

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

PHOTO BY ELLISON



Thomas & Agnes McBride nee Jeffrey ca. 1900
Ellison Photo, Eganville, Ontario.

On our trip to Ontario in 2006 Tina and I were lucky to talk with Harry McBride, who physically drove us out to the original McBride Crown grant on the Ottawa River at Fitzroy Harbour. I also visited with my Aunt Nellie, Mom's sister-in-law and Uncle Mick's wife, who was kind enough to search through her home and locate several 100-year-old photographs that she gave to me.

My great-grandparents were Alexander McBride and Olive Jane Smith. Olive had the hereditary condition called dentinogenesis imperfecta that results in small grey teeth without enamel and affects half of the children born to the carrier. This disease was passed onto me through my grandfather McBride and my mother.

Alex initially worked for an Isador Fortier, a blacksmith in Cobden, but later bought the business. The Alex McBride family moved from Westmeath to Cobden in 1899 and first lived in a little house near the fairgrounds.

My grandfather Lloyd Albert McBride claimed to have married Katie Eva Humphries on the 15th of April 1916, but the pair were actually married in October; he was twenty-one and she was fifteen and pregnant.

Eva's father John Francis Humphries farmed on the outskirts of Cobden. Her older brother and sister, Garland and Una, were twins; her younger sister was Elizabeth. When John Francis's wife Jane died in 1913, he married Annie McLaren nee Kerr.

The original Humphries homesteaded in the Carp and Fitzroy Harbour areas west of Ottawa, and one of them originally owned the acreage chosen by the federal government for the site of a sophisticated four-storey bunker in the event of a nuclear attack. The local inhabitants were told that an "Experimental Army Signals Establishment" was being erected on the site, but it was later revealed that it was a flagship building for smaller bunkers that were being placed in the basements of post offices in larger cities across Canada between 1959 and 1961. The flagship bunker was designed to shelter upwards of 8,000 government officials in the event of a nuclear attack during a period when John Diefenbaker was Prime Minister. The proper name for the bunker in Carp was the Central Emergency Government Headquarters, but it was quickly nicknamed the "Diefenbunker." It was during this period that American President John F. Kennedy visited Diefenbaker in Ottawa in an attempt to persuade him to place nuclear warheads on Canadian soil. Some were placed in an underground facility in North Bay, but in the end Kennedy opted to store the missiles in a much larger underground facility at Cheyenne Moun-

PHOTO BY J.W. GREEN



Alexander and Olive Jane
(née Smith) McBride
and sons Lloyd Albert &
Emerson Trevor

Around 1899, Arnprior,
Ontario.

Katherine Eva Humphries,
aged 15 - 19
(later Mrs. Lloyd Albert
McBride)



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The John Francis Humphries Family, 1905

Top: Garland (married Jean Gould);
Eunice (married Harry Buttle)
and Elizabeth
(married John Wesley Briscoe)

Bottom: Jane (Mrs. John F. Humphries)
née Burwell; Katherine Eva (later mar-
ried Lloyd A. McBride)
and John Francis Humphries

Edwards & Harrison Portrait Studio,
Pembroke, Ontario



tain, Montana.

From 1916 until 1919 Lloyd worked for his father on a farm situated one mile southwest of Cobden on the Eganville Road. On 17 February 1917 Lloyd and Eva were blessed with a daughter, Jean. She was born in the home of Eva's brother Garland and his wife, the former Jean Gould. The baby was named in honour of her Aunt Jean. Ann Brown acted as midwife. Garland and Jean lived on a 150-acre farm located three miles west of Cobden on Highway 17. Eva's sister Una, married to Harry Buttle, lived on the farm next door.

In 1919 Lloyd purchased a 100-acre farm two miles west of Cobden from Peter Wilson. On 16 April 1919 Eva gave birth to a son, Gerald, and on 27 June 1920 she gave birth to a second son, Milton. Mrs. Wesley Berry, a neighbour, acted as midwife at both these births. Eva had her last child, my mother Helen, on 24 June 1924. A Mrs. Reid, the midwife, scolded Jean, age seven, for not keeping the doors closed because of the fly problem.

On 25 September 1919 Lloyd purchased a 230-acre farm and ranch located on the Bonnechere River just west of Renfrew from William Harper Cotie. He began milking Ayrshire cattle and selling the milk to Vice's Dairy in Renfrew. He later switched to Holstein cattle. He purchased his first twenty registered Holstein heifers from his wife's sister Elizabeth and her husband, John Wesley Briscoe, who lived in Northcote. When Eliza died, J. W. married Pearl Payne, daughter of Agnes and John Payne. My parents eventually purchased the Payne farm. When Pearl died, he remarried for a third time. This wife was Rachel Francis of Edmonton, Alberta.



Tragedy struck on 24 November 1926. Eva's brother Garland was returning home from church with four of the children—Edgar, age nine, Nina, seven, George, three, and baby Mabel—when the car was hit by a train at a railway crossing in Cobden. Everyone was killed except Mabel. The sale of Garland's farm did not take place until 19 April 1928. Lloyd purchased Garland's farm but sold it two weeks later to Jack Faught. It was

Lloyd A. McBride and his father-in-law
John F. Humphries take Garland Humphries' four
horses out to be sold at auction on April 19, 1928.

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during this period that Eva learned that she had cancer of the cervix (at the time referred to as groin cancer). She underwent her first operation in the Pembroke Cottage Hospital with Dr. Ira D. Cotnam performing the surgery. Lloyd decided to sell his farm to George Collins and move back into Cobden to attend to his sick wife.

Eva's condition worsened and she had to undergo a second operation at the Ottawa Civic Hospital. The cancer spread and she died on the farm on 10 May 1929, leaving her husband with four young children. According to Mom, she "bled out" when a vein ruptured in her leg. She was buried in the Cobden Cemetery.

On 23 February 1938 Lloyd's elder daughter Jean married Jason Stanley Edmunds. They had two sons: Ian Stanley, born 23 May 1945, and Raymond Alexander, born 20 July 1947. These two lads would be my playmates during my preteen and teenage years.

In April 1941 Lloyd and his two sons were cutting stove wood when the boxing broke on the saw end of the arbour. The tightness of the belt threw the saw backwards toward Lloyd. He threw up a gloved hand but the blade caught him in the left arm and side of the head. Sons Gerald and Milton rushed him into the Renfrew Victoria Hospital. Although bleeding profusely, he did not pass out until he was on the operating table. The attending doctors were John James McCann and George Burwell. Drifting in and out of consciousness, he heard the two physicians conversing. McCann wanted to take off his left arm but Burwell argued against it, stating that he was going to die anyway. Lloyd came through the operation with his arm, but the healing process was slow because the wounds had not been properly cleansed before being stitched back up.

On 24 June 1942 Lloyd's younger daughter, my mom, married Ender Stewart Waite. My parents had four children: me, born 1944, Mae, born 1950, Joan, born 1952, and Bill, born 1959.

On October 14, Mom's younger brother John Milton, my Uncle Mick, married Nelda Schroeder, my Aunt Nellie. They had two sons: John Douglas, born 30 December 1951, and Peter Alexander, born 9 December 1954.

During the 4th of July celebrations 1944 Gerald, Mom's older brother, while swimming in the Bonnechere River at the William Smith farm, lost his grip on a boat and went under. The dragging operations eventually hooked his trunks and he was brought to the surface. Several friends, including my Dad, tried artificial resuscitation, but without any success. Instead of bringing up water from his lungs, the lifesavers brought up tea from his stomach. The drowning was a dreadful shock to Lloyd. Almost overnight his hair began to fall out, and within a few weeks he was bald.

In June 1992, my uncle J. Milton McBride told me this about the drowning of his brother:

It was a beautiful hay day and Gerry and I coiled hay, and that's coiling with a three-prong fork. It was raked with a dump rake and we coiled all day. He talked all day about learning how to swim. He thought it should be a simple thing for anybody to learn how to swim. That night it was real hot, so he said let's go down to Mert Smith's and he'll come across with the raft and if I want to go over and go across and talk to his son Bill. All during the day he talked about how good it would be to learn to swim. We went down and Mert and his father were not finished with their chores, so he came over with a raft and paddled me across and Gerry came across on the raft. There were a whole bunch of kids there. Joyce McFarlane was there. The Smith kids were already in the water paddling around and some of them could swim. But Gerry was over on that side. They had a canoe and that's what they were fooling with was a canoe. The river got deep very quick anywhere along the Bonnechere. And he was hanging onto the canoe on one side and two other kids on the other side let go and the canoe tipped and under he went and that was

Gerry's downfall. He couldn't swim a stroke, so whether he came up or not they didn't say if he ever came up. But it was two hours since Gerry was missing and they came yelling up to the barn and Mert came down and took his boots off and he jumped in but he didn't get him. He couldn't find him. He went down current. So it was maybe only fifteen minutes or so somebody 'phoned Galbraiths next door and Murray and Bob came over and they jumped in and swam across. It was probably about two hours before somebody else came with grappling hooks and that's how they got him. It was by dragging the bottom of the river. He had gone downstream maybe as many as twenty-five yards down farther than the house. It was dusk before they located him and pulled him in. So he was loaded into Dad's car. They didn't call an ambulance. There was a doctor on shore as soon as they got him. They worked on him—resuscitation—but to no avail, so he was put into the car and taken to Cobden to the undertakers. We'd be up there by maybe 10 o'clock or so. So that's how fast you can lose your life. It would have been between 7:30 and

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8:00 o'clock that we went to the river. We were milking at that time. We just walked down across the fields. The Smith's were directly across the river. It was somebody's hired man that owned the canoe. He'd come down there at night and trolling along and try to fish. The canoe did

not belong to Smiths. A much wider flat-bottomed boat would probably have held a person hanging on to the side without tipping. A canoe is very tippy. That is how a tragedy can happen.

In 1963 Lloyd sold the Cotie farm to son Milton and moved into an apartment in Renfrew. On 4 January 1967 he married for a second time: childhood sweetheart Elsie Guest. Shortly after Lloyd's first marriage to Eva, Elsie had married David Clyde McFarlane. Elsie had one daughter, Joyce. After the death of my grandmother Lloyd and Elsie carried on a clandestine relationship. After their 1967 wedding they lived in her residence on Raglan Street in Renfrew for several years. Eventually both became too old to care for themselves and both moved into the Bonnechere Manor, an old-age home. Lloyd died there in 1987 and Elsie a few months later.

When Tina and I were back for my parents' 50th wedding anniversary in June 1992, they both told me about themselves before and after their marriage. Dad recalled, "I was born in Foresters Falls on 23 May 1916, in a house with a midwife and they thought I was going to die so they said, 'let's call him Ender and let that be the end of it.'" That's one of the ways I got my name. Another story has it that Dad got it off a mailbox. Dad was driving the mail route one day for his brother Wilf down the Queens Line and saw Ender Campbell on a box and thought it was different, so he gave the name to me.

Dad continued:

When I was born we lived in a little house in Foresters Falls called the Scobie house. They tell me I was born in that house. It wasn't far from Bell's store. The Waites went to the United Church in the Falls. As far as I know we lived in that wee house where I was born along with Gerald, Nemmie, Lloyd, and Orin. Dad worked in the brickyard with Grandpa. Dad must also have lived over on the Elliot farm for a while, and then the Queens Line before moving out to the Grant Settlement until my brother John took over, and he moved back to the Falls and built the house near Bell's store. I remember living in the Falls in what was called the old Elliot farm. Orin owned it for a while and Arch owned it for a while, and I guess Dad owned it for a while. Wound up Orin's wife Muriel sold it to the Bells in the mid-1980s. Then we rented out on the Queen's Line for a year or so and the only dang thing that I can remember about that was that they had a whole bunch of steers and they ran under a shed loft out in the barnyard. I couldn't have been more than five or six. And my Uncle Lot and Orin were in the horse stable, the building that ran parallel to that

open shed. They wouldn't be very old either. Orin would be about twelve or fourteen and Lot two or three years older. I don't know what I was doing up in this old shed loft, but it had boards to hold the straw up and I stepped on the end of a board and it went up and I went down in among them steers. That scared me but it scared the steers just as bad, thank God. I started to bawl and the steers snorted and started to run. Orin and Lot heard me and opened a window and it was up about four feet high. They jumped up on the window and hanging their arms out yelled at me to run to them. I did, and the two of them pulled me in. I think I howled for a week.

That was on the Queens Line. That time it was Sam Wallace's farm. Dad bought that farm out in the Grant Settlement about 1926 or 27. I was seven years old in May and I started to school in September. I went to the school right across the road. We bought it from a guy by the name of Grant. It was only 100 acres, but Dad later bought another 100 from his neighbour and then in later years he bought another 100 or 150 from another neighbour. He wound up with 300 or 350 acres.

Dad recalled making his first serious money by selling ginseng:

I couldn't have been any more than about fifteen. It was before the Depression in 1929. As a kid I was too scared to go back and see what they were doing because the bush was so thick you'd walk through it and think there was no sunshine. It's all cut down now. At the back lane pasture Dad had to keep cutting cordwood to

make a living. It was hard maple and basswood and the odd yellow birch and elm. It was really dense and there was a spring at the top that made an ideal spot for the ginseng to grow in the black muck with lots of moisture. I was back one day and saw a Ford Model T truck that was relatively new. They had that short box truck full of

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ginseng and were tying bran sacks over the radiator, the fenders, and the sides. I saw it heading up the road and it looked like a great big balloon with the ginseng plants. We didn't know anything about ginseng. Neighbour Colin Bruce was guiding them to the ginseng plants. That was in the Depression years in the 1930s. I used to walk across the fields to Colin Bruce's to see his son Gerald who was an epileptic. I guess by the time I was ten or eleven we got to talk with Mr. Bruce one day about these people who were in our bush. He says, "Yes, by Judas, I made some easy money. They gave me a dollar a day to just sit there." That was big money in them times. They gave him a dollar a day. I say, "What were they digging?" He says, "Well, they call it ginseng. I could show you but they picked everything they could find." Finally one day he took me down into the bush and he showed me a few stalks of it and I never forgot it. Then I got to know Jack Black and Stewart Willard. They must have known what it looked like too. They used to go out looking for it. I always found far more than they did. One day many years later I had my traps set away back near the government lot. It was late in October. This was when times got harder. I went back to look at my traps one day and looked at my first trap and I had a mink in it. And I had another trap away back near the lake. As I was walking back to it there was a little cluster of trees with a few maples in it and a few butternuts. I was walking alone and I see these berries and I took some off in my hand and realized they looked like ginseng berries. The leaves had all fallen off the stalks. I picked about eighty-some dollars worth of ginseng that day. I remember it well. I sold it. As I was picking ginseng I had another trap set nearby so I went and looked at it and I had another mink in it. I think I sold the mink for eighteen dollars apiece. That was thirty-six dollars

for the mink and another eighty for the ginseng. Dad would have had to sell about six two-year-old steers to have that much money. Dad was impressed with what I had been able to make in just a few hours. I talked to Colin Bruce and he heard of a fellow in Renfrew named Norman Budd who bought ginseng. I'll tell you when I had my first trip. The ginseng was dried. I had it in a red handkerchief with the four corners tied up. Black had a wee bit too. I don't know how we got to Cobden but we jumped a freight train and rode it to Renfrew. I don't know just what I got for it—maybe twenty or twenty-five dollars, which was a heck of a lot of money, as most men worked for fifty cents a day. We rode the freight back to Cobden and I walked home from there. I told Dad about the money I'd got. One day there was a payment coming up on Dad's seed drill and he asked if I'd loan him thirty-five dollars. I said, "Yes, Dad, I will." He pointed to a steer. It was the best steer he had and he said, "That's your steer until I pay you back." He never paid me back but he let me sell that steer. I often sat at home on Saturday nights. I always kept myself well dressed.

Dad bought the Grant Settlement farm in about 1926 or '27 and times were real good but then the crash came in '29 and it came overnight. You could sell a cow today for 150 dollars and less than a week later you couldn't get 15 dollars for her. That's how bad it was. We had terrible years. Things during the early thirties were desperate. Along with no money moving, there was no rain and so no grass grew, or hardly any hay or grain or anything. It was just unbelievable. And then about '37 things started to improve a wee bit and in '38 it was better and then in '39 the war broke out and it just kept escalating. The war cost a lot of people their lives but the economy began to grow again.

In the winter of 1934, Dad worked in a shanty west of Pembroke. He was one of the few men that agreed to stay in the camp for the entire season in order to receive a bonus. He recalled that the bunks in the cabins were infested with lice and bedbugs and that all four posts of his bed sat in tins of oil that were supposed to prevent any vermin from crawling up on the bed.

In 1935, Dad and neighbour Clifford May managed to get a job working on the Canadian National Railway line for five or six months between Portage du Fort and Beachburg for 25 cents an hour less 90 cents a day for room and board. The Trans-Canada rail line had decided to replace the old ties with newer and larger steel rails to service heavier and longer trains. Dad recalled:

There were ten men on each end of the rail with tongs and when we went to start the job I picked up a pair of tongs and made for a rail. The rails were damn heavy. There was no place for Cliff May and I to go, so we went to the middle. That lasted only a day or two and Tom Heeney—a hell of a good fellow, he was the foreman—beckoned me over. He said, "Come here," so I went over and he says, "You and your chum are working too hard." I says, "Oh, I don't think so," and he says, "Oh,

yes, sometimes when you lift in the middle both ends go down," to which I replied, "I didn't realize we were lifting that hard." He knew damn well we weren't doing any lifting. Heeney asks, "Are you familiar with the farmers along the railroad?" and I said, "Yes, I know every farmer from Portage to Beachburg. Why?" He says, "How would you like to be my head water boy?" And I answered, "I'd love it."

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Dad and three other boys used to collect water from farmers' wells in four-gallon buckets and carry two at a time with a yoke from the well to a handcar that was pumped by hand up and down the tracks to 125 men who would be stretched half a mile or more along the line. It wasn't too difficult a job if the wells weren't too far from the track, but it was very hard work on a hot day as the workers would be especially thirsty. The water boys would no sooner get the men watered at one end of the spread-out line before those at the other end would be yelling for water. It was akin to running the handcar through a gauntlet for those workers that were nearest to the wells. Sometimes the track would be torn up 800 to 1,000 feet at the end of the line and the boys had to run with yokes of two four-gallon buckets to quench the thirst of the men. Dad continued:

On hot days the four water boys were unable to satisfy the thirst of the 125 workers stretched out along almost half a mile of torn-up track. Along one section of the line the farmers' wells were 700 to 800 and even 1,000 yards from the track. This meant the water boys had to pump water from the wells and then carry the pails of water to the water wagon—a four-wheeled contraption that ran up and down the track. Once the wagon was laden with pails of water, the four water boys took turns cranking up and down on the wagon's hand pump in a race to get their precious cold cargo to the end of the track. Once at the end of the track each water boy grabbed a pail of water in each hand and began walking along the torn-up section of rail line. The water boys had to hide the watering cups in their pockets to prevent the workers nearest the water wagon from stopping them and taking water meant for the men farthest away from the end of the track.

One day it was cool and the men weren't drinking very much, so old Tom Heeney says to us water boys, "How would you lads like to give a hand shovelling ballast in between the packers?" Down we went. We were shovelling away and I dropped a shovel full of gravel on the rail. My back was so damn sore that I could hardly throw the gravel and once in a while I had to straighten up. I was shovelling in this ballast and it was making a noise and old Sam Gretta said, "Cut that out," and I said, "Cut what out?" He said, "don't let your shovel hit the rail. It makes too much racket." I don't know what made me hit the tie with that short-handled shovel right at his toe, but anyways the shovel stuck in the tie.

It was backbreaking work and many men quit. One day Heeney asked Dad if he knew of any good man he could hire or if he could talk some of those who had quit to come back and talk to him. A short time later Dad's brother Gerald began working on the railroad as a packer.

There was one cool day that wasn't too busy on the water wagon and I was talking with Mr. Heeney. A keg of nails that weighed between 150 and 200 pounds had rolled down the embankment and up against a wire fence. The keg was easily 60 to 70 yards from the tracks and up a steep incline of loose gravel. He remarked to several of the men, "Do you suppose there is a man in the gang who could pick up that keg of nails and bring it up to the

Gretta reached down to pull it out with one hand but he couldn't. It took both his hands. He said, "You're fired." There were different foremen. Heeney was head foreman, but Gretta was the foreman over the packers. I said, "I am like hell—I quit. I quit when I gave you the shovel." He said, "You're still fired." I said, "No, I'm not. I quit." Up the track I went. I expected I was through. The water wagon was up there, so I went back up. Heeney was standing there with his foot on the water wagon. I don't know where Cliff and the other fellows were. He said, "Did you come back for a drink?" I said, "No, Sam Gretta, that Goddamn wop—he thinks he fired me but I quit." Heeney says, "He can't fire you—you're my man—not his." I said to Heeney, "I'll stay on, but Sam Gretta will never get another drink from me. Piss on him. He can go to Hell. He can go dry." Heeney says, "I don't mind that." I had a yoke that I'd gotten from Dad and I hooked on a couple of pails and go down to water the boys. Gretta saw me coming and when I got close to him he said, "You put those pails down and get out of here. You're fired." I got into quite a bit of an argument. I said, "Let's say I quit and went back to the water wagon and was rehired and here I am. Do you want to fire me again?" He thought for a few seconds and said, "If that's the case then give me a drink of water." I said, "To hell with you." I had a cup in each finger and he grabbed my hand but I yanked it away. I picked up a pail of water and let him have it. The whole works. "That's the last drink you'll ever get from me, Sam." The gang yelled and hooted. Poor Sam got killed a year or so later on a handcar. Poor old guy didn't hear the train come up behind him.

track?" There were several 170- to 180-pound men that were nothing but bone and muscle and several of them tried, but none were able to get the cumbersome keg of nails up to the tracks. Finally Mac Code [one of Dad's friends] said that he'd bring it up, and Heeney says, "You can or you just think you can." Code guzzled that keg of nails, rolled it up onto his knees and then started creeping up the embankment with his feet sinking into

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the soft gravel past his ankles. He got three quarters of the way up but just couldn't make it and the keg rolled back down to the fence. Finally Gerald went down, picked it up on his knees, crept up the embankment, and eventually thumped the keg down onto the rails. He walked up to Code and said, "I'm a better man than you." Everybody yelled and yahooped. I said, "Mr.

Heeney, what do you think of that for a man?" He replied, "That's the best little man I ever saw." I replies, "That happens to be my older brother. I don't pretend to be that good." Heeney laughed and replied, "Maybe you have more brains than he has." Gerald had the respect of every man on the line after that show of strength.

Dad worked five to six months on the railroad. His next job was on the waterfront in Toronto. He related:

My cousin Mae Anderson, through pull, got that job for me. She'd worked at Terminal Warehouse for years and she knew the boss there very well and she spoke to him and he told her to tell me to come down. The first time I went to work Harold Anderson came with me and they had the regulars, but every morning eight to ten men went down to see if they needed anyone extra. Apparently Mae was running the telephone switchboard and she pointed the finger to me, so he picked me that morning. Orin had worked there six to eight years pervious. Mae got him in. The foreman had a bull roar of a voice and he said, "You and you get in here." He picked two or three of us that morning. Every morning I got picked and the rest got sent home. After a week or ten days I was sent to a smaller shed away from the big warehouse. One morning the foreman came in and said, "From now on you come in and punch the clock and go over to that small warehouse and Bill Hilliard is your boss." At that time Bill meant nothing to me. I was there a day or two and was loading a dump cart like it was a wheelbarrow. Hilliard and Russ Johnson came out and stood watching me. I'll never forget it. I was twenty-three then. Finally Johnson said, "Where did you come from? Jesus Christ you're stupid." I said, "What do you mean I'm stupid?" I didn't know that he was Hilliard's boss. He said, "That's no goddamn way to load a truck. You're nothing but a goddamn farmer." I then asked him, "How do you load it?" And he showed me. "That's the only goddamn time you'll have to show me, Mister," and I grabbed the dump cart out of his hand and started loading the truck up. I didn't know it at the time that Johnson was Hilliard's brother-in-law. He said, "Holy Jesus, you're short-tempered." After he left I asked Hilliard, "Who's that son-of-bitch?" And Hilliard said, "Oh, that's the foreman. It's a wonder he didn't fire you right there. I've seen him fire lots of people. I guess he'll fire you at noon." I didn't really give a damn whether he did or not. I had enough money to get back home. So noon came and the three of them were eating in the office and me outside the office. Johnson came out and said, "Come and eat with us." I said, "No thanks, I'm all right here. I can manage." He said, "Ah, come on in and eat with us," and I said, "No thanks, I'm all right here."—"Well," he says, "Jesus Christ, please come in

and eat with us." I got up and I went in. I said, "It's nice to be talked to like a human." So I was eating dinner and he said, "And what did you say your name was?" And I said, "I didn't say," and he says, "What's your name?" I said "I punched my name in at the office this morning. If you want to know my name, go over there and find out."—"O well," he says, "you can talk decent to a fellow." And I said, "I'll talk decent to anybody that talks decent to me." I was still mad. He say's, "Well listen. I'm sorry about this morning, but we get so many that are good for nothing and know nothing, but you were a different type this morning. Tell me your name and we'll forget about it." I said, "Ender Waite." He says, "What?" So I spelled it out to him and he says, "Did you ever know a guy by the name of Orin Waite?" And I says, "Yes, he's my brother," and he jumps up right off his goddamn stool and throws his arms around my neck and squeezed. "Your brother's Orin Waite?" I said, "Yes." He say's, "Your brother Orin Waite and I started work here together," and he says, "I'd have been fired here one day if it hadn't been for Orin Waite. He took the blame for me and went home and I'm still here so you'll be here as long as you want to stay." I said, "I don't want any favours," and we got along well after that. I guess he'd been caught smoking and Orin took the wrap for him.

One day we were unloading boxcars and this damn rat had been running back and forth. He must have been 65 to 75 feet away. Finally, I picked up a piece of coal, threw it, and hit the rat right on the head. I killed it. Hilliard said, "Holy old cat's arse, you're unbelievable."

I worked there in '38 and '39 until everybody was laid off, me included. I'd earned enough then to buy a '29 Oldsmobile for 35 dollars and two spare tires for 5 dollars apiece. I kept it until I went to Sudbury.

Forester's Falls Hockey Team, 1930

- written by Nemmie Jane Waite

Have you seen our Foresters Falls' hockey team?
Say friends it sure is a wow
They're leading the Laurentian Hockey League
Are we proud of them? and how!

Say can't they handle those hockey sticks
And can't they chase that puck?
If you haven't seen a game
Well that's just your hard luck.

Albert Pettigrew is the goal keeper
And he's got an eagle eye
What he can't stop with that hockey stick
He just catches them on the fly.

He sees the puck coming and smiles at it
And it is gently caste aside
But when it plays too close to that stick of his
He sends it on one wild stride.

Lot waite is the centre man.
And he has those taking ways,
He just slips that puck from the other gent
With his nifty poke and check.

And when he gets that puck to his own wee self
He goes through without a halt
Takes a shot at the gentleman's net
When it misses it is not his fault.

Waite and Herron are our wing men
You can put nothing over them.
Waite is sure one stick handler
And Herron handles the men.

Arnold Eady is sure one nifty player
His shots are straight and true.
When it comes to what he knows of hockey
He forgot more than we ever knew.

Herron is one snappy player
And his body check O say
They'd rather run into a street car
Than Herron's body check any day.



This hockey team from Foresters Falls won the 1930 Laurentian League Championship and the Dr. Ira Delbert Cotnam trophy. The team went the entire season undefeated.

Back row: Thomas Sauve, president; Lot Waite (centre), Arnold Eady, Harvey Eady, Lester Jack and Wilfred Bennett, manager and coach.
Front row: Henry Dittburner, Duncan Herron (wing), Albert Pettigrew, Wilfred Waite (wing) and Millar Thomson.

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

In March or April of 1941 Dad managed to get work in the International Nickel Mines in Sudbury. He stayed with his older brother Orin, his wife Muriel, and their five children. Three years earlier he and his brother Gerald, along with Harvey Code, had taken the train to Sudbury looking for employment. Gerald and Harvey were hired from hundreds of applicants but Dad was turned down because the mine's medical doctor thought he had goitre. Dad was disappointed but had no recourse but to return home.

Dad discussed employment at the International Nickel Company at Sudbury

I started in Sudbury for 55 cents an hour. When wages got to 60 cents an hour everyone thought they were rich. They really thought they were rich. But the unions came in and spoiled everything. They didn't know when to quit. They were good for the economy, but upon my soul to God, I still think they didn't know when to quit. I started first on the tracks. There were train tracks running all over and I started on it first putting in ties and cleaning rocks off the railroad.

They take the red rock slag out in great big pots. It was melted rock. It was so hot and they would take it out on little railroad cars with buckets hanging on hooks. When they'd get out there they'd stop and a lever would dump it over the side. You'd work out there on that high dump with cork tied to your boots on account of the heat. They kept barrels out there full of water and when the felting on your boots started to burn you'd run over to a barrel and stick your feet in it. I don't know how

many people worked on it and stayed there. I wasn't going to be married to a job like that for the rest of my life. I worked for Inco and there could have been 4,000 to 5,000 men.

Quickly becoming a Jack-of-all-trades, Dad soon managed to get a job in the pump house.

It was crazy. I'll bet you I spent two to three weeks pumping water out of one hole into another one only to have a culvert bring it back into the original hole. August Switch, the foreman and a heck of a fine fellow, knew what was going on. I'd work the afternoon or graveyard shift. I'd go to the coal bin and fill up two to three bags of coal and go down and get the fire going. On some nights the hoses were frozen up and you couldn't get any water anyway. Later I'd hear a knock on the door and August would come in and curl up for a little snooze.

And about getting engaged to Mom in the nickel town of Sudbury:

I got engaged to Helen. I thought this is not a very nice place to bring a woman because the longer you stayed the more drunks you met and the more drunks you met the more people wanted you to buy them liquor. I wouldn't go for that. I decided to try and get a transfer to the open pit. I got all dressed up one night in that suit I had in Sudbury and with one of them white helmet hats that I used to wear all the time and went to the superintendent's home. Gerald and Harv were working up there and I told them what I was going to do and they said, "You won't get a transfer. You'll get fired." I said, "I don't care, I'm going anyway." I wasn't a bad looking lad when I was all dressed up. I still remember.

It took a lot of nerve to go and rap on the door. His name was Kennedy. I knocked on the door or rang the doorbell. I was a pretty spiffy looking lad all dressed up and took my white hat off and held it in my hand and I guess his daughter, a nice looking girl of sixteen or eighteen, came to the door. She answered the door and I said, "Good evening." And she said, "Good evening." And I said, "Is Mr. Kennedy at home?" And she said, yes." And I said, "I wonder if I could talk to him for awhile. I'd like to speak to him." And she said, "I don't

know." She went back in and said, "There's some young man wants to talk to you, Daddy." I could hear Mr. Kennedy's reply, "Tell him to go away and leave me alone." She says, "Oh, no, Daddy, let him come in. He's a good looking fellow." So I walked in and talked for a while and he said, "What do you want? You want to see me about something." And I said, "Yes, I do." And he said, "What is it?" And I said, "I'm working out on the tracks out there for Inco and the odd time they send me up onto what they call the high dump where they dump the red-hot slag." And I went on to say, "That's not a fit place for any white man and you probably already know that."—"Yes, I know all about that," he replied. And I pipe up, "I was wondering if you could give me a transfer to the open pit?" He jumps up and said, "My God, do you know whom you're talking to?" And I replied, "Yes, that's why I'm here." He said, "Well, there's never been a man transferred from surface to the open pit yet. Any transfers I've had are from underground to the open pit." I said, "I believe you, but there could be a first time." I was very polite. He said, "Well, there's never been a man transferred yet." And I replied, "Well, Mr. Kennedy, I'm very happy to have had a chat with

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

you and tell you what I would like anyway." He says, "Who do you think you are?" I said, "I'm myself and I'd like to get up the ladder same as you and the other fellows. I'm engaged to be married and I don't want to bring my wife up here if I have to work where I am." He took another look at his daughter and then she looked at

me. So anyways, he says, "I'm sorry." I said, "That's OK, it doesn't hurt to try." And he said, "No, it sure doesn't." The next morning when I went out and punched my clock there was a transfer in the thing. Every time I saw the man after that there was a big, "How do you do."

The work in the slag dumps had been more demanding physically but the work in the open pit was more stressful. Dad recalled:

In the open pit I drove a truck for a while. They were bringing ore up from underground and dumping it in the crusher on the surface instead of underground. Then it went by belts here and there to be processed depending on the quality of the ore. As far as I know they processed it all and melted it and got the ore out of

it and then what was left went to the slag dump in the big pots. That was the waste. Well, I drove a great big semi-trailer for a while and then they gave me the great big trucks. Holy snorting, the wheels were as high as or higher than a man.

The open pit literally corkscrewed down into the bowels of the rock as the result of dynamite blasting two or three times a week that brought down tons and tons of rock. Dad sometimes watched these blasts from a distance. He reminisced:

They used to drill big holes down so far and fill them with dynamite. Then they'd put them off and drop the wall down into the open pit. They'd do that two to three times a week. Any rocks that were too big they drilled them and broke them up with dynamite. And then you drew them up with the great big trucks. The loading was done with big electric shovels run by electricity and capable of handling ten tons. The big trucks would take ore that wasn't good or worth putting through the smelter and take it out to the high dump. And they put a rock on one of them big trucks one day. They shouldn't have done it. It took two shovels to load it. When the

operator hoisted his load up with a big telescope to dump the boulder, its weight broke the telescope and upended the truck. Fortunately the driver had backed up to the edge of the ravine with the door ajar and was thus able to jump clear, but the truck went down the high dump. I quit driving them big trucks. My nerves wouldn't stand it. I asked my foreman one night if there was anything else to do and that my nerves wouldn't allow me to drive those big trucks with ease. They weren't hard to drive. He told me that I was the first man to ever ask to get off driving trucks.



Foresters Falls Continuation Class, 1931

Top Row: Elgin Brown, Ellard Gordon, George Wallace, Clayton Valliant and Ender S. Waite.

Third Row: Vivienne Bulmer, Irene Sauve, Lily Herron, Catherine Headrick, Viola Black, Dolly Robinson and Meryl Orr.

Second Row: Owen Black, Stafford Millar, Arthur Ross, Stewart Black, Alex Bell, Harry Broome and Erma Poalini.

Front Row: Anna Bell, Grace Bell, Grace Jamieson, Elva Rankin, Jean Code, Jean Jamieson, Margaret Valliant and Eileen Bulmer.

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

Dad became a spotter.

I was out there dumping them trucks one night with a little carbide light. You had to spot it on the ground and they put the backlight wherever you spotted the light. It worked great for a while but then the light went out. It was black dark and of course the trucks kept coming but I couldn't dump them. I sent word to the shift foreman with an empty truck that I couldn't dump them. August Switch came out and asked, "What's the matter, Ender?" And I told him, "My light's out." He gave me his and I started dumping trucks and before he was out of sight his light went out and he came back and gave me a little pocket pen flashlight. The thing shows a spot about the size of your thumb, so I took it back

and spotted and then went up and asked the driver if he could see the spot. He says, "Oh, Jesus, no, I can't see that." I said, "Well, I'm not going to risk you going over the high dump." I went and told August and he said, "You'll do it or else." I said, "Or else what?" And he says, "Or else you're fired." I said, "August, there'll be no more or else. I'm quitting right now." He says, "You're not." And I says, "I am. You're asking me to break safety rules and you know what that means. If I go to the office and tell them and you'll be in hot water." He says, "You've got the quickest temper of any man I know. Don't quit." I told him that Dad wanted me back home anyway. I handed in my notice and they wrote, "Rehire anytime."

On the 1st of February 1997 Dad, now eighty-two, wrote me a letter about his life and how he grew up:

February 1st, 1997
Mr. Donald Waite,
Apartment 101,
11933 223rd Street,
Maple Ridge, BC

Dear Tina & Donnie,

I will always remember the first time I met the McBrides. It was at our home in the Grant Settlement. I was twelve, coming thirteen in May. Helen was three coming four in June. The two families remained friends ever since. I'll skip a number of years. Helen's Mom died in May. I feel I must have been different than the rest as I grew up as the black sheep of the family. I made my own way as a kid and always had a nickel or dime and often helped out some of the others. God must have been good to me, as I should have died many times. Maybe He left me here for a purpose. I got by in my younger days by trapping from age nine or ten years old and hunting ginseng or picking berries; and going to school. I passed my entrance at age twelve years and continued high school to grade 11.

Helen came into my life as I grew up, but most of my time was spent with her brothers Gerry and Mick. I remember her saying, "I'm Helen McBride. I'm glad to know you and I think I love you." I never said anything to her or anyone. It just struck me as heart-tearing the way she spoke, with longing and loneliness. I think that is when love came. I grew up thinking the McBrides were out of my class. Helen and I kept seeing each other and finally I asked her if she thought we could make a go of it. She said, "Yes, it'll be OK." We grew up and all we needed was a break. Lloyd, her Dad, and Gerry gave us that.

Farming was our life; we prospered and made every way possible.

It wasn't long before we were kind of used by relatives and friends of a kind until trouble came. I won't talk about that. You can all take it for what it's worth but remember those you try to help the most turn out to be very different. Most mistakes are made in our younger days.

I have proved what I wanted most out of life—farming, good cattle, good judgment, make a living and raised a family which Helen and I dearly love—maybe too much. We both loved, worked hard, made mistakes—most people make a few. We had a good life and good health. I guess one of my worst faults was not going away enough or being a good dancer. I was just too easily hurt which I could not help. The fights started coming off and on, but all in all we should be thankful. Helen was very easily hurt as well.

Continued on next page...

We retired early. I was only fifty. I in particular enjoyed my life. We quit at a good time. Our investments made good money and gave me an opportunity to go back to nature, trapping and such. Some of my best memories are of nature and what it has to give. It gave Helen a chance to pursue her career in nursing, topping her class with the highest mark ever in Renfrew. I was proud. Thank God we were able to build a new house, travel some and have happiness.

Helen, I know, always fought for what she wanted and I never seemed ready at the time, but she knew that as long as we could afford it she'd eventually get it. I know that I'm different from most people and never could express my love to anyone. The hardest thing for me to say to anyone is, "I love you." It seemed to stick in my throat. I don't know why. Somewhere in my past something must have happened to erase my outward feelings. Believe me I have feelings. I feel I never bonded properly with my family. Maybe before I die yet I will. The younger, the quicker they seem to grow. Maybe Grandma Moore took something with her. She told my parents, or so they told me, "He's an angel and not long for this world." Don't laugh. I only did the best I could, some good, some bad. I know I was often mean but I couldn't help it. I could always forgive in my own heart.

*Love to all,
Dad, Husband & Grandpa*

Here's what Mom said on the very day of her and Dad's 50th anniversary:

My parents moved from Cobden down to Renfrew 28th of September 1928. I was four years and three months. Mother died the next spring in May of 1929. I was one month from being five. She got sick after we moved down. Orin (Ender's oldest brother) worked for Dad on the farm when I was just a kid both before and after Mother died. He was always working on an old car. He always had an old car and he'd be working on the engine. He was poor and we were poor. He was only twenty-two to twenty-three. I think Charlie (Ender's Dad) Waite came down and did ditching for us. That's how we got to know them. My parents used to go and visit the Waite family when Mother was still living, but I don't remember it, but Ender remembers Mother being at their place. I don't remember because I was too young. When Mother died I was four, so Ender would have been thirteen. He said they went picking mayflowers the day Charlie and Tina went to Mother's funeral because it was the 12th of May and the Waite kids were home alone. My mom died on the 10th and was buried on the 12th on what was Mother's Day. Ender came down to visit us one time when I was maybe fourteen and he was twenty-three. I liked him but I was too young. He had to wait for me to grow up.

My sister Jean married Jason Edmunds on February 23, 1938. My Grandpa Alex McBride was only dead two months. When Mom died there was only Dad and the four kids. Jean quit school at eleven to keep house. She never got to grade eight. She kept house until she was twenty-one. She had ten years of keeping house. When she got married I was only fourteen and then I had to keep house. She went out with Jason for five years,

but Dad wouldn't let her get married until she turned twenty-one, but he let me get married at eighteen. Jason used to come for her with the horse and cutter down the river on the ice. They lived on the Edmunds homestead after their marriage.

I went to the Galbraith School until grade eight. It was called the Galbraith School because Mr. Galbraith gave the school district the land for a dollar, but later on Mr. Galbraith got the school back for a dollar. He sold it to Mr. Visneski who ran it as a restaurant. I never went to school in Cobden like the rest of them. I started to school in 1930 and passed my entrance in 1937. I skipped grade seven and wrote my entrance from grade six to grade eight and then I went to collegiate for four years until 1941 and then I got married in 1942.

We had hired girls from September through June until school got out and then they went home to help with the hay. We had a Miss Duff and another one was Anastasia Dombronski. Ana got eleven dollars a month. We had sisters Ida and Elaine Webber. When Ida got married the job was passed on to her younger sister Elaine. They each got fifteen dollars a month. Elaine's the one that Gerry fell in love with and was engaged to, but she had to give the ring back because he wasn't German and her parents wanted her to marry a German. They were Protestant, but it was real important that you married a German. Gerry really felt bad. After they went home I had to be there alone. I was so lonely. I was only fourteen when I learned to bake bread. Adie Cardiff talked to me on the 'phone and told me what to do to make bread.

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

Mom talked about first dating Ender and his going to Sudbury to work in the mines:

I started dating him in February 1941. I went up to Pembroke on the train. He was at Nemmie and Bill's [Dad's oldest sister and brother-in-law] and helping Bill split wood. I went up there for the weekend and Ender met me at the train. He was twenty-six. I was sixteen, coming seventeen in June. We got married the next year when I was eighteen. In March or April 1941 Ender went up to Sudbury and worked for 67 cents an hour. He was always going to get up to 71 cents, but he never did.

I went to Sudbury for a week in October '41 and that's where I got engaged. I knew I was getting a ring but Ender had to work evenings. Harold or Bun Waite took me down the street to pass the time until Ender got off work. Harold and Harvey Code were up there working in the mine. Bun was an open-pit miner and ran a water pump a lot of the time, pumping water out of the mine. He worked graveyard shift from twelve midnight until eight in the morning.

I got my portrait taken at the Handford Portrait Studio in Renfrew for an engagement picture. That would be

the spring of '42. He got his picture taken while he was up there and sent it down. Dad had one made by Couture Studio in Sudbury. I knew I was getting it. Ender had to work evenings.

Ender worked until the following March and he came down and rented the Pettigrew farm. He was really only up there one year exactly. He saved \$500, and that was pretty good for working at 67 cents an hour. He paid room and board and stayed with Orin and Muriel and the five kids. Orin worked in the mines as well. He hadn't come down and bought a farm yet. Orin and Muriel stayed up there and came down for our wedding. They came down to stay for good shortly afterwards. We stayed on the Bill and Nellie Pettigrew farm. Nellie was the daughter of Connie and Bill Moore that adopted Ender's mother. When she came out from England, Moore's took her and treated her real well. She was one of them boat orphans. She was born in 1888 and died in 1987. She was buried the same day she arrived in Canada. She was here [in Canada] 87 years.

Mom and Dad were married on 24 June 1942 and the following year bought the Margaret and John Payne farm two miles west of Grandpa McBride's farm. Mom and Dad, as a result of Mom's \$4,200 inheritance from her grandfather Humphries, were able to get into purebred Holstein cattle. Mom's reminiscences continued:

We were married June 24th. Today is really our 50th wedding anniversary. We were married 50 years at two o'clock. We went to Pembroke to Uncle Fred Waite and Aunt Eliza's for a cup of tea and then we ate at Pembroke and then came down to Preene's Hall for the reception. It is a Laundromat now but it used to be Preene's blacksmith shop. They had a hall up above it and it was nearly full with 200 to 250 guests. We went out and slept at Jean's that night. We had no money and they had my pajamas all sewed up. We had to go home and milk the next night. We were married Wednesday and we went home to milk on Thursday night. We never had a honeymoon. Lloyd [Dad's brother] did the milking himself Wednesday night. There were only twelve cows. He only did it that night and the next morning. They were Pettigrew's cows but we milked them. The milk cheque was \$32. We got \$8 and Lloyd got \$8 and Pettigrew got \$16. When we sold a dozen eggs, he got 25 cents out of 50 and we each got 12.5 cents, so you didn't get rich up there very quick either. The farm was maybe 150 acres. It was good land. The oats were up to Ender's head. It was a beautiful crop that year. Ender was there a year and I was there only nine months. Ender was there for March, April and May along with Lloyd and then

we got married in June. I was there and cooked for both of them. We only had about \$200 when we came down to Dad's place. We drove Lloyd's old Pontiac. I don't know where we got the Pontiac when we came down to Dad's. It was a terrible old car. You had to drive it into the barn and put it behind the horses for their heat during the winter months or it wouldn't start. There was horse manure on the running boards, but it started every morning and took the milk as long as you never stopped and came right back home. That's how we got our milk cheque. It smelt like a shit house when you went out in the car because it stayed in the barn. That's what we started with and no electricity. We milked with a lantern. We just sold the cream. A truck came from Eganville or Cobden to pick up the cream to make butter and ice cream. We fed the pigs the skim milk. The barn is still standing. The house burnt just after we left: I had a dream that the house burnt, and I said so to Ender in the morning. We were living down here now, either at Dad's or at the Payne places. I told him that I had the funniest dream last night. I said to him that I dreamed that the Pettigrew house burnt. By God, it burnt the next week. I just got goosebumps. That's true.

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY

A short time after I was born Dad named his farm Helendon Farm Holsteins by taking letters from Mom's, his and my names. Dad was especially proud of his achievements as a dairy farmer and always showed several cattle in the Renfrew Fair and often won the top prizes, which advanced him to the Ottawa Winter Fair.

Always thinking of finding new ways to make a dollar, Dad was a "cattle buyer." He would go to farms within a fifty-mile radius of home and help American dairy farmers buy award-winning cattle for their herds. Dad would be paid a finder's fee for providing this service.

In the early fifties Dad became a salesman for the Crown Life Insurance Company and, by becoming friendly with the new Dutch immigrants into the Renfrew area, began selling them all life insurance policies.

In the early 1960s Dad took on the Massey Ferguson dealership, and within months there was \$100,000 worth of brand-new farm machinery lined up in rows in front of our driveway. Before closing down the machinery business, Dad bought a full line of machinery for himself at cost. He convinced Adam Laird (Joyce McFarlane's husband) to take over his business. Machinery that Laird didn't want was sent to dealerships in the neighbouring town of Douglas or to Shawville in Quebec.

After retirement Dad worked in a furniture store, sold real estate, and trapped.

Mom told me more:

Lorne Carey [a hired hand] fed you pabulum. We looked in the window one night and he was taking a mouthful of pabulum and giving you a mouthful and he'd take a mouthful and give you a mouthful. One other night we came home from being somewhere and he was bathing you. He'd duck his head under the table and jump up and say "Boo" to you and there was water going clean up to the ceiling and back down and he was having a great time. God, we came in and the floor was all covered in water. It didn't matter. He liked you. He was fifteen at the time.

We lived at Dad's from the end of March [1942] until the 23rd of October; I think [that's when] we moved up there [the farm where I grew up], when the cows had to go into the barn. We took ten of Dad's cows. A couple were purebreds and the rest were just grades. But then we bought a couple of purebreds and that's how we started. Our cows gave us calves and we registered them and we had a registered herd after a few years. At first we had half purebreds and half grades.

We bought some of the cows from J. W. Briscoe. I think Dad had bought them first. He had an option to buy any cows before the sale. I remember going to the sale. He had sales often. He would buy cows and then have a sale. He, Uncle Jack, was a hard working and nice man. He was married to Aunt Lizzie, Dad's sister. She died with cancer of the liver when she was real young. He re-married Pearl Payne who came from our farm. She was the daughter of John Payne who owned our farm. His wife was a Maggie Tripp. Payne lived on the farm forty-seven years and we were there for forty-four. That's ninety-one years all together. I don't know if anyone owned it before him. The barn and house were on the place. Ender built the garage, the granary, and

the milk house. We used the original roof but it had been the icehouse. We had ice covered with sawdust to use for cooling the milk because we didn't have electricity. We had to put a big cake of ice into the water. We had a cement water tank to hold the milk cans. We put in the cakes of ice to keep everything cool. Ender used to take the horses and sleigh to the Bonnechere River in the winter and cut huge blocks of ice for use during the summer months. The sawdust kept the ice from melting. We afterwards had the first bulk tank in Renfrew County and then the first bulk cooler in Renfrew County. We had the first gutter cleaner in Admaston.

We had a team of horses. A year later when I was pregnant with you two horses were killed with lightning. We had horses called Jack and Harry. Jack had a halter on and he tramped on it and pulled it tight over his nose and he suffocated. He ran around the field like crazy and Cecil Crozier watched him and just 'phoned us after he lay down and by then he was dead. If that halter had of gotten loose he would have lived. He didn't call us until after he lay down and was dead. He thought he was being chased by horse flies. We never put a horse out with a halter on after that. It was a big loss to lose a horse. We went up the Falls and bought another horse from Norman Gillan and Lorne rode it down on horseback. We had no truck to bring a horse down. Lorne went up and rode it home bareback. He had a sore backside when he got home.

The horses ran away mowing hay with Lorne Carey and they ran away rolling out wire to make an electric fence with Ender and he threw a hammer and hit old Harry right on the head. That stopped him right in his tracks. He ran away every chance he got. He reared up

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and Ender had [quite a] time to catch him. He was just a runaway horse. He loved to run away. I had to drive the horse on the hayfork and God I hated it. I was afraid they'd step on me. Great big Clydesdale horses. Your sister Mae got the old hayfork.

Jean got married February 23, '38. Grampa McBride was only dead two months. He had died in December and she already had plans to get married in February. When Mom died there was only Dad and the four kids. Jean quit school at eleven to keep house. She never got to grade eight. She kept house until she was twenty-one. She had ten years of keeping house. When she got married I was only fourteen and then I had to keep

house. She went out with Jason for five years but Dad wouldn't let her get married until she turned twenty-one, but he let me get married at eighteen. Jason used to come for her with the horse and cutter down the river on the ice. They lived on the Edmunds homestead after their marriage.

I lost my brother Gerald on July 4, 1944. After he was drowned I just took the watch and the diamond ring and the wedding ring that he bought for her. Hired girls were stealing stuff so I just took it for safekeeping. Poor Dad always needed more blankets and towels. [The thefts] would have been the year before Gerry was drowned. He would have been 23 or 24.

Ender sold Crown Life Insurance just after Joan was born. Earle (Pettigrew) was there helping. Ender assisted rich American farmers to buy cattle. He received a finder's fee. Earle worked for us when I was pregnant with Mae and he was there when Joan was born and I couldn't go to the barn because I had the two babies. Ender sold a lot of insurance to Dutch people. Case DeBruyn was working for Don Phanenhour and Case went and talked in Dutch to them and he was Ender's interpreter and Ender gave him a bit of money. Ender figured they all needed insurance. They all came over here (from Holland) with not very much and they all had kids. He sold it to Biemers, John Ogemas, and Henry Roaks. Earle Pettigrew helped on the farm. Earle worked for us when I was pregnant with Mae and he was there when Joan was born and I couldn't go to the barn because I had the two babies. Ender bought a lot of cattle too.

Joan was about 13 when Dad started to sell real estate for Albert Gale. He didn't like it. He sold a couple of houses.

Dad spoke again about his life:

I first met the McBrides when I was about nine years old. Helen's dad and his wife and four kids would come up to the Grant Settlement to visit with us. Apparently my dad knew Helen's dad years ago and Dad had bought some cattle from Helen's side up at Cobden.

Shanty life west of Pembroke, 1934.
*Unknown, Unknown, Lloyd Waite, Harold 'Bun' Waite
and Ender Waite.*



And then Mom got into the interview, talking about her early life and visits with the Waite family:

We used to go and visit their place and stay for supper and poor Mrs. Waite had to get supper for Aunt Jean and Dad and us eight kids. One time somebody asked what were we having for supper and somebody said scrambled eggs, so Lloyd said you'd better scramble out to the hen house and get some more. I was just little

because ten of us went in the car. There were three of us in the front seat and seven of us in the back. We sat on milk stools. An old '28 Dodge.

After I got married, Gerald and Mae Burns kept house at Dad's farm.

SIR JAMES BOND II GOES CRAZY



Ender S. Waite and Helen H. McBride's wedding day, 24 June 1942.

J. Milton McBride, Dad and Mom, Marjorie [Mrs. Joe Secco] nee Waite

A. L. Hanford Portrait Studio, Renfrew, Ontario

My maternal grandparents were Alexander McBride and Olive Jane Smith. Alex worked as a blacksmith for Isador Fortier in Cobden but later bought the business, and the McBride family moved from Westmeath to Cobden in 1899. They first lived in a little house near the fairgrounds. As a youngster Lloyd attended Cobden Public School, but upon reaching manhood Lloyd romanced Elsie Guest and Katie Eve Humphries. Eva's

Mom continued:

We had hired girls from September through June until school got out and then they went home to help with the hay. We had a Miss Duff one time. Another one was Anastasia Dombronski and we had sisters Ida and Elaine Webber. When Ida got married the job was passed onto her younger sister Elaine. Elaine 's the one that Gerry fell in love with and was engaged but she had to give the ring back because he wasn't German and her parents wanted her to marry a German. They were

Mom talked about her grandparents:

father farmed on the outskirts of Cobden.

Katie Eva Humphries was the third eldest child, from a family of four, of John Francis Humphries and Jane Burwell. Her older brother and sister, Garland and Una, were twins. Her younger sister was Elizabeth. Jane died in 1913. J. F. later married Annie McLaren nee Kerr.

Protestant but it was real important that you married a German. Gerry really felt bad. After they went home I had to be there alone. I was so lonely. I was only 14 when I learned to bake bread. Addie Cardiff talked to me on the 'phone and told me what to do to make bread.

Ana Dombronski got \$11 a month. I think the Webber sisters got \$15.



Unfortunately, after fifty-four years of marriage, Mom and Dad split at the beginning of February 1997. Mom was 69 and Dad was 80. I went to the trouble of carefully transcribing Dad's letters to Mom from the time they split in 1997 until Mom's death in 2001. It was a tragic story of two people in love but whose very makeup was akin to oil and water. They just couldn't agree on things. In hindsight, I can see that Mom perhaps held Dad back from pursuing many goals. A forward thinker, Dad wanted to open the

Engagement portraits taken of both Helen H. McBride & Ender S. Waite, 1942.

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first drive-in theatre in Renfrew, but Mom was against the idea. It was but one of many ideas that Dad flaunted over the years. Dad became involved with a couple of women after he left Mom but he wasn't happy. He hadn't treated Mom that well over the years and she finally had enough and kicked him out. This resulted in him writing her lengthy letters in an attempt to win her back. Mom kept the letters but never responded.

It's unfortunate that I never really got to know my two sisters in their later teenage years and after they left home to be on their own. My two sisters Mae and Joan graduated from Brockville Brockville Regional School of Nursing in 1971 and 1972 respectively. Mae was happy to be a nurse, but Joan wanted to be a school-teacher. Begrudgingly, Joan followed Mom's wishes and went into nursing.

In March 1971, Mae met William Van Dyke in Brockville. She learned that he had grown up in the area but had spent 2 years working underground for International Nickel in Thompson, Manitoba, and was home for a short holiday. The pair had a whirlwind romance before Bill returned to work in Thompson. Mae graduated from a class of forty as the best all-round student and was awarded the gold medal for general proficiency. Mae married Bill in June and in August after graduating travelled up to Thompson to start work in the Thompson General Hospital. Mae described Thompson as a young town with the oldest inhabitants forty years of age or less.

In 1972, Joan graduated from BSN and the following year started work in the Smith Falls Hospital. She accompanied Mom, Dad and Bill to visit with her sister and brother-in-law in Thompson. After the holiday Mom and Dad returned home, while Bill continued out to BC by train to visit with my family. Bill was 14. Joan returned to Thompson in 1975 and took a position at the TGH and a short time later met underground miner Robert George Lightbody. After a couple of years in northern Manitoba both sisters returned to Ontario. Mae took a position at the Brockville General Hospital while Joan took a position at the Renfrew Victoria Hospital.

Unable to have children of their own, Mae and Bill adopted two children, a son Jeffrey and then a daughter Sara. The parents eventually learned that three social workers were charged with respect to the care given to Jeffrey Allen Disotell. The charge was "that between September 17, 1980, and June 24, 1981, in the United Counties of Leeds and Granville they unlawfully did expose Jeffrey Allen Disotell, a child under the age of 10 years, which exposure was likely to endanger his life or health, contrary to Section 200 of the Criminal Code of Canada." The trial took place on 19 April 1982, resulting in all three accused being acquitted. Jeffrey had sustained an acquired brain injury, a ruptured stomach, all his extremities were bruised and he lost a tooth.

After 31 years of marriage, Mae and Bill divorced and Mae married Maynard van der Galien in 2008.

Jeff was admitted to the Brockville General Hospital with a partial bowel obstruction and died on 7 August, 3 days short of his 33 birthday. According to the hospital staff, he passed away from an enlarged heart. Mae saw the autopsy report and the heart was described as normal. Jeff was allergic to morphine yet the medical staff overdosed him on that drug. Mae felt that the doctors made errors and that Jeff died from an overdose of drugs.

In July 2013 Mae filed a \$15,000,000 lawsuit against the hospital, alleging that negligent care contributed to Jeff's death. Mae alleged that hospital staff members failed to heed a warning about Jeff's allergy to hydro-morphine from his wife. Mae's first claim stated that "although the hospital knew or ought to have known that Mr. Van Dyke was allergic to morphine, (he) was given copious dosages of hydro morphine (dilaudid), which is not to be given if the patient cannot tolerate opiates." Mae's claim also alleged "that attending physician Dr. Andrew Thomas failed to complete a proper assessment of the patient."

To this the BGH gave a rebuttal in its statement of defence, claiming that proper care was given for Jeff's pain, but did not specify the type of medication. The hospital pleaded that Jeff's death was caused or contributed to by a pre-existing medical condition or some other cause for which the hospital is not at law responsible.

Jeff's death has personally caused Mae unbelievable suffering and unresolved grief and she has vowed to never be quiet until she exposes the truth and changes are made to Canada's health care system at the federal level thereby ensuring that Jeff did not die in vain.

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Bob and Joan purchased Mom and Dad's farm and moved back to Renfrew. Joan worked at the Renfrew Victoria Hospital, while Bob took a position as quality control supervisor at the Dominion Magnesium facility at Haley Station. The DM facility was making airplane propellers. Joan and Bob had two children as well, Billy and Dana. After leaving DM, Bob sold real estate.

My brother Bill, pressured by Mom, originally started out as a male orderly at the Renfrew Victoria Hospital as a prerequisite to becoming a male nurse but later switched over to Ontario Hydro. He started out at Campbellford, in central Ontario for 6 months, and then Kenora in northern Ontario for one year, but spent much of his working career at Peterborough from 1981 until 1993. In 1981 he married Cheryl Craig from Pembroke, and that union produced daughters Laurel and Robyn. His marriage to Cheryl ended in divorce in 1995. In 1993 he moved back to Renfrew to be near his aging parents and worked at Cheneaux. He has been a partner to Lynn Telford and they live in Dunrobin just outside Ottawa.

Bill worked for Ontario Hydro for twenty-five years without incident, and then in June 2001 two accidents occurred back to back that turned his life upside down. On the 26th of June an employee who was on his shift and his friend were flying an ultra-light but stayed up too long—and were forced to make a landing at dusk at the Cobden Airport. They crashed and both were killed.

Then on the 28th of June Bill was working when he received instructions from two senior employees of the Ontario Power Generation to open the Barrett Chute dam on the Madawaska River near Calabogie. Bill radioed some OPG staff and told them to make a thorough sweep of the area before he opened the floodgates, as it was "too nice a day for an accident." His every word was, lucky for him, on tape. Bill, following orders, opened the gates and a huge, deadly deluge of water tore down a channel of the river and into a group of sunbathers, killing a Renfrew woman and her son. Although he was not responsible, the two accidents resulted in his selling his Renfrew home and moving to Dunrobin, near Ottawa, and the two tragedies, only two days apart, have bothered him ever since.

I have decided to write a few words about my own children—Michelle, Kevin and Nathan. After graduating from Maple Ridge Secondary School, they all went onto higher learning. Michelle attended the University of British Columbia with the idea of becoming a general practitioner before taking graduating in accounting. In May 1996 she married John F. Wocknitz and they lived in the San Francisco in California where John specialized in computers. They moved back to the Lower Mainland and had three children, Liam, Brett and Emma. They started Single Source Rentals in 2008. Michelle and John separated in 2013.

Kevin first attended Simon Fraser University with plans of going into Sports Medicine. He gave that up and completed a course in architecture at the British Columbia Institute of Technology. He first worked at the Poco [Port Coquitlam] Builders before getting on with Haney Builders. After working for Yellowridge Construction for several years, he became a partial owner in 2007. He has been a partner with Chantelle Thibault since 2000. She had son Scott and Kyle from a previous marriage. They have a daughter Kelsey.

Nathan also attended at BCIT and took the architecture course. He worked at Haney Builders but in 2004 took over my air photo business. He married Stacey Johnson in 2006 and they have children Evan and Lauryn.

Tina's daughter Crystal married Jason E. Ilnicki in 1997 and they have two daughters Amelia and Julianna. Jason has been in waste management all his working life. Tina's son Michael married in 1998 to Buffy Sharpe and they have four children, Jazmine, Jordan, Victoria and Seth.

Michael has been involved in the oil fields in northern Alberta living in Beaverlodge, Alberta, and McBride, BC.

I have purposefully not written much about Tina's side of the family as am planning on writing her family history under the working title *The Black Estonian* over the next couple of years.

I never thought I'd live to age 50 never mind 70 (almost 71). It's been quite the ride!

Obis non eum in cum reicilitat exeritaque non poratiat quidelibus quiaect otatem rem fugia quati rat dolorem quam

Fig. 10. Weighted difference between the observed and computed values.