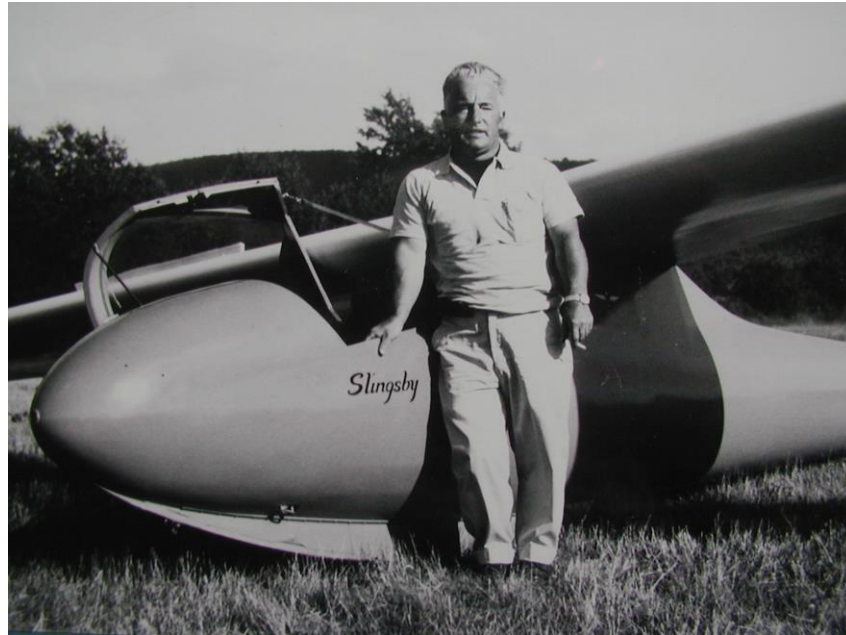


AOB - AWOL



Late, late one fall evening, after some alcohol may have been consumed at the Pendleton Club House .. actually after quite a lot of alcohol may have been consumed, A. Ovila Boudreault, also referred to as AOB announced to those still present that he was driving home to Ottawa, having made some commitment to his family.

As attitudes were lax in those days towards drinking and driving, no one tried to talk Ovila out of his decision and the others present simply crawled off to their respective tents or trailers.

The next morning, Ovila's sisters with whom he lived called wondering if Ovila had overnighted at Pendleton. I did not take long for those who witnessed Ovila's state when he departed the night before to imagine no end of macabre scenarios.

In short order, some began to telephone various highway police stations and, possibly, morgues. Others headed off by automobile to scour ditches along various roads between Pendleton and Ovila's Ottawa home. And the privately owned DeHavilland Chipmunk CF-RRI was sent to search for Ovila from the air.

But time passed and nothing was discovered about Ovila's whereabouts.

Then Eric Wimberley, remembering the weather the evening before, had a moment of clarity. He picked up the telephone, called Sugarbush airport in Vermont and asked if he could speak to Ovila Boudreault. The person on the other end said Ovila could not come to the telephone at the moment because he was currently flying.

As it had turned out, when Ovila had reached Highway 17, he had noticed how the star studded night sky was alerting him to perfect conditions for wave the following day. So he had simply turned right towards Montreal and onward to the US instead of left towards Ottawa and home.

When asked where he had slept, he explained how he had remembered that he still had the hotel key from the previous weekend and how he had carefully opened the hotel room in the middle of the night to discover it unoccupied so had slept in his "old" room, settling his bill with puzzled front desk staff the next morning.

Ovila's sisters, Annette, Georgette and Gabie, normally very proper, gave Ovila S**T !