

My neighbor Bill Hopkins was security guard at Nancoos Forest Products in Chelmain^{in the sixties}. When a car attempted to drive through the gate without stopping he stepped in front of the vehicle and told the driver he would have to produce his identification before he could proceed.

"I'm Herb Doman" said the indignant driver, "I own this mill."

"I'll still have to see some I. D. before you enter the grounds," said Bill.

A couple of weeks later Doman returned to the mill and presented his driver's licence without being asked.

"I like your style" he said "I'm thinking of starting my own security ~~own~~ service; would you like to head it up for me?" Bill declined.

Jim Morris once told me about the time he was working on the boom at Ladysmith Forest Products, shortly after the mill first opened. Herb Doman stood on the shore watching him for a long time. When Jim went in for lunch Herb asked him if fresh logs would swell up if they were left in the water for a while.

"Sure" said Jim "but only about a quarter of an inch or so"

"I cut a lot of logs" said Doman

"That's a lot of inches."

Submitted by Don Morgan

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