

increases over the years and by this time was making \$1,000 a month, which was the same as Carol's wages. The retroactive payment was a sort of compensation for underpayment for past work, or, in other words, members were told that we had been worth more than the government had been paying us. My pay increases over the years had been substantial as my first year was only \$3760. Anyway, as Carol had to give up her job, the transfer from Maple Ridge to Ottawa cut our combined wages in half.

I was a very social policeman and soon knew many members of the community, both good and bad. One day it came in handy that I knew Henry Dyck, a commercial fisherman, who lived in a house immediately north of the historic Haney House and tied his boat at the Haney wharf. I got a call one morning of a boat on fire in the Fraser just upriver from the wharf. I raced to Henry's home and pounding on the door got him out of bed. I explained the emergency, and he quickly responded and fished a couple of people out of the river.

My family and I visited Leo Partanen's family at Matheson in 1982 and he hinted that he'd stayed on with the force after I left for Ottawa. I visited him on a couple of other occasions many years later when he was living alone on the family farm while operating an electronics business catering to various government agencies as well as the local businesses. When Leo passed away in July 2010 his son requested that I fly out and take part in the celebration of life but my mental state was such that I had no option but to decline.

RCMP Headquarters, Ottawa & Identification Branch Training

As soon as Carol and I arrived in Ottawa on the 8th June 1970, I reported at RCMP Headquarters on Alta Vista Drive. Only after that did we start to look for an apartment. We eventually found a place in Sandy Hill at 27 Henderson Avenue that was about a ten-minute drive from my place of work.

The very first item on the agenda for my course in the Identification Section was a very intense and competitive six-week course in fingerprint identification. I discovered I had to study nightly, since we had tests every morning. Upon completion of the course everyone had to do several months in the Fingerprint Bureau matching sets of prints taken in the field against already existing sets of prints. The bureau took up most of the second floor of the HQ building with each unit of the bureau consisting of five searchers and a supervisor. The five desks for the searchers were arranged in a C shape around the supervisor. Two four-drawer filing cabinets were located on either side of each searcher's desk. All of the cabinets were filled to capacity with sets of fingerprints, and the searchers had to search the incoming sets of prints against those in the drawers. It was tedious work, and anyone who failed to match only two sets of new prints against prints already in the collection was automatically removed from the course.

It was during this time that a member from the Security & Intelligence Branch in the Headquarters building contacted me. It turned out that Carol and I had rented an apartment suite in Ottawa that was located not far from the Russian Embassy. In truth, I don't even think that I knew anything about the Cold War that existed between Russia and Britain, the USA and Canada. The member asked me to call in anything that I might happen to see that was unusual. I remember seeing men going up and down the elevator that wore unusual outer garments during the winter months. I must have had a hotline number to call as one weekend during the summer months I saw 2 or 3 cars being loaded up with baskets and cameras. It looked like the occupants, all Russians, were going on

a picnic. I called my observations into the S & I Branch and never ever heard back from them at that time but later I used to go on jogs and meet up with a S & I member for debriefings. For the life of me, I can no longer recall what was discussed. I do recall purchasing jogging gear through the force for the eight block or so runs. I guess I was unknowingly a spy for the force.

Near the end of my first week in the bureau the supervisor called me over to her desk and invited my wife and me to attend a party at her home. I gratefully accepted the invitation, and Carol and I attended the party, although we didn't know a soul except for the hostess. After a little while a fellow came up to me and in the course of the conversation asked where we had lived prior to coming to Ottawa. I told him that I had been stationed in Haney in the Fraser Valley in British Columbia. He asked whether that was anywhere near Pitt Lake. I explained that Pitt Lake had been in my jurisdiction and that I had sometimes taken the patrol boat on excursions to Alvin at the northern end of the lake. He then explained that he had an aged uncle by the name of Duncan McPhaden living out in New Westminster who had spent over 20 years of his life looking for an old gold mine. He was surprised beyond belief when I reached into my pocket and produced a letter that I had received that very morning from McPhaden.

After doing a stint in the fingerprint bureau members moved to the next phase of the course, which was photography. Everyone was assigned a partner. Mine happened to be an extremely gifted artist. He knew that he was too talented to ever be assigned to work in an Identification Section office—and it turned out that he was right. He never applied himself on the course, and his work ethics impacted greatly on me. We would have a five-page questionnaire almost daily with 20 true or false questions to the page for a grand total of 100 questions. After each test the papers would be passed to another member for marking with the understanding that 5 marks would be deducted for each mistake. Since the tests were extremely

simple most members managed to make only 2 or 3 mistakes and score between 85 to 100 percent. My partner managed to sometimes get 20 out of the 100 questions wrong and thus receive a zero mark.

One day the class was given the task of photographing a 4' x 5' wall map of Canada with a 4" x 5" Crown Graphic camera. It was a very difficult assignment as four flood lights of equal intensity had to be placed at equal distances to evenly illuminate the map for photography. Our instructions were to photograph the map using a red, a yellow, an orange, and no filter, respectively. The class of 32 worked as a team and after a day or two of trials eventually got the camera set up on a tripod at just the right height and distance from the large map. We used a long lens to get just the right perspective, and once everything was just right, each member placed his assigned number in the map's lower right-hand corner. We then each took our turns to photograph the map with the three different filters and no filter. We either opened up the lens iris or else decreased the shutter speed to compensate for the light loss due to the filter factors. The camera and tripod were left in position for several days, since everyone wanted to process their film to ensure that they had the required images. Our task was to crop the name "Calgary" out of this huge map and blow this tiny image up to an 8" x 10" enlargement.

Members who had already taken the course told us to use a fine grain developer called Kodak Microdol instead of the coarse grain developer called Kodak HC110 normally used to develop the negatives. Some members even went to the extreme of photographing the map in the early hours of the morning since they believed truck traffic from the nearby freeway might cause vibrations to the building during the lengthy exposures.

It had to be the one and only time I asked my partner if he would mind processing my four sheets of exposed film as I had some family duties that needed my attention. I explained that it was imperative that he use the fine grain Microdol developer and not the HC110. A day or two later I was in the darkroom printing the tiny portion of my negative containing the word Calgary. All the letters were coming up grainy.

I examined prints made by other members, and they looked great. I looked at his, and they were identical to mine—grainy. I confronted him, and he confessed that he had processed both his film and mine in the HC110 developer. I immediately checked the room where the map was located only to discover that the camera and tripod had been completely dismantled. I spent the following weekend setting the project up alone and redoing the assignment all by myself, as my partner had decided that his images were good enough. I did the assignment twice and processed one set of negatives in Microdol and the other set in an ultrafine-grain developer from Germany called Accufine. I had bought a can of the German developer in Haney and had it in storage. I was pleasantly surprised with the result. This developer was far superior to the Microdol being used by the force, and my prints of the word Calgary turned out much clearer and sharper than the prints made by other members. This puzzled my superior but he never bothered to ask how I managed to get better results. After the map fiasco my relationship with my partner was damaged beyond repair.

Several months later I happened to be in the print trimming room adjacent to the darkroom organizing photographs when I overheard him remark to another member, "Someday there's going to be a bloodbath between Waite and me."

I shoved the door open and yelled, "If there's going to be any bloodbath, it's damn-well going to be your blood." He challenged me and moments later we got into a shoving match that ended with him on the floor and me standing over him. During the brief encounter developer and fixing trays were knocked off the tables and he was soaking wet with chemicals. I stormed out of the darkroom and the news of our short fight spread through the members.

This incident was followed up by another act of sheer stupidity on the 13th August 1970. I managed to make a thoughtless, tactless remark that was to eventually end my police career. I had been having trouble with my eyes and had taken an afternoon off to have them tested at an eye clinic a few blocks from the HQ building. I drove my car over to the clinic with the intention of driving home after the exam-



Royal Canadian Mounted Police Technician's (Fingerprint) Class Course No. 4

June 15 - July 17, 1970

Back row: Constable Gordon A. Smith, Constable J. Chris St. Onge, Constable J. Keith McMurchy, Miss Kim M. Norberg, Constable H.J.R. Murray Goldstein and Constable Ken W. Baird

Front row: Constable Robert P. Cockrell, Mr. H.G. Tuthill, Corporal Jim D. Walker, Constable Jacques P. Labrecque and Constable Donald E. Waite

ination. The doctor took me into his office, put some drops in both eyes, and let me go back into the waiting room. I picked up a magazine, but my eyes went out of focus due to the drops. I was totally preoccupied with figuring out how I was going to get home as there was a good chance that Carol would be out selling Holiday Magic door-to-door. At that moment a fellow in a nearby chair complimented me on my shiny black boots. I replied with the dumbest remark possible. I said, "They sure come in handy in a fight." I immediately wished I could retrack the dumbest of the dumb remark, but I had blurted it out even though it was a very honest

statement. The man shot back, "I can't image a person using boots on another human being." I looked up and couldn't believe that the individual was a man of the cloth. I had just made the most stupid remark in my entire life to a priest. He was so absolutely disgusted with my comment that he walked out of the room. My vision was bad, but I was still able to see the outline of a well-dressed, distinguished-looking individual in the room. As soon as the preacher man departed, the other chap began doing his best to engage me in dialogue, and it occurred to me that he might be a member. I didn't like his line of questioning, as he seemed to be trying

to hone in on my identity without coming out and asking my name. I very likely waited about the medical building until my vision came back and then drove home. I told Carol that I had probably managed to get myself into trouble.

Sure enough, the next day I was told to report to a commissioned officer. This officer informed me that another member had prepared a letter for me to sign acknowledging an official reprimand for my rude conduct at the eye clinic. I took the piece of paper and read all about the way I had talked to a man of the cloth at the medical clinic. During the reprimand the officer had me sit down on a low chair while he sat on a high desk and proceeded to give me a verbal spanking about not being able to get along with other members. I asked for an explanation, and he told me that word had come down via the grapevine that my partner and I had conflict issues. By this time I had become upset so I told him that for a policeman he didn't have much of a handle on what was taking place in the photography course. I told him that my marks were in the high 80s and 90s on the many tests, while my partner had often managed to get zero and that he had screwed up many of my projects. I mentioned that members in the course even had their negatives sabotaged with scratches and re-dipping into the chemicals. I got up off the chair and he told me to sit back down. I answered back, "I'd prefer to stay standing. I just quit." He sat down in the chair. He replied, "Come on now, you can't do that, we've just spent thousands of dollars training you for a specialized career in the force. You have seven years service. You're just at the point where you are of real value to the force." I told him that I'd be submitting my request-to-purchase letter in the morning.

A few days later I had a meeting with Sub Inspector Chris D. Tiller, the head of the Identification Bureau, and he successfully talked me out of buying my way out of the force. He made it quite clear that he believed that my chances of making a success of any business was certainly minimal. Carol and my parents were of the same opinion.

I was working in the bureau on 18th October 1970, when news came in that members of the Front de Libération du Québec, common-

ly referred to as the FLQ, had murdered Pierre Laporte, the Vice-Premier of Quebec and Minister of Labour with the result that Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau soon afterwards invoked the War Measures Act. They had also kidnapped James Cross, a British diplomat.

One morning a few days later I was working at my desk searching prints, when I heard the loud whirr of a helicopter. Everyone ran to the window just in time to see Prime Minister Trudeau emerge from the chopper and step down onto the lawn to be greeted by Commissioner George B. McLellan and several other top-ranking policemen. The following weekend Carol and I took a walk around the Parliament Buildings and witnessed the presence of soldiers posted everywhere with machine guns slung over their shoulders. We happened to see the Prime Minister step out of his limousine and enter the Parliament Buildings under heavy guard. His suit looked as if it had been slept in, and he appeared not to have shaved in at least two days.

A few days later Tiller held a briefing and told everyone present that a partial fingerprint had been lifted from a communiqué sent to one of the French radio stations by members of the FLQ. He told us that the preservation of Canada was riding on our shoulders and that we were expected to work 12-hour days in the hope that we could make the identification to break the case. For the next several days everything in the bureau was placed on hold while its members tried desperately to match the lifted partial print to an image in the vast collection. The more experienced members were given sets of prints of convicted criminals who were likely to belong to the FLQ. Members searched non-stop day after day with only 15-minute breaks. At noon a loud bell would ring, and meals consisting of hamburgers and milk shakes would be provided. These were consumed by the time the second bell rang fifteen minutes later.

I was present the morning a member advised a supervisor that he thought he had made a positive identification. She looked at the print and nodded that he had a match, and a few minutes later other senior bureau members came over to the table to confirm a positive identification. The staff of the entire second floor of the head-

quarters building began cheering at the top of their lungs and throwing hats towards the 30-foot ceiling. Members appeared with rolls of toilet paper, and soon white streamers were shooting the length and width of the bureau floor. Everyone was ecstatic. It was crazy. I never found out whether the “owner” of the lifted print was charged.

The FLQ fiasco came to be known as the October Crisis. Although Trudeau had made the comment, “Just warch me” the perpetrators of the Pierre Laporte murder were flown out of the country to Communist Cuba. They remained there for several years and eventually returned to Canada—and a few even got into French politics. It could only happen in Canada.

Although most members were transferred out to various detachments at the end of the fingerprint and photography courses, I was held back and transferred into the Scenes of Crime Section.

Through the Freedom of Information Act, I obtained a memorandum about me written by Sub Inspector Tiller, dated the 27 May 1971 that gave some insight into my grades and transfers. The memo indicated that I had been transferred into “A” Division’s Directorate on the 9th June 1970 to undergo field identification duty. I was given the Fingerprint Course from June 15th to July 17th and placed 5th in a class of 7. Following the completion of the fingerprint course, I was employed in the main fingerprint bureau as a searcher for approximately eleven months. During March and April of 1971 I took the basic Basic Identification course No. 50. The non commissioned officer in charge of the Fingerprint Section described me as being an average worker but one who required close supervision. He went on to say that since bureau work was a monotonous job that such a statement was not at all uncommon and should not be considered as too detrimental to me.

The memo went on to say that I was suffering some difficulty with the photography portion of my training and that academically I’d been placed in the lower half of the class.

According to Tiller, it was my bad attitude that resulting in my being kept in Ottawa and not transferred out to field duty. During my interview with Tiller, I was perfectly frank and told

him that open hostility had developed between my parter and myself. I’m sure that Tiller didn’t get things quite right when he wrote “He did not accept responsibility for these problems but suggested that it was caused by the fact that he wanted to produce meticulous work whereas some other classmates were willing to accept less quality”. During the interview the problem of personality clashes and diplomacy was discussed and I was counselled to the effect that my problems were by no means insurmountable and that I should strive for a good report from the non commissioned officer in charge of the Scenes of Crime Section.

There was no mention in the memo as to when I had been assigned to the Scenes of Crimes Section but it had to have been in early May 1971. I can only remember one incident that took place during my time in the section. Another member and I drove through a gated facility that had military police standing by as guards. Was it the underground Diefenbaker in Carp just outside of Ottawa, Camp Petawawa, North Bay, or none of these military bases? Did I do any additional work for the Security & Intelligence Branch of the force? My mental breakdowns in 2007, 2008 and 2010 have caused me to think that I perhaps was involved with S & I but that I was hypnotised and my memory of it wiped clean.

On the 27th of May 1971 I was transferred to security duties at the main gate. Upon completing five years of service I had signed a second five-year contract but had only completed two years and still had 36 months to go. The cost to purchase was \$10 a month for uncompleted service, so I ended up paying \$360 to be discharged from the force.

An unfortunate chain of events had led to my decision to terminate my police career. I had joined the force with the best of intentions but left disillusioned, concluding that the organization was very militant in its functioning from top to bottom. There existed a very subtle type of bullying, and a case in point was the senior instructor on the identification course. He used to walk around slamming an imaginary club from his right into his left fist. He would greet grown men with five and ten years service with the question whether they knew what he was carrying, and the response was supposed to be,