

In 1980, I used to take my sons Kevin and Nathan bird watching a short distance from our home. We'd cross a main street and disappear into a forested area to look for our feathered friends. One side of the road was residential while the other side was in the Agricultural Land Reserve. My boys were so young, I nicknamed them 'Me Up' and 'Me To' as they used to take turns piggybacking on my shoulders. Our residence was northwest of downtown Maple Ridge. One day a neighbour asked me to take air photos of a large parcel of acreage on the ARL side of the roadway. We talked and I suggested taking the pics in the late afternoon on a clear blue sky day showing its proximity to the residential homes with the downtown core of Maple Ridge and Mount Baker for a backdrop. I didn't take any to the northwest showing ARL acreage. There was an-eye-in-the-sky news reporter who flew a two-seater plane Monday through Friday during peak traffic

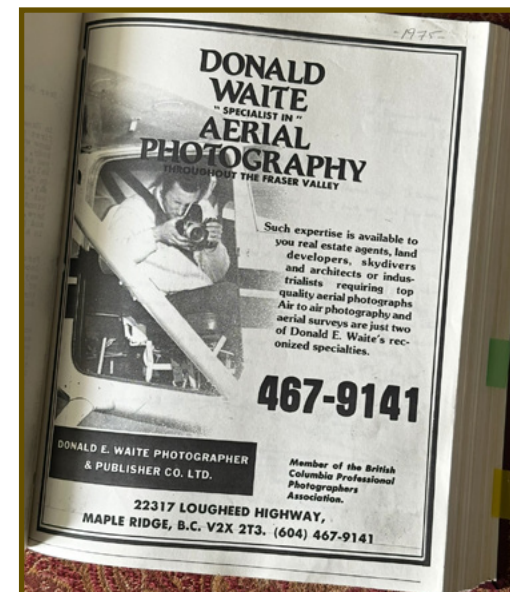
hours reporting accidents. An excellent pilot, my first flights were with her. She flew out of the Pitt Meadows Airport and knew every air traffic controller on a first name basis as well as every intersection within a 50 mile radius.

My neighbour managed to get his land out of the farm reserve and sell it at a good profit since properties taken out of the ALR were worth far less than residential properties. Commercial realtors doing their homework can extract large parcels ALR farmland into industrial properties making their clients and themselves super rich. Realtors need to anticipate the hurdles from municipal, provincial and federal bureaucrats in order to move land from ALR to more profitable listings. It's a chess game and successful realtors have to anticipate questions and know the answers well in advance of meetings. It's challenging and top realtors have to attend meetings with their ears and eyes open and their mouths shut involving land movement. It doesn't hurt to befriend city planners and take them for lunch and pick their brains about anything to do with the direction of city expansion.

One day, a Maple Ridge pilot called explaining he had an offshore client who needed air photos of the Meadow Gardens Golf Course less than a mile from the airport. We had not been in the air more than half an hour before my pilot had done a couple of circuits around the impossible to miss target. The golf course owners, anxious to make a fast sale to Chinese or Japanese investors, spent \$4,000 on photos. The price tag for the golf course shortly afterwards escalated from \$9,000,000 to \$13.5 million. My invoice was a drop in the bucket. My bill represented more money than I was making a month with family portraits and wedding photography, and so, I slowly started my transition into aerial photography. It's ironic the 160 acre golf course had only a few years earlier belonged to my future father-in-law's partner when they started up their home and apartment building company. It was first a dairy farm, then a turf farm, and eventually the golf course.

A short time later the same pilot took me on a flight and I requested the door be removed. I did not have a headset while he had his perched on the side of his head so he could simultaneously hear the air traffic controller in his left ear and my yelling in his right. Without the door, it was noisy. While returning from a job, I saw dirt being turned on a piece of real estate directly underneath the plane, a sure indication it was a hot property. I screamed at my pilot to lay over, and the aircraft went from flying level to banking 30 degrees in a heartbeat. I would have fallen out of the plane if not for my seat belt holding me back and saving me from a 1,500-foot free fall. It all happened in a split second, but during that time I dropped my camera while reaching for the door jams. Fortunately, the camera was strapped around my neck, but I sprained several fingers on both hands while the camera came back to smack me in the face. My pilot, realizing his mistake, overcompensated and promptly flipped me back into the plane and we smashed heads. It was a warm sunny afternoon, and my armpits instantly perspired all the way down to my belt loops. We returned to the airport immediately as both my hands were giving me a great deal of pain. My pilot was laughing so hard he bounced the plane two or three times on the runway, possibly making this his very worst ever landing. Once, the same pilot returned to the airport and there were tree leaves in the wheel well. Another time doing farm photography, a rookie pilot followed my instructions to the letter with my yelling, "Lower, lower, lower" until my looking up and seeing telephone wires a couple of feet under the plane. Newbie pilots and photographers can sometimes use up one of their nine lives without even being aware of the dangers.

I had another close brush with disaster during these formative years when flying with a pilot who owned a two-seater plane where the passenger occupied the back seat. As such, I sat directly behind him, unaware his control stick was coupled to mine. This aircraft was used for training purposes so an instructor can take over the controls if necessary from the student. When the pilot brought the yoke straight back, it struck me in my privates. He thought this was a great joke, but it became no laughing matter a few moments later. I had asked him if it was all right to stow my lenses



A Bird's Eye View, 1982

in the pouch attached to the back of his seat. He had agreed, never realizing the lenses for my medium-format camera system were quite bulky. After taking off, he attempted to push his control stick forward to level the plane's nose, but could not do so because my control stick got jammed against the lenses in the pouch. Consequently, the plane began to climb in a near-vertical ascent and seconds later would have caused it to stall and fall out of the sky. Luckily, the older pilot had the experience and presence of mind to cut the motor and land without power at the very end of the runway. At first, he was most upset with me until realizing he had been the cause of his own near accident. His partner crashed practicing aerial maneuvers and died and then his kid brother and a client went down into Pitt Lake. Both died.

I accompanied the news pilot a few times a year before flying with friend Len Werner who also owned a two-seater-plane. One time, he took me on a flight through the Indian Arm Valley to photograph a site for a client of a new subdivision development in Squamish, 50 miles north of Vancouver. We landed to take on fuel and have lunch. We experienced a bit of unsolicited excitement when a large logging helicopter landed and its rotor wash blew a small plane off the end of the runway into some

small trees. We witnessed its owner jumping up and down for our benefit. As a precaution, Len decided to tie his plane down before we headed for a snack. He had a sixth sense explaining he was not licensed to fly for profit; hence, I never paid him for his service but did fuel his plane and also helped him add a new roof to his house. Sure enough, a rival aerial photographer tried to stir the pot by informing the police and a short time later a RCMP sergeant paid me a visit. I was very polite but after an hour asked him to leave and not to come back unless he had warrant.

The time arrived when the Air Transportation Safety Board (ATSB) changed the rules, and all aircraft had to have a transponder, the instrument making it easy to pinpoint an aircraft's position not merely by longitude and latitude, but also by its height above sea level. They were costly and not many small planes had this device for the first several months. Hence, one pilot sometimes lied about his location, expressing even a blind man could see large passenger planes from 10 miles away. He fibbed to the air traffic controllers about our whereabouts when I needed to be in a certain location but was redirected to stay clear and fly in a circular pattern until it was safe. An old pilot told me he had once put a plane in the drink and, incredibly, was able to find a rope and tow it to shore. There are old pilots and bold pilots, but no old bold pilots.

As mentioned earlier, Kenne Allen was the top gun in the sky. I called Kenne to have lunch and explained I was planning to slowly transition from portrait and wedding photography to become his competitor. Promising I would never undercut his prices; he showed me his fees to clients and I kept my word. This agreement would take me to be the number one air photographer in BC a few years later.

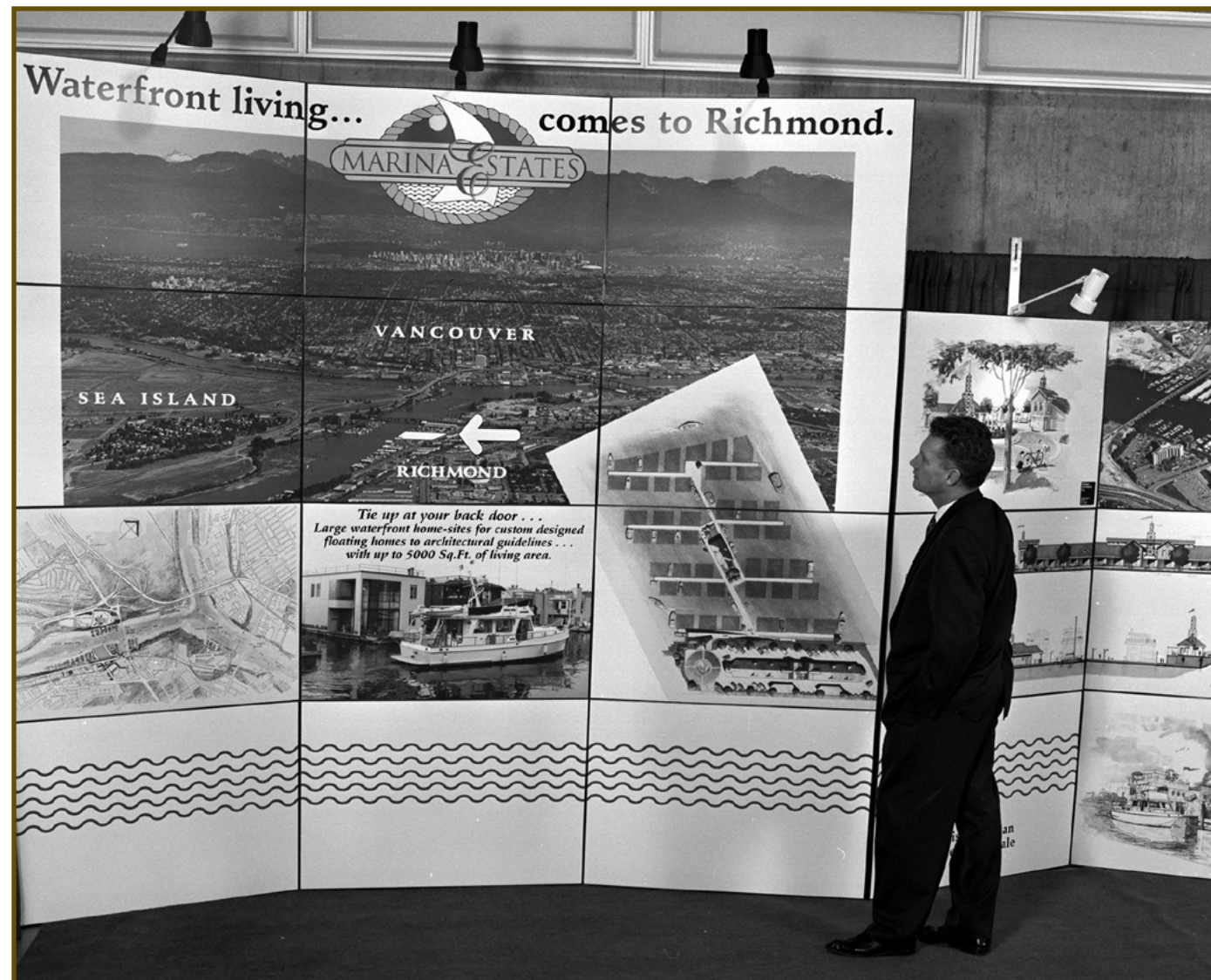
The Exposition of Transportation and Communication, called Expo 86, took place in Vancouver but my depression caused by my separation and later divorce, left me in no position to take advantage of the opportunities taking place on a world stage. Instead, I spent a great deal of time in my tiny office on the third floor of the largest furniture store in Maple Ridge contemplating my future. It was during this time I began using a grid system on a huge 4 x 8 foot map of the Fraser Valley. It was numbered up and down vertically and left to right alphabetically. It was primitive but it became the birth of my air photo filing system. Although my Expo year was dismal and my combined total sales from family portraits, weddings, and air photos left me up to my neck in debt, Kenne made a fortune on the books, along with a smaller fortune under the table. He and his wife travelled to Hong Kong for a client to take air photos of the city but the pollution and language problems made his effort futile yet he was able to write the cost of the holiday trip off as a business expense.

A short time after Expo, Kenne, myself and two other air photographers in Vancouver tried to breach the Combine's Act by price fixing. It could have worked out for all of us but one drastically cut his fees which really muddled up the market. He and I almost came to fisticuffs at the Boundary Bay Airport in Delta a few months after the meeting. He cost everyone a lot of money until eventually going out of business.

In the fall of 1986, I met Tina Carlson, general manger of the apartment where I lived, and she very quickly

became the love of my life and wife. Before Tina and I left on our honeymoon to the US in the early part of 1990, I purchased a Macintosh computer with a tiny black-and-white screen. I was able to do my invoicing on this machine and enter the descriptions of my existing air photo collection. It cost \$3,500 and the cataloguing software cost \$100. During this period my knowledge of computers was zero, and in those days, information was moved from one computer to another on \$15 floppy discs that held less than one megabyte of information. After a few years, I began to have quite a collection of carefully catalogued images. For the first several years I played everything safe and did not dare place all my eggs in one basket and instead continued to shoot portraits, weddings and take air photos, but I slowly weaned myself to only taking aerial photographs. During these early flights, my pilots often landed at the Chilliwack airport and we'd have their famous mile-high apple pie and ice cream.

I was having a hard time wrapping my head around some of the computer jargon relating to file sizes and a computer's ability to deal with big photos. Finally, my daughter Michelle came over and tried to explain. She told me to think of a train and the RAM was the amount of horsepower required to run the engine and a hard drive was the boxcar. She then went on to explain the software was the brain running the train. I understood these parts of the analogy. She told me my computer had no brains and I would have to buy some very pricey software to manipulate the air photos. She then told me the amount of RAM for my little computer just wasn't capable of dealing with my humongous volume of large files. She told me I needed more hard drive space in which to store the huge photos. At last I now vaguely understood the challenges that lay before me. She wryly commented: "You are now trying to load a train box car with the kind of shovel a kid uses at the beach to fill a plastic pail and you need a huge scoop shovel for loading a real dump truck. You also need more train cars."



A portable 12x8 foot display offering land for sale in Terra Rosa, Richmond, immediately south of the Vancouver International Airport and the City of Vancouver, 1992

Tina and I used to drive around in the wee hours of the night with a spot light to write down the names and phone numbers off billboards of realtors involved in the marketing of large parcels of land. During this time a secretary with the largest commercial real estate company in Vancouver began buying stock air photos from my ever-expanding collection. She would call me about once a week, and I would drive into Vancouver to show her my carefully catalogued pictures filed in three-ring binders by city and date. She suggested photocopying my entire collection to cut down on my travels. We talked and I suggested all brokers place their orders through her so the pics might be used multiple times. She became the company's 'picture buyer'. Providing her with photocopies worked so well for me I began producing huge catalogues in black and white to sell to my many clients from 1990 through 1993. It was a laborious task and my sons Nathan and Michael put in shifts churning out pages and pages of PMT's (Positive Mechanical Transfers), producing prints with grey tones like the photos appearing in newspapers. They then arranged them in chronological order to be bound up for sale to the larger commercial real estate companies. It was an expensive undertaking but it paid dividends down the road.

When shooting stock material, it was interesting listening to pilots chatting with the air traffic controllers at Vancouver International Airport and getting permission to do a fly-by and then get out of the way of a "big heavy" or "air bus." In many cases the "big heavies" were lined up coming in from the northeast over Pitt Lake or the west over the University of British Columbia every eight to 10 minutes. Occasionally, there would be a lull in their movements, and I'd take the opportunity to get stock air photos of Richmond since that city was almost impossible for getting clearance when planes were inbound or outbound on a busy day. I would wake up in the morning, not only looking for a blue-sky day, but I'd also be checking the windsock to see if fresh Arctic air was coming down from the north or west from over the Pacific Ocean.

One day, I happened to see an old friend and we got to talking about my air photo business. He suggested I contact Sandy McCaig, a pilot who had a double hangar at the Pitt Meadows Airport. He kept his four-seater plane in one hangar and a restoration of old furniture business in another hangar. He took me up in for a test flight and although his plane was heavier than the other aircraft I'd ever flown in, and used more fuel, there were big advantages. It flew faster and slower than any of the other aircraft. By flying faster, it was possible to get from target to target quicker, and when flying slower there was more time to compose my shots on those rare blue-sky days with unlimited visibility. It was my tripod in the sky. Because he worked at his shop at the airport, he was usually available at a moment's notice to take to the air. He was an awesome pilot who could eat a sandwich, talk on his cellular phone, and place me exactly where I wanted to be to take my well composed pics all based on my hand signals.

In 1992 my younger son Nathan and I drove down to Arlington, Washington State, to see a prototype of a flying car that had been designed by a National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) engineer. A short time later I did a talk to the Professional Photographers of British Columbia and discussed the life and times of an aerial photographer. I did a slide presentation and showed the crowd a picture of Nathan in the cockpit and told everyone the cost was \$75,000 American. To add a second white lie, I told everyone that the small craft could be parked stationary to allow for the taking of photographs. Prior to my talk, I was the only aerial photographer in the yellow pages but the following year there were seven. I'd shot myself in the foot. Knowledge is power only until it is shared.



Prototype of the first flying car, 1992

In early 1994, I was having lunch with Kenne and the conversation came around to the 13.5% Goods and Services Tax charged by the federal government. He told me his accountant had discovered he had been eligible for a huge refund. My competitor explained to me an air photo business was exempt from paying the tax. No one had told me about this loophole, meaning I had overpaid all along. Kenne appealed, won the appeal, and secured the refund. I checked my books and learned I too had overpaid my taxes. I appealed, but the tax department stonewalled me at every turn. The case was eventually handled by a telephone conference call, with three judges in three different locations in Ontario listening to Revenue Canada's lawyer disputing why the money should not be refunded. In the end, the tribunal sided with Revenue Canada. Ironically, my tiny company and one larger business ever challenged Revenue Canada and although losing my appeal stayed on their website for several years.

It was during this period when Kenne telephoned me from the Vancouver General Hospital to say his drinking problem had caught up to him and he had been in a serious car accident. He asked me to photograph several of his sites for his many clients. Kenne was number one with me the runner-up in the pecking order of aerial photographers in the province. A few days after his accident I visited him in the hospital and he was curled up in a fetal position in bed, crying. He explained during his surgery the doctors found stomach cancer. Since we had become friends, he gave me his list of clients.

I concluded despite my working harder than ever before, my sales were in decline. I bought several plastic milk containers; they were the perfect size to hold six three-ring binders. I also bought two big suitcases to carry binders up to my clients to sell photos. I had all this paraphernalia in the back of the van and drove into Vancouver, waiting for calls from potential customers on my brick-size cellular phone and make cold calls on potential new clients. Tina's Dad had a saying, "If you want to become rich, take a wealthy man to lunch and insist on paying the tab". He also said constant advertising was the key to grow a business. With only four years of schooling, he sometimes had 60 employees working for his company building homes and later large apartment complexes.

I flew with one gift pilot who spotted a large helium balloon ascending into the wild blue yonder and without even talking to me, he gave chase. It was my opportunity to experience first hand what an air-to-air dogfight a pilot would go through during the First World War. He nailed the balloon with the propeller blade but then insisted on a return to the airport to make sure it hadn't been sucked into the motor. It was a crystal blue sky fly day and I had several targets. He made me sick making it impossible for me to get back up into the air. His antics did not endear me with my clients as they wanted to know why I had not flown their properties. I told them the truth and none were amused.



In 1994 and 1995 I started placing air photos of the larger cities on CD-ROM and selling them to the bigger land developers and commercial Realtors. This was an expensive and laborious task.

In 1995 the largest non-military campaign in the history of Canada took place near 100-Mile House in the Cariboo, which came to be known as the Gustafson Lake Stand-Off. RCMP officers ended up in a firefight with indigenous First Nations over land rights. One officer was shot in the back, who if not for his bullet-proof jacket, would surely have been a casualty in the conflict. With

the death of Katzie Chief Joe Pierre his wife Agnes took over his post until a replacement could be found. Since I went into Vancouver one a week to purchase inventory, I would pick Agnes up to drop her off at the Department of Indian Affairs. Because of her intelligence, she became a spokeswoman for her people and often traveled to the nation's capital to negotiate with federal politicians. She wanted me to be a part of her delegation, but it interfered with my business. One time she hired me to perform a flight to the source of the Pitt River and take photos as they were required for her meetings with the officials in Ottawa. One of Agnes's concerns was the extraction of gravel from Cougar Lake on the Upper Pitt River, which was then barged down the lake to be sold to a concrete plant in Richmond. She was concerned about the impact of these activities on fish spawning. Some of these photographs were later enlarged and used in the accounts of the Slumach Lost Mine of Pitt Lake by movie producers in the making of "The Curse of the Frozen Gold" and "Deadman's Curse".

In 1996, the company won a contract to photograph the cities of Calgary and Edmonton for a multinational telecommunications company required low-level flying so they could determine suitable locations for their towers. The vice-president wanted to come along to enjoy a flight over the Rockies. My pilot was a newbie who needed the hours for his application to fly the big passenger planes. The three of us departed from Pitt Meadows Airport on a gorgeous blue-sky morning with the VP sitting up front while I slept in the back seat. I don't even recall the pilot putting down to take on fuel at Nelson. We landed in a snow storm in Calgary. The VP took a commercial flight back to Vancouver. The pilot and I were stranded for a week until a Chinook melted all the snow, after which we photographed the two cities. It took us 10 days.

The telecommunications company was happy with my Alberta assignment and asked me to repeat the task for Toronto in December. I explained it was a bad idea due to snow and inclement weather, but they insisted. My client

even allowed me to bring my own experienced pilot and we flew first class to Toronto. Sure enough, the weather was awful, and I never tripped a shutter. The telecommunications company wanted my pilot and I to fly São Paulo, Brazil, but the assignment would have kept us away for several months so we decided to pass on the once in a lifetime opportunity, concluding the language and logistics barriers would likely have resulted into a similar experience to Kenne Allen's flight to Hong Kong.

EXODUS FROM CHINA & BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PIRANHA FRENZY

In 1997, Britain agreed to return Hong Kong to China, resulting in a mass exodus from the communist country to other parts of the world. Many came to British Columbia's west coast, and the price of real estate in British Columbia skyrocketed as high-rise buildings in Vancouver, Richmond, and Victoria sprang out the ground due to their proximity to ocean and mountains. It was a piranha frenzy, and top residential and commercial Realtors were taking full advantage of the opportunity. The commercial high-rise builders needed air pics in glossy brochures to promote their many projects. Top marketing advertisers catered to commercial Realtors by turning out slick glossy brochures in foreign languages. Several times my photo lab printed negatives to huge 6x7 foot sizes which were tubed and flown overnight to overseas buyers. One time the lab even produced a print in three sections for an eight foot by 12 foot wall mural. A few years later, brochures could be made into digital files capable of reaching a global market. It was my opportunity to create globalairphotos.com making it possible for two realtors on opposite sides of the world to be able to look at the same photograph.

I went up on crystal clear days with unlimited visibility and took stock photographs of any place where dirt was being turned, making sure my pics had ocean, mountains, downtown Vancouver, and blue sky in the background. On such days my pilot and I ate lunch while in the air and only landed to refuel and use the washroom. On one fabulously clear day I flew 14 jobs. Morning flights had the sun on my back shooting to the northwest towards Vancouver while afternoon flights mid-summer had the sun on my back with Mount Baker as a backdrop to the southeast.

There was one very successful Chinese Realtor who had an office in an upper suite in one of the high-rise towers going up on the north side of downtown Vancouver overlooking Burrard Inlet and the north shore mountains. Some suites nearer the top of the skyscraper took up an entire floor and were selling at ridiculously high prices to Asian buyers. He'd sit in a display suite on the top floor and wait for potential buyers. I started to affectionately call him 'Spider man' because he'd just patiently sit and wait for a fly to wander into his cobweb. One time, I accompanied him to lunch with a Chinese entrepreneur who had the footprint to build shopping centres throughout the world. He had the floor plans to bring in store chains replicated in locations where the population growth justified buying up vacant land. My client was a big fish in a small pond while our luncheon associate was a big fish in a big pond. He invested his rich families' money in shopping centres throughout North America. One time a commercial Realtor called me into his office explaining a builder of shopping centre malls was looking for suitable locations between Vancouver and Chilliwack. He told me he had a meeting lined up to see his client in a week's time and wanted me to sign a non-disclosure agreement to photograph several potential locations. I charged him an unreasonably high price saying I'd arrange for my pilot to be available until the job was complete even if I had to shoot in the rain. Luckily for me, the weather was excellent and I got into the air to take the pics the following day making it possible to order enlargements for presentation to his client.

I often did work for the Canada Land Corporation, the real estate arm of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as they owned large parcels of land in Abbotsford, Burnaby, Richmond and Vancouver. The Burnaby site was in the Big Bend area abutting against the Fraser River. Years earlier it had been some of the richest farmland in all of BC and used for the growing of vegetable produce by Chinese farmers. My contact always wanted progress photographs a couple of times a year and asked me to take pics almost straight down and this involved laying the plane over to almost vertical descent and falling out of the sky like a rock. It only allowed me time to take one or two exposures before my pilot had to pull out and climb out of his dives. The acceleration had something to do with 'G-forces' in flying jargon. I recall things getting a bit hairy ever time my pilot did a steep roll over of his plane. I remember *CLC* doing a land swap with the City of Burnaby in order to build a golf course. The CPR real estate arm owned a large parcel of land on the south side of Sumas Way in Abbotsford between the Trans-Canada Highway and the Canada-US border at Huntington. It became the largest box mega-stores in the province.

Sometimes I would call Tina on my brick-sized cellular phone and arrange to meet her at some restaurant for supper around six o'clock after which I quickly had to get home to fill orders. When I flew, I would have to organize photo previews and get them into binders by city and date to show to prospective clients. There was a major problem in that quite often the weather would unexpectedly improve and I'd have to cancel appointments on short notice, scramble to

COSMO PLAZA: Unique Retail and Office Ownership Opportunity In Richmond's Vibrant and Expanding Aberdeen Village



Downtown Vancouver
温哥华市中心

Vancouver International Airport (YVR)
温哥华国际机场

McArthurGlen Designer Outlet
亚瑟格兰名品奥特莱斯

River Rock Casino
河石赌场度假酒店

Costco

Hwy 99
99号高速公路

Aberdeen Skytrain Station
时代坊天车站

Aberdeen Centre
时代坊

COSMO PLAZA
柏丽广场

Central at Garden City
列治文最大购物中心

Lansdowne Mall
兰士登商场

Kwantlen Polytechnic University
昆特兰理工大学

柏丽广场，列治文：
商铺和写字楼购买机会
坐落于充满活力不断发展的时代坊社区

find a pilot, and get up airborne to take pictures. Once a Realtor phoned me saying he had an urgent request for photographs for a meeting before the weekend. I lined up a pilot at Delta's Boundary Bay Airport, drove there from Vancouver while Tina drove to the airport with my camera case and film. He had prints later the following day. This kind of service was unheard of prior to the coming of age of digital cameras.

One day I took the planner for the City of Surrey for lunch and noticed advertising on the side of his vehicle offering website design. I asked him about the signage and he grinned saying the business belonged to his 15 year old son. I drove out to Chilliwack and over the next several weekends his son built me a simple website under my supervision that actually began to make money. I very slowly began placing air photos on the Internet confident this medium would eventually have far greater potential than the air photo picture books or the CD-ROM packages. Unfortunately, he became less interested in computer sciences and more and more interested in becoming an auto repairman. It was during this period a top commercial realtor in Vancouver switched careers and began to embrace the Internet with anything to do with real estate. He suggested I 'piggyback' on his site explaining his web site got thousands of visitors a day.

About this time a salesman approached me saying he'd put together a group of businessmen who traded services excluding government bureaucracy. It was a great idea and I did several flights in trade and was able to hire yet another web designer. He was certainly better than the first one. It was about this time Susan Frye, the owner of Aerolist Photography Ltd in Seattle, Washington, contacted me and participated in the cost of the designer. He unfortunately jumped ship to go into a totally different type of work and passed me off to another web designer who couldn't take the site to a be workable again leaving me in the lurch. Besides, the person in charge of the server was holding me ransom and charging an exorbitant monthly fee. It was always money going out with little or no return.

On the 16 July, 1999, pilot Sandy, wife Tina, and I flew to the province's interior to the Mountain Music Festival at Merritt. My pilot had a contract to tow an advertising banner over the crowd of thousands of spectators coming from far and wide to watch top country music singers. On the flight up a broadcast came over the radio announcing John F. Kennedy Jr, his wife, and sister-in-law were killed when he crashed his light aircraft into the ocean on their way to attend a wedding. Our flight back was bizarre. Small white cumulus clouds began poking up under the plane looking like white cigarettes. The white pillars began small but quickly became larger and larger until everything under the plane was white. Above us was a clear blue sky while under us everything was white as snow. Sandy climbed higher and higher using instruments to take us back to Pitt Meadows. He asked an air traffic controller for advice and he suggested diverting to Victoria on Vancouver Island. There was a problem. We didn't have enough fuel. Everyone was nervous until we spotted a small hole in the clouds and Sandy dropped his plane down through it and we were able to see the ground. Tina recalls me saying, "Where the Hell are we?" I quickly realized we were over the Trans-Canada Highway and 200 Street in Langley. In a few moments our plane put down at the Pitt Meadows Airport. Climbing out of the four seater plane, I kissed the ground for my very first time after a flight.

As well as Sandy, I began flying with backup pilot Charles Rebstein in the beginning of the new century. Chuck had a 172 Cessna and eventually half my flights were between the two pilots. In the fall of 2001, the company won the contract to photograph several prisons across the province and the flight had some interesting moments that began within an hour of leaving the Pitt Meadows Airport. We were delayed due to an oil change. Chuck punched in all the prison coordinates on his Global Positioning System (GPS) in the plane and as a backup I purchased a \$2,500 Garmin Global Positioning System that was like an over-sized brick that weighed several pounds.

Just before the flight Tina visited a bank in Abbotsford and mentioned to its manager that her husband was going on a province-wide flight. He told her he'd be interested in purchasing a large print of 2,500 meter high Mount Cheam near Chilliwack for his boardroom wall. We climbed to the right height and just as I was carefully opening my window, Chuck opened his window and my GPS instruction booklet flew out his window. By coincidence, 10 years later the Lost Mine of Pitt Lake Society group, now involved in the making of the 'The Curse of the Frozen Gold' TV series, gathered to talk about the upcoming four months in the wild environs of the Upper Pitt River. An avid mountain climber chatted with me and said some idiot hiker must have packed a heavy GSP unit to near the top of Mount Cheam as he'd found its instruction booklet. I then told him my story.

As we put down in Nelson to take on fuel, the red oil button started to bleep and upon landing we saw black oil all over the belly of the plane. The mechanic had not tightened the oil plug. The weather was absolutely clear but we had to wait a couple of days to have parts flown up from Vancouver and to have a mechanic do a costly repair. My plan was to shoot additional stock to add to my inventory was to include Calgary and Edmonton. We departed Nelson on a miserable morning and started to climb over the Rockies but a downdraft kept pushing the small plane back down into

the valley. Chuck kept circling and climbing until we managed to gain enough altitude to drop down into Alberta.

We'd pretty near finished flying all the prisons and put down in Terrace for the night. In the early morning Tina called and told me to turn on the television. I did and saw the two planes hit the Twin Towers in New York. Security became so tight guards initially refused to allow me to go to the plane to retrieve both my exposed and unexposed film from my ice box. The flight had an extra bonus when the Terrace council agreed to pay me \$2,000 for pics of their town. Due to flight restrictions my pilot and I were stranded four days in the town of the white Kodiak Bear.

It's funny I made these long flights and never considered the possibility of any breakdowns of the cameras. The flights over the Rockies to photograph Calgary and Edmonton and the flights to photograph all BC prisons took a couple of weeks. My medium format cameras were famous for curtain drag left half a negative properly exposed and the other half receiving only a partial exposure. A second flight could have easily cost me a month's wages.

In 2002, I held a family round table meeting and explained I wanted to retire in two years as I would be 60, and I wanted to know if any of them cared to take over the business. My younger son Nathan had a job but arranged to get one day off a week to learn the ropes. He soon began working full time. Instead of having my lab scan negatives, I purchased an expensive drum scanner and Nathan spent first several months scanning negatives for placement on the Internet.

It was during this period when Kenne telephoned me from the Vancouver General Hospital to say his drinking problem had caught up to him and he had been in a serious car accident. He asked me to photograph several of his sites for his many clients. By this time, Kenne was number one, with me the runner-up in the pecking order of aerial photographers in the province. A few days after his accident, I visited him in the hospital where I found him curled up in his bed crying. He explained that during his surgery the doctor had found stomach cancer. Since we had become friends, he gave me a list of all his clients. He donated his father's huge negative and preview collection to the Royal British Columbia Museum in Victoria and his collection to the University of British Columbia's Geography Department for a huge tax receipt.

One time I visited Kenne at his Granville Island apartment with a tape recorder and he gave me the early history of aerial photography in BC. He talked about his dad George, a Second World War aerial photographer, and his transitioning his business over to Kenne. After the interview Kenne took me down to the wharf and introduced me to Frank Ogden or 'Dr. Tomorrow'. Frank was a legend who predicted the Internet long before Steve Jobs and Bill Gates were household names. Three decades earlier Frank had broken a world record by flying a single engine plane to over 19,000 feet until running out fuel and gliding back to earth. He was also a big proponent of Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). The last time I saw Frank was the end of December 2012 when visiting a friend in the Maple Ridge Hospital. His name was on the door adjacent to my buddy's room. We talked and although his body was worn out his mind was sharp as a tack. We sat in the visitor's lounge and he began to reminisce about being an LSD therapist at the Hollywood Hospital in New Westminster. He talked about importing pure LSD from Switzerland and using doses 100 times more potent than drugs being used at the street. His name would appear in my chapter on mental health.

Just before my retirement in 2004, A.R. 'Bud' Ryckman hired me to do a flight from Coquitlam Centre, up the Indian Arm River Valley, to Squamish. He insisted on coming along on the flight and we flew tight circles at 3,000 feet. I became sick. When we returned to Pitt Meadows for lunch, I asked him for the purpose of all those tight circuits. He swore me to secrecy and explained he had assembled a group of Canadian financiers to build an alternative route to Whistler, called the Indian Arm Highway Project, to serve as a backup in the event the Sea-to-Sky Highway was shut down during the 2010 Olympic and Paralympic Winter Games. He had raised the \$20,000,000 in private capital with 100 shares at \$200,000 a share. It would follow up the British Columbia Hydro right of way along the eastern shore of Indian Arm. He had taken Premier Gord Campbell and Jack Poole, head of the Vancouver Organizing Committee for the 2010 Olympic and Paralympic Games, along a dirt road from Squamish to Coquitlam Centre and explained that he needed a package for presentation to other potential investors. Jack was the businessman who co-founded Daon Developments, the second-largest real estate development company in North America. Jack had hired me years earlier to take air photos of a large parcel of land in Abbotsford. Being a rookie at aerial photography, it turned out to be a disaster.

We talked at the airport café, and I suggested we climb to 10,000 feet and show the complete story with one single photo. We became good friends, and I helped him put together a package to present to several politicians, three of which were Members of the Legislative Assembly. One became quite excited about the project and raised the possibility of blasting a tunnel through a mountain near Mamquam Mountain so northbound travelers emerging from it would enter a village comparable, if not better, than Whistler. Using my photos, a professional engineer put together a power

point presentation to take to Chambers of Commerce cities. The games would attract athletes and visitors from around the world. The plan was to establish a toll booth at the midway point to recover the cost of the road. His project piqued my curiosity and I agreed to roll the dice in the venture. Like me, he was an enthusiastic dreamer and gambler, and his project had only the remotest possibility of coming to fruition. It was the time of the public-private partnerships (PPP) between private companies and the government for the financing of huge projects with the resulting profits coming from long-term capital to the investors upon completion. The entrepreneurs wanted to build a good quality, all weather, two lane highway with a third lane for passing on uphill grades with equal to or superior to government standards. The financial viability of the project would be dependent upon acquiring a crown grant adjacent to the highway for future development. The big question would be the government going for a PPP or deciding to leave the the financiers out of the loop. In any event, my name and logo appeared on each and every presentation slide to land developers and top government officials. That was better than expensive advertising. He used to come to my place, and we slowly and methodically began to put the packages together while his wife Maggie read in the living room or chatted with Tina.

He was not going to reinvent the wheel as years before British Properties came into existence in West Vancouver and prior to the Second World War, investors including Great Britain's King and Queen, and the Guinness family, the beer titans, invested heavily on a gamble a bridge across Burrard Inlet would add tremendous value to what would come to be called British Properties. Alfred Taylor, after whom Taylor Way in West Vancouver is named, and William S. Stephenson, the man called Intrepid and the real James Bond, Agent 007, put the deal together with a very naive or perhaps very clever West Vancouver mayor and council. The British Royals and the Guinness family would build the Lions Gate Bridge, collect tolls for years, but also be given the entire mountainside above the fledging city. The city politicians screwed up and gave the British investors five times more than their request. Little wonder that Stephenson played a big part during the Second World War being the only person with 24/7 access to King George VI, Sir Winston Churchill, and President Harry Truman. This was my very first time to hear the name William S. Stephenson, who a few years later seemed to dominate me for the rest of my life.

Bud and I were both historians and we used to trade stories about how jigsaw pieces fit together to explain why towns and cities evolved from forests to metropolises. He wanted to draw up a similar contract with the BC government for land for a village. It was a grandiose scheme which proved just too ambitious not to be pie in the sky. The gigantic project may have succeeded, but it was situated in a park with the Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations owning the land at both ends of the proposed highway. They were not going to be excluded from the deals being cooked on a back burner as they remembered the Canadian Pacific Railway had moved the Musqueam First Nations living in Vancouver to Squamish in a land swap and very little cash when the first train finally arrived on the west coast. They rightly wanted their piece of the action.

On my many flights, I slotted his requirements into my agenda shooting stock for my ever growing inventory. My father figure had been an avid skier in his youth and knew the best hills in and around Whistler like the back of his hand. He even worked as a youth in an underground copper mine near Whistler before the ski resort even existed. Miners had to gain access to the mine by boat. He explained his route provided access to the Mamquam Cirque (half-open steep-sided hollow at the head of a mountainside formed by glacial erosion) which was equal if not superior to Whistler for ski conditions. He called his route the Indian Arm Highway Project, envisaging it as part of an even greater transportation scheme. The Golden Ears Bridge across the Fraser River between Langley and Maple Ridge was to be completed in 2009 to be ready for a large influx of Americans coming to the games. They would cross the border at 176 Street and travel north toward 200 Street to connect with the new bridge. The Indian Arm route would shortcut the existing Trans Canada Highway, the Port Mann and Iron Workers Bridges, and access the Upper Levels to Squamish before continuing to Whistler. There was a lot of talk about a new bridge becoming part of a route through Pitt Polder and crossing the Pitt River far north of the already existing bridge to hook up with the under construction David Pathan Connector in North Coquitlam. This brainstorming idea put the farmers in North Pitt Meadows and the Pitt Polder into hornet mode. They conducted a meeting that included me presenting a large vertical air photo of all possible routes. They wanted to know if a road through their farms would increase or decrease land values. To link all these elements, an interchange would need to be built between the Meadows Golf Club and Pelton Reforestation. The tree farm was located just to the northeast of the golf course. It was rather ironic I knew Norm Pelton, the owner of the large tree farm, from way back in 1972. He had hired me to take ground level photographs of his business in readiness for a meeting with the Minister of Forestry the following day. His tree farm, over many, many years sold more seedlings than any other tree farm in the world. Norm's son Steve became the recipient of the most prestigious award from the Professional Photographers of Canada in 2020. Norm's grandson and Steve's son Colin, an eye in the sky helicopter pilot for several years, built up a fleet of helicopters to fight forest fires across the province. Years later, Steve volunteered to help me take the globalairphotos.com website

to a whole new level.

The Indian Arm Highways Project took me several months to fly many of the required photographs. Quest University was to be completed near Squamish in 2007 to cater to foreign students. My father figure made several presentations to city and municipal councils during this time. It was almost unbelievable a second Whistler Village could be built a mere 20 minutes north of Coquitlam Centre. It was only a matter of time, but it was not to happen any time soon. Unfortunately, Father Time took my friend's wife Maggie from cancer and her loss took away his will to live as she had been the love of his life since she was fourteen years old. Soon afterwards, he too passed.

A bird photographer visited me and learning about my air photo business, she suggested I get in touch with her brother as the family owned a quarter section of prime commercial property. It was called Lilly Point Estates and was located in Point Roberts, in the United States, just south of Delta. I took a very successful commercial realtor with me and we visited her brother and he explained he had already had the site flown from 3,000 feet. I looked at the pics and, sure enough, the air photo were mostly blue sky at the top of the picture with Vancouver and the north shore mountains looking a million miles away. To make a long story short, we shook hands and he gave her the listing agreeing we would each get 1.5% of the \$14,000,000 American listing if sold. I rented a two seater helicopter and the pilot climbed to almost 10,000 feet for me to get the perfect picture on a day with unlimited visibility. It was a real challenge as the air got thin and without a door it was very cold. I built a website for the property which piggybacked on my air photo web site. My realtor friend nearly made a sale that would have paid out over \$300,000 to each of us but it went sideways because of water issues. She later got the listing to sell the family mansion, and she paid me part of her commission.

One day, I took my realtor to visit a long time friend who owned a large parcel of farm land in Pitt Meadows not far from the intersection of Harris Road and the Lougheed Highway. I brought along my rolled up topographical air photo map of the Lower Fraser Valley. He studied my map spread out across his kitchen table being held in place with four cups and rightly concluded a blind man could guess a new Fraser River crossing linking the industrial parks of Maple Ridge and Pitt Meadows on the north side of the river and the Langley and Surrey industrial parks on the south side of the river. He told us land would continue to escalate in value because there was getting to be less and less of it to sell.

It was during this time a farmer requested I fly his 160 acre farm that he had just sold to land developers. When I delivered my preview pics to his mother and him, I asked why he hadn't sold off only a portion of his property. The cash from the sale of only a quarter of the farm would have easily provided his family and him with enough cash to last out the rest of their lifetime. He didn't have an answer but his Mom quickly realized her grandchildren had possibly missed out on a huge inheritance.

Tina's family owned commercial property and after her Dad passed away in 2001, the family decided to sell and she became its new president. A housewife and apartment manger, she set up a meeting with her Dad's former partner's son and a commercial realtor to sign off and give him the listing. Dad's partner's son was a no show and sent his wife in his place. I came along as a fly on the wall. We ordered meals just before the proxy and realtor made an appearance. Seeing us midway through our meals, the realtor started making his pitch to get the listing. The going rate for selling commercial property was about ⅓ commission charged for residential. Upon leaving Tina asked what he charged for marketing the property. He gave the residential rate and Tina didn't sign any documents. He lost the listing.

In 2004, I sold my business to my younger son Nathan. As a farm boy, I'd done hard work from age 10 to joining the RCMP at 19 followed by running my own business. After 45 years working, it was time to retire and enjoy the fruits of my labour and travel with wife Tina. My plan was to travel Canada coast to coast to gather photographs and take interviews about gold discoveries in Canada. It would be a business venture and an opportunity to write off any expenses. I agreed to work part time for my son and in 2006 he won a contract to take air photographs for the largest real estate trust in Canada. They had about 25 shopping centres located in the bigger cities between British Columbia and Ontario. Since I had wanted to drive across the continent to collect family and gold history anyway, it only made sense for me to rent planes and shoot my way back to Ontario. I discovered there are many useless pilots who couldn't line up a plane, a shopping centre, and a suitable background for love or money. I got the job done but it was a challenge. This was the first time I used a digital camera, and I would burn the photographs onto a DVD and courier them back to Nathan overnight. The job paid for a three-and-a-half month working holiday that allowed Tina and I to stay in luxurious hotels and motels.

Before leaving on the trip the Vice-President of the Canada Land Corporation told me he'd buy pics of Toronto's downtown if I had all the right angles. One day I got up with unlimited visibility and got all the right shots and his

company spent enough money to cover several weeks of our time on the road.

As mentioned earlier, something weird happened to me on one of my flights out of the Arnprior Airport located a few miles west of Ottawa. On a flight, on a whim, I asked my pilot to fly over my hometown of Renfrew, my parents' farm, and my parents' birth places. My plan was to incorporate the pics into a family history booklet for my children and grandchildren. Mom was born in Cobden while my Dad was born in Foresters Falls. Both places were tiny villages. As we came up on FF another small plane was doing circuits and I remarked to my pilot it was quite the coincidence for two planes to be in the same air space at the same time wanting to take air pics of 'the Falls.' That evening I received an email from a relative explaining he'd found my web site about Waite family history on the Internet. My great grandfather John Edward Waite had come out to Canada from England with his wife, their young family, and with great grandpa's sister and her husband, a chap by the name of Windle. The email was from 'GW' Waite. He went on to explain his name was Grant Windle Waite but he didn't know before reading my history about the origin of his middle name. He'd found my history interesting in that JE had a short time after his arrival in Ontario formed a partnership with his brother-in-law and a school teacher from Renfrew by the name of Hollinger. The three entrepreneurs started the first large brickyard in the Ottawa Valley in Pembroke. It was called the Windle, Waite and Hollinger Brickyard. Years later Hollinger's son Benny discovered the richest gold mine in all of Canada in Timmins. Along with his email, he sent along a pic he'd taken earlier in the day of 'the Falls.' I sent him one of mine. Both pics had the same clouds over Aunt Muriel's and Uncle Orin's farm. Since I was trying to collect photographs and written material for a book, 'Canadian Gold Hunters: A History in Photographs', I drove a few hundred miles to meet the descendants of Benny. They had a Hollinger family history and loaned it to me to take to a print shop for photocopying. If the Canadian Gold Hunters title had come to fruition, the Hollinger Gold Mine would have easily accounted for ten percent of the book's content. Eventually, a book publisher took on my title, 'British Columbia and Yukon Gold Hunters: A History in Photographs'.

Tina's and my trip to Ontario was one of the happier times of my life but it was not to last as a deviating chain of events caused me to have a mental breakdown in the summer of 2007 curtailing my dreams to help take Nathan's business on his web site to another level. One day, Nathan asked me to fly Kelowna, Quesnel and Prince George but due to my bipolar condition the flight was a total disaster and not a single photograph could be used by his clients. He had to fly the targets a few weeks later.

Although I no longer took to the sky, I began to organize Nathan's 50,000 digital air photos to hopefully one day place on the Internet and consequently spent several hours a week in 2008 and 2009 but the site was under construction and incomplete and generated very little money. It had been my baby, and although retired, I was hoping to get it up and running. Due to my illness, I put too much pressure on my designer and he dropped me as a client. Although the site brought in almost zero revenue, I continued to pay a monthly fee for hosting and over 15 years of inactivity paid out \$35,000. Sadly, the site sat on a server in Iceland and ran like a slug.

It took a long time to find a web guru willing to migrate the web site to another server, fix broken links, and take everything to the next level. I'd reached out to designers and all but one replied that without the script from the original designer they would not be able to help me to make the site fully operational. The first item on the agenda was to move from the site from a slow as Methuselah server in Iceland over to an Amazon server that ran at warp speed.

For years my bipolar condition often left me delusional but other times I was totally rational and able to carry on with big projects. I talked with one commercial realtor who had managed to tie up a huge parcel of land that was in the ALR and with a negotiating expert could perhaps have the acreage changed into commercial property worth several times its current value. The math was astonishing. It was certainly worth hiring a commercial real estate specialist but many times land owners pick the wrong horse to move ARL land into a commercial listing. The removal of ALR lands need to go through municipal, provincial, and federal loopholes. The players all want something in return for cooperation. A city mayor and counsel may agree to an highway overpass linking parcels of ALR lands to residential properties. Provincial bureaucrats may want buildings with green earth rooftops that could possibly be both ALR and commercial while the federal government may want easements along fish bearing creeks. Moving land depends on a participant's imagination and one who can think outside the box or as my Dad used to say, 'There's more than one way to skin a cat.' It's interesting to study topographical maps and see the changes in land users over a number of years. It doesn't take a brain surgeon to predict future land uses.

With Google's ever perfecting world mapping, pilots are using a very complex camera mounted in a plane's belly to take straight down vertical pictures. The expensive cameras rotate side to side during beeline flights east to west. These digital images, when stitched together are designed to show oblique images showing even the different levels in

high rise towers. It's most impressive and many successful air photographers chose to get out of the game, rather than compete with Google Maps and drone photography. Artificial intelligence (AI) is another new word being bantered about on a daily basis, eliminating many businesses that have been around for eons. Two things are certain, Google Maps can't provide up-to-date images able to compete with digital cameras that take high resolution images between the 1,500 and 3,000 foot level nor can AI go back in time to show oblique air pics taken as far back as 10, 20, 30, 40 and even 50 years ago. The challenge now is highlight a sampling of their old air photographs to potential buyers.

I've had incidents in my life that have to be more than just coincidence. It's certainly more than serenity. It's downright weird. My flight over my Dad's place of birth was one example. I visited the Internet's realtors.ca in an effort to learn the names of high profile commercial realtors with listings \$30,000,000 or higher. One name kept popping up. My son-in-law visited me and we discussed the realtor and when he left, I checked my email and that very realtor had purchased an air photo online. It was the site's first sale in ages. I called him to confirm he'd gotten the picture and we talked with the understanding we'd have a face-to-face chat in the near future. A day later, I visited a downtown Maple Ridge shopping center and saw a billboard advertising a large parcel of property and decided to take a pic on a drive by to discuss with the realtor. I did not take the time who determine the name of the realtor. Once home, I checked the pic and be darned if it wasn't that realtor's listing! We did have the face-to-face meeting and he tried to buy my website.

Sometimes a person gets only one shot at making a good impression, and so it was for me building the Globalairphotos.com website that started back in 1989 when my father-in-law saw the potential of my dream and loaned me the necessary capital to hire the best web designers on earth. Ironically, the company I chose was based in Montréal and had built the Kodak and Disneyland sites. Unfortunately, they didn't know their butt from elbow and money went out with no return. Many web designers tried for several years but they didn't have the knowledge to take the site to the next level. In all fairness, the Internet was new and many tools back then didn't even exist. It is often plain luck that brings two minds together with a single purpose, and lucky for me a web guru came into my life who was able to take the project far beyond my wildest dreams. It was a truly worldwide endeavor, and initially two aerial photographers from the United States came on board. It was KISS - keep it simple stupid.

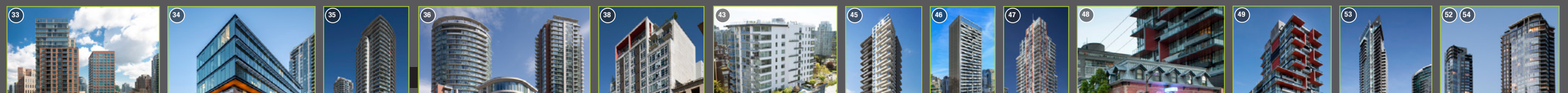
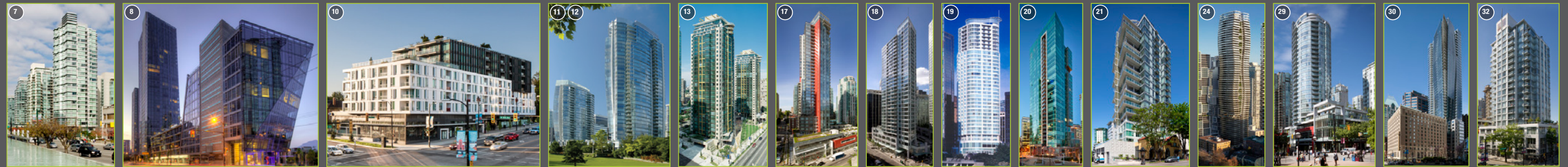
The cost of storage with Amazon was peanuts to what was offered 30 years ago and everything could now run at incredible velocity. Originally the site's server was in Iceland and took forever to display files. It was often down. There had to be value in air photos going back 70 years as the aerial photographer in Washington State owned a large black-and-white collection of negatives going all the way back to the 1950s. Her pre-digital collection was 800,000 negatives. As an added bonus, globalairphotos.com was designed such that participating photographers anywhere in the world could upload their own photographs. A Vancouver architect purchased a RAW file and made a six foot high by four 4 foot wide print showing every high-rise in the salt water city while a Chinese realtor used a RAW file of downtown Richmond the same size to show its proximity to Vancouver. A Maple Ridge accountant purchased 2 images of Maple Ridge, dated 1997 and 2017 - 20 years apart, for display at the entrance into his office. The change from rural to city was incredible.

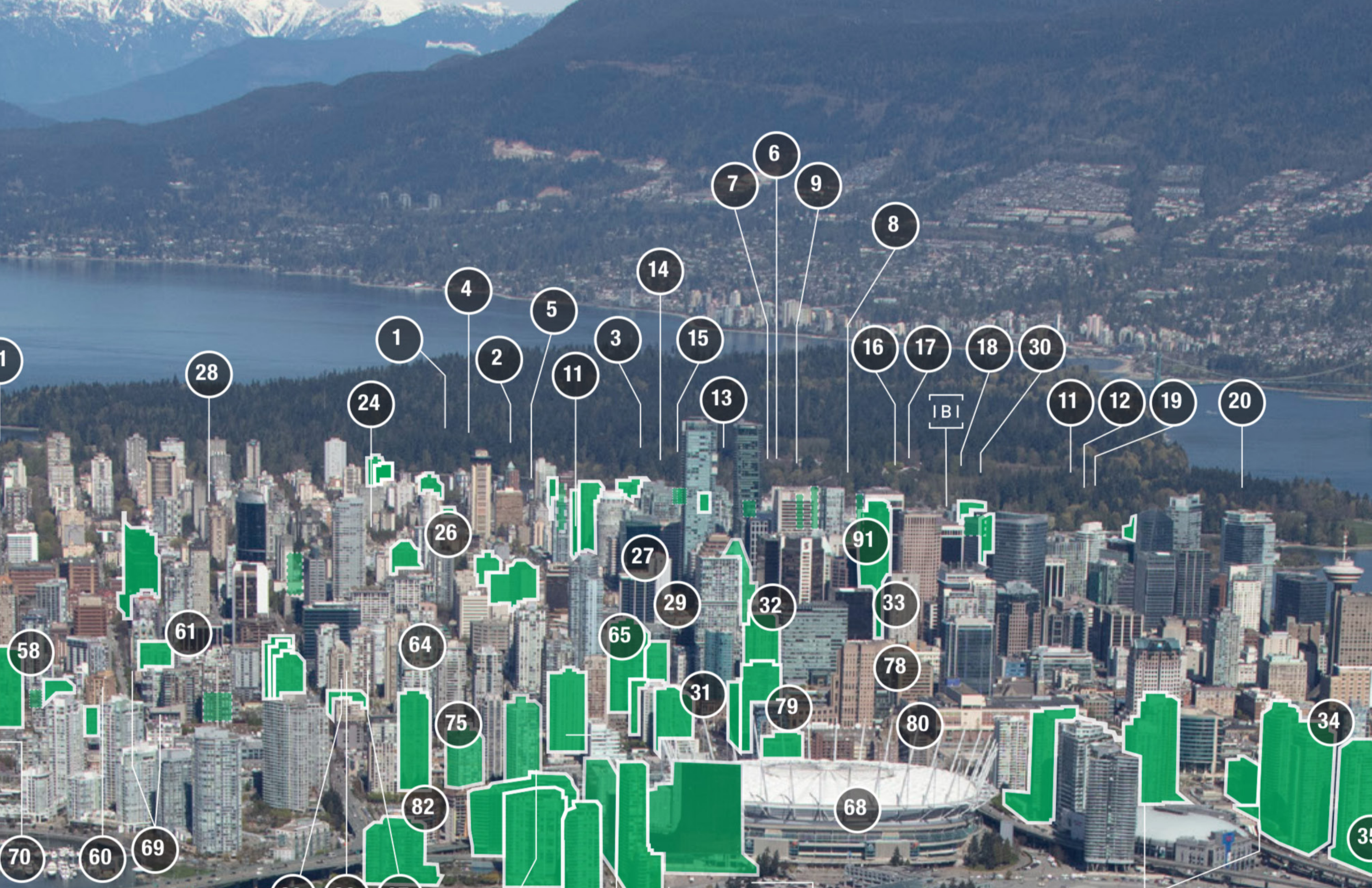
Fast forward to 2022, when a helicopter pilot took a newcomer air photographer and I up in a four seater helicopter to blitz an area 60 miles by 40 miles in over six hours. The president of the helicopter company had cut his teeth flying and reporting accidents for morning and evening rush hours, but unfortunately, due to him having to fight forest fires at the time, the flying was done by an employee who was unfamiliar with the targets; and consequently the flight was a disaster. To make matters worse, a web guru who thought he knew everything but knew very little unintentionally made an error when accessing my web site which made it impossible to upload the photographs and we only managed to process the Abbotsford pics, one of 15 cities, before the site became totally wrecked, resulting in a zero-dollar return.

I'd thrown a lot of money at the web site over the years and now hopefully is the time to reap the rewards for spending and dreaming. With servers capable of running at warp speed and being able to display several hundred thumbnails to the page and with marketing and the ability to turn out 40 by 60 inch wall murals with incredible detail due to current software programs and old dreams were within my grasp. The web is truly designed to be worldwide, international, truly global. If other worldwide aerial photographers are given the chance to place their archival and up-to-date images on the web site with the understanding that they pay back a fair amount of money for that privilege, will they buy into the concept? Would commercial and industrial realtors pay to advertise their listings on the site? What about graphic designers? What about who else? The opportunity only requires imagination. Imagine a Board of Directors brainstorming the possibilities.

I'm now in my 80th year with only four goals left on my bucket list - make the air photo website operational

Representation Sample of IBI Group Vancouver Projects







1. Lost Lagoon Terrace, 845 Chilco Street
2. Stanley Park Place, 1860 Robson Street
3. Lumiere, 1863 Alberni Street
4. Devon Gate, 1788 West Georgia Street
5. Pacific Robson Palais, 1688 Robson Street
6. Bayshore Outlook, 669 Cardero Street
7. Bayshore Gardens, 1616 Bayshore Drive
8. West Pender Place, 1499 West Pender Street
9. The Pointe / Westcoast Pointe, 1331 West Georgia Street
10. The Spot, 2806 Cambie Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc.
Heritage Consultant: Robert Lemon Architect Inc.
11. Callisto at Harbour Green, 1281 West Cordova Street
12. Carina at Harbour Green, 1233 West Cordova Street
13. The Lions, 1331 Alberni Street
14. Alberni Place, 738 Broughton Street
15. Emerald West, 717 Jervis Street
16. Pointe Claire, 1238 Melville Street
17. The Ritz, 1211 Melville Street
18. The Sapphire, 1188 West Pender Street
19. Marriott Pinnacle Hotel, 1128 W Hastings Street
20. Three Harbour Green, 277 Thurlow Street
21. Alexandra, 1215 Bidwell Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. in Joint Venture with
Henriquez Partners Architects
Heritage Consultant: Robert Lemon Architect Inc.
22. West 6th Avenue & Yukon Street
23. Fifth, 380 West 5th Avenue
24. Nelson, 1075 Nelson Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. (Architect of Record) &

47. Maddox, 1351 Continental Street
48. Yale Hotel, 1306 Granville Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. (Architect of Record) &
HOK Architects (Design Architect) Architectural Partnership
Heritage Consultant: Robert Lemon Architect Inc.
49. The Rolston, 1345 Rolston Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. &
HOK Architects Architectural Partnership
50. Neon, 1388 Continental Street
51. Lot P, 375 East 1st Avenue
52. Parkwest II, 583 Beach Crescent
53. The Mark, 1372 Seymour Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. &
DIALOG Architectural Partnership
54. Parkwest One, 455 Beach Crescent
55. The Waterford, 1483 Homer Street
56. West One, 1408 Strathmore Mews
57. The Charleson, 499 Pacific Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. (Architect of Record) &
DIALOG (Design Architect) Architectural Partnership
58. Park Plaza, 1188 Richards Street
59. The New St. Paul's Redevelopment,
1002 Station Street – Planning & Urban Design
60. Metroliving, 1168 Richards Street
61. Freesia, 1082 Seymour Street
62. The Wohlsein, 311 East 6th Avenue
63. Miro, 1001 Richards Street
64. Tribeca, 988 Richards Street
65. Rosedale Gardens, 888 Hamilton Street
66. Gallery, 1010 Richards Street
67. The Bentley, 1001 Homer Street

88. One Burrard Place – Tower 1,
Skyfront Burrard Street & Drake Street
89. Newport Quay II, 518 Moberly Street
90. Foundry, 1833 Crowe Street
91. Pinnacle Living, 1887 Crowe Street
92. Fairmont Hotel Vancouver – Various Projects +
Renovations, 900 West Georgia Street
93. Montreux, 2055 Yukon Street
94. The Regatta, Spyglass Place, False Creek
95. Proximity, 1788 Ontario Street
96. Canada House at Millennium Water, Olympic Village –
Canada House West, 181 Athletes Way &
Canada House East, 151 Athletes Way
Nick Milkovich Architects Inc. in Joint Venture with
Arthur Erickson (Design Architects) &
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. (Architect)
97. Central, 1618 Quebec Street
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc. in Joint Venture with DIALOG
98. Opsal Steel, 1775 Quebec Street
99. District, 699 East 6th Avenue
IBI Group Architects (Canada) Inc.
Heritage Consultant: Robert Lemon Architect Inc.
100. Social, 2321 Scotia Street
101. Uptown, 2788 Prince Edward Street
102. Yorkville South, 1688 Cypress Street
103. Yorkville North, 1888 York Avenue
104. Harbour Cove, 1450 Pennyfarthing Drive
105. The Clipper, 1450 Creekside Drive – Office

Projects below are not on the aerial photo

and making a profit, get my globalbirdphotos.com web site, to be renamed globalwildlifeandfaunaphotos.com up and running, take my wife Tina on a lengthy holiday to Egypt and the Pyramids, and rewrite my memoir, 'The Boy from Renfrew Canada's Enthusiastic Dreamer'.

Something weird happened to me on one of my flights out of the Arnprior Airport located a few miles west of Ottawa. On a flight, on a whim, I asked my pilot to fly over my hometown of Renfrew, my parents' farm, and my parents' birth places. My plan was to incorporate the pics into a family history booklet for my children and grandchildren. Mom was born in Cobden while my Dad was born in Foresters Falls. Both places were tiny villages. As we came up on FF another small plane was doing circuits and I remarked to my pilot that it was quite the coincidence for two planes to be in the same air space at the same time wanting to take air pics of 'the Falls'. That evening I received an email from a relative explaining that he'd found my web site about Waite family history on the Internet. My great grandfather John Edward Waite had come out to Canada from England with his wife, their young family, and with great grandpa's sister and her husband, a chap by the name of Windle. The email was from 'GW' Waite. He went on to explain that his name was Grant Windle Waite but he didn't know before reading my history about the origin of his middle name. He'd found my history interesting in that JEW had a short time after his arrival in Ontario formed a partnership with his brother-in-law and a school teacher from Renfrew by the name of Hollinger. The three entrepreneurs started the first large brickyard in the Ottawa Valley in Pembroke. It was called the Windle, Waite and Hollinger Brickyard. Years later Hollinger's son Benny discovered the richest gold mine in all of Canada in Timmins. Along with his email, he sent along a pic he'd taken earlier in the day of 'the Falls'. I sent him one of mine. Both pics had the same clouds over Aunt Muriel's and Uncle Orin's farm.

Something weird happened to me on one of my flights out of the Arnprior Airport located a few miles west of Ottawa. On a flight, on a whim, I asked my pilot to fly over my hometown of Renfrew, my parents' farm, and my parents' birth places. My plan was to incorporate the pics into a family history booklet for my children and grandchildren. Mom was born in Cobden while my Dad was born in Foresters Falls. Both places were tiny villages. As we came up on FF another small plane was doing circuits and I remarked to my pilot that it was quite the coincidence for two planes to be in the same air space at the same time wanting to take air pics of 'the Falls'. That evening I received an email from a relative explaining that he'd found my web site about Waite family history on the Internet. My great grandfather John Edward Waite had come out to Canada from England with his wife, their young family, and with great grandpa's sister and her husband, a chap by the name of Windle. The email was from 'GW' Waite. He went on to explain that his name was Grant Windle Waite but he didn't know before reading my history about the origin of his middle name. He'd found my history interesting in that JEW had a short time after his arrival in Ontario formed a partnership with his brother-in-law and a school teacher from Renfrew by the name of Hollinger. The three entrepreneurs started the first large brickyard in the Ottawa Valley in Pembroke. It was called the Windle, Waite and Hollinger Brickyard. Years later Hollinger's son Benny discovered the richest gold mine in all of Canada in Timmins. Along with his email, he sent along a pic he'd taken earlier in the day of 'the Falls'. I sent him one of mine. Both pics had the same clouds over Aunt Muriel's and Uncle Orin's farm.

As a side note, I once took a flight up through Indian Arm to Squamish with a newbie pilot and we landed to take on fuel but unfortunately there was none to be had at the airport. He said he had enough gas to make it back to the Pitt Meadows Airport. We returned over Howe Sound to allow me to take pics on the way home. All of a sudden a gauge began flashing red indicating we were low in fuel. We landed at the closest airport to the sputter of the plane's engine.

It's amazing to study the land uses of land over a 100 years.

One very good example is the Burns Peat Bog in Delta. During the early history of British Columbia, Dominic and Pat Burns had the largest meat packing operation in Canada. Beef cattle were raised in the province's grasslands interior for shipment west to Delta for shipment back east. Dominic owned the Peat Bog in Delta with the idea of finishing off the animals but the wetlands were unsuitable.

During the war years, the bog was harvested for its peat for use in the making of incenary bombs for the Second World War. Labourers delineated trenches by cutting vertically to a depth of about three feet into the peat withn chain saws. Peat blocks, each 14x12 inches square and six inches deep were then hand-cut with shovels that left a three-foot trenches. The water table was kept as low as possible by digging ditches to drain the water out of the peat. The blocks were stacked or stoked in the field, much like sharves of grain but on wooden platforms, and left to dry in the hot sun during the summer months. Once the drying pro-

cess was complete, the blocks of peat were transported in from the fields on a narrow-gauge railway to elevators that conveyed them into the barns.

During the winter months labourers forked the blocks of peat from a loft down a chute to a thrashing machine. It came out soft, fluffy and bulky. The next phase was the baling process. The fluffy peat would be forked into a baling machine that produced 2x2x4 foot bales of peat. A plunger would squeeze these bales, then they were cinched up really tight into compact 75 to 100-pound bales. These bales were then loaded onto trucks that transported them to boxcars sitting on a Canadian Pacific Railway

The loaded boxcars then travelled south to Henderson (near Reno), Nevada, for the making of magnesium incendiary bombs for the war effort against Germany and Japan. The US munitions production required 700,000 to 1,000,000 bales (about 800 boxcars) of sphagnum peat per year for the war effort.

Once the war was over the peat bogs were used for the growing of blueberry and cranberry crops.

Much of the site was later used as the Vancouver dump.

Much later the sold to Ducks Unlimited.