

# Bullet in Shoulder Only the Beginning Of Her Nightmare

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Last Oct. 4 at about 9:30 p.m. Daisy Graham was walking from the kitchen of the Jordan River Hotel to pick up final orders for meals for barroom patrons.

She was exhausted from the long hours she had worked running the hotel that week and hoped to retire by 10 p.m.

As she passed through the darkened lobby towards the corridor leading to the bar a shot rang out.

She felt something hit her in the back, knocking her to the floor. Another shot exploded near her as she tried to reach the corner of an alcove. Then another, and another and another.

She screamed as the bullets shattered the wall and a cigarette machine. One found its mark, searing into her right shoulder and ricocheting below her neck.

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She blacked out. When she came to her assailant, who had stood at the top of the staircase leading down into the lobby, had disappeared.

She crawled to the barroom door. Anxious hands reached out and pulled her in.

That was the beginning of Daisy Graham's nightmare.

And her husband, Jeffrey's too.

When police arrived an hour later, they found him in an upstairs bedroom, a .303 rifle across his lap. He submitted without a struggle.

He was charged with attempted murder but in B.C. Supreme Court here he pleaded guilty to the lesser offence of criminal

negligence causing bodily harm. On Feb. 14 he was sentenced to two years less a day.

Not so Mrs. Graham, a 36-year-old mother of five.

"I'll be serving time for the rest of my life," she said in an interview this week.

Her wounds will see to that. She has no right hip now, and only limited use of her right arm. She lost her right kidney too, and the wounds have festered anew.

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My  
Daddy  
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You'

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All her money is tied up in the hotel she and her husband bought last August. The mortgage holder has threatened to foreclose. Since January it has been put up for sale.

So she's on welfare. Her monthly social assistance cheque of \$481 barely meets the rent which averages \$37 a week.

A \$120 maintenance allowance she receives each month from her first husband for the support of the three girls helps but it isn't enough.

This week she ran out of milk and bread early and with no money coming in until next Monday expects the diet will be soup or "whatever's left."

She feels caught in a welfare trap.

"I don't like to beg for anything but the people on welfare get a pretty raw deal," she said.

"It's not the social worker's fault. She's been

excellent and has done all she could.

"But it's the housing situation... there has to be something different."

She said the motel is "full of women with children looking for houses.

Finding even apartments that take children, let alone a house, seems next to impossible.

"How long can we keep on fighting?"

But the worst part is trying to blot out the memories of her world gone suddenly mad.



Daisy Graham and son Noel

—Bill Halkett photo

Memories like that of her son Noel's first visit to her hospital bed a month after the shooting. He covered at the foot of the bed and refused to go near her.

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"You're dead, my daddy shot you," is all he said.

Strangely, Mrs. Graham said, she is not bitter toward her husband. "I thought I would be

but I'm not. I feel sorry for him.

"I've lost a lot but I think he has too."

When the Grahams moved to Jordan River it was to be the realization of all their dreams — their own business, working together, a place by the sea.

"We had everything we wanted."

A month and five days later the dream came to a shattering end. "Night after night I wonder, why? why?"