

Taureau

**Bull (bool) n. & a. 1. n. uncastrated
male of ox, or any bovine animal**

A Tale of Tail's in Black and White

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**Salon INTERNATIONAL de L'Agriculture
Pte-de-Versailles, Paris, France 15e, 1949**

A novelette by

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Winter Solstice, Paris 1997

Charlemagne II a Parson Russell Terrier named after a great long lineage of Parson Russell Terrier's that originally were bred on a now famous dairy farm located in Canada during the 1940's had been graciously granted the same lineage name bestowed from the great Holy Roman Emperor crowned in the year 800, was aboard Air France flight 473 accelerating from Charles de Gaulle Airport, a stewardess announcing that the 747's tentative arrival at Sir John A Macdonald Airport in Ottawa Canada, to be at 2.33 p.m. Canadian Eastern Standard time.

Kilo per kilo Charlemagne had as much energy, courage, and commanding influence, as the mighty Charles did in the ninth Century. The statue of Charlemagne still sits proudly, with Les Leydes gathered around his trusty steed, dominating the scene in front of Notre Dame Cathedral. The ancient gargoyles of the majestic edifice look down upon the mighty warrior his fierce gaze fixed on the Left Bank of the Seine. With Quasimodo and Esmerelda just a memory, Charlemagne presides over Isle de la Cite, in Place du Parvis, a renowned rendez-vous by Parisians. Charlemagne had previously surveyed the famous square in the year 800. In the middle ages when mysteries were acted out in front of Notre Dame, the grandiose facade represented Paradise, from which the word 'Parvis' derived by geographers in 1778 as kilometre zero, from which all designated distances in France would be measured

Charlemagne II glanced at his master gazing out the window through the slits of his Louis Vuiton dog kennel. Charlemagne's beloved city of

Paris lay below disappearing in the morning mist, with one last glimpse of the Seine snaking through the countryside below like a random pencil-line on a page. As the plane banked Charlemagne spotted the Eiffel Tower standing at attention like a crusty baguette where so many good times had been spent sniffing and exercising one's hind leg. Charlemagne noted Jacques Trois-Pistoles, pulling a tattered copy of the Herald Tribune from his weather beaten satchel, looking at the well worn circled add. Jacques marvelled at the hand fate had dealt them. The anticipation of the trip, plus the pretty young Air France Hostess serving him cafe express added to his heightened sense of excitement. Charlemagne curled up in a tight ball as his master squeezed his long legs under the seat ahead of him, both releasing un grand soupir. The air temp in Paris that morning was 6c, cooler than usual for early March. The crew readied all passengers for the seven hour trip ahead, twitching to sleep Jacques mind slipped back to the beginning nearly fifty years ago in the beautiful countryside of Normandie, where his great great great grand-papa presided, quelle ca-ca, he thought, where had time flown. He closed his eyes and drifted off for a few hours of light sleep.

Upon landing, Jacques was relieved that the weather in Ottawa was clear and cold. He wasn't used to winter driving and knew from his conversations with Gaston Boris Firmin that the Ottawa Valley had a fair amount of foul weather at this time of year. Snow was piled high along the roadside, but Highway 16 was clear as he headed south in his rented car. He had accepted the invitation to stop by the office of Gaston Firmin on his way to the Motel, which had been booked for him. The two men had briefly met forty-five plus years ago at the Sorbonne in Paris when they were first starting out in the field of Bovine Genetics, and had carried on a professional correspondence over the years. Dr. Gaston Boris Firming or G.B. as he liked to be called was now Director General at Ottawa Valley Breeders in Kemptville. The College town was about thirty minutes from Ottawa's International Airport and it seemed like no time to get there. Ice crunched with each footstep he took towards the Administration Building, a brisk wind catching his breath as he stepped inside. Firmin's office was on the second floor, and Jacques could hear his voice as he climbed the stairs. Gaston was tall and slim as Jacques remembered him, only slightly balding now. Firmin greeted him warmly and invited him to a coffee. Sun poured in the large window on the two older men who had so much in common, as they discussed their itinerary for the coming week. An hour passed quickly before

Jacques took his leave, with plans to meet for breakfast in the morning. Firmin had kindly invited him to have dinner at his farm the next evening to meet his family. Jacques was feeling very pleased about the way his trip was starting, and stopped at the L.C.B.O. the equivalent of a French wine shop, on his way to the Motel to pick up a bottle of wine to help him unwind and celebrate his arrival. He was rather amused but not surprised at the limited selection of good French wine. He settled for a Barton and Guestier 'ninety six' realizing he should be grateful he had found a fairly respectable cepage. The long day was beginning to catch up with him and he was anxious to check into the Motel and relax, as Charlemagne was becoming agitated snow conditions being at the top of his agenda. They would have a bite to eat before going over his notes and getting a good nights sleep to be ready for the morning session. Jacques was eager to finally meet his Canadian colleagues in person, after hearing about his new department in many telephone conversations, leading up to his acceptance of the position.

He had been hesitant in replying to the add in the Trib, and was pleasantly surprised to be offered the position so unexpectedly. After some deliberation and discussion with his long time friend and confidant Pascal Prud'homme he had accepted the position of ombudsman for the modern agricultural world symposium. This new so called 'Biotechnology Unzipped' that had even provoked condemnation, from the Vatican.

The next morning, Jacques awoke early and drove a few kilometres to the tiny village of Spencerville, located on the banks of the Nation River. He had no trouble locating the old stone Hotel typical of those built one hundred years ago in the Ottawa Valley. It was a quaint village where time seemed to have stood still. Jacques was just leaving his car when he spotted a smiling Firmin striding across the narrow main Street. The two men shook hands cordially and exchanged greetings before entering the dining room of the only restaurant in town. Jacques took in the interior of the dark small room as he shook hands with his new colleagues as he and Firmin joined the group of six men and Charlemagne II under the large round table for an ice breaker breakfast. It was an enjoyable meal although Jacques was not as fond of the Canadian maple syrup provided by a local producer for the pancakes as he let on. It was a jovial group, and for the most part, considerably younger than himself. They were all very welcoming and eager to hear his story. All were obviously fond of Firmin, and Jacques had a good feeling about working with this group

of talented geneticists.

They left the Hotel as Jacques reflected that this was only la deuxieme fois that he had trotted on Canadian soil. The first was when he had been summoned by Monsieur Armand Thivierge some fifty years ago, if that was the beginning is this then the end? All the men shook hands and some headed for their vehicles mostly trucks, Jacques observed. He and Firmin went next door to a little coffee shop where they joined a group of local beef farmers.

Index un: The Beginning Calving Ease

Spring Solstice, Spencerville Ontario Canada, 1949

Jacques Trois-Pistoles stepped on Canadian soil for the first time, as a rookie consultant on invitation by the Canadian Government.

The hot topic of conversation at the three-calendar coffee shop, was, the speculation of an incredible Taureau. The small group of men were clustered around Jacques, eager to hear the latest from Europe, in the field of bovine genetics.

He had been wooed by one of the most prestigious bull farms in the world. Taking a mouthful of steaming coffee before he spoke, Jacques exclaimed Sacre Bleu, it's incredible how such a super bull could exist! Indeed it had been a dream of his since he was a small boy growing up on his Father's domain in Normandie, France. At last he was getting his chance to become manager director for a respected high indexing bull farm in Normandie. In this capacity he could test the inputs of the best bull semen the modern world had to offer.

The circle of men hung on his every word, like the brightly colored caps that hung on their heads, as he explained the possibilities of his discovery. They each had an interest in the local bull semen farm that Jacques had been hired by, as a consultant to instruct in the latest technology of that time.

Of course equally important to Jacques was his secret agenda. During his stay in Canada, he planned to pay a visit further up the Ottawa Valley. Only a privileged group were aware of his firm's investment. The scuttlebutt bantered about in the board rooms of Normandie were, as whispered investment, No SI 2210.

Although the telegram tucked in his jacket pocket gave him an uneasy feeling, he kept this to himself and presented to these men a picture of complete confidence and capability. Every person listening felt his excitement. It was a clear day in Canada, and anything was tres possible! Coffee break over a big red-faced fellow with a contagious laugh threw a handful of money on the counter; they all pulled on

their jackets and secured their caps on their foreheads as they left the diner. Jacques noticed the narrow street in front of the diner was lined with shiny Pick-ups. He headed off to visit the Firmin farm for his first time, on the outskirts of the village of Spencerville.

Gaston Firmin was still working on his final thesis for a Doctorate, on bovine breeding, and had invited Jacques to visit, as both their interests lay in the same area of expertise. The Century farm was well situated on rolling land set back from the road. The two Firmin boys were playing hockey in the icy yard as he pulled in. Gaston greeted Jacques, and both men toured the barns and had a beer in G.B's office before his wife Hanna arrived home from her teaching position at the local school. Jacques shared a fine meal with the Firmin family, and after supper visited Daniel's prize herd of purebred Herefords, arriving just as a calf was beginning the process, of calving with ease.

The comfortable family and farm atmosphere reminded Jacques, of his own childhood upbringing, not so long ago.

Normandie

Jacques career path began innocently enough on his parents family farm in Normandie twenty years earlier at the tender age of five. After returning from church one beautiful Sunday morning in May, the small boy bounced out of the family car and ran down the well worn path toward the pasture, his Father Gustav following happily behind his only son. Anne-Marie, his attractive wife of ten years, and the Mother of Jacques, laughed and moved somewhat reluctantly towards their well kept farm house.

It was a classic style Normand half-timbered house of heavy oak beams and plaster. They had inherited it from Gustav's family, and Anne-Marie had grown to love its charming low ceilings and thatched roof. Outside Jacques and his father were looking at their small herd of seven sleekly contented vaches Normandes with their distinctive brown patch spectacles. The handsome white cream and brown markings were characteristic of Normandie's dominant breed.

Commanding the beautiful bovine group was Gustav's pride and joy, le Taureau. The small herd were grazing contentedly in the bright green pasture surrounded by wild apple trees cascading with pale pink blossoms. Spring was Gustav's favourite season on the farm. He was anxious to get back on the land, and grateful for the extra hours of daylight that would enable him to put in a longer day. Gustav Trois-Pistoles was a man like his Father before him not afraid of hard work. However despite the beautiful weather and his all-around good fortune Gustav had a worried look on his furrowed brow.

After all this was just at the end of the Nationalist Socialist Party Occupation of France. Gustav et sa famille had been very lucky and so far, and had survived the ravages of the Normandie countryside. But this day he was not his usual jocular self. Gustav mumbled to himself, more than directing his concern to his young son, as he knew that a five year old could not understand his problem. Nos vaches are not producing the quality of milk that they should. His milk quota like that of his neighbours was largely used to produce the creamy aged Livarot which this area of Normandie was known for. He knew that with the war over, there would be more demand for this specialty and Gustav wanted to be ready... But Papa his young son blurted out, It is your Bull my Bull he replied Oui Papa ! C'est le Taureau! Gustav laughed and tousled the boy's hair with his big-callused hand. What would you know of such things mon enfant. The young lad looked up at his Father with his big brown eyes. Papa you always tell me he is the most handsome Bull in Normandie. I know he won the Medaille D'or, Why isn't he giving us better babies, Papa? 'The boy was right about that. Indeed Gustav was very proud that his bull had been honoured with the top prize at the Paris Agricultural Exposition a la Porte De Versailles in milles neuf cent trente neuf. Regardless of his son's seemingly innocent remark it caused Gustav to consider the possibility that indeed it was true. His bull had failed to sire the standard of calf needed to do the job. Perhaps Jacques was on to quelque chose important. After all he knew that his son was above average. Yes, Gustav thought he would pursue the young lad's instinct.

Index deux: Stature Tall

The more Gustav thought about it the more obvious it became. Why hadn't he thought of it himself? Gustav was dumbfounded, how could a small child know about such things! He was very proud of his garçon, and as he started to think about his son's vivid imagination Anne-Marie called from la maison, that lunch was on the table. Father tall of stature, and son immediately turned their interests and their dusty boots towards the house. As they entered the eighteenth century Normandie farmhouse they hung their blue jackets on the wooden pegs by the kitchen door, and stood their rubber boots on the straw mat. After washing their hands at the sink by the window, they moved towards the old wooden table and settled into their usual chairs, the same ones Gustav's Father and his Father had used. Before them was a typical Normandie repas, and one of Anne-Marie's specialties. There was a steaming platter of boudin, noir et blanc,

made by their neighbour Madame Fouinard. A small blue crock of hot mustard sat beside it, and a fresh baguette from Monsieur Leblanc at the local Boulangerie. Hot betteraves and mashed potatoes as well as a bowl of French green beans with a slab of fresh Normandie butter sliding over top completed their mid-day meal. The vegetables were all from Anne-Marie's garden which she was very proud of. Indeed, Gustav couldn't complain. His wife was a hard worker and a wonderful cook, as well as being healthily beautiful.

What more could he ask for? They were very happy with what they had together, and hoped for all this to be handed on to Jacques their only child. Gustav washed this down as he always did, with a glass of his home-made hard cider.

The apples, which he pressed each fall, were grown in the orchard planted by his great Grandfather. A bowl of crème fraiche sat on the red chequered tablecloth, and they finished their meal with a generous dollop of it on their berries. After thanking his wife for his satisfying meal, he reflected for a few minutes over another glass of cider and suddenly he announced that he would be taking Jacques to L'Aigle with him that afternoon. L'Aigle was the political seat of L'Orne and just a short drive through the Normandie countryside from their farm. He planned to attend the meeting called to form a committee, for instituting the first' Artificial Inseminating Bull Center in all of France. But, Anne-Marie objected Jacques is much too young, to attend such a meeting. He will be bored, leave him here with me, please Gustav. Gustav quickly replied after this morning, I have a feeling that our only son has great insight in to Bull's, and that you and I have no control over the situation. I must, test his skills! Jacques jumped up from the table and squealed oui oui Mama please let me go with Papa, I'll be good. Alors, shortly after lunch, Gustav and his son rolled out of the farmyard in their old battered quarter ton Deux Chevaux and headed towards L'Aigle twelve kilometres away. He always enjoyed the drive over the rolling hills along the banks of the Touques River, passing by the farms of his old friends and neighbours. Upon their arrival in centre ville Gustav swung the small vehicle into a parking spot on Rue de la Merilliere. They saw familiar faces heading into the Cafe de la Paix for a ballon of vin rouge chaud before the meeting. Outside the Cafe, in the shadow in a row of Plane trees, a boules tournament was in progress. Jacques was quite fascinated with the game and Father and son lingered a bit enjoying the competition before Gustav left his son on a bench to watch the popular sport, while he joined his fellow farmers inside. He nodded a greeting to his friend

Jo-Jo, and his wife Claudette, owners of the popular Cafe. Red faced Jo-Jo, a Gauloise clenched in his teeth, smoothly filled a glass of red wine with one hand, and slid it across the bar to Gustav, while his other hand made a clean swipe of the counter with a wet rag. Meanwhile, the group of men who had been there for some time loudly debated their strategy and discussed their varying points of view before the upcoming meeting. Around their feet scattered like snow were the mornings accumulation of Gauloise stubs. The windows of the Cafe dripped with moisture as Jo-Jo's dog Fox leapt up on a chaise by the window to watch the goings on in the street. There was much shouting and banging of burly fists on the polished bar before one of the men noticed the time. They threw back their heads as a group, draining their glasses, before paying Claudette, and heading out the door of the smoke filled cafe. As he emerged from the Café Gustav waved a greeting to one of the local housewives pedaling by with a crusty baguette in her bicycle basket, before he called to his son. Hand in hand they walked across the cobbled square, a spring in their step, in anticipation of the afternoon ahead. It was a colourful and animated group that headed to la Mairie for their important meeting. He noticed that Madame Aujoulait, the Mayors wife, had already planted her Primulas in the window boxes of the beautiful Town Hall. He must remember to tell Anne-Marie when he gets home. Spring had arrived in l'Aigle at last!

It was a very stormy gathering, with much heated discussion from all sides. Many local milk producers could not agree on the sum of money to be paid by individual families to the project. During the entire proceedings Jacques played quietly at one end of the long table with a small toy tractor he found in his pocket.

The afternoon progressed, coffee was served, yet still no consensus was arrived at by the men involved. As the big clock in the entrance way chimed four o'clock the young son of Gustav Trois-Pistoles seeming not to have paid any attention to the proceedings, piped up in a loud five year old voice, Papa I told you it's the bull! Do you not realize, what a great Bull could do for you? There was silence as all heads turned towards the small boy, the son of Gustav Trois-Pistoles. With open mouths they gazed from the son to his proud smiling Father. The boy is right, he beamed the answer lies with le Taureau!

Index trois: Strength Strong

Jacques Trois-Pistoles primary school education was uneventful, until his very attractive teacher in the huitieme annee discovered that his interests lay in the subject of Bulls, and their offspring, and other

aspects of la reproduction. His mother Anne-Marie, having had more consultations than she thought necessary with Jacques teacher, Mademoiselle Les Pantalons-Chaud, as she was of the opinion that it was La Maitresse, who created, les diversions that put her pauvre Jacques behind the progress of his peers. After all she and Gustav were certain of their son's above-average intelligence. Did it not run in the family? But of course, it must be the teachers fault that he was experiencing difficulty.

Finally, despite some trouble in some subjects, Jacques Trois-Pistoles was about to graduate from la huitieme annee. Not only was he to graduate, but avec la Medaille D'or Honneurs. This was solely due to his class project entitled L'insemination Global des Taureaux de la Normandie.

He had really enjoyed working on this project, especially as Mademoiselle Les Pantalons-Chaud, whose strong strength and stamina, generously contributed many hours of extra curricular time to help him. On the eve of the big night Gustav et son epouse Anne-Marie drove to L'Aigle in their brand new Peugeot quart de tonne Deux Chevaux, for their sons' graduation. Upon arrival at the Ecole Normale, they were not met at the appointed place and time indicated by Jacques. After waiting in the classroom, for trois quart d'heure Jacques et la maitresse Mademoiselle Les Pantalons-Chaud came racing in. Speaking at the same time and apologizing for being late they explained to Gustav and Anne-Marie, that they had been, adding the last pieces of information to polish off the project. Gustav noticed that they were both flushed, but had put it off to the last flurry of activities that had just taken place, to put this project together. Gustav and Anne-Marie, were bursting with pride for their only son as he stepped up to the podium to, receive his Medaille D'Or. Gustav squeezed Anne-Marie's hand as the Chef de l'ecole announced the award was for the best project presented in les dernier dix ans. Jacques, their pride and joy, received a scholarship to L'ecole Secondaire d'Agriculture in Paris.

Index quatre: Body Depth

Two years after the Liberation of France, from National Socialism, in Canada a very large and handsome bull calf was being born to a yet unproven but, incredibly productive dam. The semen donated from Fatal Le Taureau with great body depth, was the most promising progeny in the modern world. This took place in a very small, Holstein herd in Eastern Ontario genetically light years ahead of it's time.

Index cinque: Dairy Form Open Rib

Jacques Trois-Pistoles, was now graduated from his four years at the Sorbonne Secondaire. This and two additional years, for his maitrise in semen research at L'University Taureau Agricole de Bruxelles gained him reserved accolades from his peers, as his uncanniness for choosing bulls and dams having great dairy form, and open rib, with great success, was consistent and without precedence. His quatre annees in Paris had not been totally devoted to his studies, as this aspect, came very easily to him. It had also taught him some invaluable lessons in life and all its follies after all was Paris, not the city of light, and love. Indeed he did not forget la huitieme annee and his wonderful teacher Mademoiselle Les Pantalons-Chaud and the subtleties brought to his attention by la femelle forme fatale. All these experiences had come to roost, to form a global understanding of life and all its unexplained. This made him the most sought after graduating student from L'Academie De Bruxelles.

Le C.I.A .de l'Aigle Rue de la Merilliere, took a huge gamble. They had been following Jacques, progress with great interest. Because of his father's involvement as secretary treasurer, the committee voted to allow the most funds one million Vieux Francs Francais, ever to be allotted to any project undertaken by this Coop-Perative. La Coop had been on the losing side of dividends for two years in a row, when this difficult decision was made. It was a damned if you do, or damned if you don't situation, or according to the French expression Merde. The producers involved were calling for Semen Unrest! And Jacques was hired.

Index six: Rump Angle High Pins

Jacques Trois-Pistoles three years of mixing, matching, freezing, balancing, cryogenics pour la Coop-Perative C.I.A. de l'Aigle, had turned the corner making a negative situation, a positive one. He had at this point only taken things to heart, to please his father and his fellow, producers, to the betterment of his agricultural community. But in his heart the, challenge that lay ahead was one that had, been with him, since the age of five, the opportunity to bring to the world, at large, the greatest possible Bull of all times, that could change, the course of genetic history.

Jacques Trois-Pistoles, had been studying, the world of genetic pooling and had noticed, that Canada had apparently established a niche in this advanced technology. Particularly, a small town called Barry's Bay in a remote area of Eastern Ontario, there had been born a Bull calf, with a great rump angle and high pins, which had great potential, or as Jacques would say, c'est une situation Incroyable.

Each Saturday morning in the winter months, the dairy farmers in the region of l'Aigle who could get away for a few hours, and met at Cafe Victor Hugo to discuss their ideas concerning artificial insemination. Monsieur Tranche Montagne the proprietor, and cousin of Monsieur Le Directeur de la Coop-Perative welcomed the group. He enjoyed the lively discussion, and looked forward to their arrival each week. Occasionally he treated them to a ballon de vin rouge in appreciation of their patronage. Directly after les petits cafe noir and sometimes a thimble full of Calvados, the meeting would come to order . First on the agenda, was new business, and Jacques was asked to present the possibilities for new potential investment areas. There was always a lot of dialogue, and questions brought up for discussion. They usually cut things off by noon, when several of the voting producers went to the Cafe Comfortabull's stand up bar, for a glass of before going home to lunch. Today the hot issue dominating their conversation was whether to approve the purchase of a bull calf from Canada. Now not all members, agreed with the purchase of this new bull calf to hopefully replenish and embellish, the Coop-Perative's image, and hopefully improve it's bottom line, so the talk, at the bar was quite animated, and the biggest point of contention, was le prix horrible to be paid for the purchase of this little known, bull when there were, perfectly good animals from all regions of FRANCE, a fraction of the Canadian dollar. Now unbeknownst to all the voting members, Jacques Trois-Pistoles had done his homework. He had done many hours of research of a huge backlog of documentation. Much of it concerning, the exportation of dam's and sires, of Holstein progeny. He went through two sturdy cardboard boxes filled to brimming, with lading bills, weigh tickets, cargo manifests. There were endless historical hand written exportation documents detailing the years 1943 to 1945. The exports were to countries, free of Nationalist Socialism, such as Canada. European progeny lines of the Holstein strain, for continuation of future propagation had been recorded due to fear of loosing all the last century's, worth of detailed catalogued information. He had come upon, these documents by sheer luck many years ago. It was all due to the lovely petite Mademoiselle he had been dating at the time. He had met Genevieve in Semen one o one at L'University Taureau Agricole de Bruxelles. Not only was she clever, but also had some very specific appetites. On one of their memorable days together, as Jacques and Genevieve were leaving their last class that day, had invited her to join him for a

petit café, in hopes of spending the evening engaged in more amorous activities. In order to speed up his intentions Jacques lead Genevieve down a deserted corridor planning to take a short cut to the student cafeteria. Much to his surprise, Genevieve pulled Jacques, into a small alcove leading, from the main corridor and threw her arms around his neck, covering his face with kisses. Quickly Jacques fumbled for the handle of the small door behind him, while maintaining his hold on his luscious companion. As they fell inside they were relieved that the small dark room was at their disposal. Whispering je t'aime mon amour, and other sweet nothings they collapsed onto several dusty cardboard boxes. Consumed by their love for each other, neither cared what lay in their way. They managed to make themselves fairly comfortable, considering their haste! When le plaisir d'amour had come to its eventful fruition, they lovingly dusted one another off straightened their hair and clothing prepared to act normal as they made their reluctant exit. When the door opened, bright light streamed in to show that they had been lying on several old cardboard boxes. Jacques noticed they were labelled; ATTENTION: CARGO MANIFESTS DE LA LIGNE HOLSTEIN EUROPEENES POUR LES ANNEES 1943 \ 1945 DURANT L'OCCUPATION DOCUMENTATION ULTRA SECRET 'VIVE LA FRANCE'

In the aftermath of what had just transpired he, realized, that what he had discovered was perhaps the thesaurus, to the beginning of his dreams. By taking his time tying his shoe he was able to read enough of the identifying comments scrawled on the box tops, to realize their worth. He must find a way to go through the contents of these abandoned boxes. It was later that same night that he made his way back to the secluded closet, and made off with the valuable contents for his future research. It was in fact years later, in L'Aigle, that the information gleaned from these two old boxes, provided the background needed, for the purchase of the Canadian bull calf born on a farm near Barry's Bay in Eastern Ontario Canada

Index Sept: Rear Leg Set Potsy

Meanwhile in the Balmoral Tavern, Barry's Bay Ontario sat discouraged, red faced Paddy Boyle, who had just driven into town at breakneck speed in his beat up old Chevy half ton. As he finished his quart of Molson's ale, he realized he had become accustomed to Canadian beer, but he still preferred the hearty Irish ale he grew up with in County Cork. He shrugged, thinking you could get used to anything, but this afternoon's incident was a complete surprise, and had him feeling bewildered. He was anxious for his pals to arrive to

vent his anger and gain some sympathy.

He knew they'd be along soon, as this was Thursday afternoon, Paddy's afternoon off, and most of them met after work to shoot the breeze and kick off the weekend. Paddy was slouched with his back to the shuffleboard, in a foul mood his cap pulled over his forehead, ruminating on what had just taken place not over an hour ago. He was still in shock that Monsieur Thivierge had really fired him! Paddy had worked for the same family since his arrival from the old country. Armand Thivierge had hired him, and given him his start here in Canada. How could he betray him now after Paddy had worked so hard for the French Canadian farmer. It had not been easy for Paddy. He thought his work had been appreciated, but apparently it was not. He was angry, and hurt. His red hair matched his temper and he kicked the rear table leg set it potsy, and then took another gulp of his beer.

As a herdsman on the small dairy farm near Wilno he was proud that he held such a responsible job. He had even been able to put a few dollars in the Bank of Nova Scotia on Main Street. He faithfully sent his dear Mother a monthly cheque, to give his younger brothers and sisters some of the things she hadn't been able to afford for him as a lad.

The village of Wilno was the oldest settled Polish community in Canada, not fifteen minutes from Barry's Bay. In eighteen hundred and sixty four, three hundred Poles had left their troubled homeland to settle in Renfrew County. Paddy could identify with the Polish people, and respected their hard work. Just after the turn of the century their numbers grew when they were joined by an influx of more Polish immigrants. They managed to establish themselves on small family farms, and had survived the harsh Canadian winters, and poor rocky, tree covered landscape. They were a tight knit community, and many of the older generation still spoke their native language. Since he had bought his first second hand truck from, Slav Chapeskie, he had been running the winding Lake road into Barry's Bay on a weekly basis. He came to town after milking on Friday night to deposit his pay. Armand Thivierge always paid him cash, and Paddy kept out enough to have a few Quarts of Molson's and a steak at the Balmoral Hotel, with the boys. Paddy had become one of the regulars at the BAL since his arrival here ten years ago He sometimes missed the pubs of Belfast, with their crowds of men, often breaking into song after quaffing, several pints of Irish beer. Indeed Paddy himself had been known to start singing at the end of a night of hard drinking when he felt lonely

for his family. He liked the old Hotel, with its dated no-nonsense interior. Nothing fancy, to be sure, and based on today's standards would not be acceptable in a city like Ottawa, Canada's Capital, but was just fine for the working men of this rural community.

Built in 1890 the Balmoral had endured as a typical Canadian Tavern. The simple rugged Railway Hotel sitting like a two story box beside the tracks is a common sight in small towns throughout Ontario. Standing opposite the Canadian Atlantic Rail way station, this establishment had been home to many a railroad worker and traveler in the hey-day of train travel.

As well, the Balmoral had maintained the Ottawa Valley tradition, of an old fashioned kitchen serving hearty wholesome meals that we remember our mothers making. They also rented basic rooms, nightly weekly and monthly, and this is where Paddy had made his home since arriving in Barry's Bay.

Patrick F Boyle was born in Belfast Northern Ireland. They were a family of seven children, and there was often not enough food to go around. Paddy knew what it was to go to bed hungry at night, and he wanted a better life for himself. His Father worked in the coal mine and came home dirty and tired and too often into his cups. His Mother had a hard life trying to feed her brood on his Father's meagre pay and Paddy wanted none of it. He knew from an early age that he wanted to immigrate to Canada, like his cousin Eugene who had gone before him. At the tender age of nineteen he replied to a paid add in the Belfast Agricultural Gazette for a job in Canada. He still kept that cherished bit of newspaper, which read;

HERDSPERSON Progressive registered Holstein dairy.

Forty-cow herd seeks applicant for a herdsman.

Responsibilities include backup milking herd health checks heat detection record keeping feeding and other herd care.

Opportunity to work independently with flexible hours and to learn and grow with the business. Competitive wages and benefits all immigration papers and passage by ship taken care of for qualified applicant.

Reply to:

Thivierge's reg'd holsteins

postal bag one

Barry's Bay Ont.

Canada

Patrick Boyle was recalling the excitement he felt the day he had replied to the add, the anticipation when he had accepted the job, and

the emotion of leaving his beloved Ireland. He realized what a long road it had been from County Cork to Barry's Bay to end up like he was feeling today, when all of a sudden, a loud boisterous voice shook him out of his reverie. Patrick what the hell are you thinking about? Maurice shouted, as he was sauntering up to the table with a couple of quarts of Molson's in his hand. Maurice had been one of Patrick's best friends since he had arrived in Canada, as both were single lads they had spent a lot of time together over the last few years. They knew each other's moods and enjoyed each other's company. What's up Paddy boy? he said, as he sat down and spilled some beer from the tall neck bottles onto the table. As Paddy was starting to answer the three other lads came rumbling in and ordered a round of quarts. The talk at the table 'til late Thursday night at the BAL was all about Paddy's firing.

Index huit: Angle Steep

Jacques Trois-Pistoles, sat in his office on Rue de la Merilliere L'Aigle, going over the final export documentation for the bull calf from Canada. On one of the documents it was cited that a proper name for identification purposes, must be entered, registered, stamped with the official seal, de la Fraternity Academic du Club Holstein Francaise and all the authentic, lineage progeny original transcripts. Jacques had all the historical data, part of which was found, in those two valuable cardboard boxes, in his possession.

He was thinking back remembering how many of these sires and dams had left their country of origin. Like the young bull calf from Canada whose ancestors had left the port of Le Havre, much livestock had left French soil in the bottom of that famous troop ship. The Queen Elizabeth, originally a very fine passenger ship was put into commission as a carrier for the war effort. The same ship that crossed the Atlantic Ocean in late 1945 returning injured war veterans to Canada also had precious Holstein stock as cargo, headed away from uncertain danger. One of the more valuable passengers with a reputed pedigree was La Parisienne Gaulloise EX mere enceinte. This same dam landed in the port of Montreal, on a bitter cold December night after a turbulent crossing of the North Atlantic three days before Christmas Eve. Waiting for her was an anxious farmer clutching the hand of his ten year old daughter.

After all the troops had disembarked, the large block and tackle lifted the expectant mother cow, out of the hold and into a holding pen. Mr. Armand Thivierge, backed up his 1939 Ford half ton towards the holding pen gate. He had his purchase agreement ready for the

Customs Officers, and hoped all was in order. His daughter leapt out and was jumping up and down near the gate waving her small hand to come closer. Elspeth was flapping her arms to keep warm, and suddenly put her arm straight up to signal stop. Her Papa stepped out of the truck, walked to the back, bending his head down, clutching his red wool jacket closer around his neck, tugging the flaps of his fur hat down over his ears. Armand shouted to Elspeth to get back in the vehicle out of the cold. Elspeth refused, not wanting to miss any of the excitement. There was a bitter wind blowing as Armand Thivierge opened up the folding wooden tail gate he had built, for this special occasion.

Mademoiselle Parisienne he called her, after all she was not a mother yet although his experienced eye confirmed she was *tres proche*. He was worried that the long ride home might prove to be disastrous, particularly after her long sea voyage. Elspeth played in the snow, as he forked fresh straw into the back of the truck, making a warm bed for the bovine's return trip. Mr. Thivierge, coaxed La Parisienne, ever so slowly towards the truck by tugging gently on her halter. Elspeth was talking very softly to the frightened looking cow as she made her way cautiously up the ramp, as she had a very nice steep foot angle to her. Slowly she climbed the new wooden ramp on to the truck, sniffed all her surroundings sighed heavily, and gently folded herself down into a resting position. She was startled when Elspeth's tiny dog lurched out of the deep straw, and the Thivierge's, Parson Russell Terrier appeared in front of her nose. They called him Charlemagne I, after the great Holy Roman Emperor crowned in the year 800. This was a special monument to Armand and his wife Juliette. It held many fond memories of their younger days and visits they had made to Paris by steamship, before Elspeth's birth. They made a point of starting each visit with a stop at the magnificent statue before entering Notre Dame to light a candle in memory of their ancestors. As a result, when they acquired their small mighty chien from top breeding stock in Ireland, Juliette chose to name him after an equally fantastic warrior! Charles. The Ottawa Valley was known for its unpredictable and often stormy weather at this time of year, and Armand hoped for the best. It was a long drive to Barry's Bay, and Elspeth fell into a deep and satisfied sleep within half an hour of leaving, all scrunched up with her little dog on her pony's horse blanket, in the corner of the seat.

Index neuf: Fore Attachment Loose

Jacques was still sitting in his office with a frown on his face. As he had not come up with a name for the new bull calf, the dossier to this date

was still known to the investors only as encryption for security precautions. He had all the proper documentation, ready to go, but there was still one line needing to be filled out before being sent to the committee for approval. Jacques was still undecided about the name for this special offspring. As he sat there puzzling over it, it came to him in a flash! Roman History lessons that he had studied so hard, gave him his inspiration! Sparticus the great saviour of the roman slaves had done it single-handed. This is what he thought this bull calf could do for the world of the Holstein progeny. Sparticus L'Incroyable would be his choice. Yes, this noble title would capture the hopes and pride he had for his bull calf and, incredible, he was. Paddy knew his dismissal that day was sparked by the late arrival of Armand Thivierge from his long journey to the Port of Montreal. It happened to be his afternoon off and Paddy was anxious to go to town. Juliette was watching at the kitchen window for the beam of headlights to come up the lane. At dusk, when the old half-ton finally pulled into the yard, it was blanketed with snow the wipers pushing it back rhythmically in neat white folds. Paddy could see it had been quite a drive for the foursome, through a blizzard of neige percante. Monsieur told them it had started just outside of Arnprior as they were turning on to the Opeongo trail for the final leg home. Paddy and Juliette Thivierge had finished the milking and clean up early, to be ready for the travelers and welcome them home properly. From the moment he got out of the truck Paddy could tell the old man was tired and irritable. As they were unloading La Parisienne, the cow was bawling, and it was obvious she was soon to have her calf as her fore attachment was loose. Paddy was cursing to himself, as he was backing her out of the thirty nine half ton, thinking how his afternoon off was already lost due to the imminent birth and the lateness of their arrival at the farm. As La Parisienne was backing down the new ramp especially designed for her, Charlemagne darted out of the mound of straw, barking loudly, and startling the already anxious cow. This caused her to jerk suddenly on her halter, catching Paddy off guard. He let go of his grip, and as he lunged for it, tripped on the small dog, and banged his head on the swinging door. In the ensuing 'huffle k fuffle' Paddy swung his foot at Charlemagne, cursing. The dog yelped, La Parisienne bolted, Paddy swore again, and was thrown to the side. Elspeth, who was guiding La Parisienne down the ramp, was nearly trampled, and Monsieur came to the rescue grabbing the halter, putting a stop to the fracas. Elspeth in tears ran into house with Charlemagne whimpering, and

limping, close at her heels. Juliette followed the pair, calling words of comfort on the way. Monsieur, who had been at odds with Paddy lately, was furious now! He hadn't been himself while awaiting the delivery of his special cargo from France, and lay awake many a night worrying about his purchase. He intended to have a talk with Paddy and set him straight, just as soon as he saw that La Parisienne was fed and watered and bedded down comfortably in the stable. It had been a longer day than usual. Armand had not slept well again last night, in anticipation of the bad weather and the long drive to the Port of Montreal. He was tired from the journey, and concerned about the financial risk he had taken with his investment in this first calf heifer. He had always been close with his money, and had taken an uncharacteristic gamble, and was not in the mood for any trouble from the Irish help! His daughter and his dog were dear to him and no one, not even Paddy, could push them around and get away with it. His wife Juliette didn't like them to swear when Elspeth was around, and Paddy had done just that! Armand Thivierge was not a man with a great deal of patience at the best of times. He and Paddy had had their differences over the years, and this was not going to be an exception.

Index dix: Udder Height High

Paddy, was not in a receptive frame of mind, as he listened to his patron who was showing his frustration with his gesticulating hands while refusing to look his herdsman in the eye. Thivierge blurted out the various options like a machine gun blasting bullets. Nothing was new, he was the boss, and was not about to put up with any lip from the help. It was that simple. Paddy on the other hand, had his point of view, and right now forgot about how attached he had become to this family over the years, and all they had done for him. After all it was his afternoon off, and he was eager to be away from here, and not interested in putting up with more of the old man's temper to day. He hadn't even remembered it was his day off. Paddy swore under his breath, but unfortunately loud enough for Monsieur Thivierge to hear. He stomped out of the barn, slamming the door as he left, and pulled his John Deere cap firmly down on his head. As he jumped into his dilapidated vehicle, Monsieur, strode up behind him, and roughly grabbed the truck door shouting; I'll deliver your final pay envelope to the Balmoral, tomorrow morning. You are fini working on this farm Paddy Boyle! Pack your things and be gone, damn you! Paddy's truck charged out the lane before this comment hit him.

The first thing he did as he entered the Balmoral, that fateful day was

phone Thelma, his bright eyed girlfriend, to break the news of his firing. He hoped she would be sympathetic, and know what he should do. After all Thelma was the best thing that had happened to Paddy since he landed his job here. Thelma Hill had worked in the Barry's Bay office for the Canadian Pacific telegraph co., since she graduated from High School. They had met at the St. Patrick's Day dance at the Royal Canadian Legion two years ago. Thelma had been dating the fiddler for the popular Irish Band, who had introduced Thelma to Paddy. They both loved to dance, especially to Irish music, and Thelma fell in love with Paddy's Irish accent on the spot! Paddy for his part, felt an immediate attraction to this dark haired French Canadian beauty and loved Thelma's quick wit and terrific sense of humor. They laughed and danced and sang the night away. Paddy was very light on his feet having been raised in a family who did an Irish jig at the drop of a hat. They didn't have much but one thing can be said about the Irish, they love their music their dance and their drink. Thelma and Paddy tipped a few drams of Irish Whiskey together, and before they knew what hit them, Thelma was swept off her feet by this handsome red head lad, and thunder struck between them.

Now as she listened to Paddy's story she was indeed sympathetic. Poor Paddy, had let his temper get the best of him, but that was no excuse for his being fired. She knew Madame Thivierge from belonging to the C.W.L. at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, and Thelma was very fond of her. She only knew Monsieur Thivierge to speak to, but for the most part found him a fine gentleman. How could he treat her Paddy like this! She assured Paddy she would pray for him, but she had to get back to work now as she was working late, that night. She urged him not to drown his sorrows in drink, and reluctantly hung up the phone. She hoped the two men would iron out their differences, and Paddy would get his job back. She would think of some way to help, before she saw Paddy on Saturday night.

As he sat there with his three pals, thinking about his predicament, Paddy heard a voice penetrate the smoke and the noise. They had all had been imbibing large quantities of Molson Ex, and smoking Sweet Caps, for several hours. His pal Maurice was urging them to go to the hunting camp. We'll grab some food and whiskey, and be up there before the storm hits. I'll pick up the ski-dogs at my house, load them on the truck and head on out. What do you say, Paddy?

After another round, the fever was reaching monumental proportions, as Paddy was adding fire to the embers. Listen lads, he shouted, that cow that was picked up at the Port of Montreal by Thivierge is going to

be famous! He was trying to explain the potential of bovine genetics. She has a very high udder height he shouted, but no one was listening. They were all in their own little world, making plans for the trek out to the cabin. Paddy his spirits buoyed by alcohol started singing one of his old favourite tunes from back home

'T' is alone my concern if the grandest surprise
Would be shining at me out of somebody's eyes
Tis my private affair what my feelings would be

While the Green Glens of Antrim were welcoming Paddy thought of his poverty stricken homeland and how bleak his road had been there. As much as he missed Ireland at times like this, he realized that he was in the land of opportunity now, and anything was possible! Paddy had never been afraid of a challenge, after all what did he have to lose? Not a damn thing! Look at his Polish friends. They had done it against all odds, and so could he. He had to stop feeling sorry for himself, and come up with a plan. That was it! He would pull himself out of this mess Armand Thivierge, the old Bastard, had put him in. He had friends and they would help him!

Paddy straightened up and said listen boys, I have an idea that could make us lots of money fast! They all looked backed at him, not believing what they had heard. He had their undivided attention now. Paddy had become an unofficial leader in the group, and they often deferred to his wishes. Boys, La Parisienne Gaulloise was sent here from France to save the top genetics. The war in Europe is ending at a great cost to the Governments involved. In this case that cow of Thivierge's is destined to be the greatest dam of all times. They looked at him beginning to comprehend the possibilities...

Supposing just supposing, Paddy continued, that we could steal those genetics, which lie in her offspring. Hopefully, as I speak a Bull is being born in the Thivierge stable. Paddy cracked his knuckles, and signalled to Klaus, the bartender to bring them another round of quarts. The reflection of the four faces in the window, of the BAL that late Thursday afternoon was dreamlike. The surreal tableau of the group seated beside the shuffle board, would have caught the eye of photographer. This was the late 40's, and the early beat generation guru, Jack Kerouac had spiralled forward in North America in his time. The lads drank down their last beer, threw a handful of money on the table and pulled on their jackets and toques, as they headed for the back door of the Tavern. They walked out of the BAL the familiar silence of a heavy snowfall surrounded them. It was coming down hard, and the roads would be deep with it soon. They all promised to

meet at the sand pit at the corner of the Chapeskie side road out Hwy 69 before Wilno within an hour. They quickly decided who would pick up which supplies, and scattered like the snow in four different directions to their appointed tasks, with a sense of revelry and urgency.

The lights of the final pick up to arrive shone dimly through the heavy snow falling on the designated side road, after dark that cold Thursday night.

Maurice rolled down his window, apologizing for being late; had trouble loading up these old ski-dogs he shouted through the white stuff falling on his arm, sticking out the open window. The now modern day ski-do was called by this nickname in those days.

It was in Inuvik In the Northwest Territories that the ski-do was invented and tested. The Parish Priests had used them first, to travel to their frigid far-flung flock. They needed assistance to cover the large territory safely and with haste. Indeed, it was a huge improvement over the traditional dog sled teams used still, by many of the Native trappers. The term ski-dogs had been coined by the Inuit people, as they had started to replace real dogs. The strong winds and coarse granular snow rubbing on the side of the machine, often caused the bottom part of the g on the dog to wear out. Because of the deep snow and ice, these new machines became known as ski-doods.

Les garçons followed each other's lights single file into complete darkness over the Canadian Shield and through the forest. They made their way carefully along the snow filled sloping mountain road. Snowplows were few and far between on the back roads of the Ottawa Valley. The convoy snaked down towards the North Shore of Paugh Lake, never encountering a living soul or beast along the way. Around the bend passing Turtle rock, which you can see in the summer, then on past the public boat launch site they pulled their vehicles into the widening part of the road, and began to unload. The lads piled most of the supplies onto the ski-dogs, and then followed in on foot, pulling the rest of the booty on toboggans. Maurice, and Barbier were driving the ski-dogs, with Paddy, and Jean-Dupont bringing up the rear on foot, following the ski tracks down the quarter mile into the cottage.

Index onze: Teat Length Long

The storm was raging all through the Ottawa Valley that late Thursday night. Turning the forests and Lakes into a wonderland of glittering white diamonds. At the Thivierge farm La Parisienne Gaulloises was going through a major transformation of her own. The Thivierge family

were preparing for the arrival of this very special addition to their herd and hopefully their family's future. They were excitedly anticipating what heights this newborn calf from the great country of France was going to bring to this part of the world. Charlemagne having recovered from his traumatic near death experience as he saw it was barking as though he had seen a ghost. He seemed to sense the importance of this event, and added to the melee, while La Parisienne was bawling loudly. Suddenly she curled her back a resemblance to L'Arche de Triomphe in shape and stature, discharged mucous, and membranes. A beautiful large bull calf, such as had never been seen in the history of the backwoods of Canada was glistening in the Thivierge Family barn.

This was the bull calf that was destined to become Sparticus L'Incroyable that Jacques Trois-Pistoles would set his hopes and aspirations on. His birth ensured the success and gamble of the Cooperative C.I.A de L'Aigle rue de la Merilliere in Normandie France. His success was probable, for the possibility of raising and drawing semen for the testing of future progeny of the Holstein breed. 'Sparticus' Monsieur Grande Mesure as his nickname would eventually be known world wide, even after he had gone to the final green pasture in the sky.

This Beethoven of Bovine began his life in a cozy warm stable, in a small unassuming town, in Canada that can hardly be found on a map, on a cold and blustery winter's eve, with a cushion of straw as luxurious and soft as one of a King. La Parisienne was contentedly basking on her fluffy straw bed, with her wonderful new calf lying beside her suckling voraciously, on her long teat length.

Meanwhile not far away across the valley, at the cottage Maurice was detailing all the chores to be done, before they could settle in. One of them would gather kindling to start the fire, another unpack the food and lay out the blankets in front of the stove to warm up. Barbier would pump some water for the morning wash up, and get the t/p for the outhouse ready. He knew they'd all need it! Paddy took care of the whiskey, to ensure mistakes would not be made.

As the wood stove crackled and snapped Paddy opened a bottle of Bushmill's and asked Maurice, to pump some water from the well outside as there is no equal to spring water from the Ottawa Valley. Just add a tad with this fine Irish Whiskey from County Cork and I predict lads, this will be like a little bit of Heaven slipping onto your tongue. Finally, chores completed they were ready to gather around the table to hear Paddy's scheme.

All right laddies, Paddy called as he poured them each a glass of the finest. Let's sit us down, and plan the caper of a lifetime. They gathered around the old wooden table as the winter night progressed into a nightmare of snow sleet and rain not fit for man or beast, the wood stove wrapping them in a blanket of heat like a cocoon. In the background C.B.C. radio provided soothing jazz, and selections of Jack Kerouac's poetry, which added to the already bubbling pot of ideas. The first bottle of Irish whiskey, swirling with cold crystal clear Ottawa Valley spring water, slowly depleted, while the brainstorming ideas poured out fast and furiously to form a plan that none could dispute.

Index douze: Udder Width Wide

The next morning at the Thivierge farm ice crystals danced in the sun and snow hung heavily on the conifers, their reflection a sharp contrast on glass fused to steel of the twin cobalt blue silos dominating the barn yard.

The striking structures which stood like sentinels, their omnipotence solely dedicated to the preservation of summer crops for winter feeding had been a costly investment for the Thivierge family. They were the first of it's kind to appear in Canada, having been developed in the United States by A. O. Smith, for the fresh feeding of crops in preserved form to quadrupeds. The spiral structures housing the Harvestore feeding system were becoming a symbol of prestige and success in the farming community...

The wood stove in the farmhouse kitchen was from the T. Eaton Co. It had arrived by rail on the 'Kick & Push' line at the Barry's Bay Station in 1935. Armand Thivierge shrugged off his coat and announced to his family that La Parisienne Gaulloise and her new bull calf were comfortable and doing well. She has a good supply of milk due the wide udder height. He shook his head as he pulled out his chair at the kitchen table saying he calf has very unusual markings for a Holstein. He was in fine humour as he wolfed down a hearty breakfast of Canadian back bacon, farm fresh brown eggs, from his wife's' Rhode Island Reds, and thick sliced bread still warm from the wood stove. Monsieur gulping his coffee said he must go to Barry's Bay, to send a telegram to Europe. Elspeth wanted to go also, as this was the second biggest event of the year. Charlemagne sensing there was something afoot, started running around in circles barking not wanting to miss any action.

With good byes from Juliette, all three jumped into the '39' Ford half ton immediately after breakfast and headed on down to the Bay. Armand braked in front of the Barry's Bay Canadian Atlantic Railway

Station, and skidded into a spot in the small parking lot. Excited they all jumped out of the vehicle at once. Entering the station Train seventy five Engine # ten from Pembroke Ont. was pulling in, smoke rolling out it's chimney and steam rolling off the brake pads. The engineer waving affectionately from his window seat, was known up and down the line as Fast Track Grandpa Maloney, for he would regularly stop and help any hobo's along the track, and still keep on schedule without losing much time between stations. He was also the longest working engineer on the Kick & Push and a friend to all who knew him.

As he pulled his train into the station, his engineer cap decked on to his head sideways, a large cigar clenched in his teeth and a smile on his face. Parson Maloney was waiting to pick up mail and passengers. As the train noisily hissed into the station, Charlemagne went into frenzy, racing up and down the platform among the passengers. Finally as the train pulled out of the station Charlemagne settled down to his kingly self, while Fast Track waved to the station Master as the steel wheels hissed, steamed, tugged on the steel track.

Monsieur Thievierge stepped up to the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co. Ltd. wicket, I would like to send a telegram please, he said to the agent Thelma Hill, and she replied where to? Europe said Armand, much to the surprise of Miss Hill. Here are the forms she replied, and started to fill them out.

Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co.

C.I.A. (centre insemination artificiel)

Rue de la Merilliere

L'aigle

France

Attention (stop)

Monsieur Jacques Trois-Pistoles (stop)

Mademoiselle La Parisienne Gaulloise is well (stop)

now a Mdmme (stop)

wonderful bull calf (stop)

very unusual markings (stop)

please advise (stop)

sender(stop)

Monsieur A. Thivierge (stop)

After paying the agent, Miss Thelma Hill, Armand with his daughter Elspeth, and Charlemagne leading the way trooped out of the train station, mission accomplished. Charlemagne popped up into the '39' Ford like a champagne cork as soon as the door was open, and off

they went heading on back to the farm on the King's hwy. 69 back to the Etmanskie upper side road. The home farm was nestled in the high mountainous land facing the Wilno Roman Catholic church several miles to the north as the crow flies and you could spot the twin church spires and golden hue of its handsome yellow brick, from the front bedroom windows of the hundred year old hand hewn log house.

Meanwhile in Rue de la Merilliere, in Normandie Jacques Trois-Pistoles was re-reading the telegram in his hand for the third time. He was both pleased and somewhat perplexed with the contents of the piece of paper he was holding.

The relief was due to the safe arrival of La Parisienne Gaulloise. It was a miracle, this birth after the mother's five thousand eight hundred km trip by ship across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe to Canada. The cow after this already difficult journey was unloaded then trucked in her delicate condition to her final destination without harm. As Jacques was a man of faith there was no doubt in his mind of a God sent signal as to the importance of this new born Taureau, born in the new world. The puzzling part was the unusual markings of the new bull calf.

L'association d'enregistrement de la Federation Holstein Francaise had very stringent regulations as to the black and white markings on the Friesen Holstein breed. They had been set in the year eighteen hundred and fifty six in the Netherlands in cooperation with, and sanctioned by the European union. The requirement would not allow for deviation to the regulations. Stipulation being the forty sixty factor black over white.

Index treize:Udder Cleft Strong

Time had flown and la Parisienne De Gaulloise was now on her second term enceinte after a hectic 305 day first lactation which had produced a record amount of milk, ever recorded at this time in Canada, partly due to her strong udder cleft. Her first enfant Sparticus had grown into a fine Holstein specimen. His very unusual black and white markings, dramatically showing the geographic outline as clear as you can see on any world map of Europe France, on his left side, and Canada lay on the right side. Was it freak of nature, or was it a miracle? The criteria had passed the famous black over white factor set by the European Union of the time and Sparticus was duly registered.

He was already making his way in Bovine circles with class and notoriety, although not yet mature enough to prove himself, as a Taureau but soon would be coming of age.

Index quatorze: Suspensory Ligament Strong

To Paddy and the lads this had not gone unnoticed since that heady meeting a year and bit ago. They still met at regular intervals at their favourite watering hole the Bal and often reminisced about that weekend but the anger and hangovers had dissipated. Paddy ended up working at the Canadian Atlantic station as a baggage boy, Thelma playing a helping hand at getting him the job.

The rest of the lads kept on doing what they were best at, hunting, fishing, and guiding for the summer visitors on the many lakes in the area. They also fixed up the city folks cottages, and still had a lot of leisure time for shooting the breeze and quaffing down quantities of cold quarts of ale.

The hot topic of the moment was the bull. How much do you think that bull is worth asked Maurice? Paddy replied I just read a report in Hoard's Dairyman, the bible of the dairy industry stating even though he has as yet no proof of progeny, they went on a limb to say that a vial of his semen will be worth more than any other bull to date. Well sir, replied Jean-Dupont this is all Bull Shit to most of us at this table, as he nodded to his brother Barbier to help him make his point. Yeah confirmed Maurice, by bobbing his head up and down, tell us in dollar's and cents what that really means.

Paddy took a long time in answering, a healthy young bull can easily produce three hundred vials of semen a week, times fifty two weeks a year, times ten years if he stays healthy, at ten dollars a straw. In today's money and who knows how much down the road, if he is as wonderful as the experts project he is. Barbier who was the math wizard in the group piped up wow you mean? and stuttered, over three hundred thousand dollars a year for a lousy bull and all you have to do is feed him hay, and keep him in a warm barn!!

Of course the boys at the table were stunned at the amount of money involved, the going wage rate today was fifty cents a hour, and when translated into daily amounts based on a ten hour day represented five dollars daily, and if you worked the full year of three hundred and sixty five days you'd get, a grand total of one thousand eight hundred dollars which of course nobody in their right mind did.

Maurice, Barbier, and Jean-Dupont, were longingly staring at Paddy, with mouths agape, their minds whirling at the thoughts, of what that money could do for them.

Paddy of course had never, forgiven the Thivierge Family for firing him and had been building up a heap of hidden resentment, for what had happened that last day in December. Thelma had been patient and

she thought that Paddy had healed his wounds nicely, all had gone smoothly in her mind and the incident had been forgotten. But the real case of the matter was that Paddy had been planning, his revenge from day one.

Only one problem. He needed all his buds to help him execute his plan that was as complicated as a road map. The opportunity was now. Here they all were, listening, staring, their eyes and ears begging for more. Was this the moment to plant the seed? Would they reject him? Could he convince them all to commit to this caper?..... We go now to the Mediterranean coast, six thousand Kilometres away where another caper was also in the planning stages..... In Marseilles France three unshaven seamen were sitting at café Pres Sales on the waterfront swilling cold Stella Artois followed by Ricard chasers, and dipping their baguette in a bowl of freshly made bouillabaisse. They were in deep conversation. Les Capitaines were sitting at a traditional blue and white enameled table with the name Ricard baked in the top. Paul Ricard had created a fiery licorice-flavored liqueur, Pastis de Marseilles, known simply as Ricard, which is a mainstay of café life in France. Mr. Ricard became a household name in France, using café awnings and such to advertise the anisette drink, which is sold in one hundred and sixty countries. Born in 1909, in Marseilles, Paul Ricard founded the Ricard Wine and Spirits Company in 1932. He has led the firm until this date, a famous auto racetrack in le Castellet is named after him.

The three were looking out a sweat-streaked window, through a blue haze of Gaulloise smoke. Even at this late hour you could barely see the outline of Chateau D'if or the adjacent island in le Golfe du Lion, through this hazy atmosphere. They would proceed as planned at le café.

That night les trois Mousquetaires planned to burglarize, la Banque Provincial Du Plan National Pour L'unity Francaise, to add some badly needed Francs Francais, nicknamed Balles to their dwindling funds. Their plan was a very simple one that had gone astray. They broke into the bank that night, and cracked open all the small cubicle safes and left with the loot. Tres simple n'est-ce pas? However the first safe opened contained to their surprise, a plastic container of crème brule. Surprised but hungry, the three ate it up ... on to the next. There sat another, and another, and then another crème, all devoured by les hungry matelots. This process went on for the rest of the evening as there was no booty to be had, only crème brule! As they were escaping everyone said, no jewellery, no money, pas de Balles, alors.

There was food, they all exclaimed. What a weird bank set up no alarms or security systems, and all three were freezing due to the highly refrigerated atmosphere they had been working in during the last few hours.

The next day the trio returned to, Les Pres Sales. Sipping an early morning Pastis, discussing last night's wasted effort, in front of them, Le journal Local appropriately named le Sifflet boldly headlined, les grandes nouvelles du jour; Yesterday the biggest bovine semen Bank in Marseilles France was robbed by an unknown group of thugs. Les Flics are combing the waterfront area where they feel the felons are in hiding, but no arrests have been made at time of printing.

Meanwhile back at the Balmoral Hotel Paddy blurted out Lads this is the caper, now is the time. Are you listening? Are you with me?.

They all nodded in unison. Well here is the plan. We borrow the famous bull Sparticus, for six months. Maurice interrupted loudly, Paddy? Do you think for one minute that Armand Thivierge, who has no love for you would allow you to borrow his precious Sparticus? Well the gang exclaimed in if this is the plan? It makes no sense. They were murmurs of discontent from the group.

Paddy excitedly pulled a notebook from his jacket, Lads, statistics show that from a mature bull, semen can be collected on average three times weekly, for the production of roughly two hundred straws each time Barbier jumped in. Six thousand dollars a week! Incredible!

They all spoke at once, asking. When, where, who, what, and how.

Realizing he had their undivided attention, Paddy grinned and started unfolding the plan to his friends. Our first order of the day is to form a committee, ordered another round of beer, and continued we'll form a brotherhood pact. This will be a democratic foursome. We all have a say.

The election took place in short order Paddy became the idea man, as it was his brain wave, Barbier secretary treasurer, due to his superior skills in math Maurice resource person with his good people skills, Jean-Dupont man about town because of local connections. They decided Jean's cottage would be used as their headquarters.

I will now answer all your questions.

Paddy took the floor, firstly today we put the plan into action. It is now the end of February. Time frame will be mid April to mid October because of the Ottawa Valley weather patterns for this caper. That does not leave us much time to get our act together.

Secondly I think we should fix up the old log barn behind Jean's cottage at Paugh if it's OK with him. He nodded to Jean-Dupont for his

approval, getting a nod in return. Water and electricity are available there and, as it is very remote we are not likely to be detected. Thirdly only the four of us at this table, will be involved. We're sworn to secrecy, we can't breathe a word to anyone, family even girlfriends. My Thelma has no clue. To keep up our normal appearance tell everyone you know that we have an important bet on between the four of us for the heaviest fish caught in the summer season. Then it will not look fishy that we're spending so much time together. Next to answer we have to take action on the bull Sparticus, before foreign investors realize how important he is to the rest of the world. We will borrow him, for a period of six months then return him to his owner, the Thivierge Family with no one knowing any difference. We will create a substantial inventory during that time, of Sparticus semen straws. Enough to supply the European community th

irsty for quality bull semen, to further the genetic pool, which was so depleted during the conflict in Europe.

Finally we will execute our plan.

A substantial cash slush fund is needed for operation procedures, to be divided evenly by the four of us, as an investment in the Caper. The first item of purchase on the agenda is the dummy cow, a good investment. All movement and height adjustments are made by noiseless motors and hydraulic jacks controlled by the operator seated inside or from outside controls. This prevents the bull's penis from being trapped between its abdomen and the top of the dummy during violent jumps. Immediately after the jump, the operator drives the machine out from under the bull, helping him to dismount with minimum strain on his hind legs and hocks as he uses the solid steps on either side of the dummy for his forelegs. The amount of restraint, which the stockman has to exert, is reduced, and nose damage never occurs. The confidence and eagerness shown by bulls that use the dummy cow has meant substantial increases in volume and semen quality, for us the dummy cow with its strong suspensory ligament's, and laminated polyester shell can be disinfected after each jump to reduce bacteria risks. The beauty is that all mechanical parts are galvanized shafts and bearings specially protected. This model can be hosed down. Although this is expensive equipment to purchase for us, we do not have to feed and take care of teaser cows, to which could attract attention to our operation. Also it will mean a better increase in semen volume and quality, which is important in a short-term

situation facing us.

As we discussed earlier we can easily draw three hundred straws a week, from Sparticus. With the new high tech dummy cow, we can probably get between five to six hundred straws, for a possible total of fourteen thousand vials. Robert Cassou, a world-renowned pioneer in artificial insemination, assures me, that the Paillette Method, including our own miniature lab, for mixing and long term life of the sperm, has technical superiority, which will allow us to achieve this. Barbier piped up, do you still think that the European Bovine Community, will pay ten dollars a straw for this bull? Yer damn right I do replied Paddy. That means said Barbier's, voice was shaking, a potential of one hundred and forty thousand dollars for this caper, right on said Paddy. The boys were quiet dreaming of the dollars and scents!

Paddy cleared his throat we also need a cryogenic tank, designed of low pressure aluminum to hold our biological specimens for extended period of time at cryogenic 196 C below temperatures. I've looked into this and the unit for us is model XC four eleven, that holds thirteen thousand and sixty four one quarter cc straws, complete with caster base for easy movement, level stick, to measure liquid contents, and freezing tray, which manually lowers samples into the container for vapour freezing. You should see this baby it even will allow us to hold frozen straws for up to three hundred and four static holding days, enough time to do one mega run to Europe. Our target Paris, France during Le Salon Agri S.I.M.A. where we will have a captive audience of buyers to choose from. Grande Mesure semen, he chuckled will be, the underground code name, in future dealings, as to assure the legitimacy of buyers, and dealers. Are you still with me boys? the three urged him to continue.

I leave first thing in the morning, on the 905 five K and P out of Pembroke, that's Grandpa Maloney's run. Tomorrow youse guys will start work on Jean's barn Clean up the mow, connect the water to the well, cover up all the cracks so no light can be seen from outside, get several half ton loads of hay from as far away as Eganville and come back on the Opeongo Trail not to attract attention. Get ready for the arrival of Sparticus L'incroyable, four days from now. By jeez we'll pull this off.

Index quinze: Udder Height Wide

Paddy's train trip to the dairy heartland in the state of Wisconsin was not without problems. The inventory needed was too bulky, so shipping was arranged by rail to Eganville Ont. Canada. Paddy on the return trip, repeatedly hearing the monotonous clanging of the steel

wheels of the coach hitting the rails set his mind spinning. He was having second thoughts. Perhaps the foursome should not proceed with this Caper, the stakes were high, the payback ballistic, the downside, forbidding. It was a long weary trip for Paddy, softened by a few trips to the bar car.

He arrived four days later as scheduled at the CN Station in Eganville. He had chosen that station, not to attract attention to the caper. The lad's were picking him up, with two half tons. All four loaded the trucks and then drove in tandem back to Paugh Lake. Usual backside of the Opeongo along the old established logging trail without hassle or trace. When they arrived at the barn all set a feverish pace to set up the project.

The mechanical dummy cow was set up in the old granary, along with the newly acquired cryogenic tank, near the only electrical outlet in the barn. The water was already connected to the well. The box stall had been renovated and fluffed up with fresh straw, anticipating the arrival of its illegal occupant.

Paddy was pleased the boys had done a great job in his absence. The mow was filled with fresh sweet hay a companion load of barley straw accompanied it. The die was set. The caper was on. No turning back. After the final set up in the barn they gathered in the cottage, and Jean-Dupont kindled a small fire in the wood stove, to fend off the nip in the air. They sat around the large oak table left to Jean-Dupont by a great aunt. On the wall a native Canadian black bear pelt watched over the group as an ominous sign. In front of them pencil and paper ready, a bottle on the table of Bushmill's with four glasses, and freshly hand pumped, mineral water, from the deep Canadian shield. Paddy had picked up the Bushmill's as a treat while he was in the States from the group's slush fund. Jean-Dupont filled the glasses half full, with that wonderful nectar from Ireland and topped them up, with the clear well water. Paddy raised his glass and proposed a toast from his Irish homeland;

'Friends may come, friends may go
Friends may peter, out you know
But we'll be friends through thick and thin
Peter out or Peter in'

Individually, nodding to each of the lads Barber, Jean-Dupont and Maurice, bottom's up he said. Here's looking up your address.

Now on to the business at hand, Sunday morning is D-day lads. The Thievierge's never miss High Mass at Wilno. The whole family goes except Charlemagne of course although he would if he could. They

normally leave at ten thirty am sharp for the eleven o'clock service, unless a birth is at hand, in which case Armand stays behind and the rest of the family goes. I will go ahead of our troop, and hide in the mow in the early morning hour as I know the layout of the farm. As all will be a St Mary's Roman Catholic Church nobody will be left to identify, our half ton, as we scoot by, with our important cargo. This is Thursday night. It gives us two days to finalize and perfect our plans. The rest of the night was spent story telling about his trip to Wisconsin, embellishing the stories, as the Bushmill's slowly disappeared and intensified everyone's feelings. Every eye was riveted on Paddy the spinner of true yarns.

Friday morning found the crew scurrying around the barn and cottage in a frenzy, putting on the final touches, such as blackout curtains made from tarpaper inside the barn, connecting the water bowl, setting up the dummy cow laughing at the instructions, practicing lifting and lowering empty semen straws in the new cryogenic tank. Late Friday afternoon as they were leaving and going their different ways, promising to meet at a designated spot to look for the signal from Paddy for a green light to carry on. Appearances had to be kept up, and all went home to friends, girl friends, families and even a short appearance by Barbier and Jean-Dupont, at the Balmoral so suspicious minds would be not lead astray.

Paddy headed directly home to Thelma. She was very inquisitive about Paddy's trip to the United States of America, to the state of Wisconsin Michigan. Her frustration mounted as Paddy was not responding to her questions. She wanted to know how the artificial insemination course had gone, as this is what he had told her he went for. To further my education he had said. He then went into details about the train ride, hotel rooms, the World Dairy Expo site, and skirted around the actual AI course. Thelma seemed mollified with his vivid description of the great US of A, as he knew that all her friends, would be curious and would have to be satisfied to keep the caper under wraps. He also had other intentions in mind as he was reminded looking at her side ways through the kitchen door, how lovely wide udders in height she had.

After dinner he told her he would be away fishing this coming weekend, as the start of the lad's fishing contest was kicking off at Jean's cottage for the opening of trout season, one of many to come.

The Caper Phase I

Barry's Bay Canada

On Saturday morning, Paddy leaned across the table and kissed

Thelma on a chilly cheek. He was loaded down with fishing gear. His long fly rod was sticking out of it's casing, as he went out to his old Chevy, carefully laid all his gear in the back. He looked towards the window waved, got in and fired up the reliable straight inline six. Off he went a billow of oil smoke trailing behind him. As he headed down the main street of town, taking the last right before leaving Barry's Bay. He smiled as he followed a small crudely painted sign, Paugh Lake pointing the way. He put the Chevy into third gear his mind turning to the task at hand.

He was the first to arrive at the cottage, unpacked his gear, chose the upper bunk, and then went outside straight away. He had to keep himself busy, as nervousness was setting in. The barn was ready to accept a male visiting dignitary. Nothing to do here he muttered to himself, then hearing a rumble, he ran outside and saw Barbier pull up in a cloud of dust. Relieved he walked out to greet his partner and gave him a hand unloading. Barbier took the bunk below Paddy, and settled in. Both men were unusually quiet walking slowly, their pensive thoughts kept to themselves. As they were rounding the corner of the barn, Jean-Dupont and Maurice arrived bubbly and upbeat, which put the lad's in a better frame of mind.

During the afternoon the boys discussed their caper as they all helped build a wonderful Irish stew. They used chunks of prime beef raised from lush pastures, onions from the Ottawa Valley, potatoes dug from the local gardens, and left in the ground over the winter, for maturity, Guinness stout enriched the gravy, and filled the cottage with a delicious aroma, as it steeped on the wood stove a few hours, making the saliva run wildly. They were surrounded by their own thoughts, as they went over the final details, of tomorrow's activities, while wolfing down that wonderful Irish Stew, accompanied by fresh baked bread from the Wilno bakery, that Jean-Dupont had brought along. They cleaned up and headed off to bed at a good hour.

Paddy woke in a sweat at two am Sunday morning stepped out the back door, relieved his swollen bladder, silently making his way back to his bedroom, and packed the last few articles for his cross country hike to the Thievierge Farm. Minutes later stepping out the cottage door, a full moon illuminated the foot path like a giant flashlight leading up to the main road, and on towards Wilno. He approached the Thivierge farm through the hardwood bush that lead across the exercise yard, and silently climbed the wooden ladder leading to the mow. A final leap, brought him with a thump, into a stack of last summers, hay smelling as sweetly the day it was baled. A sharp few

barks from Charlemagne cut the night air, then silence, his ears listening. And finally nothing, but stillness. Paddy bedded himself down to wait out the remaining hours before dawn, preparing for the task ahead.

Jean-Dupont, Barbier, and Maurice, had left the cabin at predawn in the half ton, that was sporting a new homemade box on back, ready to accommodate it's new guest. All were sitting coldly huddled in the truck, as darkness slowly lifted and the full moon set in the west as sure as the rain that falls. They were well hidden by a small wooded glen of young red maples although the trees stood leafless in their spring fashion. Concession 8 township of Edmanston, awoke early on this cool Sunday April morn, lights turning on in the stable within their view. Because they did not want to attract attention to themselves they sat silently. The tableau eerily emerging in early morning mist, watching for the slightest turning of the windmill, ready to take action. Jean-Dupont, Barbier, and Maurice seemed to be dozing, although truck and car activity along the gravel road was unusually busy a few trucks even going in to the Thivierge farm, during milking. All soon departed probably to get ready for church, Paddy hearing the going's on, while lying in the mow could not see the action made him apprehensive, but he dared not look out of his hiding place.

While voices rose to him from the barnyard, he checked his watch it was ten fifteen am. This has to be it he thought. He heard the familiar voices of Armand, Elspeth, Juliette, and Charlemagne excited barked at the family as the Chevy half ton fired up, the sound slowly receding down the driveway.

Paddy scrambled on his hands and knees, across the mow floor, towards the south side of the barn. He crawled out of the small door onto the large frame of the windmill from the second story of the barn, and released the pin that kept the huge aluminium fan from turning around, to pump the water from the well, and fill the water tank. The wind gradually caught the aluminium fan sluggishly groaning from disuse, as it had not moved since late last fall. Slowly gaining momentum finally reaching good speed. Barbier in the drivers seat, was first to see the windmill turning. He elbowed Maurice who was snoozing; Jean-Dupont also awoke as Maurice, leaned hard against him.

This is it they said in unison. Barbier turned on the engine, shot out of their hiding place a little too fast, almost losing control, and headed for the Thivierge farm.

As the trio arrived, Paddy jumped out of the barn, greeted them and

ushered the group around the north side of the stable. Hurry up lad's time's a wasting. Barbier slowly backed the truck up to the barn door, Maurice swung open the rear door of the half ton before it nudged up tightly to the barn, Paddy then satisfied all was in place released Sparticus from his box stall inside the barn, herded him gently down the barn alley, towards the open back of the truck. He balked at the last minute, refusing to climb the ramp. At that very minute Charlemagne came tearing around the corner barking realizing trespassers were in his barn, which scared the wits out of Sparticus, who jumped on the ramp leaping into the truck. Paddy and Maurice quickly closed the, stock gate, securing their passenger for the long ride back to Paugh Lake.

Charlemagne was raising quite a fuss, although Paddy tried to appease him he realized that no matter what he did, his tenacious nature would not give up. He slipped a piece of fresh calves liver laced with a powerful sleeping potion, from his pocket, and dangled it in front of his nose, Charles sniffed at it tentatively then gingerly took it between his tiny front teeth. He trotted happily towards a favoured well-worn look out spot a few feet away and started chewing eagerly. The lads retreated to the truck, Sparticus bawling ever so gently. Charles never made it to the barn door, his legs folding underneath him before he reached it, falling into a dream world of his own.

Barbier Maurice and Jean-Dupont crowded together the front seat, Paddy in the back calming Sparticus, sped off on that lovely April Sunday morning, turning left on concession eight, heading towards Paugh Lake. They slowly made their way back to Jean's cabin, and upon arriving, swung the truck around and slowly backed up towards the barn door. Maurice jumped out, and slid open the stock door of the trailer. From the darkness Paddy emerged, no worse for wear, rubbing his eyes adjusting to the light of the day. Sparticus lying in the ample straw bed, effortlessly elevated himself into a standing position and backed out of the truck straight into the box stall. Paddy closed the gate firmly behind him. At last their plan was unfolding as it should. The lad's dove into a flurry of activities, removing the stock box from the back of the truck, and hiding it, so as not to attract attention in town. They put the final touches on setting Sparticus' bull semen extraction equipment, as this was the end of the first phase of the Caper.

The next morning, the first semen collection took place. Sparticus not impressed by his suitors, who in their excitement were, tripping over their own feet, running into each other trying to execute the task at

hand.

Semen quantity, and quality, was not a benchmark performance for day one. The saving grace being the famous high tech dummy mechanical cow. Sparticus L'incroyable, became known as le Grande Mesure a nickname, given to him by Barbier, as a reflection of his endowment. This was to insure secrecy around town. Luckily the bull took quite a shine to Mr. Cassou's superbly designed stainless steel cow.

A miracle in disguise, and unbeknownst to the lads, Grande Mesure loved the well, designed vagina in the dorso posterior section, which prevented his penis from being trapped between his abdomen and the top of the dummy, during his ardent jumps. Also this sleek steel mechanical cow was as silent as a mouse, allowing him to dismount with a minimum of strain on his hind legs and hocks. Best of all he never encountered nose damage, because of her wonderful soft laminated polyester shell, smelling of soft pine disinfectant reminiscent of WC's found throughout all of France.

A Taureau love affair was in it's infancy, falling into the lost dark box stall of no return. Grande Mesure, awoke at dawn the following morning with the smell of fresh barley straw, in his nostrils, birds announcing a new day with full throated voices, in his ears, stirrings in his heart and loins, of La Mademoiselle he had encountered the previous day.

Hearing human voices he bawled out loudly, towards Paddy and Jean-Dupont who had just entered the barn to feed Grande Mesure. The nickname had stuck. 'Whoa that big fellow is hungry', of course this was not the case. Grande Mesure was sending loud bellows to his newfound love, Mademoiselle la Machine D'amour.

Paddy was in a hurry. He wanted to get back to town, to his job at the station. He knew Thelma would be curious about his fishing weekend. He thought, surely the word would be out on the abduction of Sparticus L'incroyable, and he would be a suspect no doubt, so he better scoot in to town to create an alibi. After his fishing derby, he could act as if nothing was amiss, and a great guy's weekend had just taken place. Paddy and Jean-Dupont, finished feeding, and then set up Mademoiselle la Machine D'amour, for the second attempt at gathering semen for filling straws.

Paddy left, in a cloud of exhaust and dust, leaving the boys to handle the start up. He had to ensure no shadow of doubt lay on him, or the lads. Arriving in the Bay, he pulled into the gravel driveway of the Canadian Atlantic Railway, yard at eight fifteen am, five minutes late.

Thelma, at the helm of her Canadian Pacific railway wicket booth, awaiting the telegraphs of the day, drew an eye on Paddy, as he rushed in to the station. He gave her a wink and as he passed by, tipped his cap good morning.

He kept busy with his work, and at mid morning break, Thelma approached him, saying, remember me! He blushed, the colour of his hair, sat down and spun her the tale of the weekend, detailing his third place finish in the largest fish standings. She listened patiently not understanding the frivolity and intent shallowness of it all. Men she thought to herself! She went on to tell of her weekend, shopping and visiting. Then remembering the previous day, blurted out wait till you hear what happened at the Thivierge's farm.

After church on Sunday, we were all standing on the front portico of St. Mary's, looking over the Wilno valley, chatting, Juliette Thivierge, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me over for tea and scones in late afternoon. She'd heard you had gone fishing, I was happy to be asked and accepted. I then, went back to town as a chill was in the air. Well later on that afternoon I left for the farm, looking forward to some good conversation, piping hot tea and Juliette's famous scones accompanied with a large assortment of her home made jams.

As I turned into, their gate I noticed a hive of activity. The black and white sedan of Brian Etmanskie, chief of police, was parked in the yard. This was unusual I thought, for a Sunday, visit. As I approached, Mr. Thivierge was waving his hands madly in the air, police Chief Etmanskie, meticulously writing in his notebook as both were walking towards the barn at a quick pace. I parked the car slipped out, to the side screen door, and called softly 'Juliette!' No response. louder 'Juliette! she came in a fluster, apron a flapping, inviting me in with a quick forward gesture.

Agitation did not describe her state, as I stepped into the summer kitchen c'est pas possible. Sparticus has disappeared. She was very flustered Armand is fit to be tied! When did this take place she asked? Juliette replied they returned from church at their regular time, and Charlemagne was not there to greet us. Strange, murmured Armand heading to the barn as soon as the truck had come to a halt.

She and Elspeth slipped into the house, to take out the pork roast that was in the oven cooking during Mass, and to add a few logs to the wood stove. Then they heard the howl from the barn. They looked at each other, then bolted to the kitchen door just as Armand stormed in with Charlemagne lying in his arms. Not a muscle was twitching. Elspeth broke into tears. Let me feel his heartbeat Dad, Elspeth I do

believe Charlemagne is fine, he replied, they are no marks on him, and is sleeping soundly, this must be tied into the disappearance of Sparticus L'incroyable.

Sparticus has disappeared they both exclaimed!!

Merde alors, he is nowhere to be seen in the barn, C'est pas possible!!

La famille were all in a thither. Telephoner le chef de police, toute suite, Armand, said to his wife, excitedly, as he reverted to his mother tongue, here Elspeth take Chalemagne from my arms, dab water on his lips as I think he was given a mild sleeping compound, when he wakes up he will dehydrated.

This is probably related to the happenings on our farm during church this morning. I am now going to comb the farm, please honk the horn, when the chief of police arrives. Armand, then quickly spun around and left the summer kitchen.

Armand and Chief Etmanskie have been out in the barn yard for over an hour, I am hoping for the best. Thelma went over to Elspeth who was sitting on the floor, beside the wood stove, Charlemagne squirming on her lap, well Elspeth looks like your wish is coming true, Charles is recouping nicely. She went to help Juliette, prepare tea and set up the table for the arrival of Armand and the chief.

Just then Chief Etmanskie walked in holding his notebook the door held open by Armand, the chief was saying those are definite truck tracks by the rear door in the barnyard, except that the tires were bald and would be hard to trace. All the foot prints are made from common rubber boots, and that piece of liver beside where you found Charlemagne smells of a very common sleeping compound, easily available at the drug store in Barry's Bay. All in all Armand there is not much to go on at this time. Hopefully someone on the concession noticed some unusual activity, of some kind, although I expect that most of your neighbors were at church.

The Chief then turned his attention, to Juliette, and Thelma. Anybody missing at High Mass from this area this morning. They both shook their heads negatively. Then to Juliette, think back to last night, did you notice anything abnormal at any time? No only that.., yes go on he said, well Charlemagne barked then yelped, and finally whimpered. What time was this at? oh it was still dark, roughly three o'clock in the morning. He seemed satisfied, flipped his notebook closed, eyed the pot of hot steeping tea and fresh scones, sat down and ruminated on the events which had taken place that morning.

As they all sat around the table sipping tea, discussing the disturbing situation, Armand leaned over and whispered to Thelma, 'Would you

mind opening up the Canadian Telegraph Office for a few minutes late this afternoon, as I have an emergency telegram to send to Europe. My colleagues in France must be advised immediately of la catastrophe. She agreed. They both jumped in Monsieur Thivierge's '39' Ford and headed for Barry's Bay and the Canadian Atlantic train Station, Thelma opened the station door with her ring of keys, went straight to her telegraph desk, flicking on the lights as Armand started dictating his telegram;

Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co.

C.I.A. (centre d'insimulation artificiel)

rue de la Merilliere

L'Aigle

France

Attention (stop)

Monsieur Jacques Trois-Pistoles (stop)

Sparticus L'incroyable has been bullnapped (stop)

Police are investigating (stop)

Please advise your arrival (stop)

Sender (stop)

Monsieur A. Thivierge (stop)

Thelma was telling Paddy that she locked up the station and returned with Armand back to the farm. Charlemagne greeted us with his usual antics, barking excitedly as we drove into the farmyard indicating that all was well.

Chief Etmanskie had left, Armand went to the barn for milking along with Elspeth as she always fed the calves.

Paddy, I then went home, some story huh!!

He hesitantly asked, any news!, his heart was pounding, no Chief Etmanskie canvassed the concession, no one saw any unusual goings on, as all were at church, of course, except that old Grandma Chapeskie said she saw, and heard a rumble about eleven thirty am, Paddy jumped in 'yes'! in anticipation, well she was lying in bed and could not really see, explained Thelma, although Chief Etmanskie said that she thought it might have been a half ton ford that passed by, well, as you know her eyesight is very weak so no leads as to what happened. They resumed their break in silence. Just then a train was arriving in the station, Paddy jumped up to greet it. Wow he said to himself, this is harder than I thought, wait till I tell the news to the boyo's they will be pleased.

He unloaded the baggage car, as the train stood chugging in the station. The day dragged on longer than usual, and as he left at five

o'clock, he whispered to Thelma that he would come and visit at eight thirty or so. She was taken aback. Aren't you coming for supper? No Paddy called over his shoulder I have a meeting. He jumped in the truck and sped down to the Balmoral, as previously arranged for a scuttlebutt update. All were in attendance, Maurice, Barbier, Jean-Dupont, and of course Paddy, quietly going over the details of the previous weekend Maurice stood up, anxious to return to the cabin as all seemed safe at this end. I'm on shift this week to pull the straws of semen, sort catalogue, and insert into the cryogenic tank, and we do not want to attract attention to ourselves so early in the caper.

Later that day.....

The consensus around the cottage table was to have a second fishing derby for which Paddy had gotten a good tongue lashing, as he was leaving that Friday night. The mood was very positive, as all had gone well in the barn and at the Bay. Maurice reported he had frozen four hundred and ten canes of Sparticus semen. Paddy said in a low voice we have to average five hundred plus vials, a week as the tank contains, thirteen to fourteen thousand straws. My passage is paid for on the freighter Tabhall-Lorg. I'll be at the port of Montreal on November eleventh, to board as she leaves that same night.

They all looked at Paddy absorbing the impact of the scenario and their responsibility in carrying it out. He continued slowly, laying out the plan ahead. Le Salon International D'Agriculture held every year in Paris France' at Porte de Versailles, is our target and final destination. The dates of next year's show are January 4th to January 11th inclusive, eight short days to market our thirteen thousand plus straws of Grande Mesure. I have already leaked out our code name in the underground sub culture, in particular, to a man called Monsieur Frederik Ovary who is the equivalent of Al Capone in the bovine community. He is to contact me at certain pre set dates and sites throughout le salon's duration.

I will supply small cryo-vapor shippers that are fabricated from lightweight aluminium and hold conveniently compact canisters of two thousand straws, for his potential importers to easily transport samples between meets, across cities or around the world if they wish. The canisters are the size of a bottle of eau gazeuse, and it is a common sight in Europe among travelers and should go undetected. They are good for sixty days, and are rechargeable.

Monsieur Ovary will have to find fifty to sixty buyers to deplete our main tank He is our only contact, and will act as a broker, for a fee yet to be decided upon. Maurice piped up, how much will this cut in to our

profits! Paddy replied we have to pay a certain price to avoid detection, or else risk being found out and we all know what that entails, they all nodded affirmatively. I will have to secure and keep myself at arms length from Monsieur Frederik Ovary, as I understand him to be a very shrewd and accomplished underground businessman. The lad's had many questions, although his plan was not complete as yet, he certainly did instil an air of confidence, as Barbier grabbed a deck of cards for a foursome of hearts, all went at it with great gusto. During the fast paced game, he went on to explain, I will not be able to help on a weekly basis, as much as I would like, Thelma is too close to the Thivierge family, and my absence could set off alarms, but as you see my turn will come as our caper unfolds. Paddy looked tired, all this was starting to show on his lined face. Barbier, Maurice, and Jean-Dupont looked at each other nodded in unison and laid down their cards. Paddy how would you like to go fishing? He peered up and smiled sheepishly, all four stood up grabbed the fishing rods and gear, lying in the corner and headed down the rocky path to the boat tied up at the dock.

The next morning after a feed of fresh lake trout for breakfast, they headed into the barn cleaning and feeding, filling straws and generally finishing the final tuning up on Mademoiselle La Machine D'amour, as problems had occurred with some of the stainless steel mechanism related to the dorso-posterior section of the dummy cow, and Grande Mesure had not been pleased.

Sparticus was a very happy young sire, as he had now reached adulthood and to everyone's satisfaction Mademoiselle performed extraordinary well that Saturday afternoon. He in return filled well over six hundred vials with his genetics, to guarantee the Holstein line with his future superior daughters.

Just as all were leaving on that Sunday afternoon, they set up a schedule of everyone's duties. Maurice had done the first week; Barbier was next, then Jean-Dupont, on three-week rotation. The three of them expected to put in a total of eight to nine weeks each, plus Paddy filling in when he could. Not bad money when they considered their time in wages.

Paddy arrived at Thelma's just before supper, and when she began to speak he could see she was in a flutter. It all came out at once.

Chief Etmanskie had left her place not more than an hour ago, she exclaimed !! What was the purpose of his visit Paddy calmly asked. Actually he was here to see you in regards to the disappearance of Sparticus. What Paddy replied! Oh Paddy he said it was just a friendly

visit so I put on a pot of tea immediately, as I told him you were on fishing derby. Why would he want to talk to me in regards to Sparticus? Well he knew of course that you had worked for Armand Thivierge, and thought maybe you could shed some light, on the bullnapping matter, also to pick your brain as who would want to steal him, and why.

He said he would drop by the station tomorrow for a chat. Paddy's heart was racing, and trying not to show it. Trying to act casual he changed the subject and told Thelma all about his weekend. She replied that a customer at the Canadian Pacific Station, who was sending a telegram, had seen all four of them drift by his cottage fishing rods hanging overboard, at dusk on Friday.

She did not seem to be too concerned, probably a police in uniform in her apartment was enough to send her in a tizzy. Paddy kept his room at the Balmoral Hotel. He did not want to cast a shadow on Thelma's character, as she was very active in church groups and well known in the community because of her job and living together would not be a proper thing to do in a small town like Barry's Bay.

He arrived at the Bal just before midnight, immediately entered the public phone booth in the lobby, took out his worn notebook, as the light flashed on, deposited a nickel, rotary dialled Jean's number at the cottage from his notes and explained the situation at hand, finished by emphasizing that they make sure the barn is soundproof and light proof, as there might be some unwanted visitors.

Paddy was having coffee with Thelma and other staff members at mid morning break, when Chief Etmanskie arrived sat down chatting up the weather, and goings on about town. All eventually went back to work, and left the Chief and Paddy to themselves.

Patrick said the Chief, is there any reason you would be aware of, why anybody would have interest in, Sparticus L'incroyable!. Chief Etmanskie Paddy, replied honestly the only people I know of are the French. The French he replied.

Yes the C.I.A.(centre insemination artificiel) in Normandie France have a stake in Sparticus. Investors from France have pooled their money and gambled on his genetic make up. Why would they do so replied the Chief. Well as a short range investment, this is the way to cash in big time on a long term pay back, if you're in on the ground floor and have the information needed at the grass root level. Humphf, replied the Chief.

As I understand said Patrick F. Boyle, there is a so called investor on his way as we speak, who will be landing at the Ottawa Airport this

week under the guise, of a visiting agricultural attaché from France. While in Canada he will be visiting many agricultural communities and sites, such as, Ottawa Valley Breeders, in Spencerville Ontario, but his real interest lies in a hidden agenda to he and the investors in Sparticus L'incroyable.

A visit to Barry's Bay, is a definite stop on his agenda. The Department of Agriculture, will not know of this side visit. Well now, how do you, and this investor know all this information. It seems very fishy to me.

Patrick, hesitated, then said Chief, promise to keep this to yourself and your investigation! I will judge the situation after I receive the information, he replied. Here goes, I came across some telegrams accidentally in Thelma's office one day, he rattled out quickly, and I did read them, and that is considered spying, by the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co. Thelma once told me. I will strike a deal with you Paddy Doyle, I admit that this information is of great help in my investigation, but do not read any more telegrams from Thelma's office desk, and your secret will be safe with me. One more thing Paddy, would you know the name of this investor? Jacques Trois-Pistoles, he replied softly, and he will be visiting the farm of Armand Thivierge, to see for himself why their investment has disappeared. Chief Etmanskie then took his leave. Thelma stared at Paddy as he walked through the lunchroom door following the Chief, Paddy winked at her, a signal that all was well. Paddy met the lad's at the Balmoral that Monday night, and gave them an updated report not going into many details. They finished their beers and went on their way, as was their usual routine.

The farm was doing well, Barbier reported, Grande Mesure, was taking his responsibilities with broad shoulders, and his flowering love affair with Mademoiselle la Machine D'Amour, The Iron Lady, was flourishing.

In the third week of the caper, Jean-Dupont was at the cottage, cleaning the stalls, when he heard the rumble of a truck pull in the lane way. He was busy loading up the manure in his truck to haul away so as not to leave traces around the barn. He rushed out, to greet the visitor. It was only Maurice jogging in saying that he had just received word, that Jacques Trois-Pistoles had arrived from France to visit the Thivierge, farm and guess were he is staying? He did not give Jean-Dupont a chance to respond. The Bal he shouted. Wow, Paddy is in a snit so I said I'd come to warn you, and give you a hand just in case, we had some unwelcome visitors.

Jacques Trois-Pistoles and Armand Thivierge arrived at the Balmoral just as dusk was setting in. They had come to have dinner and a meeting, away from the farm, and literally ran into Paddy as he came rumbling down the stairs; Startled Armand exclaimed sa va? Paddy appeared just as surprised when Armand introduced, Paddy to Jacques.

They chatted for a few minutes on the landing, then Jacques invited Paddy to join them for a drink. He had no choice but to go, although he mentioned to Armand, that Thelma was expecting him over at her place for supper and he could not stay long. The three unlikely companions entered the lounge chose a table and sat down.

The waitress a friend of Thelma's said Hi to Paddy, took the drink order, and Armand, Jacques, and Paddy, immediately settled in to a philosophical discussion on the science of artificial insemination. Sparticus L'Incroyable soon came up in the conversation. Jacques was so distraught over the disappearance, of such a great Taureau. The French Government has invested so much and it is such a tragedy to the Holstein world he blurted. If not found or traced we shall never know his true greatness he concluded.

Such a waste, he went on to explain. He is the first of all bulls, subject to the testing of siblings, raised by performing simultaneous embryo transfers. A top bull can be tested a full two years earlier than by testing his progeny. This gives bull studs an advantage in getting their sires' genetics to market sooner, and Sparticus has that advantage. Inwardly Paddy was trying to contain his inner excitement. He couldn't believe he was hearing this news, and right from the horses mouth! The added value to each and every straw that Grande Mesure produced for them was a bonus, although at the same time he was shaking with fear, inside at being found out. The drinks arrived two glasses of red wine, and one cold Molson Ex, the discussion centered about the disappearance of this almost posthumously famous bull. Paddy finally excused himself, and left the hotel with trepidation.

Jacques was starting to hit close to home with his easy questioning and candor, and he was afraid of slipping up. Thank God he was only staying two more nights. As an afterthought, he would ask Thelma if he could sleep over, less opportunity to run into the smooth talking Frenchman. He wondered if she would let him stay, as his thoughts projected in an enamored way, to the night of nights that lay ahead. Thelma had prepared Paddy's favourite supper, chicken and dumplings, which he had grown to love. C.B.C. radio was on in the background, as he retold Thelma what he had just been through, his

ear caught a snippet of jazz, and a few words of poetry, by his favourite man, Parson Kerouac.

Broaching the subject to Thelma of staying over that night was a delicate operation. After pouring the last glass of wine, he leaned over and kissed her fully on the mouth. She responded hesitantly at first, and then melted completely into his arms. They sat and listened to C.B.C. Radio, straddled in each other's arms, both pensive as to what the future held.

Thelma was the first one to awake. She quietly slipped on her bathrobe, filled the percolator, turned on the gas stove, padded barefoot into the bathroom, turned both taps on the cast iron bathtub, disrobed and slid into the piping hot bubbly tub. She dried off, curled her hair, stopped at the kitchen stove poured two steaming mugs of strong black coffee, and softly called Patrick's name as she entered the bedroom. He stirred and stretched, slowly awoke, puzzled for a moment, then the memories of the previous night flooded back to him.

She had bravely consented to him staying over, as long as he left very early the next morning. Thelma had set the alarm for four thirty. It was now five thirty, just enough time to dress, drink his mug of coffee, and be gone before the village awoke. He kissed her on the cheek, as he opened the door of her apartment, and was gone. She stood in the doorway, looking at him disappear, both were blushing, all the same. Jacques Trois-Pistoles arrived at the station, just as a freight train was racing through, Paddy was out on the platform, picking up the mail bag thrown from the baggage car by the speeding train.

Paddy nodded to Jacques, as he approached. I'm heading back to Ottawa announced Jacques, and there is one more question I must ask you before I leave. You seem to have a fair sense of assessing bovine structure, in particular the Holstein strain. Paddy's nerve endings were needles and pins, the jig is up he thought.

Jacques continued, as you were the one who was closest to, and worked alongside Armand Thivierge I would like to hear from the bottom of your heart, and most honest assessment, what you really think of this bull as a true representative of the Holstein breed? Paddy was relieved. He responded slowly, and simply. I truly believe, although I visited the farm only a few short times during his adolescence that this bull calf has the potential to become the greatest sire in the modern world. Why? queried Jacques. Paddy chose his words carefully. His confirmation is perfect in every way, the only question mark remaining at this time, is his ability to type a ranking

which equates the PTA's for milk, fat and protein in terms of the sales value of milk, through his daughters.

The answer took Jacques by surprise, he had not realized that Paddy was as up to date on Holstein progeny. He thanked him, shook hands, wished him luck, and said, Paddy if you hear any rumours, as to what happened to, Sparticus, let me know immediately. The investors are very anxious for his reappearance.

Paddy looked at him get into his rented car, and drive off, wondering if he would ever see him again.

The summer was in full swing, and the semen works at Paugh Lake, was running smoothly. La Grande Mesure was head over heels in love, with Mademoiselle la Machine D'amour. No serious spats had occurred, only a few mechanical failures on her part, which Sparticus did not seem to notice, and continued on his zest for life, producing, as a young sire should.

The gang still met in the Bal, for updates, keeping up social engagements and of course, fishing derbies. No one seemed to suspect their hidden life styles, and as fall approached, the lads were feeling quite confident in the way things were going.

Unbeknownst to the lads, an elderly widow living by herself, on the north shore road to Paugh Lake, was filling out her long days, in her rocking chair, looking out her picture window. The small bungalow was built on the opposite side of the road facing the lake, her husband saying at the time, we can both have a view of the lake and road at the same time. He had been right.

After her husband passed away, she got to know the traffic patterns by heart. Everyday she looked forward to seeing new people, driving by, and made a game of keeping score, of how many times, certain cars, trucks, school buses, drove by.

Just then Chief Etmanskie, her only son, drove up the gravelled driveway in his white and black car. The last yellow school bus of the day had scooted by. It must be four o five she whispered to herself, the buses were never more than a few minutes either way. It was mid September, and Mary Etmanskie, now in her eighties, stood and turned on the stove, putting water on to boil, as Edward, her son would want a steaming hot cup of tea.

As the Chief walked in the door, she pondered on the purpose of his visit. He did not often visit with the police car, after all people would talk.

Edward was a good son, not too ambitious, in nature, a little lazy, certainly not like her former husband, god rest his soul. She permitted

this extravagant thought to herself. I must admit a good family man though. Hi ma, he called, as he heard the whistle on the kettle. Son good of you to drop by.

She'd had a deep nagging feeling all summer, wondering, whether to mention it to Edward or not. The activity on the Paugh Lake Road, had been unusually busy, that summer, and had continued this fall although summer residents had departed for the winter.

They both sat down, and as Mrs. Etmanskie, slipped the tea cozy, from the well used flowered tea pot, slowly pouring the piping hot liquid into the cups, she broached the subject, of the strange trucks, and goings on their road, to her son the Chief. At first he replied, that it had to do with several new cottages, which were built this summer. No she said, I know the trade trucks, and they are not part of that bunch. She went on to give a description of two of them, they go by here at all hours of the night and day. Well OK Ma, he said, as he gave in, let me take down the information. He went to get his trusty notebook in the black and white.

They finished their tea in silence. The information taken down, with a promise as he left, that he would look into the goings on the very next day. Half way back to Barry's Bay, he met the on coming truck, and as the information was still fresh in his mind, the truck certainly did have a resemblance, to the one his Mother had just described. It also looked vaguely familiar, tomorrow, he yawned, and he was in a hurry to get back to the office.

The next morning, he woke up with a nagging feeling about the red truck he had met, coming back from his Mother's house. He had breakfast, at the local diner called the Cook House, that morning, as an excuse to look at all the half tons parked in front.

Every tradesman worth his salt stopped at the Cook House, to have the big breakfast special, bacon, three eggs, a stack of toast, and a bottomless cup of coffee, all for twenty-five cents. The Chief sat amongst them, bantering back and forth, asking a question here and there. Wiping his plate clean with a last piece of toast, and washing it all down with his lukewarm coffee, he stood up to the cashier, bid his farewell.

As he stepped out on the sidewalk, he was pleased, not only with the information he had just picked up, but the great breakfast he just finished. He made a mental note of doing this more often.

Well, quite a day shaping up, he thought, first the Cook House, and tonight the Balmoral. The information gathered at the Cook House pointed to the owner of the truck, Jean-Dupont, who hung around the

Bal.

That night the Chief went home and changed, before he headed out to the Balmoral. The pressure had been increasing from his superiors in Eganville, to get results on this bull that disappeared, the local MPP, in Ottawa was being pressured by Foreign Affairs.

As he walked in, the bartender yelled out giddy Chief what brings you to this neck of the woods? He stepped up to the bar and ordered a quart of Molson Canadian, leaned on the copper top, and took a look around. The bar was busy for a weeknight, a foursome were having a great visit, in the corner.

The Chief had spotted the red truck in question as he came in. He quietly asked Louis the bartender, if he knew who owned the red Chevy parked outside, and could he point him out to him. Louis replied oh, it's Jean-Dupont, the blond one in the corner. The Chief took this in stride, picked up his quart and glass, walked over to join the lads. As he sat down, Paddy said hi as they knew each other. Sit down Chief, we were just discussing our last weekend of fishing. Jean-Dupont here was the big winner, with a five-pound pike. They sat around discussing, the where's and when, of the sport, the conversation slowly shifting to where the great fish are caught.

It slowly unfolded, that all four, used the north side of Paugh Lake road, several times each week. The Chief was silently disappointed, no wonder his mother spotted the extra activity on the lake road, the lads had a bet on, and fishing was a vocation to these guys. He finished his beer, and listened to more fishing, stories, than he would like to hear in his lifetime. He excused himself, and went home, satisfied that nothing was amiss, admitting that his mother, was wrong on this one. Locals lived to fish, and god knows that hunting was just around the corner, the back roads will be littered with half tons, he must warn her. The lads looked at each other, as the Chief left. They silently seemed to ask each other, was he convinced, of their fishing enthusiasm, and spending all that time at the cottage, or was he going to pay them a visit. They unanimously decided to keep the cottage as free from contaminated evidence as humanly possible.

Much to their surprise-hunting season came up quickly, the summer had flown by, and geese were flying overhead.

This triggered, the fact that this portion of the caper was coming to an end. Paddy was due to leave on the eleventh of November, semen straws were inventorying nicely, the cryogenic tank was almost full, due to the ongoing love affair, between la Grande Mesure, and la Machine D'amour.

A planning session was in full swing at the cottage. Sparticus had to be returned, to the Thivierge family. Paddy was at the head of the table, saying I will leave with my baggage a few days before Sparticus is rightly returned. In case we are found out, I want to be on that cargo ship to ensure the safety of our cache. Hopefully all goes well. We have to save the straws at all costs as we have worked too hard to blow it now. We will reverse the order in which we abducted the now young sire. Hunting season opens Monday November eight. Armand always heads up to the hunting camp at dawn that first day. that is the day when Sparticus is returned.

The temporary hired hand leaves, by the latest at nine thirty. We also have to create a diversion for the girls. Perhaps a fake a telegram In Barry's Bay for them to pick up. There will be many trucks with assorted boxes and racks, on the side roads, as it is the opening day of hunting season. Hopefully nobody will take notice of our truck. Are we all in agreement? Everyone nodded slowly. One more very important matter, try not to harm that small canine, Charlemagne, as I leave him in your capable hands. Immediately after delivering your important parcel, clean up the barn, bury the equipment, and get back to a normal life. Paddy's sudden departure, when the time came, as explained to Thelma, was due to the recent letter he had received, from Ireland. His sister announced in that letter that his Mother's health was worsening, and perhaps she would not see Christmas. Paddy left on the last possible train of the day that Sunday night, the 7th day of November, from Eganville Ontario Canada, destination Montreal. Barbier drove him to the train station. His overseas baggage, plus a cryogenic tank full of straws was in the back of the truck. The pact was made that if anything went wrong back home Paddy would remain in Europe, and make arrangements, for the other three to join him if possible. The eleven forty five p.m. leaving Eganville track two, was due to arrive in Montreal, at eight o five am, the eight of November. It left a few minutes late.

Paddy stayed just off The Main, in the garment district of Montreal. The quartier was made up largely of Irish and Jewish immigrants, and most worked, in local clothing establishments. He lay low, eating at the corner Jewish delicatessen, and quenching his thirst at the local watering holes, searching Ottawa and Montreal newspapers for any news of their caper. He did not contact anyone back home, as switchboard operators, had a fine nose for trouble that was brewing. This was it, the time for his departure had finally arrived. As he walked toward the harbour, struggling with all his gear, he passed a large

monument dedicated to the heroes who had given their lives for Canada during the First World War. It was fully covered with wreaths, in memory of the fallen. It was then he remembered, the eleventh Month, of the eleventh Day, of the eleventh Hour, Armistice Day. He stopped, paid his respects, thinking of his own family members that had fought in that so-called war that was to end all wars. Reflecting as he picked up his baggage, and carried on, that men certainly do not learn from their mistakes, considering what the world had just been through once again.

Paddy arrived, credentials and passport in hand, and presented himself at the Cunard boarding office. He was directed to and boarded the transatlantic cargo steamship line, in the port of Montreal in late afternoon on the 11th of November 1948.

Caper Phase II

Destination Europe Paris France

The name of the large cargo Steamship, Tabhall-Lorg, originated from a long lost Celtic name, for tablet staffs, and collections of wands made of hazel, aspen, beech, or birch, which were kept by the Irish poets. These wooden libraries were bound in such a way that they could be opened into a fan shape. A Bard would inscribe stories, sagas, and poetry into the wood using the ancient Irish alphabet of Ogham Bran son of Febal is said to have set down fifty or sixty quatrains in this manner. The great hero Cuchulainn used Ogham writing to post warnings, and challenges to his enemies. The Tabhall-Lorg lay loose in her stays, activity all around her. She had aged well, although rust was peeking through the well-worn paint on its gun ell's as the name Tabhall-Lorg was barely visible. The old reliable scow had run many such sea voyages and belonged to the Cunard line of families. She had dual citizenship and was flying the Canadian and Irish Republic flag.

She was destined to leave, le port de Montreal Canada, at 8.30 p.m., November 11th on her regular trans-Atlantic crossing, and accomplished this feat by ten p.m., her precious cargo, and a walk on passenger, all stowed and tucked away below deck.

The screws started churning the water on her port side, and as the last of her ropes, finally came to rest upon her deck, she headed towards the Atlantic Ocean on a six week trek, final destination, Singapore. Paddy leaned against her upper deck rails, looking back at Canada, and wondered if he would ever set foot on her soil again. Her first port of call was to be Aberdeen Scotland, unloading the main cargo Massey Ferguson tractors carried deep in her bowels, with a lay

over of two nights. Then on to le port de Marseilles, France, for a short overnight drop, where the only passenger was debarking, with some carry on luggage needing no assistance from the crew.

Very unusual, although welcomed by the crew as it meant a night off ship in the Port of Marseilles, a popular stopover for all seaman, the world over.

Upon arrival at the Port of Marseilles, dismissal from the Captain was swift. First and second mate, were nearing the debarking ramp, heading for shore with a snap in their step as they spotted the red headed lad tugging at a large aluminium tank. Yo lad let us lend you a hand. He had been a super passenger, bought many rounds of Guinness, but kept his thoughts to himself, so not a lot was known about him. The routine crossing to Aberdeen Scotland had been uneventful, for the crew, and so by the time they docked in Marseilles, all were ready for some excitement, and a change of scenery.

Paddy was his name, he thanked the merchant seaman, as they reached firm footing on the dock, on this 20th day of December, his first time on French soil. The ocean voyage had taken six weeks. Are you sure that you're not needing a hand boy? Paddy hesitated, a slight pause. All right then away with you, and let's be on with us, stated the second mate, taking a toehold on this situation. Come on then Paddy we're in for a night of fun!

Firstly the second mate stated, we'll stop and fortify ourselves, hoar frost rolling from his breath, pointing to a dimly lit bar directly across from where the ship was docked, the faint light showing the faded sign, 'Les Pres Sales'.

Paddy protested, Lad's, I have a train to catch at 23.00 hundred hours, the Marseilles to Paris Express, it is now twenty 21.00. If I join you will you follow through to see me off to the train station at the appointed hour? All this was seconded by the first mate. Three dark lumpy shapes entered the smoky sweat windowed bar, along with a large aluminium tank pulled along behind them, traveling bags hooked on it's handles.

Curious looks came from the regular patrons, at this disruption, breaking the momentum reverie, dreams, surfaced not a wanted state of mind at this time of night. The threesome picked a corner table, beside a hot water radiator, throwing a warm glow, in this small, seaside bar, with the taste of salt on everyone's tongue.

Trois calva, trois pression Stella, s.v.p., Patron. First mate Liam Clancy, a very large and tall man weighing one hundred and seventy kilos plus, standing a full two meters, picked up the order at the bar.

Activity slowly returned to normal as the initial disturbance, calmed, dans le bistro, the time being 21.40. Round followed round, clock ticking, Paddy thoroughly enjoying the moment, finally opening up to his fellow countrymen, but not divulging the complete caper.

Paddy at some point staggered up to le Patron, whispered in his ear hands cupped, in broken French, Patron, trois ballon de Bushmill's, s.v.p., left a handful of Francs on the tiled bar top, lazily made his way back to the table, and gently deposited les trois ballons, on the small round blue and white ceramic table, gingerly hoisted his up to the ceiling and sky, whispered in perfect Gaelic, 'Sao Fada Chugat', 'Long Life To You', a toast, I believe this to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, La Marseillaise, playing softly on the radio, behind the bar. As he returned his glass to the table, he glanced at his watch which read twenty three hundred and twenty one minutes, panic set in, twenty four minutes to board L'express S.N.C.F. to Paris and as we all know French trains wait for no one. A flurry of activity followed as Paddy prodded the merchant seaman into action. Again the locals grumbled at the disturbance, but being a seaport they were used to seeing strangers. They knew better than to aggravate these big bulky beer filled seaman.

The balance of the bill taken care of, as another mitt full of French francs exchanged hands, all scooted into the cold and salty misty evening, and onto the cobbled waterfront streets of Marseilles. Hurry! Paddy yelled. We have a twenty-minute walk to the station, with only four minutes to spare, to board. Liam grabbed the cryogenic tank filled with straws of frozen semen, under one arm, as he now knew the contents, were harmless. They had both laughed heartily, when Paddy had let it out in le bistro, what was in the mysterious looking aluminium tank. There had been speculation on board ship, among the entire seaman, and bets had been laid down, on the contents. There was loud laughter of the blarney of it all, as they unsteadily made their way up the steep hill towards the train station. Boyo's, Paddy said, 'three little people don't amount to a hill of beans, in this crazy world'. The final climb up the steep steps to the S.N.C.F. station in Marseilles are impressive and exhausting especially when you're carrying a lot of baggage. Paddy noticed it had the feel of a cosmopolitan city, and had read it was the third largest in France. The St. Charles railway station, is perched high on a bluff above the city and provides a spectacular view of the sprawling metropolis, the naval establishment and the old port spread out below.

Realizing at the last moment that the cryogenic tank should have

some kind of cover as not to attract attention, Liam looked around and noticed a nearby dumpster, with some kind of canvas hanging over side. It turned out to be a beaten up khaki US infantry bag. With a shout he grabbed it and the tipsy trio slid in the precious tank. Boyo's this is the last farewell. Paddy waved picked up his goods and headed up the long stone stairs, two at a time, never looking back.

St. Charles railway station was packed. He quickly found a ticket agent, and bought a one way fare to La Gare de Lyon in Paris. The agent warning him that, il reste seulement dix minutes, avant l'embarquement sur la piste vingt neuf, aller, aller. He hurried down the large ceramic anteroom, loud speakers booming out destinations, Zurich, Berlin, Paris, twenty-seven, twenty eight, finally twenty-nine. He ran lightly down the platform despite his awkward cargo and finding wagon twenty nine thirty, jumped aboard, tightly gripping the large khaki bag and panting made his way to wagon lit, 49.

He literally fell into his roomette, and smiled when he saw the sheets were already turned down. If only his dear Mother could see him now he thought. She wouldn't believe it. What French efficiency he thought. What a night, as he threw his luggage on the floor he leaned back on the stiff white starched S.N.C.F. pillows, looking at his ticket, Marseilles to Paris, leaving at twenty three forty five, he then suddenly lurched backward, looked at his watch, and so it was, as the train pulled away way from the station, arriving six forty three the next morning, he slowly drifted off to sleep, clothes on, ticket in hand.

He groggily awoke from a deep sleep, not knowing where he was. He heard a soft knocking, shook his head a few times, and checked his watch two thirty five. He found his bearings unlatched the door and met face-to-face le conducteur. Votre passport, S.V.P. Monsieur.

Startled, Paddy reached into the side pocket of his pea jacket, produced a passport, which was perused and finally stamped, with a dry merci. He returned to bed after taking off all his clothing, curled up, and fell into a dead sleep.

The words Gare de Lyon 15 minutes, came through to his sub conscious, several times before he fully awoke, dressed quickly and washed up. As he was slipping on his pea jacket, le train pulled into the station.

He stepped onto the platform with his gear, determination set on his face, mind made up.

It was too dangerous to store the stake of a lifetime in a pension, or hotel room. Thirteen thousand vials of semen sitting in it's cryogenic tank, was too vulnerable to leave, lying about to be accidentally found

by a curious house maid or a marauding voleur. No his decision taken nobody would find, or could find, his base of operations. A perfect house, accessible at all hours, not a living soul around, no lights, or traffic, a real dead place, plus a bonus, no rent to pay. Le cimetiere du Pere Lachaise, located in the east end of the city, dans le vingt iemme arrondissement was founded in 1676 as a retreat by the Jesuits and is Paris loveliest burial ground. The cemetery, which covers forty four hectares containing one hundred thousand burial places and since opening has had over one million burials.

This is the place Paddy chose

The main entrance is on Boulevard Menilmontant, and walking through the cemetery, the older parts making use of above ground burial; the tiny houses are actually small chapels many in a state of disrepair.

This is the setting Paddy chose

Chestnut trees line some of the avenues, giving the relaxing feel of a country park. Meandering between the tombs and gargoyles that flank a crisscross of winding pathways over the vast expanse of the cemetery one is struck by the ambiance that lingers in the shadows of these famous names in history that now rest there in peace. Paddy had never found himself in such awesome company. Oscar Wilde, Marcel Proust, Simone Signoret, and a very obscure composer Gioacchino Rossini, Birth: 1792, Death : 1868, this tomb is empty, its remains having been exhumed and returned to Italy for burial at the family villa, over one hundred years ago. This extra large stone chapel maintained by the family in perpetual care for loyal fans of the eighteenth century to remember him by.

This is the chapel Paddy chose

Paddy strode from the lower level of the RER station, in La Gare de Lyon struggling with all his baggage, to t he upper level, stepped dans l'accès metro He purchased an orange pass good for all zones for a month. He would be using le metro exclusively, during his stay in Paris, headquartered in le cimetiere du Pere Lachaise, sure la rive droite and doing business at le Salon International D'agriculture, situated at Portes de Versailles, sure la rive gauche.

Le salon was due to open Sunday January fourth to the following Sunday, and here, it was December twenty first. No wonder he said to himself, all the trains are packed! He had lost track of time, and suddenly realized he would be spending Christmas in The City of Lights. His mood lifted and his burden seemed light.

It was still early morning as Paddy stepped onto le quai ligne deux Direction Nation, Gare du Nord to Pere Lachaise, estimated time fifteen minutes. He was pleased as the train which would take him to his base of operation slithered into le quai. Like a mole in the dark he sped underground to his chapel of solitude, in a quiet part of Paris, where all were sleeping.

He entered le cimetiere from a petite ruelle, through an ancient but short thick steel door slightly ajar, with barely enough room to squeeze by. It was attached to the imposing stone wall, a seldom used entrance except by les clochards, who appreciated it's secluded location and lack of formal welcome. Paddy had done his homework pouring over a detailed map of the famous resting place which he had picked up second hand at Shakespeare's Books. He knew that inside the vine-covered wall scattered stone steps flowed upward and the path ahead was embedded in his mind, left, then, right up a small grade down a cobblestone driveway, past a bevy of gargoyles, a sharp turn, into a bricked foot path, and there it was, a magnificent, chapel built in the eighteenth century, totally obscured, from the main path with a huge chestnut tree looming over it's twin spirals.

Paddy amazingly swung open, the heavy cast Iron Gate, to Rossini's tomb, which creaked and groaned, and must have weighed all of three hundred kilos but was still perfectly balanced. He laid his cryogenic tank inside the crypt, and dropped the rest of his equipment, into the deepest part of the chapel, where he would make his home for the duration. He then took stock of all the items he needed, coal oil heater and lamp, candles, staple food items, eau gazzeuse, a few litters of simple red wine, a towel. The sleeping bag he brought from home would be his greatest asset in this damp and cold tomb, as it was rated at minus thirty-five Celsius and tested in the Canadian arctic. Paddy left his safe hiding place, zigzagged his way back to the same exit as he had entered, in his weathered dark pea jacket, battered hat, paper bag with a bottle of wine sticking out, for effect, fitting in anonymously, with the underground clochard community also residing within the walls of Pere Lachaise Cemetery. Not an eyebrow was raised at the newcomer on their turf.

Paddy found a hardware store, one metro station away in order not to attract attention, picked up the necessities, returned by the same circuitous route set up his heater and other items, laid down and had a snooze, as mid day was upon him.

He slept soundly for a solid two hours, awoke refreshed, famished, and warm, to a total stillness with only the sound of winter birds breaking

its rhythm. He tore, off a piece of baguette, opened a box of ripe Livarot cheese from the Normandie, region cut out a large slice to spread on his crusty bread, swung around grabbed a bottle of Beaujolais deftly extruded it's cork with his trusty Swiss army knife, and drank heartily from the bottle. Later swinging open the large cast iron and steel door, he peered, out and finding the coast clear relieved himself a good distance away, not wanting to attract attention to his location. In future he would use the WC's at the SNCF station he silently reminded himself.

He hunkered down for the rest of the day and night, in the chapel that had rested Gioacchino Rossini's remains, and was now empty of his soul but certainly not his ghost. For nighttime he installed makeshift blackout curtains with his shirts for warmth, and generally, made it as cosy as he could for the duration of his stay.

He thought as he lay back, scratch pad in hand, twenty four long days lay ahead, as the Tabhall-Lorg was slated to arrive back in Marseilles on January fourteenth on her return trip from Singapore, and he had a date with her, a paid return ticket to Canada.

He awoke to the sound of absolute silence, not even birds were twittering, he swung the large creaking door open, and low and behold, ten centimetres of snow had softly fallen during the night. Pere Lachaise resembled a white blanket of bumpy covered clouds. Paddy waited several hours before venturing out, not wanting to leave foot prints in the snow which would give his position away, although he suspected many clochards resided in this chapel area of Pere Lachaise, and all, respected each others space.

He left mid morning and headed downtown by Metro, ligne trois direction Saint Michel Notre Dame, emerged on Boul Mich, Rive Gauche, staring directly at L'Eglise Notre Dame. Paris was slushy and damp, so he ducked into a petit café, stood at the bar and ordered himself a grand chocolat, et un petit calva, to knock the chill from his bones. It was now close to midi, he also asked for a demi baguette with fromage et porc. Fortified he walked towards, Rue du Pont Neuf that wonderful piece of architecture that is the oldest of the Paris bridges, the two halves begun in 1578 and completed in 1618. Until he reached Quai de la Megisserie, sure la Rive Droite. Like Fred Astaire he skipped lightly down the steps and continued his walk along the Seine absorbing the sights and sounds of the traffic on the river. Reluctantly turned away from the quai at rue St. Paul and headed towards Place Des Vosges, where L'Eglise St. Eustache resides in center stage at place, deux rue du Jour.

Just below the portals of St. Eustache there stands a very old English Pub by the name of, The Parson Russell, an oasis for the English speaking, visiting from around the world, emersed in a sea of French culture. The Parson as it is known, comes complete with newspapers, and a fine array of freshly brewed draft ale, and lagers from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Australia.

This is where Paddy headed

Entering the venerable brasserie, Paddy scooped up the local paper from the bar, on what's happening in Paris this week. He settled himself on the closest bar stool, ordered a pint of Guinness, sighed with contentment as he snapped open the weekly news, for the anglophile community.

Much to his amazement on the first page there was a larger than life picture of his idol, Parson Kerouac, the poet. A thumbnail sketch following his life and readings appeared below, and he greedily read it. The article went on to say that he would be reading, from new unpublished as yet poems, in Paris, on December twenty second, at Shakespeare & Co., thirty seven, rue de la Bucherie, fifth arrondissement, at nineteen hundred hours.

Wow Patrick F. Boyle, this is your lucky day, early afternoon, a pint of Guinness on your table, Paris at your fingertips, two days before Christmas Eve, and your favourite author and idol within walking distance.

Shakespeare & Co., is a very unique bookstore, and private library situated across the Seine from Notre Dame, at Kilometre Zero Paris. It has three floors of books, and literary history, equal to none.

The bookstore has survived some tumultuous times. Originally owned by Sylvia Beach it was situated at douze rue de L'Odeon in St. Germain. She closed up shop after the Germans rolled into Paris in 1940. The current owner is George Whitman, who bought part of Beach's collection and the name, then opened up shop at the current location.

Paddy left The Parson Russell, in late afternoon, slowly meandered, back towards the Seine, the snow had all melted, he stopped and had a wonderful flaming Grand Marinier crepe, at the corner of Petit Pont, and rue de la Megisserie, on the right bank. He then crossed the turbulent Seine, swung back along its banks towards Shakespeare. He liked the cobbled stoned plaza in front of the ancient bookstore. A bench sits to the left of the doorway. The hand-painted sign above the bench inviting you to stop, rest and enjoy free of charge. Beside the bench is a two panel blackboard, one side headed Paris Wall

Newspaper and carrying hand lettered bits of local info, the other headed Public Notices and crammed with announcements and messages, some oddly personal, mostly placed there by Expatriates. All of this facing Notre Dame Cathedral. Paddy took it all in hardly believing the incredible appeal of his surroundings. He felt surprisingly at home here.

A small gathering of expatriates of the beat generation, were milling around waiting, for the opening of the doors, as Parson Kerouac, was not an enigma in Europe at this time.

It was a cold wind bouncing off the Seine that night, and George Whitman's broad smile was a welcome sight when he opened the doors to Shakespeare & Co. The group of eleven followed him through the book-lined shop and up two steep narrow staircases. Paddy was overwhelmed by the musty dimly lit hushed atmosphere and was taken back when they reached the alcove and saw sitting on a stool the man himself, Parson Kerouac. He had never seen him in the flesh, and was surprised at his small stature. He was holding a steaming cup of tea, as Paddy approached and shook his hand.

George caught our attention, introduced Jack, swept his arm towards the assortment of chairs and asked us to be seated.

He didn't hesitate ten seconds, he picked up the first book on the table beside his stool, flipped to a pre marked page, announced which books he would be reading from, in the following order, 'On The Road', 'Satori In Paris', and finally from a yet unpublished book of poems, plainly named, 'Scattered Poems'.

He would read only a chapter of his choice from the novels he had chosen, and six or so from the collection of thirty-seven poems. The time flew by quickly for all of us, and as Parson stood up, and stretched, one and one half hours had chosen, and six or so from the collection of thirty-seven poems.

They answered that they generally meet at the Parson Russell, in late afternoon on any given day. As a matter of fact a party is in the planning stages, for the afternoon of December twenty fourth for all of us, away from our families to celebrate Christmas together.

He nodded and left, heading towards boul Mich and the corner of Pont St. Michel, the Metro entrance facing the Seine and Notre Dame. He then descended into the bowels of the Metro, le quai ligne quatre direction Reaumur/Sebastopol. Paddy entered le cimitiere, by a quiet side street, the heavy rusty steel door only slightly open. It was very dark, no stars about as he squeezed through, and made his way to his humble abode and found nothing amiss.

He spent the next day and a half, acclimatizing to the situation at hand, planning, making his temporary home as comfortable as he could, and looking forward to, the Christmas Eve party at the Parson Russell with the affable group he had met at Shakespeare hoping to further discuss that wonderful evening.

He skipped down the Metro steps two at a time, that twenty fourth day December afternoon, slipped downtown in fifteen minutes, hustled right over to the Parson Russell, heart just a pounding, grabbed the heavy brass handle, swung open the large oak door, to a raucous smoked filled bar.

As his eyes adjusted to the dim interior, he realized that the pub was jammed, he wandered up to the bar and ordered a half pint of Guinness. After leaning on the bar for ten minutes or so, someone from the crowd yelled Hey! It's the guy with the navy pea jacket! Paddy turned around and spotted a familiar face waving him over to a table, ten or twelve assorted beats even some he recognized.

That wonderful glow that comes with Christmas Eve was evident in every smiling face that afternoon, in the Jack. Paddy was introduced to everyone, put his half pint down beside a petite fully freckled redhead, with eyes as green as the Irish Sea, and sat down next to her. The general talk at the table revolved around, where are you coming from, and where are you heading to, most were crisscrossing Europe as a great adventure.

A heated discussion was launched on Jack Kerouac's new book of 'Scattered Poems' by the group that had gone to the reading at Shakespeare's that night. Paddy had loved and relived every minute, of that whole night.

Fueled on by pints of wonderful ambrosia, by some of the oldest and best known breweries in all of Europe, the group's animation reached a pinnacle, at which point someone suggested food, after all is this not, Paris!

The discussion picked up, some bantering went on; suggestions coming from all had a show of hands, it would require a large table, at the Cabaret, so the chef was pleased at the advance notice.

All trooped out of the Parson Russell, in a procession, heading to the Metro, singing English Christmas carols, at the top of their lungs.

Paddy took the red headed girl under his wing. He learned her name was Alice, and she had just arrived in Paris from Ireland two days ago, to study French and Art History at the Sorbonne in the second term. She seemed quite taken with Patrick and was asking more questions than his mother would ask on a first date. The group noisily making

their way down towards the Metro Station. La ligne six took them there swiftly. The merry group emptied out into the streets, from the Metro, at the crossroads, where the Rue des Saules meets la Rue St.-Vincent, one of the most delightful corners of the Butte, in Montmartre. The road rises steeply beside the cemetery, a country air enhanced by the famous Lapin Agile, half hidden by an ancient acacia. This former Cabaret des Assassins, re-christened when Andre Gill painted a new sign, was, between nineteen hundred and eight and nineteen fourteen, the haunt of writers and artists, who began the tradition of literary evenings and continues to this day. Paddy was enjoying himself immensely, and was thrilled to have the delightful Alice on his arm but he realized he must not arouse any suspicion about his reason for being here.

They lined up at the door of the Lapin Agile and the concierge warmly invited the gang in. He brought them to a long and narrow solid limousine oak table, with years of wine and wear on it. He sat them all on one side facing the small-lighted stage, on which stood only a stool and a table with a half litre of wine on it.

The comfortable captains chairs, made of the same wood and wear, were built for an evening of eating, drinking and literary viewing. Le garcon advised le group, la speciality ce soir, est le lapin maison dijonnaise, pommes vapeur avec baguette fraiche, crème brulee comme dessert. Les vins blancs et rouge a volonte, ens demi litre, tout ca pour cinquante F/F chacun le complet. They immediately put in a wine order of five half litres of white and the same of red, and all agreed on the rabbit, in Dijon sauce.

As this was Christmas Eve only a few other tables were occupied with regular patrons, someone from their group asked le garcon who was reading tonight, he simply replied c'est une surprise pour la veille de Noel, Monsieur.

Paddy found himself sitting next to Alice again, my she certainly is quite handsome, but chatty he said to himself. Les carafes were brought to the table on two large trays, with two wine glasses each, one for white and red. The ambiance gave the group an appreciation of their historical surroundings, and subdued the chatter to a hum, of intellectual discussion.

On ordering another round of demi litres, the appetites now honed to razor, sharpness, from the smells wafting in from the small kitchen the first of many wicker baskets loaded with freshly cut baguettes arrived. The galley, at the Lapin Agile prided themselves in providing home grown herbs, vegetables, and la specialty, de maison le Lapin, all

raised in the tiny Montmartre garden. The main crop raised was a leaf type kale, or mustard greens, which in turn were fed to the rabbits. This leafy prolific lettuce has a spicy taste like hot Dijon mustard. Les lapins in their elevated pens were raised on it, as a replacement for hay, which eventually gave the meat, a terrific mustard-like taste and a certain delicate flavour unique to this small corner of the world. The menu at the Lapin Agile was very simple, and limited in scope, but gastronomically speaking a work of art, like a Picasso sketch, and was repeated on a daily basis except Sundays when they were closed. Tonight, it was presented in a mustard sauce, brought briskly to the table steam wafting from the top of beautiful bowls from Limoges. 'The Beats' dove into this wonderful feast with gusto, replenishing their wine glasses as they ate. Le Chef Monsieur Pierre Guindon came and joined them for a glass, and general chatter, as theirs was the last table to be served, on what was to become a memorable Christmas Eve for Paddy.

Rabbit was the fare six nights a week, at the Lapin Agile, in aspic, Dijon, saffron, and variations there of. As the bowls and breadbaskets were being cleared from the table, a round of fresh half litre wine carafes hit the table. Talk resumed at break neck speed, as the lights were gradually dimmed, all eyes slowly turned to the stage, the hubbub diminished, and out stepped, my God it was Jack Kerouac! The expatriates clapped with exuberance, and Parson being a man of no wasted words, took a sip of eau de vie, from the side table, introduced himself, announced the poems he would read and immediately, launched into his yet unpublished book entitled, 'Scattered Poems'.

Unbeknownst to most everyone in the Lapin Agile that Christmas Eve, was another prominent personality, dining with her lifetime friend and literary agent. A diminutive lady, shrunken by life's aging process sitting at a table for two, very near to the raucous table, of eleven, she had not lifted one eyebrow towards the group all night.

Alice B Toklas, found that listening to the exuberant party behind her, brought a flood of memories tumbling back, to her. In the nineteen twenties, their entourage known as the Lost Generation, a very similar group had dined here on numerous occasions. Her partner of forty some odd years, Gertrude Stein had passed away, shortly after Paris was liberated, and Alice who still resided at cinque rue Christine, in le septieme Arrondissement, made a point of dining at the Lapin Agile several times a year. It had been one of Gertrude's favourite haunts, so in devotion to her, Alice made a pilgrimage, to le Lapin, to revive

her energy, and bask in their past glory.

Alice and her agent, Carl Van Vechten better known as Papa Woogums, both faced the stage. She had discreetly been called to observe the special guest now appearing. The owner of le Lapin Agile hoped Miss Toklas would be kind enough to invite the author to her table after the reading. She had consented gracefully as she thought Gertrude would approve, as it had been their custom to encourage newcomers in the past.

Jack Kerouac stepped from the small elevated stage, and headed straight for Miss Toklas' table, amidst rousing applause. Alice bent over and whispered in Paddy's ear, that Jack Kerouac, was joining the famous Alice B Toklas of Gertrude Stein fame. At first Paddy was confused by the two Alice's and stared blankly at that famous face, suddenly smiling broadly at his companion, comprehension setting in. Alice was excited now, as she told Paddy of seeing Miss Toklas photograph in the Herald Tribune, a few weeks ago, with an accompanying article. Alice B Toklas had sold her famous Picasso painting, Man with a Guitar, for a very large sum to finance the publishing of Gertrude Stein's monumental backlog of unpublished manuscripts. Did you know she continued, that Miss Stein, was the antithesis as Pablo Picasso's art was to cubism, her art was to the printed word of modernism. Alice finished off with a quote of hers ' a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose', and heaved a contented sigh in Paddy's direction.

Jack Kerouac was bent over, elbows on the table facing the petite stylish lady, as discussion volleyed earnestly back and forth. The literary agents' hands crossed on his generous girth not joining in the conversation. La grande table silent now, trying to hear any bits of conversation flowing between them. After twenty minutes or so, conversation suddenly stopped, Mr. Kerouac abruptly stood straight up, bowed slightly from the waist to Miss Toklas, presented her a brightly wrapped Christmas parcel, nodded slightly to the agent, turned on his heels and left by the stage door not looking back. Shortly thereafter, Miss Alice B Toklas was gently helped out of her chair, arthritis showing signs of progression on her frail frame, her elbow cupped by the older gentleman at her side, and slowly made her way to the entrance just as a cab arrived.

The buzz returned to the table with renewed fervour as more wine arrived, to fuel le group. Wasn't Kerouac nifty and groovy? Did you see Alice B Toklas? Was that Papa Woogums, their life long agent? Do you think Jack had a tiff with Alice? Wow what an evening!! The babble

continued into the late night, until eleven thirty, when the chef announced that le Lapin Agile would close early, as this was the eve of the birth of Christ.

This came as a surprise to the group, they had lost track of time. Settling in addition, a few of them hastily made alternate plans. Alice Marie McNamara staring at Patrick with her large brooding eyes, a very devout Catholic by birth, quietly whispered to Paddy, Would you like to join me for midnight Mass at Notre Dame? We'll just have time to make it; it begins in half an hour.

Notre Dame Cathedral was jammed packed, with only few caned chairs vacant at the very back by the huge flying buttresses. A number of nuns were kneeling as the service had just begun, Paddy and Alice slipped into the creaky chairs, as the full choir sang out in Latin, Veneti Adoramus. He reached out and took Alice's hand in his, as she snuggled closer to him. They were both moved by the majesty of the moment, and Paddy slipped his arm around Alice's shoulders and whispered Merry Christmas in her ear.

Midnight Mass at Notre Dame was both magical and medieval, offering communion and a majestic bond to all believers. Paddy observed Alice following the procession head bowed to receive the symbolic blood and flesh of God. What a lucky hand fate had dealt these two young people from the shores of Ireland to meet here in the city of love on Christmas Eve. Paddy said a silent prayer of thanks as Alice returned to her seat beside him.

They exited reverently at the conclusion of the service, in the shadow of the gargantuan columns, while above gargoyles peered down from the twin towers, on this night of nights. Alice took his hand in hers, turned, searched his eyes, and said, Patrick, would you like to spend the night at my new garret apartment? She continued, it is but a few minutes from here on the Left Bank. He looked up at the night sky, pondered, a few seconds, and thought to himself a night away from my precious cargo and Pere Lachaise certainly is appealing. It had been a lonely vigil up till now, with really nothing much to do but guard himself against intruders, and his neighbours, who had been more than cooperative, since all they wanted was to be left alone as much as he did. So all is safe, he told himself and besides he had the prettiest red headed lass standing here in front of him, her green eyes reflecting the city of lights.

He gently took Alice by her tiny rounded shoulders, bent down, and kissed her on both cheeks, they looked at each other, hungry mouths suspended in time, descending searching, and finally connecting in a

passionate embrace, catching their breath she whispered, does this mean yes? Paddy responded affirmatively with another more erotic kiss, tongues exploring tongues, surging in and out with delicate tenderness, communicating in the language of love...

They linked arms, and slowly crossed Pont Neuf, the Seine flowing with some turbulence below as they strolled towards the famous Left Bank, looking back only once over their left shoulders, the twin towers of Notre Dame Cathedral watching over them like sentinels on guard. Paddy and Alice arrived at L'Hotel de l'Ancienne Comedie at deux rue L'Epique, and were handed la cle de chambre, par Le Concierge who had an all knowing Parisienne smile on his face. With little heat in Alice's atelier, their bodies melted together under thick goose down coverlets that Alice had brought from Ireland, all this more than made up for the lack of central heating, on this cold Christmas Eve in Paris' Left Bank.

Early the next morning Paddy turned over and caught sight of Alice putting a wooden match to the gas stove. The kettle was filled and set down for boiling. She returned and slid quickly under the covers, having shed her nightgown on the chair along the way. Paddy felt her warmth immediately, cuddling and embracing, their breaths the same rhythm enjoying and drinking in the moment. Just then the kettle whistled, softly, bringing them both out of their reverie. Alice slipped out of the small bed picked up her Shetland wool cardigan from the chair, and went about preparing a pot of tea.

The next few days were a blur. Paddy and Alice like all new lovers were totally focused on one another. They explored the immediate neighbourhood of the apartment, and were stimulated by all the exotic sights and sounds and smells of the French life. They ventured out reluctantly to buy food, a simple bottle of red wine, a fresh baguette and a slice of creamy cheese to share at the little table by Alice's window.

They discovered the beautiful thirteenth century church of St.-Sulpice, and were amused by the unusual pulpit with twin staircases. Sometimes in the afternoon they'd stop at Place de Furstenberg to admire the Abbot's church, of St.-Germain-des-Pres. Early evening was often spent cuddled on a bench by the Medici fountain in the nearby Latin Quarter garden. They walked hand in hand along the narrow sidewalks happily glancing at their reflection in café windows sometimes stopping to embrace and share a kiss or two before continuing their stroll.

Alice loved to sit across from him at a tiny table sharing a bottle of

wine and squeezing his hand on her knee. She wanted to do so much with Paddy and to take in all the sights of this beautiful city. They talked about visiting the famous Louvre Museum and the Eiffel Tower. Alice had not felt like this before and hadn't expected to fall in love with a fellow Irishman here in Paris. It was all too good to be true, and it frightened her when she thought about it. She wanted to make the most of their time together for she didn't know how long this would last.

She felt Paddy shared her feelings and yet occasionally she sensed he was holding back and perhaps was reluctant to proceed so quickly. One evening as they walked arm in arm along the Seine, Paddy stopped and faced Alice holding her firmly by the shoulders. She was afraid he was going to tell her he was married or had a girlfriend at home. Instead Paddy who had been feeling guilty about Thelma, asked Alice if she was happy. She broke into a big smile and said oh yes my darling! He pulled her close and whispered reassurances in her ear. She was afraid to ask Paddy the same question.

As they continued to walk Paddy told her about Thelma and hoped she understood, asking Alice to take their relationship one day at a time. He wanted to be honest with her and not let things go too far without being up front with her. Alice was relieved and hoped for the best. She explained that she too had a lot to consider and was willing to proceed with caution. She realized that they had both been carefully guarding not only their past but their real reason for being in Paris. Despite what Paddy had just told her she was not ready to divulge the truth to him. She would not let her emotions rule over common sense yet! Perhaps she had been reckless in getting so carried away, she vowed to be more cautious and not let passion interfere with her secret arrangement. Paddy suggested they stop in at their favourite cafe up the street from her apartment, for a glass of Irish draft beer and a sandwich to get out of the cold. Paddy also knew he had to make an excuse to Alice to get away tonight, in order to get on with his plan. Tomorrow was the beginning of the New Year and there was work to be done to make sure the caper would succeed. He hoped that by speaking of Thelma he could gently pull himself away before they became too involved.

He was really growing fond of Alice and their liaison had diverted his attention from the great bull semen caper. Over their glasses of beer they both relaxed and knew intuitively that this might be their last evening together for now. Alice felt so comfortable with Paddy; it was as if they had known each other all their lives. Somehow she knew

their paths would cross again. She hoped it's what he wanted too. He explained that he had some business to attend to the next day and that he must leave her tonight.

They climbed the stairs to her apartment slowly, unsure of what to expect when they reached the top, yet knowing what they both wanted. As Paddy gathered his few things together Alice busied herself tidying up. She felt anxious, not wanting Paddy to leave, wanting him to take her in his arms. Her head was spinning as she realized their time together was running out.

Suddenly she turned around to find him facing her. They were in one another's arms before they knew it, kissing hungrily. They fell onto the bed in a flurry of passion wanting to make this encounter their best yet. Regardless of what happened in the future they had this time together in Paris, an affair to remember if that was all it turned out to be. Paddy was reluctant to leave the warm bed for his frigid chapel at Pere Lachaise, but he kissed Alice one more time and quickly skipped down the stairs to the dark street below before the chime of midnight. Goodnight Alice MacNamara he whispered, but also goodbye.

Caper Phase III

Salon International D'Agriculture

Paris Portes de Versailles

Dimanche le 4 au 11 Janvier 1949

Dawn arrived early on that bright morning in Pere Lachaise cemetery. Paddy was curled up in his cold tiny chapel, this first day of January nineteen hundred and forty nine. He stiffly pulled himself from his sleeping bag, prepared his daypack, and headed out to the Metro which took him to what he considered to be his safe bar, the Parson Russell for a meeting with Monsieur Frederik Ovary.

The arrangement set up a few months ago, was to check the classifieds in the Trib, between Christmas and New Years Day, for a message to F.O. from P.F.B., outlining the final arrangements for a rendezvous somewhere in Paris.

Only four days away muttered Paddy to himself. He entered the Parson early and stood at the bar and ordered a grand café and a croissant. On the counter lay a discarded newspaper or journal as the French called it. The owner's nod indicated he could have it. He left his money on the counter and chose a table by the heater to take the chill off while awaiting the arrival of Monsieur Ovary, and thinking of his final plans, for le Salon.

Paddy thought about Alice and wondered what she was doing. He decided to call her to thank her for their special time together. She

picked up the phone on the first ring, hoping it was he. They arranged to meet the next day to see the Louvre. As Paddy hung up he realized that once again he was letting his heart reign over his mind. He slid onto his chair and picked up the paper and realized it was the first issue of the New Year for the Paris based International Herald Tribune and opened the Trib to the classifieds quickly scanning the personals and spotted his ad immediately:

F.O

The Jack

January first, nineteen hundred and forty nine

Thirteen hundred hours

P.F.B.

He settled down to read through the rest of the paper, as he was a few hours early and he welcomed the warmth of the busy café. Monsieur Frederik Ovary arrived on the dot of the appointed hour, accompanied by a dapper Daschund proudly displaying his red knitted coat.

Monsieur was sporting a very long handlebar moustache, jaunty beret, ornate cane of some value, no doubt to help his slight limp, the duo presenting a very dashing picture.

Patrick stood up and acknowledge Monsieur ever so slightly, signalled to a chair, beside him with the downward wave of his hand.

Introductions made, the sturdy Daschund christened Calva, settled comfortably under the table. Le garçon de table immediately took their order with great pomp and ceremony typical of the custom of French waiters. A Guinness, for Paddy, un ballon de calvados for Monsieur, and a cold bowl of fresh Evian from the mountains pour le chien presented on a large serving tray. Aha! Paddy said to himself as Monsieur Ovary, bent over and spilled a dram of calvados into the dogs water bowl. He comes by his name honestly, and Calva lapped it up with gusto.

Patrick and Frederik were now on a first name basis. They started hammering out the itinerary for the up and coming Salon. Paddy, was at first sceptical of the plan being mapped out by Monsieur, and was aware that the charming and mesmerizing elder gentlemen, had in a magic way created a toe hold on his heart.

Be careful Paddy, his mind was telling him, you've come too far to let this happen to you. Let him believe, that his way is the best, and go about your business, as your plan is foolproof. Monsieur Ovary, excused himself, for a visit to the WC. It gave Paddy time to recoup and reconsider the proposed plan, and as he thought he picked up the lovely cane, and was twirling it absentmindedly as Monsieur returned.

The plan agreed upon, was this?

Frederik Ovary had placed many discreet petites annonces, over the last several weeks, in major Bovine publications that covered most of Europe. He had also alerted his many contacts that he had dealt with over the years.

Monsieur Ovary had at the same time secured legitimate employment for the first time in his working life, under the guise of Bovine Consultant. The large artificial insemination house from the Walloon Region of Belgium who hired Frederik, could not believe their good luck. The timing was incredible, the largest bovine agricultural salon known worldwide was taking place in Paris France and approaching, fast, and they had landed the 'Granddaddy' of bull semen marketing. La Compagnie, Belgian White Blue Genetics Avenue des Arts, thirteen-fourteen, Brussels, specialists in superior beef bulls for crossbreeding purposes, were ecstatic upon acquiring Frederic Ovary as their spokesperson. He was a well known personality and key player with world wide contacts in the Artificial Insemination Industry, just at a time when Bleu Blanc Belge were looking to break through on all fronts to supply a world market. All this in the infancy days of this newly developed technology, and Monsieur Ovary was at the leading edge.

Frederik explained all of this to Paddy. This is of course, a great cover for me, and I assure you a temporary one. I will have access to all zee buyers at zee Salon, while being a legitimate participant, very clever, no?. Paddy acknowledge that indeed, it was a great plan, and it certainly did fit well into his, he reflected.

He continued, you will please bring me zee semen straws, as I accumulate zee orders for zeh next day. We shall set up a different meeting place on a daily basis within the walls of zee Salon to confuse outsiders showing any interest in our beeziness, oui.

Moi Monsieur Frederik, could assume all zee risk, if Paddy, does not want to jeopardize, himself, for an only a very slight, augmentation in commission. By the way Paddy, where are you staying for zee duration, of le Salon?

Paddy had taken precautions, and booked a room as a cover for the next eleven days. He replied readily, L'Hotel Henri IV, quatre vingt cinq rue Saint-Honore, chambre cinq cent un, passing on the extra detailed information convincingly to Frederik. Just a ten minute walk from here he added, a room with a view of the Seine on the Right Bank.

He had informed the desk clerk at L'Hotel Henri IV, that he was on

business. He paid in advance, telling them he would be in and out. He left the phone number of the Parson Russell's, cabine telephonique, as a message centre. He had been leaving generous tips at the Jack, pour les Garcons de table, to pass on any incoming messages.

Business completed they made arrangements for when they would meet again. Calva, the rotund Daschund, was not pleased at being roused awake, by Monsieur, due perhaps to the interruption of an erotic dream, or a slight mal de tete? Frederik Ovary, bowed ceremoniously, as Paddy shook his hand, and they parted company. Paddy was pleased with the meeting. This was working out better than he had ever dreamed. It was a safe approach for the long-term gamble to take place. He did not want to jeopardize the groups' investment after coming this far.

Head down, and his hands jammed deep in his jacket pockets he reflected over the days events, walking slowly, towards the Metro station. He gingerly stepped over a clochard, which was keeping at bay the cold and damp of the Paris winter by warming himself on the vent grill of the Metro exit. Blanketed with cardboard boxes, to keep in the warmth, and a litre of vin rouge ordinaire at the tip of his lifeless blue fingertips Paddy marvelled at the ingenuity of those less fortunate than he.

Paddy made his way back, to Pere Lachaise, and settled in to his miniature chapel, to reflect on the plans that day. Tomorrow he was to meet Alice, at the Louvre, and perhaps spend their last day together. He would have to tell her soon, he said to himself. This could not go on.

On January second Paddy found Alice waiting for him at the Louvre/Rivoli metro and they re-enacted a familiar Parisian scene each offering two kisses gently on their four cheeks. Arm in arm they entered that mighty palace of art and architecture, unequalled anywhere else in the world. He thought to himself, only two days, left before this caper comes to bear fruit. I must concentrate on what lies ahead. I have to terminate this liaison today, so Alice is not implicated in the plot.

Alice and Paddy spent a wonderful day, visiting with the Mona Lisa, Chagall, Picasso, Pissarro, to mention just a few of the great artists that adorned these great historic stone walls.

As they left the Louvre, Paddy suggested they go to the Parson for a pint. His reasons were threefold. Thirst was at the top of his list. He could also collect any messages from Henri IV, and last but not least, broach the subject of his upcoming departure for Canada.

They walked leisurely hand in hand along le Quai du Louvre, past Pont Neuf, slipped in to la petite Ruelle des Orfevres, and finally arrived at the Parson Russell. As they entered Jacquot, le garçon de table habitué, presented Paddy with a hand written message. It simply read, S.V.P. drop by L'Hotel Henri IV as you have lost something of value.

Monsieur Gascon Paddy and Alice entered the foyer, his suspicions put to rest. Bonjour Monsieur Boyle tout va bien?

Monsieur Gascon took Paddy aside, and quietly explained le probleme. The maid had gone to make his room, as usual, but Monsieur had not slept or seemed to have been in the room, as no disturbances were found. But as she peeked into the WC, she spotted this item, on the floor, which he proceeded to pull from his smoking jacket pocket, and presented it to Paddy. A pointed shaft, with a screw in top, about eight centimetres long, weighing half a kilo that was gold in colour.

Paddy examined it, realizing its worth yet puzzled by its appearance in his washroom. Monsieur Gascon, explained mais Monsieur it is made of gold! a very valuable piece to have lost non! Ah yes, I thought I had misplaced it, as it is a very old piece belonging to my Great Grandfathers cane. Monsieur Gascon was relieved, as Paddy thanked him, profusely. Our family is in great debt to you for having saved this priceless heirloom from disappearing as it has been my good luck charm for many a year.

In gratitude Paddy stuffed a handful of francs into the hoteliers jacket pocket amidst mild protestations. Monsieur Gascon, preceded to hand him the key to chambre cinque cent un with a mischievous smile, and raised bushy eyebrows. Alice and Paddy slowly climbed the circular staircase, and as Paddy plodded upwards, he thought you salaud Frederik, the last time I saw this piece was at the top of your ornate cane in the Parson Russell. I was intrigued, by the piece that day and looked it over when you excused yourself for a visit to the WC, and the tip of it I'm sure, was this very piece that was found in my room.

He did not mention any of this to Alice, and pocketed the piece for future consideration. They arrived at chambre cinque cent un both slightly puffing from the steep climb. Paddy opened the door with the large key that looked like a remnant from an ancient castle, swung open the door, and carried Alice over the threshold, as she giggled and kissed him on the cheek.

He sat her down on a small cane chair at the scarred writing table, in this humble room. Paddy loosened the cork from the bottle of Veuve Clicquot Champagne, set up two wine glasses on the table, poured the bubbly. They raised and clinked their glasses, their eyes locked he

said, 'slainte' which took her by surprise, as it meant 'to your health' in Gaelic. He then continued, 'May the most you wish for, be the least you get'. It was a very old Irish saying she had often heard her Grandfather say.

After a refill of the spirited smoky vintage, he turned to Alice with a heavy furrowed brow, paced back and forth; I have a short story to tell you.

I came to France from Canada for a defined purpose. The primary reason was business. I am representing a group of friends and associates that are hinging their future on my integrity that I will deliver certain goods, and return home as soon as my mission is accomplished. I had no intention of ever in my wildest dreams meeting up, with such a fine Irish Lassie along the way, and hope that my actions have not encouraged you down a false garden path. My date of departure is this coming fourth of January, two days hence. Paddy could see the disappointment on her face as he spoke the words. He hated lying, to her, but it was necessary, he would be involved with dangerous transactions, and she could not be traced back, to these illegal goings on, besides he would have no time for her, so the early departure date was a must. Paris is a big city; he muttered to himself, our paths would not cross.

Alice stood up, set her champagne glass down, came to him, teary eyed, emotions letting loose. She circled her arms around him, and once again their mouths met, searching, stumbling backwards, as they both fell on to the bed. This moment was not like others they had spent together, there was urgency in their passion that could not be explained with words, actions were at the forefront, and in the next few hours, these actions came to manifest themselves.

Both fell into a deep satisfied sleep, with not a spoken word expressed between them. A short time later they awoke in each other's arms and were startled at the complete darkness that had overcome them. The bleating of les claxons seeping through the tall windows, reminded Paddy and Alice that reality was just a look out the window of life, as Paris never skipped a beat for anyone. Melancholy crept in on both their psyches, even as they dressed. Both had to face the world as naked as they had just previously done in the last few hours.

Paddy and Alice dropped off the room key with the sleeping Concierge, and simultaneously stepped onto the cobble-stoned courtyard, searching wildly into each other's eyes for a sign that this could not and would not be the end. Their hands slowly slipped out of each others grip as Alice turned and walked away from him down the

ancient street, the plane tree branches in full winter splendour sticking out stubby ends throwing out sinewy shadows, as the echo of her receding footsteps fell to a whisper and she was gone.

Paddy ducked back in to the Hotel entrance, filled with remorse. He gave her time to walk away, did not go back to his room, and headed in the opposite direction to the Metro station for Pere Lachaise cemetery. He caught the last train at twelve thirty five am, entered by the same heavy steel entrance gate, slipped into his private chapel, like a ghost unseen by his neighbours, turned on his heater and settled in to his sleeping bag for the balance of the night, time and date was January third 1949, two am, thirty hours before Le Salon D'Agriculture in Paris was to open it's doors to the public.

A hallmark meeting between two people and a chien took place in the late afternoon of January third, in a small park called Place Dauphine in the premiere arrondissement in the centre of Paris.

Monsieur Frederik Ovary was sitting on a park bench book in hand, while his portly Daschund Calva, was trotting around sniffing and marking territory of previous passages of other canines, as Paddy arrived. Paddy sat down, and immediately got down to the business at hand. Paddy did not mention the incriminating evidence, of having found the elegant tip of Monsieur's' cane, but noticed it had been replaced with a steel one.

They stood and started walking and talking, gently pulled towards the statue of Henri le IV, which stood out of the narrow entrance to Place Dauphine off Pont Neuf, with Calva shuffling behind them. As they approached the bridge a small wine bar appeared on their left appropriately called Taverne Henri IV. Business concluded, both agreed they were ready for a glass of wine. The simple rugged Irishman and the sophisticated Frenchman entered the charming old wine bar, Calva resplendent in a tartan coat scooted between their legs not wanting to be left out in the cold.

Monsieur Frederik Ovary, who was a very knowledgeable oenophile, proceeded to introduce Paddy to a degustation of superb French wines while Calva had his usual Evian, and a wee dram of calvados. Paddy learned that his partner was from Prignac, a village in the famed wine-growing region of Bordeaux. Monsieur Ovary selected their wines carefully and with obvious enthusiasm. When Paddy first tasted the Haut-Medoc from the Chateau Margaux he thought he had died and gone to heaven. He could get used to this! They went on to sample other fine vintages from Chateau Paulliac and finally a full-bodied yet fruity Latour. This beer drinking Irishman had been introduced to the

world of viniculture by an expert, and he was enjoying every minute of it, like the exuberant Frenchmen around him. Paddy came to appreciate his companion's love of the grape and relished celebrating with the other patrons the human aspect of wine as a symbol of civilization. If only the 'boyos' back at the 'Bal' in Barry's Bay could see me now, he thought with a chuckle.

A high spirited threesome left La Taverne Henri Le IV, that night although a certain chien could not find enough trees to satisfy his biological urges.

Day one

Early the very next morning found Paddy in line, passport in hand, for entry into Le Salon. A homogenous mix of European languages buzzed his ears, as he stood holding what looked like, a larger than usual coffee thermos. It brought no added attention to him, as coffee was a staple to the French, as gas is to the automobile.

As Paddy entered the Great Hall, his pulse beat madly, worried that all eyes were on him and his precious cargo, but as it was, he was just another foreign visitor. He drank in all the immediate sights, hundreds of cattle from all over Europe, banners, cafes, the latest in agricultural equipment, he then stepped up to the Information booth and asked for a map of Le Salon.

After carefully studying the floor plan of all the buildings, he boldly departed, suddenly stopping here and there, zig zagging, doubling back, to make sure he was not being followed. In building three, he found the only Men's WC, entered into a cubicle, locked it, and looked up. Paddy was pleased, it was just as he had imagined, and the white ceramic water-retaining bowl was eight feet above, the single hole in the floor, in order to powerfully wash the whole cubicle. He quickly shinnied up the water pipe, propped his foot on one of the holding bars that a person uses when in a position of an elimination controllee, popped open the heavy ceramic lid, and slowly slipped in his waterproof coffee like thermos.

The thermos, a miniature cryogenic tank in disguise, could hold up to two thousand single doses of bull semen straws. Paddy had purchased seven of these units in a Paris bovine specialty store. Hopefully Monsieur Frederik Ovary could sell a container of straws a day to his potential customers, as he had assured Paddy he would, all through the different stages of negotiations.

Paddy slid down, made himself ready to leave the cubicle, pulled the long chain attached to the basin, stood back, and watched as the water gushed out and spiralled down the orifice in the floor. He

repeated this twice to assure that all was working well. He thought this was a great hiding place for day one, but he could not repeat it, as undoubtedly Monsieur Frederik Ovary would scour the entire Salon for his hiding place.

Paddy jauntily left the WC, to visit this wonderful panorama saluting agriculture, His first stop was at a stand up café, for un petit café noir, et pastis to steady the nerves. Paddy then wandered down the maze of alleyways, marvelling at the variety of agricultural displays, as farming methods were very different and more highly specialized than anything he had seen in Canada.

Finally Paddy spotted, the kiosque Bleu Blanc Belge. It was busy. The Belgians were onto something. At centre stage Monsieur Frederik Ovary, arms gesticulating energetically, with his faithful Calva at his side, and a small but intent audience glued to his every word.

Paddy passed in front twice before their eyes met. This was the signal to meet at a pre determined spot within Le Salon, set for day one, at fifteen minutes after contact. Paddy was standing at the Alsace beer tent nursing a Stella, as Monsieur Ovary arrived in a flutter. I have bonnes nouvelles he announced with a flourish, today's straws ize sold. Paddy and Monsieur discussed delivery, and money finally changed hands, one not totally trusting the other. Paddy explained the pick up point along with a map showing the WC in building three, where the straws were stashed.

Monsieur Ovary looked at Paddy in awe, then said, I have a very important customer from Ireland that I know simply by code name, and he would like to make a large une fois purchase, zis man's personal Aide d'Affaire came today, to advise me with all zee instructions, she is very beautiful yes, young and of Irish descent, as you shall see when we complete zee transaction. I do believe she izz his lover. Zee delivery must be made, precisely at eleven o'clock, le six Janvier in only two days. Paddy's mind was racing ahead, how many straws he stuttered..., Monsieur Frederik Ovary looked Paddy straight in the eye, and calmly and simply replied, toute la balance des pailles, all the straws.

Paddy, exclaimed but how, and where. Monsieur Ovary again answered slowly, here at zee Salon D'Agriculture, a site of your choosing, the stipulation that it take place in zee open, right here perhaps, at the Alsace booth, precisely at the appointed time and date or no deal will take place. Understand that he is a very secretive person, and shall not be here in person, but his jolie femme d'affaire will represent him. I have never met him in person myself, but have

had many dealings with him oui.

Paddy again pleaded with Monsieur Ovary, please be reasonable there are eleven thousand plus vials Of Sparticus semen left, it will fill the remaining six small containers, as I surely cannot take the large cryogenic tank without being undetected. These iss yur beesiness, he barked his face reddening. I get paid for my part, and you are well paid for yours!

Paddy blurted out how will payment be made? Monsieur Ovary replied, when la belle Mademoiselle confirms that zee inventory is legitimate, with my blessing as well, she will hand you zee envelope, with cash in American dollars oui! So please advise me of our meeting place by note, one half hour, before eleven am on the morning, of the sixth of Janvier. Good day to you sir. We should not meet again, only on D day, because of les circonstances, he then clicked his heels together and off he went, followed loyally by his short-legged canine companion. Paddy was dumbfounded. He stood staring at the back of Monsieur Ovary, as he limped away his cane stabbing the ground with every step, the trusty Calva at his side. That's it, he exclaimed to himself, trust. As he looked at the tip of his cane, it occurred to Paddy that this could be a set up. Everything was going too fast, and Monsieur had been very abrupt in his manner. Well, he thought, two can play at this game, but there is so little time, and how do I smuggle, eleven thousand straws, into a place such as this huge Salon. He turned back to the Alsatian bar, summoned the pretty little maid all dressed in her native costume, and ordered up a full pint of fresh pression d'Alsace. Paddy ruminated, quaffing a few pints while watching the goings on around the very busy café, all the time struggling with the puzzle confronting him.

Suddenly a smile broke on his face, as if he had just been struck by lightning. The key is right here all around me. He spent the best part of the day observing the activity in and around the bar.

Paddy left le Salon, with a spring in his step and a large shopping list, written up on the back of an Alsace beer coaster.

Day two

Paddy awoke stiffly as dawn broke on a cold January day, in the heart of Pere Lachaise cemetery, and immediately started packing away his personal items. Tomorrow will either bring success or failure he thought, and I must be ready, for a quick escape. Tonight would be his last night in this miniature Chapel that had provided him shelter, and he thought of his neighbour's les clochards, which had no end in sight. He exited the famous cemetery quietly, taking his usual route,

carefully following his everyday routine and headed for the nearby Metro station, shopping list pocketed. Paddy blended in with the other passengers on the train that morning as he watched for his station at Rue Rivoli. After entering La Samaritaine the largest department store in Paris he boarded the first elevator he spotted on the rez-de-chaussee, and rode straight up to the last stop. He gripped the railing of the narrow steel staircase that led to the roof. Steadily he climbed towards the small door at the top, ducked under the arch, and happily stepped out onto the best kept secret in the heart of Paris, a roof top oasis open to the Parisian panorama.

The view from the top of La Samaritaine mildly speaking was breath taking. Anywhere the eye could see, there were views steeped in history, la Cathedral de Notre Dame, Sainte-Chapelle, et St. Eustache, the Bourse, the Conciergerie, and the ever-prominent Tour Eiffel. Paddy slowly walked around the perimeter gazing out over this incredible metropolis he had come to love. He stopped and reflected for a moment, took a deep breath and eagerly drank in all Paris had to offer, as this would probably be his last chance to view the city of lights from this perspective. He couldn't help but think of a missed opportunity with his beautiful red head. Paris was without a doubt a place for lovers, and once again he wondered if he had made the right decision. He reluctantly descended, the small spiral staircase, into the bowels of the huge department store to do the most important shopping of his lifetime.

His first stop was the sundries department to purchase shaving accessories. Next in the men's department, a beret, a navy blue work coat and matching pants, the type worn by workers in the vineyards, and some rubber soled sandals, and heavy work gloves, complete with a navy blue neckerchief. The tool department yielded a hack saw, clamps, a small combination hammer, and self-tapping screws. Paddy, well satisfied, with his purchases, left La Samaritaine, with a large brown paper bundle under his arm, and headed straight to the Parson Russell, for a pint of frothy Guinness.

As Paddy entered the Jack, he approached his trustworthy Garcon de table, which had no news from the Hotel concierge. Satisfied that so far things were going as planned, he relaxed and drew deeply from his dark hop barley ale.

Paddy tightly gripping his bundle made his way the few blocks to quatre vingt cinque rue Saint-Honore to Hotel Henri IV. As he entered he noted le Concierge was not at his station, picked his key off the rack, sprinted up the spiral staircase, opened the door to cinque cent

un. He immediately drew the bath water, stripped off his clothes, and slipped into the piping hot water. He lingered savouring his last shot at cleanliness for God knows how long. He trimmed his hair short, and then shaved his heavy russet beard, leaving a hefty thick moustache. He did not recognize his reflection in the mirror when he was finished. Then he rolled up all his old clothes and stuffed them into the brown paper bag, careful to clean up all remaining telltale signs, just as if Patrick F Boyle had never been there. He then donned his new outfit, complete with beret and clogs, looked he in the mirror. Were his eyes deceiving him? He was a new man! The transition was amazing; did the real Patrick F Boyle ever exist?

Paddy pulled the door to room 501 gently shut behind him, hopefully for the last time, and slipped down the steep stairs two at a time.

As Paddy arrived at the main desk key in hand, le Concierge startled stared at Paddy like he was a total stranger. Slowly a small light of recognition showed in his eyes, then a broad smile beamed on his face. Ah but Monsieur Boyle, I did not know your face, you have changed! You are leaving no? He looked at all his parcels, la belle Demoiselle is with you oui? She has been back many, many times asking about your whereabouts, and she looks so disappointed upon leaving when I tell her that I have not heard from le Monsieur, and no news is forthcoming.

No Monsieur Gascon, my business is finished here in Paris, and I must take my leave. Should anybody come asking for me, please advise them, that I am leaving for Canada tomorrow, January fourth, by freighter from the port of Marseilles.

As Paddy pressed a hand full of French Francs into Monsieur's hand, both hugged at the same time, Monsieur Gascon, kissing Paddy twice on both cheeks, typical Parisienne style. Paddy then exclaimed Mon Dieu, I must leave you at once the Paris-Marseilles Express leaves from Gare de Lyon, sure quai six, at precisely eight o'clock this evening, and I must be on it.

Paddy closed another door behind him wondering if he would ever be back here. From the Hotel Henri IV he turned left on rue Saint-Honore, heading for the first garbage can he saw and disposed of his old clothes, and excess baggage. As he replaced the lid his stomach rumbled, reminding him that he had not eaten all day. Well he thought, if all goes well, tonight will be regretfully my last night in Paris, so a treat is in order. I shall eat at the famous restaurant le Train Bleu, for a meal of gastronomic delights.

Paddy had other reasons for dining at a fine establishment, he

purposely had left a trace with Monsieur Gascon where he would be at precisely eight o'clock tonight, boarding a train on quai six Gare de Lyon for Marseilles.

He wondered if he was being followed, or was it just a coincidence, that certain happenings, were occurring around him that aroused suspicions. Perhaps he was being overly cautious, but he felt he owed it to the lads back home in Barry's Bay not to blow it now that he had come this far without a hitch.

Paddy found the nearest Metro station, descended into its depths, and boarded the train for Gare de Lyon.

The magnificent horloge, dominating the busy terminal was striking six thirty as Paddy climbed the grand staircase to le Train Bleu. This National monument, was built at the same time as la Tour Eiffel, in time for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The whole restaurant was a testament to the carefree life of la Belle Epoque, its Baroque interior, complete with vaulted ceilings which were a cacaphonie of rococo, well represented by artists of the day, exhibiting their finest examples of Rubenesque females.

The maitre d'hotel came forward with a scowl, une personne Monsieur? Oui replied Paddy, asking for a window seat with a view of the quai if possible, as he slipped the Maitre D a ransom in French francs, to make up for his lack in appearance. Paddy then settled in to look at the menu. He glanced down at the train tracks, and he could see from this vantage point as plain as the nose on his face, quai six, and the Paris-Marseilles Express departing at vingt heures, indicated on the large notice board above the departure gates.

His mouth watered as he perused the menu choosing his meal very carefully. Le garcon approached Paddy, votre choix Monsieur! Paddy replied in his best French, oeuf poche basquaise (Poached egg with ratatouille), main course, Filet de saumon a la creme de cive (Salmon fillet in chive and cream sauce), Riz a la julienne de legumes (Buttered rice with vegetable julienne), plat de Fromages (assorted cheeses), Gateau aux chocolat (chocolate cake), and pass on to le Somellier, a fine Champagne Veuve Cliquot 1943, and pour les fromages, un Saint-Estephe Medoc, Chateau Cos Labory 1946.

Satisfied with his choices, as he did not want to eat excessively, Paddy laid back on his comfortable leather chair, relaxed, and pondered the morrows activities.

The Veuve Cliquot was gently presented, uncorked, and poured. The smoky fragrance filling his senses, the grape dancing on his tongue, delivering the long awaited dreams that one seldom captures, made

the Irishman wish that someone special was here to share it with him. His mind went back to Canada and his darling Thelma, quickly fading into a picture of Alice's head on the pillow beside his. He chuckled and wondered if the two women in his life would like each other if they were to meet.

Paddy was staring into a void, enraptured by the fine bubbly liquid in his glass, and as his vision focused, found himself staring at quai six where the Paris-Marseilles train waited to depart. Startled, he then noticed that the platform was busy, and as he looked at the many people milling about, a tiny but very pretty red head standing apart came in to view.

He impulsively jumped up, then rethought the situation. Why would Alice Marie McNamara show up here, or even know that I would be at gate six, as only one other person in this world knew, le concierge at Henri IV. His heart was pounding, he wanted so much to be with her again, to take her in his arms and share this wonderful meal with her. But duty called, he could not jeopardize the caper at this late date for a chanson d'amour.

Just then his second course arrived, and he gave it all the attention he could muster. Le train Paris-Marseilles left, and the broad platform emptied except for Alice, still standing alone as the train pulled out of station.

Paddy left le Train Bleu well satisfied gastronomically, but disappointed with himself for not following his heart instead of his purse, after all he did have responsibilities towards his boyo's. He was aware that he had just reached one of those critical forks in the road of life and once again he hoped he had made the right choice. He was not convinced, as warm memories of his feelings for Alice swept over him. Paddy found the Metro station, thinking he should be elated by all the happenings, the end of the caper, leaving Europe and heading back to Canada, but something was amiss, he was not comfortable in his own skin, as his thoughts drifted back to the last scene, the lonely figure of Alice on the quai indelibly stamped forever in his mind.

Damn! He thought, damn, damn, damn!

Day three

The small chapel inhabited by ghostly remains of Gioacchino Rossini awoke to a flurry of activities on the sixth day of January. The ornately decorated crypt would soon be abandoned by Patrick F. Boyle and returned to the solace of its original long time proprietor. Paddy rolled up his durable Woods Canadian sleeping bag, heating equipment, fuel, methodically sorting the supplies into two piles, one to be kept, the

other he would leave behind for one of the poor fellows who made this place of death his home. He cleaned up all telltale signs of his stay and hoisted up his own goods, tramped over and tapped on the next chapel tomb, of his neighbor, and explained by way of gesture and his basic French, what he had left behind for him.

Le clochard looked at him with no recognition, and was wary, as Paddy trudged away down the cobble stone path in his new navy French working outfit, complete with rubber soled sandals, beret, and a very large camouflaged duffel bag.

Paddy arrived at the service entrance of Portes de Versailles the host of Le Salon D'Agriculture, precisely at eight am, looking like all the other workers. No one questioned his presence or baggage. Paddy made his way around the back, to where the food and beer deliveries were funneled into the main hall. He then familiarized himself totally with the area, and the other co-workers, without having to speak a word.

At around ten am he wheeled in a large demi/john keg containing fifty two liters of Alsatian draft beer along with his own keg, the cryogenic tank, on a flatbed carrier provided to him by the Stella Artois Company official supplier of Alsatian beer for the duration of the Salon.

Paddy stood in line at the unloading docks as the huge lorries rolled in one after the other awaiting his turn, to shuttle the large kegs into the main Salon. He was secretly pleased his new persona was so easily accepted, he felt strangely invisible. With his teeth clenched on a cigar, he shrugged and grunted trying to imitate their own body language in response to their demands. As soon as Paddy entered the main door with his cargo, he glanced back to see if anybody was following, as the proverbial coast appeared clear, he immediately turned left, and headed straight for the large series of holding pens. He was glad he had plotted his routes and destinations during his recognizance two days before. These pens were utilized for the handling of animals, during Le Salon and no one had reason to enter them otherwise.

Paddy, secured his precious cargo, closed the large wooden gate, and left to keep his first appointment, as time was of essence. As Paddy neared the Bleu Blanc Belge display he could see Monsieur Frederik Ovary talking and gesticulating, to a group of well dressed Swiss, easily identified by their colorful Alpine costumes. Paddy looked around, till he spotted a young lad wandering down the alley way, approached and explained why he wanted this note delivered to that

natty Monsieur with the cane, and portly Daschund beside him, his hand appearing with a few French Francs which were readily accepted. The garcon skipped on to his mission, without missing a beat. Paddy watched from a distance to assure the note was passed on to the rightful recipient. Paddy satisfied the wheels were set in motion turned on his heel, and hurried away. He was a man with a mission, thinking about his note, which read:

‘Please meet at appointed hour as per previous arrangements, the Alsace beer tent, all is in order’.

P.F.B.

He returned to the cattle penning, spread out his meager tools, and started working in earnest, as he had precious little time left to put all his plan in place before the appointed hour.

At the eleventh hour, Paddy was sitting at a large picnic table well in the back corner of the Alsace beer tent. He presently spotted Monsieur Frederik Ovary swinging his cane to unfold the tent flap upon entering, Calva trotting ahead, anticipating un aperitif of Evian perhaps.? The large circus like tent, was in semi darkness, and someone of shorter stature trailed behind him which he could not readily see.

Paddy had positioned himself well, ready for any curves that could be thrown at him.

Monsieur Frederik Ovary approached, as Calva, without a coat to-day, Paddy noticed, slipped under the picnic table. Paddy was lifting his liter of Alsace pression to his lips, as Monsieur Ovary arrived and was quite taken aback at Paddy’s very French paisan attire. Frederik Ovary stretched his arm back to hook, a very petite and stunning red head, bringing her around to face Paddy. I would like to introduce you to Alice, my client. What the heck is going on here, Paddy choked on his beer, and stood up coughing, when he recognized Alice Marie MacNamara. He could not believe his eyes. Why he had just seen her, was it only last night? What was she doing here? Is this a trap? Should he make a run for it? All these questions raced through his mind. He wanted to reach out and hug her but held back on the side of caution. This was definitely not a curve he had anticipated!

Monsieur Frederik Ovary looked perplexed, at Paddy’s reaction to his introduction, of Alice, but as he was facing Paddy, he did not record the recognition, in Alice’s green eyes, as she too grasped the situation at hand.

Alice was cool, if not downright cold, Paddy thought to himself. She

responded formally and appropriately. I am very pleased to meet you. Patrick Boyle, is it not, extending her hand into Paddy's, she pressed the flesh extra hard, her green Irish eyes never losing track of his for a moment. Paddy could feel the color rise to his cheeks. Please do sit down, Mr. Boyle, as there is much to discuss and little time. Paddy's mind was racing, yet he was trying his damndest to appear cool, calm and collected, he knew he was failing miserably. Alice directed Monsieur Ovary, to order a round of drinks. Paddy was grateful for this, feeling he needed one to help mask his anxiety. He could feel his heart doing double time and sweat breaking out on his body.

In due course the traditional bouteille d'Evian accompanied by a bowl and two thimblefuls of Calvados, a liter of pression d'Alsace and a ballon of Bushmill's Irish Whiskey appeared.

Two squarely built men, with deep ruddy complexions both wearing tweed hats, and well worn Harris tweed jackets, who had until now gone unnoticed by Paddy appeared nearby. Alice finally indicated them as her associates sitting at a discreet distance two tables away, nursing mugs of Guinness. Paddy wondered exactly what type of association his Alice might have with these burly brutes.

There was no doubt as to who was in charge of this meeting. Alice Marie McNamara, astounded Paddy, with her confidence, sense of direction, and knowledge, about the business at hand. She was looking as pretty and fresh as a Shamrock after a warm spring rain, just as if the sun was shining through the translucence and dancing, on her freckled face.

Paddy Boyle, heard Alice repeating, as he broke out of his reverie, please Mr. Boyle pay attention, to what is being said. Monsieur Frederik Ovary has assured me that a total of eleven thousand two hundred and eleven vials of Sparticus L'incroyable semen remains, is this a fact.? Paddy replied affirmatively that this was so, as per the last inventory count, which he had taken before disguising his important cargo in the holding pens. Just then Monsieur Frederik Ovary chimed in, would zee Mademoiselle, like to inspect zee cargo, Alice turned and looked at Paddy's troubled eyes, sensed that Paddy seemed to be in a conundrum, and Monsieur Ovary to eagerly insistent, she politely declined Monsieur offer.

Alice Marie McNamara, had silently signaled her so called associates, Sinn and Fein, as the pair of stout Irish men, appeared beside her just as silent as cats treading on a carpet. Alice excused herself and ambled to the nearest WC, the two tweed caps following at a discreet distance. She returned, but did not sit down, reached into her large

Vuiton leather purse, pulled out two brown manilla envelopes, handing one to Monsieur Ovary, for services rendered, and one to Paddy. Now Monsieur Boyle I do believe that my end of the deal is fulfilled. Could you please instruct my people, as to the whereabouts of your part of the bargain. Monsieur Frederik Ovary, had silently sidled in very close assuring he not miss any of the action.

Paddy taking his cue, from Monsieur's curious actions, bent down and whispered in Alice McNamara's ear the exact position of the straws. Alice was smiling, as her face came into full view, acknowledging Paddy Boyle's cleverness. She whispered the instructions to Fein the larger of the two Irish Lad's, dispatching him on his journey, over the protestations of Monsieur Ovary, who also wanted to follow, but Sinn, who had remained behind, was solidly blocking his escape down the aisle. The portly Calva sensing something was amiss, awoke, rolled up onto his short stubby legs, and started growling at the perceived enemy. Although a valiant, effort to protect his territory, was made by the little canine, damage control was kept to a minimum, and Calva quickly returned to his preferred position snoozing under the table. Alice Marie McNamara finally spoke. We shall all remain here for a half an hour to assure the safe departure of our cargo. I must compliment Mr. Boyle, in disguising such a large object. Monsieur Ovary could not hold back. How was eet hidden?.

Paddy went on to explain how he had acquired a fifty-two liter Alsace aluminum beer keg, emptied it, removed the top, and simply slipped the cryogenic tank inside, and riveted the top back on. He then used the same two wheeled carrier, and brought it to this Alsatian beer tent, and he smiled as he revealed it was right under their our noses, throughout the negotiations, with no one the wiser. Monsieur Frederik Ovary, looked dejected. Paddy pointed out that the obvious, that no one would question a beer keg here either arriving full, or heading back empty for a refill.

Alice Marie McNamara added, I suspect that as I speak, Fein is making his way through the streets of Paris, with the cargo safely tucked on our lorry heading towards it's final destination, my Fathers farm in Ireland. She stood, shook hands, with the sullen, Monsieur Frederik Ovary, turned and stared directly into Paddy's eyes, and said good bye in Gaelic, soraidh. Alice then added a rapid litany of words, in her staccato native tongue, which Paddy did not completely understand, as his Gaelic was rusty having been away from the old country for so long.

Alice McNamara, followed by Paddy Boyle, Monsieur Ovary, the Irish

tweed cap called Sinn, and last but certainly not least, Calva the sturdy Daschund, trotting behind, another party under his tummy. Paddy was looking apprehensively down the aisle as Alice and the tweed cap were being swallowed into the busy Salon. He was turning her last words over in his mind, wondering if he should run after her, and tell her how much, he loved her. Paddy realized now how much he had missed her, and what a grave mistake it had been to let her go. As he, made his way through the crowd, that same Gaelic sentence came back to haunt him. All of a sudden Paddy stopped dead, he then started trotting, then running to the nearest WC. He tore by the queue, like a man on a mission, and as the pissoir was full, jumped up and down, till the next available, cubicle opened up, and pushed in ahead of the line. As Paddy bolted the door behind him, he immediately pulled the chain on the water closet, and pretended to be sick. This was for effect. He tore open the envelope containing the American dollars, which he did not bother counting, and with hands shaking, pulled out a note in Alice's hand writing.

Alice Marie McNamara, last words in Gaelic, had been, ' please check the envelope, for a very important note'. Paddy's heart raced as he read the following:

**Dearest Paddy,
Please meet me January seventh ten am
Notre Dame Cathedral, same
chairs, as at the Christmas Eve
Service. Come alone. Be careful. Will
explain.
Signed
Alice Marie McNamara
The Reunion**

Paddy, sought out the small Hotel Esmeralda, for the remainder of his stay, at cinque rue de la Bucherie. He liked the fact that the small hotel was named after the famous dark eyed gypsy girl that enamored Quasimodo the bell ringer of Notre Dame. Paddy was glad he had read Victor Hugo's momentous tale, which takes place in the streets of medieval Paris, and in the belly of Notre Dame Cathedral. The ancient quaint hotel situated on the left bank afforded him an excellent view of the magnificent cathedral where he and Alice had spent a memorable Christmas Eve.

Paddy fell asleep easily that night, with the valuable envelope clenched in his hands, and a contented smile on his face. One hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and ten dollars to be exact. Paddy

had finally counted it all, before falling asleep. It was a king's ransom, for the poor Irish lad and his friends back home in Barry's Bay. Paddy awoke fitfully several times, kicking at the thick feather coverlet. His mind resurfacing to matters at hand, if only to ensure that the parcel was still in his hands, as all his boyo's dreams were contained in that thick manila envelope. Paddy opened his window at daybreak, and looked down from two stories to Rene-Viviani Square. Light filtered through the branches of the magnificent Robinia or False Acacia tree. Unbeknownst to Paddy it was planted in 1680 and is the second oldest tree in Paris. He saw St.-Julien le Pauvre church standing solidly behind the curtain of limbs. The ancient street St.-Julien le Pauvre already bustling with life beneath the picturesque jumble of roofs; L'île de la Cité a blur of medieval architecture; and finally, and above all across the Seine, Notre Dame, its massive structure a contradiction of delicacy, and grandeur.

Enough dreaming, Paddy scolded himself. This is the time to make plans on approaching Mademoiselle McNamara !!.. His mind was full of questions. Is this a trap? Why does she want to see me? Is there a purpose to all this madness?

Paddy left L'Hotel Esmeralda, for a café bar, his package tightly secured in his left breast pocket. La Pyramide at one thirty six rue de Rivoli, offered an excellent café au lait and brioche in a friendly atmosphere. As Paddy leaned on the polished copper counter, sipping his café au lait, he contemplated how he would handle the situation facing him.

Paddy left le bar Pyramide, with a plan and a scheme at his fingertips. Paddy entered Notre dame Cathedral at roughly nine am, January seventh, one hour before his meeting with Alice Marie McNamara, a sister of the cloth greeting him at the massive portals, saying bless you Monsieur, alms for the poor, then going straight away to the large granite pedestal bowl, first dipping his fingers in holy water then crossing himself. He then entered the small spiral stone stairway that leads up to the top of Notre Dame, two hundred and thirty eight steps upward, finally reaching la Galerie des Chimeres, that runs between the two towers. This area is home to the magnificent gargoyles, monstrous creatures which reveal the famous sculpture of Viollet Le Duc's inventive imagination. Paddy then chose a gargoyle, a cross between a prehistoric mammal and a flying, bird, which stood on the far corner of the gallery.

Paddy went directly to the grotesque overhanging stone sculpture, making sure no one was around. He leaned way out over the buttress,

catching sight of the Eiffel tower a few kilometers ahead as the crow flies, stuffing the plastic wrapped envelope into the cavernous mouth of the gargoyle. This should be a safe hiding place, he muttered to himself.

Paddy walked quickly back to the spiral staircase, descended at a rapid pace, letting several early tourists pass him by heading up to the gallery.

Paddy found himself in the cavernous cathedral as morning vespers were being chanted. He sat in the appointed cane chair rendezvous, with eyes closed he bowed his head and waited.

A small tap on his shoulder brought Paddy back, and as he looked up, a face of angelic proportions looked down upon him, bringing Paddy into the realm of reality. Alice, he stuttered.. why, .. what,.. please sit, explain.

Alice sat down, and then and only then, could she react to Paddy's unbelieving eyes. She reached for his hand and squeezed it, as she began to explain

Paddy my love, I have quite a tale to tell, so please be patient.

First she knelt, made a sign of the cross, and spent a moment in meditation, then sat back on her small chair. Paddy wished he could read her thoughts. He had a few prayers of his own that he hoped would be answered. Alice started whispering her story while keeping her eyes on the altar way up at the front.

Paddy do you remember when we met at the Parson Russell Pub on Christmas Eve afternoon? So much has happened since then. As I told you I had arrived from Ireland just two days before, on the pretext of going the Sorbonne for a semester.

Patrick Boyle, I can no longer tell a lie. My Father has sent me here on a mission, you see, to save the family business. Our family, she continued, have crofted a large sector of land in Ireland in the county of Trallee for four generations.

The McNamara's have survived famine drought and war. A large portion of income has been derived from sheep farming for several generations. As some of our ancestors branched out, into other agrarian opportunities, the business of dairying became the order of the day, spreading the burden overall. My Granddad had vastly increased the family fortunes during the early 1900s through his improved dairy herd, by selling his wonderful Holstein progeny for breeding throughout Europe.

As Dad slowly took over the farm, he continued to improve on the vertebrae of family strengths, and built a reputation, for quality,

honesty, and integrity. Of course all was well, till the 1940s when the Nationalist Socialist Party, rolled through Europe and war was pressed upon us. This turmoil decimated our family legacy of bovine ancestry due to the confiscating, and feeding of charcoal broiled carcasses to the troops. We woke up in late 1945, to find our herd foundation undermined and we had no longer a valid dairy herd.

My Dad, continued Alice, had the unpleasant duty of letting many of his loyal staff go, and most of our valuable herd had to be sold to other farms, which gave us some income. Dad managed to keep a few of the old timers around in return for food and a roof over their heads. You met two of them yesterday, Sinn and Fein who remained faithful to my Father even though his purse was empty.

Alice carried on, I have been working on the family farm full time, since graduating from agricultural college two years ago, and had not seen this coming, although in retrospect my Dad certainly did. My duties on the farm, were feeding and picking out the proper bulls for breeding, as we bred live from our pen of bulls. I had noticed, and had brought to my fathers attention, the disappearance of a large number of our top producing cows. My Dad had told me not to worry, and to keep this to myself.

Then one day out of the blue, the army came and confiscated all of our bulls and a small portion of our dairy cows for the war effort as protein for survival was needed at this time.

Our family was now in crisis. The war was finally over, and since this decline had been going on for years our backs were really against the wall.

One day I was summoned to the study, Dad was very solemn. He asked me to sit as he paced up and down, finally presenting me with a folded copy of the Herald Tribune. It was opened at the classified page, and circled in pen, a discreet small add placed by Monsieur Frederik Ovary, regarding some semen from an extraordinary bull from Canada that would be presently available, at Le Salon D'agriculture in Paris within a fortnight. Daddy, recognizing that my major at the Glasgow Agricultural College, had been in artificial breeding, asked me if this was a viable alternative, as he did not always agree with new methods of farming and breeding. He strictly believed in the old fashioned method of coupling when it came to mating, like many of his generation reflecting his membership in the old school.

Well Paddy, Alice turned and faced him, for the first time since the start of her story, are you still with me lad? He tilted his head unsure how to reply.

She took a deep breath and continued softly. She explained how excited she was at having being consulted, and finally sold her Dad on the concept of artificial breeding.

Paddy, he had tears welling in his eyes, as he spoke of how three hundred years of McNamara legacy could be flushed away, if our joint decision failed. Our last remaining funds would be allocated to this endeavor, and foreclosure would be in the winds should it not succeed. My Dad went on to explain, how the best lactating animals from the home farm, had been transported and hidden, from the army, so this small piece of Ireland could continue to be a leading force in the new European, landscape within the agricultural scene, after the war.

Alice then bent down, holding her head in her spread out hands, whispered, Paddy this I swear, to be the honest truth, may the hand of God strike me down should I be lying. I had no inkling you were involved in this deal, as no one was more surprised to see you at the Salon than me.

Alice, continued, I returned to Hotel Henri IV many times hoping that you had missed your train or had somehow been detained. Luckily the concierge divulged the date and time you were leaving Gare de Lyon. I was there and watched till the last train departed. I so desperately wanted to tell you the real reason for my stay in Paris.

Paddy, someone above us, who is beyond comprehension and understanding, has brought us together like two trains in a dark tunnel that were heading in opposite directions. I don't know if you believe in fate or divine intervention, or call it whatever you will, Paddy, but I believe that in light of what has just taken place, it is a sign that you and I, Paddy Boyle, should grow old on one pillow. Shyly, she turned her green eyes on him, as a broad smile spread across his ruddy face.

A Gaelic Reunion

a chuisle

a ghra/mochroi

(terms of endearment)

Paddy was curious as he hurried past the centuries old, Tudor brick manor, he had been summoned to come quickly, the green grass, under his feet, bursting forth with dazzling yellow dandelions, taking careful steps even in his haste, to avoid trampling on the first signs of spring. Turning the corner sharply, the first sound to reach his ears, was a familiar refrain from his youth; For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, that nobody can deny! Confused Paddy stared, his mouth open in surprise, for there in

the flesh, stood the boyo's, Barbier, Jean-Dupont, and Maurice! He couldn't believe his eyes. They had crossed the Atlantic and come to Ireland, in honor of Paddy's wedding.

AFTERMATH: Biotechnology Unzipped

Jacques Trois-Pistoles enjoyed the leisurely drive home, through the lush Normandie countryside on a wonderful spring day in May. The spectacled Normandie cattle, their tri-color coats glistening in depth seemed luxurious in their pastures, munching on fresh grass a thousand shades of green as he headed down county road M sixteen from L'Aigle. He had gone to town as he did nearly everyday, in his retirement, weather permitting, for a game of boules, in the shade of the market area. After the match it was their custom to gather in the adjacent Café for a few ballons of the local vin rouge where Jacques and his companions 'shot the bull' in true French fashion. Their discussions in the Cafe de la Paix always involving les taureaux, (their bulls), and the weather. They usually concluded their business at the lively Brasserie with a parting Pastis.

He picked up his favorite paper at the caisse from Madame, as he was leaving les compagnions de boules. As usual after these enjoyable afternoons, he felt at peace with the world, despite limping slightly from an ancient injury inflicted by a cantankerous taureau. Old age was catching up to him, but he was still adert, adept and very much still ahead of his contemporaries.

He slowly turned in to the home farm a smile on his face. You're a lucky man Jacques he thought to himself. He rolled down the gravel driveway which once again welcomed him, back to this the place of his birth, where he was happiest. He parked his new blue 1996 half ton Volvo truck, beside the machine shed. As he left his vehicle, he headed down the well-worn path through the orchard that his great grandfather had planted. The late afternoon sun filtering through the new blossoms enveloped him like a Matisse canvas.

Descendants of his Mother's flock of poulet de Bresse sent up a flurry of activity, as they scattered around him. Walking across the yard brought back a flood of memories of his fine Mother Anne-Marie. He had remained a bachelor all these years, due to his zealous dedication in the field of bovine genetics, which had allowed him no time for family life.

He reached the house, laid down his paper on the kitchen table and poured himself a glass of hard cider, from the stave barrel constructed of limousine wood, which had always stood in the corner of the kitchen. He put a bundle of dry apple cuttings in the fireplace, the

result of winter pruning, from his great grandfathers orchard, crumpled a piece of yesterdays Herald, scratched the wooden match on the weathered stone put fire to paper, the crackling wood ignited immediately.

As the soft heat entered the kitchen, Jacques finally sat down in his favorite rocking chair pulled out to-days Paris Edition of the Herald Tribune, purchased in L'Aigle. Seated at the third generation kitchen table, as he sipped his cider and started to read he was totally astounded when he came to an article ...

Pharming in the new Millenium

Researchers announced yesterday that they have successfully cloned two identical, genetically engineered calves, a step that could lead to the mass production of drugs for humans in cows milk.

The applications for this in pharmaceutical production are enormous, Dr. Slice told the International Embryo Transfer Society as the researchers presented their findings. Researchers said the calves mark the most viable step so far toward 'Pharming ' developing pharmaceuticals using farm animals. The calves cloned with altered genes, some of which are human are expected to make them produce a protein helpful in blood clotting.

It's a huge breakthrough said a statement released from the Sorbonne University of Paris France. This information has the potential to be a lot more efficient than the technology that we have now. The calves contain two generic alterations a 'marker' gene and one that makes cells resistant to an antibiotic. Those markers have shown up everywhere, from the blood to the spleen to the bones. The researchers say they have pregnant cows carrying female fetuses that have been altered to produce milk with the human serum, albumin, a protein essential to the blood that is widely used by hospitals. They have taken significant steps toward making this commercially viable. Scientists remove the nucleus from an egg and replace it with the nucleus from another cell. The egg is then placed into the uterus of a surrogate mother that gives birth to an offspring that has only the genes of the original cell. The process can require at least two surgeries. The Sorbonne researchers said the genetically altered eggs they used were grown in a laboratory, then inserted into the uterus without surgery.

Technology

New genetic manipulation will lead to unlimited semen from a single bull.

Revolutionary genetic manipulation technology leading to unlimited

semen production in bulls will force rapid restructuring of the A.I. industry. Indeed, we could very quickly see the numbers of A.I. units fall to one in Canada, a couple in the U.S. and two or three in Europe, said Edgar LaMadeleine, general manager of Spencerville Ontario's foremost Artificial Insemination center in Canada.

Two Canadian universities have extracted semen stem cells from donor bulls and implanted them into a recipient bull.

The process could allow semen from a French bull like Fatal to be produced in Canada by recipient bulls when health regulations would otherwise have denied access.

Expensive semen would then be a thing of the past and cases such as a major league player like 'Megabuck' breaking his leg would not be the catastrophe it is today. In fact, a legendary bull could be 'reincarnated' generations after his death.

Theoretically, recipient semen production conducted by the implanted stem cells would actually be that of the original donor bull.

The ramifications of rerouting the genetic road map is of foremost concern to LaMadeleine, What strikes me initially, is, that hopefully we've been making genetic progress to get the cross section of cattle that we think is important, he says. With inexpensive semen of a top ranking bull readily available and so little use of test or other sires, we could almost overnight be into a corner with inbreeding.

How the A.I. units will profit from this technique is dubious, for without owning the top bull, there will be little to sell. Units could not afford to buy bulls outright as in Canada. The seller would take more of a long term gamble by owning a percentage of the bull, banking on it turning out. LaMadeleine also predicts there would be less of a gamble in the contract matings, further narrowing the genetic pool.

But he maintains there will still remain those people who want a choice in their matings. The entire demand will never be filled by only the highest ranking proven bull. Perhaps this is what will help the A.I. industry answer this wake up call.

Jacques rose slowly unbent himself, a flash of all his accomplishments scrolled before his eyes, the crumpled article from the Trib laying on the floor, coiled out of his rocker, in a daze wandered over to, the limousine barrel, re-filled his tumbler of cider contemplating the futile attempt of his whole life's work. Had it been in vain? Did scientists hang their hopes on genetic markers to identify desired traits ! Oooo la la, ce n'est pas du rigolo, surely he thought, it must be too early to find how profound an impact this biotechnology will have.

Although it was already clear in his mind that they would play an

increasingly important role in dairy cattle improvement globally. He sat back in his rocker, picked up the Trib to reread the article, and as he turned the pages in a sadly deepening mood, a tiny add that was inset and bordered caught his eye;

URGENT: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the Leading pioneer of bull semen technology, born and raised in the region of l'Aigle in Normandie, France by the name of Jacques Trois-Pistoles please reply to:

Dr. Gaston Boris Firmin

The Herald Tribune

Boite Neuf

Dix rue Saint Julien le pauvre

1'ere Arrondissement

Paris

Many mad thoughts ran through his mind, had fifty years really gone by... should he, could he, be involved in the birth of genetic manipulation... that could eventually change the course of history?

When you consider the AI revolution itself is in full swing, innovation's such as GMO's are even more powerful and has been quantifiably growing for the past number of years, this has to be the true future of the millennium, he thought excitedly, as once lives are lived they become fiction.

Stay tuned!!