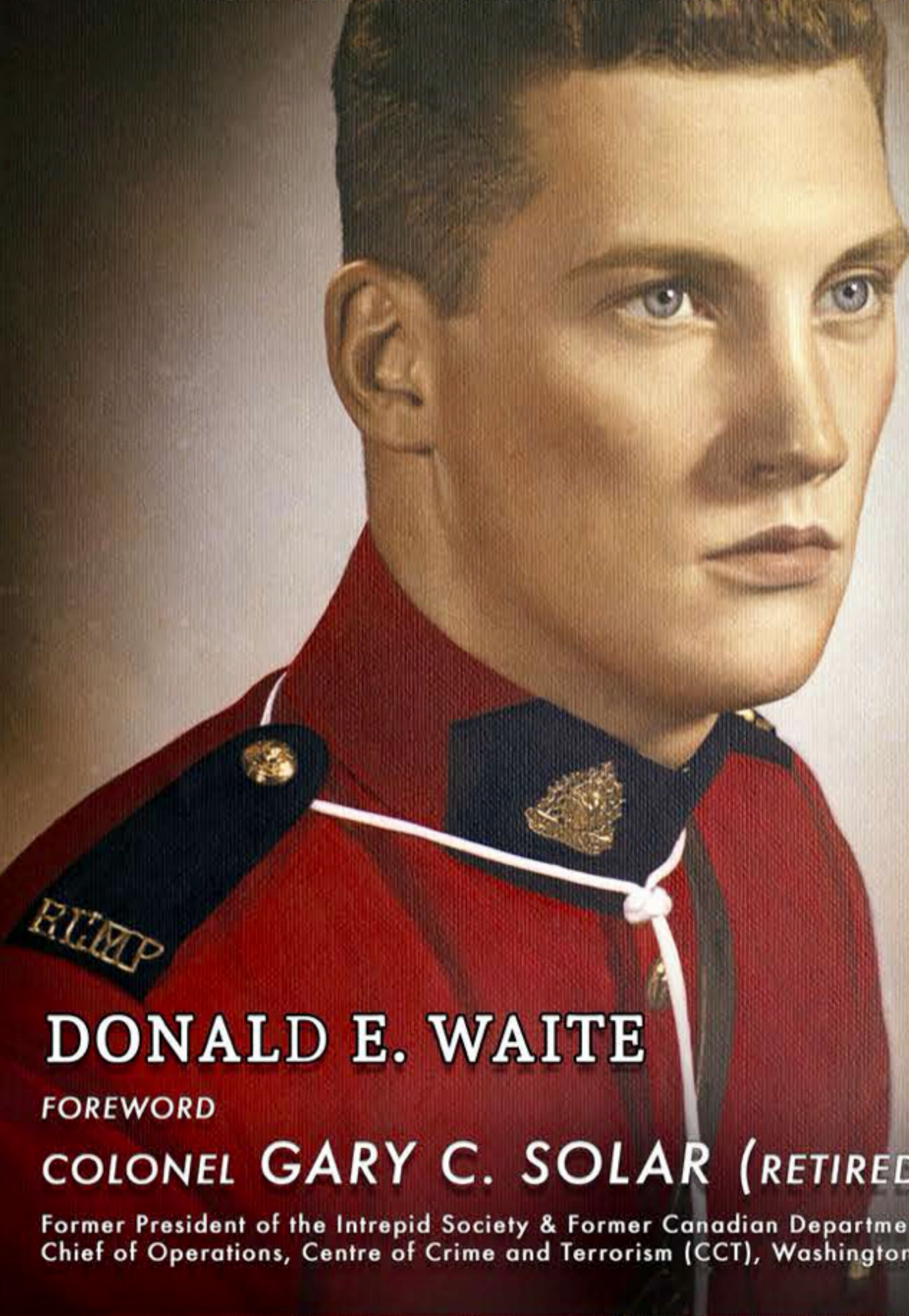


SIR JAMES BOND II: CRAZY GENIUS

THE RAPID DESCENT FROM NORMAL TO BIPOLAR



DONALD E. WAITE

FOREWORD

COLONEL GARY C. SOLAR (RETIRED)

Former President of the Intrepid Society & Former Canadian Department of Defense
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SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR

THE RAPID DESCENT FROM NORMAL TO BIPOLAR

DONALD E. WAITE



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This memoir is dedicated to my dearest Tina (The Lady in Red), my friend, my confidant, my soulmate, the love of my life and wife - you have been the constant through our good times and bad. You have fought tirelessly and relentlessly to save me from my many bouts of bipolar and on one occasion your energy passed through your body to mine. We touched hands and both felt the power flowing from your body into mine. It was miraculous.

She is an old soul and can dance around a problem to defuse the situation and turn an antagonist into a friend.

And finally, she has given me her full support for my many crazy ideas.

Relic, BBB (Bo Bo Bear), Thumper, JB (James Bond),
Sir Donald, Donnie, and when up fed with me Donald E. Waite (that's when I know I'm in deep trouble).



CENTER FOR CRIME AND TERRORISM STUDIES
Washington DC, United States of America

Donald Waite; Mountie, photographer, historian, researcher, author, publisher, entrepreneur, prospector, toastmaster, educator, Park Ranger, and Good Samaritan. With his talents and hands on policing experience, he could possibly be Canada's Ian Fleming.

In September 2011, when I was president of the Intrepid Society, centered in Winnipeg Manitoba, and the birthplace of Sir William Stephenson, the "Man called Intrepid" by Sir Winston Churchill, I was finalizing the Intrepid Society's "Intrepid award" dinner at which the award was to be presented to "Our Man in Tehran" Ken Taylor, who was the Canadian ambassador to Iran (1977-1980).

Taylor helped six Americans escape from Iran during the hostage crisis in 1979 by contacting Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark and getting him to issue the Americans Canadian passports to fool the Iranians into believing they were Canadians (a movie crew) in a covert operation called the "Canadian Caper".

Because Donald had a professional interest in espionage, we invited him to attend the dinner and events commemorating the award. Don had a lengthy conversation with Ken, and we can assume it included the events in Iran.

Donald Waite had visited us earlier to photograph many of the Stephenson's artifacts on display at the atrium of the Billy Bishop building. It is also the Northern Command operations center of "NORAD" (North American Aerospace Defense Command) at 17 Wing in Winnipeg. Donald is the only professional photographer to that the society has permitted to photo the collection.

In Don's last publication, "The Boy from Renfrew", it amazed me how he could recall his early life experiences. He must have kept a diary from age 4 to assemble such detail. His experiences in aerial photography and that in describing the "ramblings of a bird photographer" illustrated his attention to detail and also the profound interest he has for the capital cities, the history of Canada and that of the environment and bird wildlife.

He authored a number of books, including "Jacko the Sasquatch", "The Fraser Canyon Story", "The Cariboo Gold Rush Story", "The Langley Story", "Old Hunters", a history in photographs.

Interesting that he was working with the RCMP in the same location as I during the Front de Libération du Québec, (FLQ) crisis when I was there at the same time, stationed at the Army Headquarters in Montréal.

Don's friend Stan Pavlov, the Yugoslav who related his experiences to Don, when Josip Boroz was the leader of the resistance, then known as Tito. I worked with Dr. Svetlana Boroz, the granddaughter of Tito when we were with the International Association of Macro Engineering Societies at the MIT in Boston....small world.

I wonder how many times our paths have crossed. Don's book "Gold Hunters" had the forward done by Iona Campagnolo, who was the Federal Minister of Sport when I was the President of the Sports Federation of Canada.

Just prior to the time Don joined the RCMP, I was accepted into the force but I had an offer to be a regional factory representative for western Canada, with the "SwimQuip" corporation in El Monte California, so I traded the Yukon for California.

Donald's life has many ups and downs, I believe his ability in heading the evils head on was due to his creative ability. He always succeeded in his efforts as an entrepreneur and in serving his fellow Canadians. Much of his life experiences and family history in his early years and then during his service in the RCMP ties a kinship to the life of Sir William Stephenson.

One portrayal that is evident in Don's writing and research. There is always a distinct and obvious interest in the field of espionage. The interpretation of his writing and conversation always leads one to suspect that there is more than a casual interest when it come to the depiction of the intent of his questioning and invitation for detail.

The military has a term that is sent out by radio to all stations, at the end of any successful exercise or action, with the phonetic letters "B" and "Z""Bravo Zulu" which means "Well Done", so "Bravo Zulu" Don, Bravo Zulu".

Col Gary Solar, MSM, CD
Chief of Operations,
Center for Crime and Terrorism Studies
Past President of the Intrepid Society, Special Advisor on Military Affairs to the
Manitoba government



intrepid-society.org



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THE INTREPID SOCIETY

HONOURING THE MEMORY AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF SIR WILLIAM
STEPHENSON CC MC DFC

≡ MENU



Career Highlights

Sir William Stephenson was a Canadian soldier, airman, businessperson, inventor, spymaster, and the senior representative of British intelligence during World War II. ...

READ MORE

INTRODUCTION

My 80 years on this Earth has had its ups and downs but by far the greatest downer has been having to live with mental illness. Prince or pauper, it doesn't care.

Readers are going to be challenged to understand how my mind worked during prolonged bouts of bipolar and how disjointed my thoughts but to me everything made perfectly good sense. For a long time, I was truly at a loss how words like Intrepid II, into, in to, in too, in 2, and in II crept into my vocabulary and my obsession with Sir William S. Stephenson, the Winnipeg-born Canadian spy with the codename Intrepid. Sir Bill was the real deal with 24/7 access to Britain's King George VI, British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill and US President Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Second World War.

With my inflated ego, I took on the persona of author Ian Fleming's fictionalized spy extraordinaire James Bond, codename 007. The espionage writer worked for Sir Bill at Camp X, a spy training facility at Whitby, Ontario, just outside Toronto, to teach British, Canadian and American spies to defeat Adolf Hitler. He's the one who penned, "Man should make war on poverty and ignorance and not each other". Imagine a world without war.

Sometimes truth can be stranger than fiction. How arrogant for me to believe I was James Bond II. The brain behaves in strange ways and through hypnosis memories going back to childhood can be reactivated and become crystal clear to the survivor. A clinical hypnotist transgressed me back to childhood traumas to my time in the crib.

Symptoms of bipolar are grandiosity and stubbornness on a high but spiraling downward into deep depression on a low. Sufferers of the disease are often delusional. One thing I've learned with absolute certainty; most people living without suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, bipolar or schizophrenia don't have a clue about illnesses caused by a chemical imbalance in the brain. The person before and after breakdowns are two different people. My grandchildren have never known me when not bipolar and distant themselves from me and are sometimes even scared with my comments and actions. A short time after my illness placed me in a psychiatric hospital for two weeks in 2007, my older son Kevin told me to smarten up and get on with life. My daughter Michelle was so frustrated she blocked me on her iPhone for several months. With a click of a button on the Internet, a person can send out a post with misinformation or in anger and ruin their own life or those of others. I've done it.

Mom and Dad used to call people with mental illness nut cases, imbeciles and lunatics. Although a Registered Nurses Assistant, Mom wasn't even aware she was bipolar. The sickness is hereditary from a parent. Mental illness might be out of the closet but the stigma associated with it is alive and well. In many cases, bipolar can stay dormant a lifetime. It needs a trigger. My sister Mae lost a son through very likely malpractice and sued a doctor and hospital for \$15,000,000. Because they had the best lawyers, she lost but not before spending her last dime.

A birding associate and I were charged for photographing a family of birds who weren't harmed but before the smoke cleared, Canadian Wildlife Service investigators charged us with nine criminal offenses under the Migratory Bird Conventions Act and the Species at Risk Act. The potential for fines was a staggering \$4,500,000 or five years in jail. It was a sting easily costing the Canadian taxpayer \$1,000,000. The Department of Justice had us spread-eagled over a barrel for a good whipping or worse. They had their poster boys for the newly enacted Species at Risk Act. A few of the investigators went up several rungs on the ladder by taking us down to the bottom rung.

It's sad so many people under the age of 60 know very little and often nothing about the First World War (1914-1918), the Second World War (1939-1945), The Cold War (1945-1991), The Cuban Missile Crisis (1962), and project MKUltra, the codename for a covert US Criminal Investigation Agency's mind-control and chemical research program operating out of the 'Allan' Psychiatric Ward at Montreal's McGill University. According to the Canadian government, MKUltra never existed. My serious breakdowns stirred long latent memories about my time in Ottawa as a policeman during the height of the Cold War and the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ) October 1970 crisis. I was a RCMP spy and my username was regimental number 23661 and my codename was Tippy II.



Tippy & I, 1949

Tippy sired Tippy 2. The RCMP assigned me the code name Tippy II during my time in Ottawa in 1970. During a devastating mental breakdown, Tippy II evolved into Intrepid II, and finally Sir James Bond II.

"I've known Don for about 15 years; I met him shortly after retiring from NATO and moved to the West Coast in 2009. Don is an interesting person whose life experiences give him a deep insight into human behaviour and the state of the world. He's a great listener and has well developed and articulate ideas on a wide spectrum of topics. As a former RCMP officer he's written extensively about law enforcement and national security. His knowledge of Sir William Stephenson, better known by his code-name Intrepid, is extensive and his writings about the man are well worth a read."

Don has had some challenges in life, including an ongoing struggle with mental health - he is a strong advocate for a caring and inclusive approach for dealing with mental health problems and homelessness. His success in life reflects an inner strength that has overcome many obstacles.

Don is discriminating in his association and friends. He associates himself with like-minded people of integrity, intelligence, and honour. He is compassionate, caring, intelligent, and thoughtful - I am proud to call him a friend."

- Colonel (Retired) Keith D. Maxwell, Order of Military Merit (OMM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD).

"I was in Ottawa, Canada's Capital, during the height of the Cold War and 'Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) in October, 1970, It was a troubling time and had our French Canadian province decided to split away from the rest of the Dominion, our beautiful country would have been chopped into Western Canada, Country of Quebec, and Eastern Canada. Don was there."

Former RCMP Staff Sergeant Dan Mulvenna, Founder of Spy Moscow.

"Am I surprised the man I credit with spurring on my entire Aerial Photography career in my relentless pursuit for his market share would also be part of the greatest historical back door subplot coverup known in popular culture as MK Ultra mind-control programming, as well as my own family? I guess not. I am so grateful for Don Waite's courage, his brilliance, his talent, his honesty, his charisma, and his incredible ability to forge connections in the shell game of archaic military intelligence, declassified materials, and uncanny real world synchronicities.

- Ellen Atkin, aka MKUltra Girl.

"I first met Don when he came to Winnipeg to visit the Intrepid Society Museum to photograph anything to do with William S. Stephenson, the real Intrepid, and the inspiration for author Ian Fleming's fictional books about Sir James Bond, Intrepid, 007. He must have had something to do with Royal Canadian Mounted Police Intelligence since Tyronne Troy, the Central Intelligence Agency's historian, contacted me requesting me to invite him to the Intrepid Awards in Winnipeg in September, 2011. I booked him for two days for his photography; he did it in less than two hours."

- Colonel (Retired) Gary C. Solar, Meritorious Service Medal (MSM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD). Former Canadian Department of Defence, ex-Chief of Operations, Center for Crime and Terrorism, Washington, DC.

"Some kids are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Not so for my two brothers and I. My Mom and Dad were both alcoholics and druggies. We stole the milkman's milk and then stole the milkman's money to buy food. We were five, six, and seven years old when a big car pulled up to the house with a big star on the door and off we went to a foster care home. We moved around a lot. I was referred to as a kleptomaniac - a big word for petty thief. Some foster parents were kind, but some were downright cruel and denied us food. One woman beat us with a strap until we were black and blue. We went from foster care to juvenile jail in Nanaimo, then the Haney Correctional Institute in Maple Ridge, then Oakalla Prison Farm for two years less a day in Burnaby, until finally the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster, which we called the 'big house'. The pen housed rapists, murderers, drug dealers and the criminally insane."

- Dennis R. Storrings, Foster Care and Federal Penitentiary Survivor.

"This is one of the most beautiful collections of photographic portraits of North American birds yet produced. It is technically superb and esthetically pleasing. "

- Roger Tony Peterson, World Renowned Ornithologist (Testimonial from 1984 book *The Art of Photographing North American Birds* co-authored with Isidor Jeklin).

"Anything Pitt Lake or Slumach, Don Waite is the Legend."

- Tim Hardy, Director, *Deadman's Curse: Legend of the Lost Gold*.

"Young men need pressure to perform"

- Sir William Stephenson, *The Real Intrepid*.

SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR

Truth be known, I “write” picture books. It was easy to use National Geographic’s formula of excellent photos with strong captions and short stories. If a photo equals 1,000 words, then my life story is an encyclopedia. My first published pic was of a groundhog in a boy’s church magazine before the age of 10. I’ve taken a lot of pics since. During my time as a policeman, I took pics of crime scenes. After seven years as a cop, my life took a turn as an entrepreneur with the opening of a camera shop that included a portrait and wedding studio for five years. I sold the business after taking a contract to write a history book for the City of Langley. It was supposed to take six months and be 100 pages. How can someone produce a history of a 10-mile square of a city in so few pages? In the end, it took two years and was 300 pages. My research didn’t mean going to some archives. Instead, I interviewed probably 100 pioneers. I’d take the ferry from Maple Ridge across the Fraser River to Langley Monday through Friday and do an interview in the morning and another one in the afternoon. My evenings were spent transcribing the tapes. I did family trees on the pioneers and painfully took the time to learn the names of every 160 acre pre-emptor of land prior to 1900. That was 400 land owners!

For many years, I specialized in bird and air photography and for a time my company had web sites - globalairphotos.com and globalbirdphotos.com. Somewhere along the way but for a very short time, I became the photographer for the province’s coroners’ service. Its upper echelon was made up almost entirely of retired members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and it resulted in a reconnection with police cronies from my past who investigated crimes such as bank robbery, safe blowing, rape, attempted murder and murder. All of these members went on to be career policemen and officers in the force.

My book publishing has certainly evolved over 50 years. It went from self-publishing to selling books through a large publishing house. My first book in 1972 was mostly about ‘Slumach’s Lost Gold Mine of Pitt Lake’. Ironically, since then, the mine, still lost, has resulted in several movies. Next, in 1984, my photography resulted in co-authoring a picture book on birds.

About the halfway mark with the deaths of my father-in-law and mother just three months apart, I became a hospice board director. My task was to set up an awareness campaign to educate the public. We did a picture display of 24x30 inch prints with text which moved from mall to mall just before Christmas 2001. It was astounding the number of people who thought hospice had something to do with the hospitality industry. We did calendars with advertising. A business-sized advertisement appeared only one month out of the year. Seizing the formula, I wrote books on my home City of Maple Ridge and the City of Vancouver and sold advertising. It was a win-win for everybody as clients received discounted books for gifts or to sell. There was a problem when bookstores refused to buy my titles with advertising dispersed throughout the pages. Eventually, my copies had advertising on the back pages to sell to clients while the publisher’s book had no advertising. Surprisingly, my last title about gold ended up being a best seller by Canadian standards.

My self-published books were printed in Hong Kong and my agreement with the Chinese printer was 25 % down, 25 % with its completion with the final payment due in August to ensure the pallets of books arrived by boat four months before Christmas. It became stressful when my last payment was lost in cyber space for three days.

Thirty-five years ago another professional air photographer partnered with me to build a web site for our air photo collections. She drove up from Washington State with a 6x4 foot print made from a 5 megapixel camera. It was far superior than any print ever made from negative film. iPhones now have 12 megapixel files.



Very soon Artificial Intelligence (AI) will permit several pics be placed on the same page of a book and be zoomed in to see sharp detail in bird’s feathers or tiny buildings in a bird and air photographs. Kindle’s E-books are the future. It’s the same with the taping of interviews. It will soon be possible to make a video instead of a taping session page as part of a book. Unfortunately, my earliest magnetic taped interviews have not withstood the test of time and are disintegrating and it’s now a race against the clock to transfer everything from tape to digital to be able to hear voices from the past.

Most people don’t take advantage of the inner workings of an iPhone with more power than all the computers combined at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in Florida in 1969 to put astronaut Neil Armstrong on the moon.



Transcribing tape recordings of pioneers for the book ‘The Langley Story: A History in Photographs’, 1976.

SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR



Bound volumes of my correspondence
from 1963 through 1986.

Things are moving at such a rapid pace with computers, a person has to buy a new one every couple of years to keep up with technology.

When I had my first breakdown in 2007, my wife Tina took the boxes of prosecution paperwork and hid them from me for many years. With my illness under control, I read the evidence package. It was an expensive sting easily costing the Canadian taxpayer a \$1,000,000 and very likely cost me more financially over the years.

Bipolar is heredity. My Mom suffered from the illness but it stayed dormant for over 70 years. My kid brother Bill went through a nasty divorce in 1997. It was Mom's trigger. After Mom's passing, I inherited her 35 years of

diaries along with 75 letters Dad wrote to her over a five year period. Upon reading them, I cried uncontrollably for several hours. He called Mom's bipolar "tension". Mom's bipolar destroyed the last five years of her life and Dad's last 15. My illness has done a pretty good job of throwing a monkey wrench into my relationship with my family. Back in 1998, I wrote a four page Christmas letter to Mom and Dad about Tina's and my wonderful year with holidays and weddings completely oblivious of my mother's and my father's ruined lives due to mental health.

My mental illness is both a blessing and a curse. On the plus side my psychiatric condition sparks my creativity. On the negative side, I behave grandiose and boastful on a high but descend into deep depression on a low and its only my medication keeping my sanity in check and without my caring wife Tina and the right medicines, I'd be homeless on the street and quite possibly even dead.

Although many birders, biologists, scientists and lawyers learned of my mental illness only one acknowledged my sickness. He wrote me a letter of apology but it came two years too late.

During my first years of bipolar, I was so paranoid my each and every telephone conversation was tape recorded. Now, with advances in technology, it's possible to have them transcribed from tape recording to text.

The hardest thing to do in a memoir is get everything into chronological order. For me, its been a challenge but because of my time in two RCMP Orderly Rooms filling paperwork, it hasn't been too big of a problem. Mental illness is alive and well. During a breakdown in 2010 and while in a trance, one of my crazier and wilder ideas was the creation of "The Pee-on Society" with the motto, "Anyone who pees on a Pee-on gets stomped on". During my last year in high school, I joined the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Militia and one evening a week did footdrill at the town armory. The first words on my cap badge in German read: "Ich dien" - meaning "I serve", while the second and third words, both in Latin, read: Nemo me immune lacassit and fac et sapera meaning "no one provokes me with impunity" and "Do and hope" respectively. These words were first used on the coins of King James VI of Scotland and King James I of England. In my mental state, I made enquiries to set up such a society to help the homeless and helpless. Eventually, the "Pee-on Society" evolved into the "Waite Bipolar Society".

How delusional and arrogant for me to think about reincarnation and my being another James Bond II. It's absolutely absurd.

Telepathy, past lives, reincarnations, premonitions and claivoyance do exist. Over the years, I've channeled Wilbur Smith, the prolific author of books on Africa, 'Stan the Man' Pavlov, my Dad and my father-in-law. If you don't believe they do; read my memoir.



An accumulation of tape recordings
from about 1965 through the present day.



Waite Bipolar Society



Renfrew

Bridging Charm and Convenience



Photograph from Waite Air Photos Inc.'s website: www.globalairphotos.com.

Pictured is Renfrew's main intersection: *Bonnechere Street South*, *Opeongo Road*, and *Raglan Street South*, looking northwest. Marked are a collection of personally important locations in Renfrew.

The above *logo* for the town has been in use since November 2023. It includes illustrations of the mentioned *McDougall Mill*, as well as the famous *Swinging Bridge*.

BRIEF HISTORY OF RENFREW

The town of Renfrew is located 60 miles west of Ottawa just off the Trans Canada Highway with a population of 8,500 souls. The story starts with the Bonnechere River when the first European settlers to this area followed the river from its mouth at the Ottawa River, portaging the first chute easily and then finding the second chute more of a challenge. It took time to carry everything around the rapids and a small settlement began. The first settlers came in 1820 and began to clear the land and over the next few years many Scottish immigrants began farming the land in and around Renfrew.



Michael John O'Brien (1851-1940)

Michael John O'Brien was a "man of affairs": a railway builder, lumber baron, and a mine owner. Mick started out as a water boy at age 14, a railroad foreman at 18, and a subcontractor at 19. In 1879, at the age of 28, he and two partners took the contract to build a section of the Kingston to Pembroke Railway, called the K&P (Kick and Push). Their piece was from Sharbot Lake to Renfrew. Mick managed to go bankrupt a few times before getting a footing into railroad construction. This occupation suited him and bigger contracts soon began to come his way - one of them being the National Transcontinental Railway (later named the Canadian National Railway) connecting the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. He went on to become a lumber baron and owner of one of the richest silver mines in Canada.

At the beginning of the First World War, the Canadian government approved a \$100,000,000 appropriation for war purposes and Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden and Minister of Militia and Defense Sam Hughes approached Mick to set up a 160 acre munitions plant just to the east of downtown Renfrew. O'Brien Munitions was the first nitrogen-celluloid operation in the British Empire turning out huge quantities of bombs for the Allied armies. The 30 munitions buildings were distanced from each other in the event of an explosion. It was better to have one little explosion than a big one had the munitions plant been in just one building. Their contribution was one of the kegs in the wheel helping with the winning of the war. Had Nazi Germany's Adolf Hitler won the war, Renfrew would have been carpet bombed off the face of the Earth. Mick's government contracts made him one of the wealthiest men in the world. He had a railway spur line beside his house with his private car available at his instant disposal to take him to his lumber tracts and silver mine holdings in northern Ontario.

It was M.J. and his son J. Ambrose who founded the National Hockey Association (NHA), precursor to the National Hockey League (NHL) in Renfrew in 1910 and because of his wealth the team was called the 'The Renfrew Millionaires'. Fred 'Cyclone' Taylor, the Wayne Gretzky of the day, and a couple of his cronies played for the team before migrating to the west coast of Canada to start up a team called 'The Vancouver Millionaires'. Hockey placed Renfrew on the map and for a time many Americans thought Canada was in Renfrew.

The Waite family history intersects weakly in a roundabout way with M.J. O'Brien and gold mining in Northern Ontario. Great grandfather John Edward Waite came to the Ottawa Valley in 1880 with his wife, children, and his sister with her hubby. JE and his brother-in-law took on a school teacher partner and formed the Windle Waite & Hollinger Brick Yard in Pembroke.

Their partner's son Benny discovered the richest gold mine in all of Canada. The 19 year-old and his partner explored a burnt over area in Northern Ontario and found gold in the white quartz right on the surface looking like flames coming from candles. Benny became involved with Noah Timmins, a store owner and they signed an agreement.

M.J. O'Brien's gravesite,
St. Francis Xavier Cemetary



SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR

Noah would buy Benny's discovery for \$100,000. He'd pay \$10,000 down and \$10,000 a month if the ground proved up. Noah sunk a shaft under a big tent with the understanding anything done there stayed there when they left there. By this time O'Brien had gotten wind of the discovery and started buying up all the claims for several miles around the possible glory hole. The deeper the shaft, the richer the gold. Noah put out a rumour the shaft was coming up dry. O'Brien let his claims lapse and Noah had a proxy friend buy up his claims. Realizing Timmins outfoxed him, MJ played hard ball. No rail line would be built to get the ore to a smelter and he told any banks dealing with Timmins would not get his business. To make a long story short, Noah won resulting in the Hollinger Gold Mine in Timmins becoming the largest gold producer in all of Canada.

At age seven or eight, I once or twice visited Ambrose's house, directly across the Barr Street and Quarry Avenue intersection from his Dad's palatial home. My cousins Bonnie and Beth Phanenhour's parents owned the place. The four story O'Brien Theatre, located at the town's main intersection, had the first elevator in Renfrew. A couple of my friends and I, waiting to see an afternoon matinee with cowboys Roy Rogers or Gene Autry, rode the elevator up and down for half an hour. Ironically, the Library & Archives Canada and the Renfrew Museum are built on a portion of the old munitions plant. My Mom's half sister was the president of the museum in 2006 and when I visited, she gave me a tour and showed me a silver ore sample from the O'Brien Mine in Cobalt. According to legend, large silver slabs peeled like boards off a barn.

The Johnston family lived at Pinnacle Hill about a mile west of Renfrew and their son Boyne had the distinction of pulling Canada's first bank robbery. An accountant, his first job was a teller in a big bank in Ottawa. A trusted employee, he had the combination to the safe. One long weekend after everyone left, he cleaned out the vault reserves and placed everything into two canvas bags. Locking up, he placed his loot into a garbage can and left everything at the bank's back door. He'd stolen \$250,000 (the equivalent to \$3,000,000 today). After dark, he returned, picked up his cash and took a bus to Windsor. He placed the money in a storage locker at the bus stop and then took a taxi across the bridge to Detroit. He arranged to have the cab driver pick him up in the morning. He had a good restful night's sleep and when his driver turned up, Boyne asked a favor. Would he mind taking the key to his locker at the bus stop and bring back his suit case? No problem. With his money, he purchased a brand new convertible and whored his way across the States to Los Angeles. He was on the lam for 17 days. He made a mistake by flashing too much cash and the Mafia came after him. He decided to turn himself into the cops resulting in an escort back to Canada's capital. Boyne spent only a small portion of the booty and being a model prison was released from the Kingston Penitentiary after serving four years. While in jail, he did the penitentiary books.

In 2006, while doing research on a gold book project, my wife Tina and I met Boyne at Finnigans Restaurant, a favorite watering hole in Renfrew. He was a gifted story teller and a pretty good drinker. He told me he'd been named after the Battle of the Boyne and went on to talk about the first love of his life. She was a Mask girl living across the South McNaughton Road and the now defunct Kick & Push Railroad from my first cousins Ian and Ray Edmunds home. He enjoyed talking about the bank robbery.

Frederick Wellington Taylor, known as 'The Cyclone', was one of the original Vancouver Millionaires winning the coveted National Hockey League's Stanley Cup trophy in 1915. A talented crowd pleaser, he played for the Vancouver team for seven years. Taylor, an immigration officer, played an important role in the Komagata Maru fiasco that previous year when racism and the White Canada Forever slogan resulted in British East Indians being denied entry into Canada. It was a sign of the times. Years later, as Canada's ambassador for hockey, visited Russia at the height of the Cold War for the purpose of thawing relations between the two countries.

Boyne Lester Johnston (Bottom),
Bank Robber, 1958





Michael John O'Brien's 160-acre munitions plant in Renfrew, ON.

THE BOY FROM RENFREW



FOREWORD

ROBERT A. GOULD

Best Friend, Kindergarten through High School

FOREWORD

Donald Waite and I grew up together on Holstein dairy farms in the Ottawa Valley. We went to school together. As we grew older we drifted apart, until recently. Our farms were close enough together to walk between them. I remember the Renfrew Fair where we competed with the offspring of our respective pure bred Holsteins. We were members of the respected 4H club. I remember the parade from the barns on the last day of the Fair and passing in front of the grandstand to receive a 50 cent coin for parading with our calves. Someone had to stay overnight in the barns in the loft, and keep the area behind the cattle clear, in case they lay down and got soiled. Donnie spent many nights in the loft at the fair, and I was allowed to spend one night with him to help.

I remember a bunch of us kids, including Donnie, got up on the bandstand and agreed to be hypnotized by Peter Reveen. He couldn't hypnotise me but I recall Donnie being down on all fours picking up puffed wheat thinking he was picking up coins.

It was a long way from young farm boys to the RCMP and Air Traffic Control. Unless you could play hockey at the senior level you did not make much of an impact in the Renfrew Area. As Donnie outlines in his accounts, hockey was a gladiator of recognition in our time. Many of the streets in Renfrew are named after the original Renfrew Millionaires. Reading Donnie's accounts in his memoirs, brought back many memories. His accident on his motorbike and my helping his dad bring in the oats. There were three of us that had motorcycles or Donnie's only motorbike. Beattie Hodgins had a Honda Motorcycle and I had a BSA Motorcycle. We drove for hours on the backroads of Admaston Township. Our motorcycle's were far faster than Donnie's motorbike and he was always screaming along from behind trying to keep up.

For either of us to become successful in life's journey from farm boys to successful careers in the RCMP and Air Traffic Control, was an accomplishment. Donnie's further endeavours in his chosen life's journeys with Photography and his business accomplishments led to a very successful life.

I did not know about Donnie's health issues, but, after reading his accounts of his life's journey, I admire the tenacity and determination that he has shown. I recognized that determination as I think back on those times as young boys. Be proud of yourself, Donald Waite. You deserve it.

Bob Gould
Retired, Director
National Airport Operation
Air Traffic Control
Nav Canada

THE BOY FROM RENFREW

I was born in Renfrew, Ontario, in Victoria Hospital, on November 8th, 1944. My parents, Ender Stewart Waite and Helen Humphries née McBride, had a 93-acre dairy farm located on the Trans-Canada Highway three miles west of Renfrew, which is where I grew up. The Canadian Pacific Railway bisected the farm east to west while a gully bisected the property north to south. The original preemptors of the farm had been Margaret and John Payne. The sidehill across the highway, originally a part of the Payne farm, was part of the Precambrian Shield. The creek bisecting our farm meandered through rich black soil under which was a chalk-white soil containing sea shells. The north boundary of the farm was the Bonnechere River, famous for its prehistoric caves. There was a little railroad workers' shack on the railway property at the gully called "Payne Station". The home had been surrounded by rose and lilac gardens and big Dutch Elm trees. The farm was originally 160 acres but my parents purchased only a portion of the farm between the highway and the river and therefore had only 70 acres of workable land.

My Grandpa McBride owned the portion of the farm across the highway and it was used as pasture for young heifers. It had a maple sugar bush. My parents had a mortgage with Grandpa McBride but soon after purchasing the farm Mom received an inheritance from her Grandpa John F. Humphries. Mom and Dad used the money to pay off the farm, put in electricity and purchase a brand new tractor.

When only three and four, I played alone in a big sand box next to the house with a toy farm set including a house, barn, fences along with chickens, pigs, cows and horses. I had tin soldiers. One of my earliest recollections as a young child was my parent's visit to Dad's oldest sister Nemmie and her husband Bill Richardson at Cobden. Dad and his brother-in-law went for a walk along the railroad tracks with me in tow and we were all listening to the army worms in my uncle's fields munching on the grain. My little mind conjured up tiny tin soldiers marching through the field with rifles slung over their shoulders.

I started kindergarten at age six and attended a little one room school on the main road through town. Dad used to drop me off on his way into town with cans of milk for the cheese factory. I'd take the bus home. My best human friend was Bobby Gould and he attended kindergarten with me and his parents, Hazel and Archie, lived midway between our place and town. One day Archie discovered gravel at the entrance to a groundhog hole on his property and immediately switched from farming to hauling sand and gravel. He tried to persuade Bobby to go into the gravel business but he instead became an air traffic controller and left the gravel business to his kid brother Beatty. Bobby took his pilot's license and took to the skies before becoming an Air Traffic Controller at Uplands (Ottawa International Airport). Bobby kept working his way up the ladder until being promoted to Director of National Airport Operations for all of Canada.

Joanne Baskin was in our kindergarten class and her parents lived in a big house a block from the tiny school. There was a big circular silo between their house and the school designed to take waste wood slabs from cutting logs into boards to be reduced to chips. One time I climbed the ladder and was about to jump into the huge bin to check out a starling's nest unaware the slabs were slowly moving downward to be chopped into shavings. Joanne climbed the ladder and saved me from the possibility of being cut to ribbons. Joanne's father, James W. Baskin, was the member of Parliament for Renfrew County. Thomas H. Low, Donnie Low's grandfather, was the MP (and later senator) before Jim, and he owned the biggest house in Renfrew. Jim purchased the house and later renovated it into a high-class restaurant, which was known as the White House for many years. The house, the biggest in Renfrew, was located a mile west of our little school, but on the opposite side of Stewart Street.

One day a schoolmate didn't come to school and I overheard my parents use the word suicide which meant absolutely nothing to me other than my little friend disappeared from my life. He was six.

Mary and Don Phanenhour and their daughters Bonnie and Beth lived east of the farm but across the highway on the sidehill. Mom and Mary were cousins. Mr. and Mrs. Phanenhour had a beautiful home with a long sloping front lawn and we kids used to take turns in an old oil drum rolling down the hill. We'd emerge dizzy and unable to stand. It was great fun. Bonnie attended kindergarten with me. One day Don bought a brand new convertible which was his pride and joy. One afternoon Mary, Mom and us three kids were out for a drive and Mary decided to open the folding roof at about 50 miles per hour and away went the detachable cover. Don was not amused.

Kay and Ambrose Hass lived directly across the river from our farm and Kay and Mom were best of friends and she'd often be at our place with her daughters for coffee. Kathy, the eldest, was my age and her younger sisters were

Michaela and Pixie. During summer holidays, Mom and I would often be down at the wharf with Kay and the three girls. Once, Kay and Mom were so busy with the gab we were left unsupervised, almost resulting in my drowning. I dove under a huge raft and couldn't get out from under it and ran out of air. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to grab onto a submerged log and pull myself along it to safety. I learned the dog paddle and one day, with Kay and Mom rowing alongside me, I swam the river. Just before I was born, Mom's older brother was drowned at the back of Grandpa's farm.

A beagle named Shep was my first playmate and during the winter months he'd haul me around on my sled. One time I trudged behind Shep on the crust of the snow across the railroad tracks to the river. My companion started across the thin ice and fell through but managed to crawl back to shore. I turned around and walked back home. Mom thought Dad was watching me and vice-versa. Nobody was. After Shep died, Dad brought home a collie named Laddie and a bloodhound named Tippy because he had a few white hairs on the tip of his tail. Laddie bit Kathy and Dad took him down to the gully behind the house and shot him. From the time of his biting and being shot was less than 15 minutes. Tippy was my constant companion and best animal friend for eight years.

Children lose their baby teeth at age six and it was great for me because my parents told me to place my very first tooth under my pillow for a reward from the tooth fairy. It worked and sure enough a nickel appeared the next morning. Tippy was a great hunter and often brought home dead groundhogs and one time I knocked the teeth out of a woodchuck and placed them under my pillow but to my disappointment the tooth fairy never appeared.

When I was 11, Dad bought me a Red Ryder pellet gun. I would buy bags of ammo and place all 100 pellets in my mouth and then blow them into an opening in the rifle. I was small and had to place the stock end of the lever-action air rifle between my feet and pull with both hands to cock the gun. It's strange everyone believed starlings were bad birds and deserved to be shot but it simply wasn't true. Starlings behaved as vacuum cleaners and ate crane flies (leather jackets). The same went for birds of prey. They were called chicken hawks but no one ever saw one attack a chicken. Tippy was a great companion and chased rabbits and foxes which were shot for food and bounties. There used to be a bounty of \$3 for a pair of fox ears. It's weird because the foxes ate only rodents.

My grades one to six took place at the Queen Victoria Public School where I was more interested in playing marbles during recess and the noon hour than in learning reading, writing, and arithmetic in the classroom. I was a young entrepreneur and played marbles strictly for profit. Eight or 10 boys participated in the game, with the advantaged player sitting on the ground with legs spread in a V-shape with a tiny target marble between his legs. The other players stood behind a line 10 feet away and threw marbles at the target. All marbles thrown at the target became the property of the seated player until his marble was struck. Then, the pupil throwing the striking marble got to sit down. Marbles was a game of strategy and I sometimes placed a large rather than a tiny target between my legs with the result the other players responded by throwing faster but with less accuracy at the larger marble. The players bought and sold marbles; a penny bought five marbles and a nickel bought a package of baseball or hockey cards and gum at the Thom's General Store, located kitty-corner across the street from



With Dad's pith helmet, 1946.

the schoolyard. During the winter months the game went indoors and was played in the school's basement with light from a single bulb. One particular bully won by cheating claiming credit for strikes made by other participants. He was two years older and bigger than the other students.

Picking dew worms was also a way to make money. People were eager to buy them to use as fish bait. On rainy nights, these 6-7 inch fat worms would exit their underground homes and eat grass and copulate. They were plentiful and three to five would occupy a square foot on the lawn. I'd catch them, put them in a bucket and place them in a one foot deep by 6 feet square box of garden earth. They were fed fresh grass. There were 2 x 3 foot signs at the end of the Waite driveway facing east and west on the Trans Canada Highway. They read 'DEW WORMS FOR SALE / ONE CENT EACH'. I was a good worm catcher but a lousy speller.

I did well in the elementary grades and even skipped grade five so for passing with higher than average grades, Dad bought me a new CCM bicycle. The bike got a lot of mileage and I'd use it to peddle the two miles across the Hass Side Road to visit first cousins Ian and Ray Edmunds. During the summer holidays they often biked over to my place and we'd pick beer and pop bottles from the ditches of the Trans-Canada Highway. Beer bottles fetched two cents while a pop bottle fetched

one and a half cents. We always used a discarded oat bag to carry our bottles. We picked along both sides of the highway two miles east and west of the Waite driveway.

On one of our jaunts, I happened to find a whisky bottle still containing some liquid and it went into my oat bag with the other bottles. Once home, we visited Mom's hen house. I poured the booze onto a few slices of bread and threw them amongst her prize egg layers. They became inebriated and the entire flock was in an uproar as the first hen and then another would grab a booze-soaked slice of bread and tear around the coop in an effort to elude the other chickens. These antics continued until all the bread and liquor vanished and Mom's chickens were falling around drunk. Ian, Ray, and I concluded we had done something dreadfully wrong and so decided to keep this a deep secret. Sure enough, over the next few days, Mom began complaining her prize chickens weren't laying as well as earlier. Their production dropped so badly she was forced to purchase eggs from Jean and Ray Elliott at 50 cents a dozen to sell to the patrons of her egg route for the same price. The birds ended up being slaughtered and replaced. I went to public school with Jean and Ray's daughter Judy. Our English teacher was Miss Johnstone. She would have been surprised to learn Judy became a writer for the Vancouver Sun and I an author of several books.

Our bottle collecting forays declined greatly when a man bought a small tractor and trailer to collect bottles on a large scale. He was able to cover several miles per day with the used machinery and passed by our gate at a fixed time two days a week. Ian and Ray biked over really early on a long weekend and we decided to walk the two miles east and west of our driveway and collect bottles ahead of our rival. We decided to pick bottles before his pass, and every time we found a cracked or broken bottle we carefully placed it a good distance from the road but positioned so it appeared whole and unbroken. We especially went to great lengths to set up several such bottles in the gully at the entrance to our farm. Walking through the gully towards Cobden, we found the ditches filled with new bottles, and by the time we'd walked the two miles our oat bags were full. We hid our booty and headed back to my place with bottles collected from the opposite side of the road. We dropped these bottles off in the woodshed. We then headed towards Renfrew collecting bottles for two miles on the opposite side of the Waite driveway. We cached these bottles and then again made for home with our bags again filled to capacity.

When we got home, Mom joined us and we all watched out the kitchen window for the entrepreneur and his tractor. He finally appeared and Mom was in tears laughing each time the fellow stopped the tractor, set the brake, and climbed down from the seat. He'd jump across the ditch and stoop over to pick up a broken bottle. This occurred 10 or more times from when we first observed him until he reached our driveway. He then drove down through the gully but since it was too dangerous to stop he drove on through and then parked before walking back to retrieve bottles.



Miss Jean McIntyre's (later Mrs. Frank Woods) Grade 1 class at Victoria Public Elementary School, 1950-1951, in Renfrew, Ontario.

First Row: Judy Elliott, Jack Abercrombie, Donnie Waite, Barry Shields, Marsha Hoad, Art Brown

Second Row: Linda Robinson, George Van Slyck, Wayne Murphy, Donnie Low, Jane Plaunt, Donnie Edmonds, Alan Stewart

Third Row: Bonnie Brown, Kenny Hoad, Norma Wallace, Jim McGregor, Terry Robinson, Gary Stump, Heather Clark

Fourth Row: Patsy Clark, Bobby Gould, Jack Smallhorn, Bonnie Phanenhour, Wayne Griese, Joanne Baskin, David Jamieson

It didn't work so great the second time we tried the same stunt. We arrived home but Mom was away and when she returned a short time later we told her we had bottle caches two miles east and two miles west of the Waite driveway. As we were all getting into the car, we saw the man driving his tractor and wagon at a high speed past our place. We laughed and Mom commented our rival would have a poor run the two miles east and west of the our driveway. Mom drove us east but our bottles were gone. Mom then drove us past our entrance west expecting to overtake the slow moving farm vehicle but he beat us to the punch. We discovered he had managed to find both caches which pretty much ended our beer bottle collecting.

My sisters Mae and Joan were six and eight years younger than I and Mom and Dad often left me to babysit them at the house while they did the milking and barn chores. I must have been in grade three when another boy pretended to stab me with a play knife. At the last moment he flipped the knife end for end and hit me in the back with the handle. He then pretended to cut my throat. That night, I tried the same stunt with a dull table knife on Mae. I got a little carried away and the serrated tip of the knife actually drew a little blood on her neck. I was mortified when Joan, ever the dramatist, did a quick 100-yard dash from the house to the barn, screaming, "Donnie cut Mae's throat with the butcher knife." Although my actions hadn't been all that serious, her shouts certainly instilled terror in my mother's heart causing disruption to the evening's milking process.

Once Ian, Ray and some of the other boys from the swimming hole gang decided to visit the unoccupied Mask house directly across the road from the entrance into the Edmunds' farm. They had so much fun ransacking the house they persuaded me to join them a few days later for a return visit. The front and back doors had been left open with the result pasturing heifers had walked through the main level. It was a mess. I knew this was wrong but submitted to peer pressure and accompanied the other boys to the upstairs bedrooms and joined in to help thrash every piece of furniture in the master bedroom. Downstairs, we discovered a trap door leading into the basement. I went down alone and saw rows of wooden shelving containing jars of canned beets and pickles. I busily loaded up my arms with bottles and handed them up to the boys kneeling at the trap door. While I was away retrieving more jars, Ian pulled up the ladder and

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closed the door leaving me in the dark. Over the next few minutes the other boys smashed the jars against the living and dining room walls. I climbed out of the cellar and there was beet and pickle juice dripping down the walls of the home. It never occurred to any of us that we might be caught. Some of the lawbreakers came as far away as Toronto.

Months later, a policeman drove down a side road and saw Ian and Ray picking bottles. He stopped the car, got out, and questioned the two young entrepreneurs. Instead of asking the boys whether they knew anything about the house burglary, he looked at Ray and said, "Who drove their bicycles into the house over there?" Ray squealed, and it wasn't long before the policeman knew the names of everyone involved. I was across the gully bringing in the cows for milking when I noticed the policeman talking with my father. I was absolutely terrified. When within earshot, Dad hollered at me and asked if I had been one of the boys to visit the unoccupied house. I confessed. No one was ever charged and neither of my parents ever mentioned the incident again.

In 1957, Tippy sired a litter of pups and Dad kept two named Tippy 2 and Sputnik after the first satellite orbited into space by the Russians. When the first Tippy was hit by a car and left in a great deal of pain, Dad told me to take him back to the railway tracks and shoot him with the .22 rifle. It was a terrible request since he had been my constant companion until my plunking him right between the eyes from a distance of not more than five feet. Tippy knew what was coming and cowered moments before I pulled the trigger. I sat down and bawled like a baby and even considered shooting myself. It hadn't occurred to me to take a shovel with me and bury him. It was 15 November, 1959. The comment in Mom's diary simply read, "Tippy shot".

I started grade seven at the Central Public School and Mr. Frank Woods was our home room teacher who taught woodworking to the boy students. One day wrestling came up in conversation, and I told him about a special hold allowing me to drop a grown man on the ground. He scoffed at my remark and foolishly allowed me to put him in my hold. It wasn't really a hold as I just positioned myself on the floor and placed my knees on each of his legs. Before he realized what was happening to him, I grabbed his heels while pushing on my knees. It was the fulcrum effect. He crashed to the floor, but because he was standing between two rows of desks, his flailing arms hit them during his descent. He was furious and reported the incident to my parents, and Dad had to attend school. Dad knew exactly what had happened as I had earlier put him on the floor with the same hold. He and the teacher talked and in the end my father told him he had been the cause of his own fall. Stupidly, the same teacher one time told his class anyone able to squirt him with a water pistol and escape from the room before he caught them would never be punished. Most of the boys at Central owned water pistols or peashooters, and several who tried squirting Mr. Woods were caught and given detentions. I filled my pistol with liquid soap from the washroom, squirted him in both eyes, and before he realized what had hit him escaped up the stairs and never got in trouble.

My Mom used to take Mae, Joan and I to the Adamston United Church where she was the Sunday School teacher for my sisters. One time she asked the children to tell jokes. Mae spoke up and said, "What's the difference between a rooster and Marilyn Monroe?" No one knew. Mae answered her own question, "A rooster says cock-a-doodle-do, and Marilyn says any-old-cock-will-do." Luckily, her answer went right over the heads of the other girls. About this time, I submitted a photograph of a groundhog to the editor of 'Canadian Boy', a scout magazine given to Sunday School pupils for church attendance. Taken with a Kodak Brownie Hawkeye camera with a plastic lens, it was my first ever photograph to be published. "Donald took the picture at 1/100 of a second at f16 at a distance of three and a half feet. The focus is quite good."

Hockey was the King of Sports between the years 10 until 14, and one year I played on three teams at the Renfrew, Adamston, Northcote and Douglas rinks. When I attended grades six and seven at the Central Public School, boys my age skirmished at the Renfrew Ice Arena during lunch hour. On weekends teams rotated playing at the outdoor rinks. Dad coached the Ottawa Valley Grain Growers Midget Hockey Champs and I was part of the team and in 1957 we won the midget championship.

Most of the time, hockey teams from Adamston, Northcote, Eganville, Douglas, and Renfrew played at either the Renfrew Ice Arena located beside the Central School, or at the Northcote rink, which consisted of a school and a small building for school meetings, card games, or for hockey. Two small sheds, about 15 by 15 feet with big pot-bellied stoves existed across from the hockey rink at centre ice. Often, games were played after dark in the dead of winter with the only light source coming from four big light bulbs on top of poles on either side of the rink. It was often freezing cold with strong, chilling winds. The spectators, usually young girls, stood on five foot snow banks all around the rink. Moody Plaunt was teammate Bobby Plaunt's father, and he usually ran the small confectionery selling hotdogs and pop. He once shouted out, "Two hotdogs for 10 cents apiece." He gave me two dogs and I plunked down a dime. "Where's the

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other dime, Donnie?" He said, "I said 10 cents apiece, it's time to listen up, Donnie." He got a second dime.

Milking cattle on the dairy farm took place twice daily 365 days a year and with the preparation for big events such as haying and threshing there was never much time for relaxing. The challenges of taking hay to its final destination in the barn for winter feed required several pieces of farm machinery. A mower cut the long grass and then a crimper took the cut hay and squeezed the stems to facilitate the drying process. After the cut hay went through the crimper and dried, it was put through a hay baler and made into bales. Mom drove the tractor pulling the baler and a wagon. When five and six years old, I used to sit between Mom's legs as she said this about crows, "One for sorrow, two for joy, three for a girl, four for a boy, five for better, six for a letter, seven, start all over again." We both became good at spotting crows. The windrows of dry hay went in one end of the machine and emerged as 2x2x4 foot 75-pound bales. Dad would be on the wagon piling the heavy bales six and even seven tier high. It was exhausting work. Mom was always riding the tractor's clutch resulting in the bales almost shooting out to Dad. One of two things always happened. Dad got mad because he couldn't keep up or Mom caused a cotter pin (a soft safety bolt) to sheer resulting in a 15 minute fix. Sometimes Mom managed to break all the cotter pins and Dad would resort to using a substitute tempered bolt breaking the baling machine. It was time to disappear.

The loads of hay were carried up an elevator into the haymow. It was Mom's job to place the bales onto the elevator. With the heavy bales, it was important one bale was being placed onto the elevator, one halfway up on the elevator, and the final one dropping into the mow. In the hot days of summer, the loft was a furnace. It was my job to grab the bales dropping off the elevator and run them back to Dad for stacking. Sooner or later Mom would place four bales on the elevator at the same time resulting in a blown fuse. They kept being replaced until they were all gone. When the final fuse blew so did my Dad's as everything shut down until someone drove into town for replacements.

One day, Dad was mowing with one tractor and I was raking hay in an adjacent field next to Crozier's farm. Dad got off his tractor and began shouting some instructions at me but I couldn't hear him over the noise of my tractor. I turned off the ignition but still couldn't hear Dad because he had left his tractor running. As we were yelling back and forth the vibration of the running motor on Dad's tractor caused it to move and roll down the hill. I yelled, I motioned, I did everything possible but Dad was determined to get in the last word and refused to look back over his shoulder. When he finally did look, his tractor and mower were just disappearing over the crest of the hill. It was then he began a "Jesus, Jesus, German-hearted Christ" tirade but it was too late. The tractor with the mower in tow squeezed between two large elm trees and ran straight into the creek. There wasn't any damage but it took Dad and me the rest of the day to pull the tractor and mower from the creek. Dad didn't have any quarrels with Christ or Germans but his orations got me into trouble a few years later. Dad had another frequently used expression, "You know or you think you know?"

In the late 1960s Dad and several of the neighbours purchased a big old belt-driven thrashing machine. The farmers would move this machine from farm to farm until everyone had taken in their oat crops. Sometimes as many as 10 to 15 men would arrive at the farms to take in the harvest. Dad had to synchronize everything well in advance. It was the job of the women to prepare dinners for the hungry farm workers. The thrashing machine always fascinated me as its every piece seemed to move and be able to take sheaves at one end and dispense oats and straw at the other end. The oats were loaded into an old gravel truck owned by Grandpa McBride. Ian and I had the job of loading this dump truck and then afterwards backing it up to the elevator conveying the oats into the barn's granary. Shoveling the oats from the back of the dump truck and into the elevator was a sweaty and itchy job and it was always delegated to Ian and me.

During the winter months the cattle were kept inside the barn, and besides being milked twice daily, they had to be fed and kept clean. There was a track running the full length of the cow barn with a bucket called a litter carrier for taking out the manure twice daily. The dung would be forked or scooped with a shovel and placed into the carrier. During the winter months the barn doors would be flung open and the bucket would be pushed along the track as it continued outside. By mid-December this would take place in the pitch black and quite often in freezing snow and ice. The bucket would be dumped and then run back into the barn. The carrier was about 10 feet long, four feet deep and four feet wide. It had a pulley system and could be lowered up and down. Originally Mom and Dad milked by hand but later used electric milking machines which greatly speeded up the process. The milk would be put through a strainer and into 100-pound milk cans which had to be left in a cooler with chunks of ice overnight. The six cans of milk would be hauled to the dairy in the morning in Dad's truck. I would go with Dad to be dropped off at school. In grade six, a classmate in the seat in front of me turned around and said, "You stink". On checking my right elbow I found cow dung. Even at a tender age, Dad had me help with the morning milking before having a quick breakfast and catching the bus to school.



The Ottawa Valley Grain Growers Midget Champs, 1957.

Back Row: Ian Edmunds, Ronnie Mick, Donnie Campbell, Eugene Kargus, *Coach* Ender Waite, Gary Pettigrew, Gary Ferguson, Billy Kuseler.

Front Row: Alvin Briscoe, Bobby Plaunt, Allan Dick, Bobby Gould, *Goalie* Ken Kluge, Donnie Waite, Ronnie Kuseler.

The Renfrew Fair took place every September and each year Dad would take several cows and compete against other farmers and often won first and second prizes. By this time, I was in the 4H Club (Hands, Health, Head and Heart) and always had a heifer to show at the fair. A couple of times, I won first prize and got to show my calf at the Ottawa Winter Fair against competition within a 100-mile radius of the Dominion's capital. At the fair, I was much more interested in attending the rides or visiting the tent shows with girls than staying at the barns with the cattle. Every year guys would squander money at one of the game tents trying to break balloons to win a teddy bear for a girlfriend. The game cost 25 cents for the opportunity to throw four darts from a distance of 12 feet in an attempt to break four balloons to win a bear. The balloons were blown up to five inches in diameter and spaced to take up about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the backboard. Players who managed to break four balloons with four throws won a small bear, and anyone opting to spend a second quarter to try and break eight balloons with eight throws won a bigger teddy bear. For several weeks before the fair, I practiced daily throwing darts at a four-inch in diameter bull's eye on the side of the woodshed wall from a distance of 12 feet. I found if I really focused and concentrated on the target, I seldom missed getting the darts inside the eye. My marble-playing games from years before no doubt were a stepping stone for this new challenge. I was 15 or 16 the first time I put down 25 cents to try to break four balloons with four dart throws, but on the first few attempts I managed to break only three balloons with four throws. The man picking up my quarters kept goading me to put down quarters until I was out of money. I was about to leave when a spectator put down 25 cents to cover my game, and with the added pressure, I managed to break four balloons with four dart throws and win his girl a teddy bear. Now another spectator placed 25 cents on the table. I broke another four balloons winning his girl a bear. By this time the number of spectators had increased but over my nervousness and totally focused since people were clapping and cheering, I kept breaking balloon after balloon. I seldom missed and eventually began spending 50 cents and breaking eight balloons in a row and winning the big teddy bears. The carnival manager eventually came over to the booth and refused to allow me to play.

When 15, Dad and I had a couple of dangerous experiences with bulls and one time Dad yelled for help. He was shouting, "Don, get the rifle! Quick, get the rifle!" I knew from the terrified screams something was dreadfully wrong so I ran and got the deer rifle from the pantry. I grabbed some shells and raced towards the barn cramming bullets into the gun's chamber while on the fly. Dad had tied a cow to a utility pole and then taken our 2,000-pound bull out of the stable

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to discover too late the heifer wasn't quite ready for a love encounter. Instead of standing, the cow broke the halter and ran off with the bull in hot pursuit. Initially, Dad ran alongside the bull hanging onto a length of baler twine but then grabbed the bull's nose ring. It wasn't long before the amorous bull had a massive nosebleed, at which moment his focus changed from sex to kill mode with Dad his intended victim. In the next few seconds, Dad had let go of the ring and accomplished the near impossible. He shinnied up a 15-inch diameter utility pole at the main entrance into the barn. Luckily for Dad, the pole had a two-inch in diameter electrical pipe running vertically down the pole before turning at right angles 15 feet from the ground. Dad managed to scale the pole and from the precarious pipe perch was screaming for help. While I watched from a distance, the bull pawed the ground for several minutes and then walked back into the barn. Armed with pitchforks, we managed to eventually get the bull back in his pen.

A year later, I used a piece of baler twine to lead a young bull out of the barn for the purpose of breeding a heifer tied up to the side of the derelict granary. The bull had been a pet the year before and it never occurred to me he might get rough. I introduced the bull to the heifer, but she rejected his advances, and in an instant he dropped his head intent on doing me bodily injury. I let go of the twine and grabbed for the ring in his nose, and the decision may well have saved my life. The bull began to throw his head from side to side, swinging me in a 180-degree arc like a rag doll. He then raised his head and attempted to smash me into the granary wall but I managed to get through the doorway and pass the twine through an opening between the horizontal logs. Once through the door, I grabbed the twine and was able to cinch the thin rope tight to bring the bull's nose up against the logs. I tied my end of the twine to another log and then climbed out of the roofless granary. I went and found Dad, who began to reprimand me for being so stupid until I reminded him of his bull encounter the year before. We both had good reason to consider ourselves lucky, as a bull had gored a neighbouring farmer to death during this period.

One time Peter Reveen, a hypnotist and entertainer, performed before a huge crowd sitting in the bleachers at the fall Renfrew Fair. He asked for volunteers and a group of us boys aged about 15 went up onto the stage. He told us he'd placed dimes and quarters on the stage's floor and for us to help ourselves. It sure didn't seem to work on me but on the way back to the cow stables puffed wheat came out of my pockets instead of coins! Some 50 years later, Peter's son Tyronne helped me through a severe mental breakdown. It had taken 62 years for my latent bipolar to raise its ugly head and put me into a Psychiatric Ward.

Just before starting school in 1960, I took my \$200 savings from collecting beer bottles and purchased a red kick-start gas-operated moped bike. Although it only had a top speed of 30 mph, I often clocked 300 miles on a weekend. I was too young to have a driver's license but by traveling the back roads never once encountered a policeman. A short time after getting the bike, I modified the seat to carry passengers. It was a real chick magnet. It took me less than a month to get into a serious motorbike accident. I had joined a group of friends swimming at a favorite spot on the Bonnechere River and upon leaving one of the others suggested a car-bike race. Ian got on behind me and everything would have been fine had he not thrown his head over his shoulder to check for the whereabouts of the car. His sudden movement shifted the bike's balance and losing control the bike went down with me on the bottom and him on top. I jumped up and initially was most upset at taking the knee out of my trousers and doing damage to the bike. Moments later my trouser leg turned bright red at the tear and there was a throbbing in my left knee. A friend drove me to the hospital. At first the attending doctor was very careful in tending to my wound but everything changed when he learned from my mother I'd been racing on a "motorcycle." My first few weeks of convalescing were spent in a bedroom just off the kitchen. When finally starting to recover, I asked family members to help carry me out and onto a couch to watch television. My sister Joan was carrying my injured leg but she was being a little too rough. I yelled at her but instead of performing her task she dropped the leg and ran out of the room. I then saw red oozing out of the cast. It was blood. All this took place at harvest time and just before school start in September. Dad hired best friend Bobby to help bring in the oats.

My father learned the Massey Ferguson Farm Equipment Dealership was looking for someone to take a franchise in Renfrew and its representative persuaded Dad to take the lucrative opportunity and it wasn't long before there was an acre of brand new machinery facing onto the Trans-Canada Highway. There would be several thousands of dollars worth of farm implements in our front yard including tractors, balers, manure spreaders, mowers, ploughs, cultivators, and rakes and it soon became a showcase for brand new farm equipment. Many of the pieces came crated and one summer holiday my job was putting them together for sale. My task was to open the crates and put the new equipment together leaving me with skinned knuckles from working with the wrenches. Mom ran the parts department out of the garage and had the uncanny ability to not only remember the names of all the parts but also their prices.

Once a farmer from another township visited and since Dad wasn't available, he asked me the price of a mow-

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er. My price came in too low. I had looked up the cost price in the catalogue but failed to factor in the hidden costs of running a business. Dad was furious with me but the farmer told him a deal was a deal and he'd spread the word if he reneged. The incident left Dad in a real predicament. He had no desire to get in a price cutting war with the Cockshutt, New Holland, International, or John Deere Dealerships but felt obligated to write up the sale. Dad took a 50 percent deposit from the buyer who then drove home in his truck only to appear the next morning with his tractor for the mower. The poor man soon realized he had a problem as the mower did not have the proper coupling to hook up to his model of tractor. This resulted in his having to buy an adapter and Dad charged him full price plus on the expensive piece of equipment. Dad did extremely well with this venture and within a couple of years had managed to replace all his older farm implements with brands new ones. He even built a machine shed to house everything. Dad was a farmer first and foremost but he also dabbled in other pursuits and for a long time specialized in selling life insurance to the many Dutch immigrants coming into Canada after the war. He even considered investing in the first Drive-in Theater which was later built on a part of the Gould property. He was the first farmer to have an electric gutter cleaner in Renfrew County and also the very first to install a bulk cooler in the county. Dad was never a follower. He was always the leader of the pack.

In July and August, 1961, I worked for six weeks on the Trans-Canada gas pipeline coming from Alberta and winding its way through Ontario en route to eastern destinations. The line cut through Dad's farm in front of the house since it paralleled the coast-to-coast highway. Gas officials came to see my father to negotiate a fee to dig the west-to-east trench past our front gate and on down through the gully. Dad not only managed to get paid for the short-term inconvenience but also got me a job with the contracting outfit laying the pipe between Renfrew and the Dominion Magnesium Mine near Haley Station. I had watched heavy machinery pulling a long length of pipe across the Bonnechere River at Renfrew and it seemed to be an intriguing project. I watched a man on a trenching machine dig two foot wide by eight foot deep ditch the three miles from the river to our gully. Over the next couple of days, I watched men unloading big trucks of 40-foot-long by 12-inch diameter pipe at fixed intervals along the route. The machine unloading the trucks had a side arms or boom for the unloading of the pipe. The same machine was used to place the welded lengths of pipe into the ground. My first job was a swamper's helper. My only protection on the job was leather gloves and Dad's pith helmet from his days mining for nickel in Sudbury. It didn't take long to learn why the laborers used the term since much of our time was spent laying pipe through boggy swamps. It was my task to accompany the operator and go into action the moment he positioned his machine alongside a length of pipe. I'd take the clamp from the boom and affix it to the middle of the pipe and then give the thumbs-up sign to the operator who would yank on a lever to activate a pulley contraption to lift the pipe into the air.

The pipe laying progressed quickly on the level ground but slowed in the uneven ground through the wetlands. I learned quickly to hit the centre of the pipe with the clamp. Balanced, the pipe could be easily maneuvered through potholes and around trees. If I had a heavy end, I'd have to lift the pipe but if I had a light end I'd sometimes be dangling a few feet off the ground with absolutely no control. The large lengths of pipe must have weighed a 50 pounds to the foot. It became very dangerous when the operator speeded up or slowed down while transporting the pipe. The caterpillar operator sometimes highballed to keep up with the welders and would speed up and slow down causing the pipe to want to sway back and forth causing great danger to the helper. Once I tripped and let go of a pipe which first swung away from me only to recoil back like a huge arrow from a giant bow in my direction. The end of the pipe glanced off Dad's pith helmet before continuing on and embedding itself into a rotten tree. The helmet was smashed, but I was not injured. After working on the job a few days, I came to work early and with a measuring tape marked the pipes with an X at the midway point and this simple step took most of the danger out of the job. All situations involving pipe transportation in a swamp were extremely hazardous. The work in the swamps was exhausting, since C-shaped cement clamps had to be bolted around the pipe at regular intervals to ensure it sank to the required depth. If we were working in a swamp where there was rock, the pipe also had to be wrapped with snow fence in order to protect it from the rock.

I was a hard worker on the gas pipeline and was promoted to welder's helper after about a month. Both ends of pipes rusted between the time they left their place of manufacture and the time they were to go into the ground. As a welder's helper, it was my job to clean the ends of these pipes with a steel brush and steel file in readiness for the welders. Sometimes work progressed along the line at such a rapid pace, I had to run between filing jobs to keep ahead of the army of welders.

Once my foreman called me at 5:30 a.m. and requested I drive out to the job site two hours early and install gas pumps to get the water out of the trenches. It was a real downpour, and I even witnessed a lightning strike on a huge elm tree not far from where I had placed a pump. It proved to be a lesson in futility, and when the foreman arrived, he took one look at the situation and gave the crew the day off as the trenches in the gully were full of water.

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\$200 Sears Moped Chick Magnet, 1961.

Once the work was completed to the Dominion Magnesium Mine, the gas was turned on for testing for leaks. The foreman asked me to walk the 13 miles of line between the river crossing in Renfrew and the mine twice daily for about a week to check for welding leaks. My job was to paint the cut-off valves with liquid soap and to watch for bubbles. It was a final safety precaution and I don't think anyone expected there to be any leaks. I discovered a leak, and it caused great commotion, as a spark could have caused an explosion. Walking the line was a boring job and it gave me ample time to explore the Fairy Caves a short distance from the gas line. They were very similar to the famous Bonnechere Caves in Eganville. One afternoon, I did something very foolish and drove Dad's truck close to the cave entrance and with the aid of a flashlight crawled 20 feet headfirst down into the cave. At this point the opening became too small for me to go any farther, but from the noise of water below, I concluded it opened into a large cave. It was difficult to get in but harder to back myself upward and out and I was extremely glad when after a lot of struggle the exit was reached.

It was dark by the time I reached the truck, got in, and got stuck.

There was nothing to do but abandon the vehicle and walk home. Mom and Dad's concern turned to fury when they were told what I'd done. When my job walking the line finished, I worked with a jackhammer on the clean-up crew near the mine, and on my last day of work there were two foremen, me and another laborer. I was being paid \$2.75 an hour.

In grade 12 year at high school, I had a big crush on a girl, but she was dating another boy in the same class. Her uncle had a small cabin on the Bonnechere River on neighbor Cecil Crozier's property. I often saw her sun bathing when hunting but at first never had the courage to visit them. One day her boyfriend and I were rough housing in the school hallway for her benefit resulting in a shoving match with me pushing him into our female English teacher. She reported us to Mr. Clair Seeley, the school principal. Later that afternoon at physical education class the principal called the other student and me into the middle of the gymnasium and gave each of us a pair of boxing gloves. He told us to glove up for three rounds of boxing. Since he was often instrumental in disrupting classes, I knew the principal wanted me to teach him a lesson. About a minute into the first round, I managed to give him a left hook landing him on the floor and since he was slow to get up the principal stopped the fight. A few years earlier, I had sparred with a friend, a local amateur boxer, and had learned the rudiments of boxing. He later became a Golden Gloves.

My boxing skills were again put to the test but this time my opponent was the captain of both the football and basketball teams. He was the school's alpha male. The boys of our homeroom were having another physical education class and were broken up into two groups to play basketball. While he was on the sidelines with the ball, I was jumping up and down in front of him trying to foil his pass out to one of my team. He bounced the ball off my chest, caught it, and then made his pass. It really hurt. A short time later it was my turn to pass the ball out to one of my team and he jumped up and down in front of me. I made the mistake of bouncing the ball much harder off his chest. Instantly, he reacted and gave me a black eye before Mr. Seeley had a chance to intervene. I didn't attempt to carry on with the fight knowing in my mind I had done wrong and deserved the shiner. It was the only time in my life not to come out on top in a fisticuff fight. My work ethic must have impressed my parents because Dad allowed me to take the car out on weekends. During the summer holidays, I attended a wedding reception at the Orange Hall in Foresters Falls and fell head over heels in love. She was 15; I was 17. She was my very first love. Mom called it puppy love. Ironically, she fell in love with Dad at the same age or even younger. That summer, I was either working on the pipeline or dating and going to dances or drive-in outdoor theater - more commonly called the passion pit. I was with my first first sweetheart when I had a couple of brushes with death. One of these incidents involved my first cousin Carl Waite. I sometimes visited with him and his brother Bobby at Foresters Falls. Carl was a few years older than Bobby and I and owned a souped up car which was his pride and joy. It was fine-tuned and faster than any other vehicle in the county. One evening my girlfriend and I were out driving with Carl and his girlfriend. Carl met up with an acquaintance who owned an identical car right down to the paint colors. The two young men used to drag race and this encounter was no exception resulting in some high-speed driving. Carl positioned himself right on the tail of the other car and was looking for a straight stretch on the paved roadway in order to try to pass. The two cars were likely doing in excess of 80 mph when all of a sudden the pavement stopped and the two speedsters continued down a gravel road. Although both vehicles slowed slightly, Carl

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stayed right on the other car's bumper. He had no option as the cone of dust thrown up by the lead vehicle would have engulfed his car, and not being able to see, he would have gone off the road. During this dirt road drive, my date and I lay across the back seat of the car—me trying to protect her with my body—waiting for an impact or a rollover. After what seemed like an eternity, the two cars slowed down and came back onto paved roadway.

I came even closer to an accident a short time later on the same roads but with cousin Ian. I had picked up Ian in my Dad's new car and driven over to see my girlfriend in Shawville, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River. He hooked up with my girlfriend's older sister and the four of us ended up going to a dance. Ian and I were taking the two sisters home when I shot straight through a stop sign at the Magnesium Road and Queen's Line intersection. My car narrowly missed the tail lights of a car crossing the intersection right in front of me, and a second vehicle, traveling in the opposite direction, just missed my rear bumper as I cleared the Queen's Line. All three vehicles were probably doing more than 50 mph. The expression "thread the needle" took on a whole new meaning. I pulled off to the shoulder of the road and sat in shock for several minutes.

On one date, I stayed out almost all night and getting home tried to sneak into my bedroom without rousing anyone but Mom booby-trapped the stairs causing me to trip over some noisemakers awaking everyone in the house. Dad didn't say much but an hour later he got me up to help with the milking and then after breakfast told me to dig and tile a ditch. It was an extremely hot day and I began to pray something would happen to get me off the wrong end of the spade. Dad left me out there to ditch all day and then had me help with the evening chores. I was dead tired and went to bed around 8 p.m. I should have learned a lesson, but a few nights later I came home even later than on the previous occasion. This time Dad was furious and prohibited me from driving the car. My wings had finally been clipped.

I'd done well in high school from grades nine through 12 and when in grade 10 managed to obtain first class honors in grade 13 zoology. The following year I took botany and managed to obtain a second class honors. Going into grade 13 for the first time, I was only 17 and my confidence was at an all time high, so I decided to play football against my parents' wishes.

Scouts from the University of Toronto's Faculty of Dentistry visited the Renfrew Collegiate Institute and for a short period I considered dentistry as a career. I was shortlisted to visit the university and was the only one from Renfrew who with students from neighboring schools went on a bus to the University of Toronto. I remember watching students in their final year doing dental work on patients and also being taken to a laboratory with a large vat containing formaldehyde and a complete cadaver. My curiosity got the better of me, and as the other students moved off, I carefully examined the floating body. To gain entry into the prestigious university a student needed to pass nine grade 13 subjects in one year but since I had already passed two of the prerequisite subjects with honors, I only needed to pass seven. I started the school year naively believing I could easily deal with fewer subjects so decided to try out for the senior football team and was one of the younger and smaller players on the team. I began working out with weights. Between weight workouts, football practices—and staying out late on the weekends dating my grades began to slip. I never caught up. Our team had an extremely good year and managed to win the Upper Ottawa Valley Football Championship. I may have done well in sports and romance in 1961–1962 but academically it was a disaster.

I'd done well in high school from grades nine through 12 and when in grade 10 and 11 managed to obtain first class honours in grades 13 zoology and biology. To gain entry into the prestigious university, a student needed to pass nine grade 13 subjects in one year but since I had already passed two of the prerequisite subjects, I only needed to pass seven. I started the school year confident I could easily deal with fewer subjects so decided to try out for the senior football team and was one of the younger and smaller players on the team. I began body building and with weight workouts, football practices—and staying out late on weekends dating my first sweetheart. Life was great. Our football team had an extremely good year and managed to win the Upper Ottawa Valley Football Championship. When focused on a difficult project, I have tunnel vision. My seven subjects should not have been an issue but unfortunately workers with jackhammers were tearing up the street just below the room in which students were writing exams. I was unable to focus and managed to fail all seven subjects. All year Dad had done the chores alone allowing me time to do homework and study. Consequently, Dad changed the rules with respect to the family car and my use of it was drastically curtailed. My parents had a long talk with me and persuaded me to repeat grade 13, aware even if I did manage to pass all my courses, I'd be ineligible to get into the University of Toronto. I agreed not to do any sports and would go back to doing farm chores both before and after school. They did let me go out on dates a couple of times every month during the school term.

I repeated grade 13 and finished writing my last departmental exam one morning around the end of June. I



The Renfrew Collegiate Senior Raiders, 1962.

Winners of the Upper Ottawa Valley High School Football Champions.

Back Row: Tom Egan (Assistant Manager and Waterboy), Kevin Crozier, Paul Thompson, Terrance 'Chummy' Welch, Daryl Mooney, Ed Hanson, Jeff Spooner, Alvin Stewart, George Young (Statistician).

Middle Row: Principal Clair Seeley (Coach), Murray Humphries, Guy Jamieson, Jack Wilson, Jim McCabe, Don Waite, Doug Eady, Gary Whyte, Barry Carswell (Assistant Coach).

Front Row: Bill Wren, Jack Twolan, Lawrence Gutz, Denzil Moore (Co-Captain), Richard Rodgers (Captain), Don Angus, Hugh Miller, Lindsay Stewart, Jim Handford, Jack Abercrombie.

drove the car up to Foresters Falls to see my grandparents. It was a wonderful summer day and on my way home, I was cruising along the paved highway out of the 'Falls' and my thoughts were in the clouds. I was speeding and it caught up to me the moment the paved road turned to gravel at the Queen's Line. I lost control, fishtailed a couple of times, and then went off the road and into a boulder-strewn ditch. A nearby farmer heard the crash and immediately drove over on his tractor to inspect the damage. The car appeared fine so he ran out a cable and towed me back onto the road. I checked the car over and it didn't have a scratch. I was beginning to think no one would ever have to know about my accident. Moments later, I had a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach. Something had to be wrong with the undercarriage of the vehicle as it drove like a cement truck. I got home at a snail's pace and confided to Dad what had happened. One thing always struck me as odd with my parents was the chain of events following an announcement I was in trouble for one thing or another. Confiding in Dad, he would tell me not to tell Mom, and confiding in Mom, she would tell me not to tell Dad. On this occasion Dad gave me the expected verbal spanking and then, true to form, said, "Don't tell your mother, I'll get it fixed." That night Mom took the car to a card game with neighbours and back home told Dad the car drove funny. He got it fixed. Later, Mom took the car for a drive came back home scratching her head.

Prior to starting my grade 13 for the second time, I spent my summer holiday helping to tear down the old Lindsay Grain Mill. The contractor was Adam Laird, who was married to my Mom's half-sister. It was perhaps the dirtiest job on Earth, and I used to lay on my back on planks 20 feet up on steel scaffolding looking up while ripping planks off the second floor of the factory. I was paid a dollar an hour. The year before, I was getting \$2.75 on the pipeline. When Dad decided he had spent enough time selling farm machinery, he sold his business to Adam.

It was about this time that I began making enquiries into joining the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, as several of my school chums had joined up.