

“Why, it’s your stick to keep us guys in line.” It was the force’s upper echelon’s subtle abuse of power. Upon leaving, I told the officer that I’d burned my bridges with respect to making the force a career, and that with seven years service it was time to go and not become a pension slave. Many laws existed in the 1960s and 1970s that were questionable—especially with respect to spousal abuse, liquor, and drugs.

About three weeks after submitting the request for purchase the same officer requested a second interview and admitted that he had been misinformed about my not being a team player. By this time I had talked with Staff Sergeant Terry Shaw, the Editor of *The RCMP Quarterly*, and he asked me to consider applying for an associate editor position.

Before leaving Ottawa, I got in touch with Andy Hetherington, the supervisor of Golden Ears Provincial Park, and asked him whether he needed a park ranger. Andy got right back saying that he was having challenges in the park with biker gangs and that I could begin work for him immediately upon my return to Haney.

On returning to Maple Ridge, I worked as a ranger at Golden Ears and then at Rolley Lake in Mission. I had amusing incidents in each park. At Golden Ears several campers squatted near the mouth of Gold Creek and refused to budge. There must have been 10 couples. Another ranger and I visited the camp, and I began taking photographs of the cars’ license plates and the men down at the water’s edge. Curiosity finally got the better of one of the wives, and she asked me why I was taking pictures. I responded in a matter-of-fact way, “The park supervisor told me that you people had been asked to leave and refused and that’s a violation under the park act, so I’m collecting evidence to take to court. I’m going to charge each and every one of you with disobeying the instructions of a park officer.” I went on to explain that the maximum fine was \$500 or six months in jail.” We then left and within the hour they all left except for one couple. We returned and I took both their names with the promise that they would be charged. They had their day in court, were heavily fined, but instead of paying left the country.

I was working afternoon shift the day Michelle

was born and celebrated the occasion with a man who claimed to have been or was an American 4-star general. When I visited the hospital after work, I was told that visiting hours were over and I wasn’t allowed to see my daughter until the following day.

The other incident involved a single auto accident at Rolley Lake caused by a driver speeding through the campsite, loosing control, rolling his car, and seriously injuring the passenger. I called the Mission detachment and requested an ambulance, the police, and a wrecker. Both occupants of the vehicle had been drinking, and even though the passenger was badly hurt both chose to be belligerent. Although the car was lying on its side, campers got inside and removed the passenger. I watched as the driver crawled through the car window and into the car only to reappear with an open bottle of beer. I asked him to dispose of the bottle as the police would be attending momentarily. He chose to address me with vulgarities and display the bottle above his head in defiance. I knocked it from his hand with my flashlight. He again crawled back into the car but this time reappeared with a hunting knife in one hand. As he was boosting himself out the window I clipped him on the side of the head with the light, and he fell back into the car. Almost immediately the ambulance, police, and wrecker arrived. The passenger went out in the ambulance, the driver with the police, and the car behind the wrecker. It’s very likely that I over stepped my boundaries with hitting the car driver but that was how matters were handled by the police—and one park ranger in the early 1970s.

In September 1971 I left the Parks Branch to open a camera store in Haney.

Entrepreneur & Author

When my wife and I moved back to Maple Ridge, we first lived in a home with a full basement at 21554 Campbell Avenue. We were living here when our daughter Michelle was born. We later moved to a larger house located immediately to the south of Leonard McGregor, my family portrait and wedding photographer competition. We lived in this home until we purchased our own home 1st January 1975. This large home with acreage and large orchard was later sold for a condominium project.

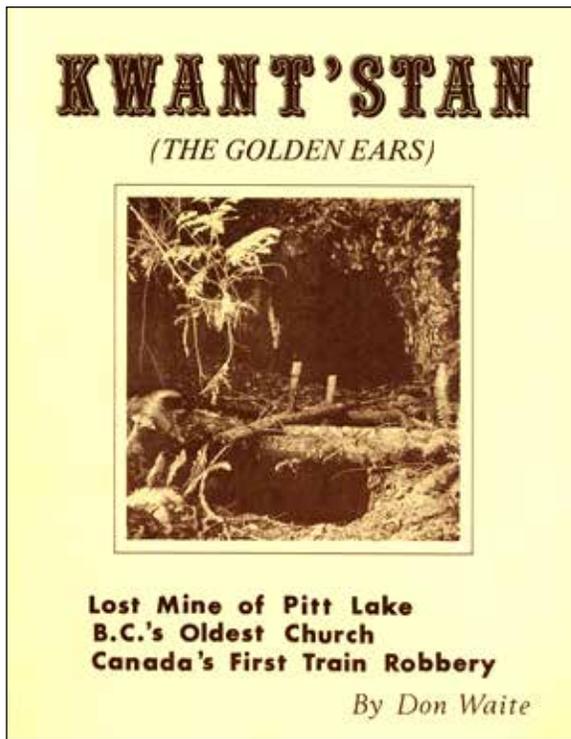
I was perhaps the most naïve shopkeeper in the municipality upon opening the 12.5' wide by 20' long 'Don Waite Photo Centre' store on the north side of McClure's 5 cent to \$1.00 store on 119th Avenue near Haney Boulevard on the 1st September 1971. My rent was \$87.50 a month. I initially had no inventory and barely knew a debit from a credit. I drove into Vancouver and began making enquiries about starting a small camera store. I bought a couple of cameras and some film from Vancouver Cameras on Commercial Drive just north of Broadway. Bill Hodgson, the store owner, and his sales staff no doubt rightly concluded that I was a real sucker since my purchases were only discounted 20 to 30 % off the suggested list price. I took the merchandise back out to Haney thinking that I could sell it for list price.

According to my wife, we arrived from Ottawa to Maple Ridge with \$40,000 in savings. She claims that she gave me \$20,000 to start up the business and most of what was left to get things up and running. The final savings was spent to purchase a new 1972 Toyota Corolla car.

During the early seventies the municipality regulated that stores had to be closed on Sunday and Monday so consequently Monday ended up being my day to drive into Vancouver to buy supplies. It didn't take long to find suppliers and buy direct in order to get 40, 50 and sometimes even greater percentage discounts on camera supplies. During the first month I visited an auction sale and managed to buy 2 large glass show cases that had been discarded by the Hudson Bay Company's downtown Vancouver store. They were really antiques with claw and ball feet and measured 8-feet long by 42" high by

30" wide. The wood was very likely oak or mahogany. They were exactly what I needed and I picked them up for next to nothing. They had probably been built 50+ years earlier and been used to display jewellery. I knew that they would make perfect display cases for cameras. I borrowed a truck and made the trip into Vancouver and set them up in the store. I next bought several 12-inches square by 2-inches wide cinder blocks and one-inch by 12-inch by 6-foot long boards and painted everything white. On another trip into Vancouver Cameras I persuaded Bill Hodgson to give me several discarded camera and projector boxes. I placed these empty boxes up on the shelves and pretty soon my shop at least looked like a camera store even though I had no physical inventory.

I don't know if it was my police background or my honest appearance but suppliers were soon giving me credit with 30, 60, 90 and even 120 day terms and I very soon realized that those terms were worth another 2 to 8 % in discounts. Kodak Canada was the only supplier that demanded cash on delivery and there was many a time when the delivery man appeared and I had to tell him to come back later in the day when I'd managed to scrounge up enough cash to run to the bank and then return with a certified cheque. A few times I even wrote cheques to creditors but switched the envelopes to stall of essential services such as telephone and hydro. Pat Van den Born, the wife of a friend who afterwards became a policeman, offered to work for me full time for 10 % of any sales. Unfortunately for her, the store only brought in about in sales! I really don't know how I managed to survive that first several months, as my sales from opening until Christmas were probably not more than \$2,500. Somehow I managed to get many loyal customers that were willing to wait for me to order cameras right from my ever expanding sets of supplier catalogues. I was up front and honest with these people and even showed them my invoices on several occasions with only slight markups. My strategy was simple. I was helping them buy right and they were supporting me and trying to keep me from going bankrupt.



The 7" x 9" - 72-page 'Kwant'stan'

In order to supplement my income I began to do family portrait and wedding photography. The tailor shop next door closed and I took over his space for a studio and in order to gain access I cut a door opening right through the wall.

Barbara Midwood visited my store one day and told me that she was the local representative for the Canadian Family Record Plan. She encouraged me to become one of their photographers. She explained that she'd send me as many customers as I could handle twice a year for a free portrait session and free 8" x 10" and it would be up to me to convince these people to buy additional prints. We went next door for a coffee and I told her that I didn't like the idea of spending \$10 each time a CFRP member visited my studio without assurances of a return. Barbara walked me through the program and promised me that the good portrait photographers made a great deal of money through an association with the North American wide company. Initially my sales were low but then my portraiture left a wide gap for improvement. Eventually, I began to encourage CFRP clients to include their parents and siblings in the portrait sessions and sales improved greatly.

Some of my very first weddings were not short of disasters. A short time after opening the lit-

tle studio adjacent to the camera store I spent a great deal of money and purchased a set of Santa Claus red velvet drapes that cost a small fortune. A short time later I did a wedding in which the entire party except for the bride and groom were in dark blue. The two colors clashed but all this went right over my head. I was just thankful that the shots were in focus and properly exposed.

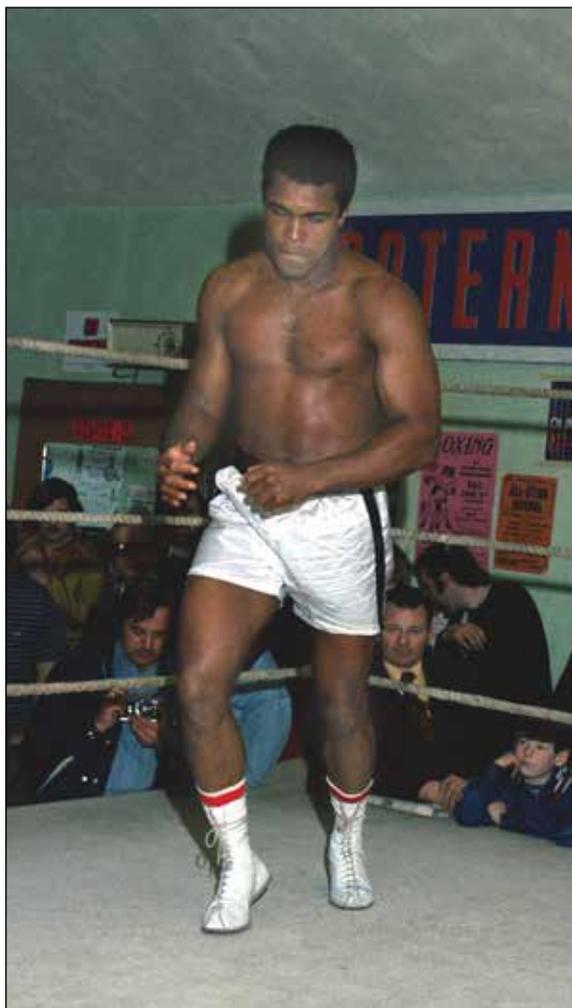
It was during the first year that I began focusing on writing my first book. Excited by being published in the RCMP Quarterly, I had begun to write a second story on Canada's first train robbery at Silverdale. By combining the church, train robbery and the Lost Mine of Pitt Lake stories, I had enough material for a short book. It turned out to be a rather complicated first effort experience for me. I had a schoolteacher type up the manuscript on her typewriter with double spacing between words so that the text justified left and right. I had known Red Warnock from my policing days who had a piano businessman in Haney and he put me in touch with a couple of men in Vancouver who were able to convert my photographs into positive mechanical transfers through a screening process. I then persuaded another schoolteacher to make negatives and strip in the PMTs. Later, Maurice Staudt of Maple Ridge Printing and I ran 100 copies of a 76-page 7" x 9" book Kwant'stan (The Golden Ears). The word 'Kwant'stan' meant 'Four Sisters Mountains' and referred to the Golden Ears according to my good friend Joe Pierre. Incredibly, the book sold out almost immediately either through my own shop or through Hamilton Harvey, the new owners of the McClure store. A short time later I printed another 300 copies through the Haney Gazette.

It was Red that hired me to photograph Cassius Clay in North Vancouver in late April 1972. A professional boxer in his youth, he had sparred with Clay and was trying to promote his own brand of boxing gloves. Clay, afterwards known as Mohammed Ali with the 'Fly like a Butterfly, Sting like a Bee' epitaph attached to his name was preparing himself in a gymnasium in North Vancouver for a fight promoted by Murray Pezim Productions, Ltd. against Canadian George Chivallo. The 12-round fight was scheduled to take place 1st May. Instead of taking photographs at ringside, I stood in the mid-

dle of the ring with Clay taking photographs and then quickly raced to a corner to change camera backs to take more photographs. Eventually Clay ran over to Red and yelled, 'Call off your photographer'. For some reason I gave Red all my better negatives of Cassius and was left with mostly junk. Several of the images were under-exposed as I had failed to compensate for the Afro-American's dark skin. Clay, having just been released from jail for refusing the draft, was making his first comeback fight since being released. Clay, afterwards Ali, became the greatest fighter of all time.

In the later 1970s I heard a good Elvis Presley—Mohammed Ali story. Connie Ballentine owned property in north Maple Ridge and I a few years later photographed birds on her property. She eventually sold the property and the buildings were used for the TV series *Border-town*. I once visited Connie in her new home on Silvermere Lake in Mission where Connie was living common-law with hockey star Mark Messier's Uncle Larry. I walked into the living room and it was literally a shrine to Ali. Messier and I talked and I told him that I'd once photographed Ali in North Vancouver. He revealed that he had been Ali's promoter and bodyguard and that he had a story for me. Apparently Ali and his cortège were driving a bus through Memphis and not far from Elvis' Graceland. Ali called Elvis and by a fluke got through to the singer who told them to stay put in the bus and he'd be there momentarily. Ali stripped the bus of all its advertising once Elvis came on board and took over the driving with Elvis sitting to his right. They picked up a 12 to 14-year old passenger and drove him a few blocks. When they dropped him off, Ali told him not to tell anyone. The kid responded by saying, "How could I. Who'd believe me?"

In August 1972 I had the opportunity to go on a 3-week trail ride in the Chilcotin with a group headed up by Julian Dussault. It was my first time back in a saddle since leaving training but this time I was riding in a Western rather than English saddle and it took me several days before I felt comfortable. I'm sure Julian was convinced that he had made a big mistake in allowing me to make the trip. I justified going as I was hoping that I just might be able to get a story published in a magazine. I even later



Cassius Clay, April 1972, afterwards Mohammed Ali—the greatest boxer of all time

submitted some of the slides to National Geographic only to hear back that they had done a story on BC just a year or two earlier. I remember being out with my horse and mule taking photographs with the 4" x 5" Linhof and singing "Happy Birthday to Michelle, Happy Birthday to you", on her first birthday. In hindsight, I should have been home for my daughter's first birthday. I remember returning home from that venture and Mary Poirier, my best employee, telling me that she'd done my books while I was away and I was owing \$70,000 to creditors. She also told me that many customers owed me money. Mary, some 20-years older than me, treated me like a son which sometimes made it difficult for me to treat her as an employee.

I don't remember just how I came to get involved with Bill Bryan and Max Burnham of Western Heritage Book Supplies. I think they saw my *Kwant'stan* title and wanted to be my



Theresa Liboiron & David R. Taylor

distributor. The pair approached me suggesting that I attempt to write a series of small 96-page books on areas of the province to compete with a Frank W. Anderson's titles out of Calgary. They came over from Surrey with a case of beer and I recall the three of us parked at the entrance to Haney House discussing the project.

One day David R. Taylor visited my store with a 16-mm Rolliflex movie camera to sell and by co-incidence I had a buyer. Dave had been referred to me by one of the local realtors who had also been an auxiliary policeman. Dave sold the camera, gave me a finder's fee, but then the purchaser returned the camera while at the same time placing a stop-payment on the cheque. Although our first encounter went sideways, Dave and I became good friends. Dave, a world traveller, disappeared with his wife Lesley for a year to explore South America, but then returned to Ruskin to build a home. I learned that Dave's father had built all the props for the original James Bond movie 'Goldfinger' and that Dave was sometimes a go for [gopher] for Sean Connery and other members of the cast.

I've often tried to estimate the total number of employees that worked in the store during 1971 through to the end of 1974 and it must have been 25 or more. Some were exceptionally good employees and a few were terrible. Pat Van den Born, Marg McDonald, George Long and Mary Poirier were four of the first to work in my store. Marg was only about 15 when she started and George 20. I was 27. Others that I can remember were Marty Faber, Arlene Cameron,

Valerie Morris, Bill Collins and Dave Taylor.

I shot one wedding at the old Eagle's Hall on Dewdney Trunk Road and it was right at the time that everyone was into streaking naked at football and hockey games. I had this one fellow come up to me wanting to bet that he could at some point during the wedding reception streak from one end of the hall to the other without me being able to take an identifiable photograph of him. The bet was that I'd agree to do the wedding for free if he won and that he'd pay me \$500 if I won. We shook hands before witnesses and shortly afterwards I offered to pay a couple of big football player types at the wedding each \$100 to chase down the naked stalker and hold him until I got my photos. The word must have gotten out for a short time later the gambler called off the bet.

At the end of most full coverage weddings the bride would always throw her bouquet out to any single women with the one catching it being most eligible for marriage. One evening a bride rather hurriedly got into position to throw her flowers but I needed to be up a couple of feet to be above the crowd and made the mistake of climbing up onto a piano stool. It was on wheels and went out from under me and as well its top spun yet I was still agile enough to catch the photograph opportunity before crashing to the floor on my hands and knees preventing the camera from hitting the floor.

I had a humorous experience one Friday evening when alone in my shop. The long established and biggest camera store in Vancouver was Leo's Cameras on Granville Street but Norm Babbs had established Kit's Cameras and a couple of other fellows had just started up Lens & Shutter Camera Supplies. I used to run into these men on Mondays when I'd go into Vancouver to do my week's buying. I knew Babbs but he didn't know me. On this particular Friday evening he came into my store and began asking to see some expensive cameras. He told me that he wanted to buy a camera and several lenses. He was very well-dressed. We talked for almost two hours and by that time it was 9 p.m. As the man was making his way out the door, I remarked, "You have a safe drive back into Vancouver, Mr. Babbs." He was out casing the area with the idea of opening up a franchise in

my turf. Making a living with the camera store was becoming more and more challenging by the end of 1974 as more and more stores about town were taking in photofinishing. I realized that if I were to stay in business and stay competitive that I'd be forced to put in my own film processing and printing laboratory.

I was also teaching two-hour night classes one evening a week in photography at Maple Ridge Secondary School. It was fun teaching the students photo-related topics such as depth-of-field, shutter speeds, hyperfocal distance, and painting in scenes with an off the camera flash at night. In the fall of 1974 Keith Henry and Peter Umlah were taking my course when I mentioned that I'd like to sell the store and move on to other projects. I told the students that the business was thriving but that I had no time to pursue other interests such as photography and writing. I was very surprised when Keith and Peter approached me after one evening of lectures and expressed an interest in buying my store. I explained that I was prepared to sell them inventory at the beginning of the New Year at 5 % over my cost as a fee for good will. I told them that the amount of inventory after Christmas would hopefully be down to around \$40,000. They said that they had only \$45,000 in which to invest. We wrote up an agreement that I wouldn't open another camera store within a 20-mile radius of the existing store for a period of 5 years. They did not request that I refrain from opening a portrait studio.

Sometimes luck has a great deal to do with success and the two weeks before Christmas of 1974 was a case in point. The valley was hit with a big snowstorm and no one wanted to make a drive into Coquitlam or Vancouver to buy Christmas gifts. During this time my wife and I were living on 224th Street just north of the Dewdney Trunk Road in the old McLaughlin home. It had a huge basement and I used one half of it to store the huge inventory that had started to arrive in early October and another half as a darkroom to process film and print photos. My tiny shop was filled floor to ceiling and the huge room in our home was filled floor to ceiling with cases and cases of cameras, projectors, and film. In the final days leading up to Christmas sales just went crazy as all the other stores in Haney began running out of film and



Hiker John B. Hume

flash bulbs. In order to learn the ropes, Keith, his wife June, and Peter were working free in the store. I also had Arlene Cameron and Mary Poirier behind the counter. And then there was me. The store was so small that everyone was literally tripping over each other. I set a movie camera up on a tripod in one corner of the store and took time lapse photography. It was hilarious to do a playback and see me moving between each frame interacting with customers while my employees stayed grounded in one place. Every couple of hours I'd drive back to the house and bring up more inventory. Every night Dave would call and tell me about his sales in Abbotsford. I remember that things became so hectic that I hid a couple of days receipts in cash and cheques in the linen closet at home and forgot all about the hiding place until it was discovered by my wife in the New Year.

In September 1974 I opened a second store directly across the street from the Post Office in Abbotsford and left Dave Taylor and Bill Collins to run it. The shop was on the southeast corner of Gerge Ferguson Way [now] and Montrose Avenue. It was during this time that I attended a big camera sales display in downtown Vancouver where all the camera suppliers featured their latest models of cameras. I organized a



Teaching night classes in photography at Maple Ridge High School, fall 1974. This photograph was captioned “Two-feet to infinity”. It was about this time that Keith Henry, seated to the extreme right in the very back row, in company with Peter Umlah came up to me and offered to purchase my camera store business. This photo demonstrated available light with a lengthy exposure and depth-of-field with a wide angle lens.



Michelle at the orchard on the old Ike McLaughlin place, 224th Street, 1974.

meeting with several small camera storeowners and we formed a loose co-operative with me in charge of making the purchases. On one more memorable day I actually committed myself for the purchase of \$100,000 worth of supplies on just my signature. I probably spent in excess of \$250,000 during the show.

As I recall Carol took Michelle and went home to Prince Albert for Christmas 1973 and that I joined her as soon as my shop closed for Christmas Eve. As I'd never been on a train in my life, I decided to go to PA using this mode of transportation.

My wife and I purchased a house from Reverend and Mrs. Dudley Ritchie at 21687 – 125th Avenue at the end of 1974. Dudley had been the pastor at the Haney Correctional Centre and afterwards operated the Chamber of Commerce. The sellers were asking \$55,000 and I offered \$50,000 and we managed to get the home for \$52,500. I ended up taking over Dudley's mortgage at 8.5 % with the Canada Housing and Housing Corporation rather rather than at the higher 13.5 % with the bank.

Luckily for me, the sale of the store brought in much more than I had ever expected and I was able to pay off all my debts and come out of the sale almost \$65,000 of profit. There was one glitch, I had told Umlah and Henry that I very likely wouldn't have any more than \$40,000 worth of inventory after Christmas. We came to an understanding that they'd pay off my second mortgage with their \$40,000 and that I'd carry them interest free on the balance. They agreed to pay me double whatever they paid in provincial sales tax each month. If they had a poor month they paid less and on a good month they paid more. They liquidated the debt in less than a year.

It must have been during the late summer of 1974 that I chanced to visit the museum at Fort Langley and casually mentioned to Peter Chant, one of the staff, that I had produced 2 local history books, 'Tales of the Fraser Canyon' in 1973 with a run of 5,000 copies and Tales of the Golden Ears (a revamp of the Kwant'stan) in 1974 with a run of 3000 copies. I had been spending much of my time in the Princeton area gleaning material for a third book on the Similkameen. My books were competing with N.L. 'Bill' Barlee's "Gold Creeks and Ghost Towns" and "The Guide to Gold Panning in British Columbia". I was also in competition with Garnet Basque and Tom Patterson of Stagecoach Publishing.

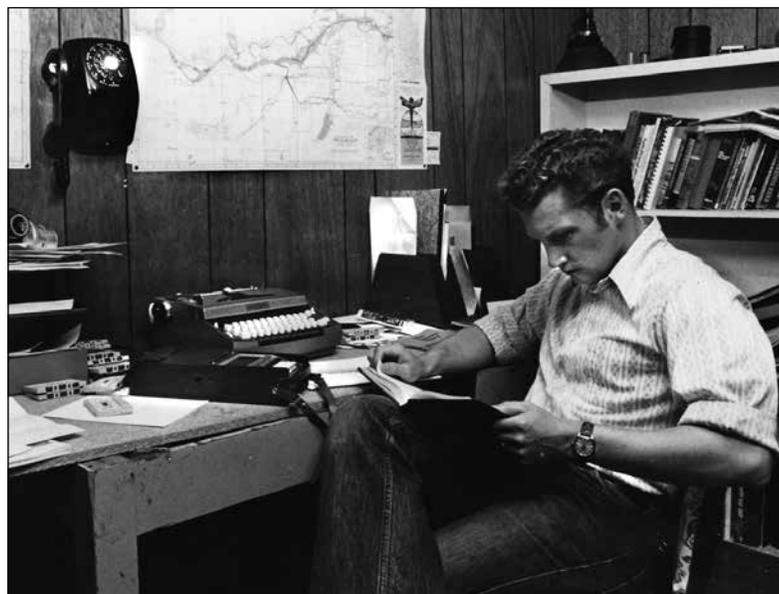
Peter told me that the Municipality of Langley was looking for someone to write its history and directed me to Eleanor Coates. She later negotiated a great deal for the municipality in which I'd receive a loan, not a wage, of \$12,000 to write a 100-page 5" x 7" book over a period of six months. The project ended up taking two years and resulted in a 288-page book. To save money I did the paste up and design of the 7" x 9" Langley book prior to sending it off to Friesen and Sons Printing in Altona, Manitoba.

Eleanor Coates got me a meeting with Langley's mayor Wil-

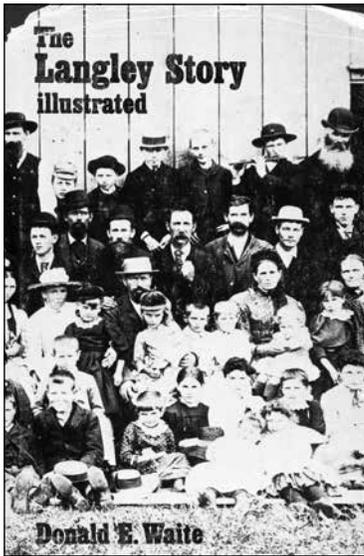


Gayle & Victor Loffler, Yale, 1974
Gayle is very much pregnant with Martin.

liam Blair and council and I worked out a deal with them. The municipality would loan me \$12,000 and give me six months to write a 100-page history. Once the dust settled from the sale of the camera store, I began to do research but instead of spending a great deal of time in the archives I instead opted to interview the pioneers and get their stories. I really enjoyed this part of the project. The big challenge was



Transcribing tapes in the basement of our 125th Avenue home.



getting the facts in chronological order and tying everything together. I would take the ferry across the Fraser at Albion every morning Monday through Friday and try to do one interview in the morning and another one in the afternoon. I tape recorded these conversations and would then try to transcribe them in the evenings and on weekends. It was very time consuming. My abilities as a photographer greatly helped me with the project. I told the pioneers that I could copy their old photographs with

my camera and not take their precious photographs off their property.

Things began to go awry on me even before I began the project as the result of an audit on the camera store. Larry Grant, an auditor with the Federal Income Tax office out of Vancouver, spent three days going over my books and although he assured me that everything was in order I was assessed \$7,000 over and above what I had earmarked for the government. I had no option but to open a new storefront, this time a portrait studio on the north side of the Lougheed Highway mid-way between 223rd and 224th Streets. It was the old Cass Floor's storefront and I quickly discovered it to be problematic because of the huge glass windows. The afternoon sun would shine into the studio during the summer months making portrait photography most difficult.

I shared these premises with Harold Shackelford and Mike Burke who owned Gold Nugget Draperies & Upholstery Ltd. Big Harold had wandered into my store a few months earlier wanting me to photograph some expensive drapery that he had received out of old castles in England. He afterwards told me that he expected that the job would cost him a small fortune but instead I merely sold him a couple of rolls of slide film and photographed all his samples in my studio in less than an hour. He was ecstatic and we soon became good friends and he afterwards treated me like a son.

We stayed in this store for only a couple of



Publicity photo for the title
'The Langley Story Illustrated, 1977.

months and then moved into Mussallem's old garage at the corner of 224th Street and Haney Boulevard [later the bank of Commerce and then Tim Horton's]. It was easily the very best location in Haney and it cost us \$300 each a month. George Mussallem, the local Dewdney Socred Member of the Legislative Assembly, owned this building. Bob Shellenberg ran a used car lot out the back door of the premises for Mussallem.

The Mussallem garage location was a very relaxed atmosphere but it was not to last as eventually Dewdney George, as Mr. Mussallem was known to his constituents, decided to double our rents. Although the rent wasn't that high initially, the place was a brute to heat during the winter months as there were huge big windows on 2 sides plus Bob had the bad habit of leaving his door open even on the coldest of days. I gave my notice and walked my entire studio one block west over the weekend and was ready for business on Monday morning. Instead of being located at Haney Boulevard or 224th Street, I was located on the Lougheed Highway but very near 223rd Street. I rented this 25-foot wide by 40-foot long space from N.B. Plumbing & Heating for \$650 a month.

I had several employees help me at this location. Val Stewart, Dave Stewart's daughter was the first and she was excellent. I later hired Jim Brooks to help me with the photography. Kate Burrage and Lesley Percival also worked with me during this time. Mrs. Burrage had applied for the position and had years earlier worked as a photographer's secretary while Lesley was our neighbor on 125th Avenue.

I was working in this location when I had a set back from an accident up on Hollyburn Mountain in North Vancouver. The family had gone up the mountain in the new van and I accidentally stepped into a hole while looking up into a tree at a bird. I fell and broke my right ankle. Because of the accident, I had to hire an assistant photographer with my weddings. I also had to reduce my setting by about 50 %.

It was while working at the 'Don Waite Photographer & Publisher Co. Ltd.' store that my wife volunteered to assist me with the retouching of the portrait and wedding photographs. She set up a workstation in the basement of the house and, like me, was sometimes putting in 12-hour days getting portrait packages out for Christmas. By this time I had a few hundred Canadian Family Record Plan customers that were coming in twice a year.

For the months of October, November, I was greedy and booked a family portrait session every 15 minutes. It was extremely hectic as sometimes I'd put through a three generations session and end up taking 20 and more different combinations in less than half an hour. With my wife's help, the portrait and wedding studio managed to do in excess of \$20,000 during one year when it was being operated on the northeast corner of 223rd Street and Lougheed Highway.



Portrait studio at 22311 Lougheed Highway, Maple Ridge, Christmas, 1981.