

## FOREWORD

Bo. Itas simillab ipsam exerovident vendit facculparum aut vendi quid et voluptio ditatus voluptu sdaniat autatia dolectur, quia incit volore paribus doluptur?

Xerrum nis maxim faccullabo. Nam aut omnia et, quatia quunt.

Git earibus. Ut voluptas dolupta tistia paribus consequi ipidestrum sequatur magnataqui omnistisque plan-dis comnis minis sit a venime conserepuda quiatessum am inullit exeres doluptas abor alit postrum et iuscil ium fugia secab in none etur, odisim qui ditatur?

Bistoribus ipitisq uaecum ipiet vit utem et volorit dit ut vel in non re soleseq uassiminis ut fuga. Cuptatur, que natio molor si demporio maio. Ita volorum faccullaniet ditaturiandi deliqui as alit, sinverro et de cus mos dendae parit volorem liquos aut voluptatis dit el et occat ad et landi si simusame voluptatur assin nis as volupta turiam ut et am ariam venim acepro consequost atiumendi net prae veris doloreptae nonsequ iscimi, comnitis re, tem. Aritis etusamusae. Pe sum volore natiis mincte int ex explaut utestectem nusci id eatet, qui ressinv endiore rferunt aute iditat aut alitansi notaquid quae doluptam si a consedia destiore esequis alicipicia pos dis modi omnis reped quibus atiant es dolores non cum volut por remqui repudio rersperro blam il ide ommodi cusantus in repuda volupta ectectatius id quatusa cusa corepellor maximil luptam resed quibus pellandae equat.

Ut faccus aligenda que et accae excernam, consequam, qui cuptat rereperit lautemp oreperio. Vid quia quisquid que rera quatur aut omni cupicim uscilibus quiae ent quibus autemporem conse commod eos voloribus rerrum expe plab ipit, asperiant, cum aliquis sinimo elic totat.

Ducilit, aturibus eos aceribus apicil mos experibus, omnia dolor sitintionsed que sequi que ne nobis nusa doluptiis earum arcipsus.

Unt voloreria doloriberspe pelli quae iaecusciam corecepti que conseru nditatis dolorio stotati unducia sit alit entorio remquibusam fugitas sapidi omnihil et omnihil iatem. Borem rest ex est volessequam nonse solores eribus sinturi nusci odi cum aut reptin pro mod quasit velestio to tempos eatem sinvend ipsunt, cus dolumq uisitaret voluptat volupta corro quia ditae et re samusci llior sam dolenet ex essin conest, cum remo il ipsuntis id essi tendiscit, eitur autem conserrum et vid quis sunt ad ut offictem que omnihil es ipicim hic te quaest quiducidunt officid quist, ullabora ipiendi quis ut eligenem eos inulpa pore il intet exerfero consed min nimpribus am dolorem sunt quo totassi tiaepatur, et aut id quiaspe sitatem la corum quibus sam explace pereiciet eum aut rem labo. Toratib erspicidunt officaecus verspictur simet lant pe vollendiscid ut occati volupta simus alit eatin experita quia solupti aturectur sita volorem aperibus ipsus ad es moluptas ma incide volum istio imped ut im quodia dolor mi, quati dolessita volorio reperor atesto et ilia as ab is aceaque ea volore sam doluptaepe il idi discidi ium exerectur, nit omnimi, od quis dolut omniatus etur, volorem atur? Nestibus quia me eatquiscium andis dolupiendam ratur antorem sapicita quam rerum ex et vel il molorem aut vid magnime nonet, si consed et apita sinciet mo eruptatis eversperchil ilitibea ipsum vel ma venimaio-rum ipsame voluptatem hil eicilitae odia ilignisci tent aut autem etur? Quia erspicimust et a voloreprae pe nam quam vendi cuptae dolendant illaborum aut pra cus elendio. Accusci psusandis eos es ni asperiassum et autemos sum ex et es alicimus, venis acerund anditis est, omnimet, et volore, is nia doluptatem as nihil ipis-seris nia quis aut eium nest excea andit in pra perum, ut volupta ssenimus moloratquis comniat ibusamus-cia cuptati issequid mo cor rae sustio tem rera pa sitionsecto dolenist videmporio omnimaxima pa et aut ommolor epedia nobit inveles tiuntia di culla at utem di consequia voluptat ommos dolorumquas abo. Nam quam fugit as acceptae aut aliqui dolumquam veligen eceptatur aliquiasint et hariorunt.

Ne quatis esciati busdaepere sitiatae molupti aspernat quam a cus dunture nimollo riscien dandand ustisi bearupta doluptist dolorrorum dolum labo. Ur autem quunt.

Aliquasita peliqui doloriorum quam autem que sit accum quam faccupt atature cuptaquiatem et audam reni si bla nonseque eossi voluptatur, sit aped eum et magnat faccae vel idist, susaperrum asi sin rercia precatem.

Ri ommolum que pratur, nation perum eos essusant ligent, omnihil lantia nonsequi nimagnisquis ame vol-orro ipsam eos re excerum eium rerovit ped magnis ad ut que libus millam sedit, od eumquodis molo debis intem estem ipsum res denima siti offic to bea nem ipsunt onsequiam, omniet volupta quiatur as andusam

## OPERATION PICK-A-PART

About a year after getting into trouble over photographing the Yellow-breasted Chat, I drove into Burnaby to have lunch with ex-RCMP Superintendent Les Holmes. I knew Les briefly from my short time working in Burglary Detail. Our boss was Bruce Northrop. Bruce and Les headed up the investigation of mass murderer Robert Clifford Olson and later co-authored the book, “Where Shadows Linger - The Untold Story of the RCMPs Olson Murders Investigation”. Olson was the most evil man in Canada.

Les talked about the chat fiasco and commented, “It should be easy to find out who was responsible for the criminal charges over birds. \$2,250,000, It’s insane. Who had the most to gain?” We talked about taking statements from both suspects and witnesses as sometimes critical details come right down to minutes and even seconds resulting in the making or the loss of a serious criminal case. Liars in an investigation sooner come off the rails and trip themselves up. Suspects, if guilty, usually go silent. Lying witnesses could be charged with perjury. Witnesses who take and swear, “I swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth” sometimes perjure themselves by omission. Les gave me some real good advice with respect to the Justice Department. He said, “Why would you want to poke a bear in the eye with a big stick? Are you crazy?”

When Les looked at Damon’s letter, he suggested I might be a ‘sleeper’. When it came to espionage, it was a new word in my vocabulary. Once home, I looked for the definition of a ‘sleeper’ on the Internet and quickly became paranoid. “A sleeper agent is a spy who is placed in a target country or organization, not to undertake an immediate mission, but rather to act as a potential asset if activated. Sleeper agents are popular plot devices in fiction, in particular espionage fiction. In espionage, a sleeper agent is one who has infiltrated into the country and ‘gone to sleep’, sometimes for many years. That is, he or she does nothing to communicate with neither his or her sponsor nor any existing agents, or to obtain information beyond that in public sources. They can also be referred to as ‘deep cover’ agents being successful enough to become what is called an ‘agent of influence’ such as a politician. Sleepers don’t have to be one of the brighter stars in the universe or sharpest knives in the drawer. They only need to be easily hypnotized. When 15, I was at the Renfrew Fair and hypnotist Peter Reveen called 5 or 6 of my friends, along with me, up onto the stage. He spread a box of puffed wheat on the stage floor and told us it was coins. I was the only one to leave the stage with pockets filled with cereal. A good sleeper needs a cover position such as an international lawyer, bird photographer or gold (maybe even spy) researcher in order to travel the world without ever being a suspect. Being paranoid, I wondered if the two Russian diplomats who lived in the apartment where I resided in Ottawa were maybe hypnotists and able to place me under their spell while riding up and down the elevator? It’s totally ironic. Tyrone Reveen, an entertainment hypnotist and Peter’s son, talked to me. He said, “I think you were subjected to MKUltra when you were in Ottawa.” It was another new word in my vocabulary so I went on the Internet and low and behold at the very top of the first page was MKUltra Girl and her name was Ellen Atkin.

On 28 October, 2010, I drove over to White Rock in South Surrey to see Tim Lawson. His company, Timberholme Books Limited, had a few years earlier published “The True Intrepid: Sir William S. Stephenson and the Unknown Agents” by journalist William ‘Bill’ J. Macdonald. The purpose of the visit was to ask Tim to write the Introduction to my spy book ‘Camp X and the Cold War’. We were sitting on the patio of his shop drinking coffee and a woman darted across the street right in front of us carrying a 3x2 foot aerial photograph of a farm. I ran over to introduce myself when she said, “I know you. It’s because of you I went into air farm photography since you dominated the commercial market.” It was Ellen Atkin.

Tim and I exchanged books. He gave me a copy of Bill’s book and I gave him a copy of my ‘Vancouver Exposed - A History in Photographs’. He wrote on the inside jacket, “To Don, Let’s make Sir William proud! Very Best Wishes, Tim Lawson ‘Timex’. I gave him a copy of my book and on the inside jacket wrote,

'Best wishes to Karola & Tim, Don Waite 28 October.' Years later, Tina and I visited a used book store in Maple Ridge and I saw a copy of my title for \$2. I bought the book, glanced at the first page and realized it was the book I'd traded to Tim and his wife 15 years earlier.

I looked up MKUltra on the Internet and read it was a top-secret clandestine and illegal experiment carried on by the United States Criminal Investigation Agency (CIA) at the Allan Memorial Institute at McGill University in Montreal. Their psychiatric doctors conducted experiments to determine whether drugs and psychological techniques could be used for mind control. It was funded by both the US and Canadian governments and was said to have closed down before my time in Ottawa in 1970-71.

Here's where my vivid imagination kicked into high gear leaving me thinking it was possible to go to work at RCMP Headquarters at 8:00 a.m., take two hours to drive to Montreal to McGill University, spend four hours at the psychiatric hospital, and then drive back to Ottawa in time to go off shift at 4:00 p.m.

Another scenario was possible. Maybe psychiatric doctors from 'The Allan' conducted experiments right in Ottawa. In 2010, through the Freedom of Information Act, I requested files from my seven years as a policeman. Everything was there except my last few months in the Scenes of Crimes Section. Although vaguely remembering my attendance at the bombings of government buildings by the FLQ in Ottawa and Hull, it's foggy. Victims of MKUltra, trying to receive compensation for being treated as Guinea Pigs have been stonewalled by the Canadian government.

When doing research espionage, I began to go to Koffe Klatches with retired members of the force. Fred Bodnaruk and I became good friends. When still in his early 20s, Fred headed up the investigation of Doukabor (Russian) communists committing criminal acts, mostly arson, in the Kootenay District of British Columbia and before the smoke cleared 300 people were criminally charged. They had to build the Kent Prison in Agassiz for the prisoners.

A few years later, BC had a series of unsolved murders and much against Fred's wishes, the force created the "Integrated Homicide Investigation Team - IHIT" and placed him in charge. Consequently, he travelled the world solving murder investigations. Said Fred, "I've made 106 violins. It's getting boring. Let me dissect the Justice Department's package for you. It'll be fun."

At one Koffee Klatche, I talked with Raoul Carriere who was in the Special I (Intelligence) Branch at Headquarters, Ottawa, during the FLQ crisis. He was a part of Operation Ham. His father was an Assistant Commissioner. He told me to talk to Dan Mulvenna. "He's the RCMP's spy master. He lives in Langley, Virginia." I finally did talk to Dan but it took me 15 years. We've talked about my run in with the Canadian Wildlife Service. We talked about my time in Ottawa during the FLQ October 1970 and the Cold War. He said, "Don, it's highly improbable."

As an ex-policeman, it was disconcerting to see the exchange of emails between birders, biologists, scientists and police. The first three made the mistake of trying to play cops and robbers and their emails to each other were not blind carbon copied and ironically the lead Canadian Wildlife Service investigator sent an email to me with all the names. The Okanagan gang contacted the CWS investigators and were told to go back to the scene and take pictures. It was like sending foxes to a chicken coop and the exchange of emails had the cut area go from 5x5 feet, to 8x8 feet to 13x9 feet. That's 25 square feet, 64 square feet and finally 117 square feet. The three CWS investigators arrived two days too late to collect evidence that had already been contaminated by birders, biologists and scientists. It seemed they wanted my head on a platter.

I've decided to put pages from Tina's notebook about our time in the Okanagan from our arrival at her Mom and brother's place in Summerland until she rushed me down to the Antalek Psychiatric Ward

of the Maple Ridge Hospital. The names of the people have been redacted. They know who they are. It'll be easy to figure out the name of one so Heavenly Bound he was no Earthy Bound individual. He took Damon's 'Flights of Fantasy' title to two major book stores requesting they be taken off their shelves. They did. Nancy Wise, President of Sandhill Books in Kelowna, brought her remaining stock back to me. It was weird, as a young teenager, Nancy's family lived right across the street from where I roomed and boarded in Haney as a policeman in 1967 and 1968. I'd taken her portrait on a horse. I gave her the negatives. Nancy said, "The books are being returned due to damage". Another Holier than Thou woman put out a broadcast email suggesting a boycott of the Waite Air Photos Inc website globalairphotos.com totally unaware I'd sold the business to my younger son three years earlier. It was the same with my website globalbirdphotos.com with participation from top bird photographers from around the world. Outraged birders condemned many bird pics of the web site unaware a few dated all the way back to 1974. Angry, I nuked the site. As well, I sold my custom made trailer along with my steel and aluminum scaffolding for .20 cents on the dollar. Again as well, I never stepped a foot into the forest to look at birds for 10 years. The Heavenly Bound he was no Earthly Good chap probably cost me several millions dollars over the past 15 years totally unaware or maybe aware of the damage to my subsequent mental illness. I've learned to forgive but never forget. The ripple effect of my bipolar illness impacted my children, grandchildren and friends. Tina, my soulmate, lover, friend and caregiver Tina, has kept me alive for the past 20 years.

### Here's a chronology beginning on the 16th June (the 13th, 4th and 15th come last).

On the 16th June, three Canadian Wildlife Service investigators and Constable Jason Muise with the RCMP Summerland Detachment arrived at my mother-in-law's guesthouse to execute a search warrant. Answering the door, I arrogantly greeted the lead CWS investigator with the comment, "What took you so long?" It should have been a sign I was mentally somewhat unstable. Once, the RCMP member intervened and told me to shut up. Tina, Damon and the constable knew something was wrong with me but I ignored everyone telling them to get their note books, tape recorders and even video cameras as I was prepared to answer any questions. Part way through the interview, I asked the lead CWS investigator if he had a pocket tape recorder in his shirt pocket. He did and gave me the police warning explaining anything spoken could now be used as evidence. As a former policeman, I never in a zagillion years would have agreed to give a taped and videoed interview. After a short time, the RCMP member excused himself and left the CWS fact finders to continue their investigation. I sang like a canary. It was the proverbial slam-dunk.

Moving inside the guest house, the CWS head investigator examined several of my note books and I explained they contained material for a book on Maple Ridge. My jottings were so sloppy he couldn't decipher a word. He confiscated them and then tried to seize Tina's journal but she refused to give it to him explaining they contained her private thoughts. Tina had written our every movement since coming up to the Okanagan and it contained both her and my comments.

After two hours they left. They were anxious to have lunch or more likely one had to use the bathroom. By this time their truck was loaded to the gunnels with evidence. Three days earlier, I had been alone in a blind for 15 minutes setting up to photograph a female Yellow-breasted Chat, a Species at Risk, and her babies when confronted by three employees of the CWS. My birding associate Damon was in the blind alone on the 13th, he and Tina on the 14th. I was there on the 15th for 15 minutes when two biologists and a First Nations man, with arms as big as my legs, confronted me. It would be the words of three government employees against mine if things escalated.

The following day, the 17th, I was driving out to where Tina and I had been photographing the Black-headed Grosbeaks and the Gray Catbirds and once out on the highway, I picked up a tail. A car got in behind me and when I speeded up, the other driver speeded up and when I slowed, he slowed. Years earlier, as a detective in Burnaby, I'd participated in sting operations involving bank robbers. I did a U-turn and on passing him, gave him the finger. I drove back to the guesthouse to retrieve my camera. Returning, my plan was to dismantle my two bench horses and clean up the area where Tina and I had been photographing the grosbeaks and catbirds. I disappeared into the bushes with my camera and did a gorilla run through the thickets and came out behind birders playing cops and robbers. Sure enough, two cars were parked right beside my Sports Utility Vehicle. I shouted and gave a wave and the drivers of the vehicles sped away.

On the early morning of the 19th, I awoke in a trance-like state and hovered at the foot of Tina's and my bed in an upstairs bedroom of the guesthouse. I was having an epiphany. I was dressed in my white house coat with my arms outstretched 'a la Jesus' and in my mind was levitating a foot off the ground. I was talking to Tina in a loud voice trying to explain how Wilber Smith, a prolific historical fiction author, was able to churn out a book every couple of years. Tina used to read bedtime stories to me from many of Smith's titles about Africa. I then went downstairs and got into a heated debate with Damon who was returning with a friend from an evening of rehearsal. They were both actors and had a gig in Penticton. I told Tina and Damon about a vision. I told them someday when Damon was white-haired that he'd be talking to crowds in the thousands about environmental issues and the Earth's fragility and in due course he'd be replacing the likes of David Suzuki and David Attenborough. I talked for an hour and totally exhausted collapsed into a chair. I told Tina and Damon about certain events that took place in Ottawa in 1970-71 during my time in the Scenes of Crime (Forensics) Section involving the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ).

By this time I had gone an entire week without any sleep. Tina's diary said: "Don and I had a good talk and I found out he's a very complicated man but I truly believe in him and love him 100 %. My mind and heart are so heavy worrying about my husband. He seems different. He's focused on making tapes and talking for hours. He doesn't seem aware I'm in the room." Tina asked me if she had anything to worry about with respect to my harming her. I told her I'd never harm a hair on her head but could kill a man in a heartbeat.

That afternoon, I drove to the Summerland Detachment but no one was present but there was an emergency phone number on the door. Returning home, I called and told the telephone dispatcher I needed to talk to the constable

who'd participated in the raid a few days earlier. She refused. I became angry and began screaming into the receiver telling her I'd once been doing undercover work in the force and no one had my back. I asked her to tape record our conversation and gave her my regimental number. Here's comments from Tina's journal: "Just before noon, I'm back at the guesthouse carrying my groceries and I entered the side entrance off the kitchen so that Donnie can let me in with the bags of groceries. He yelled at me like I wasn't his wife, even when he opened the door, he screamed at me to go away for five minutes. Can't remember the rest of his words. Basically, he was really angry at someone on the phone, so I placed the bags outside the door and walked to the front and sat down in what shade I could find. Don't know who he's talking to but he's very very mad." As a precaution against my tapes being seized, I mixed them among tapes from my Maple Ridge pioneers' interviews and hid them in every nock and cranny in the guesthouse.

On the 20th, I rented a plane at the Penticton Airport to fly sites for Nathan but became totally discombobulated and got my camera settings totally wrong. My flight turned out to be a complete disaster as my mental breakdown worsened and although I flew Kelowna, Westbank, Quesnel and Barkerville, every single photograph was garbage. It was my first time screwing up an air photo flight in 25 years. On the way home, I asked pilot Gavin Baird what he'd do if the plane's key was thrown out the window. We were in mountainous terrain. He became scared and explained he'd try to land without crashing the aircraft. Upset with my constant yapping, he turned on the radio to full volume and we listened to a Dalai Lama interview. By this time my voice was gone leaving me with laryngitis. All of a sudden, I threw myself back in the seat and saw the white light and was fully prepared to die. I asked Gavin to tell Tina everything would be alright and we'd see each other again in an afterlife. Maybe the white light meant Heaven. It reminded me of a time years earlier when I awoke in a cold sweat becoming blacker and blacker, colder and colder and smaller and smaller until disappearing. Maybe the blacker, colder and smaller meant Hell. I very authoritatively instructed Gavin Gavn to put down at the nearest airport and request an ambulance at the end of the runway. We diverted to Kamloops but moments later I asked him to cancel and fly to the Kelowna Airport as I began to feel better so we landed and had lunch. Returning to the plane, Gavin was roaring the motor before realizing he'd forgotten to remove the chocks. We returned to Penticton and I paid \$2,000. Nathan had to fly up from Pitt Meadows a few days later and take the pictures. While I was away flying, two investigators drove up from Vancouver to Summerland to return my camera, lenses, computer and some of the other seized items. Tina told the investigators it was the 19th anniversary of our engagement in the presence of Mountain Bluebirds. Instead of being happy; she was very sad.

On the 21st, Father's Day, I decided to take Tina on a drive to the top of Baldy Mountain to look for alpine birds. We were talking and I heard the OnStar come on in her car. She had bought the sedan the year before and had the complimentary phone service for a year and it had expired and wasn't renewed. I heard the click and asked if someone was listening to our conversation. A woman asked if she could help and I told her in very explicit language to hang up. I stopped the car, set the emergency break and jumped out yelling at Tina to do the same. Here's when things really got weird. A helicopter came up over the ridge to my left and then peeled off back down the mountain. We got back in the car and I told her to write down certain words and to indelibly etch them into her mind as I'd be burning her notes once she had everything memorized. I explained to her there was much about me she didn't know and I'd been a spy during my time in Ottawa in 1970-71. I told Tina about my being involved in spy work and my code name was Tippy 2 and when talking to another spy they'd say, "I've had too much to drink. I'm tippy" and my response would be "I'm tippy too, let's get out of here and grab a coffee and sober up." I instructed Tina to write all this down in her notebook and to memorize it as we were later going to 'burn the mortgage'. Once back at the guesthouse, I took Tina's notes, tore them into little pieces, burned them, put the ashes in a paint can, added water, and threw the bucket end-over-end into the ravine. Tina remembered everything except seeing the helicopter.

My son Kevin called to wish me a happy Father's Day and with the exciting news Chantelle and he were pregnant. While talking to him, a weasel came up out of the ravine and I took this to be a bad omen. A nurse from the Maple Ridge Hospital called saying Tina's former ground's keeper had just had his leg amputated and wasn't expected to live and I was needed to sign papers as I was his power of attorney. Kanaka Creek, adjacent to our townhouse, was at a dangerously high level but fortunately everything on the bottom floor, including my computer equipment, had already been moved upstairs to the main level. Then daughter Michelle called to say that she was having a difficult pregnancy. She was crying. It was the perfect storm and my full bucket went topsy-turvy. My brain was badly injured.

After hanging up from talking to Kevin, Michelle and the nurse, I disappeared into the gully with my binoculars thinking snipers atop Giants Heads Mountain were going to make an attempt on my life. I jumped into the Sports Utility Van and drove up to the entrance into the park to see the woman Tina and I had chatted with the previous day. We had talked and she bought one of Damon's bird books. She and her husband ran a bed and breakfast and lived at the entrance

into the park. I knocked on the door and she let me into their home. I noticed RCMP memorabilia on the walls. She was alone and quickly realized something was wrong. We were having a conversation and I had a feeling she was going to bolt away to the basement. She disappeared to put some clothes into the dryer, but I heard her on the phone. I thought she was calling the police but it was her husband and he came home moments later and took control of the situation. They realized I was having a major breakdown. He'd been in the force but was invalidated to pension from Post Dramatic Stress Disorder due a posting in Bosnia and witnessing crimes against humanity. He called Tina who by this time was already packing up the car to get me to the Maple Ridge Hospital. Before leaving, I wrote a strange letter to Constable Muise in Summerland.

Tina began driving back to Maple Ridge and by the time we'd reached Yellow Lake, ½ hour's drive, we stopped for me to use the washroom. I sprinted from the car bent over to the restroom and then ran back to the car to get my binoculars to scour the hillside for glints coming from a rifle convinced a sniper was going to make an attempt on my life. Tina was watching me hoping I wouldn't make a run for it after hearing a loud bang coming from the spring loaded washroom door. She saw me drop to the ground and immediately sprint back to the car. I thought someone was shooting at me.

When driving through the mountainous terrain at Manning Park, I tried to call a friend who had a contact with a pipeline to President Bush Jr. In my delusional mind, it was imperative the president be warned of a military buildup by the Chinese. I told Tina to be ready to put the pedal to the medal and accelerate the car up to top speed if necessary believing there would be a roadblock just before Hope for 'Bonnie and Clyde' shootout. I took out my camera with a telephoto lens, made the proper settings, and began photographing cars' license plates driving by us in the fast lane. Sometimes, I'd crouch down to hide from passing cars. I was paranoid.

When first committed to the Antalek Psychiatric Ward of the Maple Ridge Hospital, the psychiatrist treated me with strong medication for absolute insomnia, increasing paranoid reaction and delusions explaining the conflict situation appeared to have triggered flashbacks to my childhood sexual abuse and when I was a RCMP officer. I remember being curled up in a fetal position and being held and comforted by Tina who was the only person aware of my childhood traumas. A nurse tried to give me a pill but I kicked the plastic cup of water out of her hand convinced someone was trying to poison me. Tina convinced her to give me an unopened bottle of water and a pill wrapped in its original foil.

On the 22nd June, 10:45: I wrote in my journal: "Dear Tina, I had the strangest dream last night. Really, really strange. I was at some kind of a function and I met the President of the United States. He was at the urinal after the function and we were both having a pee. Weird, eh. He had that goofy look on his face as he did up his fly and threw his 'Old Henry' in and said don't tell anyone. No one will believe it. He said someday I'd be able to write my incredible story but not now....."

"The Liberals wanted me to run in 1986 as the Federal Member of Parliament (MP) for their party. I even drove into Vancouver and met (Prime Minister) John Turner. Is that just a coincidence? No, it was meant to happen. Anyway, this is the start of your new journal". I continued, "Guess what. I met the Prime Minister having a leak side by side in the bathroom at an urinal. Is that just a coincidence? No. It was meant to happen". John was the guest speaker. We were standing beside each other at the urinals and kiddingly, I asked him what it was like to shake hands with the unemployed. Initially, my comment went right over his head." This did in fact happen.

"If I told you more I'd have to 'KILL YOU' and since you are the most precious, kindest person in the entire world I'd never in a gazillion years ever hurt a hair on your head. I love you so much in order to understand me more fully we'll have to transcribe all Dad's letters to Mom just before he died to get the key."

Another paragraph started, "George W. Bush Jr was at the washroom and advised me to stay cool and I or someone else could write my story. He was mocking me just like Ranald MacDonald's story. It was too bizarre to be believed". Ranald MacDonald was one of the very first argonauts to discover gold in the Cariboo that brought about the colonization of British Columbia. He had such an incredible life that when he wrote his memoir his publisher told him his story couldn't possibly be true. He was perhaps the most traveled man in the entire world during his lifetime. As a young man Ranald was marooned in Japan where he was the first white man to teach English. He was in the California and Australian gold rushes. James Douglas, the 'First Governor of the Crown Colony of British Columbia' and MacDonald's father were both Hudson Bay Company men. Both Sir James and Ranald belonged to the Masonic fraternity. Sir James gave Ranald a letter of introduction that opened doors the width and breath of British Columbia.

On the 23rd, 2:20 a.m., I wrote: "Love you. Let's get INZ, IN2 it when I'm back INTO the game. I've talked to Willie and I really need to talk briefly with Marco and this nightmare will go away. Why was I asked to run in politics? Why did I take toastmasters? Did someone have a purpose for me? Why did I complete my 3rd degree in masonry in 1986? I don't know the reasons yet but feel they will be revealed to me. Last year's visit to William F. Finley (early bird photographer) National Park in Burns, Oregon. What's the connection? The blue bird ticket and now the Yellow-breasted Chat incident."

Willie Pierre was the son of Agnes and Joe Pierre and in 1973, I attended a Katzie First Nations initiation of his sister Helen into womanhood at the winter dances. She took on the form of a Great blue heron and danced around in her mother's home. I was there to take pictures. The following year, Willie went through an initiation into manhood and took on the form of a bear. He received the power. Marco was for Dr. Terweil, a well-known general practitioner in Maple Ridge. A short time after my separation in 1987, I befriended his former wife Marolyn Van Zanten. She was on the Board of Directors with the Ridge Historical Society. So was I. We talked about her lover and my friend Derrick Wilde, a former MI6 spy who back in 1956-57 was the partner of David Cornwell, afterwards known as spy master extraordinaire author John le Carré.

The hospital staff gave me a sedative and put me in my own bedroom. "The nurse tried to persuade me to take pills before I went to sleep but I told her I didn't need them. They were wrapped up. Andy is crazier than a bed bug but seems like a very intelligent fellow if he wasn't for all the pills". The following day, Andy was strutting about the ward with a blue latex glove over his head that he'd blown up making him look like a forlorn rooster with a blue comb.

It's almost impossible to explain the ability of a person to pull certain events from the past and with a vivid imagination come up with delusional conclusions. As a child of four, dog Tippy came into my life. Then, in 1957, at age 13, Tippy 1 sired Tippy 2. That's where the Tippy 2, into, in to, in too, in 2, in two, in 11, and Inc came from. In the fall of 1959, Tippy 2 was hit by a car, and that coupled with old age, Dad told me to take him back to the railway tracks and shoot him. It was 15 November, 1959. The comment in Mom's diary simply read, "Tippy shot". It was traumatic. I left him where he fell. A couple of weeks later, I walked back the train tracks and there was only fur, skin and bones.

A few months later my paranoia was full blown and in discussion with my general practitioner, I was given a new psychiatrist who was from India resulting in language problems and much was lost in translation. He had a small office in the psychiatric ward of the hospital and just outside was a washroom. On every visit, I'd slip into the bathroom and activate two tiny tape recorders, put them in my shirt pocket, and meet Tina and him for a 20 minute appointment. He really tried to hone in on my sexual abuse as a child. Instead, we talked about the drowning of my cousin and uncle. As we were winding up each visit, he'd talk about our meetings into his recorder. He explained it was for his private file on me and no one ever saw his notes. I asked about the secretary who typed up the report. I asked about the police appearing with a search warrant and seizing my file. On my next visit, I insisted on seeing his notes and much was simply wrong but it didn't seem to bother him. I decided not to share any of my sexual abuse as a child. Crazy, I feared some of my actions in Ottawa during the Cold War and FLQ crisis could have been criminal and even now, 40 years later, be prosecutable. I didn't trust him.

For years, due to covid, my shrink and I talked on the phone. One time, I asked him about his rates but he wouldn't tell me. It's \$159 an hour. I put him on the spot and we talked about 15 minute increments. He explained if he called a client and talked for just a few minutes, he'd charge for 15 minutes. It was a pretty good jig. He kept adjusting my pills until he got me functional and able to return to normal. Andy, the blue combed rooster patient, and I both had the East Indian psychiatrist. Andy and I kept in touch over the years. Andy said, "I could dance circles around him. He doesn't seem to know anything outside psychiatry. I mentioned General Rommel, the German general in Africa in the Second World War. It drew a blank. Surprisingly, he didn't know about Oakalla Prison Farm. He said I was crazy for wearing a saree and he's Indian".

Tina's son Michael was working as a supervisor in the oil fields in northern Alberta and was making \$3,500 a week until boozed up, he crashed his truck and was promptly fired. He began taking drugs and booze until his wife bought him a one way ticket far from home. As far as Tina and I know, he been on the streets ever since. He was on a most wanted poster for a time with a Mohawk haircut and his 6'3" frame was skinny as a rail. Due to confidentiality, the police are not permitted to provide an address of a person over the age of 18 without their express approval.

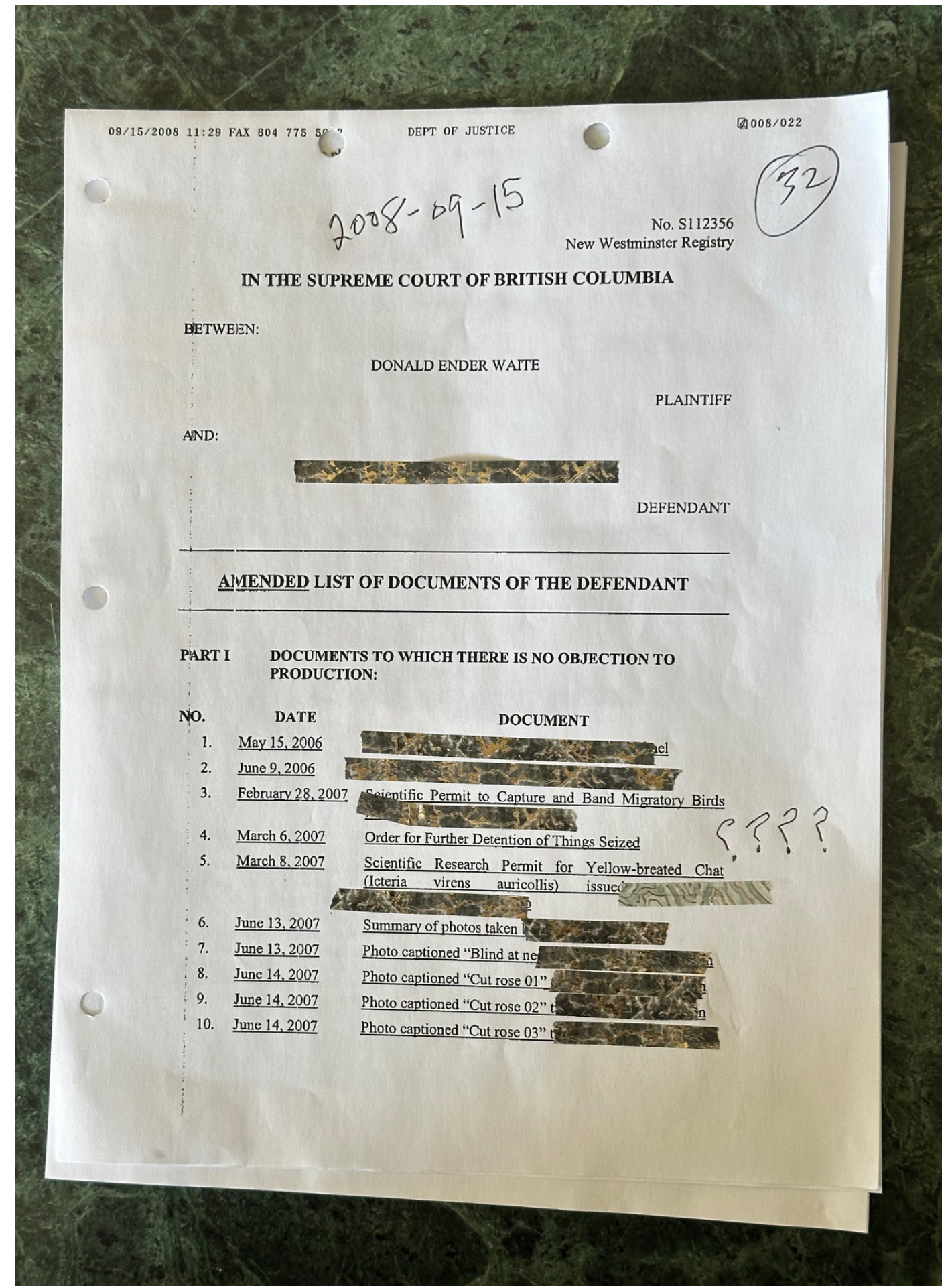
After boxing the Justice Department's 400 page plus prosecution package for 15 years, Tina finally allowed me to begin my dissection and it took me about 10 minutes to realize it began with a bunch of birders and biologists playing cops and robbers until escalating into a full blown blotched investigation conducted by three Canadian Wildlife Service

investigators. It's a funny thing with the Justice Department. A government employee can be guilty as all get out and they'll brainstorm and connive spending sometimes millions of dollars to get them off the hook. It can be the other way around. If a civilian is charged, they'll pull every trick in the book to get a conviction. In my case, the CWS investigators and JD lawyers never acknowledged my mental illness. Instead, they charged Damon and I with nine criminal offences with a potential for fines of \$4,500,000. They had Damon and I bare-backed, spread-angled over a barrel for a good whipping or worse. It was pretty easy to negotiate a fine for me for \$8,000 and one for Damon of \$4,000. She even agreed to drop the other 16 criminal charges to summary conviction (ticket) and stay (drop) the other eight charges.

Tina, Damon and I met with Mark Warawa, the Deputy Minister of the Environment, and Randy Kamp, the Deputy Minister of Fisheries, at Fort Langley. There was a board room with a long table. Damon sat across from Randy, I sat across from Mark, and Tina sat across from a stenographer. Mark asked if he could tape record the meeting. I agreed. We talked about our troubles. After the meeting, Tina and I talked to Randy. "Don, you can't go up against the Justice Department. They have the deepest pockets and the best lawyers". I don't agree.

Justice Department lawyers don't play fair. By suing a biologist with the CWS, I was entitled to each and every email exchanged between birders, biologists, etcetera. Many accused civilians are not aware they are entitled to the Justice Department's evidence package.

Justice Department lawyers are in it to win and the best percolate to the top of the food chain. They want a conviction for a criminal and a dismissal for a government employee.



2008-09-15

2

34

- 11. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Cut rose 04" taken by [redacted]
- 12. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Cut rose 05" taken by [redacted]
- 13. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Cut rose 06" taken by [redacted]
- 14. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Cut rose 07" taken by [redacted]
- 15. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Cut rose and female chat" taken by [redacted]
- 16. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Dead rose and habitat destruction" taken by [redacted]
- 17. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Exposed nest" taken by [redacted]
- 18. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Garbage" taken by [redacted]
- 19. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat destruction 01" taken by [redacted]
- 20. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat destruction" taken by [redacted]
- 21. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat destruction and garbage" taken by [redacted]
- 22. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat destruction and path" taken by [redacted]
- 23. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat destruction and trampled rose 01" taken by [redacted]
- 24. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat and trampled rose 02" taken by [redacted]
- 25. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Habitat and trampled rose 03" taken by [redacted]
- 26. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Path and exposed nest 01" taken by [redacted]
- 27. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Path and exposed nest 02" taken by [redacted]
- 28. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Path to nest 01" taken by [redacted] McKibbin
- 29. June 13, 2007 Photo captioned "Path to nest 02" taken by [redacted]
- 30. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Trampled rose 01" taken by [redacted]
- 31. June 14, 2007 Photo captioned "Trampled rose 02" taken by [redacted]
- 32. June 16, 2007 Photo captioned "Undisturbed chat habitat 05" taken by [redacted]

2008-09-15

10

42

- 182. June 20, 2007 Photo #3 captioned "Picture of where the flashes were placed as witness [redacted] the nest at the occurrence site"
- 183. June 20, 2007 Video entitled "Waite Video"
- 184. June 23, 2007 Email from [redacted] dcalderwood\_is@hotmail.com and donalde@globalbirdphotos.com
- 185. June 27, 2007 Email from [redacted] asen
- 186. June 27, 2007 Email from [redacted]
- 187. June 17, 2007 Email from [redacted]
- 188. July 11, 2007 [redacted] to Don Waite
- 189. July 12, 2007 Email from Don Waite to [redacted]
- 190. July 13, 2007 [redacted] from Penticton Courts
- 191. July 13, 2007 Report to a Justice (Following Seizure of Property and/or warrant to search) [redacted]
- 192. August 11, 2007 [redacted] losing citation and complaint from June 15, 2006
- 193. August 13, 2007 Email notes of [redacted]
- 194. August 29, 2007 [redacted] to Don Waite and dcalderwood\_is@hotmail.com
- 195. September 8, 2007 [redacted] oluza
- 196. September 10, 2007 [redacted] za to Penticton Provincial Court
- 197. September 10, 2007 Fax from Penticton Provincial Court [redacted]
- 198. September 12, 2007 Photocopy of DVD #1 labelled "Extracts from Hard Disk AA05628 (PC2Clone) and AA05635 (PC1Clone) FDR 40075-001 Report and supporting documents"
- 199. September 12, 2007 Photocopy of DVD #2 labelled "Extracts from Hard Disk AA05627 (LapClone)"
- 200. September 12, 2007 DVD #1 labelled "Extracts from Hard Disk AA05628 (PC2Clone) and AA05635 (PC1Clone) FDR 40075-001 Report and supporting documents"
- 201. September 12, 2007 DVD #2 labelled "Extracts from Hard Disk AA05627 (LapClone)"
- 202. September 13, 2007 [redacted] to Don Waite

2008-09-15

13

45

248. Undated Photocopy of Evidence/Chain of Custody slips
249. Undated Document entitled "Witness Package - Will Say" of Dr. [REDACTED]
250. Undated Document entitled "Witness Package - Will Say" of Wendy Easton
251. Undated Document entitled "Witness Package - Will Say" of Dr. [REDACTED]
252. Undated Expert report [REDACTED] with Curriculum Vitae
253. Undated Document entitled "Will Say" of [REDACTED]
254. Undated Curriculum Vitae of [REDACTED]
255. Undated Document entitled "Will Say" [REDACTED]
256. Undated Document entitled "Will Say" of Jolene Reiniger
257. Undated Description of Items Seized
258. Undated Summary of Photos Taken by Federal Wildlife Officers [REDACTED] #111) on 2007-06-16
259. Undated Screenshot of thumbnail photos
260. Undated Disk entitled "Search Warrant"
261. Undated Document entitled "Summary of Videos Taken By Federal Wildlife Officer [REDACTED] on 2007-06-16
262. Undated Documents entitled "Summary of Videos Taken By Federal Wildlife Officer Marko Goluzo (#111) on 2007-06-20

**PART II DOCUMENTS WHICH HAVE BEEN BUT ARE NOT NOW IN POSSESSION OR CONTROL:**

- 1) Originals of documents stated to be from the Defendant or any agents or employees.

**PART III DOCUMENTS FOR WHICH PRIVILEGE FROM PRODUCTION IS CLAIMED:**

- 1) Documents containing communications between officers, servants, agents or officials of the Attorney General of Canada and/or Her Majesty the Queen in Right of Canada ("Her Majesty") and Her legal advisors which relate to the seeking, formulating or giving of legal advice or legal assistance.

A

5A

Driving along Don, No, Tina, Birds! Not flowers!

2:30 → Damon called, Magpies done, at chat site. We have to collect scaffolding at Vaseux. While driving Don was startled, felt something on his wrist forest tent caterpillars. Within moments later I jumped in my seat, the pine cone he brought in, some thing came out, creepy bug don't know what it was. Both of us back to back <sup>minutes</sup> without have a little scare. 12 JUNE 2007 (5A) ←

3:20 - Giants head - to check the nest hatch site, can hear the babies and the parent has food

4:00 - on the way to pick up the trailer

5:10 - dismantled scaffolding - raining good now. Threw on my rain jacket, 25 minutes were all loaded

On our way to see Damon (Olive) - go through town & continue to drive till you <sup>see</sup> #22 road, turn left

6:05 - arrived at destination

- drop off three platforms

- hasn't rain yet in this area but not far can see nasty rain clouds coming. Strong winds

6:40 - 7:10 (Damon 1/2 hr. break) I tooked over to take pic's of chat. 1<sup>st</sup> time for me 6:40 fed + sat on them

6:50 - fed bugs + mother on babies for at least 5 minutes

7:10 - no feeding

- brooding, settle in for the night (coming in every 10 min) took 18 pic's

12:15 - came in

(7)

- fed a big bug (looks like a beetle)
- wasn't ready - needed to zoom in close + focus - ready for next feeding
- took couple of shots

12:25 - fed more insects

- always coming in the left & leaving the same

12:31 - good size bugs - big feast, can't believe the small birds can swallow down whole

- mom - took another wht. sac.

Oh! Oh! are those humans I'm hearing?

12:45 - walked to SUV - cheese + crackers + water

- drove to Olvera - use Chevron washroom
- Dor purchased 2 drumsticks + chips. Felt I'm better buy something, since we're using the washroom

12 JUNE  
2007 FLY  
BUTTERFLY  
LADIES

1:55 - back in blind - ~~still~~ ~~blind~~

- shooting CHATS UP TO 3:15
- very warm, sweating, making me feel ~~bleary~~ sleepy

(8)

Parent - never makes a sound, very quiet when coming + going. When coming in only stays for a minute or two either feeding or taking the white sacs. She has been bringing in good sized insects, like big black ones that looks like a beetle. Missed the shot with the female carrying a big white moth (or butterfly) Damon's camera seems to need focusing or readjusting ~~his camera~~ before tripping the shutter. Noticed that the parent eats the white sac (fecal) not carry it away. Did manage to get shots of her feeding the babies these huge bugs. More ~~active~~ <sup>active</sup> today & vocal especially when crying for mom when hungry.

Damon came & got me to show where the ~~#~~ black-headed grosbeak set up is, as Donnie is sitting in the blind right now.

(3:20 - 4:30)

Location right by the water, windy & cooler not like where the chat is. 4 babies in the nest, covered in white downy feathers. Sat in the blind from 3:20 to 4:30 - nothing, no parents. Decided to remove two of the lites and cover up babies + leave for a<sup>th</sup>m. Hope the grosbeak comes back. Gave back to the vehicle to have some orange juice and there's this car there. Mom, Dad + Daughter (was taking pictures) Nice people from Ontario

JUNE 8 12:50

Ran into a dd fellow (Italian) hard to understand  
telling us that the Kokanee runs through every year  
around Sept. 2. Apparently people clean up the creek  
by cleaning it out + putting in new rock. Also removed  
any dead trees + underbrush, but the man said they're  
not doing so great in keeping up. I thought to myself it  
looks pretty good to me.

46

Damon called from Varese - magpie nest; ready to choot  
Babies (two of them) ready to fledge in a day or two.  
Now we're off to collect the scaffolding. Time now 11:20.

Got to chat with <sup>mom</sup> before leaving, she was pulling out petunias  
seedlings (too many)

12:10 - we're off to meet Damon

12:50 - arrived + found the spot, saw the nest + thought  
no, this won't do. Damon finally showed up, wrong nest  
over down this way. Anyhow they started to clip +  
hack branches + whatever to make a clearing for the  
scaffolding. Thinking to myself I hope we're not getting  
in trouble for doing this to the habitat, especially didn't  
get permission. I'm a little nervous about this. After  
awhile everything is set up + Don asks us to leave to see  
if the parents will come in to feed once everything  
quiets down. How would you like someone coming into

JUNE 8, 2007

your home, knock down some walls + remove stuff. Has to  
be a shock to them like, "what happen?" Hopefully they'll  
settle down, which the magpies will.

Damon took me through heavily denuded area full of  
rose hedges, tangle mess of branches, bramble, vines and things  
to scratch + poke you. Felt like going through areas that no  
body in their right mind ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> venture through. Damon showed  
me about five nests he has marked with orange tape.

Saw these colourful dragonflies - the ones I saw are  
VIVID DANCER DAMSELFLY <sup>also called -</sup> MOSQUITO HAWKS - dart after  
insects

one of the rarest species - found only in a few warm springs  
like today. Brilliant blue

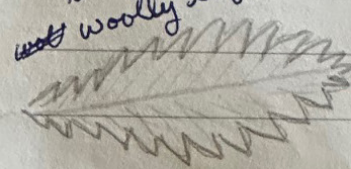
47

Damon took off to look for more nests will be back in 1 1/2 hr  
that's when Don will stop shooting the magpie. We do have to  
eat sometime.

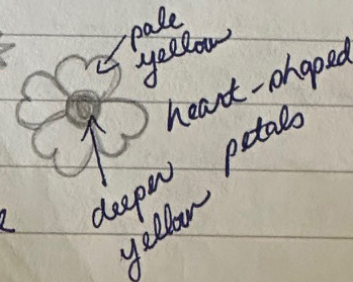
Took a walk on the boardwalk - sitting areas to view the  
lake - really blowing off the lake. and at the end of the  
trail a bird watch tower.

Took photo of a Seed head of a  
Yellow Salsify

sharply toothed  
woolly leaf.



graceful cinquefoil



Showy Milkweed

8 JUNE, 2007

(48)

Spent about 4 hrs. in forest trying to photograph Magpies. Lights a total frustration. Ended up at 1500 at 14:25 after being lead to believe yesterday by Canon that the lights would fire at 1800 at 16:22 - well they did but they were not at 1:01 or fall power. NOT A (48) HAPPY CAMPER YET WITH THE CANON LIGHTS.

The nest was about 8' up in a \_\_\_\_\_. Took Damon & J<sup>1/2</sup> to clear the site & set up 6' scaffolding. Birds co-operative to a point. The adult usually landed on a branch above the nest & then dropped to the nest opening with its back to the camera. Very black & white but with beautiful iridescent blue & greens when the light come from behind.

6:30 - Damon taking over so that Don & I can go and eat

(49)

Dinner at "Lollies Dream Kitchen" at Okanagan Falls. Order cheese burger & fries and Donnie hot turkey sandwich with coffee. Tonight for myself a glass of wht. wine. Meal was alright and the wine made me veg. out since it's been awhile since our last meal, breakfast. Place not very clean though. Noticed where we parked there's a group of men sitting outside of their rental units (looks like a motel but not) felt uneasy they looked like trouble. The whole town looks ~~stagnant~~<sup>sleepy</sup> like most people looks rough yet the one end of town where you enter looks so beautiful with the look of a tourist town. The lake, bridges and these two huge hotels.

Photo 2 rainbows over the area of lake VASEUX

After dinner back to the magpie location but before relieving Damon, Don & I took a walk on the boardwalk around the lake right to the end where the bird watch tower is. The watch tower was filled with people & lovers etching their full or part names or just initials.

JUNE 8, 2007 8:00 P.M

Once back to the birds, it's 8 o'clock time to stop. Damon is not getting the photos either - still learning or figuring out these light systems of Don's. Once home they're downloading the images to examine & see what to improve & work on.

50 8:30

Home by 8:30 - took a bath, feel very, very tired. The guys were busy getting organized for tomorrow shoot. Damon will do the morning - ~~at 12:30~~ at 12:30 (but without Don) then Don takes over at noon. Heard Don he wanted to meet this fellow too and Damon said who's going to photograph the magpies? Oh, maybe Tina. "No, Tina is taking mom out to Kelowna for lunch & shopping" said Donnie. Oh I guess it's alright, <sup>Don</sup> that you can come & photograph after meeting Laurie. I feel Damon is not being very considerate in not including Don also, since Donnie made the initial call once we got here in Summerland. Can't believe he ~~excluded~~ <sup>excluded</sup> Donnie out of the meeting.

10:30 - finally hubby is taking a bath  
Read more of Goldie's book to Don  
Lies out by midnight  
Tomorrow between 9:30-10 taking Mom out to Kelowna

9 June - Spent part of day working for Bobolinks at Bobolink Park South of Oliver at rd 22. At 7:00 checked Damon in blind at Hark-billed Magpie Nest. The nest was 8' up in Willow? right on Vaseux fork. It was about 16" in diameter - ~~low~~ clay or mud bowl with branches & 2 1/2 deep - covered w/ 1 opening in side. Male's tail feathers longer than female's. I nearly to fledge young. I thought magpie's would be bring in quail chicks but no - they fed grass hoppers & berries. It seems they are blamed for things they don't do.

53

Time 12:30 - Mom suggested lets have lunch at Milestone's. Ordered veg. burger & small ceasar salad. Found the ceasar to be a little strong (had actual <sup>cloves</sup> ~~cloves~~ of garlic that has been baked) Mom ordered turkey club. Good meal!

Mom asked if I wanted to go to the book store, Chapters. So after lunch, to Chapters. Mom bought two

June 16 (Saturday)  
Events of

54 Written on June 19/07 (Tues.)

I have no idea when they arrived with the warrant to search the guest house where myself, Don, Damon & [redacted] were staying in my mom's residence. Sitting at the usual chair in the kitchen writing in my journal of today's events.

Couldn't write anything down since those men came on my mother's private residence till now (afternoon of June 19, Tuesday)

Heard voices outside, men talking for quite a spell thinking it's Don Damon & [redacted] maybe the [redacted]. Must have been at least 1/2 hr. and wondering in what the heck are they talking. Finally Donnie yelled "Someone here!" "Who?" I answered back once again I repeat "Who's here?" Was shocked thinking that this can't be happening (put here) When I saw these strangers in uniform.

Felt sick about the whole thing and I knew it's the [redacted] contacts [redacted] who didn't phone or communicate with Damon + Don. Every thing happen so fast. June 13 12:20 Don called me that 3 people, but the [redacted] had Don to get out, which he did. Sometime the next morning (June 14) Nathan contacted his Dad about this letter from [redacted] note

7:30am - fishing derby

55

a slanderous broadcast email to all bidders in B.C. and maybe across Canada. [redacted] never, never did her homework to contact either Don or Damon to find out exactly what has happen. She had no excuse for not contacting as Don gave I believe [redacted]'s card with the cell # on back. So much misinformation and this has hurt my husband big time. Later in the evening (June 14) Damon + Don prepared a rebuttal to her letter and send it the next morning.

June 15 [redacted] phoned 7:40 - found the tripod - wouldn't tell where, when or how she found it. Something fishy! Later that morning she called again wanted to make arrangements to bring the lbe + tripod, Don without thinking gave my mother's address. We were on the road driving to Westbank 1st to check out site for a aerial shoot for Nathan's client. Afterwards I said to Don, I don't want them near my mother's place, don't trust after that letter. Something is really fishy. Call her back to make arrangement for pickup elsewhere. Don did call + left message. Of course no call back. I truly feel they had the equipment all along (which is theft) to the action of sabotaging both men. June 16 Sometime mid-morning - men with a warrant to seize whatever [redacted] (3) CWS [redacted] + [redacted]

Promised to bring Don + Damon's computer by Wednesday.

June 10, Sunday

Woken up to a woodpecker making its rat-tat-tat  
6 a.m. telling us wake up, wake up! Didn't arise  
till 7:00 - nice day, sun's out, floating white clouds  
Suppose to be rain sometime today (40% chance)

While having our usual cup of java, I'm cooking some  
eggs (hard-boiled) Finding the two-burner slow to get  
to boiling point, nothing like my stove. By 8:10 - Damon  
off to set up for the yellow-breasted chat, one of the  
few areas to find these species (O-lives area)

We left around 9:30 to Vasquez Wildlife Centre. As  
Damon called he needed something so now we're meeting  
up with him at the chat site first. Don stopped at magpie  
site, was concern about equipment & wanted to check to make sure  
everything is o.k. before continuing. Don feels the babies is  
ready to go.

10:30 - met up with Damon (turn left on #22 rd.)  
through O-lives

- he wanted 2 poles, oh well there's only one

11:30 - Climbing up into the blind was harder than I  
thought as the bottom of ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> running shoes was  
slippery on the poles. The babies are sleeping for  
the moment

- The one baby opened its beak wide open that you  
can see practically down their brilliant red  
mouths. Looked like this one was yawning but

10 JUNE 2007 1:15 A.M

it spit out a small brown coloured food pellet  
afterwards the ~~the~~ baby kept opening & closing its beak, maybe, almost  
like it didn't taste so great and kept looking at  
the pellet, probably thinking what in the world did  
I throw up here. Both parents came, female took  
the food pellet away.

22-25  
Male - much longer tail (greenish-blue) wings (blue)  
Female - smaller

Was able to get 5-6 shots - both parents in  
12:30 - sound asleep

- male came in (they're still sleeping)

- took out shit of <sup>the</sup> nest

57

Discovered the flash by the nest - not going off - it's  
not plugged in.

1:15 - Someone came by & said "Hello?" It's that Don  
White? Don replied, yes, who do you do down  
there?

- E [redacted] m!

Don - Are you the Park Ranger?

D.E - Yes, what you got there?

Don - magpies, busy, busy

D.E - catch you later

10 JUNE 2007 1:25 PM

He lefted → Don: that's a lucky break, known him for 30 yrs.

1:25 → trying to spit (rain), now the wind is blowing good. Ten minutes later sun out + inside bird blind it's quite warm. Mixed up weather.

58

stretching, exercising, preening + sleeping, quite ~~active~~ active  
flapping their wings

1:50 One of them was busy exercising on the edge of the nest just as a good gust of wind came + lifted him up even so slightly but the little guy manage to <sup>(recover)</sup> rescue himself.

2 p.m. both busy playing, pulling on twigs, taking a look + listening to other birds calls. Very ~~attentive~~ much aware of ~~the surrounding~~ their surroundings

3:15 p.m. Don left me alone  
took couple 2-3 photos  
parent + babies  
baby flapping both wings  
parent taking fecal SAC  
last shot - by accident

3:30 quite windy all of a sudden → 125-32  
2 more photos of baby

3:45 - wind getting stronger. - Don's back

June 20th Wednesday

talked with Damon → chat never came in + one of his lights is not working. Left that site + now at black-headed grosbeak's nest.

Almost 4:30 - getting quite - over across the lake a squall coming <sup>windy</sup> over way. Had to put my sweater on, it's cold suddenly.

59

Babies are hunkering down in the bottom of the bowl in the nest to keep warm.

Heard the splashing behind the blind again, unzipped the back flap and <sup>opened</sup> there's that splash again. This time I saw it, a beaver <sup>(I think)</sup> going straight up out of the water. Must be playing around the water lilies. <sup>(yellow)</sup> Took a photo of the reeds, and the raindrops in the lake. Noticed south of the lake large white trumpeter swan at least I think that's what it is. Didn't bring ~~my~~ binoculars, tomorrow I will. Heard one splash after another. - two beavers. 5:30 rain came down hard. Saw it again they're not beavers, otter (light brown) This time the otter came up + flip on it's back and right under.

Stopped shooting at 6 - PACKED + LEFT FROM VASEUX 6:15

10 JUNE 2007 (60)

Fast day working with Tina + it was a real joy to have her up in the blind sitting next to me.

Sort of what I've been working towards my entire life. Got the lights & everything set up & discovered after 1st hour that one light wasn't plugged in (fill light). Both parents come in at fixed 1/2 hour intervals and we took about 100 shots.

I'm hoping that at least a few are OK. Had a visit from the park ranger - [redacted]

[redacted] - an old friend from my police days. [redacted] was a [redacted] fireman.

(60)

Supper at Santorini's - ate everything on my plate (Don too) Being in the bird blind & all that fresh air makes you hungry. 6 1/2 hrs. of photography the magpies.

7:45 - going to Giant's Head to check on the pygmy nuthatch nest. No sight of the nuthatch, maybe out collecting food

Once home Don gone up to the main house to phone Karl to find out how Kris is doing and I'm washing the dishes. Meanwhile Damon's back & didn't have success today with the yellow-breasted chat or black-headed grosbeak, plus having problems with one of his lights. Both birds are shy especially when their habitat has been disturbed. Hopefully nothing goes wrong with ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> nest

Photo → Rainbows again - over the lake

Doing two loads of dark wash including some clothing articles of Damon

(61)

Donnie loading images of magpies & deleted the rejects.

I didn't get to see the few I took - only one. He doesn't know who has taken what. Felt disappointed I really wanted to see as I couldn't see the screens on camera properly, didn't have my glasses. Tomorrow, if we're taking pictures I'll make sure to bring my glasses, pillow to sit on chair & binoculars. Damon is getting up early to shoot the Magpies & we're looking for nests. A little later in the morning.

Kris is fine & it's benign

Magpie nest is in a some type of a willow, maybe Bebb's willow. Need to take a photo or sample & bark rubbing.

①

10 JUNE 2007

Took a photo of the rainbow standing on the suspended balcony off the bedroom. The sky is so beautiful tonight, has a pinkish glow to everything.

62

I'm really new to the world of bird photography and being in a bird blind was a new experience for me. Spent 6½ hrs with Donnie watching mostly, learning in how he does it. Eventually I got to get behind the camera and soon discover you have to be prepared when something is happening. The birds wasn't bother with us, bird blind or the flashing. They just continue as usual tending to babies needs & cleaning up the nest. There's no stress. I think purists seem to presume when they have no idea unless they actually did what I did, sit & watch what a bird ~~photographer~~ photographer actually does.

Discover that after 10+ years where my parent's orchard in Summerland is, the black-billed magpie's always nest in the trees on their 10 acre orchard. Always thought these birds were black & wht. Not true. Colours are iridescent blue on wings & green on the tail with black bodies (+wht)

63

Sometime mid-morning Damon mentioned you won't believe this but [redacted] is a member of the chat recovery team. Both Don & I said "What!?" as he was telling them to go there [redacted] I'm used to work together 25 yrs. ago & he knew that they're out to take photos of birds here in this area. INTERESTING!

11:30 - Damon [redacted] off to the rehearsal for the day.

Don phoned [redacted] - he's planning to send a letter to [redacted] but wants Helma to edit & make sure everything is correct.

Around noon, Don & I left from the guest house - trying to locate where's the cop station, found it 12:26 - 4 vehicles (Summerland) (21°C)

12:50 - Staples (Penticton)

- 2305 HB (12:45) 4x4 silver, big new truck

- feels he's being followed, fellow pulled in but took off when Don took license plate. Maybe nothing.

Dropped of mom's cross-stitch papers, getting all 6 sheets blowed up to 11x17 - Pick up tomorrow at 11 a.m.

1:00 lunch at <sup>(64)</sup> Barley Mill Pub  
- bought & shared a BLT with each other

1:45 - leaving pub.

Reporting of Environmental & Wildlife Violation  
(24 hrs.) 1-800-663-9453

No address

Gaming Policy & Enforcement Branch  
200 - 1517 Water St.  
Kelowna 861-7363.

(found #'s  
in yellow pages  
at the pub)

2:10 across from KOA, Ye Olde Welcome Inn Pub  
at Gallagher Lake. Don's trying to locate  
[redacted] wife to try to get hold of him to give  
him a head's up on what's going on.  
(only 5 minutes here - nothing)

Don's really suspicious, or mistrust after yesterday's  
events of being followed, people taking photos &  
so forth. I guess paranoia

24,729 } 9 km from sign to kiosk (info)  
24,738 } Nothings states about chats or studies  
are being conducted or keep out of area  
except for keep out, danger yellow signs for Haynes

Maple Ridge

Today 4:18 PM

(took photo of signs AT BUILDINGS)

<sup>(65)</sup> buildings. If it's such a sensitive area, why  
couldn't signs be posted to warn anyone to stay  
back until a certain time period is over with the  
study or whatever.

(took photo of sign)  
262 hectare reserve - stay out sign 9 km away only  
nothing about the chat  
show pic's of a bear &  
snake - what type?  
nothing.

turning off #97 onto 22nd. no signs to  
say stay out or nothing.

- take only memories & photographs } AT KIOSK  
- leave all plants, animals & artifacts }

(2:40) all garbage has been picked up - day before garbage

- Don began chatting it up with these 2 women who  
has been bird watching. The one was elderly (Mrs.  
~~redacted~~ & the other (Hospice care) Don <sup>fold</sup> some of

the situation of what's going on & the woman was saying  
how are we going to know about birds without pictures

Don then mentioned that they went in weigh the babies  
& then band them which the woman was disgusted in finding  
out that they're doing exactly what they shouldn't

More stressed to birds doing this, then sitting in a  
blind - watching. They proceeded to tell us there's chats  
at Haynes Provincial Park - lots of people, camping &  
swimming. Jumped into car - got there 4 p.m. No signs

Today  
4:18 PM

(66)

again about the yellow breasted chats - high volume of people, children. Nothing about high-risk or whatever. Don took photo of info board.

(I took photo of trees)

4:40 - NK'MIP Desert Cultural Centre

~~not at this centre~~

arrived

5 p.m. - Now heading for the desert centre closed

- Don took photo of sign on gate for info.

- we'll come back tomorrow.

(No success in finding ~~the~~ wife, yet)

Don decided lets go up to mt. Baldy's skiing

arrived 6:35

Road part paved + other half up to the top gravel lots of ~~wildlife~~ wildlife habitat. Good area for birds.

Saw two deers, black cub, three marmots Hawk, young rabbit (middle of road) + squirrel

9°C at the top - quite cold.

Had a good talk, found out he's a complicated man but I truly believe in him + love him 100%

(66)

again about volume

risk or car phone, that's odd it (I took photo never rings unless someone has

4:40 - N the # only Don + I have

(I the number. Made us very

arrived

5 p.m. - N Voice, sorry wrong #. All the time since I've bought the

- Car it has never rang, except for the once when Don called once long ago. With my car it has a

(No success GPS - they locate my whereabouts

Don d

arrived

Road part paved + other half up to the top gravel lots of ~~wildlife~~ wildlife habitat. Good area for birds.

Saw two deers, black cub, three marmots Hawk, young rabbit (middle of road) + squirrel

9°C at the top - quite cold.

Had a good talk, found out he's a complicated man but I truly believe in him + love him 100%

(67)

driving up Baldy's my high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

high- board.

events of  
June 19<sup>th</sup>, Tuesday — written on June 20<sup>th</sup>.

- Up around 7 a.m. - Don put on the coffee

- Breakfast - oatmeal

(68)

- Don left messages on [REDACTED] <sup>phone</sup> to please call back.

9:15 - took mom to Penticton's hospital for her once a month shot (appointment 9:45)

- Next to Staples, Art + Knapp and groceries.

Getting to pay for groceries I realized that my wallet is in my other purse + dawned on me that I've been driving ~~out~~ without my driver's license. Called Don to bring my wallet to IGA. 15 min. later or so I phoned Don back to not bother, mom will cover. (Only 37.05 will <sup>pay her</sup> ~~back~~ back.) As we're walking towards my car I pulled out a set of keys Don's keys, ~~good I had cancelled~~ It's a good thing I told <sup>him</sup> not to come as he would have tried to find his keys. My mind + heart is so heavy, worrying about my husband, he seems different. Focus on making tapes for hours talking, seems not aware I'm in the room. Last nite.

(69)

Just before noon I'm back at the guest house carrying my groceries and then I knocked on the side entrance door off the kitchen so that Don can let me in with the bags of groceries. Heard Don yelling at me like I wasn't his wife, even when he opened the door he had scream to go away for five minutes. Can't remember the rest of his words. Basically he was really angry at someone on the phone, so I placed the bags outside the door + walked to the front + sat in what shade I could find. Don't know who he is talking with but whoever <sup>is</sup> the person he's with, very mad.

While waiting two quails walked pasted me casually like I'm not really there. Looks like they're checking out the area under Don's trailer, why I don't know. Maybe looking for somewhere for a nice place to rest under some shade from the sun.

Must have sat outside for 20 minutes. Don finally opened the door where I sat, smiling at me but I'm not smiling back at him. Told him he didn't have to yell at me like that, could just said,

give me some time I'm on the phone, like most people would say, like me to you would.

(70)

Lunch at Santorinis - Had the special brisot & grilled cheese (both of us ordered the same thing)

- Gas at Petro - Canada in Penticton.

- Heading now to the Cactus Centre but I'm doing the driving. Don is totally exhausted, have not slept at all for the last few days. Cost [REDACTED] called Don back and Don to me is being easily agitated & seems confuse with things in his mind.

I feel he's not helping the situation with all that has happen in the last few days. At this point he's not being in charge now Damon. Under investigation only. He has fear.

2:15 - Cactus centre D.C.'s wife doesn't work here.  
(27°C - blowing good)

4:15

Stopped on the way back in Oliver's archives. First, Don took a cat map before going in.

(71)

Once home I made pasta for dinner - Don busy writing + tapes. Why?

Tomorrow he's flying - aerial work for Nathan Westbank, Kelowna, Barkerville & Quesnel

Bed - 10

(22)

To June 07. Up super early.  
 Today Tina's and my  
 19<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our  
 engagement. Out to Burbank  
 Airport to meet [redacted]  
 Got airborne @ 7<sup>50</sup>-8<sup>00</sup> &  
 flew Westbank + found  
 target but continued onto  
 Kelowna. Awesome day.  
 Super clear. Took shots of  
 3 Kelowna targets but will  
 shoot again to-morrow.  
 Got great over views of Kelowna.  
 Landed at Kel to refuel.  
 Flew onto Quesnel. Partially  
 cloudy but began to look  
 as if we might get Quesnel  
 & be able to go onto ~~into~~ INZ  
 Barkerville. [redacted]  
 cloudy. Shot target in 5 min  
 & returned to Kel to refuel.  
 Did a refueling in Quesnel.  
 Adm't love [redacted] #  
 so will call in am.  
 Had interesting conversation

with [redacted] - actually got  
 less in [redacted] from yapping so  
 much.  
 Might fly again to-morrow.  
 Had a couple of ~~shots~~  
 ciders with Tina. Talked.  
 Super tired. Will retire  
 by 8<sup>30</sup>.

13 Aug (23)

[redacted]  
 1-25 [redacted]  
 [redacted] 490-7602  
 Jim -

June 24, Monday

History is fiction that  
has been agreed upon  
So said, Mark Twain.

74  
+

10:30am - at M.R. Hospital, Don finishing up  
breakfast. Michelle there.

Willie came to visit Don - left around 1:30pm  
Don in bed, Nathan + Kevin showed up  
Ken Stewart came to visit also.

2:40pm - I left the hospital - found a penny 1987

3pm went to see Josie + Dave to tell them ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> is  
happening

Once home - phoned Billy.... he tried to call at least  
3X's last nite. Temporal Arteritis

↑  
Don's mom has this

Back to hospital after talking to Billy. left around 7:30pm  
me - I'll dream of you tonight  
Don - Dream only a good dream

- Nathan came to visit Dad
- [redacted] showed up around his dinner hour.
- Kevin + Chantelle came by, gave Don a book, very thoughtful.
- Willie Pierre + Ken Stewart also came by.
- → Marg + Pete Babiy (really wonderful people) Mary  
Mary told Don you think too much to relax,  
get well first.

4 76

By 8pm I walked Don to his room. Tired.  
He wanted to phone his brother, Billy and I asked Don  
I would like a moment since I hadn't had any one  
to one time with my husband since I arrived today.  
So many visitors, which was great for him.

Hold each other at the wrists and felt this  
electrical charge through me to my hand and Don  
Felt the same thing. We are spiritual connection

Home by 8:45pm. Dorette Calderwood left a  
message, also Andy and Don's sister Joan called.  
Will try to phone them tomorrow.

10pm → Donnie called me to ask, if I got home alright?