

few goats, dairy cattle, guinea hens, chicken, sheep and a pony for the grandchildren.

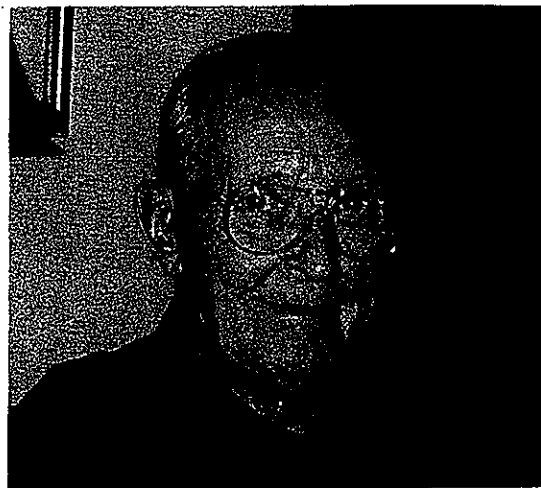
The Lorenz' have enjoyed flowers since time immemorial. Their flowerbeds of perennials, annuals and flowering shrubs are sheer joy to behold. Margot always produced an abundant vegetable garden and Walter turned his hand to the fruit trees and evergreen reforestation. Fortunately over the years Walter was able to bring his mother over from Germany for many visits to the veritable "Garden of Eden".

Walter, "the gentleman for all seasons" succumbed to cancer after a courageous battle. He died at home on April 2nd 1998.

When I think of Walter, I remember his smile! He brought us joy.....and we loved him well.

**RICHARD H. McBAIN- SURVEYOR AND GENTLEMAN
1914-1998
by Red Petzold, a friend**

Richard Henry McBain was born in Toronto, October 15, 1914 to George and Margaret McBain who had come to Canada from Scotland. He had a sister Jane Margaret and two brothers, David and Richard. Although born on Canadian soil, Richard had a love of Scotland and went there whenever he could to soak up the history, visit relatives or perhaps play a bit of golf and sample the fine single malt.



Richard was married to Marjorie Forth and they had two children, Brian and Suzanne. They made their home in Toronto. After Marjorie passed away, Richard was remarried to Christine "Chrissie" Winter and moved to a home overlooking the ocean at Lahave, Nova Scotia. Here he spent his last few years with Chrissie and Burnsie, his Scottish terrier by his side.

Richard worked in the gold fields of Quebec in the early thirties. We re-visited Val D'Or in 1985, and he took me to the Cadillac Mine owned by M.J.O'Brien of Renfrew. Richard could cast his mind back 50 years without hesitation as he described the conditions.

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Richard served his profession as a member of the Board of Examiners for many years during the 1960's and 70's. He exhibited fairness and impartiality in his dealings with students.

After a stint during World War II in His Majesty's Service, he hired on with Ontario Hydro and eventually articulated to W. Harry Williams O.L.S., receiving his commission as an O.L.S. in 1953.

He learned his profession from the best - R.M. Anderson, Bob Topham, Alf Copeland. Later he passed on his knowledge to articulated students in the 60's and 70's with a no nonsense straightforward approach to survey law. His classes reflected the principles of law that we later saw embodied in the Survey Law program at Erindale. He was a man ahead of his time.

In 1955, Richard set up his own practice in Toronto with J.E. Wicken. The practice flourished and excellent partners were acquired over the years = Ken Hulme, Bill Carmichael, Ross Burton, to name a few. The members of this firm were always well respected and clients remained loyal. A large part of his later practice was in the development in the Mississauga area. He retired in 1990.

Richard would probably like to be remembered as a boundary surveyor. He regarded as sacrosanct the line of title demarcation between two parcels and often commented on the fact that professional land surveying was the only profession that works with equal diligence for both parties. I can recall how he was as delighted to get into an impossible double front problem in the Sharbot Lake area as he was to deal with a problem on home turf in Toronto.

I was privileged to travel with Dick to Scotland and Ireland on several of his golf sojourns. One particular day describes the true McBain. We were standing on the eighth tee at Turnberry overlooking the Irish Sea toward Ailsa Crag. The wind and cold rain were whipping in horizontally from the west. McBain looked at me and said, "It doesn't get any better than this" with the inevitable sparkle in his eye.

Dick was partial to everything Scottish, Gaelic and Celtic, and he always was ready to recommend another good book on the history of his favourite peoples. He naturally fell under the influence of "Wee Robbie" Burns and could quote from his poetry at length. Some of our sojourns to the "auld sod" were spent retracing the footsteps of Burns around Ayr and the Ayshire coast. We trod the same bridges, visited the same public houses and quaffed many an ale, where Burns had been, and probably enjoyed it just as much.

In retirement, he would often remark "Retirement means we don't have to do anything we don't want to do today". He loved the ocean and their house overlooking the same. It is too bad that he didn't have longer to enjoy it.