

Wayne's Blast from the Past: Darly Place

Darly place is where I co-habitated with a few friends back in the mid seventies in the city of Ottawa Canada



Actually it was a house, and given the day, it was quite a house valued at some \$90,000 at the time. Remember we are speaking of the mid seventies here. It was a three bedroom living room, kitchen and full basement. The grounds were fenced, trees in front and even a stone pond in the front yard. How cool it was that I was invited after college through an eventually long life friend to be a part of this household.

We were renters, paying a whopping sum back then of \$400.00 rent but split 4 ways it was only \$100.00 each. Add in a communal fridge and kitchen, the food bill was another \$100.00 each per month. So for basically \$200.00 I could eat and live, having friends around all the time. This seemed to jive with me totally in that

moment.

I knew one of the members of the house, John B., the person that asked if I wanted to become a member of this household. He was to this day one of the happiest people I have ever come across on my path. He was a larger man in weight but not all that tall. He just always had this huge grin on his face and forever a warm welcoming smile to all. The others I did not know but after the first meeting to see if I was a fit, all was set in motion for one of the most memorable few years of my life. During the first meeting I was introduced to the girl next door, Fran, who was dating John C., not John B. The other member of the household was Don.

The room available to me was in the basement, a small and drab room but sufficient enough to sleep in and listen to my own music etc. Most of my time was spent upstairs in the main living area as that is where the TV and other musical sources were available not too mention where all the friends usually flopped out in.

Four lads living together produced many trials and tribulations but what stood out for me were all the connections that drifted into the space from far and wide. We all came and went as we pleased but no matter what was going down, Sunday

evening was family night. We always had a joint meal on that night and discussed household stuff then readied ourselves for an evening of in the moment fun. The staple meal was the usual roast beef, potatoes and peas all smothered in gravy. We just took the roast and divided it up into four hunks or if Fran was there, five chunks. *LOL*

Remember the times now. There were no computers and no texting, just like minded people and their guests having conversation and watching the tube or listening to music.

Yeah yeah, I hear what you are all saying, the old hippie and all that. Well yes, I did partake in some of the devil weed and as a matter of fact many other substances of the day. Yes it was the mid seventies and I was not about to change what I was passionate about at the time. I had to know about all this stuff and boy did I learn quickly.

Sunday evening was a mix of enlightened conversation, maybe Sonny and Cher, The Smothers Brothers Show and then some Monty Python on the tube.

Sometimes it was just great music to listen too. You know that good old classic rock stuff. There were always munchies as the substances kicked in and great laughter to add to the mix. Sunday evenings were always a highlight. I firmly

believe that this is where I learned that potato chips were one of the main food groups and that chocolate became a real staple of my life. *LOL*



If you were to really boil it down, there was a mechanic (Don), a teacher (John C.), a salesperson, (John B.) and myself a government employee. Oh yeah we can not forget the girl next door, Fran, a bank teller. What a mix of energies but it seemed to gel together for all of us. Now add in this amazing dog owned by John C., called Bunker. Bunker was a border collie, black and white and just the most lovable soul there was. It was no wonder he fit into the household with tremendous ease. Everyone was laid back so it was obvious that Bunker the dog would take on a similar energy. Or was it the other way around and we took on his energy?

Don was a good soul all be it a bit lazy. He was a car and motorbike fanatic and lived and breathed everything to do with speed. Duh go figure he was a mechanic.....*S* Always wonderful stories and dreams inside of him but he never

took much action on any of them. You know the old Law of Attraction stuff; for anything to come unto us we must take a few baby steps of action for them to come to be. Well Don just kept falling down to the point where after a year or so he departed the household and moved into another place of like minded souls more suited to him. Other than the occasional time where my path crossed with his, that is where the friendship ended.

So then there were the three of us and Fran still residing next door, although she spent most every minute of her spare time being at our place.

Fran was rather tall girl of Dutch heritage had one of the most beautiful china doll faces I have every seen. She was a kind of a 1950's mommy type where she liked to clean up, help out with everything, cook etc. You know the type. What ever she put her hand too was done well and that included her crafts which she spent many a day and night working on while hanging around the house or just connecting in life with all. A real lovable soul so I can see the connection not only with John C. but in the household mix.

John C was a teacher as I mentioned and this is something that he held near and dear to his heart. He so loved being a teacher almost as much he loved his curling. Yeah, the Canadian game of choice as perceived by the rest of the world. He was extremely happy in life, upbeat but he really loved his down time with Fran and or being a part of the household. He always had a joke and a laugh for you which goes to show the type of character he had. His passion for who he was, his life and his friends helped make him a connection that remains inside of me forever.

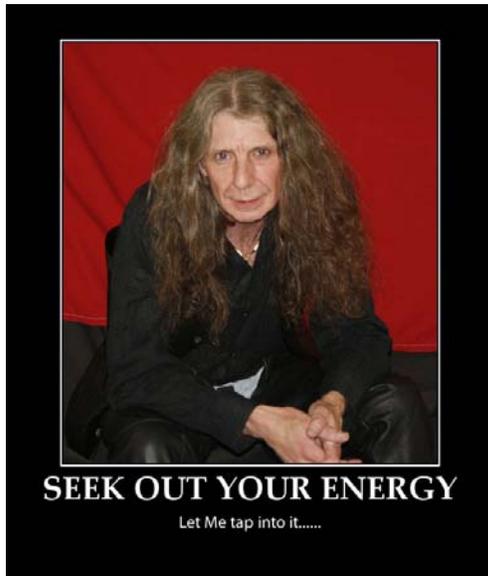
John B., what can I say? He was a lady's man in his own mind and that is where he spent most of his time. He was always out at clubs, bars, or other friends connecting with all the girls. You go John and he did so with great zest. John was an avid skier in the winter and a beach bum in the summer. Go figure, two places where he was always going to be around lots of potential girlfriends. He was a total disaster as far as organization was concerned, very rarely on time but still a pure soul that was filled with compassion for all.

So there you have it, the three of us and Fran.

Time moved forward to the point where John C. and Fran announced their marriage and suddenly the reality of life hit us all in the face as our time together was fast approaching its finale. So as quickly as the spring of 1973 arrived the end was upon us in mid 1976.

Yes John C. and Fran were married and bought a house. John B. moved just outside of the city into his own pad where he could entertain in private if you get my drift and I moved to an apartment where I could move forward with my adventure.

We all stayed in touch but as time moved forward even though we attempted to keep in touch, life seemed to get in the way for all of us.



Don I never heard from again, John C. and Fran I heard a lot from for a number of years and then nothing for many years until I found him on the net and reconnected for a short time. All is good with their life having two children and several grandchildren. John B., well I learned a few years back that he had passed on and taken on a new energy in that disco/bar/club, somewhere in the bigger heavens above. *S*

So many stories, some I can write about and others I just can not. Friends filtered through from all across Canada stayed for a night of fun and moved on. The stories of their travels were always amazing and

entertaining to say the least. When I look back now I can see where I really became not only better educated in life stuff but also open to many new possibilities, faces and people being around. Living at Darly Place was not only a period of wonderment but also one of great personal growth for me.

Thank you all that were presented before me at Darly house with your energies and of course to John C., John B., Fran and Don for being a part of my energy. You are so appreciated.

I guess when you boil it down I was truly content being in that moment, experiencing my early life to the fullest. When I sit today and look back at this portion of my past, it was a definite highlight and a blast that will live inside forever.

Till next time.....

Peace and Love
Wayne

