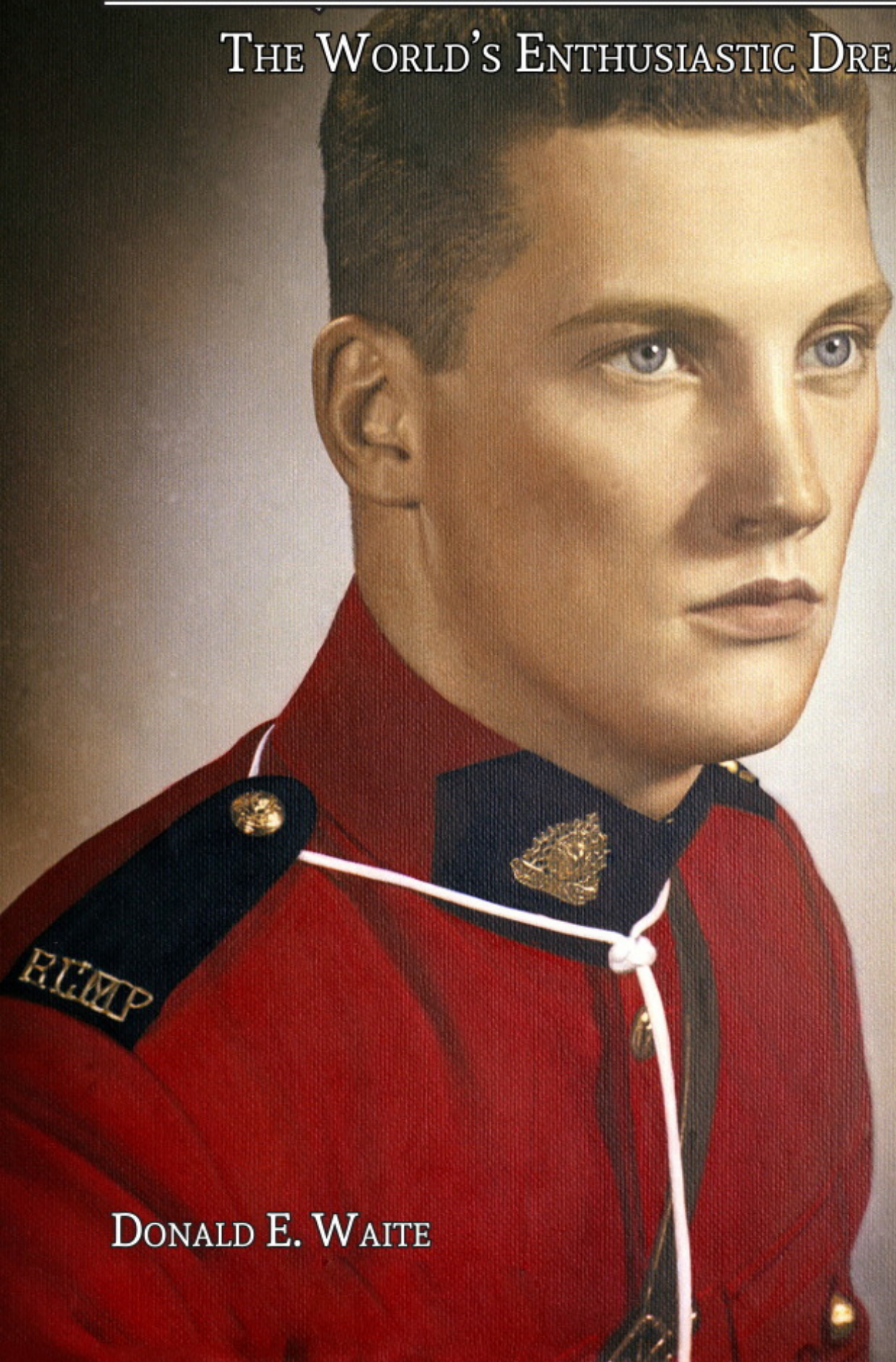


SIR JAMES BOND II

THE WORLD'S ENTHUSIASTIC DREAMER



DONALD E. WAITE

A MEMOIR

SIR JAMES BOND THE SECOND

**Introduction, Dedication, Forewords,
Testimonials and Quotes**

DONALD E. WAITE

**Digital ISBN 978-0-9866897-4-1
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1 • Introduction

A Life Rebuilt Through Memory

My eighty years on planet Earth have had their share of ups and downs, but by far the greatest challenge has been living with mental illness for the past eighteen years.

Prince or pauper, mental illness does not discriminate.



Tippy & I, 1949

Tippy sired Tippy 2. The RCMP assigned me the code name Tippy II during my time in Ottawa in 1970. During a devastating mental breakdown, Tippy II evolved into Intrepid II, and finally Sir James Bond II.

Bipolar disorder can run in families. My mother lived with it, although none of us understood that at the time—not even her. In 2006, a year before my breakdown, I returned to my hometown of Renfrew on an aerial photography assignment. One day, while washing dishes, Mom began screaming at Dad because he was not drying them her way. Dad responded by shaking his fist at her. He knew nothing about her illness. Neither did I.

In 2007, I suffered a severe bipolar breakdown. I became delusional and, for several years, imagined myself to be the reincarnation of James Bond—author Ian Fleming’s famous secret agent, code-named 007. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

Canada’s own Sir William Stephenson, code-named Intrepid, was the real thing. During the Second World War, he had direct access to King George VI, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and American President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Later in my own life, I crossed paths with people connected to the secretive world of espionage: four RCMP spies, an East German Stasi agent, a KGB agent and an MI6

operative. The exploits of one were eventually turned into both a book and a film.

Bipolar disorder has taken me to extremes. During a high, I can be grandiose, impulsive and impossibly stubborn. During a low, I can spiral into profound depression. One thing I have learned with absolute certainty is that most people who have never experienced post-traumatic stress disorder, bipolar disorder or schizophrenia have little understanding of illnesses caused by changes in the brain. The person who exists before a breakdown and the person who emerges afterward may seem like two very different people.

My grandchildren have never known the man I was before bipolar disorder became part of my life. At times, my words and actions have caused them to distance themselves from me—or even to be afraid of me. Shortly after my illness placed me in a psychiatric ward for two weeks, my older son told me to smarten up and get on with life. If only it were that simple.

The Internet has made the consequences of impulsive behaviour even more dangerous. With the click of a button, a person can send out an angry message and damage their own life or the lives of others. I have done it. My daughter has sometimes become so frustrated with me that she has blocked me on her phone.

When I was growing up, my parents used cruel words for people with mental illness: nut cases, imbeciles and lunatics. Yet my mother did not realize that she herself was bipolar. Mental illness may have come out of the closet, but the stigma surrounding it remains alive and well.



In some people, bipolar disorder can remain dormant for many years. Sometimes it takes a traumatic event to bring it to the surface. My sister Mae lost a son through what she believed was medical malpractice. She sued a doctor and hospital for fifteen million dollars. She lost the case, but not before spending her last dime and losing everything.

My own breaking point came amid a legal ordeal involving the passion that had sustained me for much of my life: photographing birds. My website once carried the words, **“I take aerial photographs to feed my body and bird photographs to feed my soul.”**

In 2007, an associate and I were charged after photographing a family of birds. The birds were not harmed, yet before the smoke cleared, Canadian Wildlife Service investigators had charged us with nine indictable offences under the Migratory Birds Convention Act and the Species at Risk Act. We faced the possibility of staggering fines and even imprisonment.

I had been inside a bird blind for only fifteen minutes when Canadian Wildlife Service biologists confronted me. What followed felt like an elaborate and costly sting operation. In my view, we became poster boys for the newly enacted Species at Risk Act. While investigators advanced their careers by taking us down, the Department of Justice seemed to have us spread eagled over a barrel.

We approached two Members of Parliament. I told one that the buck should stop with him.

He replied that the Department of Justice had the best lawyers and the deepest pockets. Nothing was done.

By then, my breakdown must have been obvious or so it seems to me now. Et tu, Brute?

Who had the most to gain by taking us down? That question has never left me.

**Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.**

A broken egg cannot be restored to what it was. Neither can a person simply return to being who they were before a catastrophic mental breakdown. But a life can still be rebuilt into something different, something honest, purposeful and worth sharing.

I have been my family's historian since my teenage years. My family tree contains several hundred names, along with stories passed down about my parents, grandparents and the generations before them. Those personal histories unfold against a much larger one.

It saddens me that many people under sixty know little to nothing about the First World War, the Second World War, the Cold War, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the October Crisis of 1970 or Project MKUltra. The latter was the code name for a covert CIA mind-control and chemical research program whose Canadian experiments were conducted at the Allan Memorial Institute, affiliated with Montreal's McGill University. These events may seem distant, but their consequences continue to shape families, institutions and lives.

At eighty, my bucket list is short.

I want my memoir, *Sir James Bond The Second*, to be my legacy. I want to bring my Global Air Photos website back to life. That work has already begun, and Library and Archives Canada has agreed to accept my enormous photographic collection in exchange for a tax receipt. I want to take the necessary steps to make the Waite Bipolar Society a reality.

And, finally, I want to take Tina to Cairo to see the pyramids.

After all, I am a young soul. I get into trouble. Tina is an old soul; she knows how to dance around trouble and stay safely out of its way.

What follows is historical fiction rooted in memory, family history and lived experience.

Some events are documented, some are reconstructed and some are presented as I remember or understood them, particularly during periods when bipolar disorder affected my perception of reality. It is the story of a boy from Renfrew, Ontario, a photographer, a husband, a father and grandfather, a man brought down by mental illness, and an old soul who is still trying to make sense of an extraordinary life.

Above all, it is my story, as honestly as I am able to tell it.

Donald Ender Waite

2 • Dedication

For Tina, My Lady in Red



Above all, you have given me your unwavering love and wholehearted support through all my wild and wonderful ideas.

You have known and loved every version of me: Relic, BBB—Bo Bo Bear—Thumper, JB—James Bond—Sir Donald, Donnie, and, when you have finally had quite enough of me, Donald E. Waite. That is when I know I am in deep trouble.

Tina, you are the heart of my life and the light within these pages. This memoir and the life behind it would not exist without you.

This memoir is dedicated to my dearest Tina, my Lady in Red, my best friend, my confidante, my soulmate, the love of my life, and my beloved wife.

Through every joy and every hardship, you have been my constant, my strength, my refuge, and my guiding light. You have fought tirelessly and relentlessly to save me through my many battles with bipolar disorder. On one unforgettable occasion, as we touched hands, we both felt your energy flow from your body into mine. It was powerful, extraordinary, and nothing short of miraculous. It was a moment that revealed the depth of the bond between us.

You are an old soul, blessed with the rare gift of being able to dance gracefully around a problem, defuse even the most difficult situation, and transform an antagonist into a friend.



3 • Foreword

Tim “Timex” Lawson



Don and I first met in the summer of 2010, when he visited my seashell and book store in White Rock. He had come to see me because I had published Bill Macdonald's book **The True 'Intrepid': Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents: The Quiet Canadian** and he wanted to know if I would write the foreword to a book he was compiling on espionage in Canada.

Don's keen interest in one of Canada's greatest heroes was very special to me, as I had the great privilege of meeting Sir William at his home in Bermuda in 1985. I'm happy anytime I have the opportunity to share his words, "Men should not make war on other men, but instead on poverty, disease and ignorance".

We talked a bit about Sir William and Don explained to me some of his background with the RCMP. On this visit, he showed me a copy of his photo book **Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows: A History in Photographs**. I recommend it heartily and was very impressed by the quality of the work, and the effort made to preserve fascinating local history.

Don bought a copy of Macdonald's book and I signed it, "**To Don, Let's make Sir William proud! Very Best Wishes, Tim Lawson (Timex)**". Sir William bestowed upon me the codename Timex.

Don's kindness to a store visitor, Wind Song, still remains with me to this day. She was a partially disabled native woman whom Don befriended, gave her and her motorized wheelchair a ride home, and helped her on a



Captain William Samuel (Codename *Intrepid*) Stephenson, Royal Flying Core
Born Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1897 - Died Hamilton, Bermuda, 1989
A super spy, Sir Bill was the only man alive during the Second World War with 24/7 access to Britain's King George VI, England's Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill and United States President Franklin D. Roosevelt





Two of Stephenson's many awards—the American Medal for Merit (left) and his insignia as a Knight Bachelor of the United Kingdom (right). He was Knighted in 1945 on the recommendation of Sir Winston Churchill.



Stephenson's helmet and goggles from the First World War.

number of occasions. He is truly a good Samaritan.

On his next visit, Don showed me a copy of a letter that had been written by his birding associate a couple of years earlier. The letter suggested Don had been involved in a “wide ranging conspiracy he was aware of spanning many years and involved many levels of government going back to Pierre Trudeau.” The letter suggested he had suffered a kind of mental breakdown back in the June of 2007.

Don confided to me that his bipolar disorder had resulted in an inflated ego and he'd taken on the persona of Winnipeg-born Stephenson - the man with the wartime codename Intrepid.

Author Ian Fleming modeled his fictional spy extraordinaire character James Bond partly on Sir William's stories when they were neighbours in Jamaica after the end of Second World War.

During wartime, Fleming had been and intelligence officer who'd done training at **Camp X** in Whitby, Ontario - the only Canadian spy-training facility, opened December 6, 1941 (the day before the bombing of Pearl Harbour - a British Special Operations Executive Camp needed in North America when the US was still neutral - Sir William was its head, operating from The Rockefeller Center in New York City).

Sharing with me his personal concerns, Don seemed to think at the end of his police career he had been involved in espionage work, even taken on the codename Intrepid II and done things

during his first breakdown to support his theory. He felt the events of this period of his life had been mysteriously erased from his police files and memory.

He was very curious about the real Intrepid, and I told him about the memorabilia and pictures now in Winnipeg, and Colonel (retired) Gary Solar, the Secretary (now President) of the Intrepid Society there.

The next time I saw Don was when he visited in October and produced a copy of his book **Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs** that had a chapter about Sir William and the

building of the Lions Gate Bridge. Deeply impressed with the new Vancouver books, I purchased a number of copies for our bookstore.

Although I didn't know it, Don had suffered a serious breakdown days before his visit to see me. By this time, he had driven to Winnipeg with his wife, visited the military's Intrepid Museum, and photographed the memorabilia and scanned the photographs. Don said he had done it in two hours.

Aware of his past accomplishments with book publishing, I told him I'd be honoured to write a foreword to his planned espionage book. It came as a bit of a surprise to me a short time later when he explained he had put his espionage idea on hold and was concentrating on his memoir with considerable mention to Intrepid II and his mental illness. He told me the research had become too dangerous and he even feared for his life.

I've read Don's memoir and his chapters on mental illness leave me thoughtful about how a chemical imbalance can take place in the brain and change a person's thought process.

I've been very lucky with my own life and have followed the philosophy learned from an early age attending a guru's lecture: "the human mind is like a chariot being pulled in a thousand different directions by a thousand different horses - the purpose of yoga (and a translation of the word) is for the union of all this energy".

Meditation has been a very good tool for me personally - it's hard for me to imagine how difficult Don's journey has been. It is not easy for any of us to meet life's varied circumstances - how we react to adversity and opportunity. For those of us with complicating factors, it's even more so.

My son would say, "**Teamwork makes the dream work**", and we do need to reach out and help each other through hard times.

I'd like to end this Foreword with best wishes to Don and the future, and to all who are working through their own challenges.

Tim "Timex" Lawson Langley, BC, December 2014

4 • Foreword

Michel R. Ingram



My introduction to Donald came through photography, although not in the way one might expect. In 2025, one of my images was accepted for exhibition at the **British Columbia Regional Awards** and was subsequently displayed at **The Gallery George** in Vancouver, where Donald happened to see it.

After viewing my work, he reached out and asked whether I would be interested in undertaking image restoration work for him. What began as a professional collaboration soon evolved into something far more meaningful. Over the course of our work together, I had the opportunity to restore and colourize historical photographs, including portraits of Sir William and Donald himself.

Through our conversations and shared stories, I came to know the man behind the photographs. I learned about the challenges he has faced, his medical condition, and his unwavering involvement with the **Intrepid Society**. More importantly, I gained an appreciation for his character, resilience, and passion for preserving history through imagery.

Donald is, at his heart, a photographer. Like many photographers, he sees beyond the surface. He understands a photograph is far more than a record of a moment; it serves as a bridge between generations, a keeper of memories, and a reminder of the people and events that shape our lives. His dedication to preserving visual history reflects a profound respect for both humanity and heritage.

Throughout our conversations, I was continually impressed by Donald's curiosity, determination, and generosity. Despite obstacles placed before him, he remains deeply engaged with the world around him. His commitment to community service, particularly through the Intrepid Society, reveals a belief that our greatest accomplishments are measured not by what we achieve for ourselves, but by what we contribute to others.

The pages that follow reflect that spirit. Readers will discover more than stories and photographs. They will encounter a life shaped by perseverance, passion, service, and an enduring appreciation for human connection. Donald's experiences offer insight, inspiration, and a reminder that every individual carries a story worth preserving.

I am grateful a photograph hanging on the wall of The Gallery George brought Donald and me together. What began as a restoration project became a journey of discovery, allowing me to learn about his life, his passion for photography, his dedication to the Intrepid Society, and the remarkable resilience that defines him. Along the way, I gained not only a deeper appreciation for his work but also a friendship that I deeply value.

As you read this book, I hope you come to appreciate Donald as I have—not only as a photographer, historian, and community advocate, but as a remarkable individual whose life and work continue to inspire all who have the privilege of knowing him.

Michel R. Ingram

Photographer, Educator, and PPOC Craftsman of Photographic Arts

5 • Foreword

Ellen Atkin

I first met Donald Waite in 2010 on Marine Drive in White Rock, BC. I was carrying a 44” x 135” framed canvas photographic aerial wall art piece. For years, he had been my rival in the aerial photography business, a man whose prestigious contracts, dominance of the early search engines, and vast archive of more than 100,000 images had set a standard I continually strove to reach.

By 2023, our rivalry had past. I had poured my energy into MK Ultra Girl, a campaign seeking justice and recognition for survivors of psychiatric abuse, abuse with roots in the Cold War mind-control experiments documented and declassified in the CIA’s MKUltra program.

When I challenged Canada’s mental-health establishment with what I had uncovered, I was dismissed as delusional. Evidence was disregarded, and lived experience was denied. I also came to believe that speaking out had made me a target of surveillance and harassment.

My experience has convinced me that psychiatry, rather than healing, can pacify and silence the gifted, the visionary, the wounded, and the traumatized through the use of medication and compliance. That history helps explain the Don I encountered on the streets of White Rock. Little did I know he was only days coming out of his second major mental breakdown.

Yet the man revealed in these pages is far more than that first impression. Don remains clear minded, strong, and charismatic despite the baggage of mental illness he carries. His detective’s instinct, creative artistry, driven passion and indomitable spirit continue to inspire me.

Courts, lawyers, and institutions often falter when confronted with experiences they find difficult to believe. Meanwhile, we are living through an accelerated age of reality wars; Battles over memory, truth, and the forces that shape our collective consciousness. Whether critical psychiatry can transform the field, or fully account for those harmed by its failures, remains an open question.

For now, we can listen to those who have lived through it.

Donald Waite reminds us that recovery is not merely personal, but collective—that healing must extend beyond the individual to the psychic wounds of an entire age. For that, we owe him not only our gratitude, but our full attention.

Ellen Atkin Aerial

Photographer & MKUltra Girl



6 • Foreword

Bob Gould

Donald Waite and I grew up together on Holstein dairy farms in the Ottawa Valley. We went to school together, and our farms were close enough that we could walk between them. As we grew older, we drifted apart—until recently.

I remember the Renfrew Fair, where we competed with the offspring of our respective purebred Holsteins as members of the respected 4-H Club. On the last day of the fair, we paraded our calves from the barns past the grandstand and received a fifty-cent coin for taking part. Someone had to stay overnight in the loft above the barns and keep the area behind the cattle clear in case they lay down and became soiled. Donnie spent many nights in that loft, and once I was allowed to stay with him and help.

I also remember a group of us, including Donnie, climbing onto the bandstand and agreeing to be hypnotized by Peter Reveen. He could not hypnotize me, but I recall Donnie down on all fours, picking up puffed wheat and believing he was gathering coins.

It was a long journey from young farm boys to careers in the RCMP and Air Traffic Control. In the Renfrew area, unless you could play hockey at the senior level, it was difficult to make much of an impact. As Donnie describes in his memoir, hockey was the gladiatorial path to recognition in our time. Many Renfrew streets still bear the names of the original Renfrew Millionaires.

Reading Donnie's account brought back many memories: his motorbike accident, helping his father bring in the oats, and the hours we spent riding the back roads of Admaston Township. There were three of us on two motorcycles and Donnie's motorbike. Beattie Hodgins had a Honda, and I had a BSA. Our motorcycles were much faster than Donnie's motorbike, and he was always roaring along behind us, trying to keep up.

For either of us to travel from those farms to successful careers—Donnie in the RCMP and me in Air Traffic Control—was an accomplishment. Donnie's later endeavours in photography and business led him to further success. I did not know about his health issues, but after reading the account of his life's journey, I admire the tenacity and determination he has shown. Looking back on our boyhood, I recognize that same determination in him even then.

Be proud of yourself, Donald Waite. You deserve it.

Bob Gould

Retired Director,

National Airport Operations Air Traffic Control,

NAV CANADA

7 • Foreword

Fred Bodnaruk



I first met Don at a Koffee Klatch in West Vancouver in the summer of 2009. These informal social gatherings of Royal Canadian Mounted Police retirees took place once a month so we could shoot the breeze about the highlights of our sometimes illustrious 40 year careers as policemen.

On his first visit, Don explained he was working on the writing of two books - **‘Vancouver Exposed A History in Photographs’** and **‘Camp X and the Cold War A History in Photographs’**. Luckily for him, a few members had been involved in cloak and dagger exploits between Canadian and Russian spies during and after the famous Russian spy **Igor Gouzenko** case. The Soviet cypher clerk worked out of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa before defecting to Security and Intelligence members of the force in 1945.

It was the very start of espionage in Canada. A former dogged cop, Don seemed to relish chasing down leads for his books.

An ex-member, he fit right in with the group and was happy to share ‘war stories’ with the gang.

On his second or third visit, I invited him back to my place for a chin wag. Right away, he commented on one of the many violins I’d made over the years from planks salvaged from ‘The St. Roch’, the forces ‘Workhorse of the North’ made famous for being the first vessel to successfully navigate the Northwest Passage from west to east to lay claim to Canada’s north.

During one visit, he interviewed a retired Assistant Commissioner who as a rookie babysat Gouzenko. Don used two cigarette-sized digital tape recorders. I know because he used the same recorders to interview me. The force’s security members whisked the defector Gouzenko away to Canada’s **Camp X**, a famous spy facility located on the shores of Lake Ontario at Whitby, a town a few miles northeast of Toronto. It was run by **William S. Stephenson, the real James Bond**.

More recently, he interviewed me and made a video about ‘Canada’s Bonnie and Clyde’ and their crime spree across all of North America from Alaska to the southern United States. My partner and I finally interviewed ‘Bonnie’ and she turned on ‘Clyde’. He was captured and hung for murder.

Over several visits, I realized we had something in common. We both had the ability to connect dots and catch crooks.

I found Don a passionate and detailed writer who effectively portrays historic events about a national police force that has faithfully served law and order for Canada since the year 1873.

Don photographed my personal violin for his Vancouver title.

Fred Bodnaruk

Former RCMP Staff Sergeant (Retired)

Founder of the Integrated Homicide Investment Team (IHIT)



8 • Foreword

Gary Solar, The Intrepid Society

June 3, 2012

To Whom It May Concern

Re: Donald E. Waite

I first met Don in September 2010 when he visited the Intrepid Museum to photograph artifacts and to scan original photographs pertaining to Sir William S. Stephenson. Sir William's daughter had a short time earlier donated them to the museum.

Don explained to me at that time that he was collecting material for a book tentatively titled **Outside Camp X & Canada's Cold War: A History in Photographs**. He told me that he would not publish anything in the book without the express approval of the society.

Since his visit to the museum he has published two books *Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows:*

A History in Photographs and *Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs*.

These two titles can be seen on his website:

www.globalbirdphotos.com/mrpm

www.globalbirdphotos.co/ve

One chapter in his Vancouver title mentions Sir William and his associate Alfred James Towle Taylor in both the building of the Lions Gate Bridge and their involvement at both Camp X and the Rockefeller Centre. Go here:

www.globalbirdphotos.com/ve/238_249_Taylor_and_the_Lions_Gate_Bridge_Author.pdf

I would appreciate anyone with information about Camp X, the Rockefeller Centre and espionage stories pertaining to the Cold War to assist Don in any manner possible.

Sincerely, Gary Solar

President The Intrepid Society

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mobile 204-296 5706

9 • Foreword

Samuel Bernier-Cormier

Aerial photography has a fascinating history and has had a very important role to play in the development of the medium over the years. In many ways, flight and imaging technologies developed hand in hand. Not very long after taking flight, we found a way to strap a camera to the airplane. Its use as a method of reconnaissance accelerated at the turn of the 20th Century and was particularly prominent during the First World War. Cameras were mounted to balloons and planes in massive surveillance efforts on both sides of the war. As it goes with many other technologies, military applications lead to innovation, and we saw rather large advancements in silver photography around this time.

Aerial photographs, while taken for various other commercial purposes, can bring incredible value for archival research. Thus, my excitement when Donald Waite approached **Library and Archives Canada** with the idea to donate some of his studio's photographs. Such collections are a real well of information for researchers. The visual information contained in these photographs only becomes more valuable as time goes on and as the places depicted grow and evolve. These are snapshots in time that can prove to be crucial for historical research. While other Canadian repositories exist for aerial photographs, such as the **National Air Photo Library**, there is something particular about how Waite's photographs were taken.

Most collections hold photographs taken with the lens pointed straight down, creating flat images of the land below. The oblique angle at which Waite's photographs were taken brings a different element to the collection. The photographs are able to provide a high level of detail that will surely be appreciated by researchers for years to come. With enough oblique air photos, it is now possible to go back in time to perhaps 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010 and 2020 years and show areas of some cities evolving from cow pastures to becoming a metropolis.

Donald Waite worked diligently to provide LAC with a selection from his negatives archive depicting various towns and cities across British Columbia and Alberta. He provided us with precise details for each photograph, allowing us to preserve the valuable resource that is this collection into the future.

Samuel Bernier-Cormier
Photography Archivist,
Library and Archives Canada

10 • Foreword

J. Fenwick Lansdowne

By combining skill and knowledge with a unique quality of perception, an artist produces something interesting and pleasing. It may be a picture and, in fact, the word “artist” brings to mind that deft manipulator of brushes, the painter. However, the same visual artists work not with paints and brushes but with cameras, and their pictures are photographs, not watercolors or oil. Through using different media and techniques, photographers and painters have one thing in common, the ability to see as beautiful things that to others are ordinary and the desire to share this vision with those who do not have it.

In the pages that follow are photographs of birds, pictures of exquisite sensitivity that capture their subjects with wonderful immediacy. They are among the finest of their kind and the images, a dipper with a wriggling, neatly held water insect or a humming bird back-pedalling from a nectar-dropping columbine blossom, remain in the mind’s eye long after the book is closed.

The saddest duty of photographs is to record what has gone. Here, in the pictures of **Isidor Jeklin and Donald Waite**, they have a happier task; that of showing us, evocatively and beautifully, what we have still.

As the unspoiled parts of the world shrink and ebb away, receding deeper into the Dreamtime of the past, photographs such as these become more important. They renew our pleasures in wild things and serve to remind us that our vital link with the earth and its values must remain unbroken.

J. Fenwick Lansdowne
Victoria, B.C.
October, 1983

11 • Foreword

Adam J. B. “Boomer” Palmer



Adam Palmer and Tim Hardy,
Director of *Dead Man's Curse*

It was in the Summer of 2009, after returning from an expedition with **Evan Howard** looking for the Lost Creek Mine that I met Don. He was with **Fred Braches** and both of them proceeded to question Evan and I regarding our recent trip to the Terrarosa Glacier. Right away, I sensed Don's strategy was more akin to that of a police detective than a fellow gold hunter in breaking the ice with us for our first introduction. Nonetheless, his passion and curiosity along with his genuine interest in our expedition was only fueling my intensity to tell him everything I knew. I was also curious to know everything he knew as well. I figured this was my way into his mind for the way he interrogated me. I opened up and gradually

steered the conversation towards his own research and he soon opened up and divulged what he knew. However, I realized there was more to this Donald Waite guy than just someone who was looking for a lost gold mine. I soon found out his life was just as twisted and mysterious as was **The Legend of the Lost Creek Mine**, a rabbit hole that sucks people in and at a time in Don's life when he was trying to find his way out.

As days, months, and years passed by, the communication between Don and I has never stopped in regards to researching the mystery behind the Lost Creek Mine. But the further down this rabbit hole I go, the more I realize there is a strange parallel between Don's life and the Lost Gold Mine. Both trap you into what can be best described as a 'psychological thriller' or a difficult thousand piece jigsaw puzzle and the last piece of the puzzle is missing. Don provides a window to look into his life and witness the mental and psychological ups and downs of an author, explorer, police officer, father, and husband. Don's personal triumphs and tragedies takes you on a twisting highway of mental breakdowns that seems to spiral out of control, but like the Legend of the Lost Gold Mine, there is always something new that hits you, and pulls you further in and sparks the curiosity to those of us that have agreed to open the door to Don Waite when you hear him knocking.

Adam J.B. 'Boomer' Palmer

12 • Foreword

Nick Didlick



It's funny to look back on my 50th year as a professional photographer and realize it really started when I walked into the **Don Waite Photo Center** in 1973, at the age of 15, looking to buy a camera. It was a big purchase: a camera for outdoor adventures and to photograph my girlfriends.

I must have visited Don at his shop three or four times before deciding to purchase a Konica T3 Auto Reflex. I often look back on those days with a smile. I visited Don in the shop

many times over the next few years, learning the basics of photography and buying equipment.

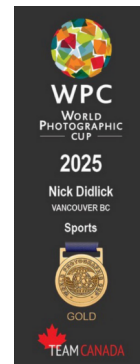
Don and I became friends over time, and I finally became a professional photographer in 1976, working part-time for the local newspaper, starting a career. When asked about how I got started, I tell people I just bought a camera, hung onto its straps and went on an adventure.

That adventure in photojournalism and photography over the past five decades has led me to live on two continents, travel to assignments in over 66 countries, and hold staff photographer positions at United Press International (UPI), Reuters, the Vancouver Sun, and the National Post.

I was twice nominated for a Pulitzer Prize and I am a National Newspaper Award-winning photographer.

During my travels, I have covered Royal Tours, travelled with Prince Charles and Lady Diana, and with Presidents and Prime Ministers; and witnessed, through my viewfinders, multiple Olympics, Super Bowls, Superpower Summits, man-made and natural disasters, riots, and other conflicts.

It's strange to think it all started with me being a PITA "pain in the ass" in the small Don Waite Photo Centre on 119th Ave in Haney.



Nick Didlick
Photographer

13 • Quotes and Testimonials

“I’ve known Don for about 15 years; I met him shortly after retiring from NATO and moved to the West Coast in 2009. Don is an interesting person whose life experiences give him a deep insight into human behaviour and the state of the world. He’s a great listener and has well-developed and articulate ideas on a wide spectrum of topics. As a former RCMP officer, he’s written extensively about law enforcement and national security. His knowledge of Sir William Stephenson, better known by his code name Intrepid, is extensive, and his writings about the man are well worth a read.

Don has had some challenges in life, including an ongoing struggle with mental health—he is a strong advocate for a caring and inclusive approach to dealing with mental health problems and homelessness. His success in life reflects an inner strength that has overcome many obstacles.

Don is discriminating in his associations and friendships. He associates himself with like-minded people of integrity, intelligence, and honour. He is compassionate, caring, intelligent, and thoughtful—I am proud to call him a friend.”

— **Colonel (Retired) Keith D. Maxwell, Order of Military Merit (OMM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD)**

“I was in Ottawa, Canada’s capital, during the height of the Cold War and the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) crisis in October 1970. It was a troubling time, and had our French Canadian province decided to split away from the rest of the Dominion, our beautiful country would have been chopped into Western Canada, the country of Quebec, and Eastern Canada. Don was there.”

— **Former RCMP Staff Sergeant Dan Mulvenna, Founder of Spy Moscow**

Am I surprised that the man I credit with inspiring my entire career in aerial photography would also emerge as a figure in one of popular culture’s greatest hidden historical subplots: MKUltra mind-control programming? I suppose not. I remain deeply grateful for Don Waite’s courage, brilliance, talent, honesty, and charisma. There is so much I admire about the man, the legend aka Donald Waite.

He has an extraordinary ability to trace connections through the shell game of archaic military intelligence, declassified records, and uncanny real-world synchronicities. His drive continues to inspire me.

— **Ellen Atkin, aka MKUltra Girl**

“I first met Don when he came to Winnipeg to visit the Intrepid Society Museum to photograph anything to do with William S. Stephenson, the real Intrepid, and the inspiration for author Ian Fleming’s fictional books about Sir James Bond, Intrepid, 007. He must have had something to do with Royal Canadian Mounted Police Intelligence since Tyronne Troy, the Central Intelligence Agency’s historian, contacted me requesting that I invite him to the Intrepid Awards in Winnipeg in September 2011. I booked him for two days for his photography; he did it in less than two hours.”

— **Colonel (Retired) Gary C. Solar, Meritorious Service Medal (MSM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD); Former Canadian Department of Defence; ex-Chief of Operations, Center for Crime and Terrorism, Washington, DC**

“Some kids are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Not so for my two brothers and me. My mom and dad were both alcoholics and druggies. We stole the milkman’s milk and then stole the milkman’s money to buy food. We were five, six, and seven years old when a big car pulled up to the house with a big star on the door, and off we went to a foster care home. We moved around a lot. I was referred to as a kleptomaniac—a big word for petty thief. Some foster parents were kind, but some were downright cruel and denied us food. One woman beat us with a strap until we were black and blue. We went from foster care to juvenile jail in Nanaimo, then the Haney Correctional Institute in Maple Ridge, then Oakalla Prison Farm for two years less a day in Burnaby, until finally the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster, which we called the ‘big house.’ The pen housed rapists, murderers, drug dealers, and the criminally insane.”

— **Dennis R. Storrings, Foster Care and Federal Penitentiary Survivor**

“This is one of the most beautiful collections of photographic portraits of North American birds yet produced. It is technically superb and esthetically pleasing.”

— **Roger Tory Peterson, world-renowned ornithologist (testimonial from the 1984 book *The Art of Photographing North American Birds*, co-authored with Isidor Jeklin)**

“Anything Pitt Lake or Slumach, Don Waite is the legend.”

— **Tim Hardy, Director, *Deadman’s Curse: Legend of the Lost Gold***

“Young men need pressure to perform.”

— **Sir William Stephenson, the Real Intrepid**

14 • Afterword

Donald E. Waite and Stan Pavlov

My best friend Stan Pavlov talked about my mental illness a few days before his passing.

He said, “You have extrasensory perception. You’re telepathic. You can hone in on things not perceivable by the ordinary person. You have a very high ESP. You can’t concentrate. You jump from one rail to another with no switch in between. You’re always moving your hands. You’re fidgety. You are not a candidate for the funny farm. You are gifted. You are not normal. I think you are abnormal in a positive way, except you are out of tune. If you channel your gift you have a genius quality. If you can ask this hypnotist about your ESP, you might get fixed. If you decide to rewrite your memoir, you might just pull it off. I thought you were not qualified to do it but maybe in your own way you are and so all I can do is give you my blessing.”

Although totally forgotten over a span of 40 years, he went on to say, “I was in the back seat of the plane with you when the pilot almost dumped you out the open door. I was also with you when you got the shot of the inflation of the stadium. You made it look so easy. After our misunderstanding, I bought a camera system identical to yours. I went up and came back with nothing but garbage.”

Sometimes the truth can be stranger than fiction.

If you don’t believe it, read my memoir.

Donald E. Waite

