

Treachery

How the RCMP allowed
a Hells Angel to kill



PAUL DERRY
WITH FOREWORD BY GARY DIMMOCK

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Treacherous

by Paul Derry

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Foreword

On any given day across this country, appointed judges uphold the long-held belief that the police need to match the ingenuity of their targets—and a lot of times that means they need a crook to catch a crook.

It makes the job of the police a lot easier. By the time a cop turns forty, he finds himself spending his nights and weekends at hockey rinks in the suburbs rather than at clubhouses, strip joints and safe houses. Better to have someone else, someone with the right past, infiltrate the underworld like a dirty rat that catches you by surprise in a darkened alley.

Only the police don't call them rats or stoolies. They call them "agents" and give them coded numbers, tax-free cash and, in plenty of cases, a license to commit crimes. This sense of immunity is hard to tame. After all, the agents aren't paid to pretend they are criminals—they are paid to behave like criminals, and in some scenes, like the ones in this book, like animals.

I call them "scenes," as this book reads more like a movie of the week. It is narrated by the author, coded three times as an agent for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. His book is an up-close look at one agent's life story and his tumultuous relationship with the police.

This book is a rare account from an RCMP agent who literally got away with murder. Strangely, it was this murder-for-hire plot that Paul Joseph Derry tried again and again to warn the Mounties about. Still, Sean Simmons opened his door and got ready to hug his so-called friends, only for them to pump three bullets into him. But Derry will tell you more about that, and even though readers will cry out for more details, they may be forgiving once taken to the scene of the tearful rat alone in a cell right after the contract killing. And, because double agents are hard to read, the reader might wonder if he was more upset about his fate than about the blood on his hands.

Part of being a rat has to do with finding ways to get out of jams, and Derry's life had him bouncing from one crisis to another, before drifting back into criminal networks—including the notorious Hells Angels.

The first time I met an RCMP agent was back in the mid-1990s. A man had been found dead in the basement apartment of a house rented by Cory Patterson, an agent on the police payroll. Patterson was being paid to infiltrate the drug underworld in a sleepy New Brunswick town. I linked the dead man to Patterson, and then to the earlier death of a fifteen-year-old boy in Barrie, Ont., where he had also been paid to infiltrate the drug-and-gun trade.

Soon I was talking to the man himself. He was right out of a bad movie, with his camouflage army pants and pepper spray holster, holding open the screen door of a small cabin behind

the Roadside Motel. Earlier, I had sat at my desk trying to figure out where I'd find an RCMP agent. Flipping to "Motels" in the Yellow Pages, I found one called the Roadside Motel. I called the number, and the guy who answered said the man I was looking for was at the back in one of the cabins—"could be number seven."

I brought John White, a good friend, along for the ride. Patterson turned on a tape recorder and started telling us he had nothing to do with the death. I asked him for a drink of water, and as I opened the cupboard for a glass, he lunged and slammed it shut—but not before I could see a handgun.

I didn't write a single word for a whole year. In that time, I befriended this monster the police had created. We spoke off and on for a year, and when it was finally published, the story I wrote made him look far from good. *Killer Cory* was later adapted into a *Fifth Estate* television documentary called "The Mounties' Monster," part of an entry that won the CBC a Michener award, the country's highest honour for public service journalism.

The morning before the piece was published in a newspaper's weekend magazine, back when newspapers had weekend magazines, Patterson stood across the street from my home. I spotted him as I stepped off the porch to walk my dog. Patterson was just letting me know he knew where I lived. That was the last time I saw him. He called me the day the story ran and said it was a true account, and one he hoped would one day be turned into a film.

He sent me a typewritten letter before he left town for good. He told me to keep it, for it could be worth something someday. He said he considered me a friend. Either he was playing me, or he didn't understand that I had infiltrated him. He signed the letter with all of his aliases, including "Rambo" and "Shark."

Patterson was later found dead in an apartment out on the West Coast. The Mounties had paid him \$80,000 in hush money after he had threatened to sue them for breach of contract. His death was reported as an overdose, though there was a head wound from a flare gun and a note pinned to his chest saying it was a good day to die—the same words he had used in his goodbye letter to me. He must not have heard the second part to the saying "It's a good day to die"—which is "and some days it's good to have breakfast."

In one of Patterson's biggest police drug-and-gun busts—the case fizzled in court—one of his targets was a biker named Paul "Sunny" Braybrook. Braybrook defended himself in court, using this stage, presided over by Justice Paul Hermiston, to showcase the death of John Paul Lapham, the fifteen-year-old boy who had overdosed in the company of Patterson at the RCMP agent's home. After the boy died, Patterson cleared the house of witnesses and drugs and didn't call the police for hours. Patterson was using some kids in one of his petty crime networks and had said the "ultimate test" of loyalty would be for one of them to take pill after pill until he overdosed, with Patterson watching.

The judge said the authorities should call an inquest into the boy's death, but that never happened. The judge also declared that Patterson had "hoodwinked" the Mounties and his testimony was unbelievable.

Patterson is the RCMP agent who should have been branded "treacherous" in the national police force's secret database that rates its agents on contract. He had been linked to two deaths. He was hooked on drugs. His home front was so stormy the police were called to his apartment after reports of a shotgun blast. He blew his cover to local police after he got arrested for being drunk and unruly in a bar. Still, the RCMP had not blacklisted him by branding him as "treacherous."

Paul Joseph Derry wasn't so lucky. The Mounties branded him as "treacherous" based on one officer's opinion, and the reasons, explained in this book, were minor at best, political at worst. It was this questionable label, used only internally, that ultimately allowed a contract killing to be commissioned and executed. The account of this murder is the most detailed section of this book, told using internal police documents.

This book, Derry's first, can stand as a manual of sorts and should be read by all police officers who handle agents—if not for its style, then for its brief tour inside the former agent's mind and for what it reveals about the relationship between the Mounties and an agent.

There's nothing conventional about this book. It includes open letters from Derry to some people he betrayed, including

the family of the murdered man. It also includes an open letter addressed to the commissioner of the RCMP.

I met Derry for the first time a few years ago, in the presence of his wife. He looks as if he's done with crime for good, and all the behaving and acting are now nothing more than window dressing for the story he has to tell. It is a natural progression for someone who started out acting the part of a criminal—only to live it, as he says, for real.

One of the first real questions I asked him was that if he knew the murder was going down, why on earth would he drive the getaway car and dump the gun? He said he thought the police were going to stop it. It's not for me to tell this story, or judge him for his criminal actions. It is a story for Paul Derry to tell, and it's up to you to decide if he's on the path to redemption—or just cashing in as the good villain.

March, 2009

Gary Dimmock

Introduction

As we pulled up to the apartment complex, time seemed to slow down. A minute felt as though it were an hour, the quiet between heartbeats was deafening, and the shallow breathing of the four of us was all I could notice, even through the eerily calm conversation in the car. Who would shoot him? Which way would we run? Where would we meet after? This entire dialogue between the front and back seats was muffled by the questions going around in my own head. How could I stop this? Would they ask me to be the shooter? Were we going to get away from here alive? Were we really going to kill Sean for such a stupid reason? We were.

When Sean answered the door and saw his friends, he welcomed them in and reached out to hug them. It was Dino who had been chosen to do the shooting. Acting as if he were opening his arms to engage in the embrace, Dino pulled out the .32 revolver and shot Sean in the chest. Dino later said that fear gripped him at that point and his adrenalin began to pump. Mine would have too. After all, he had just shot a good friend. Dino's friend just happened to be an associate of the former president of the Hells Angels—but the sworn enemy of the acting president.

Sean was a big man, a boxer and a longshoreman; it took two more bullets to bring him down, another in the chest and one in the head. It then took him nine hours to die.

I remember driving away from the scene feeling numb. We had just carried out a contract killing for a Hells Angel. It's not that I was surprised that Neil Smith had had Sean Simmons killed, but I was shocked that I had played such a huge part in it. After all, I had thought that I was one of the good guys.

Since I am going to share intimate details of my life with you, I guess I should start off by telling you who I am and why I am writing this book.

My name is Paul Joseph Derry. Well, that's what it was before I ended up in Canada's Witness Protection Program, and it is the name I will use in this book.

Who is Paul Joseph Derry? Now, that is a question with a complex answer, one that I have sought for many years. Perhaps I should start by telling you who he was to others.

- **To his family**, he was a rebellious son, who could be both cold and caring, depending on the day of the week and the amount of alcohol in his system.
- **To Sean Simmons's wife**, he was one of the animals who killed Sean.
- **To the RCMP**, he was a valuable source of information and a skilled police agent.

- **To members of organized crime**, he was a rat, a traitor and a man with a contract on his life and the lives of his family members.
- **To his friends**, he was someone who was a little off in the head.

Why am I sharing this story? There are a number of reasons, but there are three main ones:

1. I want to shine the light of truth on a world that is shrouded in darkness, secrecy and deceit.
2. I want to give a true account of the circumstances surrounding the Simmons murder.
3. Last but not least, I want to give hope where it seems there could never be any.

Paul Joseph Derry

Chapter One

Crime and Connections

I started my life of crime in my head long before it ever became a reality. Believe it or not, I had pretended to be a criminal for almost two years before I ever committed a criminal act. I had a vivid imagination and serious insecurities as I entered my teen years. This, coupled with my extreme fascination with crime books, made me a very confused teenager. My imagination got me in trouble in the classroom because I was always daydreaming instead of working. Hiding my insecurity and shyness at school dances by having a drink, then pretending to be drunk, did me no favours. To top it all off, my infatuation with crime books led me to pretend to be different characters from the books I would read.

The first of these books that I remember was called *The Outsiders*. What a book! I think I read it cover to cover at least thirty times. I would enter into the life, thoughts and feelings of each and every one of the characters. I would take what I liked out of each person in the book and incorporate it into my own identity. From then on, I read any books about bikers, the mafia or prison that I could find. The world that was portrayed in these books consumed my mind. I took this approach not only with the books I read but also with the movies I watched

and the people I met. It was not long before I had a compilation of characters that I could call on to play any role.

Living on a military base in Greenwood, a small town in Nova Scotia, did not afford me the opportunity to see the realities of gang life. However, I excelled at what was my foremost blessing and my most awful curse—the ability to tell stories. I used to spend my summers in Moncton, New Brunswick. These vacations were fairly boring in contrast to the stories I would tell about them when I arrived back home. My tales of gang life impressed all of those friends who would listen. Unfortunately, these fantasies were creating a reality in my life—I was beginning to act them out. It began with the drinking. First, I was playing the role of a drunk at the dances. In time, I was getting drunk for real.

I was about fourteen when I bought my first ounce of pot. I thought selling it would be a good way to support my many vices. It was, for a while. However, these vices began to grow—and so did the cost. When I was fifteen, I moved on to selling larger amounts of pot, then mushrooms, hash and acid. Before my sixteenth birthday, I started dabbling in the ultimate for a control freak—cocaine. Gang life was no longer something just in my head. I was now travelling to Halifax to buy drugs in “the hood,” from those involved in organized crime for real.

I was fifteen when the RCMP first approached me to work for them. Two uniformed officers stopped me as I was leaving my dealer’s house and asked me if I wanted to make a couple

of bucks. They told me that all I had to do was tell them where the stash was in my friend’s house. It was easy money for sure, but, more importantly, it kept the police focused on the targets I gave them, rather than on me.

Over the next year or so, I partied and walked with confidence, buoyed by a sense of immunity from arrest by the RCMP. That sense was short lived. On November 3, 1982, I was sentenced to a year in jail. I had been arrested by the military police after getting caught breaking into a house on the base. I am not sure what was worse now that I look back—the time in jail or the feeling of having disgraced my father and his good name. I can still remember my dad walking into the courtroom in his military uniform and speaking to the court on my behalf. I know he held his head up, but I could see the broken heart as surely as if I was looking straight through the wall of his chest.

Kings County Correctional Centre was an adult facility in 1982, and in those days you were considered an adult at sixteen, not eighteen as it is today. Walking through the doors of the jail for the first time was absolutely horrifying. I walked down the long corridor carrying a folded mattress, sheets, blankets and a small bag of necessities. It was not easy to put across a tough image when I could barely see over—let alone carry—the gear they gave me. On top of that, there were some scary-looking, tattooed, muscled-up tough guys making comments all the way down the corridor, as I made my way to my dorm. The walk seemed to take three or four days rather than

the three or four minutes that it actually took.

As hurt as my parents were by the whole ordeal, they continued to support me by visiting every week and writing when they could. My dad was able to give me plenty of valuable advice by drawing on his experiences in the navy. It became apparent that living conditions in jail had many similarities to living conditions on a ship in the middle of the ocean. Thankfully, he helped me to understand some of the issues that were bound to come up in a forced communal setting. One thing both of my parents made very clear was that this would be the first and last time they would be there for me in that role. If I was to continue down the criminal road any further, they would not be there the next time to visit me or vouch for me at parole hearings.

I was paroled in June of 1983 and moved to Moncton, N.B., the place I had once told so many tales about. After years of bragging about my imaginary gangster friends in that city, I was now breaking into the dark circles of organized crime for real. Living only blocks from a federal halfway house, it was only a matter of time before I would start meeting the criminal element.

When you are released on parole, one of the first things you have to do is report to the police. That is how I ended up getting coded for the Moncton City Police. It was at my initial meeting after my release that it began. I was sitting in the waiting area when an officer came up to me and escorted me into a detective's office. I listened as the detective went

through what was apparently his normal spiel, the one he shared with each new convict who walked through his door. I was listening but hoping I could soon leave. I was worried that someone might get the wrong idea if I sat in there too long; being seen with a cop for too long can get you killed in the world I had begun to travel in. I was just about to ask if I could leave when the detective asked if I had ever done any informant work. I was quick to listen now. I was remembering the easy money and that sense of immunity I had once enjoyed. I listened as he told me how I could make a living as an informant, how I could make good money travelling in criminal circles and keeping my ears open. If I wanted, I could even work undercover, playing the role of a serious criminal while working at taking dangerous criminals off the street. I left that meeting with my first real handler; his name was Mike Boudreau.

It was an interesting career choice, and I was convinced that I had found what I wanted to do with my life. Playing the role of a criminal was right up my alley; after all, I had been doing it for years anyway. I was pumped about the whole idea and could not wait to get started.

It took me no time at all to infiltrate the drug world. I dropped a name or two here and there and flashed a little money around, and before long I was buying hash and mescaline from some pretty heavy hitters. I passed on information to Boudreau for about a year and a half until I realized that it was just not working out. A municipal police force does not

have the money to be consistent in its payments. The rumours of corruption, coupled with seeing some of the cops buying drugs from some of these heavy hitters, were making me feel less than safe.

With my head spinning and my nerves nearly frazzled, I knew I had to get away for a bit. I decided I would go to Toronto for a taste of real city life. I showed up there around June of 1984 with a girlfriend, Louise, who soon became pregnant, and a thought of going straight. It worked for a little while, but the lure of the strip joints made it tough. It was not long before I was spending day and night playing pool at the Zanzibar and other popular clubs. I soon realized being in Toronto was going to lead me back into crime. Our daughter was born in October of 1985, and Louise and I thought we would try another geographical cure. We jumped on a bus and headed to Calgary. I managed to work for about another year before the strip joints in Calgary started to consume my life again. This time, they did what the ones in Toronto could not do—they sucked me back to the dark side.

I began hanging out with members of the Grim Reapers Motorcycle Club. I was dealing in pounds of hash, making oil from garbage pot and starting to control strippers. I knew it was only a matter of time before something bad would happen. I could feel it. I had tried to be a middle man between the blacks controlling the downtown street-level dealing and the Reapers, who wanted to supply that area in a bigger way. I found out the hard way that my friends from Jamaica were not

fond of the idea. I had been partying most of the night with three of them and had wandered back to my place. After a few more drinks and lots of good pot, our girlfriends showed up. My daughter was staying with her uncle, and it was clear the party would soon turn into something of an orgy.

Somewhere in the middle of it all, I passed out on a couch by myself in a room near the back door. I woke up when the bat came down across my ribs. I tried to get up, but I was getting hit over and over. I crawled towards a window, and, in between hits, I jumped.

I laid low for the month it took me to heal, and then I decided to collect all the money I had on the street and head back to the east coast. My luck was just not that good. I was out collecting one of those debts when the Calgary Police raided the house I was in. I was holding a brick of hash when the door flew open. I was arrested, charged and released with a promise to appear in court. I was beginning to dislike Calgary a lot. I made my first court appearance and then got out of town.

The first place I went was Vancouver. There I hooked up with an old girlfriend from my days in Greenwood, Nova Scotia. It was great to see her. Angela was an awesome friend and a sweet young woman. I spent the next couple of days making love and making up lost time. We started making plans to move east together in the next month or two. But I had some business in Victoria to deal with first. I left her and got on the ferry to Vancouver Island. It would be the last time

I ever saw her alive. Angie died of an apparent cocaine overdose a short time later.

While I was in Victoria, Angie and I kept in touch by phone, and we made many plans together. I got an apartment, got a job at a strip joint and started taking a truck driving course. It did not take long, though, before I had to make a move. The fraud squad was closing in, and living on an island was very confining.

Eventually, I ended up back in New Brunswick. Moncton had a thriving crime scene, and I decided I was going to take advantage of it. I was happy to be back in my comfort zone once again. I had not touched base with Mike Boudreau yet, but I still had a sense of immunity as I did business.

My one main connection was happy to see me. RCMP files labelled him as one of Moncton's most prominent drug dealers. The police had wanted Ron for a long time. Every time I saw him, he creeped me out. He reminded me of a miniature Charles Manson. Sneaky, smart, eccentric but definitely feared would be the best way to describe Ron. I had only been back a couple of nights before he sent his girlfriend over to see me with a bag of mescaline and a quarter-pound of hash. I was in business. With Ron's help, I was soon able to get back on my feet and work my way into the criminal element of the area.

Travelling in and out of all the old haunts, I began to feel a confidence I had not felt since I had last been in the city. It was enough to make me a little cocky. Cocky sometimes can prove fatal, but it was one of those cocky moments that helped

change my life forever.

I had rented four video cassettes and was late bringing them back. The store called me about them, and, true to my cocky attitude, I told them they would get the movies when I felt like bringing them back. They called the police. It was Christmas time, and I was speeding back into the centre of the city from the outskirts when I was pulled over. I was charged with theft and given a summons to appear. Through that charge, I would meet a man to whom I would entrust my life for years to come.

Chapter Two

A Source and his Handler

Mike Cabana was a young constable and had only been with the RCMP a total of five years when I first met him. I received a phone call from him asking me to come over to the RCMP detachment in Riverview, New Brunswick. I was not crazy about the idea because I did not want to be held overnight or on remand before going to court. Mike assured me he would let me go if I just came over and answered a few questions. I finally gave in and said I would hop in a cab and be there shortly.

When I arrived, an officer brought me downstairs to a lunchroom or some sort of lounge area to wait. It was about ten or fifteen minutes later that Mike walked through the door. My first thought was that this guy was big. As he took my hand to shake it, I tried to respond with a firm grip, but it was a feeble attempt that caused me to feel much less tough than I had only moments before. It was obvious that Mike worked out, and the fact that he must have been about six foot four made it clear who was in charge. As big and tough as he was, though, it turned out that he had a big heart and a very gentle attitude. I did not know that immediately, but he proved it many times in the years to come.

Today Mike is an Assistant Commissioner and the Director of Border Integrity and Security for Canada. It was Mike who rescued me from the grips of the Moncton City Police force. Though most people will remember him for his role in the Maher Arar scandal, I will remember him for his patience, his kindness, his absolute honesty and his amazing ability to cultivate and handle the toughest of informants. I know this from firsthand experience because he was my handler. He cultivated me as a source and equipped me to be both efficient and capable.

In a report written to assess my suitability for work as an informant, the following things were said about me:

1. *Derry is a close associate of a major drug dealer in the Moncton area.*
2. *Derry is associated with drug traffickers in outlaw motorcycle gangs.*
3. *Derry has links to the criminal world in Halifax.*
4. *It is anticipated that Derry will be a good source in illegal drug activities.*
5. *Paying Derry for information will not reflect adversely on the administration of justice due to his potential and his minor criminal record.*

There was a bond between Mike and me almost from day one. I trusted Mike, and he grew to trust me. The Mounties being an inward-focused organization and me always being

outside the loop made trusting Mike crucial for my survival as an agent.

I remember one case in which two convicts escaped from a federal prison. They had wrecked a police car and were now driving a stolen car filled with weapons, heading towards Ontario. All along the way, they were committing robberies with violence. In one instance, they tied up their victims at a retail store and then terrorized them before making off with the money. I connected with them when they were trying to get rid of the stolen car and the weapons in order to get a new car.

I spent about a week with them, keeping tabs on them, while Mike formulated a plan to arrest them. It was a long week. These guys were just plain off in the head. They kept reiterating that they would not go back to jail alive and that they were going to kill a cop or two first. Each night in the hotel or hideout, they would set traps around the perimeter. One always slept in front of the door with a loaded shotgun.

Every chance I had, I would slip away and call Mike to let him know what was happening. I would go for smokes or groceries or to fill the car with gas. Finally, Mike was ready. A day earlier, the car the men had been driving, a 1981 Ford Capri, had broken down at a gas station in Riverview, New Brunswick. The plan was to get them back to the car, and that is where the bust would take place. I convinced them that I had a friend who would give us a running car for the broken-down one, as he needed the car for parts. I then told them we

had to call the guy when we got to the car, and he would meet us there.

My heart raced on the twenty-minute ride to the location. Guns were loaded, and I was very nervous about the possibility of getting caught in the middle of a shootout.

As we drove up to the car, all seemed very normal, almost too normal. I jumped out, reaching in my pocket for a quarter, and headed to the payphone. It was then that everything seemed to go into slow motion. I saw two unmarked cars coming from one direction, and then it seemed cars were coming from everywhere. Before I had even grasped what was happening, I could see the guns drawn and the officers yelling. I took off running and did not look back. I ran until I could no longer breathe, and then I collapsed. It was over. The men were finally returned to prison, this time with an extra ten years tacked onto their sentences.

This was one of those times when trusting Mike had been crucial to my survival. These guys had wanted to leave town immediately, and, at Mike's direction, I had stalled them. Being an agent always has its share of risks, but causing violent criminals to be more paranoid than they already are can put you in grave danger. I would not have stayed in that situation for anyone else in the RCMP, regardless of the pay.

It didn't always take Mike a week to set up a takedown. There was a nightclub called Chevy's in Moncton that I used to go to now and again to sell hash. On this one day, a guy from Saint John, New Brunswick, came and asked if I

would accept some stolen merchandise in exchange for drugs and cash. I asked him what he had, and he told me he had a couple of paymaster machines, some company cheques and some weapons. After telling him to sit down and have a drink with me, I started milking him for information. By the time I needed a bathroom break, I had enough information to call Mike. I waited most of the afternoon and into the evening before Mike was finally ready to move. It turned out the guy had broken into a union hall in Saint John and a gun shop on his way to the city. On top of that, he had a Canada-wide warrant for his arrest.

I knew this takedown was going to be a little rough. I had been drinking for some time, and I did not know where on the trip home they would nab us. It's funny. Even though I knew it was going to happen, when they boxed our cab in and came at us with guns drawn, I was still caught off guard.

Mike and I worked well together, and though we lived lifestyles that were worlds apart, we seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents.

In those days, the busts just kept on happening. We got small and big-time drug dealers, armed robbers and pimps. We got intelligence on biker activities, stolen weapons and murders. However, out of all that we dealt with, three crimes stand out for me the most.

The first crime was one I solved while I was serving time in the Moncton Detention Centre for cashing some bad cheques. Mike had come to the detention centre to interview

an inmate who was suspected in an attempted murder case. When he was done with his interview, he called me down under the guise of suspecting me in a crime also. After some small talk, I noticed some pictures in his briefcase. They were pretty grotesque pictures of a man with his head all stitched up. I asked him about them, and he said that a female suspect had gone to the guy's house and then through seduction lured him into his swimming pool. Once he was defenceless in the pool, two of her male friends had showed up with a bat and started smashing his head in. When the wooden bat had broken, they had picked up an aluminum bat and continued. Mike told me that the doctor said the only reason the guy survived was that he had an abnormally thick skull.

This was a crime I was not going to mind helping Mike with. The suspect was Steven Harris, and he was on the same range as I was. Mike had him moved to a cell closer to me and then directed me to gather information and try to convince Steve to confess. That's exactly what I did. I don't remember how much time the girl got, but Steve and his co-accused ended up with eleven and twelve years.

Throughout the late 1980s, there were a lot of drug buys and drug busts, a lot of warrants executed and a lot of violent people taken off the streets. In every instance, the RCMP gave me kudos for a job well done, and in each report they described me as reliable and good at what I did.

The second crime that stands out was one of the more satisfying ones I helped solve in the 1990s. It was a robbery with violence in Amherst, Nova Scotia. Three men had stormed

into an elderly couple's home, tied them up and assaulted them. After robbing the house, the three suspects had headed back to Moncton to get rid of the goods. I received tidbits of information on January 11 and started digging. By January 18, the three had all been arrested and admitted to their part in the horrific beating.

In a report authored by a Cpl. H.M. Pike of the Amherst Detachment, Mike was congratulated for a job well done. In the same report, it was said that without the information from J-1028, the suspects might never have been found.

It was times like this that I was on top of the world. It was times like this that I truly believed that what I was doing was a good thing. It was sometimes hard to realize I was doing good because neither side would look at me or treat me as if I was good. The bad guys would call me a traitor and a rat, while the good guys would look at me as greedy and manipulative. It's funny that in the years that I did this, I doubt I made more than thirty thousand dollars total. If greed was my motivation, I was very much unrewarded.

The third crime that stands out for me was one that was prevented. It was to take place in Richibucto, New Brunswick. The suspects had planned on breaking into an elderly widower's house because they believed he had nearly one hundred thousand dollars hidden in the house due to his mistrust of banks. The idea was that they were going to search the house and if they could not find the money, then they were going to torture him until they got the location.

I worked my way inside the loop and kept Mike apprised of the situation. The first weekend that it was supposed to happen, the house was surrounded with officers waiting for the robbery to begin. They waited most of the night until they realized it was a no-show. Someone had gotten cold feet. The following weekend, I convinced Mike once more that it was going to take place. Thankfully, he trusted me. The bust went down as the suspects snuck towards the house with tools in hand. Thanks to Mike's confidence in my abilities to discern true information from false, we were able to stop the torture and potential murder of a senior citizen.

Unfortunately, not every case I worked on came to a successful conclusion. One of those that did not concerned the murder of Douglas Edgett in the Moncton, N.B., area in February 1991. In June of 1992, I was able to provide the Mounties with some information on the case. The information was encouraging enough that in July 1992 the Mounties arranged for me to be transferred to the York County Jail in Fredericton and then to the Kingsclear Reformatory. An RCMP investigation report stated, "It was hoped that J-1028 would be able to confirm through SUSPECT how the firearm in the Edgett homicide was disposed of."

The murder of Doug Edgett is one that still bothers me today. There were many times that I felt I was very close to getting the information, but for one reason or another I just could not get anyone involved to give up hard evidence. Doug's murder is similar to many unsolved homicides in that

the police are pretty sure they know who the killers are and what took place, but without evidence to obtain a conviction it does not do them any good. In this case, while I was in the county jail, I am sure I received a lot of accurate information; unfortunately, most of it was coming second-hand through a "wannabe" gangster.

My attempts to gather information were not all successful, but there were so many memorable arrests and takedowns during those early years that it would be difficult to put them all in one book with any amount of detail. I can say that these were the years that trained me and these were the types of investigations that formed the foundation of trust between Mike and me. It was this foundation that brought me to trust Mike in working with other members of the RCMP that he vouched for. This took me to a whole new level of undercover work and danger.

Chapter Three

Good Days and Bad

It was in the spring of 1990 that I first approached Mike about doing a clean sweep of the Moncton area and then leaving town. I sometimes wonder if I would have made that decision if I had known how much it would change me. If I had thought working as a source for Mike was intense, I would soon find out what real intensity felt like. I was about to take on a starring role in a production that came with directors, a support crew and a co-star.

In a debriefing report that Mike wrote on April 5, 1990, he stated the following:

Source has been indicating, for the past month, a need for a large sum of money. J-1028 states that he wants to move to western Canada in the next few months and he requires the money to undertake that move. J-1028's only ties to this area are his common-law wife and child who will be moving with him. J-1028 indicated he would be in a position and agree to introduce a member of the RCMP to all the above noted subjects for the purpose of performing evidence purchases from them. Source further stated, during ensuing discussions, that he is not interested in relocation and would agree to testify should these purchases result in charges if need be. Above information was passed on to S/Sgt. McFetridge

of Moncton Drug Section for him to take whatever action he deems necessary.

It was obviously tempting enough for the Drug Section, and they started working towards an operation. The following are vetted segments from an investigation report authored by Cpl. Bob Powers of Moncton Drug Section on April 23, 1990:

- *This report is to be read in conjunction with debriefing reports of J-1028 dated 90-04-05 to 90-04-20.*

- *Be advised that the writer has had an opportunity to meet with J-1028 on 90-04-09 and 90-04-10. The purpose of the meeting was to assess J-1028's suitability as someone who could introduce a U.C. [undercover] operator to local drug traffickers; specifically those set out in the debriefing referred to above. J-1028 is currently being handled by Cst. Cabana of the Riverview Detachment. Cst. Cabana was present for meetings.*

- *It is the opinion of the writer that J-1028 would be suitable for the operation and is capable of carrying out the necessary actions required for the successful infiltration of drug traffickers by a U.C. operator. He appeared to have a good understanding of what would be required of him and where our responsibilities toward him begin and end. L.O.A. [Letter of Agreement] to be signed prior to commencing operation.*

- *J-1028 is currently cohabitating in the Greater Moncton area with a member of the opposite sex. There is also a young child as part of the household. J-1028's spouse does not have any knowledge of his intentions to work with us. It is their intention to relocate*

to western Canada in the near future. J-1028 would like to earn a lump sum payment just prior to the "roundup" and depart from New Brunswick at his expense with no intention to return unless required to testify in court.

- *It is the writer's intention to conduct a U.C. operation with a cover story consistent with the operator portraying himself as an "off duty" truck driver from Nova Scotia. Since J-1028 has traveled extensively in Nova Scotia and recently took a truck driving course in B.C., he will be comfortable with the topic. Furthermore, based on this cover story, the operator would be permitted to appear and disappear several times without arousing any suspicion. This would also allow the operator the luxury of being able to explain where the drugs he buys are being sold and why they are not turning up locally.*

- *The operational plan will include provisions for an operational field office and a safe house for the operator. Furthermore, arrangements will be made for another "place" so that J-1028 and the operator can be briefed by the coverman together on a daily basis prior to approaching any targets. This same "place" can be used to debrief J-1028 on a daily basis following any purchases. It is not expected that this place will be a financial burden in that local contacts may assist investigators in this regards. Security will be of primary concern in this consideration.*

- *It is the writer's belief that an operator, introduced to the Richibucto area targets as a friend of J-1028, would be able to purchase drugs for cash and/or trade in exchange for cigarettes purchased by the force. The cigarettes would be presented to the targets*

as “hot” and sold at “black market” prices of \$600 to \$800 per case of 48 cartons.

Bob Powers’s boss, S/Sgt. Bob McFetridge, added the following comment to the report: “The list of potential targets offered by J-1028 includes high profile drug traffickers in the Moncton and Richibucto area. Given the potential for a very high level of success should this operation be approved, it is requested that consideration be given to the exceptions regarding the paying of sources while under charge. J-1028 is fully cognizant of the fact that we are aware of his status and that neither British Columbia nor Alberta wish to return him from New Brunswick.”

With the obstacle of my outstanding charges out west now out of the way, almost two months after approaching Mike with the proposed target list and the idea of doing an operation, an L.O.A. (Letter of Agreement) was signed; it was dated May 8, 1990.

I had some interesting times throughout the life of Operation Joulable. It was the first time I had worked with an officer by my side in the street, and it took some getting used to. At first glance, I was not convinced that the guy they had brought in could pass for a drug dealer; this is where I learned that sometimes the Mounties could see more from their vantage point than I could from mine.

Dan and I got along well. He knew the game well and spoke the criminal language very proficiently. I liked the fact that he was quick on his feet. One time, we were at a suspect’s

house in Saint Louis de Kent, New Brunswick, when we got into a real jam. Baby Raymond was the suspect’s name, and he was a multi-pound drug dealer living in an expensive house tucked away in the woods on the Renous River. Dan and I had just arrived and were having a beer while discussing a purchase when there was a knock at the door. It was another major suspect, who would be very suspicious as to why we were making a deal to trade smokes to his competitor, especially after just proposing the identical deal to him. Dan made up a quick story about why we could not be seen there, and Baby Raymond hid us behind the bar while the two suspects talked. I remember looking at Dan with a beer in his hand ducked down behind this bar, both of us nervously smiling at one another as we listened. We had absolutely no idea if we were in danger or not as the two drug dealers were speaking in French, a language both of us at that point wished we knew but didn’t.

We got out of that one safe and sound and moved on to the next target. We kept going successfully until the day I walked into Chris’s house and heard these words: “Did you know that the car you are driving is rented by the RCMP?”

Chris would be the last target approached in Operation Joulable. It was over, a success in the minds of the RCMP but a failure in mine. We could have made many more arrests had it not been for someone putting “RCMP” on the rental contract and renting the car from a place where the girlfriend of one of the targets worked. We could easily have taken down a

few more very violent people. It did not matter, though. The charade was over. The cover team went back to their jobs, my “co-star” went back to his detachment, and the targets went to jail. As for me, I sat alone in a hotel a hundred miles away both in distance and in my mind. The police had their take-down celebration, while I sat alone in a room sipping a glass of champagne and thinking about the targets sitting in jails that I remembered intimately.

It was sometimes easier for me to just think of those arrested as “targets” and “suspects.” Deep down, I always had to fight the demons that were inside me, trying to convince me that I was a “Judas.” It was hard to see the good in what I was doing when my job was making friends with people, breaking bread with them and their families and then betraying them. Watching families being destroyed as the fathers were arrested and sent off to prison was not always easy; it was just not as clinical as the debriefing reports made it all sound. When I would make friends with a target, I obviously had to find the good in that person in order to accomplish my goal; unfortunately, when the operation was over, it was quite often the good about people that I remembered.

There were many nights when I only got to sleep after drowning my memories with alcohol or with smoking a joint. I later learned that sleeping pills were a favourite refuge for many undercover police officers; I eventually decided that was a more accepted form of escape—but not before I had let alcohol affect the job I was doing.

I am not sure how to explain some of the feelings I went through while working undercover. I can tell you that because of my work I did not do well in relationships. I can tell you that the alcohol, pot and sleeping pills, coupled with relational issues, made for a very screwed-up personal life. It was insane for family or anyone else who tried to remain close to me. Looking back is really kind of weird because the two people who were closest to me from the mid-1980s to the year 2000 were my oldest daughter and Mike Cabana.

In the fall of 1990, I called Mike once again. This time, I needed two favours. Both were favours that in my mind could only be accomplished by him. The first one was taken care of fairly quickly. I was serving a short sentence for some theft and fraud charges, and my son was about to be born. I asked Mike if he could get me home so that I could be there for his birth. It took a few calls to a source at the parole office, but I was released to a halfway house almost immediately. The second favour that I needed was his advice on an operation that was being proposed by Cst. Dan Rowter of the Bridgewater RCMP in Nova Scotia. Dan was the operative whom I had worked with during Operation Joulable. He came to see me at the jail a couple of times wondering if I would come to Nova Scotia and work. Mike had no objections, so I agreed to start negotiating; a short time later, I was coded in Nova Scotia as Agent H-885.

Operation Hatch began on May 9, 1991 but was short-lived and would lead to many difficulties for me in the years

to come. The most objective way for me to describe what happened in Operation Hatch is to let you read key comments in the Mounties' assessment of the operation and then present my view of their assessment.

RCMPASSESSMENTOFAGENTH-885 (OPERATION HATCH)

- *This operation was a major undercover operation designed to last for a period of six (6) months utilizing H-885 and as the operation progressed having H-885 introduce an undercover operator to specific targets. The operation commenced on 91-05-09 and terminated technically on 91-06-02.*
- *H-885 in this operation was mature in his approach and understanding to the type of operation that was at hand and the concerns and needs required for the operation.*
- *H-885's only motivation in this file was monetary.*
- *H-885 had to be monitored very closely, but with close supervision would take the directions given and go in the direction the cover team wished.*
- *H-885 does have a natural ability to infiltrate targets due to his extensive criminal involvement.*
- *Due to the fact H-885's criminal involvement included fraud related offences, he had no problem in utilizing the cover story given.*
- *H-885's appearance was more than suitable for the operation*

at hand.

- *AT THIS TIME I FEEL H-885 IS NOT SUITABLE FOR FUTURE OPERATIONS DUE TO HIS OWN RELIABILITY. I FEEL THAT A LOT OF THE RELIABILITY PROBLEMS ENCOUNTERED BY H-885 WAS AS A RESULT OF PRESSURE PUT ON HIM FROM HIS WIFE AND IF THIS PROBLEM CANNOT BE SOLVED THEN THIS AGENT WOULD NOT BE SUITABLE AT ALL.*
- *WHILE INVOLVED IN THE OPERATION FOR THE BRIEF PERIOD OF TIME, H-885 PERFORMED WELL AND WAS SLOWLY INFILTRATING THE SELECTED TARGETS. ONCE H-885 HAD HIS JAW BROKEN AND RETURNED TO MONCTON, HE, FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, COULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO RETURN AND CARRY ON WITH THE OPERATION AT HAND.*
- *H-885 is average to below in his ability to make notes.*
- *H-885 has a lot of confidence in his ability to con others.*
- *H-885 had no problems getting along with cover team.*

This assessment was written on November 19, 1991. Based on this assessment, the following recommendation was put forth: "Operation Hatch fell far short of its objective because of the unreliability of H-885. Accordingly, it is my recommendation that this source not be considered for a

similar role in the future.”

I could not agree with the Mounties more, in that the operation fell short of its objective because of my unreliability. This operation was much different from my previous one. This one involved “cold calls.” I had to go to a town where I did not know anyone and work my way into the lives of specific targets whom I had been briefed on. The starting place for this was a local strip joint filled with drug-dealing fishermen who were supplied by the Hells Angels in Halifax. Being in my mid-twenties and having just done an operation a few hundred miles away, a strip joint was not the best place for me to be working alone. A little fearful and very confused as to whether I was a good guy or a bad guy, I was now trying to escape the world I had once loved to live in. As a result, I tended to frequently escape into sex and booze, so you can believe a strip joint was not a place that would help me stay focused. Drinking became an issue, and before long so did the mother of my children. I was back with Louise by this time, but things were not going well. I found myself leaving the operation in Bridgewater and driving to Halifax a lot just to get away from the strippers and the targets. Louise did not appreciate my need to be among naked women all day, and I could not drink comfortably in Bridgewater, always wondering if my cover had been blown. Halifax became a refuge from all of this.

It was on one of these trips to Halifax that I ended up in a fight at a bar called The Palace. After being thrown out onto the sidewalk in front of the bar by the bouncers, I was then

arrested by the city police. My cocky attitude and drunken mouth did not go over well with the officers who arrested me. When we arrived at the police station and I stepped out of the back of the paddy wagon, someone punched me in the side of the face. I spent the night in the cells wondering what the authorities were going to do with me. I had travel restrictions because I was on parole, and I was way out of the area I was allowed to be in. I assumed they were going to revoke my parole and send me back to prison. I was surprised when they opened the door to the cell in the morning and let me go. I guess they thought I had been punished enough—my clothes were ripped and bloody, my money had disappeared, including my pay from the RCMP, and my jaw was broken.

I borrowed some money and jumped on a train to Moncton, with the full intention of going back to the operation in Bridgewater. I just needed a day or two so I could appease my girlfriend and pick up my gun. I also had to get my jaw looked at. I did not yet realize it had been broken. I just knew I could not close my mouth enough to eat.

I showed up at the house, battered and bloody, telling Louise I had come home to get my gun. She looked at me as if I were nuts and dragged me off to the hospital. I argued with the doctor, who told me I was going to be in the hospital for the next week, but eventually I gave in. I was sick, sore and tired, both physically and mentally.

A day or so after I came out of surgery, my parole officer came to see me about what had happened. I told him that I

had been in a fight and left it at that. It was then that I found out that the RCMP and the National Parole Board do not see eye to eye on the use of sources, especially those on parole. I was told that I would not be going back to Nova Scotia to finish the operation, and that was that. Operation Hatch was now over.

I admit that I was not a little relieved. It was nice to just settle in with my family for a bit and let my jaw heal. It was not long, though, before I was scoping out a new operation. I made a few trips to Ontario and made some connections there with the Outlaws, a motorcycle gang in the Kingston area. I had Mike give me some RCMP members' names in the area, but the meetings never seemed to work out. Each member would be excited the first time we would meet, but then it seemed as if I was a leper when I called back. I thought it might be because of Operation Hatch but was never sure.

I spent until April 1992 roaming criminal circles and making connections but was not able to get an operation. In April, I ended up in the county jail in Fredericton, New Brunswick, for a number of fraud charges. It was here that I made my unsuccessful attempts to obtain evidence regarding the Doug Edgett murder. It was here that I also finally received confirmation that I was not in good standing with the RCMP. After a series of meetings with Mike and other members, it seemed we had worked things out. I was told I had to shape up or they would not be allowed to work with me anymore. In a memo dated November 6, 1992, Inspector Connolly of J Division

said the following:

The fact that his agent status had previously terminated was fully explained. Also, the importance of confidentiality was discussed, and J-1028 was directed to concentrate on improving his track record in this regard. Furthermore, it was stressed that any future relationship with the Force as a human source was possible only on a very professional basis. Considering the foregoing, J-1028 was advised that he could pass on any information he felt would be of further interest to the Force. Furthermore, upon being released from jail, J-1028 advised Cst. J.G.P. Cabana that he intends to reside in the Fredericton, N.B., area with his family. Considering the foregoing, it is recommended that Cst. Cabana be designated the main handler of this source and that a co-handler be identified from Fredericton Detachment personnel. Should J-1028 relocate to the Moncton area, it is suggested that an experienced source handler be identified by OC Moncton Sub/Division.

When I was released, I did exactly what had been agreed on. I passed on information from within the criminal world as I had always done. The information resulted in many more arrests, including arrests for drug offences, robberies and fraud.

It was only a year, though, before I was once again behind bars. This time, I received a seven-year sentence. It was a sentence that caused me to lose all that was good in my life, but it was also the catalyst that led to meeting my soulmate and future wife.

Chapter Four

My Ultimate Connection

Tina and I sat staring at the TV screen along with the counsellor and other ex-inmates during one of her many visits to see me at the halfway house. I had an odd mix of pride, fear and excitement boiling inside me. Tina was sitting next to me, but she was also on the television, larger than life, walking out of a courthouse. I would no longer be able to hide it—my girlfriend was the woman at the centre of the murder trial we were all watching on the six o'clock news.

It was early 1996. I had met Tina three weeks and two days after arriving at the halfway house on Prince Edward Island. I had just spent almost four years in prison and had not seen any colours other than institutional greys and blues the entire time. The first time I looked into her big beautiful blue eyes framed by her blonde hair, I melted. Tina was hot, she was in great shape, and she was a biker chick who hated the world—the perfect woman in my eyes back then.

I would later find out that Tina had endured years of sexual abuse in her home and then in the foster homes in which she had spent much of her early life. She had a wall of anger built up around her and was more firmly on a path of self-destruction than most guys I had met in prison. Tina had a reputation for being tough, and she lived up to it. One of her best assets,

though, was her loyalty. It was a gift I often coveted and rarely understood. Unlike me, she believed in the unwritten code of criminals—she believed that you go to prison or die before ever betraying a friend or partner. And she proved it over and over again, often to her detriment. I, on the other hand, could not understand how someone could have such loyalty to self-centred people; it seemed such a contradiction.

As big as the wall around Tina was, it was still not able to hide her huge heart—at least, not from those she liked. To people she didn't like, her heart was cold and black; those people knew to avoid her wrath. This was a wrath that ran in her family. Tina's brothers were similar in their ability to fight and in their reputation as people to be feared.

To say that Tina was a tough woman was an understatement. It was nothing for her to get into a fight on any given night, more than likely with a man. She was a hard girl to figure out. I would watch her fight with the best of them and then watch her sit for hours listening to a friend who was struggling through a problem. With her, it was always one extreme or the other.

The funniest thing for me to observe back then was Tina's relationships. Tina hung out with lots of bikers and knew every criminal in the city. Yet she would sneak off for days at a time to stay at the house of her two best friends. Sometimes she would hang out there for weeks without telling anyone where she was. That in itself would not seem strange—unless you met these two. Dave and Dave were referred to by Tina as

“Dumb and Dumber,” but these three were tighter than any group of people you could ever imagine. Dave and Dave were geeks, to say the least, but this oddball group of three would do anything for one another.

It was only days after meeting Tina that I found out she was out on bail for her part in the murder of Clifford McIver. Even though I was having some real feelings for Tina, I still went to a phone and called my handler. Mike made some calls to Prince Edward Island, and I started pumping Tina for information; she had now become a target. I knew that she probably knew the truth about who had killed McIver. The evidence pointed to either her boyfriend Eddie Clark or his best friend Gary Gormley. I was determined to find out which it was.

I questioned Tina day and night but to no avail; Tina was sticking to her story. It did not help me much that I was living at the halfway house with a curfew. On top of that, Tina was constantly going to see Dumb and Dumber so she could escape the media frenzy around her.

In August 1996, Gormley was sentenced to life in prison with no chance of parole for twelve years. Clark and Tina both received minor sentences along with time served for helping Gormley after the murder. Tina had taken a real bashing all through the trial. She had been painted as the possible killer, and, to make matters worse, prosecutors and the media had brought out the fact that she was a practising witch.

My nine-week program on Prince Edward Island finally

came to an end, but not before I had gotten Tina pregnant. I now had to go to a halfway house in Halifax, hoping she would give up her life on P.E.I. and follow me. She did.

Tina was no longer with Eddie Clark by this time, of course. On my side, Louise was now out of the picture. She had visited me off and on during my prison sentence but left me to live with a lesbian just before I left prison. I gave her an opportunity to come back the week I met Tina, but a short time later she took the kids and moved to Ottawa.

The one condition I had for Tina coming with me was that she had to give up the witchcraft stuff, as it spooked me out. That was not much of an issue for her. She threw out the spell books and the witch's bible, and I was now a happy man. Nine months later, I got a little spooked again though; our daughter was born on Halloween night.

I couldn't help but be intrigued by Tina's attitude towards money during my stay on the Island. It had impressed me so much that she did not seem to care about money at all. I was used to women who were always trying to suck money out of me in any way they could. It was humbling to watch her spend her cash to take us out all the time. I was broke when I got out of prison and constantly thought I needed to reassure her that I did not usually live like this. I was always letting her know that when I got back to Halifax, she would see that I did not need her to pay for things.

When Tina did arrive in the city, she soon found out I was telling the truth—at least about my finances. Within a month

of getting back home, I had managed to get a new wardrobe, a car, jewellery and two apartments. What she did not know was that it was all a show—these were all props I needed to infiltrate the Hells Angels and start my next operation.

With Tina and me about to have a baby and our relationship becoming much more intimate, I knew I was in a serious situation. Tina's loyalty to the criminal world was helping me get in deeper with the targets around me, but at some point she was going to find out I was a rat. I decided I would tell her myself and hope she would understand, rather than wait for the operation to end and risk losing her and the baby.

As you can imagine, this idea went over like a ton of bricks. It was hard enough for her to hear that I was a rat, but that she had started out as a target was an even harder pill for her to swallow. I don't think we ever talked about it much after that. I kept that part of my life separate from her, and she pretended she never knew that side of me. I believe she suppressed it so deeply that she would actually forget that I worked undercover for a living.

Tina's deeply ingrained criminality helped me get close to many hardened cons who might have been out of my reach at one time. The reputation that she had on the Island and the loyalty that she displayed so powerfully always reflected well in my cover stories. She was not only my best friend in life, but she was also the best connection I ever made for the work I was doing. This is clearly evident in many of the chapters that follow.

Chapter Five

Halifax Biker History

It was almost eight o'clock on Wednesday, August 28, 1985, when Michael Hamm started out on the last walk of his life. He headed along Windsor Street in Halifax with his best friend, his big black Great Dane. Mike never knew what hit him. An unknown heavy-set bearded male, described by witnesses as wearing biker colours, came up to him from behind and shot him in the back of the head. As the stranger escaped on the back of a waiting motorcycle, Michael Hamm lay on the street and died.

A little over eight months earlier, a gang called the 13th Tribe had patched over and become the Halifax Hells Angels. The Tribe had been formed in 1968 by Cary Alexander Garrison of Waverly, Halifax County, Nova Scotia. In the beginning, it was strictly a club made up of naval and ex-naval personnel. By 1971, the club had developed a large following, with more than its share of hardcore criminals. Throughout the next decade, the club would network with the likes of the Popeye Motorcycle Gang out of Montreal and the Grim Reapers from Alberta; some of the Reapers would eventually travel east and become members of the Tribe. The club's reputation grew fiercer as the members trafficked in large amounts

of speed and used strong-arm tactics to increase the club's power. Halifax had not seen this type of anarchy before. The Tribe was responsible for such atrocious crimes as the gang rape of a teenage girl and the unprovoked assault on Inspector Kenneth Paul of the Halifax Drug Squad—Paul was pulled from his car and beaten by ten or more Tribe members. Paul was not the only police officer to discover first-hand the dangers of the Tribe. Another officer travelling along Brunswick Street was injured in a sniper attack on his police vehicle.

It did not take police long to respond to the savagery of the 13th Tribe, and, before long, many of the Tribe were in jail. Sentences ranged anywhere from three to twelve years. After that, the remaining members on the street kept a low profile until the early 1980s, when the jailed members started getting released. Then the members of the 13th Tribe increased their illegal activities once again, patterning themselves after the Hells Angels. They became a prospective chapter for the Hells Angels in January 1984. One year later, they became full patch members, and the 13th Tribe ceased to exist.

The Halifax chapter of the Hells Angels expanded quickly after receiving their colours. The chapter made an attempt to gain control of the prostitution market but did not have the experience needed to compete with the pimps already running the area. The main source of the Angels' income continued to be the drug trade—pot, acid and cocaine, with cocaine being the product of choice. Smaller clubs throughout the Maritimes acted as distributors for the Halifax club, making the East

Coast a valuable asset to the Canadian Hells Angels.

Wherever the drug market prospers, violence escalates. The Maritimes were no exception. In March of 1985, after the Laval chapter decided to rip off the Halifax chapter, violence rose to a new level for the Hells Angels. Plans were made by the Halifax, Sorel and Sherbrooke chapters to close the Laval chapter. The chosen method for closing the chapter was to call a meeting and execute five key members.

Named in the police warrants following the murders in Laval were six men from the Halifax area: Randy Mersereau, Locky Macdonald, Michael ("Speedy") Christiansen, Patrick ("Frenchy") Guernier, Bernard Hebert and David ("Wolf") Carroll. All were exonerated of the murder charges.

Two weeks after the warrants were issued, the violent practices of the Halifax underworld continued with the murder of Mike Hamm. It was suspected that he, too, had ripped off the Halifax Hells Angels for a small amount of drugs. The message in the drug world was becoming very clear—if you don't want to die a violent death, don't mess with the Angels' drug money.

On April 7, 1988, a member of the Hells Angels was charged with the murder of a Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, youth. Once again, it was suspected that the young man had been in debt to the club. David ("Wolf") Carroll was acquitted in the young man's murder, and now, like the "Teflon Don" John Gotti, Wolf was gaining notoriety and power.

In the early 1990s, Carroll was partying quite heavily, and

he decided it was time to move. Montreal was a good choice as he had made many connections there. Wolf eventually moved to the Sorel chapter while continuing to manage the drug trade in Halifax.

On June 24, 1995, Wolf left the Sorel chapter for the Nomads, a newly formed chapter consisting of the club's most elite members. The Nomads were known as the "policing" chapter, and they meant business. Among the ranks of these enforcers were the following:

- Maurice ("Mom") Boucher, the Nomads' notorious leader

- Normand ("Pluche") Bélanger
- Salvatore Brunetti
- Nelson Fernandes
- Paul ("Fon Fon") Fontaine
- Normand ("Biff") Hamel
- Denis Houle
- Gilles Mathieu, Boucher's second-in-command
- Richard ("Dick") Mayrand
- Normand Robitaille
- Louis ("Mélou") Roy, the richest Hells Angel in Québec

- Wolodumyr ("Nurget") Stadnik
- Donald Stockford, a founding member of the Nomads
- Richard Vallée
- Guillaume ("Mimmo") Serra
- Andre ("Toots") Tousignant

- Guy Lepage
- Robert Savard

Wolf continued to keep some control over the Halifax chapter. There is no doubt that his close ties to Mom Boucher and his status as a Nomad saved the Halifax chapter many times. However, by 1996, the Halifax chapter was becoming somewhat of an embarrassment to the Hells Angels. The members were partying too much, they were in debt, and many of the serious criminals in the area were starting to refer to them as the "Apple Dumpling Gang." Wolf was not happy. He wanted the boys in Halifax to step up and be men. He wanted them to exercise more control over those who did not take the club seriously. Wolf decided to start shaking the city up a bit.

Robert MacFarlane, a tough but smart Prince Edward Island native, was one of those who did not take the club seriously—so much so that he beat one of the members up without much fear of reprisal. MacFarlane was an independent cocaine dealer who refused to come alongside the club in the drug business. This, and the fact that he was in an ongoing feud with Paul Wilson, made him a very likely target to be made an example of.

Paul Wilson was a good friend of Wolf, and when Paul finally had had enough of fighting with MacFarlane, he called in a favour from Wolf. Wilson had a hit put on Robert for twenty-five thousand dollars.

On the night of Thursday, February 27, 1997, Danny Kane and Aimee Simard fulfilled the contract on Robert MacFarlane.

Following him to an industrial park, they pumped him full of bullets from a .38 revolver and a 9 mm handgun.

MacFarlane was not the first to be killed on Wolf's orders in his bid to build his outlaw kingdom in the Maritimes. Throughout the time Wolf unofficially controlled the Halifax Hells Angels from the Nomad chapter, the chapter was suspected in or linked to several killings, including those of Kirk and Randy Merserau, Kirk's wife Nancy, Gregory Brushett, businessman Raymond Chase and William Wendelborg. Wendelborg was another man who was killed at the request of Paul Wilson. Wendelborg was lured to the home of Billy Marriot, where Billy and his partner Larry Pace beat him with a bat, duct-taped his hands and feet and injected him with enough cocaine to kill him. They then dumped his body on a desolate dirt road.

Having known on some level each of these people, I find it hard not to wonder what was going through their minds when they were being murdered. I have probably thought about what it is like to die at the hands of criminals almost every day of my adult life. In the case of Wendelborg, my vivid imagination sometimes remembers those involved and cripples me with fear. I remember Larry Pace having a problem with me in prison one day and the fear I felt as he called me out to the yard to deal with it. Larry was huge, and his temper was volatile from all the steroids he had taken since coming to prison. I also remember sitting across the street from a car lot where Billy Marriot was meeting with my then partner Mike

McIntyre. Mike was worried that Billy was going to kill him, so he had me sit across the street with a rifle, keeping Billy in the scope at all times. I did not want to imagine being in a situation where either of these guys had me duct-taped and helpless; they enjoyed inflicting pain way too much.

In my years around those associated with organized crime in Canada, I only now realize how much murder and mayhem was taking place. It is only now that I am out of it that I see the devastating effect of this violence on society and on me personally. I travelled through the underworld for all those years and never really noticed how dangerous it was. It did not seem as dangerous to me then as it does now. It is strange that I did not see it as dangerous to walk among murderers—and even more strange that I did not see it as overly dangerous to be an informant against them. That has changed in the last few years. In fact, as I look back on my experiences to write this book, I cannot help but see that the underworld was and is a world filled with constant danger.

Chapter Six

Operation Hoist

Tina pulled up to the Dartmouth Hospital and let me out at the front door. It was not possible for me to continue another day in the shape I was in. My guts burned with pain. I would open my mouth in the morning only to fill the sink with blood that had accumulated in my stomach during the night. I was stressed beyond the levels that I had once felt comfortable with, and the stress was now manifesting itself in my body. The doctors gave me valium for my nerves, along with medication to help with what seemed to be ulcers. It felt as if I was fighting both the good guys and the bad. I was walking among killers that included the Hells Angels while patiently waiting for the RCMP to get an operation approved. The stress of waiting was driving me crazy. It is very difficult to play a role when you have to direct yourself until the directors are finally allowed to step in and do their job.

It was May of 1996. I had been out of prison for about three months and had been back in Halifax for a little more than three weeks. Tina had not yet come over from the Island to live, but she was visiting and flying back and forth for the McIver murder trial. I was living at a halfway house and had got a job driving strippers back and forth to three of the

clubs in the area. I had touched base with Mike and let him know that I was back in criminal circles and looking to do an operation. Mike was a little concerned that Tina and I were together, probably because he understood the potential danger of her ingrained criminality and her loyalty to the “code” among criminals. Nevertheless, he knew I wanted to get an operation in before the baby was due. He told me to give Dan Rowter a call. I wasn’t sure where Dan was, so I gave my old friend Cpl. Bob Powers a call to find out. Bob hooked me up with a number, and I called Dan to set up a meeting.

It was May 17 when Dan and I got together to discuss what I could do in the Halifax area. It was good to see Dan again. He was one of the members of the RCMP whom I had a lot of respect for, and we actually got along well—a rarity among the many members I have met through the years. I shared with him details of my job running strippers around, the bikers I was dealing with and the connections I had in the area. It was at that point that Dan decided to have me meet someone from the Halifax RCMP Drug Section. After a little more small talk and some reminiscing about Operation Joulable, we planned a meeting for later that day at the Halifax Shopping Centre.

Trying to fit secret meetings with the police into a criminal schedule can be a little tricky, especially when you are driving the girlfriends of bikers wherever they want to go. I managed to squeeze the second meeting in, but it was a short one. When Dan pulled up, I climbed into his vehicle, and we

decided to drive around the outskirts of the city. It was during this drive that I was introduced to Cst. Gerry Clarke of the Drug Section. Gerry, like Dan, was easy to get along with, and he seemed to genuinely care about the work he did. We went over the information from the morning meeting, and then I shared a little personal history with Clarke. By the end of the meeting, we had discussed eleven potential targets, along with the prospect of many more.

One of my targets was the man who had gotten me the job driving strippers. An old friend from prison, Mike McIntyre was not just a friend but also my partner and my backup. He had saved my life on more than one occasion. I remember the last letter I received from Mike just before he was killed in a head-on collision with an oil truck. He was just getting out of prison again after being sent back on a parole violation. In that letter, he described himself perfectly in a couple of sentences: “I can’t wait to hook up. You’ve got 265 pounds of loyalty coming your way.” Part of me is relieved that he did not live to find out that I was a rat and that he was a target.

The meeting with Clarke and Rowter ended with the usual wink and a nod, telling me not to break the law and to be careful. I was told they would call me back in a day or two, and that was it for the meeting.

I did not receive a call right away, and in fact did not hear back at all that week. Eventually, I made a call to Dan asking what the holdup was. I was told that it was because I had been blacklisted after Operation Hatch and that he would get back

to me. Into a holding pattern I went, impatiently waiting for the RCMP to figure out their issues. In the meantime, I kept up the role I was playing by doing bank frauds and selling cocaine—it would be a while before any money started to flow from the feds.

A secret source assessment document dated May 27 and written by Clarke said the following under the heading of “Background Investigation”: “H-885 is entered on C.P.I.C. [Canadian Police Information Centre] as a parolee, has a lengthy criminal record and an F.P.S. number.” Under the same heading, it said, “H-885 is entered on the Central Source Registry as Treacherous. I have discussed this with Cst. Rowter of Bridgewater Detachment. Cst. Rowter does not believe this assessment is accurate. H-885 was not successful in the previous investigation due to alcohol abuse and family conflict, but these circumstances have now changed. H-885 is not using alcohol or drugs and is now on his own.” In a debriefing report written the same day, a unit commander said, “Sources that are able to provide information on the Hells Angels are a rare commodity. This source could be invaluable should C.I.S. & this section get approval for an investigation on Hells Angels.”

I continued to call every couple of days, passing on more information and showing my impatience with the Force with each call. In a debriefing report written on July 12, 1996, under the heading, “Purpose of Contact,” the following was said: “Requested by source to express concern on the delay of com-

mencement of operation and to pass on information.”

I spent many frustrating days marked by calls not being returned, excuses being made to appease me and the odd argument breaking out while I was trying to get through the bureaucratic foolishness. Looking back, it is hard to believe how often I had to fight that foolishness over the years. Things were just getting worse, not better. Here we had a chance to infiltrate the Hells Angels on a large scale, and it seemed there was just one obstacle after another.

We had overcome the blacklisting and received approval for the operation. The RCMP had received lots of intelligence during the time leading up to the approval—I had fed them information in almost every one of my many phone calls. The next obstacle was because of one of my demands. I wanted the Parole Board to know that I was working as an agent. This did not go over well, but I did not care. Living in a halfway house while hanging with Hells Angels, driving strippers and going to bars known to be biker bars filled with drugs does not give a parole officer the picture of a rehabilitated man. In fact, my parole officer was dismayed and disgusted that I was not back in prison already. No matter how I tried to get this across to the Mounties, they did not seem to get it—yet there was no way to do this operation without letting the Parole Board in on it. My pleas continued to fall on deaf ears, right up to the day I walked in to sign our contract. The room, full of excited RCMP officers, became very quiet when I refused to sign anything until they agreed to notify someone at the NPB. After

a lot of arguing, frustration and stubbornness, they agreed to call a source that they had in the system. We would meet again as soon as that was done, and hopefully, with no more obstacles, we would sign the contract.

That contract never did get signed, and to this day I am not really sure what happened. Within a matter of days, I was back in prison. I was backing out of the parking lot of my apartment building when I received the call. It was from Dan Thorne of the Dartmouth Parole Office. The day before this, I had picked up a travel permit to go to New Brunswick to see my kids. Now, here was Dan on the phone telling me I had to turn myself in. I refused to turn myself in to the Halifax Correctional Centre. I told Dan I was going to see my kids in Moncton and that I would turn myself in at Dorchester Penitentiary by midnight. I still could not believe what was happening. All I was told was that my day parole was ending, they did not want to renew it and they also did not want to give me a full parole. The parole was not being revoked, nor was it being suspended, but I had to go back to prison. I remember sitting in my cell in Dorchester and being handed a report that said I had successfully completed my day parole. I looked at the lady and smiled as I asked her what happened to those who were not successful at completing theirs.

I phoned Clarke, I phoned Rowter, and of course I phoned Cabana. None of them could give me answers. Gerry Clarke did say in an inter-agency memo that the operation was being held in abeyance until they learned what would happen with

my release.

The RCMP had managed to finally get the “treacherous” label off me, they had gotten a major operation against the Hells Angels approved, and now they had me sitting in a cell because they could not work in conjunction with the National Parole Board. We could have dismantled the Hells Angels Halifax chapter in 1996 but for the jealousy, pride and territorialism between the RCMP and other agencies within the justice system.

Chapter Seven

What is Treacherous?

Project Lion is the name of the Central Human Source Registry, a database used by the RCMP to assess civilian agents. It assesses things such as a source's expertise or involvement in the crime world. It records whether the source is an addict, an armed robber, a con man, a drug courier or a contract murderer. It looks at sources' maturity, their motivation, their ability, their appearance and their ability to accept criticism. It assesses the sources' suitability and aptitude for future operations. It critiques skills such as the ability to keep notes, the ability to follow directions, the ability to improvise and the ability to get along with cover teams. Finally, the keepers of the registry sum up all the factors and label the source, using words such as: reliable, truthful, dependable, rational or trustworthy. If a source is hard to handle or even dangerous, the registry will sum up the source's suitability using words such as: paranoid, violent, unreliable, embarrassing, deceptive or misleading. Finally, if a source is to be avoided and is not to be used, the source is labelled: treacherous.

That is what the system is and what it does. In my years of being an agent, I could never figure out how the keepers of the registry came to their final conclusions. From the outside

looking in, there seemed to be neither rhyme nor reason to the decision making regarding this database. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

Cory Patterson was first coded as a source for the RCMP in November of 1990. He was known in organized crime circles as an enforcer, someone who collected debts and enjoyed doing it. Cory had the nickname “Rambo” due to his usual attire (military style clothing), his mercenary abilities and his knowledge of weapons. Patterson’s career has been chronicled in a thoroughly researched story called “Killer Cory” written by crime writer Gary Dimmock. It clearly paints a picture of an agent you would think would be labelled “treacherous.”

The target of Patterson’s biggest undercover operation, code-named Project Ice, was a long-time friend named Paul (“Sonny”) Braybrook. Braybrook, then sergeant-at-arms of the Toronto outlaw motorcycle gang Para-Dice Riders, had hired Patterson to collect drug debts. After being accepted as an informant, Patterson introduced RCMP undercover veteran Cpl. Joe Smith to members of the Para-Dice Riders. Patterson continued to buy drugs and accept assignments as a hired gun, while Smith collected evidence.

In mass raids on April 15, 1993, RCMP and Ontario Provincial Police officers arrested forty suspects, including Paul Braybrook, and seized thousands of dollars worth of crack cocaine, LSD, hashish, marijuana, angel dust, and weapons.

In an August 13, 1993 agent assessment, Cpl. M.P. Maloney of the Barrie Joint Forces Drug Squad wrote that

Patterson “did not perform well unless closely supervised...0-3498 required almost continuous supervision in order to maintain any measure of motivation.” However, he also reported that the RCMP had no concerns about retaining Patterson as a source.

Since Patterson’s cover had been blown in Ontario, the RCMP relocated him and his common-law wife, Donna Gibbs, a crack cocaine addict, to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Mounties also paid off \$10,000 Patterson had racked up in credit card debts.

On May 7, 1994, Patterson and Gibbs got into an argument over drugs, and a shotgun went off. No one was hurt, they gave conflicting stories to police about the incident, and Patterson was charged with assault causing bodily harm and dangerous storage of a firearm. In jail, he went berserk, screaming that he’d kill a police officer or guard, and the police had to pepper spray him.

In an “urgent” memo dated May 10, 1994, Halifax RCMP Inspector J.W. Pilgrim said Patterson was “cracked out,” “very aggressive” and a “loose cannon.” The RCMP believed Patterson was abusing prescription-only painkillers and was on the “quick road to exploding.” Patterson denied he had a drug problem, and Halifax RCMP Cpl. Al Comeau thought the only way to find out if he was telling the truth was to place him in a detox program.

Meanwhile, Patterson had made an insurance claim on a \$15,000 ring he claimed had been stolen. Insurance company

investigator Steve Zacher, a former Dartmouth police officer, ran a computer check on Patterson. He told the RCMP about his investigation since he had discovered that Patterson was in the Force's Witness Protection Program. The insurance company refused to pay the claim, Patterson threatened to sue, and the RCMP ended up paying Patterson \$9,500 for his bogus insurance claim.

In spring 1994, the RCMP bought Gibbs a one-way ticket out of town and relocated Patterson to Fredericton, New Brunswick. An RCMP memo stated, "O-3498 refused to enter the detox program stating that he didn't have a problem, however, his behaviours and mannerisms indicated otherwise." Nevertheless, the RCMP gave Patterson a new undercover assignment infiltrating drug traffickers in Fredericton. An agreement signed January 20, 1995 gave Patterson a salary, expenses and the promise of a \$5,000 award at the end of the operation.

Patterson was also still testifying in the trials of those arrested back in Ontario. During the trial of Willard Low-On, the accused said that during the time Patterson was a police informant, Patterson had shoved a gun in his face and threatened his life if he didn't give Patterson drugs and lease him a restaurant. Low-On's lawyer also questioned Patterson about the death of sixteen-year-old John Paul Lapham, who had overdosed in Patterson's house in 1992.

Low-On was convicted of drug trafficking on January 3, 1995. However, after the trial, Justice Paul Hermiston was

highly critical of the RCMP decision to use Patterson as an informant. Hermiston described Patterson as "a devious criminal who has been able to manipulate the Royal Canadian Mounted Police into thinking that he has turned over a new leaf...He has hoodwinked the authorities. His testimony is completely unreliable." Hermiston also recommended that Patterson be investigated regarding Lapham's death and regarding welfare fraud, since Patterson had admitted under oath that he had been collecting welfare while on the RCMP payroll.

Instead, the RCMP asked Patterson why the judge was so biased against him. In a March 1, 1995 memo, Cpl. Pat McDonell of New Brunswick's J Division reported Patterson's answer: "Years ago, the judge was a lawyer in the same law firm which represented J-1483 [Patterson] in his divorce. The judge had heard J-1483 discussing his case with his lawyer and interrupted the conversation to tell both J-1483 and the lawyer that he found J-1483's views to be 'repugnant.'" Patterson also said that the judge was dissatisfied with a reclining chair he had bought from a furniture shop owned by Patterson's father.

The trial of "Sonny" Braybrook on cocaine and weapons charges followed a few months later, and Braybrook chose to defend himself. During his cross-examination of Patterson, the informant admitted he had collected welfare illegally and had given false information to his parole supervisor. Further, Braybrook demonstrated that Patterson was lying on a number

of other issues and that Patterson's notes for the RCMP were full of errors. Braybrook also accused Patterson of continuing to commit crimes and of continuing to abuse drugs and alcohol while being an informant. Most seriously, Braybrook questioned Patterson about John Paul Lapham.

Braybrook was convinced Patterson had killed Lapham by giving him a massive morphine overdose on August 8, 1992. A police news release had said that only Patterson and his girlfriend Donna Gibbs were in the house with Lapham at the time. However, crime writer Gary Dimmock later discovered evidence that others had also been present; after Lapham collapsed, Patterson had apparently ordered the others to leave, removed all drugs from the house and waited several hours before finally calling the police.

On November 3, 1995, Department of Justice officials and police met and decided to drop all charges against Braybrook and the remaining Project Ice defendants—largely because of their informant's lack of credibility on the witness stand.

Patterson's further career as an informant led to no more convictions and soon fell apart as a result of numerous problems. During his undercover work in J Division, police found another body in the basement suite of the house he was living in. Patterson's career finally ended in death. He was found with a note pinned to his chest saying that it was a good day to die. Patterson had overdosed on drugs and had been shot through the head with a flare gun—an odd way to commit suicide if you ask me.

Now you would think that Patterson would have been labelled "treacherous" at some time throughout his time as an agent—maybe after the first suspicious death or the threats and lies to police or the domestic dispute in Halifax or the insurance scam. No, instead of labelling him "treacherous," RCMP Cpl. Al Comeau drove him to Fredericton and helped him get more work there as an agent.

If the RCMP could learn to see people for who they are and what they are capable of, good or bad, then maybe they would have fewer files like those of Cory Patterson, Danny Kane, Richard Young and many others that ended in disaster. Maybe if they used their common sense and were less arrogant, they would see past the glory of a big bust. Society knows that police sometimes have to make "deals with the devil" to catch bad people. They would probably be much more accepting of this if they knew the RCMP had a greater capacity for evaluation of uncertain, hazardous and conflicting information.

Chapter Eight

Bank Robbers, Heroin and Death

It was November of 1996 when I was finally released from prison after the screw-up with Operation Hoist. To say I was a little frustrated at this point would be a gross understatement. The Correctional Service of Canada found they had made a mistake in their sentencing calculations; I was supposed to have been released fifteen months earlier. The National Parole Board was quick to get me back out. However, the Board members said that if they could, they would put a restriction on me to keep me away from the RCMP. With that, they released me to Ontario and told me I would not be allowed back in Halifax until the end of my parole.

Tina met me at the train station about thirty miles from the prison. I walked into the small railway building and saw her standing there with our month-old daughter. Both were smiling and beautiful. I remember the colours of everything, once again contrasted to the drab greys of the prison. The colour that stood out the most, though, was the redness of our newborn baby, whom I was seeing for the first time as a free man.

It was a strange feeling being free, especially when, only two weeks earlier, before the error in sentencing had been

discovered, I had been expecting to be in prison for another eighteen months. I am sure it is every prisoner's dream to receive the news that a mistake has been made and the prisoner is free to leave.

I remember the day clearly. I was lying on my bunk sleeping. I had fallen asleep after reading a report from my case management officer saying that my release was not being recommended and I would be staying for the remainder of my sentence. My cellmate had tried to wake me for lunch, but I had had no interest in getting up; I was depressed and just wanted to sleep. Shortly after lunch was over and the noon count was done, I was awakened again. This time, it was a guard telling me I was wanted in the unit office. I walked into the office with a bit of an attitude; after all, I had nothing left to lose, and I was not in a good head space. My case management officer looked at me and said, "Paul, smile. You are probably going to want to kiss me in a minute." I told him that as funny as that was, it was not a likely reaction, regardless of the news. It was then that I heard the words that left me stunned: "It seems we have made a mistake. There was an audit done of Sentence Administration, and you and two others across Canada have been kept long past the date you were supposed to be released." A kiss was still not a thought, but tears did start falling as he told me I would be released in the next week or two. The law says that all first-time federal offenders who are in on nonviolent offences and doing four years or less are to be released automatically on parole after one-third of their

sentence. My sentences totalled seven years, but no one sentence was more than four. I was now free to leave the prison and head to Ontario.

Tina handed me the baby as the train pulled up, and I melted. She was just so tiny and fresh, a new life in my arms. It was a perfect picture as we stepped onto the train and headed toward what we hoped would be a new life for us too.

We arrived in London, Ontario, where I had to report to a halfway house within twenty-four hours. A week later, I had to report to the city police—and, just like the first time back in Moncton years ago, it all started again.

The cop I had to meet with was a guy named Ron Hettinga. It took only about ten minutes before we were discussing the possibility of me working as an agent. By the end of my appointment, we had already set up a meeting with two Mounties for the following week. I was excited. Tina, however, was not sharing in the excitement. After everything that had happened, she was wishing the Parole Board had been able to restrict me from talking to the RCMP.

The meeting Hettinga set up was between me and RCMP Cpl. Ken Mitchell. It took place at the London City Police Station January 16, 1997. Before the meeting took place, Cpl. Mitchell wrote a report summing up all that he could ascertain about me in preparation for our meeting. That report stated in part:

Check conducted on CHSRS [Confidential Human Sources Repository System] "Project Lion" by Cpl. MacDIARMID-DEB

[Drug Enforcement Branch]. Source coordinator revealed O-3651 has been numbered previously in J (J-1028) and H (H-885) Divs.

Only documentation exists from H Div. O-3651 has been placed in the "TREACHEROUS" category on "Project Lion" by H Div. Cpl. MacDIARMID recommended that I liaise direct with H Div. personnel to determine circumstances of same.

On 96-12-17 I spoke to Router [Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, Detective Dan Rowter], who advised he had worked with O-3651 as a U.C. [undercover] operator in a project in J Div. Basically O-3651 was the conduit to introduce Router to targets from which Router subsequently purchased. Router was pleased with O-3651's assistance and stated, while O-3651 requires strong handling, is very capable of conducting agent duties.

I questioned as to the "TREACHEROUS" classification on CHSRS [Confidential Human Sources Repository System] entered by H Div. ROUTER is of the opinion that this is not the case and is the view that, during course of his assessment of O-3651 he wrote that O-3651 should not be used in an agent capacity in the future until he/she overcomes personal difficulties involving his/her present relationship. ROUTER feels that the data input personnel based the classification on this comment alone. Further O-3651 has since terminated the trouble relationship.

Mitchell also contacted Gerry Clarke of the Halifax Drug Squad:

CLARKE advised that he had completed an Ops. Plan in which O-3651 was to be the agent targeted to further infiltrate the

Hells Angels operating out of the Halifax area.

Apparently O-3651 had made previous inroads with the biker milieu by running strippers from Ont. to N.S in the past and was in a favorable position to further entrench him/herself.

Halifax Drugs are currently holding their Ops. Plan in abeyance until determining where O-3651 will reside upon completion of his current parole restrictions.

Mitchell's report concluded:

We have a problem in that the "Treacherous" category automatically suspends any utilization of O-3651 for future use. The steps involved in reclassification of O-3651 to a category where he/she can be re-activated are:

1. Determine why subject entered as "Treacherous".
2. Support of NCO i/c LDS [the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge of the London Drug Section] and OIC London Det. [the Officer in Charge of the London RCMP Detachment]
3. Concurrence of OIC [the Officer in Charge of the] Drug Enforcement Branch, O Division.
4. Approval of re-activation by Director, Federal Services Directorate, HQ-Ottawa.

I have discussed this matter in general with SWP [Source Witness Protection] – Cpl. XXXX who will delve further to determine feasibility. As well, having received Cpl. XXXX's concurrence I will liaise direct with Cpl. Al Comeau, H Div, SWP [Source Witness Protection] and determine if there are major issues which have not been surfaced and may preclude same any attempts to re-activate O-3651.

I spoke to Cpl. Comeau this date in regard to noted concerns. Comeau is in agreement that the placement of O-3651 in the "Treacherous" category on "Project Lion" is inappropriate. Further Comeau has submitted paper to FSD – SWP [Federal Services Directorate, Source Witness Protection] stipulating same. However he has not received a reply from Cpl. Terry O'ROURKE (FSD) and upon O-3651's parole being revoked did not pursue same. COMEAU is very cautious in regards to future utilization of O-3651 due to concerns with "after the investigation aspects" which are genuine concerns from the SWP/Relocation perspective.

Now, although I did not know what was going on behind the scenes with Clarke, Mitchell and Comeau, I did know that Clarke was talking to me at the halfway house about returning to Halifax as soon as possible to finish the operation there. I understood that the main issue was my parole restrictions and it was not likely that I would be able to do much agent work until my parole expiry date in April of 2000.

On February 10, 1997, permission was granted a second time for my name to be removed from the "treacherous" category on the following conditions:

1. I was not to breach any parole conditions
2. Parole Services was to be made aware of the plan and would have to agree.
3. I was to have experienced handlers.
4. I was to be on probation for six months.
5. I was to dispose of the outstanding charges against me in Alberta.

This was great news, but once again an obstacle came up that would hinder me from working with the RCMP. On March 10, 1997, Clarke called Mitchell and told him that in the course of another investigation, a reliable source had given information that the Halifax Hells Angels had put out a hit on three people; one of them was me. I called Mike Cabana to find out what to do and whether I should move. As usual, Mike made some calls to see what assistance I could receive if this rumour was true. Cpl. Comeau, in Halifax, was quick to let Mike know that it was my debt and not anything the RCMP had done that had brought on the hit; therefore, I would have to deal with it on my own. That is exactly what I did. After receiving many apologies from Cabana, I thanked him and got down to business. I moved my family into another house and then started touching base with friends in the Halifax area. After some time, I was able to determine that the contract had been somewhat exaggerated by the reliable source.

I was a little fed up with the Mounties at this point. Since my time at the halfway house was finished, I decided it was as good a time as any to get in deeper with the criminal culture in London. At least then, when my parole ended, I would have a choice between the operation in Halifax and the one in Ontario. I had many connections both from the halfway house and from the strip agency I was working with, so I was well able to infiltrate the local crime networks.

One of my best connections at the time was Sylvan, an associate member of the Hells Angels out of Montreal. Sylvan

and I both worked for the strip agency and had talked many times about doing business together. We started dealing in cocaine a little bit, but our biggest venture while in London was the escort business. We rented an old Victorian home and decorated it nicely with massage tables on the top floor, a waiting area for clients and staff on the second floor and a dungeon in the basement for customers who were into bondage and role play. We made money hand over fist, and I made more and more inroads into criminal circles in Ontario.

In August of that year, Tina went back to Prince Edward Island and turned herself in on her charges of accessory after the fact to murder; she received time served and three months in jail. During the time she was gone, my activities picked up steam. Unfortunately, so did my vices. I was selling cocaine, I was controlling strippers, and I was having an affair with our neighbour. Things were getting tense as Tina's release date drew near.

When Tina was released, I drove across the country, from Ontario to Prince Edward Island, to pick her up. It was great to spend a few days driving back home with her. It helped to strengthen what was left of our deteriorating relationship. We decided somewhere in Quebec that we were going to move away from all our issues when we got home. A geographical cure sounded good to me in light of my affair.

I am guessing that it could not have been more than a few weeks after arriving home that we got a call from the mother of my first two children. Louise wanted us to leave London

and move to Brockville, Ontario, to look after the kids while she got her life straightened away. We did not need to bring anything, she told us; we could have her house, her furniture and the kids if we just came right away. It sounded weird, and I can say Tina was a little creeped out by the idea of living in my ex's house and sleeping in my ex's bed. We thought it might provide the geographical cure we were looking for, though, so away we went, leaving all of our problems behind...or so we thought!

From the perspective of a source or a criminal, Brockville, Ontario, was a great place to live. I was only there a matter of weeks before I met a connection who led me into some great circles and friendships.

Brian McKee was a former bank robber who was dabbling in dealing coke and heroin. Brian was as funny as they come, he had a huge heart, but he also had a cold streak like very few people I've known. Brian had "white power" tattooed down the side of his leg and spent most of his life in biker circles as muscle for those who hired him. He was good at what he did and was proud of it.

I started hanging with Brian on a daily basis, and soon we were dealing larger and larger amounts of drugs. I handled the money and drugs while Brian used them and collected our cash. All of the dealers we were using were friends that Brian had known either through the Outlaws Motorcycle Club or through his years in prison. It was becoming apparent to the dealers that I was the one who was making money while Brian

drifted in and out of his drug-induced paranoia trips; soon they were dealing with me alone while I kept Brian appeased and distant. It was about a year and a half after I met Brian that they found him dead of a heroin overdose in his mistress's bed in Kingston, Ontario. The entire week before Brian died, he kept calling me over to his house, where he was alternating between crack cocaine and heroin. The reason he would call me was that he would get high and then see what he claimed to be demons coming for him. I thought he was losing it. He would stand staring out the window, saying, "Don't you see them, Paul? They are coming for me."

When Brian's connections started dealing more with me than him, I touched base with Sylvan back in London. Then I started bringing heroin to Sylvan, and he started bringing coke to me. I sold off my interest in the escort service to Sylvan and opened a pawn shop and an antique store in Brockville. The connections I now had through Brian and Sylvan were many and included: active bank robbers; weapons dealers; hit men; large-scale Asian fraud rings; theft rings who specialized in stealing heavy equipment; and, of course, dealers in speed, coke, heroin and ecstasy. Now was the time to call Mike Cabana.

On April 28, 1998, I met with Mike Cabana, along with Cst. Richard Jalbert of the London RCMP, at a hotel in Toronto, Ontario. The meeting seemed to go well, and Jalbert seemed excited about the players I had mentioned and the opportunities at hand. I left the meeting and told Mike I

would call him in a couple of days. I called as I said I would, only to find out it was a no go. I was considered "treacherous" still because of my parole conditions. Mike told me at that time that it was not likely that the RCMP would deal with me until my parole ended. I thought they were retarded, but it was their call. For the life of me, I could not comprehend how, as a police force, they were willing to let all these hardened violent criminals slip away because I was on parole for writing bad cheques.

Confused about what to do next and once again a little frustrated with RCMP decision making, I took a month or so to think about what to do until my parole expiry date, which was still a little less than two years away. It was during this time of contemplation that I met Detective Lee Macarthur of the Brockville City Police. Lee was one of the few police officers up until this time, outside of the RCMP, whom I could actually see myself dealing with—and that is what I did. Over the next year or so, I fed him all the information that I could have given the RCMP. Unfortunately, he could only deal with the information that was within his jurisdiction; even so, we were quite successful. Information I provided to him resulted in convictions for thefts, assaults, drug dealing and bank robberies. The information also closed a speed lab and helped to take weapons and explosives off the streets.

On the home front, however, things were getting tough; the neighbour I had had the affair with was now pregnant, and so was Tina. It was getting tense. Tina had not only learned

about the other woman but was also watching people get arrested all around us. She knew that I had to be the reason. After the babies were born, the fighting became constant—and so did our escapes. Tina escaped into speed, and I escaped into my addiction to money. I knew that if we did not make some changes, we were not going to make it. One of us dying was more likely than us splitting up—it was just a matter of who would kill whom.

It was eight months now before my parole was going to end. I decided I would approach Lee about an operation instead of just passing on information. I knew that the second my parole ended, I was going back to Halifax and hopefully would continue the operation that was being held in abeyance by H Division. Detective Macarthur was interested but said he would have to do it in conjunction with the RCMP. We thought they might go for it as it was pretty close to the end of my parole. In his request, Macarthur said, “DERRY TRAVELS IN THE LOCAL DRUG SUB-CULTURE CIRCLES IN THE BROCKVILLE/PRESCOTT AREAS. HE WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT TOOL TO INFILTRATE THE LOCAL DRUG TRAFFICERS IN THE BROCKVILLE/PRESCOTT AREAS.”

The following memo from O Division to Kingston Drug Section was written as a result of Macarthur’s request:

1. Note that OP7.31 has been previously coded by J division, H division and more recently by O Division as O-3651. The source is presently “inactive” and has been deemed “Treacherous” by previous handlers due to his history compounded by current parole condi-

tions, including non-association with the criminal element.

2. Based on the foregoing, “re-activating” O-3651 at the present time will not be considered.

3. Kingston Drug Section members are instructed not to initiate contact with O-3651 for the purpose of soliciting intelligence.

4. Removing O-3651 from the “Treacherous” classification requires supporting documentation for future consideration.

I had called Mike Cabana before making the request. He had told me to give it a try, but he had said he did not think they would do anything until I finished the parole. He was right, and I was still frustrated. I passed on information to Lee for the next few months and waited patiently for April 7, 2000 to come so I could get back to working with the RCMP.

Chapter Nine

Parole Finally Ends

It was April 7, 2000 and the last day of my seven-year prison sentence—a little over four years in custody and the remainder on parole. My life was not going well in Ontario. I had made it through the awkward situation of both Tina and my mistress being pregnant at the same time and both delivering beautiful children, but Tina was going to end up with a murder charge if we did not get away. I had done everything possible as far as working with the Brockville City Police, and now that my parole was over, I was looking forward to working for the RCMP again. With these two motivations pushing us, Tina and I decided a scouting trip to Nova Scotia would be a good idea.

Steven Gerald Gareau was probably one of the truer friends either Tina or I had ever had. We had met Steve back when we had first moved to Brockville, and though he was a drug addict who was buying cocaine from us, he became a part of our household. Steve was both a confidant to Tina and a sounding board to me. He was the most “solid” guy I ever met in the criminal world and the most loyal to me and my family. Steve had just finished a ten-year sentence for killing his best friend with an axe in a drunken fight. His parents were dead,

and in the past year he had lost two close friends, one to an overdose and the other to suicide. Steve had never been to the East Coast, so we thought we would bring him along.

We sent Tina down ahead of us. She got on a bus in Ottawa and headed to Prince Edward Island so she could visit her family. Steve and I left about a week later by car. The plan was to pick Tina up on the Island and then head to Halifax to see how receptive the criminal community was to me. All the talk by the RCMP about contracts on my life had to be assessed before I could do any work.

We almost did not make it to get Tina. On the long highway between Sackville, N.B., and the bridge over to Borden, P.E.I., we were pulled over by an RCMP cruiser for speeding. As the officer went back to his cruiser to run our names through the CPIC (Canadian Police Information Centre) database, we sat helplessly waiting to see what would happen next. My driver's license was suspended, so we knew we would have to deal with that issue. We were hoping that there would just be a fine and we could change drivers and be on our way. At the same time, we were well aware of the potential for a much worse situation. Steve had just gotten off parole for a murder, and I had just completed a seven-year sentence. To top things off, there was a quarter-pound of cocaine and a .32 revolver in my leather jacket lying on the console, and there was an ounce of speed and a .38 revolver in the trunk. The officer approached the car much more cautiously upon his return; he asked us to step out of the car while he leaned in

and did a quick search. Leaning on the jacket with the drugs and gun, he found everything to be OK. He gave me a ticket, told us to trade seats and let us leave. Steve and I laughed nervously all the way to the bridge, happy to have gotten away, but not so sure we would not get pulled over again.

Tina was ready to go when we got to Dumb and Dumber's place. We had a coffee and headed right back out of the city. As we approached the stretch of highway where Steve and I had been pulled over, I let Steve take the wheel. I was guessing it would have been a bit more tense if I had gotten pulled over again on the way back through. We arrived in Halifax late in the evening and rented a cheap motel room on the Bedford Highway. It was comfortable, and we were able to sit outside and watch the ships being loaded and getting ready to leave the harbour. Steve was thrilled with the views. He and Tina snorted some lines of speed and smoked pot for hours while staring out at the water.

The next morning, we got up and went to my cousin's house to find out where all my friends from the past might be. Charles ("Manny") Bundy was not really a cousin. He was distantly related somehow through marriage, but we called him "Cousin Manny" anyway. Manny was a real life version of the cartoon character "Fat Albert." He was funny, loud and tough, but he also had a big heart. Most who knew him both loved him and hated him. Many people had tried to kill Manny over the years, including the Hells Angels; none had been successful, but he had the wounds to show the attempts.

Steve thought Manny was great, they both loved to party, and so Steve wanted to hang out at Manny's a lot. I enjoyed seeing Manny, and we hung out there when we had time, but I had an agenda that Steve was not aware of—I was focused on getting back in the thick of things.

Our next stop was to see a closer relative, another who was related through marriage. Wayne Alexander James was married to my first cousin, Julie Derry. Wayne was a gangster through and through and at that time controlled most of the drugs in the black community for the Hells Angels. I always found it strange that Wayne—a black man and proud of it—would deal drugs for an organization that, from my experience, hated black people. Nevertheless, Wayne was as serious as they come. He had spent much of his adult life in and out of prison, pimping, selling drugs and being an enforcer for organized crime. We met up with Wayne on June 14, 2000 and were invited to a party that night. The party was going to take place after an anniversary supper that we had to attend for my favourite aunt, Wayne's mother-in-law. Aunt Josephine never really liked Wayne because she knew the trouble he brought everywhere he went. She was always warning me to stay clear of him, and this day was no different.

Aunt Josephine's anniversary supper took place at a church in Preston, a black community on the outskirts of Halifax. The church was packed, and I am pretty sure that the only white people in the building were Tina, Steve, my uncle and me. As they were asking people to come up and say a few words about

the guest of honour, I was caught off guard when they called my name. I remember walking up to the microphone but do not remember much else, other than the stares I got and the hug I got from Aunt Josie when I finished talking. As we left the building, talking to Wayne about where we would meet up, I mentioned the stares and glares that had made me a bit uncomfortable. Wayne laughed and said to look at the shirt I was wearing. It was then that I realized I had my Hells Angel support shirt on, which had two swastikas and the words "Support Halifax."

The party that we arranged to meet Wayne at was at the home of Vincent Ross, a mutual acquaintance from prison. Vince lived in the heart of the projects and was one big tough fighter. He reminded me of Mike Tyson in a lot of ways, especially in his bullying attitude. Vince was hosting the party, and Steve was having a blast. We were all standing out front in the courtyard drinking beer when the main attraction arrived. Neil William Smith rolled in on his Harley-Davidson, and everyone in the neighbourhood stopped to stare. Neil got off his bike, sauntered over to Wayne, hugged him and then reached for my hand as Wayne introduced us. The Hells Angels colours on the back of Neil's jacket definitely commanded respect that night. Everyone there knew that messing with someone who wore that winged skull would likely get them killed.

With the introductions over, we got down to talking business. I gave Neil a half-ounce of coke to take as a sample, and we spent the night talking about my ability to bring coke and

heroin to him from Ontario and how much he could get rid of just through Wayne alone. What we talked about the most, though, was weapons. Neil's eyes were cold and sneaky but warmed and opened at the prospect of receiving guns from out of town. He especially wanted smaller calibre "hit" guns. We finished off the night of partying and made arrangements to hook up the next night.

I saw Neil a couple more times before we left town the next week, and each time the talk centred on guns. By the time we left Halifax and headed back to Ontario, I knew three things:

1. Wayne and I were now going to be partners.
2. I had at least two excellent connections in Halifax.
3. The Hells Angels did not have a contract on me now.

I guess maybe I knew a little more. I knew that we were going to move back to Halifax and the projects would be my entrance into the underworld once again.

Chapter Ten

The Projects are a Prison

It did not take long for us to get back to Ontario, pack our things and head back to Halifax. Inside of a month, we were back at a motel on the Bedford Highway, once again looking at the ships in the harbour, only now we were searching the classified ads for a place to live, not looking to get connected. This time, we had another quarter-pound of coke, two ounces of speed and a U-haul truck carrying our furniture, Tina's Harley-Davidson and two duffle bags filled with guns.

We were not sure at first if we wanted to live right in Halifax. We contemplated living outside the city and driving in to do business. That thought went away after a few attempts at securing housing in the smaller towns of Nova Scotia. While we were at the motel, it became increasingly clear that most of our dealings were going to be in "the hood"; our focus then became centred on that premise. It took us about three weeks before we finally settled on an address that we were all happy with. The apartment we chose was the entire top floor above a store on Albrow Lake Road in Dartmouth. A ten-minute drive, just across the Halifax Bridge, and we would be smack dab in the middle of "the hood."

The first thing I am reminded of whenever I step into

the hood in Halifax is Springhill Penitentiary. They have a similar atmosphere—the same constant threat of violence. It may be because they are intricately connected in that many of the inhabitants of one place often end up as inhabitants of the other. UrbanDictionary.com defines the central Uniacke Square as “a crime-ridden gathering of apartment buildings built a block down from Gottingen Street in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. 100% inhabited by black people...No sane white person should ever walk down through Uniacke Square at night.” That description is so true. No sane white person should walk in the hood at night. Tina, Steve and I were nowhere near sane.

With Wayne James as a partner, we not only walked through the hood at night, but we strutted in and out almost every night. We were treated like royalty. Some respected us, some were repulsed by us, some envied us, but, as a group connected to the Hells Angels and to Wayne James, most feared us.

In the hood, Wayne was like a commander-in-chief. He had his foot soldiers and his generals, and all of them followed orders or suffered the consequences. One of those foot soldiers was Dean (“Dino”) Daniel Kelsie. Dino was Wayne’s nephew and one of his most loyal soldiers. It was Dino who would sit at the entrance to the hood and watch for enemies while we rocked up hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of cocaine. I remember many times that Wayne and Tina would be cooking powder cocaine into crack. Wayne would

tell Dino that if our door ever got kicked in, there had better have been a gunfight first. Wayne meant it, and Dino took the warning seriously. Cop or rival drug dealer, it made no difference; Wayne expected Dino to shoot it out with anyone who approached. Dino had no issue with the order either. Dino had a thirst for both blood and crack like you could never imagine. It seemed that ever since his dad had been murdered a while earlier, Dino just could not satisfy that thirst. One of the clearer memories I have of this thirst concerns something that happened early one Sunday morning. It was a winter day, and the snow was still falling lightly, those snowflakes that you like to catch on your tongue. Tina and I had just walked into the square when Dino came running up with a bandana covering most of his face. He could hardly contain his excitement. “Uncle P, come check this out, man!” he gushed. “Come quick! Check this out!” He was pumped. We followed him to a pool of blood; there was a lot of it, and it was fresh. Dino could not keep still as he told us how he had dragged a white boy out into the parking lot and kicked his face in until the guy was unconscious. It was a proud moment for him. Unfortunately for lots of other people, Dino had those moments often.

Wayne was not above taking care of business himself though; he did not always use others. I remember getting a call from him in the middle of the night one time. He asked me to get over to the hood as quickly as I could and to bring guns. Tina and I went in one car, and Steve went in another. Each of us had a gun, and Tina carried one for Wayne. When

we pulled up, we had no idea what we were getting into, so we were cautious. Tina and I pulled into the parking lot first while Steve pulled in behind us, blocking the entrance with his car. The three of us then spread out and walked towards a gathering of men yelling and screaming. When we spotted Wayne, Steve stayed back a little while Tina and I walked up on either side of him. Wayne was yelling at Vincent Ross, the guy I said reminded me of Mike Tyson. Vince was in a second floor window yelling at Wayne to fight him without weapons. Tina slid the .32 into Wayne's hand, and Wayne fired three shots off at Vince. That he did not hit him is amazing. We later found two of the bullet holes in the kitchen right behind where Vince had been standing. He had to have felt the breeze as the bullets flew past.

It was just another night in the hood. It took a week or two, but soon Wayne and Vince were back talking to each other as if the incident had never happened. Three gunshots, probably a crowd of thirty people watching, and not a cop to be seen. Cops usually only went into the hood to remove bodies or to chase the odd kid.

It is a shame that it is that way in the hood, and it is sad that it is so comparable to a penitentiary. There are many good people who live in the projects, people who are law-abiding citizens and who do not deserve to be living in a prison of fear. Wayne James's mother was one of those people. Riddled with bone cancer and barely able to walk, Mrs. James was one of the sweetest women around. There was not a day that we went over there that she did not kiss us on the cheek and hug us, and

there were very few times that she did not try cooking for us too. I can still see her frying chicken in the kitchen, hobbling around with her walker, refusing to let us help. Wayne treated her well as far as supplying provisions and protection were concerned. In fact, the night he shot at Vince it was because Vince had been saying bad things about Mrs. James. The area Wayne failed in was that he was breaking her heart with his lifestyle. Wayne would end up in debt to Neil for coke that he had screwed up with, and Neil would go to Mrs. James and tell her that he could not stop the club from killing Wayne, so she would borrow more money to bail him out. Mrs. James must have asked me twice a day to take care of Wayne. "Keep him out of trouble, Paul," she would say. "He is going to go in too deep one of these days." I would always agree and reassure her, but she knew no one could save Wayne from himself.

As a criminal, I loved the power and control we exercised over the hood. I loved receiving kilos of cocaine and the hundreds of thousands of dollars that flowed through our hands each month. I loved the great restaurants and the first-class hotels that cost hundreds of dollars a night. I loved the notoriety and the excitement. However, as always, I knew it was a short-lived role that I was playing and that it would soon come to an end. I also knew that when it did come to an end, it would be people like Mrs. James who would cry at night as the police took away her son. As much as that affected me and as much as I liked the money and the lifestyle, I still knew deep down that I was an informant and it would soon be time

to call Mike Cabana.

Chapter Eleven

Meeting about a Murder

Neil Smith and Wayne James made a good team and were similar in many ways, but there were also some differences. Both were capable of extreme violence, but for Wayne it was business and for Neil it was pleasure. Both loved money, but Neil would squirrel it away while Wayne would spread it lavishly on those around him. If Wayne had a problem with you, he would come to you and deal with it. If Neil had a problem with you, he would hide behind the Hells Angels or people like Wayne. That is exactly what happened in the fall of 2000.

Neil had a problem, and it was scaring him. That problem was a man named Sean Simmons. Neil had once been friends with Sean, fairly good friends—until one day Neil and some others were ordered to hurt Sean for allegedly having an affair with the mistress of Mike McCrae, the current president of the Halifax Hells Angels. During the ordered beating, it was Neil who took the most pleasure in causing pain to Sean. It seems torturing people when they were helpless made Neil feel like more of a man. After the beating, Sean was told to leave town. He did, long enough to heal and let things die down. When Sean came back to town, Neil panicked. He knew that Sean was much more of a man than he was, and he

was afraid there would be retaliation.

I did not know any of this back then. I did not even know Sean back then. What I did know in the fall of 2000 was that I was partners with Wayne James; I was his partner and designated driver. That not only meant that I drove him everywhere he needed to go, but it also meant that I was in the loop concerning most of his business. Most of that business was overseen by Hells Angel Neil Smith. Being in the loop and driving Wayne around meant that I was close by during most of Wayne's business meetings. It was during these meetings that I learned of a murder being planned. I also learned that Wayne would be doing the hit and I would be driving. This was not unusual, as murder and violence were an everyday part of these guys' lives—but it was enough for me to decide it was time to call Mike Cabana.

In a briefing note authored by Cabana, Mike said the following:

On 2000-09-05 Inspector Cabana was contacted by an old source (J-1028) advising that he/she had moved to the Halifax area and had recently renewed old ties with members of the local chapter of the Hells Angels. Writer was also advised that source was asked to participate in a homicide. Source was requesting assistance in facilitating contact with local RCMP investigators in order to pass on the information. Inspector Cabana did not obtain any further information from source with respect to the planned murder. Inspector Cabana obtained the source's coordinates and advised that a member would be in touch within the following days. Inspector

Cabana immediately contacted S/Sgt. Hayre of the Halifax IPOC [Integrated Proceeds of Crime] unit and passed on the information. S/Sgt. Hayre was also informed that the source had previously been identified as treacherous but explained that the legitimacy of this evaluation should be further explored as it was done by previous handlers under questionable circumstances. S/Sgt. Hayre agreed to contact the source and arrange for a meeting.

The day after I talked to Cabana, I was contacted by Doug Hayre of the Halifax RCMP. After a bit of small talk, we arranged to meet on September 12. During the conversation, he asked if I would mind if he brought along Wayne Williams, as he was better informed about the biker community. I had no issue with this, and so we agreed to meet in the parking lot of a grocery store in Bedford, N.S.

I climbed into the vehicle and immediately noticed the old familiar smell and feel of an RCMP car; it had that new car smell, but it had all the atmosphere of a police unit—the portable radio quietly tucked away, the red cherry light discreetly hidden and, most of all, the officers with their weapons only slightly concealed. We drove away from the parking lot, driving around the outskirts of Halifax while discussing my history. We talked about my past with the RCMP, with the Correctional Service of Canada and, of course, with the criminal community in general. We also discussed the operation in 1996 and Gerry Clarke asking me to come back from Ontario when my parole was over. We then spoke more specifically about the criminal community in Halifax, who I knew, what I

knew and the position I was now in. They asked the questions, and I answered them. By the end of the meeting, it seemed as though we were all in agreement that we were looking at a potential operation that would be bigger than Operation Hoist would have been. They dropped me off at my car and said they would be in touch in a day or two.

I did not hear back from them in a couple days, and I was confused. I had just told them that I was going to be the driver in a Hells Angels-sanctioned murder, I had told them that Wayne James was going to commit the murder on orders from Neil Smith, and, most importantly, I had told them that it was going to happen very soon. In the same briefing note authored by Cabana, Mike said the following with respect to the meeting in Bedford:

On or about September 12, 2000, S/Sgt. Hayre advised that he and Sgt. Wayne Williams had met with the source and subsequently discussed the possible utilization of the source with their Division Source Witness Coordinator. In light of the source's history (listing on Project Lion) they were directed to terminate their relationship with same. Around the same time, the source contacted Inspector Cabana again seeking assistance. Source was advised to either leave the area or approach the Halifax Police Department who might be in a better position to deal with his/her information.

I did call Mike back, as I had not heard from Hayre or Williams, and Mike did tell me that there was a problem again because of the “treacherous” label. Mike may have mentioned me going to Halifax Regional Police—I don’t remember—but

Mike did know that it was a Halifax cop who had broken my jaw during Operation Hatch. Mike also should have known it was highly unlikely that I would be comfortable entrusting information of this magnitude to a municipal police force. At the time, I also did not see the “treacherous” label as a big obstacle. The Mounties had already gotten past that issue on at least two occasions in order to do drug operations, even though those operations had been cancelled because of my parole status and other concerns. I pressed Mike to get back on the phone and get these people to act.

The Division Source Witness Coordinator at that time was Cpl. Al Comeau, the same Cpl. Al Comeau who had driven Cory Patterson to Fredericton, N.B., and allowed him to work as an agent there, even after all of Patterson’s screw-ups in Ontario and Nova Scotia. The following is an excerpt from a fax in relation to my meeting with Hayre and Williams, written by Comeau to the Organized Crime Branch at RCMP Headquarters in Ottawa:

H-885 was introduced to S/Sgt Hayre during 2000.09 and this introduction was arranged through Insp. Cabana. S/Sgt. Hayre and Cpl. Williams both met with H-885 and the following day Cpl. Williams contacted the SWP [Source Witness Protection] office inquiring if there was any status with H-885. Cpl. Williams was advised that this subject was in the “treacherous” category and should not be used. Cpl. Williams indicated that the meeting with H-885 resulted in H-885 talking about someone possibly being murdered; in fact it was suggested possibly H-885

may even be the target. It was concluded that the information was lacking in sufficient detail to support further contact with H-885 given the “treacherous” category. H-885 gave no clear indication if a murder would be happening this week, next week, or who may be the target.

This Division SWP office interviewed H-885 in 1996 as a potential agent and after H-885’s parole was revoked, we elected to place H-885 in the “treacherous” category as H-885 was clearly a very high-maintenance individual, who appeared to have little regard for direction.

H-885 was eventually released from custody in O Division and sought to offer services to our London Drug Section. LDS made a submission to HQ, Ottawa to have H-885 removed from the “Treacherous” category, thus permitting our members to utilize H-885. This submission unknowingly to H Division was approved; however the members in LDS became involved in another project and never did utilize H-885 in any capacity.

H-885 eventually made his/her way to H Division and began associating with the criminal element. It is at this time that H-885 contacted Insp. Cabana to advise that a murder may be committed in the Halifax Municipality. S/Sgt. Hayre and Cpl. Williams as previously mentioned did meet with H-885 and were advised by the SWP [Source Witness Protection] office that the subject was in the treacherous category. It would appear reasonable that despite the approval by Ottawa to London Drug Section office, H-885 was never removed from this category.

I would like to say that Al and I had a good working rela-

tionship, but I would be lying. We fought most times we dealt with one another. It was Al who stopped Williams and Hayre from dealing with me as an agent under the guise of me being “treacherous,” even though he knew full well that the label was supposed to have been removed years earlier, in 1996. In fact, Al had sent in a recommendation in support of London Drug Section wanting to use me, and it was, in part, his recommendation that had helped Ottawa to make the decision to remove me from that category. When Comeau was later asked why he would consider me “treacherous” in Nova Scotia but not in Ontario, he grinned and said Ontario could have me, but Halifax just did not want me.

In September of 2000, I did not know that it was Al who was stopping me from being used. I just knew that it was the “treacherous” label that was causing me problems. Shortly after my September 12 meeting with Hayre and Williams, I became aware of who the intended target was going to be. This was an inevitable revelation as I was participating in the planning of the murder along with Wayne James. My calls to Cabana increased, and so did my frustration. Mike assured me he was doing all he could do to get across the urgency of my situation to those involved. Still, neither Hayre nor Williams would get back to me.

On Wednesday, September 27, I had had enough. I called Mike and asked him if the RCMP were going to just let a man die because I was labelled “treacherous.” I told him that the murder was going to take place any time and that I would

likely be driving if the police did not act now. Mike calmed me down, as he had a hundred times before, and said he would make one more call. Thursday afternoon, I finally got in contact with Hayre. I expressed the urgency of the situation. He said that he was not in the next day and that the soonest he could get Williams and meet with me would be Monday. I was not pleased, but it was better than the response I had been getting. I called Mike back and thanked him and let him know I was meeting with Hayre and Williams on Monday. Hayre had agreed to call me on Monday when Williams was available, and then we would get together.

Monday October 2, 2000 came and went with no call from Hayre or Williams. I did not have much time to think about it, though, as Wayne was keeping me busy running him around. Neil had just dropped off a kilo of cocaine on Saturday, and we had been busy most of the weekend preparing and distributing it to all those who dealt for us. I was wondering why I had not heard back, but figured I would give the police until the next day before trying again.

Hayre entered in his notes the following for October 2, 2000, at 10:40 a.m.: "Attempt to make contact with SUD [Source Under Development]. Unknown female advises he is not in. Leave message for SUD to call back. Advise Cpl. Williams with abo[ve] noted info."

It is highly unlikely that a police officer would ever phone an informant's house and leave a message, but even if an officer would do so, it is not likely that it happened that day.

Hayre and Cabana both had my pager number and my cell number. Every coke dealer in the city could get hold of me without a problem, but the RCMP couldn't.

This failure to communicate was critical, because the next day was Tuesday, October 3. That was the day Steven Gareau, Wayne James, Dino Kelsie and I were sent to kill Sean Simmons.

Chapter Twelve

The Death of Sean Simmons

In the car on the way over to Dartmouth to commit the murder, I was doing the driving. Wayne James was in the passenger seat, and Tina and Dino were in the back.

As we pulled up near the apartment complex, time seemed to slow down. A minute felt as though it were an hour, the quiet between heartbeats was deafening, and the shallow breathing of the four of us was all I could notice, even through the eerily calm conversation in the car. Who would shoot him? Which way would we run? Where would we meet after? This entire dialogue between the front and back seats was muffled by the questions going around in my own head. How could I stop this? Would they ask me to be the shooter? Were we going to get away from here alive? Were we really going to kill Sean for such a stupid reason? We were.

Inside the apartment, Sean Simmons, Steven Gareau and others were doing crack cocaine together and drinking beer. Gareau told the others he was going for beer, but instead he met our car just down the street at a muffler shop. Dino got out of the car and walked back to the apartment with Gareau. Steve rang the buzzer, and Sean came to the door to let him back in.

When Sean answered the door and saw his friends, he welcomed them in and reached out to hug them. It was Dino who had been chosen to do the shooting. Acting as if he were opening his arms to engage in the embrace, Dino pulled out the .32 revolver and shot Sean in the chest. Dino later said that fear gripped him at that point and his adrenalin began to pump. Mine would have too. After all, he had just shot a good friend. That was true even though Dino's friend happened to be an associate of the former president of the Hells Angels—and the sworn enemy of the acting president.

Sean was a big man, a boxer and a longshoreman; it took two more bullets to bring him down, another in the chest and one in the head. It then took him nine hours to die.

After Dino shot Sean, he came back to the car, and we took off out of there in a hurry. Steve Gareau ran out the back door of the apartment and went to a bar, where he called a cab and then went back to the hood.

I remember driving away from the scene feeling numb. We had just carried out a contract killing for a Hells Angel. It's not that I was surprised that Neil Smith had had Sean Simmons killed, but I was shocked that I had played such a huge part in it. After all, I had thought that I was one of the good guys.

I have argued with the RCMP, prosecutors, justice department lawyers, friends and family as to whether I was a good guy or a bad guy when I was driving to the scene of the murder. I have fought the same fight in my own head and heart. The answer, if I am being honest, is a bit of both. I was

playing a role—I have no doubt about that. I have never liked violence—I have no doubt about that either. There is also no doubt that I was one hundred percent convinced that Sean Simmons would not die during any operation I was involved in. Even in the car on the way to the murder, I was certain that somehow I could stop it. Where I do question myself and my motives is in whether my common sense was clouded by my own selfish desires. Did I want an operation so badly that I had allowed Sean to be left unprotected as bait? Or was I so cocky and prideful in my abilities as an informant that I had thought that the murder could never happen? Had I got so caught up in the role that I had not been able to come out of character? Did I really need the direction of the RCMP to keep me from going too far while acting as a gangster? I believe there is truth in each of these thoughts, but there is one overarching reality that cancels out all other questions, and that is that Sean is dead.

There is no question about where I was when Sean Simmons was shot. I was in the car waiting to help the killer make his escape. But where were the RCMP? The following is a letter written to RCMP Inspector W.J. Kasmel of H Division from S/Sgt. Greg Mosher of Halifax Regional Police:

Sir

The Halifax Regional Police are actively investigating the homicide of Sean Eamonn Simmons which occurred on October 3, 2000 at 12 Trinity Ave., Dartmouth, NS.

Information gathered during the investigation indicates that

there are members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that have in their possession information that would assist in this ongoing investigation.

Statements and officers' notes indicate that one Paul Derry had direct conversation with Inspector Michael Cabana (Ottawa), Staff Sergeant Douglas Hare and Corporal Wayne Williams prior to the death of Mr. Simmons. Also on the day of the homicide (October 3/2000) Halifax Regional Police officers' notes state that Corporal Phil Barrett and Corporal W. Williams were in the area of Trinity Ave., Dartmouth.

The writer requests police officers' notes and any reports outlining conversations or meetings held with Paul Derry and any observations or notes by officers while in the area of the crime scene, relevant to the Simmons homicide.

Respectfully submitted,

Gregory G. Mosher

In 2002, when I was in Halifax for one of the many trials I participated in, I spoke to one of the officers who canvassed the scene the day of the murder. This officer said that one of the witnesses gave the plate number of a suspicious car that had been across the street from 12 Trinity Avenue most of the day; when the plate was checked, it was found to belong to an RCMP undercover car. When further checks were made, it was found that the car was driven that day by Cpl. Wayne Williams, the officer I had met with to discuss the murder

only weeks before.

When asked about Williams's presence in the area of the crime scene, Al Comeau said the following: "He was in charge of an investigation investigating organized crime in the Province of Nova Scotia that had been underway for an extensive period of time, and the resources and everything attached to it, he was responsible to management for that."

Comeau was then asked, "Would organized crime include Hells Angels?"

His response was, "It would, yes."

Next he was asked the following: "So, notwithstanding that we had a murder that by this time clearly is looking like it's going to implicate a full patch member of the Hells Angels, he defers writing notes until November 21?"

Comeau's answer: "That's what he did."

Both Wayne Williams and Phil Barrett were in the area of Trinity Avenue on October 3, 2000, yet, for some unknown reason, neither one of them has any notes relevant to that time period. In fact, the notes Williams does have relating to the entire issue were written from memory two months after Sean was killed.

My opinion, based on all the files I have read and my own personal experiences, is very simple: Al Comeau, a career corporal, had issues with me, a personal problem with my rebelliousness. That prejudice clouded his judgment and caused him to ignore me rather than recognize a good opportunity. This resulted in him ignoring the chance to save Sean

Simmons's life. It also later involved him in a web of deceit, as he and other RCMP officers tried to cover up this deadly mistake. If I am wrong on this issue, then I will gladly sit before a jury of my peers, be judged on my slanderous comments and face whatever consequences arise. However, if I am right, the RCMP should be willing to look squarely at right and wrong. The RCMP should show remorse and right the wrongs that have been done. Steven Gareau was found guilty of murder and is doing life in prison because he opened a door and allowed this murder to take place. Was it any different for Al Comeau to open a door of opportunity through apathy and prejudice and allow the same event to take place?

Chapter Thirteen

Chaos and Confusion

Lying on that bed, I felt absolutely sick to my stomach. Could things get any worse? It was after midnight, and I had been interrogated all afternoon and evening in a room not much bigger than the cell I was now in. Cop after cop after cop had come in, bombarding me with questions. I was very glad that the interrogation was finally over, but I was not so happy to be in the cell. I was struggling greatly with my thoughts. I was confused, scared, convicted, lonely and desperate. On top of that, it was cold and cramped in the cell. I was probably in the standard six-by-nine-foot police holding cell, but it seemed much smaller on this night.

What was I going to do? Over and over I got the same response: there was nothing I could do. If I was convicted of murder, I would be spending the rest of my life in a room not much different from the one I was now in. And if I got out of the charge, then there was a strong chance that the Hells Angels would whack me. Where were the horsemen? Where was Canada's famous police force—you know, the one that "always gets their man"? I could not understand why the murder had not been stopped. Nothing was making sense to me. I had told the Mounties this was going to happen. I had called

them over and over, but they had done nothing. Now here I was in jail, and for some strange reason I still thought that they would come and rescue me from this disaster. I lay there and thought, "If I could just call Mike right now, he would know what to do." I was certain he would help me understand what was happening. After all, he had been explaining my messes to me most of my adult life.

The situation was grim, though. Mike was at a new post in Ottawa, and I was all alone. There was no takedown party. There was no pat on the back, no kudos for a job well done, just an empty feeling.

It is hard to describe what the feeling was like. A man was dead. Something that I had treated as a game had ended not in my own death, as I had always envisioned, but in somebody else's death. As all of these jumbled thoughts raced through my head, I kept remembering what the one cop had said. He had kept telling me that the "somebody" who had been murdered had had a family; he had been a son, a brother, a husband and a father. It's hard to think of someone as just another player in the game when the game has such dire consequences for the loser.

It was about then that the tears started rolling down my cheeks. It was about then that I felt as though I were going to be sick. It was about then that my body started to shake from the inside out and from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. I tried to pace in my cell but found it was too small and I was shaking too badly. I tried sleeping but could

not close my eyes without seeing Sean's face. I did not know where to turn, but I do remember screaming out in my head, "God, please get me the hell out of this mess of confusion that is surrounding me."

I seem to have drifted deep inside myself at some point—whether from fear, desperation or just surrender I am not sure—but the next conscious thing I remember is riding across the Halifax Bridge the next day. I strained to get a glimpse of the naval yards below. How many times had I followed this same route home with my dad after we had picked him up at the ship? I had had some of the most exciting moments of my life travelling across that bridge, listening to my dad's strong voice describing his most recent trip. Now, here I was, six years after he had passed away, in the back of a paddy wagon on my way to court, wondering if I would ever be free again. It was Friday, October 13, 2000.

Two days before, on the evening of October 11, Steve Gareau had been arrested at my apartment. Steve was known to everyone who had been in the apartment on the day Sean Simmons had been killed, and he was suspected of being in on the hit because he had run from the scene rather than staying behind and acting surprised.

When the police had arrested Steve, they had taken my children and put out a warrant for my arrest. I had hired a lawyer and turned myself in the next day. In the long interrogation that had followed, I had not given up much. But I had given the Halifax Police S/Sgt. Hayre's card and told them to call him and ask him what had happened. They had put me in

a cell in Halifax overnight and brought me back to Dartmouth for a court appearance on October 13.

In court, I was charged with weapons offences and released on bail. When I got out, Wayne James and a man named Bear were there to welcome me home—or maybe to make sure that I hadn't talked.

Walking out of the Dartmouth courthouse felt almost as scary as turning myself in the day before had been. I kept looking at Wayne for some clue as to what he was thinking. Fear was gripping me, and, in my ears, my every word sounded shaky; neither Wayne nor Bear seemed to notice.

Willie ("Bear") Freeman had spent well over twenty years in and out of prison when I met him. All it took was one look, and you would immediately understand his nickname; he was as big as a bear, huggable to the women who loved him and ferocious to those who crossed him. Bear was the muscle for Wayne James. When Wayne needed someone to help him intimidate someone else, it was Bear he invited along for the ride.

Though Bear intimidated me by his size, Wayne just downright made me nervous due to his comfort with violence. I have never met a more cold and calculating man. Wayne Alexander James was a pimp, a drug dealer and a debt collector. He was well known as a hit man long before he was ever convicted of carrying out a hit. Wayne would shoot you without blinking an eye. After having Sean shot, he seemed no different than if we had just run a quick errand. It was as

if killing someone was just a normal part of his day. Within a week after the murder, he was already planning to execute two more people.

Now I was sitting in the back seat of a car, heading back over the bridge once again. This time I was not wondering if I would be free again, but wondering if I would be alive by nightfall. It was a familiar feeling, similar to the feeling I had had many times before when I had been hit with the exhilarating rush of wondering what would be next. My mind raced almost like it had the time I had stepped into the prison yard at Springhill Penitentiary; now, like then, I was looking into Wayne's eyes, wondering if I was being set up, wondering if Wayne and his friends knew I was a rat. This time, the consequences seemed just a little more real.

I made it through nightfall. In fact, I not only made it but I also received something I had not expected. The takedown party and the kudos I had not gotten from the Mounties, I was now receiving from the Hells Angels and Wayne James.

Twelve days later, on October 25, I was back in the interrogation room. I could feel again that familiar sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Sitting patiently was not working for me at all. My anger was building with each moment, and my mind was racing in a chaos of thoughts. I had screwed my life up very badly this time. Again I wanted to be sick, again I started to shake, and again tears welled up in my eyes. I was angry, not just at myself, but also at the police. If they had done their job, Sean Simmons would not have been murdered,

the Halifax Regional Police would not be trying to negotiate a deal with me, the RCMP would not be distancing themselves from me, and Neil Smith, the Hells Angel who had started out as the target of a proposed undercover operation, would not still be trying to bring me up through the ranks of those around him.

The door opened, and once again cop after cop was throwing questions at me. I was so angry at this point that I could not even speak properly. I was at a loss as to why these cops had arrested me once again. Why could these people not grasp what I was telling them? Why did they not get it? I was not giving up anything without some assurances. I had trusted the Mounties, and they had sat idly by while I had helped hunt a man down and had participated in killing him. I spewed my anger outward, along with all the blame. I ranted and raved incoherently about everything—until I finally just gave up.

It was becoming very apparent to me that surrender was the only option I had left. Somebody had to make the first move; someone had to be the first to trust. I had already told the Halifax Police that I was an RCMP informant. I had told them about my meeting with Hayre and Williams and about my phone calls to my handler. I had told them that my handler had been very aware that I had been involved in a murder plot. I wasn't sure why, but it seemed as if my interrogators did not believe me, or maybe they just didn't care. It was time to surrender, but surrender and trust might never have come if it hadn't been for Shane Halliday.

The Halifax Regional Police let me go once more that day, after their interrogation was done. They let me go, and I did not hear from them again until November 3. I remember the knock at the door and the familiar words, "We are with Halifax Regional Police. May we come in?"

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in my living room looking at this giant cop, who looked more like a biker than a policeman. I was more than nervous. I thought, "Here we go again." My nervousness increased when I realized there was a quarter-pound of hash in the candy dish on the table in front of the cops. As my eyes left the hash to look into his, Shane said, "I don't care about the hash. I'm with Major Crimes, and we are interested in the murder of Sean Simmons." Shane was the first cop before and after the murder that I truly believed cared about the murder of Sean Simmons—and that is where the trust began.

I was weak and nervous as I followed Shane back to his office. As I sat down, I finally started to open up a little. It was a strange feeling I was having as I let go of all that was in my head. There was a bit of fear but, most of all, a lot of tears as I related how Sean had been hunted down and killed. My temper flared as I shared how I felt I had been betrayed by the RCMP; it was inconceivable after I had been working for them for seventeen years. My heart broke as I shared how I felt I had been betrayed by my handler, who had seemed to leave me hanging after all I had done. Most of all, my spirit sank as I shared the helplessness I had felt when Sean was

being murdered.

I felt nothing as I gave that huge policeman Neil Smith's name. I was just as empty when I gave him Dino's name. When it came to Wayne and Steve, my stomach started churning. I had brought Steve to Nova Scotia, and my cousin was married to Wayne. Of all the targets I had ever taken down, those two were the hardest.

Finally the truth was emerging, and now there was work to do. I made a deal with the Halifax Regional Police to go undercover and gather evidence. But I had one major obstacle to overcome before I could make that happen—I was now addicted to crack cocaine.

Neil had been supplying me and Wayne with kilos of cocaine for months before the murder. After the murder, for some reason unknown to me, I had reached into a bag in my closet, grabbed a rock and smoked it. I had been hooked instantly. It was an escape that I had never experienced before—and one that I would never experience again. Oh, I tried. I smoked rock after rock after rock, trying to get that feeling one more time. I never did get it again. Instead, I turned into a paranoid, delusional, angry man—and that was not going to work while undercover. I knew it, and so did the police.

It is amazing how hard it is to give up crack. I knew that if I was caught using by the police, it would jeopardize the operation and my freedom. I knew that if I was caught using by Neil Smith, it would jeopardize my life—the Hells Angels

have a very strict policy on using the drugs they give you to sell. Even knowing these potential consequences, I still could not put down that pipe.

The Halifax Regional Police knew that there was no way I was going to accomplish anything unless I got straight—and quickly. Finally, in February 2001, they decided to take Tina and me down the Annapolis Valley for a week to get our heads together. The morning Shane drove us down the valley, I asked him to stop at a friend's place first. That friend was Bobby Milton, and he would give me a half-ounce of coke to take with me. I told him I was going out of town to make some money.

That was the end of my coke habit. When Tina and I came back to the city at the end of that week, the coke was finished, and Operation Download began.

Chapter Fourteen

Operation Download

Operation Download officially began February 12, 2001; at least, that is the day I signed the Letter of Agreement. It is the day I became an agent for the Halifax Regional Police in the eyes of the legal minds who classify such things. But in the eyes of any knowledgeable street cop, the operation had begun long before the L.O.A. was signed. As far as I am concerned, it started October 13, 2000, the day I left the Dartmouth courthouse and risked my life driving away with Wayne James. At that point, I was playing the role—with very little direction, but I was playing the role once again.

So much happened after that first interrogation and before Operation Download officially began. For one thing, I started using crack. Wayne was doing the same, just in a more covert manner. Tina was using crack and speed intermittently. Dino was living on a diet of crack and violence. And Steve was sitting in jail just hoping one of us would look after him while he remained solid. Wayne's debt to Neil was skyrocketing, and I was more nervous than ever about us getting whacked because of it.

Sometime just before Christmas, I started distancing myself from Wayne out of self-preservation. I started hanging

out with Bobby Milton. Bobby was a former Hells Angel who was still doing a lot of enforcing for the club. He seemed to be a better selection for a partner than Wayne, at least at that time. Being stuck between two known killers was an uncomfortable position at best. Bobby was greedy and wanted me to join him because he knew my money-making capabilities. Wayne's desperate circumstances caused him to want me to stay with him for the same reason. This was becoming a huge issue, and Neil was not making things any easier. I am not sure why, but Neil seemed to be siding with Wayne. Bobby was still connected and protected by the club, and Wayne was not. Therefore, my inclination was to lean towards Bobby—but we kept it secret in the beginning just to see who Neil's loyalties were truly with.

We soon found out. Wayne and I were at a bar just outside the hood when Wayne came out with it. "We have a job to do," he said. "We are going to kill Bobby".

I thought to myself, "This is not good." I asked Wayne immediately if he had permission from the club.

Wayne told me that Neil had received permission and had then ordered Wayne to get it done. Wayne told me to take a cab to the Corner Pocket, a private bar controlled by Neil Smith. It was there that I would find Bobby. Wayne wanted me to make sure I got Bobby's gun away from him.

Once again, I was on a long drive to a potential murder scene. Once again, I was going to be right in the middle of it. I did not want to go through that a second time. I made up

my mind that when I got to the Pocket, I would tell Bobby what was happening.

Bobby was furious. He asked me for my 9 mm, and, like a dummy, I said no. I looked into the eyes of evil as he took out his .38 and took my 9 mm. He then dragged me into the bathroom, yelling at me all the way that he should kill me right there and then. I felt a weird calm as he kept tapping the gun against my head and repeating that he should kill me.

Finally, I decided that if I was going to get shot, he would have to shoot me in the back. I cursed at him and told him to go ahead and shoot, but to remember that I was the one who had come and warned him about the hit on him.

I remember walking out of the bathroom and back into the bar. I headed towards the leather couches that were set up in front of a wall of TV sets that the bookies watched all the sports games on. I made it to the closest couch and lay down. I had made it, I was still alive, and Bobby was ranting at all those who were staring at him. The stress must have been too much for me because I started to shake, and then I passed out.

It was while I was passed out that Wayne showed up with Bear and another guy named Gregory; all three were big black men. The first thing I remember is Tina shaking me awake and telling me that Wayne and Bobby were about to have a showdown. I jumped up just in time to see Bobby behind the bar with the 9 mm and the .38 trained on the three men who had come to kill him. They had their hands in the air and were

trying to calm Bobby down. I could hear their desperation as Bobby's voice thundered, "Strip, niggers! Now!" Just as he said that, his false teeth flew out onto the floor in front of him, almost making this a comical scene. Next, Bobby told them to put their pieces on the pool table, which they did promptly.

Meanwhile, Neil Smith was upstairs telling me to get Bobby to come to his senses. I told Neil he was the Hells Angel and he should stop him. In my mind, I was thinking, "Why don't you tell Bobby that it was your order that brought the men here?" I decided against saying it, and Tina and I helped calm Bobby down, so he would let the three men go. They left with a stern warning from Bobby and with hatred in their hearts. The war was now on.

Wayne was furious, but he now knew I had switched allegiances. I was now officially partners with Bobby Milton. That meant that I was now at war with the hood for sure, and possibly with the Angels, or at least one of them.

It did not take Bobby very long to make some calls to see what was up. Bobby was determined to prove Neil had ordered the hit and to find out if he had had permission from the club. If Neil did not have permission from the Angels, they would likely have to kill him. If he did have permission, Bobby would start executing the Halifax chapter one member at a time.

Tina and I alternated between a motel room in Bedford and Bobby's apartment. We bought a bulletproof vest and stocked up on weapons and ammo.

Then Bobby started trying to draw Wayne's supporters

away from him. First, we worked on Dino, mocking him for how little he got paid for doing Wayne's dirty work. We used a little different tactic with Bear, telling him how he should be in charge, not Wayne, as Wayne was losing his edge in the hood. This was all taking its toll and pushing Wayne further into hiding.

Finally, by January 31, the Hells Angels had had enough. Mike McCrae ordered a meeting to get to the bottom of things. Bobby called us at the motel and told us to get over to the Corner Pocket right away for the meeting. It is at meetings like this where people disappear. We were more than a little nervous. I called Shane, and within twenty minutes they had surveillance set up around the Pocket.

Tina and I arrived at the Corner Pocket at about 8:35 p.m., and you could have cut the tension with a knife as we punched the password into the keypad, allowing us to enter. Tina went straight to a corner table and sat facing everyone; she was carrying the .38 in her purse in case of trouble. I walked straight to Bobby and gave him the usual hug, and then I went to Neil for the same. I know it sounds as if we were an affectionate group, but the real deal is that this was usually a chance to pat each other down for weapons, not an expression of affection. Neil then introduced me to Art Harrie, the man who would oversee the meeting. Art was a full patch and a well-respected member of the Hells Angels. He was also a much easier guy to deal with than Neil.

After a couple of drinks, we all headed upstairs for the

meeting. Wayne was not there yet, which did not surprise me. It was a meeting he knew he would possibly not live through. I was surprised, though, when they asked Tina to join us. It was a very unusual move for a meeting about Hells Angels business, especially since Neil's wife had just been asked to wait downstairs.

The room upstairs was similar to the one downstairs, in that it had a pool table and a wall of televisions for the bookies and/or for the porno movies that seemed to be playing constantly. The main difference was that it was by invitation only that you entered that area; it was where business was conducted.

Finally, after coming to the conclusion that Wayne was not going to come to the meeting, we continued without him. Like a prosecutor in a courtroom, Bobby Milton went first and stated his case against both James and Smith. He spoke of the events the night that the attempted hit had taken place and his reaction to it. He spoke of Neil ordering it and the club sanctioning it—and he spoke of the retribution that was going to take place when he could prove it all. Art, acting as a judge, then turned to Neil and asked for his defence to these charges. Neil lied as he said that he had had nothing to do with it and that Wayne had acted on his own. He then went on to say that he thought it was a good idea for Bobby and me to be partners and that we should take over Wayne's territory. This was another way of condoning a hit on Wayne. Last of all, Art asked me if I had heard Neil order a hit on Bobby Milton. I

said that I had not heard it and that I did not know anything more than what James had told me. Art then sanctioned Bobby and me becoming partners and taking over Wayne James's territory. It was also decided to separate my bill from Wayne's bill, meaning that I went from owing Neil Smith over one hundred thousand dollars to owing just about fifteen thousand. The last point of business was that Art would be supplying us with our cocaine while Neil was out of town. Neil was heading to Rome, Italy, for a meeting with representatives from Hells Angels chapters all around the world.

After the tense but productive meeting, we headed downstairs, where we all ran up a hefty tab at the bar. As we were about to leave, Mike McCrae, the president, who had been sitting quietly downstairs, came over and thanked each of us for settling our issues. Tina and I said our goodbyes and then headed back to the motel.

I thought Shane would want to meet right away after the meeting, but we talked on the phone, and he decided to wait until the next day. The next day was February 1, 2001, and things picked up quickly from there. On February 7, we met at the safe house we would use for the operation. On February 8, we met at the lawyer's office, and I signed a Letter of Agreement for the operation, which also granted me immunity from prosecution. On February 9, we moved into the apartment we would use for the operation, complete with transmitters. On February 10, we headed to the Valley for that last week of peace before the operation would commence.

This was interrupted only on February 12, when I was brought back to the city to sign a revised Letter of Agreement, which promised to place Tina and me into the Witness Protection Program, but which deleted an originally promised \$10,000 payment for my services as a source. After I signed the revised LOA, I was taken back to the country to continue our week of peace.

Chapter Fifteen

Wearing a Wire

It was February 19, 2001 that Tina and I came back from our short vacation down the Valley. We had used the last of our coke within the first couple of days, so we had now been clean for about a week. Shane took us through our new apartment, showing us where each of the transmitters was and explaining to us that they would be monitored twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. There were transmitters in every room except the bathroom and our bedroom. My house phone was tapped, and so was the cellphone provided to me by the police. It was strange, trying to get used to the fact that a police officer was not only listening to us but also recording every aspect of our life. Tina and I got used to, among other things, learning to fight very quietly.

Tuesday, February 20 was the first day that I wore a wire or had a conversation taped. My note-taking was not the best, but here are my notes from that first day:

3:25 – *I placed my first call from the safe house on my cell to Bobby Milton. There was no answer.*

3:27 – *I called to the Corner Pocket looking for Bobby or Neil. Neither one was around yet today.*

4:56 – *I called Bobby Milton, and there was still no answer.*

5:37 – *I took a cab to Manny Bundy's; he was not home. I asked if Steve had called today; no one knew. I got Manny's phone number and left.*

6:05 – *Came back to safe house. Talked to Devon and sister Charmaine.*

6:25 – *I called the Corner Pocket. I asked for Neil Smith's number. Received it from Theresa.*

6:30 – *I called the above number; Neil answered. He asked where I had been. I said, out of town doing my thing. I asked when he wanted to meet. He said, tomorrow at 2:00 p.m.*

7:56 – *Called Manny Bundy; no answer.*

8:08 – *Called Manny back; Donna answered. Did not know when he would be home, said to try again in half an hour.*

8:11 – *Called Manny; no answer.*

9:08 – *Called Manny; daughter said not home.*

9:49 – *Called Manny; Manny answered. Hasn't heard from Steve in about two weeks. Wayne called while I was on the line, thinks I betrayed him; he's not happy. I told Manny I could be of some help to Wayne.*

Overall, it was not a bad first day. We had touched base with Neil; this was good as I had been gone for a week and it was making him and others nervous. It was also good that I had had contact with Wayne, even if it was not direct and even though he was angry. One of the major problems with this

operation was that one of my main targets wanted to kill me; it is hard to get evidence from an enemy, especially one who wants you dead. It was not the only problem, though, because if Bobby Milton saw me getting back together with Wayne, then Bobby would be out to kill me instead of Wayne. To top it all off, the police were directing me to distance myself from Bobby as quickly as possible.

By the end of the first day, I was getting a taste of what this operation was going to be like. I was starting to understand the unbelievable tension I would experience in a short amount of time. As I contemplated both what had happened up to this point and what was ahead, I could not help but be a little upset that I had had to bargain my way out of a life sentence. There were two things that made doing this operation difficult on a personal level. First, I knew that Sean should never have been killed. Second, I had been put in a position where I was being forced to act as an agent, rather than choosing to do it just because it was the right thing to do. I don't know if that makes sense to you, but I had never before acted as a source to get out of trouble or to avoid prosecution. I had received favours many times and as a result had probably avoided some nasty consequences of my actions, but I had never traded my freedom so directly for that of another. It seemed insane to me that I was doing an operation after the murder when the same operation could have been done before the murder. The same people would have ended up in jail, but Sean would still be alive.

February 21 was much tenser than the first day. Here is the

first entry in my notes that day:

10:45 – *I met at the safe house, where I got geared up with a wire, and then left for the correctional centre to visit Steve Gareau.*

This was a hard visit for me. Steve was close to my family, and, in his mind, he was sitting in jail in order to protect me and my family from any trouble. Steve showed this to be the case all through the wiretap evidence. Over and over, Steve stayed solid. Whether his value system was right or wrong would be up to the court to decide. From my point of view, his loyalty was like nothing I have ever experienced before or since.

I was dropped off at a convenience store blocks from the correctional centre and had to walk the rest of the way. We checked the wire to make sure it was working, and away I went. If I thought the walk to the jail was long and nerve-racking, it was nothing in comparison to going into a jail, through all of the security checks, while wearing a wire. The guards had me sit in a reception area while I waited for Steve to be brought down to the visiting area. It was ironic that while I was sitting there waiting, out walked my parole officer from 1996, the one who had been responsible for putting me back in jail during Operation Hoist.

Steve was brought into the room in a wheelchair. It took me off guard. I looked through the glass divider, wondering what had happened to him—not just because he was in a wheelchair but also because he looked old and worn out. The

wheelchair was because of an accident in the sheriff's van on the way to court. The old and worn-out look came from him having given up hope. He had resigned himself to the idea that he was going to be the fall guy for this murder. The visit was typical of many to come. Steve shared his disdain for Wayne and Manny for not sending him drugs or money. He complained that he had followed Wayne's directions in the murder to a tee, contrary to what Wayne was saying, and he pleaded with me to present his concerns to the "big guy" (meaning Neil Smith). Throughout all the visits and phone calls, I pleaded with Steve to make a deal. Steve was convinced that because he had not pulled the trigger, he was not guilty of murder. Unfortunately, the Criminal Code says otherwise:

PART VIII: OFFENCES AGAINST THE PERSON AND REPUTATION

Homicide

Homicide - 222. (1) A person commits homicide when, directly or indirectly, by any means, he causes the death of a human being.

PART VIII: OFFENCES AGAINST THE PERSON AND REPUTATION

Murder, Manslaughter and Infanticide

Classification of murder - 231. (1) Murder is first degree murder or second degree murder.

Planned and deliberate murder - (2) Murder is first degree murder when it is planned and deliberate.

Contracted murder - (3) Without limiting the generality of subsection (2), murder is planned and deliberate when it is committed pursuant to an arrangement under which money or anything of value passes or is intended to pass from one person to another, or is promised by one person to another, as consideration for that other's causing or assisting in causing the death of anyone or counseling another person to do any act causing or assisting in causing that death.

Steve and I ended our visit that first day with a smile and good wishes. I assured him I would talk to the "big guy," and he assured me he would start calling the house on the new phone number I provided him. It was nice to know that he and Tina would be able to talk again but not so nice to know that he would likely incriminate himself in those same calls.

After making my notes at the safe house, I went home for a quick bite to eat and then went back to get wired up for my 2:00 p.m. meeting with Neil. It was about half an hour from the time I got to the Corner Pocket to the time Neil arrived. When he did arrive, he had two goons with him. He later told me that if I had not brought money for him, they were going to work me over upstairs. Well, I had brought money. I handed him \$3,000 from the \$3,500 bankroll that the Halifax Police had provided me with. Neil was happy, but apprehensive because I had not been around. I shared with him how my visit with Steve had gone in the morning, but he played me off. He told me that Bobby had given him \$1,000 that morning, so my

bill was now reduced by \$4,000, and with that he left.

Neil was like that throughout the operation. It was always difficult to get him to say anything, and even when he did talk, he mumbled and was hard to hear. Neil did well at his chosen profession mainly because he was very sneaky. He took pride in what a snake he could be, and though most respected his ability to make money and shake a surveillance team, most who knew him did not like him, including his brothers in the club.

I did not go right back to the safe house that afternoon. I paid some money on my bar tab, had a couple more drinks and called Bobby. There was a lot he wanted to tell me, mostly about all that had been said about me while I was gone. I took a cab to his place and hung out with him for a bit. I listened while he told me how most people had told Neil that I was off on the blow and that I had skipped town with his money. Bobby was pumped to find out that I had given Neil some money and that we were back in business. In the cab on the way back, I wrestled with what was happening. I was somehow going to have to distance myself from Bobby and work my way back in with Wayne. This was getting more dangerous each moment, and it was taking more and more effort to not lose my sanity because of fear.

I took a couple of days to get over the fear, and then it was time to dive into the whole mess and hope for the best. It was Friday, February 23 at 9:45 a.m. when I called Manny Bundy. He told me that he had taken money out to Steve for Wayne

and, more importantly, that Wayne wanted a meeting. I agreed to call him back at 11:00 a.m. I had no sooner hung up the phone when I heard back from Shane and received directions to get the meeting set up. I called Manny back and arranged the meeting for 2:30 Saturday afternoon. I was not nearly as excited as the police were. In fact, if there was ever a time I had wanted to run, this was it.

I headed to the meeting at 1:50 Saturday afternoon. When I arrived, I grabbed our usual booth in the back corner of the Ships Victory Tavern. It had been before Christmas that Wayne and I had last sat here, a place that we had once frequented three to four times a day. As I waited, old acquaintances stopped by to say hi and fill me in on old news. One of them, an old-time boxer and friend named Billy, came up and shared with me some of the things Neil had said to him about me while I had been gone; there had been nothing positive, of course, and it did not help me prepare for the meeting at all. According to Billy, Wayne and Neil were still doing business together but were just keeping it quiet.

The conversation with Billy was still rattling around in my head as Bear, Manny Bundy and Wayne James entered the building. I watched them as they scoped the place, looking for danger, and then cautiously approached the table. The meeting was tense and the conversation at times heated, but it stayed in a good direction. Wayne owed a lot of money and needed to get back in the good books of the club. I started my potentially deadly game with Wayne, telling him I could help

him but that leaving Bobby at this point would get me killed. I let him know that I had made a mistake going to Bobby and if he would let me back in his good books, I could help him get the money he needed. After much chastisement from Wayne and after I had eaten a lot of humble pie, we concluded the meeting in agreement. I gave Wayne my cell number, and we agreed to start working together discreetly for the time being.

Chapter Sixteen

Explosive Moments

There were many times throughout Operation Download, such as that first meeting with Wayne James, when I was scared to death. There were times it took a lot of coaxing by my handlers to keep me going, and there were times it took a little prod or two from Tina. It was not easy to step in and out of danger over and over again, day after day. But, in the end, I followed directions and did the job. The operation would take a whole other book to go over in detail, so I will just share some of the more dangerous and/or memorable moments of the operation.

March 15 was another meeting at the Ships Victory Tavern, again with Wayne James. We had talked on the phone lots of times since our first meeting, but this was the first time we had gotten together since. Bear, Billy the boxer, a dealer by the name of Cleveland and Wayne James were all sitting at our table when I arrived. We all sat together for about half an hour before Wayne dismissed the others so that he and I could talk. I again apologized to him for screwing up the trust between us and then told him I needed to confess a couple more things. Wayne looked at me, half nervous and half annoyed. I told him that after the murder, I had not walked across the

Halifax Bridge and thrown the gun into the harbour as he had directed. Wayne was just furious. It took everything he had to hold in his temper, but he managed it. When I told him I had actually buried the gun and that Steve knew where, you could have heard a pin drop. Wayne now knew that Steve could be a liability instead of a fall guy. None of this went over well, but Wayne tried his best to let me know we could work through it. The meeting ended then and there. Wayne just wanted away from me before he lost it in the middle of the tavern. A quick pat-down in the form of a hug, and he was out of there.

Wayne and I did work out our differences and became closer as the operation moved on. Unfortunately, as I became closer to Wayne, Bobby became more and more distrustful. Bobby and I already had a few trust issues to begin with. There had been the issue of me not wanting to give him my 9 mm when Wayne had been on his way to kill him, but there had also been one other incident just before Christmas that had strained our trust and almost gotten me killed.

It had come out of the blue during the planning stages of the operation, and it had caught me off guard. We were at Bobby's apartment when he had informed us that we were going to do a burn that night. Neil had told Bobby about one of his customers who had around a hundred thousand dollars in cash and an amount equal to that in drugs. If we stole the drugs and money, which was owed to Neil, the customer would still be in debt to Neil for it all, and Neil, Bobby and I would split the rip three ways.

There was no way for me to make a call or get out of this without risking the entire operational plan. I went along but was making excuses why we shouldn't do it all the way to the crime scene. Bobby was starting to think I was a coward because of all the excuses. The house was in the woods on the outskirts of the city. The plan was for Tina to drop us off, pull up on the road in front of the house as if the car was broken down and then go to the house and ask for help. Meanwhile, Bobby and I would put on balaclavas and go to the house from the side through the woods. When Tina was in, we would go in behind her, overpower the owner and then steal his stash.

Before we set this plan in motion, we had to improvise on the balaclavas. We could not find any at Canadian Tire, so we just bought extra large winter toques with the intention of cutting holes in them for the eyes and mouth. This would have been a comical sight to see, us on the side of the road trying to cut holes in these things to match where our eyes, nose and mouth should go. Mine was so lopsided I could barely see or breathe as we crept through the woods. Bobby had the gun, while I carried a tire iron and duct tape. Tina approached the house and knocked on the door, and Bobby was slowly making his way to the front door when I saw a dog at the back of the house. I quickly threw a piece of wood near the back, and the dog started to bark. The man looked over and saw Bobby. Tina started back towards the car while Bobby and I hightailed it back through the woods. Bobby kept hitting me with the gun and telling me he should shoot me and leave me right there in

the woods. He was furious that I had screwed up his big score. The police were obviously not called, and Bobby obviously did not end up shooting me, but trust was not going to be an easy thing to gain back after that.

I did seem to be gaining back trust with Wayne, though. There was chastisement for my partnership with Bobby still, but overall the trust was there. My notes give an idea of this on March 26, 2001:

9:35 – Wayne came over. I walked down to the car and asked him to drive me to the grocery store. We started off with small talk about coke and when it would be around. Wayne told me what a good conversation he had had with Neil. I asked him why, if Neil considered him his Rottweiler, we couldn't pay our debt off with favours, especially after staying solid during the "Sean thing." He said that is what he and Neil had been talking about when they were together today. Neil had two hits for him to do; one was his former partner in the pawn shop, "Gabby." Wayne went on to explain how much he would get from Neil and how he would set it up. It would be a sting. Neil had just told him that Gabby had 7500 hits of ecstasy and he should first sting him and then whack him. Wayne said he was trusting me again and that this time I had to shut up about it. He said even Dino was smart enough to shut up when he told him to. Wayne was still upset that I had said something to Bobby about Sean's murder; Neil had freaked about this. Wayne dropped me back off and said he would get back to me in the morning. Just before we got to Sobey's, I gave him \$100 for the pot.

There were many times through the operation when there was a little suspicion on me. There were many times when I was patted down while wearing the wire and it was overlooked. There were a lot of times that I pushed the envelope by asking questions in order to pump for an incriminating comment on the wire. The two most dangerous people to push the envelope with were Neil Smith and Bobby Milton. Neil, being a Hells Angel, was very well disciplined to watch for suspicious behaviour in everyone. And Bobby—well, Bobby was an old school biker, and though he was no longer an actual member of the Hells Angels, he had been a member almost from the start of the Halifax chapter. Bobby was the member who had mentored Neil in the beginning of Neil's journey as a probationary member. It was a dangerous thing to push the envelope with either one, but for me personally Bobby seemed to be the one to fear. Maybe this conclusion had come from living with him, maybe it was from being in prison with him, or maybe it was that his reputation had preceded him.

Bobby was volatile at the best of times. When I had been living with him, I would watch him wake up, drink half a bottle of methadone, eat a bowl of frosted flakes with White Russian instead of milk and then smoke crack all day—while still managing to do business like it was nothing. It was no wonder the scariest moment, and the one that brought the operation to an end, involved Bobby.

It started with a conversation that took place in March at the Corner Pocket. Bobby was having a drink with me, and we

were standing near the bar when some guy walked in. Bobby whispered in my ear something about the guy that I could not understand. He then went on to describe to me the murder of Mike Hamm back in 1985. He described how he had walked up behind Mike and shot him in the back of the head and how Mike's dog had whimpered and licked at the blood of his master while he was lying there dying. It seemed to be exciting Bobby as he told the story, and he started rocking back and forth. Whether Bobby was bragging, was testing me or had actually done it is still a mystery. I do know this: Bobby's nickname was "Rockin' Robert" because whenever he would participate in violence, he had a tendency to rock back and forth. The conversation did not end up on the wire because of a technical problem, but within a month the *Halifax Herald* had started a cold case series and had highlighted the Mike Hamm case twice, once on the front page.

If Bobby had not been suspicious of me before, he certainly was now. On Friday, April 13, 2001, Bobby called me and asked me if I had seen that day's paper. I was nervous but answered that I had. We discussed the article a little and then said we would touch base later and maybe meet at the Pocket. When the conversation was over, I commented that it had made me a bit nervous. I then headed to have a shower while Tina cooked supper. As I stepped out of the bathroom after my shower, Tina told me that Bobby was on his way over and asked me if she should make extra food. My stomach was instantly churning. I knew this was not likely going to be a

good visit. I asked Tina for details of the conversation. She said that Bobby had called and said that he had found some teeth for me and that he was bringing them over to see if they fit. "Teeth" is code for "bullets." I had been asking Bobby for bullets for my .38 for a while, I had seen him at least twice that day, and he had not mentioned them then even though he knew I really needed them. I quickly called Shane and asked him if he had been listening. He had. I told him to get us over to the safe house quick. Shane was there in minutes, and the police radios were humming. First, they set up surveillance on the apartment, and then they brought patrol cars into the area.

Tina and I listened to the excitement from the safe house on Shane's radio as information and directions were passed back and forth between the surveillance team and the others. Bobby arrived at the apartment, knocked on the door and of course got no answer. Then we heard the team say, "He is looking in the window. Holy shit, he is going in." Bobby went in and then called Neil from my home phone, which of course was tapped. He told Neil that I must have left in a hurry and then described the apartment to him. The decision was made to arrest him. In went the patrol car, and the police took Bobby into custody. Bobby later told an informant that his plan had been to take my gun under the guise of checking to see if the bullets fit my gun and then whacking me with my own piece.

Fortunately, we were safe. Shane took us to a hotel near the police station while the police figured out what to do. The

decision came the next morning. They would hold Bobby for the long weekend and have me meet with Neil one more time on the following Tuesday. I was not crazy about this direction at all. It was obvious that Neil had been part of Bobby's plot, and now they wanted me to do one more meet with Neil. Were they crazy?

Chapter Seventeen

The Final Takedown

Tuesday April 17, 2001 was one of the longest days of my life; it was the day that Operation Download was going to end. One way or another, as soon as my meeting was over, the operation would be too. It seemed like a lifetime ago that I had first come to Halifax and got involved with Neil and Wayne. Though it was about to end and I knew I should be happy, there was a part of me that knew this was likely to be the last time I would ever work as a source for the police.

The plan for the meeting was a fairly simple one. We were going to push the envelope and get one last incriminating intercept from Neil. The police had done up a phony warrant that I would tell Neil I had received from Steve during a visit. I would tell Neil the phony warrant had been given to Steve when they searched his car. The warrant authorized the police to search the car for evidence that would implicate me, Dino, Steve, Tina and Neil in Sean Simmons's murder. Wayne's name had purposefully been left out in order to insinuate that he must have ratted us all out. My only job at this meeting was to show Neil the warrant and wait for his reaction. Then I was to get out of the bar before Neil did. Neil would be arrested as he walked out of the bar, and I did not want to be trapped

inside when that happened. The bar was a place called Penny on the Park in Dartmouth and was frequented by many of Neil's friends; being stuck in there while he was being taken down would not be cool.

As I walked to the safe house at about 11:00 that Tuesday morning, there was an eerie feeling in the air around me. It was a sombre day in many ways, and there was almost a feeling of death in the air. When I arrived at the safe house to get ready for the meeting, there was a nervous excitement among the officers who were there.

The officers—Steve Murray, Gregg Mason and Shane Halliday—were three of the best cops I had ever worked with. Steve pushed and pushed to do things the way they needed to be done and worried about every detail. He sometimes drove me crazy in the process, but he always helped to keep the direction straight. This was the first homicide case that Mason was lead detective on. Mason was a family man who knew how to take things in stride and a man of great integrity. Because of his professional demeanour and objectivity, he did more to bring this case to a successful conclusion than his superiors will ever understand. As for Shane—well, without Shane Halliday, this operation would not have happened. If there is a cop that all officers should be learning from, it is Shane. I have never met a man who could handle an informant better than Shane Halliday. As a cop, he was first-rate. As a human being, I can't imagine a man more filled with grace, understanding and a willingness to find the good in

everything. To his colleagues, he may have seemed gruff, but to the discerning eye, he was a man with a big heart and a huge personality. I say again, Operation Download would not have happened without him.

Each of us was trying to be funny as we prepared for the meeting; it seemed to reduce the nervousness a little bit. The first order of business was to call Neil Smith to make sure the meeting was still on. Neil was at the bike shop getting his Harley out for the very first ride of the season. He answered his phone and told me to meet him around 12:30 for lunch. I hung up and got ready for the meeting.

Wearing the wire this day was proving very difficult. Normally, we would run the wire probes up under my shirt, taping them to my skin all the way up. On Tuesday, April 17, I was so nervous and sweating so badly that the tape was just not sticking. It took at least half an hour to finally secure it in place.

I was starting to have second thoughts about this meeting. Neil and Bobby had conspired to kill me just days before, and now I had to meet Neil and act as if I had no idea that he wanted me dead.

With a pat on the back from each of the officers and a quick kiss from Tina, I left the safe house for the quarter-mile walk to the bar for the meeting. This was the longest walk I have ever taken. The entire route was bordered by apartment blocks on either side of the road, with the bar nestled in a plaza near the entrance to this neighbourhood. As I took each

step, I had to mentally coax myself to take the next and the next. It became even more difficult as the bar came into sight. I could see Neil's bike parked at the entrance, so I knew he was already inside. I could also see that the police were converging on the area; undercover cars and marked cars were discreetly moving into place for the final takedown.

I took one last deep breath and walked into the bar. Neil was wearing full colours, so the first thing I saw was the winged skull and the words "Hells Angels" surrounding it. I walked to the bar and said hello. Neil gave me a hug and asked me how I was. I tried to look concerned and serious, hoping my nervousness did not show through too much. I told him I was not good. I then ordered a beer and handed Neil the warrant. As he read it, he became increasingly agitated, finally getting so frustrated that he asked me to read it to him. I read through it and then told him it looked to me as if Wayne had turned over. Neil asked me what I was going to do just as the waitress brought my beer. I tried to take a drink before answering him, but my hand was shaking so much I was afraid my shaking would be visible. I put the beer down on the bar and responded. I said, "I don't know about you, but I am getting out of town until the heat dies down." Neil seemed to think that was a good idea, and then he told me to call him when I got to where I was going. With that, he abruptly picked up his helmet and headed for the door. This was not good. I had not drunk my beer or received my change, but I was not letting him get out the door before me. I ran to catch up and then

passed him, telling him that I would be in touch as I sped by. I swung the door open, and out I went.

When I stepped from the darkness of the bar out into the bright sunlight, it took a second for my eyes to adjust. In that second, Neil stepped out the door, and time seemed to stand still. I quickly moved to the right as I saw police cars driving at us from every direction, filling the parking lot. There were undercover officers with guns drawn, aimed at us. They were running toward us, yelling to us to get on the ground. I did not stop to see what Neil was doing. I ran to the side of the bar as I had been directed before the meeting, looking desperately for Shane's car and trying not to get run over by the other police cars in the chaos of things. I spotted Shane and ran towards him. I jumped in the passenger side, and we sped away.

It was one of the most surreal feelings I had ever had. There were so many emotions going through me as I yanked off the wire and expressed the strongest one—relief. I remember yelling, "Yes! It's over!" With that, I shrank back in my seat while Shane drove.

Tina had been dropped off at the apartment to gather the things that we had packed the night before. Shane and I picked her up, and then we headed to the safe house to turn over the recording device and do my notes. The nervousness that had been so evident in everybody had turned to excitement. There were constant high fives. Neil Smith had finally been taken off the street.

It was a good day for the police, but there was still a lot

of work to be done. First the police had to get Tina and me to safety, and then they had to work together with prosecutors to make the charges stick.

Chapter Eighteen

Waiting for the Mounties

The drive to the hotel seemed to take forever. I sat in the car contemplating all that had taken place in the past seven months. I thought about what I was walking away from, how I would likely never again see the neighbourhoods I had spent my childhood in. I was likely to never again see the lights of the navy ships, the ones that lit up the darkness of the harbour, showing their power and beauty, the ships that my dad had once sailed on. Most of all, I would probably never again see the majority of my family members.

We arrived at the hotel and were escorted to a room where the debriefings began. It was time for the police to suck information out of my brain. They pulled out of me things I had not even thought of telling them. Cop after cop came and interviewed me, until they had retrieved every last forgotten tidbit they thought might be useful. When the interviews did finally stop, and before they moved us to the next of many secret locations throughout the province, they gave us a phone to call family members and fill them in on what had happened. We let our families know that we were in good hands. I am not sure we believed that at the time, but that is what we told our families, to reassure them.

The following weeks would become quite interesting as we waited in limbo for the RCMP to take us into the Witness Protection Program that they administrated. We would spend night after night in various hotel rooms, with two police officers in an adjoining room. It was interesting as we watched and got to know some of these officers in a personal way. We actually got to see their humanity, and they sure got to see ours.

In the early days, there were a number of our “babysitters” who stood out from the others. They took twelve-hour shifts. Some we looked forward to seeing again, and some we hoped would never come back; for the most part, we liked them.

Mike (“Sally”) Sanford and Andy Pattison were two of the ones that we always looked forward to seeing. Mike was a redneck cop from the backwoods of Hillsborough, N.B. Ironically, that was the home of the Bacchus Motorcycle Club, the first club which had ever put out a contract on me. Mike was a lot of fun to hang with, and we would reminisce about people we had known back in Hillsborough. Mike had also worked for Shane for a long time, so I got to hear lots of cool stories about one of my favourite police officers.

Andy was Sally’s partner on the drug squad and had been the canine handler until they had retired his dog. Andy was a little more straitlaced and therefore more likely to be identified as a cop if he went undercover, but he was easygoing as well. Tina really hit it off with Andy because of their love for dogs; Andy’s passion certainly came out when they discussed

the subject. The two police officers did not mind if we would go over to their room to hang out; in fact, they usually welcomed it. We would watch movies, share our meals and talk for hours on end. There was constant comedy with Sanford, but he took his job seriously. He and Andy were both professional and respectful. Probably the most interesting thing we learned while they were babysitting us was that the Halifax Drug Squad had opened a file on me only a couple of weeks before the murder took place. It was most interesting considering that the Halifax Drug Squad shared intelligence regularly with JFO (Joint Field Operations), an integrated unit composed of Halifax Regional Police officers and local RCMP members.

Another officer who was interesting to talk to was a guy named Jimmy Williams. Jimmy was an old Dartmouth officer who had joined the Halifax Regional Police when the police forces had been unified in 1996. When Jimmy had been in Dartmouth, he had been designated a dog handler with the Canine Unit; unfortunately for Jimmy, the Dartmouth Police could never actually get him a dog. Jimmy had a bit of a speech impediment. Jimmy was also proud to be a Boy Scout leader and carried his scouting coffee mug strapped to his belt buckle. He did not wear a normal holster like most of the cops; instead, he wore a specially made holster that some police have, a square fanny pack thing. When I first saw Jimmy, I said to Tina, “If the Angels kick the door in, I’m knocking him out and taking his gun.” I have to say now, though, after spending

many nights with Jimmy, that he is a good professional cop. He is also a cop with one of the biggest hearts that I have seen. I would rather have Jimmy Williams for backup than many of the tougher-looking, prideful cops whom I have met over the years. Jimmy had a true humility about him and sincerely wanted to make a difference. He was one of the officers who had canvassed the neighbourhood speaking to witnesses after the murder of Sean Simmons.

There were many other officers during that time period—Rolly, Wayne, Jim, Andrew and one cop we affectionately called “Wyatt Earp.” I cannot remember each and every one by name, but I remember them all by face and personality.

There were one or two particularly memorable incidents. I will not name names, but the officers involved will remember and enjoy hearing the story mentioned. Each day, because we were constantly locked up in a room, the officers were allowed to take us for a drive if they chose to. Now, I was a little bitter because I felt I had been shorted that ten thousand dollars from our original deal. I was determined that the police would make up the missing money one way or another. In the first two weeks after the takedown, the bosses were very busy, so they just left a credit card for our meals and incidentals—along with a list of directions to allow us to go for a drive every day. One of the cops who was babysitting us when we were staying in Bridgewater, N.S., was an RCMP officer who was on loan to the Regional Police. The RCMP are used to big budgets. This guy’s partner was a Halifax cop who was not far from

retirement and a bit of a rebel at the best of times. I decided I was going to have some fun seeing Nova Scotia before we were whisked away. Each day that they would come on shift, I would ask to go for a drive to a different city. As time went on, I would pick cities further and further away. Our last trip was a great one—we asked to go to Digby, N.S., which was almost three hours away. When we got there, not only did we spend the day there, but we also blew about two hundred dollars on lunch. Tina had lobster, I had scallops, and the police officers both joined us.

Back at the hotel, there were a couple of officers who came in on the night shift the same week. Each time they would come in, I would go over to their room, hang out with them for a while and then get them to order pizza or Chinese food and go to the liquor store to load up on booze. While they were busy taking care of these tasks, I would flick through the TV stations, find the pay-per-view channel and order the twenty-four-hour porn station for \$24.95. I would then quickly change the channel again and tell them I was going to bed for the night.

These antics went on until the bill finally hit the bosses’ desk in Halifax. Then there was hell to pay. Meals were then limited, the drives were kept short, and the officers were told to brown bag it. There were a few cops who were not happy with me, but most of them laughed it off and took it in stride.

Before we left Halifax, we did buy a few small gifts for the main officers in the operation that we had dealt with.

For Shane Halliday, our handler (whom we affectionately called “Uncle Relic” after the character on the TV show *Beachcombers*), we bought a bright yellow southwesterner rain hat. For Steve (“Fridge”) Murray, one of the most stressed cops I have ever met and a bit of a perfectionist, we bought the book *Don’t Sweat the Small Stuff*. Last of all, for Gregg Mason, who was lead detective—I am surprised he did not leave the force after dealing with me—we bought a plastic lobster, put it in a brown paper bag and wrote on it “Gregg’s lunch.”

I am guessing that even though these officers were smiling on the outside, they were probably wishing the RCMP would hurry up and take me away.

Chapter Nineteen

Into the Hands of the Enemy

I will not say that I did not have some fear and trepidation as I left the care of the Halifax Regional Police. Stepping into the care of the RCMP did not make me feel safe in any way, shape or form. I had just spent months doing work that should have been done when I had first contacted the RCMP back in September of 2000. On top of that, how were Tina and I to trust the RCMP to protect our lives when they had not been able to save Sean’s?

To make things just a little worse for me, the Witness Protection coordinator at the time and the man who was responsible to keep me safe was none other than Al Comeau—the man who had prevented the RCMP from working with me and had thus allowed Sean Simmons to be murdered! I thought I was going to lose my mind. Tina and I honestly went to sleep each night wondering who we had more to fear from, the Hells Angels or the RCMP.

We left the area very quietly. Two Halifax Regional Police officers drove us to a wildlife park on the outskirts of the city, where we awaited a call from the Mounties. When the call came, we drove to the Halifax Airport, where we met up with Comeau. I have to admit that Comeau was professional in dealing with us as we left the area, but his biased attitude

towards me came out on more than one occasion. It certainly came out in many of his reports written after I entered the Witness Protection Program. One of those reports was a response to the investigator who was looking into a public complaint that I had filed in regards to the Simmons murder. This is an excerpt from Cpl. Al Comeau's August 24, 2001 response to Sgt. R. Connell:

I have personally had previous dealings with Derry in 1996 and during this encounter one of our investigative Units was requesting that Derry be considered as a candidate to act in the "agent" capacity. As a result of my meeting with Derry on a couple of occasions and conducting an assessment of him I rejected his candidacy to act as an agent for our force. I had reviewed the division source file during the same time and located references, written by members who had dealt with Derry in the past, to aspects that should be concerning to any member of the force who may deal with Derry in the future. After this dealing with Derry, his parole was revoked and he [was] incarcerated again. As a result of the dealings I had with Derry, the overall assessment of his demeanour, etc., I felt that he should be placed in the "Treacherous" category and this was done during 1996. I have had no other dealings with Derry until the present day matters. During the meetings I had in 1996, Derry had a tendency to make grandiose statements but same could never be verified nor could he provide sufficient information that allowed for verification. He always appeared to be embellishing on the information and did not listen to what was being said. During one meeting I had to ask him to turn off his cell phone as it was

constantly ringing and very disruptive. He was reluctant to do so and verbally implied that whoever was calling him was far more important than our meeting agenda.

Yet on July 17, 1996, after the meetings Comeau referred to above, he had written the following in a report submitted to Ottawa:

H-885 is making inroads to the local chapter of the Hells Angels and will be in a position to purchase narcotics from them. H-885 is prepared to act in the agent role and Halifax Drug Section have submitted an operational plan to utilize H-885. The thrust of this operation is to target the Hells Angels. This operation has been approved within the division and I support the removal of H-885 from the treacherous category. Halifax Drug Section is being directed to ensure that two very strong handlers are assigned to H-885 during this project.

At the end of 1996, on December 19, Ken Mitchell wrote the following in a report: "I spoke to Cpl. Al Comeau this date in regards to noted concerns. Comeau is in agreement that the placement of O-3651 in the "Treacherous" category on 'Project Lion' is inappropriate. Further Comeau has submitted paper to FSD – SWP [Federal Services Directorate, Source Witness Protection] stipulating same."

This was the man who was now responsible for protecting me—an RCMP officer who had no issue with lying to investigators from his own Force. If he thought I was "treacherous" after the meeting in July 1996, why then did he continue to state otherwise until December 1996? If he thought I was

making up or embellishing my information, why did the Mounties approve an operation, and why did he accept my claim that I was making inroads with the Hells Angels? As for his comment about the cellphone being disruptive, I absolutely agree that it was disrupting our meeting—but I had also advised Comeau that Tina, who was pregnant at the time, was at the hospital and I needed to leave it on in case she called.

I was happy when Al dropped us off in Fredericton, N.B. We waited there for the paperwork to be finalized before the police moved us around the country and eventually to our new location.

It felt kind of weird for Tina and me, as we had been locked in hotels for so long and now we were allowed, at least for a few days, to have a little freedom. The first thing we did was to go for a walk to the farmers' market. We had a blast, walking through the market and enjoying the sights, the smells and the good food. What was really ironic, though, was that the farmers' market was right behind the old Fredericton Jail—the jail that Mike Cabana had had me transferred to years earlier in order to try to obtain information on the Doug Edgett murder. The jail had been condemned a few years later and had been made into a museum. Tina and I decided that we would take in that site the next day, as we were getting tired. Besides, we knew we had one more day to kill before we would be leaving the area. We spent the next day walking through the jail while I pointed out to Tina the cells I had spent time in and the area where I had once been segregated

with the suspect in Doug's murder; it happened to be the cell they had also kept famed murderer Alan Léger in. I had had enough and was ready to leave the jail, the city and the province as well. We decided to go back to pack and get a good night's sleep. After all, we knew we were going to be travelling with Al the following day.

The morning came, and Tina and I were looking forward to getting out of the area. We were sitting patiently waiting for Al to pick us up when we received a call from him. Apparently, he would not be coming, but his partner would be coming instead. That sounded good to me; anything would be better than travelling with a man I knew just did not like me.

Frank Dorrington picked us up at the room. I immediately remembered him as a guy I did get along with; this was quite a relief. Although Frank would later be kicked off the Force after being charged with breach of trust, sexual assault and extorting a protected witness, I still liked him much more than I did Al Comeau.

Frank got us safely to our new location and introduced us to our new protectors. Both of the new guys were pretty good. One was a very serious cop; in fact, to Tina I referred to him as "Mr. RCMP" all the time. This was not a bad thing. At least we always knew where we stood with him, since everything was done by the book. The other protector that we had when we first arrived was much more laid back. He was just as professional, but you could imagine going for a beer with him and just hanging out. He was just as professional but just a lot less

serious about life in general.

Since being dropped off at our new location, we have had a few different handlers, but Al Comeau remained our main protector and decision maker—up until 2003, when we filed a Statement of Claim against the Mounties.

Chapter Twenty

Fighting for our Lives

I have been both in a prison cell and in the witness box of a courtroom. Both were high-risk situations, and I hoped that I would walk away from both situations as the victor. In both situations, I knew that to lose was the far more dangerous option. In prison, to lose meant spending more time behind bars, where the chances of death were far greater for me as a rat. In the witness box, losing would mean that those I had put behind bars would be released, which would also mean that my chances of being killed would be greatly increased. I understood very well the dire consequences that could flow from losing the battle.

The preliminary hearings in the court process, for the defendants and for Tina and me, were not nearly as difficult as the rest of the battle. Wayne, Dino and Steve could not have expected to be released or to have any major victory at that stage. Neil Smith, on the other hand, may have been just naive enough and arrogant enough to think otherwise. Both Tina and I expected that the preliminaries would be a little easier on us than the trials were going to be; the burden of proof would be different during this stage, and all the players would be holding their cards close to the vest.

In the preparations for the battle, there were some interesting things going on with our side. Just watching our team prepare for the battle was fascinating. I am guessing that most of the battle planning for the defendants was done by the lawyers, with very little input from the clients—due to the geographical obstacles and the fact that the defendants were stuck in prison.

We, on the other hand, flew from city to city, spending weeks at a time going over notes and transcripts and, worst of all, listening to wiretap after wiretap. The preparation was gruelling on our side; on most of those days, we were hard at it for a minimum of eight hours, and the majority of those hours were spent playing intercept after intercept of some of the most embarrassing conversations I had ever participated in. A typical eight-hour day would involve me sitting in a hotel room with two prosecutors, Jennifer MacLellan and Peter Craig, and usually at least one cop, if not two. We would play an intercept and then go over it until I was sure I had heard the entire thing; if I missed something, they would play it again. This went on and on, hour after hour, day after day. Tina would do the same kind of thing on different days than me. If we were lucky, we would finish early and get to tour the city in which we were staying.

It was the RCMP who would pick the cities in which we would meet. I'm convinced that they were picking cities according to whatever sporting events might be going on in the city at the time. It seems we were always in town for an

NHL game or a baseball game, depending on the season.

The most foolish choice of a city to bring us to was Ottawa. The RCMP knew that Tina and I had lived in the area and that Steven Gareau was from an area twenty minutes away. I made mention of this, but it did not seem to faze them at all; it should have, but they had supposedly done threat assessments and were fine with the choice.

Tina and I were not happy with Ottawa, but we made the best of it. We tried to stay in our room except to go out to somewhere close by to eat. Sure enough, one night we were walking back to the hotel from the mall just down the street when I heard someone call my name. We had just stepped out into the crosswalk near the Parliament buildings. I tried to ignore the call, but it had come from a guy walking towards me in the crosswalk. It was then that our eyes met. It was Ron, an ex-boyfriend of Louise, my oldest daughter's mother, and a good friend of Steven Gareau. It had been a while since I had seen Ron; in fact, the last time I had seen him was in Brockville when I had been working for the city police. Ron had had a Canada-wide warrant issued for him, and I had set him up to be captured; he never had figured out it was me who had turned him in. Here we were, though, years later, and we were both being a little cautious. Ron said that he had heard I was in the Witness Protection Program and that I had ratted Steve out. I said, "Does it look like I am in the program or hiding out? If I was, what the hell would I be doing in Ottawa?" I told Ron that yes, Steve and I had got picked up on a murder

beef, but that I had only been charged with weapons offences and was out on bail. We exchanged some small talk, and Ron invited us back to his place for drinks. Tina and I thanked him but politely declined, figuring things would likely turn out badly once we had to try out this explanation on any other friends who might show up at his house.

When we got back to the hotel, I was furious. I called my handler back home and shared my irritation with him. As usual, the police did not really seem to care. I often got the feeling that they wished I would take a bullet and be out of their hair for good.

Dino's trial was the first to begin. At first, I almost felt sorry for him, as his lawyer seemed to be a bit of an oddball. It turned out, though, that Anthony Brunt was not nearly as stupid as he pretended to be. Dino still did not win in the end, but I think he had one of the better courtroom defences I have seen. Dino was found guilty and sentenced to life with no chance of parole for twenty-five years.

The trial was hard on Tina and me for a number of reasons, most of them behind the scenes. We had just bought a coffee shop/restaurant similar in nature to a Starbucks but with more of a food menu. We had also just bought a new house. Trying to live our new lives, running a café and moving into the new house, while testifying in a murder trial and having to make excuses to people about why we were always leaving, really took a toll on us.

The next trial to start was a joint trial. Neil Smith and

Wayne James had not been able to get their trials separated from one another; this was a huge disadvantage for them. On our side, Tina and I were stressed to the max. I could not see how the café would make it with us leaving for another trial. Tina had lost all feeling in her legs and was in the hospital, and I was a basket case just thinking about facing Neil and Wayne at trial.

Two weeks before the trial was to start, I suffered a heart attack. I remember my throat swelling up as if I had swallowed a baseball, and I also remember thinking that this was the quickest onset of the flu I had ever experienced. That is what the symptoms were like, a really bad case of the flu. It was two days before I finally went to the hospital, and the doctors were all surprised I had not done more damage to my heart. I spent a couple of weeks in the hospital, but then the RCMP showed up and told the doctor I was required for trial. That was it. I was released that day.

I got out of the hospital, and the next day Tina left to testify. When she returned, I left. I did not think I would make it at first. I was still weak from the heart attack and was in no shape to face defence lawyers pounding me with stupid questions.

I did make it, and it was as stressful as one could imagine. Both Wayne and Neil made attempts to intimidate me throughout the trial. Wayne succeeded in making me a little nervous, but Neil was a failure at it. As a matter of fact, he and I exchanged words more than once. Neil did not scare me or

make me nervous; he just made me angry. Without the Hells Angels to back him up, Neil was nothing more than a scared little boy, and that was very apparent to all those who knew him. In the end, Wayne and Neil were both found guilty. Like Dino, they were sentenced to life in prison with no parole for at least twenty-five years.

There was only one trial left, Steven Gareau's. I wanted very badly for Steve to make a deal, to take anything other than life without parole for twenty-five years, but Steve wanted to fight to the end. He had convinced himself that he had done nothing wrong and that he had not known that Dino was going to kill Sean when that door opened. Steve fought the charge and even took the stand in his own defence. According to the prosecutors, he did a great job on the stand, in fact, too great a job. They said that his testimony had come across as too rehearsed. Steve, too, was sentenced to the maximum sentence when he was found guilty.

The trials were now over. I remember flying back home, staring out the window at the clouds and wondering what was next. I thought about all that had happened and all the people who had been involved. I thought about maybe writing a book. I especially thought about what I would like to say to all of the people who had taken part in the murder or who had been affected by this horrific event. As I stared out at the sky, I wondered what I would say to all of those people if I had the chance.

Chapter Twenty-One

Open Letters to Defendants and Friends

Although I do not have a lot to say to each of those convicted of killing Sean Simmons, I do have something specific for each of them. I am sure that each of them wonders why I did what I did. I know they will make derogatory, tough guy comments to those around them in prison. But the reality is that when the guards close those cell doors at night and no one is there to see them cry, they will scream out from inside themselves and ask why they ended up where they did.

Neil William Smith

Hey Neil,

At one time, Neil, I looked at you as pure evil. I often watched you live up to your nickname, “Nasty Neil.” I remember many times when I saw you instill fear in helpless people, and on more than one occasion I would love to have broken cover and given you a taste of that same fear.

I guess the day I realized that things have a way of working themselves out was the day you were arrested. I still remember the fear in your eyes when I handed you that phony warrant. I saw a little boy who seemed to know he was about to get caught and be punished. I saw that same little boy trying to be brave as the consequences of his actions came closer and closer to becoming reality. It was the same look I saw in your eyes when Art asked me if you had ordered the hit on Bobby.

Twenty-five years is a long time, and I am sure you are experiencing more than your share of fearful moments. It’s an awful place to be when you run out of strength and you realize you are surrounded by enemies.

I remember when I first came down from Ontario and started dealing with you. I remember thinking that you were one person I hoped I would get to take off the street. I had really hoped to get you in a drug sting, as it was never my intention to see someone die just to get you into a cell. However, someone did die, and that someone was once your friend. I know that Wayne said during sentencing that “Sean chose the life he led.” I have to disagree with that, Neil. I think

every gram of coke we put onto the street helped create a road on which people like Sean were enticed to travel—and once on that road, they could not find the off ramp.

Neil, you now have a lifetime of bars around you for your part in Sean’s death, and I have a lifetime of looking over my shoulder, wondering if I will suffer the same fate as Sean. I do know this, Neil: the past cannot be changed, but you do have a choice in how you live out your days. You have an opportunity to be honest and try to keep some other people from following in your footsteps.

Sincerely,

Paul Derry

Dean Daniel Kelsie

Hey Dino,

I remember when you were a young boy living in Moncton, New Brunswick. Even then, you wanted to be a gangster. I can't say that I don't understand the place and the way you ended up. Look at the major influence your uncle had on you. It is not surprising that you are where you are now.

But think of this, Dino. Out of everyone who was convicted in the murder of Sean Simmons, you are the most likely to walk out of prison alive. There is a very good chance that you will have an opportunity to do something constructive on the outside.

I know twenty-five years seems like a lifetime away, but for you twenty-five years is not a death sentence. You could possibly walk out of prison at the same age that your uncle started his sentence.

I know that you are filled with bitterness, Dino, but you do not have to stay that way. Take some time to be honest with yourself. Look at what you have done so far in life, and start making it right. None of us can bring Sean back, but every one of us can do something to make sure his death was not in vain.

You, of all people, know what it is like to lose a father to murder. Would you want your father's death to bring about something good or just continue to produce a cycle of violence and more death?

I have to tell you, Dino, that I was very happy the day they

took you off the street. You were a walking time bomb rushing toward your own death and eager to take many other people with you. Take this chance to change and make a difference, Dino.

Sincerely,

Paul Derry

Wayne Alexander James

Dear Wayne,

I have not forgotten what it is like to sit in the place you are sitting in right now, and I know survival sometimes is achieved through the bitterness we hold on to. I suggest you let go of that bitterness.

When I first read the newspaper reports describing your sentencing, I have to say I experienced a flood of feelings. I felt for you, and I felt for the rest of your family. I do not doubt that the pronouncement of the sentence was devastating for each and every one of you. Since stepping out of my self-centredness, I have realized that this murder had many victims beyond Sean Simmons. You said during sentencing, “Sean chose the life he led.” I wonder if we can say the same about his children or his mother. They did not choose to suffer, and yet they suffered deep pain because of Sean Simmons’s murder.

Anyway, twenty-five years is a long time, and I am sure you have thought over every aspect of getting out and what dates are possible. I will leave that to you, as I have no concern whether you walk out tomorrow or ever. My world will not be affected either way. I do, however, have a concern...

As I went through hour after hour of wires preparing for trial, a few things struck me. I was reminded of how often we had laughed together, of how we had enjoyed ourselves in our storytelling times. But the main thing that I am talking about is beyond all that. There were over two thousand wires, and,

out of all of them, you and I are the only ones who periodically referred to God and the Bible. We referred to “the big guy upstairs,” and in discussing our own deaths we referred to “the apartment building downstairs.” (Contrary to what we thought, Randy is not the property manager down there.)

As I researched your past, I came across an interesting article in the *Halifax Herald*. It was back in 1987, when you were being sentenced on some prostitution and weapons charges. In front of the judge, you claimed you had found God. I do not know if that is true, Wayne, but I do know that you did not live as if you had found God. Instead, you lived your life by a code based on greed—and you are doing a life sentence right now for following that code. That is the code that you lived by and Neil lived by and I lived by—and it leads only to death and destruction. If that is not obvious to you now, it will never be.

Maybe God does love you, Wayne, to have let you roam the streets all this time, taking what you wanted at will, including other people’s lives. Look around you, my friend. Where are Donny, Wade, Randy, Smiley and Raymond? They have all been taken out. Why are they different from you, Wayne? Why are you still here? Maybe God did keep you alive, giving you a chance to change the direction of your life.

Wayne, when you had your day in court, your actions were put side by side with the law of this country, and your guilt was exposed; then there was no choice for the judge but to give you the punishment set by law. In the same way, Wayne, you are

going to have another day in court. I know you believe that to be true, since you have told me that on more than one occasion. Your actions once again are going to be put side by side with the law, this time God's law. The sentence for guilt in that court will be forever. There is no parole or mandatory release.

Wayne, my concern is not where you are throughout your current sentence or where you go if and when you get out. My concern is where you are going to spend eternity. Twenty-five years may seem like a long time, but it is nothing compared to eternity.

Sincerely,

Paul Derry

Steven Gerald Gareau

Hey Steve,

What can I say to you, my friend, except I am sorry I ever brought you to the East Coast. I know the big joke was, "Stick with me, and we will go places—Springhill, Dorchester, Collins Bay." It was supposed to be a joke, but it is not.

I know you were probably surprised that I was an agent. I tried to tell you all through the operation so that you would take the deal. But you were Mr. Solid till the end. I know what you were trying to do, and I appreciate it, Steve, but I wish you would have listened.

Tina says hi, and so do the kids. Our little girl still remembers the trip in the big red truck with Zowie the dog and her Uncle Steve.

I am not going to say much more to you, Steve, except that we have not forgotten you, even if it seems that way now. We are still working on the motorhome, and Tina still has café mocha with a shot of cinnamon whiskey every now and then when she gets all mushy and sentimental.

Hang in there. Get out of that wheelchair and into the gym, so that you make it to your parole date.

Take care,

Paul Derry

Chapter Twenty-Two

Open Letters to the RCMP

Officer Doug Hayre

Mr. Hayre,

I would like to start off by saying how disappointed I am that a contact that was given to me by Assistant Commissioner Mike Cabana made no use of the valuable information I was offering. It seems clear to me that the gravity of the information I was giving should have outweighed police officers' fears of a label such as "treacherous."

I would also like to comment on your notes. It is apparent by the language used that the notes were written after the meeting; this, of course, makes perfect sense because you were driving the vehicle and would be in no position to write any notes. But I watched Mr. Williams sit in the passenger seat and take copious notes; yet he says he took none. In the beginning of your notes, you say that Cabana contacted you and said that I was a source who might have information about past murders and that he also stated that there was no urgency. This conflicts with Mr. Cabana's statement: "Inspector Cabana was contacted by an old source advising that he had moved to the Halifax area and had recently renewed old ties with members of the local chapter of the Hells Angels. Writer was advised

that source was asked to participate in a homicide. Source was requesting assistance in facilitating contact with local investigators in order to pass on the information.” Cabana went on to say: “Inspector Cabana immediately contacted S/Sgt. Douglas Hayre of the Halifax IPOC [Integrated Proceeds of Crime] Unit and passed on the information.” It seems clear to me that the information passed on was about a future murder, and the fact that he immediately passed it on showed there was a sense of urgency.

Cabana also informed you ahead of time that I was listed on Project Lion as “treacherous” but that “The legitimacy of this evaluation should be further explored as it was done under previous handlers under questionable circumstances.”

The last entry in your notes, written months later in 2001, says, “There was a meeting with source last September and source talked about a potential ‘hit’ murder to take place. Advise we received no specific details, i.e. who or when. Clarke asked about whether Neil Smith’s name was referred to. Advise Smith’s name had come up during the conversation.” That indicates you certainly had enough information about who would be involved in the murder, enough at least to put surveillance on the potential killers. I guess that might even have been done. I hope that is not the case, as that would mean I was just written off as “collateral damage” if I did not figure it out on my own.

Doug, I know that the RCMP take what they call a “position” regarding all of this, but in the real world that is what it

is called a lie. It is a lie to cover up the fact that Sean’s murder could have been, and should have been, prevented.

Respectfully,

Paul Derry

Officer Wayne Williams

Mr. Williams,

I do not have a whole lot to say to you, as I believe that there is not much point. Any response from you is likely to be as truthful as Al Comeau's responses. I will make a couple of observations, though, and maybe ask a question or two.

I find it interesting that, as an officer who was in charge of managing a major investigation into organized crime in the province of Nova Scotia in 2000, you would claim that you do not have any notes from our meeting—especially in light of the fact that you were told the meeting would be in regards to the Hells Angels. Wayne, I watched you take notes for the entire hour that we drove. Where did they go?

Mike Cabana had informed Hayre ahead of time that I was listed on Project Lion as “treacherous” but that “The legitimacy of this evaluation should be further explored as it was done under previous handlers under questionable circumstances.” Yet the second entry in your “notes from memory” says, “Subject drove into parking lot near Cinema Complex and was picked up. Introductions made and subject stated his name was ‘Paul’. S/Sgt. Hayre drove the PMV [police motor vehicle] while the writer remained in the front passenger seat.” I find it amazing that while S/Sgt. Hayre drove the vehicle for an entire hour, you claim to have not made any notes. Even more amazing is that you would claim not to have known whom you were going to meet with, that you would go to a meeting with some guy about the Hells Angels without at

least learning his name before you got there. I find this especially fascinating in that Hayre was told that I was “treacherous” beforehand. So, what you are saying is that there were two experienced officers, one of whom knew well beforehand that he was going to meet an individual who had been labelled “treacherous,” but none of this was discussed or looked into until the day after the meeting?

Mr. Williams, we both know the layout of Trinity Avenue. It is very unlikely to ever see an RCMP vehicle in that area, especially across the street from where a murder would take place. Why were you sitting across the street from 12 Trinity Avenue the day of the murder, and why did you have a surveillance expert in the car with you—an officer from a detachment outside of Halifax?

Last of all, could you tell me if you think you were remiss in your duties in ignoring information on an upcoming murder on the advice of a corporal?

Respectfully,

Paul Derry

Corporal Al Comeau

Al,

This is an interesting letter for me to write. The problem is I actually like you and somewhat understand your actions. The issue comes down to the fact that you were wrong and can't admit it. Not only that, but you continue to aggressively deny committing any error.

The bottom line of this whole mess is that Sean Simmons is dead. Legally, four people were convicted of killing him. Morally, there were many more responsible, including you. I have said for years that I take full responsibility for my part in this murder, and I will continue to pay a price for what I have done. You have always taken the moral high road, Al. Why don't you just step up and admit that Sean's death could have been prevented, that if you had not had an issue about dealing with me, it could have been stopped? Never mind the politically correct, selective responses. Why don't you just admit that you made mistakes and that those mistakes, like mine, played a part in the death of a human being? The only thing worse than making mistakes is telling lies to cover them up.

Respectfully,

Paul Derry

Assistant Commissioner Mike Cabana

Hey Mike,

Well, here it is, the book we have been waiting for. If you are reading this, then I guess I managed to get it done.

It seems like a lifetime ago since I walked into the detachment and agreed to be your source. It seems like a lifetime ago since I was able to wake you in the middle of the night with one crisis or another, whether it was personal or business. It sure seems like a lifetime ago since I called you and told you about the murder plot that I was getting wrapped up in when I arrived in Halifax in 2000.

Mike, I have shared my personal thoughts, views and frustrations with you in depth, so I see no need to repeat those things here for your benefit. But I will say them for all those others who are reading through what I have repeated to you over and over throughout the years.

I believe that you made many phone calls to try to get someone in Halifax to react to what I was saying. I believe that you are a man of integrity and that you did the best you could in your situation at the time, at least from the perspective of passing on information. Last of all, I believe you are an amazing handler. It was a pleasure working with you over the years.

I am saddened that it all ended like this, though. I am saddened that Sean is dead. I am saddened that I see the RCMP in a different light now than I once saw them. Last of all, I will be most saddened if changes are not made so this does not

ever happen again.

As individuals and organizations, we must always learn from our mistakes. We must make restitution for them where we can, but most of all we must learn from them. I know you have that hope inside you because you are forever the optimist when it comes to the Force. I wish you the best, my friend.

Yours truly,
Paul Derry

Commissioner William J.S. Elliott

Mr. Elliott,

I do not have much to say to you other than that I hope you take the time to read the files concerning the Simmons murder and other events and then act upon them.

I have given my former handler, Mike Cabana, much food for thought this past year in regards to how the Force could improve its relationships with sources. I have also shared some practical ways to improve the Witness Protection Program that the Force administers. Mike is forever the optimist and has much more faith in possible change than I do. I hope that I am proven wrong.

It is a difficult task you have been given, and I am glad that it is your task and not mine. But I also hope that you take the time to see that it is “death by a thousand cuts” that can be the downfall of the Mounties. If you want to fix things, please don’t ignore or push to the side these files that can slowly bleed the Force to death.

Winston Churchill said, “The price of greatness is responsibility.” Please take responsibility for the things that those before you chose not to take responsibility for, and maybe there will be greatness ahead.

Respectfully,
Paul Derry

Chapter Twenty-Three

Open Letter to the Simmons Family

I can't imagine that there are any words that I can say that would comfort you or even be believable to you. I am guessing that you will never really understand my actions, nor do I expect you to. It's been a challenge for me to even begin to understand myself.

I will say this, though, as I close this book: I do not believe that Sean's death was in vain. It may be difficult for you to see here and now, but I assure you that Sean's death has brought forth some good things and will continue to do so long into the future.

This book has been about error, lawlessness, justice and punishment. I intend to write a second book that will speak about life, grace, mercy and hope. In it, I hope you will see and understand much more clearly how Sean's death is impacting many, many lives, and for the better.

For my part in Sean's death, I am truly sorry. I wish that you could know how deeply I mean those words. I think every day and night about each and every action I took that contributed to Sean's murder and in doing so find only regret.

Sincerely,

Paul Derry

Chapter Twenty-Four

Letter to the Reader

In travelling in and out of the police world and the world of organized crime, I have been able to see the best and worst of both worlds. In seeing the transformation of my own life, I have come to see that there is hope for the bad in both worlds. I have also come to see that there is very little recognition for the good already there—and yes, there is good in both of those worlds. It is time we held the police accountable, as well as the criminal. We must correct what is wrong, but we must also affirm and encourage what is right. I don't have all the answers by any means, but I want to share with you some common sense approaches that I think might help.

The Police

I had a conversation recently with a man who is married to a police officer in the city in which I now live. In talking to him, I was reminded of a poem I had read a couple of years ago:

I am the Officer

*I have been where you fear to be,
I have seen what you fear to see,
I have done what you fear to do—
All these things I have done for you.*

*I am the person you lean upon,
The one you cast your scorn upon,
The one you bring your troubles to—
All these people I've been for you.*

*The one you ask to stand apart,
The one you feel should have no heart,
The one you call "The Officer in Blue,"
But I'm just a person, just like you.*

*And through the years I've come to see,
That I am not always what you ask of me;
So, take this badge...take this gun...
Will you take it...will anyone?*

*And when you watch a person die
And hear a battered baby cry,
Then do you think that you can be
All these things you ask of me?*

(Author unknown)

This poem made me think about Tina and how she was raised to hate the police. She is not alone. It was only slowly that Tina came to realize that behind the badge of authority was a person—someone's son or daughter, brother or sister, husband or wife, a family member—who was doing a very difficult job.

Although this book has taken you into aspects of policing that are in need of many changes, I want you to understand

that there are many aspects of policing that are carried out very efficiently and that most officers are not negligent in their everyday duties. My father once told me that when you put a uniform on people, there are always going to be those who let it go to their heads—and that covers everything from a McDonald's uniform right on up to a military uniform. Al Comeau was one of those who let his badge of authority go to his head, causing him to make some decisions that were improper. On the other hand, I could write book after book on the heroic actions of many humble police officers in the course of doing their jobs every day.

Education is important. It would benefit all of society if we taught our kids in schools from an early age that police do more than arrest bad guys. How about teaching them about the parts of the job we never hear about—staying with victims of car accidents until help arrives, driving through the streets to find lost Alzheimer's patients and lost children and bring them safely home to their loved ones, sitting for hours with a suicidal person in hopes of talking him out of his plan, and if the policeman fails, trying to comfort the family afterwards. It's time to break down the "us and them" mentality about the police that too many of us are raised with.

The Criminal

There is hope as well for criminals, but not much hope if we keep doing the things we have been doing.

Prisons, for instance, need to deal with criminals in a much

more efficient way. It is insane that prisons are not totally self-supporting. If there are 600 able-bodied men in one place, it should not be a place where they lie around watching TV most of the day or just doing jobs that would be considered chores in the normal home setting. If a man went into prison and was trained to do a productive job that would benefit society, it would be a benefit to him, and in the long run it would help to protect society. A working inmate would learn a work ethic. He would have a paycheque from which he would pay for rent, a portion of the utilities and groceries—all of the costs of his upkeep—just as he would in the real world. Any money left over could be put towards his release and distributed as needed by his parole officer, as the inmate earns back the right to live in society again. Further, the first ten percent of the inmate's pay could go directly to a fund set up for his or her victim(s). It isn't longer sentences that are needed as much as productive sentences. The bottom line is that, yes, we need to remove criminals from society, but we also need to make them pay for the ride they are taking. That way, hopefully, when they walk out, they will have done something to make restitution to their victims, they will have learned how to live productively, and they will not be a burden on society. It is crucial that prisons live up to the Correctional Service of Canada's mandate, which is: protection of society first, rehabilitation of the inmate second and punishment of the inmate last. And rehabilitation of the inmate in the penal system is the only true way to protect society in the long run.

Rehabilitation of the criminal is very important, but that is not where we should begin. Crime may lead to prison, but it does not start there. You have to be nineteen to drink, be sixteen to get a license to drive a car and be a certain age to get a job in this country. Yet, if you have sperm, you can be a father. Too many men are begetting children they have neither the desire nor the ability to parent. Hundreds of thousands of children are being raised with no male leadership in the home. Maybe lessons on parenting should be required before a man sires children. This is important because fatherlessness is the number one problem when it comes to crime. More often than not, criminals grow up in families where the father is not present or does not take an active role in the children's lives. I know this is not true in every case, but it is true more often than not. Of those of us involved in the murder of Sean Simmons, fatherlessness was a factor for most of us. Wayne James and Dino Kelsie were both raised without a father in the home. Steven Gareau was adopted. I was the exception. I had an awesome father figure in my life—but I spent my early teens struggling with the fact that the father figure in my life was not my biological father. Simply put, much crime could be prevented if fathers stuck around and invested the time and energy required to instill love and discipline in their children's lives. Rehabilitation of the inmate in the penal system will protect society, but if we started doing things right in our homes and in our communities, we would have much less need for the penal system.

As I write this, it has been over eight years since Sean Simmons was shot dead in the lobby of 12 Trinity Drive in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, and not a day goes by that I have not thought of how we can make changes to both criminals and the police. I say “we” because it takes everyone to make these changes. As a community, we are all in need of each other. It does no good for any of us to be apathetic and sit on the sidelines complaining about the problem. The only thing that will make a difference is for all of us to stand up and say enough is enough and then work together to make change happen. If we are not willing to do that, then we ought not to be surprised at the increase in violence around us.

I will use every resource at my disposal to find the best way to make positive changes. If you are aware of changes that you believe could make a difference, I invite you to write to me at the email address at the back of this book. I would love to work with you to change things for the better, so that Sean Simmons will not have died in vain.

Paul Joseph Derry

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