



W/A

FIRE FAMILY

WAYWARD ARTS \ ISSUE ELEVEN

COMMUNITY

Definition: a feeling of fellowship with others, as a result of sharing common attitudes, interests and goals. That neatly sums up our adventure with firefighters. A family actually, a tightly knit group of men and women who share a common bond, always on the ready. They know the risks and depend on one another to get the job done. Our profile of one individual gave us insights into this very special community. This is what we would like to share. When was the last time you had the chance to ride along in a fire truck into real life situations? Turn the pages and join us on our journey.

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**“EVER SINCE
I CAN
REMEMBER
I WANTED
TO BE A
FIREFIGHTER.”**

Bernice Halsband, firefighter first class
Pictured at Centre Island age 7

FULLY INVOLVED.

The promise of summer hangs in the air as we arrive at Fire Hall 332, the hub of the south. It’s early Friday evening on the long weekend, and we’ve been invited to experience “the Adelaide circus.” That’s how weekend shifts are often described at this fire hall in the midst of the club district. The 14-member crew of C shift are 10 hours into their 24-hour detail. And we’re just in time for dinner—homemade pizza. Dinner is an important ritual for this fire family. It’s therapeutic.

Roars of laughter can be heard as we climb the stairs to the second floor to join the crew. The atmosphere is welcoming and easy, punctuated by laughter, jokes. This crew is tight; the majority have been together for years. Not five minutes after our arrival, Norm has given me his blue firefighter’s cap. It’s intoxicating. I want to be a firefighter too. **Tonight we’re ride-alongs.** Photographer Curtis Lantinga and I are profiling Bernice Halsband, firefighter first class, a four-year veteran with Toronto Fire Services assigned to the High Rise truck. But this becomes a larger story. One about a fire family—a tightly knit group of men and women who share a common bond, always on the ready. They know the risks. →

[illegible]

A woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a dark blue police uniform with a Canadian flag patch on the chest, is shown in profile, looking towards the left. The background is a blurred city street at night, with numerous out-of-focus lights in red, white, and blue, suggesting a busy urban environment. The overall mood is serious and focused.

ADRENALINE RUSH

WATCHING PANICKED
DRIVERS BACK OUT
OF HER WAY IS PART
COMEDY, PART ACTION
MOVIE.

[illegible]

“I’ve been on
the job 4 years but
that amounts
to about 4 minutes
next to the
veterans. **Experience**
is everything.”

TFS BY THE NUMBERS
FIREFIGHTERS: 3,170
FOUR COMMANDS:
NORTH (1), EAST (2), WEST (4),
SOUTH (3)
SOUTH COMMAND
DISTRICTS:
31, 32, 33, 34
#332 SHIFTS: A, B, C, D
24 HOURS EACH
CREW 14

BERNICE // The 32-year-old Halsband is of German and Chinese descent. Trilingual, and a dragon boat competitor, she was a political science major at McGill who went on to work in Toronto’s financial district. **//** She’s only 5’3”, but don’t let that fool you. She easily manoeuvres the 20-tonne high rise truck, a one-of-a-kind that goes anywhere there is a two-alarm fire. Hurling down one-way streets in the wrong direction — an event we witnessed more than once — watching the panicked drivers back out of her way is part comedy, part action movie. A pure adrenaline rush. **//** Bernice is one of two women on C shift. The other, Linda St. Germain, was one of the first female fire-fighters in Toronto and is now acting captain of the HazMat (hazardous materials) unit. **//** Fire Hall 332, affectionately known as “the big house,” was Station House Number One before amalgamation. Housed in a stark concrete building, it’s not pretty but has history and a lot of heart and pride. One of the busiest fire halls in the GTA, with four shifts of 14 firefighters working a rotating 24-hour detail and answering up to 25 calls a day.

THE EVENING UNFOLDS // Two red benches sit in front of the fire hall. As we wait for our first call, the crew gather around laughing, teasing each other, cracking jokes and telling war stories. **//** A steady stream of young women wander over to have their pictures taken with the crew, but otherwise the evening begins quietly. Police officers on bicycle patrol drop by, as well as a few squad cars. There is a openness here that is evident in the number of passersby who stop to ask questions, have their pictures taken or get directions to the nearest pizza joint. **//** I ask each of the crew to share their scariest moment. I forget to specify “on the job,” and Acting Captain Mike Sippel is quick to offer, “my wedding night.” Platoon Chief Eric Cotter, 39 years on the job, recounts a basement fire he attended in which the fire spread across the ceiling. This is called a roll-over. Basement fires are dangerous. There is only one way in and out, and if the fire is fully involved the smoke is so thick you can’t see what’s right in front of you. **//** The station alarm interrupts our conversation. The first call has arrived. With a



10.30.12 12:42 AM



HEAVY FIRE AND EXPLOSIONS IN A 3-STORY COMMERCIAL BUILDING. BOTH THE INTERIOR FLOORS AND THE REAR OF THE BUILDING COLLAPSED. TWO LADDER PIPES, AND SEVERAL GROUND MONITORS AND HAND LINES WERE USED TO BRING THE BLAZE UNDER CONTROL.



WE'VE BEEN DISPATCHED TO A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT.

TRAFFIC HAS COME
TO A HALT IN BOTH
DIRECTIONS
AS WE ARRIVE AT
THE SCENE.

“THESE ARE
THE BAD ONES,”
THE SWEDDE
WARNS.

[illegible]

“The best piece of advice I ever received? Keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut.”

120,512 INCIDENTS
NORTH 27,434 / EAST 27,855
SOUTH 37,519 / WEST 27,699
UNALLOCATED 5
264,703 VEHICLE RUNS
NORTH 61,641 / EAST 54,457
SOUTH 92,126 / WEST 56,388
CHIEFS CARS 59
UNALLOCATED 32
#332 RUNS
HIGH RISE 3,499
PUMP 4,341
HAZ MAT 1,577
DISTRICT & PLATOON
CHIEFS CARS 2,246

knowing nod, Platoon Chief Cotter gives us the okay to head out with the High Rise unit. // Always on the ready, bunker pants coupled with boots are on the ground next to the trucks. The firefighters slip into them easily – and we’re off. Fully equipped with helmet, mask and SCBA (self-contained breathing apparatus), a firefighter carries a weight approaching 50 to 60 pounds. One can only imagine the effort required to climb stairs into a fully involved fire. // Buckled in, we’re off. Bernice is driving, so she isn’t wearing full gear. Captain Paul Versace, next to her is coolly in control. He provides quiet but firm advice as she drives. In the back, Curtis and I keep company with a first class firefighter named Peter but known as “the Swede,” although he’s actually of Finnish descent. Go figure. We drive past the clubs with unwieldy lines of the 905ers in front. I spot someone on his knees, throwing up in a doorway. Police presence is visible nearby. The evening is heating up. // We’ve been dispatched to a motorcycle accident on the Lakeshore. “These are bad ones,” the Swede warns. // When we arrive, traffic has

come to a halt in both directions; the lights of Ontario Place and beyond partially illuminate the scene. A crowd is gathered around a car. Several individuals seem to be trying to free someone or something from underneath it. It is difficult to make out any detail. Other firefighters have arrived already, as well as paramedics. We’re not the first, so we are thankfully, sent away.

HURRY UP AND WAIT // Not long after our return to 332, we are called to a condo in the Yonge and Front Street area. We arrive first and are one of three trucks at the scene. At condominiums and apartment or office buildings, one crew remains on the street, one controls the lobby and one goes into the building to investigate. // We wait in the truck, the chief’s car in front of us. The cab is vibrating slightly from the engine’s hum, and the truck’s flashing lights are reflected by the surrounding vehicles. Tension quickly fills the small, darkened cab. There is a sense of readiness. // We wait. We listen. Conversation is minimal. 10 minutes. 15. The eerie silence in the cab is

03.10.13 7:04 PM



HEAVY FIRE IN 6, 2-STOREY ROW HOUSES. NUMEROUS HAND LINES AND 3 LADDER PIPES USED TO BRING THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.



**RACING UP THE
STAIRS PAST THE
PATRONS
STREAMING DOWN
NO
VITAL
SIGNS.**
IN A PANIC WE
FINALLY REACH
OUR VICTIM.

Handwritten notes and scribbles on lined paper, including:

- Top section:** "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".
- Middle section:** "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".
- Bottom section:** "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".

Other visible text includes:

- "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".
- "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".
- "The 1960s", "The 1970s", "The 1980s", "The 1990s", "The 2000s", "The 2010s", "The 2020s".

“You’re no longer
an individual,
anything and
everything you do
affects 14 other
individuals.”

TFS CALLS

CHECK CALL 3,298
CARBON MONOXIDE 3,702
FIRE ALARM RINGING 22,219
FIRE 11,166
GAS LEAK 1,632
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS 1,287
ISLAND 87 / LAKE 21
MUTUAL AID 1
MEDICAL CALL 67,783
POLICE ASSIST 239
RESCUE 2,820
SUSPICIOUS SUBSTANCE 60
VEHICLE INCIDENT 7,947
WATER PROBLEM 670
WIRES DOWN 1,042

broken only by the occasional burst of radio chatter. The team continues to investigate. Finally, word comes in from the chief. The event has been downgraded. We’re clear to head back to “the barn.” Bernice releases the brakes and we’re off.

CHOKING. CHINATOWN // Not long after midnight our final call would prove to be a matter of life or death. // Wedding guests are streaming out of a second-floor restaurant as we arrive. Traffic is stopped, leaving a streetcar nose-to-nose with our truck. Paul and the Swede hop out. Bernice lowers the suspension — a precautionary measure to keep anyone from driving away with the truck while the firefighters are attending the scene. It has happened. // Paul and the Swede push their way upstairs through the crowd. We are told to wait in the lobby. Paramedics and police soon arrive. A seemingly never-ending stream of patrons continue to pour out onto the street. I wonder how many people are actually up there. This could be a comedy sketch, but it’s hardly a situation for humour. // When Paul and the Swede return they are pumped. “We got him back!”

THE FULL STORY // A male believed to be in his 70s has collapsed. Vital signs are absent. The team immediately begins CPR. They analyze three times. The automatic defibrillator is deployed. They shock him once. Nothing. They continue CPR. They shock him again. And vital signs return. // Their job is done and the scene is handed over to the paramedics, who are the higher medical authority. As we head back to the station, I look over at the Swede. He is pure electricity; you can practically see it running through his veins. He just saved a man’s life. // It’s 2 am. Our visit is over and I drive home, exhausted. But I’m not ready for sleep. // On Saturday morning I wake up to the sobering news that 19 firefighters have perished in an Arizona wildfire. Over the course of three long visits, we saw neither flame nor wisp of smoke. But this job is risky. Anything can and will happen. // But I still want to be a firefighter. Not an astronaut, cowboy or police constable. A firefighter. And I keep my blue cap in my car at all times. Thanks, Norm.

07.13.13 5:00 AM



FLAMES BURST THROUGH THE 2ND AND 3RD FLOOR WINDOWS, ROLLING INTO THE EARLY MORNING SKY. THE ROOF COLLAPSED AND THE WALLS FELL INTO THE STREET. ELEVEN RESIDENTS WERE RESCUED BY FIRST-IN CREWS. TWO TFS MEMBERS WERE INJURED.



EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON TEAMWORK

Wayward Arts
is an inspirational monthly magazine showcasing the pure unfiltered spirit of Canadian graphic design. Each month a prominent Canadian design studio will design a new issue filled with innovative design, featuring specialty printing and finishing techniques. Every issue will be an unpredictable expression of creativity!

W/A

Wayward Arts Crew
Rich Pauplit, Platoon Chief
David Gallant, District Chief
Derek Emerson, Captain

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We are a creative agency inspiring our clients to inspire the world.

Contact Paul Haslip
paul@hmedesign.com
hmedesign.com

HM&E Crew
Marcio Morgado, Giuliana Tarini,
Jessica Bartram & Jay Brown

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Contact Rich Pauplit
rich@flashreproductions.com
flashreproductions.com

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Contact Susan Corbeil
scorbeil@unisource.ca
unisourcedesign.ca

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This issue of Wayward Arts was printed offset on our Heidelberg CD 102, CMYK + PMS 877 + custom fluorescent + custom spot gnt varnish. Folded and perforated on our MBO folder and lovingly side stitched by enchanted unicorns on our hand-fed Bostich stitcher.

Paper Specifications
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YUPU®

AG gets the job done
Akzidenz-grotesk is a Grotesque typeface originally released by the Berthold Type Foundry in 1898 under the name Accidenz-Grotesk. It was the first sans serif typeface to be widely used. The design originates from Royal Grotesk light by royal type-cutter Ferdinand Theinhardt.

In the 1950s Günter Gerhard Lange, then art director at Berthold, began a project to enlarge the typeface family while retaining all of the idiosyncrasies of the 1898 face.

KEEP BACK 150 METRES

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SYNTHETIC PAPER THAT
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CONDITIONS WHILE
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THE TEST OF TIME.

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A LONGER SHELF LIFE?

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HIKING OR IN THE WATER?

A PROJECT THAT CAN'T
BE TORN APART?

A MENU WHICH NEEDS TO BE
WIPED CLEAN?

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WE'RE FLASH.
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COMBINE THE TWO, AND
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