

# Love saw them through 35

## years of a living hell

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This is the story of two courageous people.

It is the story of Wilfred (Bill) and Evelyn Maynard and of their love for each other which saw them through 35 years of what often was a living hell.

The ingredients of this story are many and varied: Agony, medical bafflement, privation, frustration, sorrow, bewilderment, worry, political indifference and stupidity, bureaucratic ignorance, bungling and cynicism, despair, hopelessness, friendship, human frailty, anxiety, setback and blessed relief.

It is a story, also, of a devoted family and steadfast friends, of people who cared and of people who tried, of a politician and his staff who wouldn't quit, of doctors who looked far beyond the surface and of bureaucrats of a new era who finally came to the only decent conclusion.

Above all, it is a story of a man who wouldn't give up and of the woman who stood by his side through the grimmest of years, with little or no concern for her own well-being.

### Story an inspiration to all

It is a story which should be inspirational to all who read it, especially to those who have suffered, or are suffering, adversity of any kind.

It is a story about two very nice and very special people about whom it is a pleasure to write.

Finally, it is a story which, thank God, has a happy ending.

The story has two beginnings: One with a brilliant young science student with a great future ahead of him; the other with a mysterious explosion in a laboratory at an artillery explosives testing site in Valcartier, Que.

In his hometown of Orillia, Ont., Bill Maynard found school to his liking. As he was to put it in a recent interview, "I always loved school . . . enjoyed every minute of it." Through high school he was a top student and science, especially chemistry, was his forte. Upon graduation, he enrolled in Queen's University in 1938.

Outside of his scholastic interests, two important things happened that were to change the course of Bill's life: He joined the Queen's contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps (COTC) and he met Evelyn Campbell, a happy young woman who hailed from the Godfrey area, north of Kingston.

Bill, who roomed in a house on Division St. near Princess, breakfasted daily at the lunch counter of the old Ward and Hamilton's drug store near the corner. It was popular with university students in those days. It so happened that Evelyn Campbell worked as a clerk in the drug department, and by and by, they became acquainted.

"One day," she recalls, "he asked me for a date. And do you know what happened? He stood me up, that's what."

They laugh happily when they recall that memorable event.

"For the life of me," Bill says, "I can't remember why I didn't show up that first time. Honestly, I can't."

But the young student asked for and was granted a second chance. Bill and Evelyn began to go steady. They fell in love and eventually began to talk of marriage.

Meanwhile, Bill was forging ahead in his studies, majoring in industrial and organic chemistry. The brilliant scholastic record which began in Orillia continued at Queen's during the war years and he graduated with his Bachelor of Science degree in 1942.

Appointed a Melton Hersey Fellow in chemistry, he went on to graduate studies and his Master of Science degree in 1943.

That fourth year of the Second World War was to a fateful one for the young couple.

It began very happily. On Jan. 23 Bill and Evelyn were married.

Then came the series of events which were to end in tragedy.