony and I often did shifts together and drove around in the same patrol car. I realized immediately Tony was a big man with big ears. He was a sponge constantly absorbing knowledge about anything and everything. Simply put: he was a walking talking encyclopedia. My wife always knew when I had been working with Tony because I'd come home with several new words in my vocabulary that I either mispronounced or used with the wrong meaning. I learned too that if Tony liked you he liked you and you could do no wrong but if he didn't like someone they knew it and were written off as being 'dumber than a hammer' - a 'DAAR'.

Tony was an excellent role model and was very much involved in community policing. When he stopped to check out some local troublemakers the scene was never confrontational. Instead Tony had a way of bringing these potential lawbreakers around to his way of thinking and in the end many ended up becoming our friends. When working with Tony one never had to worry about having to call for back up. We always had it from the public. Most of the youth in Maple Ridge simply knew Constable Beecroft as Tony.

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I recall picnicking at Alouette Lake with the Beecroft family and Tony challenging me in a race up a steep grade from the lakeshore to the parking lot. I was younger then and in real good shape. We took off up the slope with me away out ahead but by the time we reached the parking lot Tony was right on my heels. I couldn't believe Tony's stamina. It was that stamina that helped him through the difficult years that followed.

In May 1968 my wife and I accompanied Judy, Tony and their 4-year old daughter Angie on a hike up Mount Baker. Tony talked about the inner workings of a Hasselblad camera, the very one that had been left on the moon. This had quite an impact on me and upon my discharge from the force, I went into the photography business.

In 1969 Judy and Tony adopted a son Roderick and then in 1970 and 1972 respectively, they had two more of their own children, Andrea and Patrick.

Tony was a good cop and then later an excellent coroner. Tony retired from the RCMP as a Sergeant in 1990 after serving 25 years before immediately taking the second challenging career with the Provincial Coroners Service.

As the Province's Deputy Coroner, Tony hired me as a photographer for the service with the understanding I'd attend the more serious accidental deaths. The Chief Coroner was former RCMP Inspector Bob Galbraith. On meeting Bob, he remarked, "I know about you, the City of Langley presented me with one of your leather-bound collectible books of the city." Unfortunately for Tony, Bob assigned him to attend at the scenes of the serial killer j5Cliff Olson murders. He wanted me to be his photographer but it wasn't possible. I couldn't be in the way of the force's forensics members. Bob gave me one simple assignment. It was to use slide film and photograph pictures taken of any interesting sudden death scenes. Bob, Tony, and Larry Campbell, another coroner, and I flew up to Prince George in which 40 coroners from throughout the province attended a seminar. Bob gave the talk while I ran the slide projector. After dinner, Tony, Larry and I went back to Bob's suite to drink and share war stories about our time in the force. Leaving the coroner's service Bob's first brilliant idea was to create a 'pet cemetery' before getting a head's up about an invention of the 'black box'. The invention recorded speed, distance and every stop and go on hauling trucks' movements right up to jet planes. Bob and another chap patented the idea and eventually sold it to Bell and Howell Cameras (later Canon) for \$80,000,000. Bob got \$20,000,000 and immediately left Canada and bought a ranch in Montana. Larry became the Vancouver coroner, the Mayor of Vancouver before retiring as a senator in Ottawa.

On one of my very first visits to the coroners' office located in New Westminster kitty-corner to the Royal Columbian Hospital, the trio showed me an elaborate scale model of a sudden death scene that had taken place on the Upper Levels of the Trans-Canada Highway in West Vancouver. A long period of constant rain resulted in large boulders being dislodged from a creek high up the mountain and bouncing down the steep hill and taking out a freeway bridge. In the pitch darkness, cars going north and south ended up in the fast-flowing creek. The model was four feet wide and three feet high and was very expensive. In taking it down the elevator and into a car's trunk for transportation to an inquest, it got dropped. It was quickly put back together as best as possible. I told Bob it would have been much less costly for me to have gotten in a plane and taken pics. He kept me on a retainer with the understanding of making myself available to take air pics of large sudden death scenes such as multiple car crashes, train derailments or aircraft crashes.

One time, I visited the morgue to talk to the pathologist about taking photographs on behalf of the coroners' service. There were two small boys on two tables. He opened the mouth of one of the boys and there was no soot in the mouth. He looked at me and said, "This is a murder investigation." He called the police. It turned out a husband decided to smother his wife's two boys, aged six and seven, from a previous marriage. He'd set the home on fire but it went out and only the boy's knees and elbows were burned. It happened in March, 1982. Since my boys were the same age, I quit the coroners' service.'

Tony spent 10 years as a coroner and only stepped down after being diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in September 1986. Upon his exit from the coroners' service, Bob Galbraith, the Chief Coroner, referred to Tony thusly: Tony was an unusual person who took on big problems with unusual solutions. There was the official way, the traditional way, and Tony's way that was usually the most efficient and least expensive solution.

My wife Tina and I were guests at Tony's 50th birthday party in 1988. I recall sitting in a hot tub with Tony long after most of the other guests had departed and discussing his illness. He explained from the time of diagnosis until death was pretty much 10 years with the disease taking 10 % of those with the disease each year or in other words that his chances of dying were one in 10 each year but that he'd be dead by his 60th birthday. Tony was very philosophical about his illness.

It was during this time that Tony would often accompany me on business trips into Vancouver. He referred to it as riding shotgun. I vividly recall being alone on such a trip in September 1990 and listening on the radio that two young men on motorcycles – one of whom was Judy and Tony's son Roddy – had been killed in a motor vehicle accident in the Big Bend Industrial Park in Burnaby. I immediately drove to the Beecroft home and attempted to console Tony. It was a most difficult time for the family.

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A year lapsed before Tony again began traveling into Vancouver with me. One afternoon we headed home east along the Fraser River on Marine Drive. After driving out of Vancouver and into Burnaby, Tony asked me to pull off to the shoulder at the very intersection where Rod had been in the accident. Always the inquisitive policeman and coroner, Tony wanted to figure out for himself just how the accident had occurred a year earlier. Satisfied with his finding, we drove off. He told me he had wanted to visit the site for a long time but had been unable to bring himself to do so. He said he was grateful he'd been able to pass another obstacle. We didn't talk about Canada's official secrets act nor the FLQ's Operation Ham or the RCMP spy within the force's Gilles Brunet. Because it was secretive, it was called Mole Hole and only involved the highest and most loyal upper echelon of the force. The disloyal Frenchman, the son of a Deputy Commissioner in the Security Branch, was my handler. Unaware he was found out, he fed misinformation back to the Russians.

As if Parkinson's Disease wasn't enough, Tony suffered from mental illness. A big man, he was too much for Judy to handle as a caregiver and she had to place him in a manor for elderly people. I visited him. He said, "Don, I'm starving. I've dropped 20 pounds. A young woman spoon feeds me and doesn't give me enough time to masticate the food." Frustrated, he became violent and ended up in lockdown in the provincial Crease Clinic Psychiatric Ward in Coquitlam. It's ironic his buddy was Lou Antalek, a top realtor in Maple Ridge 40 years earlier. His son Ron became the top commercial realtor in the province. Lou's son, a philanthropist, donated the money for the Antalek Psychiatric Hospital in a wing of the Maple Ridge Hospital. Weird but true, I asked Ron for a forgivable loan to hire an editor for my memoir.

I talked to daughter Angie and son Patrick about Tony. A told me her father several times a year in the early 1970s would get a call from someone, drop everything, pack a few bags and fly back to Ottawa. We talked about the possibility of my feeding sensitive material to Tony and him passing it on to Commissioner McLellan. She said, "Oh my gosh. That makes perfect sense." Patrick told me, "I used to go into a room at the psychiatric ward and watch doctors reboot Dad's brain. The shock treatment would lift him off the table. He'd go into a coma for three weeks and then they'd repeat the procedure."

Tony always believed in the belt and suspenders technique in that he always covered his bases. He wore a belt and braces to make sure his pants stayed up. He called it double security. He did the same with his medications during his time battling Parkinson's disease. He carried his pills on his body, by his bedside, in the bathroom and in the car and his motto was, "If you fail to prepare you are setting yourself up for failure". Tony lived 23 years with a disease that traditionally takes the life of its victims within 10 years. About three years before his passing, Tony and I made a pact that whoever died first the other would do the eulogy. The last time I saw Tony alive was in a bed at the Ridge Meadows Hospice ward at the Maple Ridge Hospital. After embalming, he was taken to his church for viewing. A hearse took Tony's coffin from the church to the Maple Ridge cemetery. Only his immediate family, Tina and I were at the gravesite. As per Tony's wishes, we all stood around eating ice cream as he was lowered into his eternal resting place.

When I gifted 1,800 negatives from my son Nathan's air photo collection to Archives Canada in Ottawa, Angie's husband Milton Seaman pulled negatives from the 450,000 collection. It was a big project. My granddaughter Kelsey wrote the city, date, and roll and negative number plus the description on every envelope. Tina, my friend Steve Pelton didn't scan the negatives. Instead Steve photographed the negatives at 42x36 inches at photo quality. It took us three days. Steve color corrected the pics. Ironically, AC only wanted the files 24x18 inches. Since Waite Air Photos owned the copyright, the company could sell the huge files and any of the 450,000 digital files to cities throughout Canada.

Mensa is the largest and oldest high-IQ society in the world, open to individuals who score in the top 2% of the general population on a standardized, supervised intelligence test. Founded in 1946, the non-profit organization provides a social and intellectual community for members across 90+ countries. According to his daughter, Angie, he loved flexing his brain and showing off what he knew. He excelled in everything except sports, like football, basketball or hockey, where he had no idea what he was doing and no interest in learning.