

ed on an outstanding warrant for burglarizing Tip Top Tailors, a high-end clothing store that had been on my foot-patrol route. I chased after the youth on foot, and just as I was catching up to him, he jumped over a two-foot hedge of shrubs and disappeared. I cleared the hedge right after him only to discover there was an eight-foot drop on the other side of the row of trees. Upon landing the suspect and I took bad falls that resulted in both of us receiving sprained ankles and skinned elbows. Dale was able to drive right to the scene of our accidents and apprehend the sprinter.

The clothing store was located immediately to the west of the fire hall in North Burnaby, and through the arrest I got to know the store manager. He talked me into ordering a custom-made suit. It was a light powder-blue and even had a special pocket to carry Grandpa Waite's pocket watch. It was while picking up the suit that the manager introduced me to Harry Jerome, the man that had broken a world record a few years earlier by running the 100-meters in 10 seconds.

I was working with Dale one graveyard shift, when we received a call to attend an arson fire in a private home. We arrived as the firemen were leaving. We talked to the homeowners and learned that a few days before, after an altercation with their son, a previous tenant had moved out, swearing revenge. Apparently he had moved into the nearby Villa Hotel. Dale was anxious to go off shift but I insisted that we check this fellow out as a suspect. I managed to talk myself into his motel room and when asking a few questions noticed that his clothing smelt heavily of smoke. I seized all his clothing, placed them in a garbage bag, and arrested him for investigation for arson, and we escorted him back to the lock-up wrapped in bed sheets. Although I had only circumstantial evidence, I decided to charge him with arson, and he pleaded not guilty. The case went to trial, and the judge found the evidence overwhelming and sentenced him to seven years in the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster.

Months later I was working alone on graveyard shift when a call came in that a husband had badly beaten his young wife. I attended and the wife explained that the police had previously

visited their home on several occasions but that no action was ever taken against her husband. I talked to her spouse and he readily admitted that he had punched his wife. I played the dumb rookie policeman and asked him for a statement. He gave me one and admitted that he was responsible for the many bruises on his wife's body. I had him sign and date all of the copies of his statement. I then took it upon myself to arrest him for assault and swear out the information myself well aware that charging him was absolutely contrary to police policy. The following morning I was awakened from my sleep by a call from the detachment telling me to report to the office. Unfortunately for me, the wife beater hung himself in the lockup overnight after writing a very detailed suicide note about his arrest. A month later a coroner's inquest was held at the Burnaby General Hospital and several family members asked me questions. The inquest was very informal and I began to ask the wife a few questions but Corporal Simms passed me a crude note telling me to shut up. The force's policy makers would take another 20 years to permit members to use their own discretion and common sense respecting any laying of spousal abuse charges.

My first annual leave began at 8:00 a.m. on 4th August 1966 immediately after the completion of a graveyard shift. It was a Thursday morning when Constable Ron Babcock and I left en route back to Ontario. There was urgency for me to get away, as I was hoping to attend my first cousin Bob Waite's wedding reception at Forresters Falls on Saturday night. Bob, Uncle Gerald's and Aunt Elma's son, was going to be married to Eleanor Hawthorne. We drove my Rambler and managed to cross from Burnaby to Renfrew in just 57 hours. I had reclined the passenger's seat in the car and put in an old mattress, so Ron and I could do four-hour shifts of driving followed by four hours of sleeping. We drove in rain through British Columbia and Alberta and thus lost valuable time, so I doubted that I'd make the reception. Ron was driving across the prairies when the right front tire disintegrated but he managed to keep control and bring the car to a stop. Another time I was driving and pulled out to pass a semi-trailer at a high rate of speed, when we

met another car head on. Before that driver had time to react, I had passed him on his right by driving on the shoulder of the road. The combined speed of the two cars was probably in excess of 150 miles an hour. I dropped Ron off in Toronto and continued alone reaching the home of my youth in Renfrew at 5:00 p.m. We drove part of the trip through the United States.

I rested for three hours and then drove up to Foresters Falls to attend the wedding reception in the Orange Hall. Around midnight Uncle Bob Menzies, Uncle Tom Wark, Dad, one of his school chums from his youth, and I went out to my Rambler for a few drinks of Scotch. I sat in the front seat with Bob, while Dad sat in the back seat sandwiched between Tom and his friend. The car was parked under a street-light, and Dad's friend kept looking out the window, convinced that the police would appear and search the vehicle. Dad finally told his buddy not to worry, as the police never patrolled the Falls. Dad savoured the moment when he told his drinking companion that I was in the RCMP, Uncle Bob was in the Peterborough City Police, and that Uncle Tom was Chief of Police for Renfrew.

A few evenings later I was hanging out with a group of friends at a favourite gathering place on private property on the Ottawa River drinking beer, some hard liquor, and eating corn on the cob. We had a big bonfire going and were having a great time. When it was time to leave, the Ontario crowd told me that they either had to finish off any hard liquor or leave it behind as it was in violation of the Ontario Liquor Act to have an open bottle of alcohol in a vehicle while driving. I explained to the group that in BC it was quite all right to transport open bottles providing the car occupants were of legal age and not drinking while driving. I was soon to learn that in Ontario there were just as many senseless laws as in other parts of Canada.

The wedding celebrations were cut all too short by a tragic accident on August 21. Uncle John, Cousin Reid, and two of their friends had decided to take a 14-foot aluminum boat from Foresters Falls up the Ottawa River and through the Fourth Chute to hunt a cougar or bobcat that had been spotted on one of the many islands in the Ottawa River. A sudden rush of water,

the result of the opening of the Sullivan Dam upriver on the Quebec side, caused the boat to capsize, and the four men and their two dogs were dumped into the swirling waters at Muskrat Rapids. Boaters were so close to the spot of the accident that some saw one of the four men being sucked under water and into an eddy. The men had life preservers but were not wearing them, and the first responders to the scene found the dogs clinging to the preservers and thus were able to haul them to safety.

I heard about the accident on coming home late from a date in Ottawa. My sisters were crying and trying to explain that Uncle John and Cousin Reid had been drowned in the Ottawa River. I was in complete denial and refused to believe the story, since I had seen them just before the accident. The first sketchy news over the radio reports the next day listed me among the four that were missing and presumed drowned. Dad and I got dressed and drove up to my grandparents, but rather than visit with relatives I let myself into the United Church on the main street of the Falls and began to pray that the four men would be found unharmed. Just before daybreak Dad and I drove to where the men had placed the boat in the river and began searching the shoreline. That evening I phoned the hydro-power station requesting that they lower the level of the water to facilitate the search.

On August 23rd the following article appeared in the Ottawa Journal under the caption:

“SEARCH FOR MEN CONTINUES - REN-FREW (Special) — A search was resumed this morning for four Foresters Falls men whose overturned boat was found in the Ottawa River Sunday afternoon.

Missing and feared drowned are John Waite, 37, his nephew Reid Waite, 32, Donnat Duguay, 38, and Maurice Boily, 34. The latter two are from the Montreal area but are now living in Foresters Falls working at Consolidated Paper Company in Portage Du Fort.

Quebec Hydro has agreed to lower the level of the water in that area for a few hours today by adjusting a small dam above Mice Rapids. The water is now running at flood level.

Five boats searched the area from dawn to dark

Monday exploring the shoreline and small islands. Dragging operations were carried out where possible in the rapids. Two Ottawa skin divers also helped with the search.”

Dad and I spent the entire week walking along the shoreline of the Ottawa River looking for the men. The river gave up a body on four suc-

me the body. This resulted in bad nightmares, with me merging the memory of the cadaver I had seen floating in formaldehyde at the University of Toronto, the drowning victim, and my Uncle John. I had the same recurring dream for several months with the result that I hated to go to bed at night. I would awake almost nightly sweating profusely with the same dream, in which a very dead Uncle John was floating in a big vat.

Along with Bob and his brother Carl, I was among the pallbearers at the funeral on the afternoon of August 28th. Three large bouquets of flowers for John read, “Father”, “Son,” and “Uncle.” By coincidence the happiest weekend and the saddest weekend of Bob’s life took place in the same month. After John and Reid were lowered into the graves, Grandma Waite picked up a handful of dirt and, sprinkling it down onto the coffin containing her son, said, “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” Grandpa Waite was in shock and did not attend the funeral. Later that same day I attended the wake of Richard Clifford. He had been killed in a motor vehicle accident. He was one of the boys who used to go over to Edmunds’ farm most Saturdays in the fall to play football. He and Lloyd Acres had been killed over the weekend in a car and motorcycle accident.

The deaths of John and Reid had a devastating effect on Grandpa Waite, and his health deteriorated rapidly. Less than two months after the drowning he was admitted to the hospital with a gangrenous left arm. He had the arm amputated on the 6th of October, but then his other arm began to turn blue, which was a sign that the circulation wasn’t getting through to his extremities. He died on 7th February 1967.

After enduring such a devastating annual leave, I was anxious to return to BC and get back to doing police work in Burnaby.

Constable Don Brown was an exceptional role model for a recruit and we had several successful investigations. One afternoon shift Don took a call from the parents of a 10-or 12-year-

3, 1966 *7/6/66* *John* *Journal*

Search For Men Continues

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JOHN WAITE



REID WAITE

Ottawa Journal, August 24, 1966.

cessive days after the accident—day four, day five, day six, and day seven. John and Reid were the last two men to be taken from the river. On the fourth day, as Dad and I returned from an all-day search, we saw a body bag on the riverbank containing one of the four. The Ontario Provincial Police Sergeant on the case had learned that I was a policeman, and he showed

old boy who had been picked up in a car and brutalized by a couple of men. Don and I questioned the boy about the gruesome details for several hours and Don began writing everything down word for word in a lengthy statement. Don asked the boy if he could remember anything unusual about the interior or exterior of the car and the youth recalled part of the license plate and an unusual logo or decal on the trunk lid. Don and I spent four hours going through the Motor Vehicle Branch's records until Don finally found a car that fit the description and whose owner had a criminal record for sex crimes. We drove past the house and noted that a decal matched the boy's description. Armed with this evidence Don obtained a search warrant, and later that morning we arrested two suspects and impounded the vehicle. By noon we had managed to get confessions from the two men. For a farm boy who had never really been exposed to the dark side of life, it's no wonder I was amazed at the number of men we checked who had lengthy criminal records for everything from murder, bank robbery, rape and on down to police assaults.

On one afternoon shift Don and I stopped a car, and by a strange coincidence the man's name was identical to Don's: Donald Charles Brown. For a lark Don removed his own licence from his wallet and, walking up to the car, handed the driver back the switched licence, at the same time asking his birth date. Of course the birth date and address didn't match, and the poor man was totally confused, until Don handed the man his own license back and explained that the two men had exactly the same name. It was while I was working with Don that I submitted a memo to the Motor Vehicle Branch suggesting that a photograph be placed on drivers' licenses to cut down on their misuse but a memo soon came back explaining that the implementation of such a process would be far too costly. I was working with Don when on a routine check we stopped John Duke and his daughter Patty, the young Hollywood actress.

One graveyard shift I was typing up a report when a call came in of a garage break-in within five blocks of the detachment. Instead of responding in the police cruiser with red lights

and siren I went in on foot. I looked through one of the garage's bay windows and saw a man in a crouched position near a workbench at the back of shop. I worked my way along the side of the building to the front door but the suspect bolted out the back door. I took off after him and was soon running flat out between houses and across several side streets. The chase lasted less than five minutes before the suspect gave himself up. He was totally exhausted. When he turned around and I saw his face I was dumbfounded—the person I had been chasing was a plain-clothes policeman. He told me that he had a search warrant and had been trying to install a voice-activated tape recorder under the workbench in the garage for an undercover operation.

"I just broke all three rules of an undercover agent," he said.

"Which are those?" I asked.

"Rule number one: don't get caught."

"And what is rule number two?"

"Don't get caught."

"And rule number three?"

"Don't get caught."

"What am I going to do with you?" I asked.

He paused for a moment. "As you haven't come in a cruiser," he finally said, "you might let me go and report back that you gave chase but the suspect managed to escape." That's what I did. It was a "white" lie in a police report but nevertheless a false statement.

Another general duty partner was Bill Dawson, a laid-back prairie lad who never seemed to have a care in the world. I was working with Bill when a call came in around 5:00 a.m. that a restaurant had been broken into overnight and the cigarette machine pried open for the silver coins. Shortly after leaving the scene of the burglary Bill and I spotted a man hitchhiking along the Lougheed Highway near the Willingdon Street intersection. In shaking this man down I made a near fatal mistake. Instead of making the suspect stand spread-eagled with his hands up against the police car, I began to shake him down in the middle of the highway. Frisking his legs down near his ankles I noticed a big bulge in both his pant cuffs. The

culprit had cut holes in both his pockets and allowed the stolen coins to drop down in the lining of the trousers. I looked up and the man was poised with a hunting knife. By this time Bill had already drawn his service revolver and had it pointed at the thief's nose. As I was looking up, Bill uttered, "Move, and I'll blow you to Hades." The next instant the knife dropped at my feet.

Burnaby experienced a series of bank robberies during this period, and Staff Sergeant Bruce Northrop, the member in charge of Burnaby's



Second Class Constable Waite, Fall 1966.

General Investigation Section, implemented a bank strategy on government paydays by having RCMP general duty members in marked vehicles park within a block of a bank and wait for a robbery. One day shift Bill and I were having a relaxing patrol up on Burnaby Mountain mid-week in a marked car when we received a call about a bank holdup in progress at the Bank of Nova Scotia located on the northeast corner of Gilmore and Hastings streets in North

Burnaby. Bill was driving and came down off the mountain by Curtis Street without breaking any speed limits. He was proceeding west on Hastings with the red lights and siren going, when he screeched the patrol car to a stop to permit a woman pushing a baby carriage to cross a street. Bill obviously didn't want us to be the first members at the scene. Despite his attempt not to be heroic we were the first police officers at the bank and arrived in time to see a man running southbound on Gilmore Street. The robber had escaped on foot south across Hastings Street and down Gilmore, but instead of turning the car southbound down Gilmore, toward the action, Bill turned northbound. I bailed out of the police cruiser when Dawson was still driving north at 10 or 15 miles per hour. I hit the pavement on elbows and knees, and my revolver flew out of my hand and skittered across the street into the gutter. I picked up my gun and was limping and dodging traffic and across Hastings Street and running southbound down Gilmore, when the man I had seen a moment earlier turned towards me waving a revolver. I dropped into a crouch position, in readiness to fire, and he threw his weapon 25-feet in the air, at the same time extending his arms skyward. He was completely out of breath and yelled that he was the bank manager and that the bank robber had pointed a handgun at him threatening to shoot. Until that moment I thought the bank manager was the bank robber. By the time I caught up to the banker, he had lost sight of the bandit. I kept running in the direction of where the robber had just gone but he had managed to duck out of sight behind some houses. Within minutes the area was swarming with policemen who began a house-to-house search for the bank robber. It was then that I realized that my knees, elbows, and hands were bloodied as a result of jumping out of the moving police car. The plain-clothes General Investigation Section apprehended the robber three days later.

I was working North Burnaby when Les Holmes, a senior investigator in the General Investigation Section, requested that I meet him and another member at an address on Francis Street to execute a search warrant. While they searched upstairs, I began looking around in the basement. I climbed on a chair to look on

top of air ducts and found a blue ski toque with a loaded revolver. I showed Les my find, and he brought in an Identification Section member to photograph the cache and to dust the gun for fingerprints. Les later charged Robert Owen Lewis with bank robbery and possession of an unregistered firearm. Apparently Lewis was an Auxiliary policeman and knew about payroll police patrols. Lewis confronted me at his trial and whispered that when he got out of prison I'd be a dead man for my testifying against him. In return I told him that when he got out he'd be an old man. He was sentenced to 14 years in the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster.

During this time an Afro-American youth's weekend escapades caused the police a great deal of extra work in North Burnaby. One night Bill and I responded to a noisy party complaint. Bill drove up to the house just as the young man began yelling obscenities while fleeing on foot between some neighbouring houses. In the dark he failed to see some cellar steps and took a bad tumble head over heels and down some cement steps. I ran to the bottom of the steps and found him in a semi-conscious state and half-scalped. We charged him with causing a disturbance and drove him to the Burnaby General Hospital. We never saw him again for he, like so many troublemakers, merely moved into another jurisdiction.

The Willingdon School for Girls, a correctional institution, was located on the southwest corner of Willingdon Street and Canada Way. Once Bill and I received a call that five girls from the school had gone over the fence and were hiding in a nearby swamp. Bill dropped me off near the intersection, and I went into the swamp alone to look for the escapees. I found them at the root-tangled end of a large downed Western Red Cedar in the process of changing from prison garb into street clothes. Friends had stashed clothes and shoes in a large stump to aid them in their escape. I walked down the length of the fallen tree and announced, "Hello girls, isn't it time to come with me?" Their giggling changed to verbal abuse, and one girl suggested that since they outnumbered me five to one, that they'd beat me up. I treated their threats lightly and responded by shouting at the top of my lungs, "Help, rape." At first I chased the girls through the swamp but after about 20-minutes the girls turned on me, and I was the one being chased. But one girl

made the mistake of getting away from her associates and coming too close to me. I made a lunge, grabbed her, and, throwing her down, removed her shoes. I threw the pair of shoes out into swamp and made a retreat calling out, "You can't catch me, you can't catch me." This infuriated the girls, and they became bound and determined to catch me and give me a sound beating. I took them through the wettest part of the swamp, and everyone was mud up past the knees. I emerged from the bush not far from the intersection of Willingdon Street and Canada Way. I ran past a lady waiting at the bus stop and shouted, "Call the police, I need help." I don't think the lady was aware that these young women were capable of assault causing injury and even worse. She placed the call and told the telephone orderly that a policeman had just ran past her being chased by five girls and that he said he needed help. Within moments police cruisers converged on the scene and took the five escapees into custody. After allowing the girls to have a smoke we returned them to the prison.

Around this same time I was working with Bill when we received a call that two inmates from the 160-acre Oakalla prison farm had beaten a guard with a chair, scaled the prison fence, ran across Royal Oak Avenue, and escaped into Forest Glen Park. We were told that the two men were dangerous and to use extreme caution. Bill dumped me on Royal Oak, and I was the first one into the heavily timbered park. I climbed up onto a big log and with drawn revolver surveyed the dense bush for possible clues as to where the two had disappeared. The dog man was brought in, but the two escapees managed to steal a car and escape temporarily. They were apprehended a few days later. The two escapees were David Ian Clarke and John Emmett McCann.

Another summer evening I was working with Bill when a call came in that a break and enter was in progress at a home on Gilmore Street just north of Hastings Street. Bill and I reached the home within a few minutes and found a woman hysterically screaming at us from the porch. She told us that one of the thieves had tripped while trying to escape and was on the lawn next to the house, while the second one was being subdued by her husband and his brother in the

living room. I ran over to the man on the lawn and booted him in the ribs while he was still on the ground. I then wrenched his hands behind his back and put him in handcuffs. I then ran into the house to see the house owner, a burglar, and Bill struggling for possession of a shotgun. Bill and I managed to wrestle the weapon away from the other two men.

After several minutes Bill and I discovered that we had busted a drug raid. Two Vancouver City detectives and two members of the Vancouver RCMP Drug Section had been tailing a known drug addict and pusher on Hastings Street in Vancouver. The addict got on a bus going eastbound on Hastings Street toward Burnaby. The two Vancouver detectives managed to board the bus, but the two Mounties opted to return to their car and tail the bus. Things went really awry, because the two Mounties for some reason or another aborted the tail before the bus crossed Boundary Road and into Burnaby. This left the two Vancouver detectives out of their jurisdiction, but rather than abandon the chase they concluded that they were in hot pursuit and so stayed on the bus with the suspect. When the bus stopped at Hastings and Gilmore, the addict got off and walked to a house that was being rented by his brother and sister-in-law. The Vancouver plain-clothes detectives got off at the next stop and then doubled back just in time to see the addict go into a house on Pender Street. Since the residence was known to the two members, they decided to use a writ of assistance that allowed them to do search and seizure without a warrant. They waited a few minutes and then crashed the home hoping to catch the addict shooting up in the bathroom. They kicked in the front door and ran into the bathroom just as the addict was preparing to inject himself in the arm with heroin. Rather than be caught red-handed with the stuff, the drug user threw his paraphernalia out the window. One officer struggled with the addict while the second ran back outside to retrieve the needle and syringe for evidence. Unaware that the two men who had forced their way into the home were policemen, the homeowner grabbed his shotgun from a closet, while his wife called in a break and enter in progress to the Burnaby Detachment. By the time Bill and I had responded to the call, the fight for possession of

the weapon had made its way to the living room. Eventually the complaint got sorted out and the two Vancouver policemen arrested their suspect, charging him with possession of a narcotic. The senior detective and the one who had taken my boot kicking told me in very strong language that he was not impressed with our handling of their drug bust.

I was worked with Bill Smythe, an easy-going policeman, in North Burnaby when a memo came out instructing members on the graveyard shift to park their cruisers whenever possible and to wait for emergency calls. It was a period of government restraint, and we were expected to do our part by reducing fuel consumption. The non-commisioned officers told us that the gist of the memo meant to find a secluded place and hide out between 3:00 and 5:00 a.m. A while later either the economy or crime picked up, because another memo came out saying that graveyard members were expected to put 100 plus miles on their vehicles per shift. Some graveyard shifts Bill and I would stop and search every car that moved up or down Hastings Street between 2:00 a.m. and 5:00 a.m., and almost always we ended up with an arrest before morning. Bill and I would leave our area unprotected for an hour or two and take our prisoners via the freeway back to the lock-up.

One night we were driving westbound on the freeway, when a car right in front of us went out of control and smashed into the Willingdon Street overpass. We had no choice but to stop and render assistance, although we were out of our designated territory. I radioed in that there was a bad accident with injuries and that we needed an ambulance and wrecker. Corporal Simms and members from the Freeway Patrol attended and took charge. An ambulance arrived, but it was on the opposite side of the freeway, facing in an easterly direction. The driver parked the ambulance, and then he and his assistant dashed across the two eastbound lanes of traffic and then the two westbound lanes of traffic and began to administer first aid to the injured parties. Simms shouted at me, "Bring that ambulance over here." The logistics of these instructions were more complicated than either of us anticipated. I managed to quickly cross two lanes of east and west bound traffic on foot. I climbed into the ambulance and could hear the dispatcher trying to reach me but I couldn't locate the microphone to respond. Unable to do a U-turn at the

accident, I drove east on the freeway to the next exit ramp, and looped back over the freeway into the westbound lane and back to the accident. I was in a real dilemma, as because of the accident, traffic was at a standstill. I managed to get to the scene, but by this time another ambulance had arrived, and the injured parties were loaded into that emergency vehicle and taken to the hospital. This ambulance had been dispatched to the scene with instructions to drive east on the Lougheed Highway until reaching the Willington turnoff, and that put them at the scene long before I got back to the accident location. Simms afterwards admitted that he had made a wrong judgment call. He then proceeded to tell Smythe and me that we had made a mistake by being on the freeway and not patrolling in our jurisdiction.

Back in Burnaby, interrogating a young suspect in the presence of his parents on a car theft and house break-and-enter investigation, I managed to get him to implicate several youths in a long string of unsolved cases. The investigation reminded me of cousin Ray's chat with the policeman during our beer bottle forays when I was just a kid. The investigation mushroomed, and 50 people, including several adults, were charged with car thefts and home invasions. Over the next month many unsuccessfully concluded files were amended to charges pending. My sleuthing evidently impressed my superiors, and on 9th January 1967 I was transferred to the General Investigation Section on the upper floor of the detachment under boss Bruce Northrop. I was assigned to work with the newly formed Burglary Detail. The member in charge of my detail was Sergeant Roy B. Pickell, while the third member of the team was Corporal N. Barry Daniel. My transfer to this elite squad at such a tender age produced jealousies, and since I had been attending university, many of the senior constables began to call me "The Professor" or "The absent-minded Professor." I was the youngest member in Burnaby to make the elite plainclothes squad and was given perks that included a ghost car, food vouchers, and at times even my own hours. Burglary Detail members Pickell and Daniel went on to become career policemen. Pickell did his 35 years and ended up as a Superintendent out of Prince George Subdivision. Daniel did 25 years and then did another

ten years as the Abbotsford Police Chief.

Every Friday night Burglary Detail members were expected to park around a bank in the event of a robbery. Ironically, no one ever gave us any instruction as to what course to take if robbers did suddenly come out of a bank with machine guns or a sawed-off shotgun. Ten years earlier a member by the name of Bud "Bullets" Johnston had responded to a bank alarm and entered a bank expecting it to be false. Instead, he encountered three robbers in the bank and in the next few minutes all hell broke loose. He was hit eight times but by a miracle survived his injuries. He shot and killed one robber and wounded another. The third robber was apprehended a short time later. I met "Bullets" when I was later stationed at Orderly Room at New Westminster Subdivision.

Just before joining the special squad I had investigated a house burglary that came back to haunt me. The thieves had used matches to find their way around in an unoccupied home, and they got away without being apprehended. A little later Staff Sergeant Frank Schmidt ordered me to give a statement concerning certain paragraphs in my police report about that burglary.

Since I was overwhelmed with paperwork due to the reopening of so many files I was both sloppy and careless with this one particular file and Schmidt caught me on two lies. He first asked me to give a statement but I refused. He then ordered me to give a statement with threats of charging me with conduct unbecoming by refusing to give a statement to a non-commissioned officer. I told him to write down, "I am refusing to give a statement. This is my statement." Schmidt wasn't a happy camper and a few days later he informed me that I was being charged with two counts of false statements in a police report. I asked a couple of senior members if they would act as my defence, but no one seemed interested in helping me for fear of jeopardizing their own career. Immediately the Officer in charge of Burnaby Detachment took me off Burglary Detail and placed me back on Sergeant Jensen's watch with a demotion to telephone orderly, my duties being reduced to answering the telephone and typing up complaint sheets. I had moved from the top of the heap to the bottom of the heap in less than a month.

The two charges against me were as follows:

At Burnaby, B.C. on or about January 13th, 1967 did violate the provisions of C.S.O. 1156(1) by conducting himself in a manner unbecoming a member of the Force in that he had made a false statement in writing on Form C-237 in the case of -----B.E. & Theft 292(1)(b) C.C. from Burnaby, B.C. 1 Jan 67 to wit: Cpl Simms, C.H. attended and instructed that a member from the Identification Section not attend", well knowing same to be false, contrary to Section 26 of the R.C.M.P. Act.

At the same time and place in connection with the same case, did violate the provisions of C.S.O. 1156(1) by conducting himself in a manner unbecoming a member of the Force in that he made a false statement in writing to wit, "Cst. Lang and I questioned the neighbours", well knowing same to be false, contrary to Section 26 of the R.C.M. Police Act.

It was unfortunately true that the report contained two false statements and I ended up being charged. On 30th March 1967 I was found guilty on both counts, reprimanded and given a \$25 fine. All in all, I was very fortunate, as I had expected a dishonourable discharge.

I found it interesting to recall my defense summation being made not under oath. It read as follows: "I feel I should deal with each charge individually. I would submit that in regard to charge No. 2 that no offense lies in the report made by me. "Cst. Lang and I questioned the neighbours." This may suggest that each of us questioned the neighbours but it is also capable of meaning that the neighbours were checked by one of us while another was involved in another part of the joint investigation. Also, if I say that Cst. Lang and I drove to the scene, surely this does not necessarily mean that I had a spell at the wheel, and if in fact we took turns at the wheel, I would still say Cst. Lang and I drove to the scene. The statement, "Cst. Lang and I questioned the neighbours" is not false to my knowledge. It cannot be construed as false unless it is interpreted that it means and can only mean that we each questioned the neighbours. I myself drew a similar wrong meaning from Cst. Lang's remarks on the face of the complaint form, "all neighbours checked with negative results". This I took to mean that Cst. Lang had checked the neighbours

himself. In respect to charge No. 1, I can only say this. The wording is incorrect and because of the Burnaby Detachment Post Orders requiring the attendance of an N.C.O. at scenes of house Break-ins and Theft, the report of such, as far as I am concerned, has become routine stereotype. Instead of reading, "Cpl. Simms, C.H. attended and instructed, it should have read, Cpl. Simms, C.H. instructed". I must agree that complaint No. 1 of making a false statement is incorrect, but it is not false in any deliberate or malicious sense and it was not calculated to mislead and was carefully thought out for this purpose. No possible benefit could possibly be gained by me or anyone else from the error of this sentence. It slipped in as a part of a routine report. Why should I have wanted to mislead my superiors? What was to be gained by such stupidity? I would ask you, Sir, with respect, to accept this explanation of this regrettable occurrence, and at the same time accept my apology that it has taken place and that you have been inconvenienced by it. Had I exercised more care in the submission of this report this unhappy situation could easily have been avoided. I assure you, Sir, that it will never happen again." Simms escaped any repercussion.

Most Mounted Police members go through a 35-year career and never come close to a court marshal and here I had managed two in less than three years of service. I had explained my predicament to Mr. Dempsey, my landlord, and he offered to help me prepare a written statement to read to Inspector Robert E. Simmonds at my trial. Simmonds was second-in-command of the detachment and later went on to become Canada's top cop and Commissioner of the Force. He was impressed that I conducted my own defense and let me off with a reprimand and \$25 fine and not the recommended dismissal from the force. I told him that I'd sought help outside the force and he insisted on being told who had assisted me with such a well-prepared statement. I told him that my landlord was a professor and that he had offered to help me. I've often wondered if Professor Dempsey, as a result of later developments in my life, didn't intervene in some way in the careers of both "Gentleman Joe" Healy and me. Joe later took French immersion courses in Ottawa prior to becoming a member of Prime Minister Trudeau's body guard. With only five

years service, I applied for an Identification Section Fingerprint and Photography course in Ottawa. Upon applying I was told that members rarely are accepted until they have at least ten years service but I was accepted immediately.

After my trial I was further demoted and transferred to the Orderly (mail) Room at New Westminster Subdivision on 6th Street in the Royal City. The working space of the sub division was on the second floor of a building while the Identification Section (photography) took up the basement. Because I was interested in photography, I sometimes spent time with the identification members and on occasion even went on patrol with them.

Some of the more senior GIS members worked out of the subdivision office and because I had been one of them before my false statement charges, I was permitted to coffee at their table. These senior policemen were some of the most elite cops in the province.

Although my position was clerk in Orderly Room, and my duties were reduced to report reading, I still managed to get into trouble for opening a letter marked "Confidential" addressed to the officer commanding the subdivision. Often after reading the content of letters addressed to him, I typed up a brand-new envelope complete with the "Confidential" mark, placed the letter in the new envelope, and then licked its flap. One day Superintendent Herb E. Bloxham, the Officer Commanding the Subdivision, asked me to visit him in his office when I had a moment. I waited for about half an hour and then knocked on his door ready to face the music. He was very polite and casually asked me why I was reading his confidential mail. I confessed that I had a few times intercepted his private mail and read their contents out of curiosity. He gave me a smile and said, "If you're going to try things like this, you have to be smart enough not to get caught." This remark brought back memories of the chase I'd had with the plainclothes member that had been installing the voice-activated tape-recording device in the garage in Burnaby. I was puzzled and asked how he knew I had read his mail. He answered, "This morning the envelope was still wet." He had come into work early on this particular morning. As far as I know his reprimand never went beyond his office. After this incident, Bloxham quite often requested that I be his driver and take him to his

home in Coquitlam. Oddly I was given a promotional transfer about a month later to New Westminster Detachment.

The New Westminster Detachment occupied a small office in the Court House in New Westminster, where members' duties mostly involved prisoner escorts between the Oakalla Prison in Burnaby and the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster, and the County Court in New Westminster. The escorts were extremely dangerous since many of the prisoners were serving lengthy sentences for heinous crimes, and they had nothing to lose. Constable Al Ellard and I transported John Emmet McCann and David Ian Clarke from the courthouse back to the penitentiary after their 14-year sentencing for the attempted murder of an Oakalla prison guard. These were the two men that I had chased into Forest Glen Park after their escape from Oakalla. They told me that they had been hiding under the log I was standing on and that they would have tried to kill me if I had confronted them. Their trial had gone on for several days and we had done the escorts with the prisoners with their hands cuffed to their front but through a wide belt with the buckle in the middle of their backs. We always did a skin frisk before taking the men from the cells.

On the day of sentencing the two men were extremely giddy, and I handcuffed them with their hands behind their backs. That decision may well have saved our lives. On our return to the detachment Corporal Frank Bacon called Al and me into his office and explained that the penitentiary warden had told him that the two cons on passing through the metal detector and had set off the alarm. The guards did a search and discovered knives hidden in their notebooks. The knives were made from ordinary table knives that had been honed on cement to a sharp point. The inmates called such knives shivs. If the two convicts had been returned to the pen with their hands cuffed in front instead of behind their backs they might have had enough reach from the back seat to run the shivs into the backs of our necks at the first stop light. McCann and Clarke were considered two of the most dangerous criminals in all of Canada.

DATE	SUBJECT	COMMENTS	SOURCE
9 January, 1967	WAITE, Donald E	Don phoned & he is to be in plain clothes from now on.	HHW
21 June, 1967	WAITE, Donald E	Don had to go to school at nite.	HHW
28 June, 1967	WAITE, Donald E	Don at UBC.	HHW
15 December, 1967	WAITE, Donald E	Letter from Don. He has all his teeth out.	HHW
15 March, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Put Don's engagement in paper & ordered reception in vitations.	HHW
20 April, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Don called at 11:15. Had nice wedding.	HHW
11 May, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Had nice reception - around 400.	HHW
12 May, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol to Falls with flowers & brought Gramma down for supper.	HHW
14 May, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol to Ottawa.	HHW
15 May, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol packed all gifts in trunk & left for Prince Albert.	HHW
22 May, 1968	WAITE, Donald E	had card from Don & Carol & they had 2 flat tires.	HHW
2 May, 1969	WAITE, Donald E	Got card from Don & Carol in Hawaii.	HHW
14 August, 1969	WAITE, Donald E	Arrived at 12:40. Don & Carol at station.	HHW
25 April, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Got letter from Don. He's coming to Ottawa.	HHW
6 June, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol got home at 8 PM.	HHW
8 June, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol left at 10:30 AM for Ottawa.	HHW
18 July, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don, Carol & Mrs. Trueman came at 3:15.	HHW
20 September, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Got Don's book (Kwant'stan).	HHW
15 November, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol got Mum for supper.	HHW
5 December, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Down to Don & Carol's in morning.	HHW
23 December, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol came at 7:30 PM.	HHW
27 December, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol home (Ottawa) at 3 PM.	HHW
30 December, 1970	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol came at 4:30 PM.	HHW
30 January, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Bobby Butler, Bill & Don made (snow) fort.	HHW
27 February, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Ray here & Don & him out until 3:30 AM	HHW
21 April, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol going holidays.	HHW
9 May, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol home at 10:30 AM for Don to take pictures.	HHW
21 May, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol home at 11:15 talked till 1 AM. <i>Quite</i>	HHW
2 June, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Wrote Don. Called Carol & Mae.	HHW
23 June, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Carol here at 7:30 PM & left for west at 10 PM.	HHW
14 August, 1971	WAITE, Donald E	Don called 4:45 they have baby girl Michelle Raeann.	HHW
13 July, 1972	WAITE, Donald E	Arrived at 2:30. Michelle an angel. To Don's store at nite.	HHW
16 July, 1972	WAITE, Donald E	Don & Bill to Indian War Dance.	HHW
17 July, 1972	WAITE, Donald E	Bill & Don on motorbike to Needle Edge Mt.	HHW
26 December, 1973	WAITE, Donald E	Arrived 4:08. Home & had supper & nice visit.	HHW
28 December, 1973	WAITE, Donald E	Don to Gould's & Elliott's. Carol & us visited.	HHW
30 December, 1973	WAITE, Donald E	Don, Carol & Michelle to Falls.	HHW
2 January, 1974	WAITE, Donald E	Don to Ottawa (to National Archives).	HHW
5 January, 1974	WAITE, Donald E	C & D all packed. Left for Ottawa .	HHW
16 March, 1975	WAITE, Donald E	Carol & Don baby boy 7 lb 9 oz.	HHW
12 October, 1975	WAITE, Donald E	Ender & Bill to plane at 2 PM Home 6:10 Michelle & Kevin so cute.	HHW
19 October, 1975	WAITE, Donald E	Gramma Waite down. Don & Carol took Gramma home.	HHW
22 October, 1975	WAITE, Donald E	Don at Miss O'Brien's.	HHW
23 October, 1975	WAITE, Donald E	Up at 6 AM to airport at 7:30.	HHW
16 July, 1976	WAITE, Donald E	Took books to Dolans book store.	HHW
4 November, 1976	WAITE, Donald E	Carol baby boy Nathan Leigh at 12:56 PM BC time.	HHW
8 November, 1976	WAITE, Donald E	Don 32 to-day. At Langley all day. Not home until 11:30 PM.	HHW
20 May, 1979	WAITE, Donald E	Ender & Bill to airport (for D&C). Home 7:15.	HHW
28 May, 1979	WAITE, Donald E	Kay Hass came 11 PM stayed till 3 AM. All to bed but Don.	HHW
29 May, 1979	WAITE, Donald E	Had Gramma Waite out for supper. (Took 4 generations photo).	HHW
30 May, 1979	WAITE, Donald E	Don, Carol kids & Ender to Mae & Bill's for day.	HHW
1 June, 1979	WAITE, Donald E	Up at 4:30 Am. To airport at 5:30.	HHW
6 May, 1980	WAITE, Donald E	Don to school to teach.	HHW

Excerpts from my Mother's diary from 1967 until 1980. Mom kept a diary for 40+ years.

The four months or so spent at the New Westminster courthouse in the spring of 1967 was extremely beneficial as I was able to sit in on some of the most important trials in the province. The crown always seemed to have the best lawyers while many of the accused, unable to afford their own lawyer, had to represent themselves or had to rely on an appointed lawyer provided by the province. Many of these lawyers were way out of their league and the accused, quite often a First Nations man, ended up on the short end of the stick. Many poorer victims went to jail because they simply did not understand the legal system and I now realize that many were bipolar but that their illness had never been diagnosed.

Al Ellard and I often worked serving summonses and subpoenas, which were usually a low priority task, but Al, being a rookie, was very intent on ensuring that all his papers got served. He wanted to serve his paperwork first and then, if time permitted, serve mine. I explained that it would make greater sense to serve the combined documents in a particular area and then move to another location. Al became very upset and called me a dipstick and challenged me to a fight. I pulled over to the shoulder of a street in North Burnaby, and when Al stepped out, I drove away, leaving him to his own devices to get back to the office in New Westminster. I served my papers for the rest of the afternoon and then returned to the office. Al either hired a taxi or thumbed his way back to the office. When he came into the office he was fuming. He lunged at me, and expecting as much, I gave him a boot in the groin. Despite these two incidents, Al and I went on to become great friends.

While stationed in New Westminster I lived at 52 Royal Avenue with members El Sellner and Gary Patterson. It was during this time that I took an English course at UBC. It was also a time when my Mom came out to pay me a visit.

I was stationed at New Westminster Detachment, when Corporal Bacon called me into his office to assist him in cleaning out an old vault. He unlocked a door off his office that led up a circular staircase to a room containing manuscripts of criminal trials dating back to the late nineteenth century. My superior and I sorted through the musty files for as long as an hour before he mentioned that an old Indian by the

name of Slumach had been hung from a rafter above the vault's stairwell for murdering another Indian for following him to his gold mine on Pitt Lake. That brief conversation was the first time that I had ever heard of Slumach and the Lost Mine of Pitt Lake.

By this time my transfer had come through for placement at Haney Detachment. My final assignment while still at New Westminster Detachment was to "babysit" Canada's Centennial



Mom visited New Westminster in 1967. Here I'm showing her my tape recorder while at the same time stepping on an air release to take our photograph.

Caravan as it toured the province in celebration of the Dominion's 100th birthday. The caravan's purpose was to tell Canada's story with several visual displays in two huge semi-trailers. Dressed in red serge, I looked after it for several nights in White Rock, and when it moved to Maple Ridge, I followed. The trailers were parked near the town's city hall, and I guarded it for several evenings. One night I fell asleep in the patrol car and was awakened by a junior member who identified himself as Mason Dodds. He offered me a hamburger and milk shake from the A&W drive-through restaurant and then persuaded me to abandon my duties and accompany him on a quick tour of "rainy" Haney.

During the drive I told Mason that I was about to be transferred from New Westminster to Haney. Mason and I would become lifelong friends. This was in late July 1967.