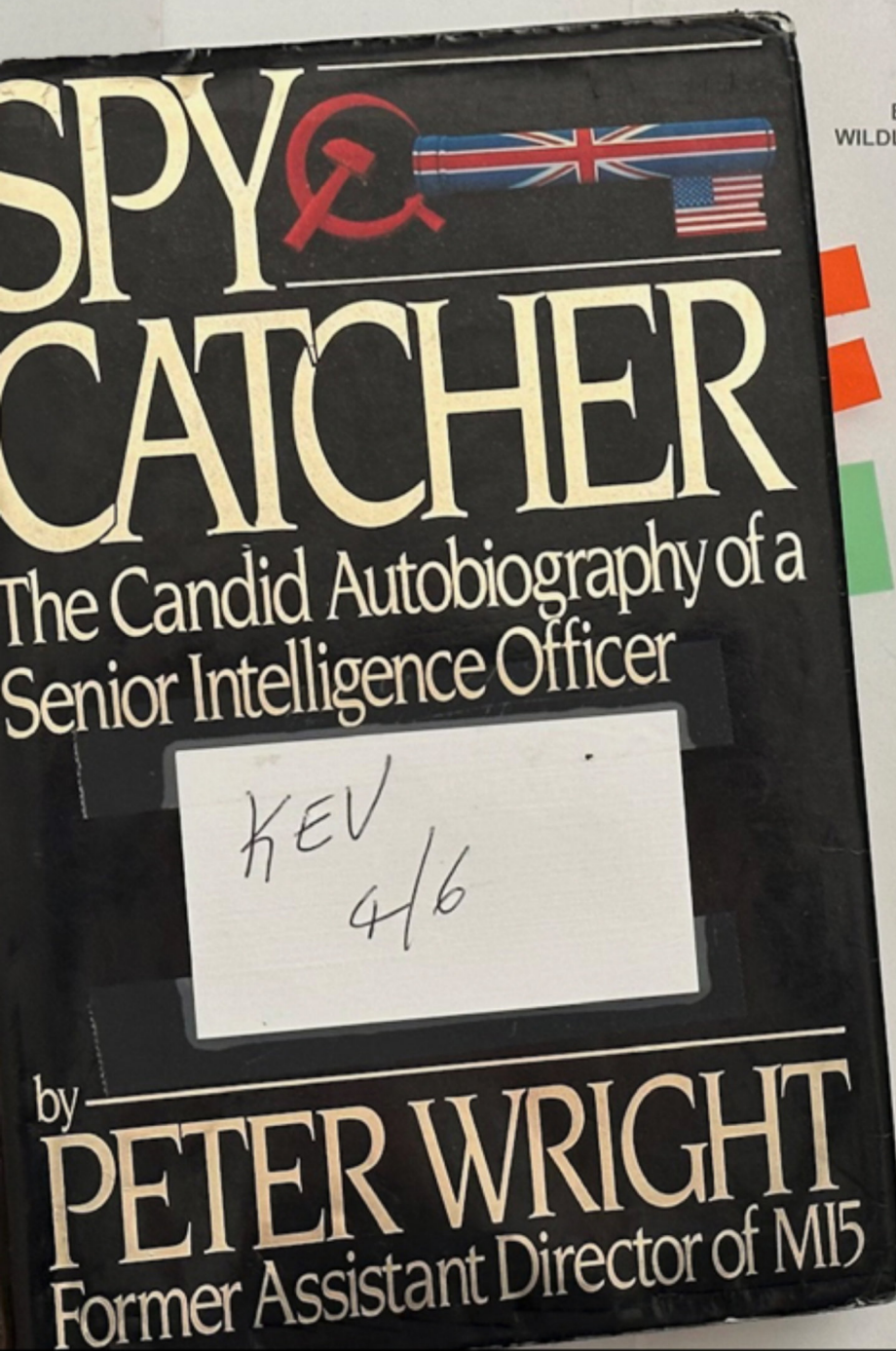


Out of Order

The Yellow-Breasted Chat Fiasco



****CONFIDENTIAL FOR FEDERAL PROSECUTION****

ENVIRONMENT CANADA - CANADIAN WILDLIFE SERVICE
WILDLIFE ENFORCEMENT DIVISION - PACIFIC AND YUKON REGION



RE: FILE NUMBER: 5009-2007-06-13-001

WAITE, Donald ENDER
DOB 1944-11-08

LEGISLATION:

MIGRATORY BIRD CONVENTION ACT, 1994
SPECIES AT RISK ACT

PLACE/DATE:

Road 22 and Black Sage Road
Highway 97, B.C. June 13, 2007

INVESTIGATOR:

Federal Wildlife Investigator
Canadian Wildlife Service - Environment Canada
T: (604) 666 - 9082 F: (604) 666-0048

****CONFIDENTIAL FOR FEDERAL PROSECUTION****

Foreword by Ellen Atkin - MKUltra Girl

A MEMOIR

OUT OF ORDER

The Yellow-Breasted Chat Fiasco 2007

DONALD E. WAITE

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Foreword

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 long since faded. 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 inconvenienced through the excessive use of medication. That history helps explain the Don I encountered on the streets of White Rock.

Yet the man revealed in these pages is far more than that first impression. Although he still carries the effects of the treatment he received during his own “breakdown,” Don remains clear-minded, strong, and charismatic. 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 war 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



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1 • The Incident Begins

A Family of Yellow-breasted Chats

I got into big trouble on 13 June, 2007, over the photography of a family of Yellow-breasted Chats in British Columbia's sunny Okanagan and before the smoke cleared Damon Calderwood and I were both charged with nine criminal offences under the Migratory Birds Conventions Act and the Species at Risk Act. The maximum fines were a staggering \$4,500,000. It caused me to have my first ever, at 62 years of age, mental breakdown.

Two Investigations

There were two, not one, investigations taking place at the same time with respect to Damon and my breaking the law and cutting vegetation to photograph birds. The first was the Parks Branch, the second was the Canadian Wildlife Branch, and soon afterwards the two merged and brought in the Department of Justice. It's little wonder I had a bipolar break. After putting my nose to the grindstone year after year, I'd sold my air photo business to my son and was making more money working for him than for myself after being in business since 1971. As so often happens in government, the left hand didn't know what the right hand was doing. If it wasn't for my bad luck, I'd have no luck at all.

The First Day in the Blind

My very first day doing bird photography with Tina was June 10th. We were sitting side by side in a bird blind 10 feet off the ground photographing a family of Black-billed Magpies. Here's what I wrote in Tina's journal, "First day working with Tina and it was a real joy to have her up here in the blind sitting beside me. Sort of what I've been working toward my entire life. Got the lights and everything set up and discovered after the first hour one light (fill light) wasn't firing. Both parents came in at regular ½ hour intervals and we took about 100 shots. I'm hoping at least a few are OK. I had a visit from a park ranger Don Emmerson, a friend from my policing days in Haney. He was a volunteer fireman.

From Tina's notes, "Once home Don went up to the main house to find out how Jesse is doing. Meanwhile Damon's back and didn't have any success today with the Yellow-breasted Chat or Black-headed Grosbeak, plus having problems with his lights. Both birds are shy, especially when their habitat has been disturbed. Hopefully nothing goes wrong with these nests. Donnie loading images and deleting the rejects. I didn't get to see the ones he took. He doesn't know who has taken what pictures. Hopefully nothing goes wrong with these nests. I felt disappointed. I really wanted to see the screen on camera properly, I didn't have my glasses. Tomorrow, if we're taking pictures. I'll make sure to bring my glasses, pillow and chair to sit on with the binoculars. Damon is getting up early to shoot the magpies and we're looking for nests. The magpie nest is in some kind of willow, maybe Bebb's Willow. I need to take a photo or sample and bark rubbing."

The Parks Branch Investigation

We were taking photographs of the magpies at Vaseux Lake and stupidly had cut a swath of vegetation from the road down to the tree with the nest. A visitor probably reported us to the

ranger and Don got in touch with his superior and that was the beginning of the Parks Branch investigation. It's important to get everything in chronological order.

My edited notes for 11 June, "We (Tina) visited Damon at Road 22 and Tina took 18 shots of a female Yellow-breasted Chat. They looked good. We are going back today to continue with the chat and also to set up on a pair of Black-headed Grosbeaks.

Damon and I were on the Okanagan's birders' radar before ever coming up to the Okanagan as he had sent out a bulk email to Okanagan bird watchers asking for help to locate nests. Several responded.

Confrontation at the Chat Nest

We didn't hide from the public. I drove around in my white Sports Utility Vehicle with my company name, logo, URL and phone number on three of its four sides. I was also pulling a brand new trailer for hauling around scaffolding to be used to photograph nests 20 feet up in trees.

I was completely blindsided on the morning of the 13th when three biologists from the Canadian Wildlife Service confronted me while setting up to photograph the chats. My time at the nest alone was only 15 minutes before two women and a First Nations brave with arms as big as my legs visited me at the nest. They didn't even know a REAL sting was taking place. The lead biologist called out to me. It was the beginning of a blotched sting by birders and biologists wanting to play cops and robbers.

The biologist confronting me called her supervisor and in less than two hours the chairman of the chat study put out an email with mostly inaccurate information to 25 birders and biologists. Her email said a patch of vegetation, 5x5 feet square, was cut to expose the nest to predators.

The lead biologist asked me to leave. I tried to explain about being involved in bird photography for many years but my comments fell on deaf ears. Within a few hours, the CWS biologist in charge of the chat study sent out a broadcast email to friends and associates which quickly went viral and most of the comments in her broadcast were erroneous. She told them to spread the word. They did and her broadcast went viral. One recipient was a senior CWS investigator from Vancouver. They talked. He told her to go to the scene and take photographs.



2 • The Case Expands

The Broadcast Email

It was akin to sending a fox to a hen house. They took pics of an 8x8 square cut patch of vegetation. It went from 25 to 64 square feet. Three days later, he and two assistants visited the scene. The patch cut was now 11x9 feet (99 square feet). My challenge was to determine when the biologists brought the lawmen into the fiasco. Recovered from my illness, it didn't take long to figure out the head of the chat recovery team jumped the gun and sent out a slanderous broadcast email about me to biologists and birders. Simply put, she screwed up and her initial transmission was not blind carbon copied listing all 25 recipients. With little thought and a click of a button, she told them to spread the word. They did. It was akin to cutting open a pillow of feathers and spreading them to the wind. Once gone, it's impossible to collect them.

It's like Pandora's Box spreading all the evils to the world. In one of her own emails, she mentioned getting her message out to 1,000,000 recipients. There were soon hundreds of responders to the original mailout. The chat chairman bragged about getting it out to 1,000,000 people. One so 'Heavenly Bound He was no Earthly good' individual was downright cruel and his several posts easily cost me several \$1,000,000. When a policeman in Maple Ridge in 1967-68-69-70, the Wise family lived across the road from where I room and boarded. Their daughter was Nancy and I took her picture on a pony. Nancy owned Sandhill Books in Kelowna in 2007. She was my book distributor. She said, "Don, birders are threatening to boycott my store if I don't stop selling your book. Your bird title is being returned with torn pages." Nancy returned her inventory back to me.

The Message Goes Viral & Full Disclosure

The lead Vancouver CWS investigator responded to an email from me and mistakenly made a colossal blunder. His email to me included the attached email from the chat supervisor. Her original email wasn't blind carbon copied. It gave me 25 names of every Tom, Dick, Harry, Jane and even Baby Sally. Many were not with the CSW. I found out at least one Okanagan biologist hopped on a plane and flew to Vancouver to brainstorm with Justice Department lawyers. It took awhile but eventually the crown gave me all the emails exchanged by everyone involved in the chat fiasco. It's called 'full disclosure'. We were guilty as sin but it soon became evident birders, biologists, cops and lawyers all not only wanted our heads on a platter but our entire carcasses. What a trophy. A retired cop who had co-authored a book way back in 1984 about bird photography and then in 2006 published a book about bird photography.

The CWS's top gun, also an ex-cop, gave the green light and everyone involved pulled every trick in the book to bring about our convictions. They all went up several rungs on the ladder by taking us to the bottom rung. The government lawyers had 16 expert witnesses. I eventually read the 463-page prosecution package and knew lawyers had coached the witnesses about what to leave in and what to leave out of their testimony. They committed perjury by omission. As well, the full disclosure provided me with every email exchanged between Tom, Dick, Harry, Jane and even Baby Sally. It was over 2,000 pages. A Justice Department lawyer didn't want me to see their blunders. He said they'd cost \$5 a page. That was \$10,000. I said I'd pay.

Just prior to heading up to the Okanagan, I purchased a second camera body identical to

mine, a 180 macro lens, seven small tripods, two large tripods for the cameras, 20 feet of scaffolding (two sections made of aluminum and two made of steel) with all the accessories. I then commissioned a company to build a trailer to my specifications. I also bought seven fist sized high-speed strobes and two transponders. It cost a small fortune. Tina had enthusiastically agreed to work with me and do insect and bird photography. A few months after my breakdown, angry, I sold the scaffolding and trailer for 20 cents on the dollar and never stepped into the forest for 10 years to look for birds.

Equipment, Loss, Aftermath and an Indigenous Perspective

A couple of hours after the bust, I visited the Indigenous brave. He wasn't impressed with his bosses. His first comment, "They've been studying the chats for five years. They sit in their air-conditioned offices and send me out to find chat nests. It's hot. They're pretty easy to find. I just sit on a chair and watch birds carry food right to the nest." He went on, "The CWS charged my three brothers and me for shooting an elk in our traditional hunting grounds. We hired an expensive lawyer and paid him \$50,000 before the CWS dropped the charges." His brother was the chief. He told me to get in touch with him to photograph birds on Indian Land.

3 • Search, Seizure and Surveillance

On the 15th, Tina and I got up early and were on the road to check out two locations in Westbank and Kelowna for air photography. I took a call from the biologist who confronted me two days earlier. We talked. She wanted to know our address to return a strobe. It wasn't true.

The purpose of the call was to get an address so CWS investigators could execute a search warrant. Prior to this happening, the head of the CWS investigative team in downtown Vancouver asked biologists to go back to the 'crime' scene and take photographs. It was akin to sending a fox into a hen house.

Locating the Guesthouse

On the 16th June, three Canadian Wildlife Service investigators and Constable Jason Muise with the RCMP Summerland Detachment came by my mother-in-law's guesthouse to execute a search warrant. They were looking for evidence because my wife Tina, Damon, and I had been photographing a Yellow-breasted Chat, a Species at Risk. Answering the door, I arrogantly greeted the lead CWS investigator with the comment, "What took you so long?"

Keeping the lawmen outside the guest house, I asked them to get their notebooks, tape recorders and even video cameras as I was prepared to answer any questions. I sang like a canary. It was the proverbial slam-dunk. The lead CWS investigator examined my notebook containing material for a book I was writing on the City of Maple Ridge. My writing was so sloppy, he couldn't decipher a word. He tried to seize Tina's journal but she refused to give it to him explaining it contained her private thoughts. Tina and I had written our every movement since coming up to the Okanagan and it contained both her and my comments. It was 69 pages. Tina, Damon and Constable Muise knew something was wrong with me but I ignored everyone telling them to get their note books, tape recorders and even video cameras as I was prepared to answer any questions.

Execution of the Search Warrant

At one point, Jason told me to shut up. Part way through the interview, I asked the lead CWS investigator if he had a pocket tape recorder in his shirt pocket. He did and gave me the police warning explaining anything spoken could now be used as evidence. As a former policeman, I never in a million years would have agreed to give a taped and videoed interview. After a short time, Jason excused himself and left the CWS fact finders to continue their investigation. Moving inside the guest house, the CWS head investigator examined several of my notebooks and I explained they contained material for a book on Maple Ridge. My jottings were so sloppy he couldn't decipher a word. He confiscated them and then tried to seize Tina's journal but she refused to give it to him explaining they contained her private thoughts.

Tina had written our every movement since coming up to the Okanagan and it contained both her and my comments. There were three Canadian Wildlife Service investigators yet none acknowledged I was mentally unstable. By this time their trucks were loaded to the gunnels with evidence. After two hours they were anxious to have lunch or more likely one had to use the bathroom.

Evidence, Tails and Warning Signs

On the 17th, I was driving out to where Tina and I had been photographing Black-headed Grosbeaks and Gray Catbirds and once out on the highway, I picked up a tail. A car got in behind me and when I speeded up, the other driver speeded up and when I slowed, he slowed. Years earlier, as a detective in Burnaby, I'd participated in operations involving bank robbers. I did a U-turn and on passing gave them the finger. I drove back to the guest house to retrieve my camera.

Returning, my plan was to dismantle my two bench horses and clean up the area where Tina and I had been photographing the grosbeaks and catbirds. Just before reaching the road, I spotted two vehicles parked behind my SUV. I disappeared into the bushes with my camera and did a gorilla run through the thickets and came out behind birders playing cops and robbers. I shouted, gave a big wave, and the cars drove out of sight. Later, Tina drove me to the Canadian Tire Store in Penticton and I purchased two pocket tape recorders and on getting back into my SUV there was a big government truck with dual back wheels parked behind us. Another tail! More biologists trying to play policemen.

On the 18th, my comments in Tina's journal, "Today we returned to some historic buildings and took pics of the sign. Saw a marmot looking down on me from a hay loft. Called Tina and proceeded to scream, "Come down out of there immediately you stupid idiot." Tina initially thought I was screaming at some undercover 'birders' but later had a good laugh after explaining a marmot had somehow gotten up into the loft and was watching me take pictures.”

I had a long talk with Tina as we drove back to Summerland. We burned the mortgage. This had to have been written in Tina's journal after the raid. Must phone in morning Re: return of computer by Wednesday afternoon. Nicest guy but niece. My comments ramble and are a dead giveaway something was wrong with my mental state. I bought a cheap bottle of wine and once home tried to chill out and relax with Tina. We both became inebriated.

Flashbacks to Ottawa, 1970, the FLQ and the Cold War

Here's comments from Tina's journal: "Just before noon, I'm back at the guesthouse carrying my groceries and I knocked on the side entrance off the kitchen so Don can let me in with the bags of groceries. I heard Don yelling at me like I wasn't his wife, even when he opened the door, he screamed at me to go away. I can't remember the rest of his words. Basically, he was really angry at someone on the phone, so I placed the bags outside the door and walked to the front and sat down in what shade I could find. I don't know who he's talking to but he's very very mad".

4 • A Mind in Crisis

Tina’s Journal

On the early morning of the 19th, I awoke in a trancelike state and hovered at the foot of Tina's and my bed in an upstairs bedroom of the guesthouse. I was having an epiphany.

I was in my white housecoat with my arms outstretched 'a la Jesus' and in my mind was levitating a foot off the ground. I was talking to Tina in a loud voice trying to explain how Wilber Smith, a prolific historical fiction author, was able to churn out a book every couple of years. Tina used to read bedtime stories to me from many of Smith's titles about Africa. I went downstairs and got into a heated debate with Damon who was returning with a friend from an evening of rehearsal. They were both actors and had a gig in Penticton. I told Tina and Damon about a vision and he was white-haired and talking to a crowd of thousands about environmental issues and the Earth's fragility and in due course he'd be replacing the likes of David Suzuki and Al Gore. I ranted and raved for an hour before collapsing exhausted into a chair in the kitchen.

The Epiphany and Damon Calderwood’s account

I told Tina and Damon about certain events that took place in Ottawa in 1969-70 and 71 during my time in the Scenes of Crime Section involving the FLQ (Front de libération du Québec). At least part of my prophecy came true. I wrote a Maple Ridge book in 2008, a Vancouver title in 2010 and a gold book in 2012 and then my disastrous memoir in 2015. Damon Calderwood's account of one of Don Waite's mental breakdown episodes:

”In the early morning hours of June 19th, 2007, I was awakened by Don Waite, who had come downstairs and was talking loudly. Don Had shaken me awake at about 1:30 a.m. and when I was roused, he went over to Jesse who was sleeping on the other couch. Don attempted to wake him up. Jesse told him in no uncertain terms that he was going back to sleep and buried his head under. Pillow and tried to go back to sleep.

Don had loudly told us that we "needed to hear this". Don began talking about many things in a vain attempt to make a clear point about what was going on with him. Tina, Don's wife, had come downstairs a few minutes into his ramble and was quietly sitting and listening to what he was saying. At one point she quietly told me that she didn't know why he was doing this, and that she was really worried about him as Don was behaving very strangely, almost like he was in a trance, with his eyes mostly closed he spoke to me. Occasionally, if I began to fall asleep, he would say loudly "are you listening to me". Tina and I had by this point sat in chairs as he spoke. Tina and I had by this point sat in chairs near Don and he was also sitting in a chair as he spoke.

What Don was trying to talk about was very wide ranging. He was trying to tell me that I was going to be the next David Suzuki or Al Gore (in the context of being an environmental crusader), and that he had a vision of me speaking to thousands of people and I was a lot older and had pure white hair. In addition, Don was trying to tell Tina and I about a wide-ranging conspiracy that he was aware of and spanned many years and involved many levels of government going back to Pierre Trudeau. He mentioned the RCMP and several individuals from his police days (all of whom were retired or deceased). He mentioned that his own policing records had been erased mysteriously, and that he believed the Chat event was ultimately a grand conspiracy to bring him down and tarnish his good name.

He also spoke of Wilbur Smith, saying he was challenging him, saying that he knew how he wrote his novels. Don was trying to make connections between all of this as he spoke to us, ultimately trying to make connections between all of this as he spoke to us, trying to connect all back to the fact that we had been investigated because we had photographed the Chat nest. One of things that Don spoke about was that some of the stuff was so "top secret" that people could lose their lives over it if it came out. He also talked about what would happen if he revealed some of the things he knew to the public: the government as we knew it would come down at the highest levels and many "heads would roll". Don sat and spoke to us for about an hour and a half. It was at least 3 a.m. by the time he finished and went to bed.

The whole time he was behaving very oddly, speaking loudly and erratically, trance-like, in his bathrobe, with his eyes closed for almost all of it. On more than one occasion Tina would make eye contact with me as if to say, "I have no idea why he's doing this, and I'm really scared about him". Damon Calderwood, 21 June, 2007

The Scary Air Photo Flight

On the 20th, I rented a plane at the Penticton Airport to fly sites for Nathan but became totally discombobulated and got my camera settings totally wrong. My flight turned out to be a complete disaster as my mental breakdown worsened and although I flew Kelowna, Westbank, Quesnel and Barkerville, every single photograph was garbage. It was my first time to mess up an air photo flight in 25 years.

On the way home, I asked the pilot what he'd do if the plane's key was thrown out the window. We were in mountainous terrain. He became scared and explained he'd try to put down without crashing the plane. Upset with my constant yapping, he turned on the radio to full volume and we listened to a Dalai Lama interview. By this time my voice was gone leaving me with laryngitis. All of a sudden, I threw myself back in the seat and saw the white light and fully prepared to die asked my pilot to tell Tina everything would be alright and we'd see each other again in an afterlife. Maybe the white light meant Heaven. It reminded me of a time years earlier when I awoke in a cold sweat becoming blacker and blacker, colder and colder and smaller and smaller until disappearing. Maybe the blacker, colder and smaller meant Hell.

I authoritatively instructed the pilot to put down at the nearest airport and request an ambulance at the end of the runway. We diverted to Kamloops but moments later, I asked him to cancel and fly to the Kelowna Airport for some lunch. Returning to the plane, the pilot was roaring the motor before realizing he'd forgotten to remove the chocks. We returned to Penticton and I paid \$2,000. Nathan had to fly up from Pitt Meadows a few days later and take the pictures. While I was away flying, two investigators drove up from Vancouver to Summerland to return my computer and seized camera equipment. Tina told the investigators it was the very day of our 19th anniversary of our engagement in the presence of Mountain Bluebirds but instead of being happy; she was very sad. By this time, I had gone an entire week without any sleep.

Tina’s Fears

Tina's diary said: "Don and I had a good talk and I found out he's a very complicated man but I truly believe in him and love him 100%. My mind and heart are so heavy worrying about my husband. He seems different. He's focused on making tapes and talking for hours. He doesn't

seem aware I'm in the room." Tina asked me if she had anything to worry about with respect to my harming her. I told her I'd never harm a hair on her head but could kill a man in a heartbeat. I told Tina about my being involved in some kind of spy work and my codename was Tippy 2 and when talking to a possible 'spy' they'd say, "I've had too much to drink. I'm tippy" and my response would be “I’m tippy too, let's get out of here and grab a coffee and sober up.'

“Burning the Mortgage”

I instructed Tina to write all this down in her notebook and to memorize it as we were later going to 'burn the mortgage'. Once back at the guesthouse, I took Tina's notes, tore them into little pieces, burned them, put the ashes in a paint can, added water, and threw the bucket end-over-end into the ravine. Tina remembered the chain of events. I was delusional. As a precaution against my tapes being seized, I mixed it among tapes from my Maple Ridge pioneers' interviews and hid them in every nook and cranny in the guest house.

5 • Reconstructing the Days

Damon found the nests of Grey Catbirds and Black-headed Grosbeaks in a briar patch and both contained almost ready to fledge babies. The two nests were only 10 feet apart.

Tina and I bought a sheet of 8x4 foot plywood and borrowed her brother's two bench horses and placed it midway between the two nests. The day before Damon and I cut a large area. Damon wrote, "Cut tons and tons of brambles." Tina and I both sat in the same blind. She photographed the catbirds out one peephole while I photographed the grosbeaks out of another peephole. My stars came into an alignment and life was great. From Tina's notes, "June 16, Saturday. Up early - 6:30, Don put on the coffee and caught up in journal writing. Cloudy, no breeze. Damon and Jesse are still asleep - bed late last night - 7:30 starting to make breakfast, poached eggs & toast.'

My comments, "Yesterday was not a good day (16th) in that Damon called around noon to say BHG (Black-headed Grosbeak) had been predated".

The Grosbeak and Catbird Nests and Predation

He called around noon when Tina and I were in Westbank/Kelowna scouting out locations for an air photo shoot. Jesse and I drove out to the grosbeak nest and I carefully examined the chicks. The largest one had its brains eaten, two had their backs pecked while the runt didn't seem to have been eaten at all. It was a real sad time for Damon and I especially with all the goings on. Damon had seen Grey Squirrels in the area and suspected they were the predators. I stayed back and photographed the catbirds. One was banded. One of the birds had a tick on its black cap but I missed the shot and when it came back the tick was gone. The female began to brood at 6:30 so I shut down." Damon was wrong. The Grey Catbirds were nesting less than 10 feet away and being territorial, killed the grosbeak chicks. Squirrels would have snatched the babies one by one and fed them to their young.

On the 17th, I was driving out to where Tina and I had been photographing the Black-headed Grosbeaks and the Grey Catbirds and once out on the highway, I picked up a tail. A car got in behind me and when I speeded up, the other driver speeded up and when I slowed, he slowed. Years earlier, as a detective in Burnaby, I'd participated in sting operations involving bank robbers. I did a U-turn and on passing him, gave him the finger. I drove back to the guesthouse to retrieve my camera. Returning, my plan was to dismantle my two bench horses and clean up the area where Tina and I had been photographing the grosbeaks and catbirds.

As I was walking back out to the SUV with a bench horse, I spotted two cars parked right beside my vehicle. I disappeared back into the bushes with my camera and did a gorilla run through the thickets and came out behind birders playing cops and robbers. I shouted and gave a wave and the drivers of the vehicles sped away. I wrote, "Sunday had a bit of fun with a bunch of want-to-be birders trying to play cops and robbers. Gave them all a bow and thought maybe I should moon them."

On the 18th, Tina and I drove out to the chat area. I wrote in Tina's journal, "Today we returned to some historic buildings and took pics of a sign on some historic buildings (Haynes Historic site) and saw a marmot looking down at me from the hay loft. Called Tina and proceeded to scream, "Come down out of there immediately you stupid idiot.

Tina initially thought I was screaming at some undercover 'birders' but later had a good laugh when I told her a marmot had somehow gotten up into the loft and was watching me take pictures. We had a long talk as we drove back to Summerland. We burned the mortgage."

Must phone (redacted) in AM to return computer by Wednesday. Nicest guy but niece!!! So busy following protocol and being so polite and professional that the 'killdeer' trick would have cost him his life. Tina and Dmon could have moved a truckload of evidence out the backdoor had they wished. I managed to distract 4 FOUR 3 CWS and 1 RCMP for likely an hour before they moved into the house to begin to execute the search warrant. As it was, (redacted) took a video and wasn't even smart enough to realize I was playing a prank on them.

Return to the Chat Area

(Redacted) looked so authoritative with his big badges around his neck and being so very careful to get pics of everything. Get blindsided once, Shame on them. Blindsided twice, shame on me. They took the bait, hook, line and sinker. (Redacted) couldn't even read my writing!! I had to transcribe it for him. Oh ya, (redacted) had a tiny recording device in his shirt pocket. HOW CLEVER. Nicest guy, but talked too much and didn't realize there is a pecking order - RCMP - CWS. He should have realized that Constable Muise was in charge of the investigation. Instead, the rookie cop stood with his arms folded. I asked him the weight of his armour - 215 naked - 250 pounds ready for work. I'll bet he couldn't run 100 yards before he dropped like a rock. He blurted out he was from (Redacted).

Reflections on the Search

Eventually, he told me to zip it - like don't talk anymore after being read the "It is my duty to warn you are not obligated to say anything but any YADA YADA YADA. Nicest guy. I'd actually like to sit down and tell him about real police work. Fail to prepare- prepare to fail. TALKS WAY TOO MUCH AT TIMES. I wonder if he'd ever talk to 'common folk' in restaurants,etc. Likely not. I started to explain to him regarding the "theft" versus "found" \$700 strobes and the CWS should be investigating themselves about how she (the senior biologist who visited me at the nest) came into possession of the strobes. By now (Redacted) and (Redacted) should have a pretty good story. Still think (Redacted) is the right person to talk to for the truth. I mean the real truth. From past experiences I've found natives don't lie.

I guess that's why 30+ years ago they often ended up in jail.

6 • The Search Warrant And A Mind In Crisis

The Seizure and Its Aftermath

Klahya Tillicum (Hello in Chinook) to the Osoyoos First Nations. Why didn't I get an itemized list of everything they took? That's not professional. I haven't a clue what they took. (Redacted) did say he'd replace anything that was damaged. I wonder how you replace a manuscript of a book. If any of my book material was damaged there is going to be BIG TROUBLE! He should have given me a 'signed' copy of what they took, one for me and one for them. I think Tony (Beecroft) got shafted with the 'shrink' memo when one porker goes at about 350+ pounds. He'd probably die of a heart attack if he got half a scare. Shouldn't ASS-YOU-ME but bet he's a computer geek that gets his jollies executing the odd warrant. He had gadgets galore. See all but the slight of hand - now you see it - now you don't.

Drove with Tina out to the "alleged crime" and afterwards went to Bobolink Park kiosk. Clean as a whistle. No garbage. Not even a gum wrapper. I doubt highways would do that good a job. More likely to be "birders". Talked to (Redacted) and learned she does respite for (Redacted) @ 85 years and still birding. We talked about chats and she suggested we visit Hayes Point. We did and no signage anywhere about chats. Lots of "generic" pics of swimming, etc. Beautiful open area and we saw several kingbirds. I told her I was in trouble over taking pics of a bird. She said she'd come to my aid if called upon. Talked to (Redacted) about hospice and cremation. I told her I was one of the few to ever go into a crematorium and get back out to talk about it. We had a good laugh.

A Sleepless Night and an Epiphany

Years earlier, the owner of a crematorium contacted me to take photos of fire-resistant bricks dropping down onto a dearly departed soul. Broke, I took the job. The insulated door into the chamber was broken and propped open with an 8x2 inch plank. I elbowed my way into the hole and used a flashlight in order to focus on the area where the bricks had dislodged. I remember it being very hot and the fee wasn't worth the danger.

On the early morning of the 19th, I awoke in a trance-like state and hovered at the foot of Tina's and my bed in an upstairs bedroom of the guesthouse. I was having an epiphany. I was dressed in my white house coat with my arms outstretched 'a la Jesus' and in my mind was levitating a foot off the ground.

I was talking to Tina in a loud voice trying to explain how Wilber Smith, a prolific historical fiction author, was able to churn out a book every couple of years. Tina used to read bedtime stories to me from many of Smith's titles about Africa. I then went downstairs and got into a heated debate with Damon who was returning with a friend from an evening of rehearsal. They were both actors and had a gig in Penticton. I told Tina and Damon about a vision. I told them someday when Damon was white-haired he'd be talking to crowds in the thousands about environmental issues and the Earth's fragility and in due course he'd be replacing the likes of David Suzuki and David Attenborough. I talked for an hour, and totally exhausted, collapsed into a chair.

Tina's Record of the Search

I told Tina and Damon about certain events that took place in Ottawa in 1970-71 during my time in the Scenes of Crime (Forensics) Section involving the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ).

On the 19th, Tina wrote more about happening on the 16th. "I have no idea when they arrived with the warrant to search the guest house where Don, Damon and myself were staying at Mom's guesthouse. I was sitting in my usual chair in the kitchen writing in my journal when I heard voices outside and men talking for at least ½ hour. Finally, Donnie yelled, Someone's here. "Who?" I answered back. Once again, I repeated, "Who's here?" I was shocked thinking this cannot be happening when I saw these strangers in uniform. I felt sick about the whole thing. Why didn't (Redacted) communicate with Damon and Don. Everything happened so fast.

June 13th, Don called to say 3 people asked him to stop photographing the chats. Sometime the next morning (June 14th), Nathan contacted his Dad about a letter from (Redacted) about a slanderous broadcast email to tell all birders in BC and maybe across Canada. (Redacted) never, never did her homework to contact Don or Damon to find out exactly what happened. She has no excuse for not contacting Don. He gave (Redacted) a business card with his cellular number. So much misinformation and this has hurt my husband bigtime. Later in the evening (June 14th) Damon and Don prepared a rebuttal letter to send to her next morning. (June 15) (Redacted) phoned 7:40. She said she found a tripod but wouldn't tell where, when or how she found it. Something fishy!

Later that morning she called again wanting to make arrangements to bring the lite and tripod. Don, without thinking, gave my mother's address. We were on the road driving to Westbank to check out a site for an aerial shoot for Nathan's client. Afterwards I said to Don, I don't want them near my mother's place, don't trust them after that letter. Something is really fishy. Call her back to make arrangements to pick it up elsewhere. Don did call and left a message. Of course no call back. I really feel they had the equipment all along (which is theft) to the action of sabotaging both men. (June 16th) Sometime. Mid-morning men with a warrant to seize whatever (1) cop (3) CWS. (Redacted) promised to bring Don's and Damon's computer by Wednesday. Finally by sometime around 2:30 they left with whatever items from Don and Damon.

My husband feels sick to his stomach, has nothing to hide, but having a high profile with white SUV with the Waite Bird Photos in red is like a target. Been doing bird photography for about 30 years and never had so much trouble. If only the public and the birders knew what the Wildlife Federation really does maybe they'll have a different opinion but because it's government they can do whatever they want in the name of science to capture or kill specimens either for science or bird pictures (well-known) to capture every detail of a wing or pick up babies to weigh and band them. I would think this would cause way more stress on the birds. Around 10 gave Don my Father's Day card. He really needed a lift.

Damon said he'll help Don tomorrow to collect the rest of the equipment around 10 am before he and (Redacted) go off to rehearsal for the rest of the day. My notes continue, "Sometime around 10:30 am 3 CWS enforcement officers and an RCMP officer arrived and I greeted them. (Redacted) Federal Wildlife Officer, Wildlife Enforcement Division (phone)

seemed 1/c of the investigation involving the execution of a search warrant. The three explained they had driven out from Vancouver in two vehicles to execute a search warrant to look for (see Appendix B). At no time did they tell me I was being charged. The lead investigator told me I could get help from Legal Services for free. Anyway, I called (Redacted) before noon and got a call back that I'd likely not qualify for Legal Aid as any charges against me would not involve jail time.

A Week Without Sleep

By this time I had gone an entire week without any sleep. Tina's diary said: "Don and I had a good talk and I found out he's a very complicated man but I truly believe in him and love him 100 %. My mind and heart are so heavy worrying about my husband. He seems different. He's focused on making tapes and talking for hours. He doesn't seem aware I'm in the room." Tina asked me if she had anything to worry about with respect to my harming her. I told her I'd never harm a hair on her head but could kill a man in a heartbeat. I stayed up most of the night making tapes about my involvement in the FLQ 1970 October crisis and the Cold War and then exchanged them with my tapes from my Maple Ridge interviews before hiding them in every nook and cranny in the guest house.

That afternoon, I drove to the Summerland Detachment but no one was present but there was an emergency phone number on the door. Returning home, I called and told the telephone dispatcher I needed to talk to the constable who'd participated in the raid a few days earlier. She refused. I became angry and began screaming into the receiver telling her I'd once been doing undercover work in the force and no one had my back. I asked her to tape record our conversation and gave her my regimental number and password Tippy 2. Here's comments from Tina's journal: "Just before noon, I'm back at the guesthouse carrying my groceries and I entered the side entrance off the kitchen so Donnie can let me in with the bags of groceries. He yelled at me like I wasn't his wife, even when he opened the door, he screamed at me to go away for five minutes. Can't remember the rest of his words. Basically, he was really angry at someone on the phone, so I placed the bags outside the door and walked to the front and sat down in what shade I could find. Don't know who he's talking to but he's very very mad."

Crisis in the Air

On the 20th, I rented a plane at the Penticton Airport to fly sites for Nathan but became totally discombobulated and got my camera settings totally wrong. My flight turned out to be a complete disaster as my mental breakdown worsened and although I flew Kelowna, Westbank, Quesnel and Barkerville, every single photograph was garbage. It was my first time screwing up an air photo flight in 25 years. On the way home, I asked the pilot what he'd do if the plane's key was thrown out the window. We were in mountainous terrain. He became scared and explained he'd try to land without crashing the aircraft. Upset with my constant yapping, he turned on the radio to full volume and we listened to a Dalai Lama interview. By this time my voice was gone leaving me with laryngitis. All of a sudden, I threw myself back in the seat and saw the white light and was fully prepared to die. I told the pilot to tell Tina everything would be alright and we'd see each other again in an afterlife. Maybe the white light meant Heaven. It reminded me of a time years earlier when I awoke in a cold sweat becoming blacker and blacker, colder and

colder and smaller and smaller until disappearing. Maybe the blacker, colder and smaller meant Hell.

I very authoritatively instructed the pilot to put down at the nearest airport and request an ambulance at the end of the runway. We diverted to Kamloops but moments later I asked him to cancel and fly to the Kelowna Airport as I began to feel better so we landed and had lunch. Returning to the plane, my pilot was roaring the motor before realizing he'd forgotten to remove the chocks. We returned to Penticton and I paid \$2,000. While I was away flying, two investigators drove up from Vancouver to Summerland to return my camera, lenses, computer and some of the other seized items. Tina told the investigators it was the 19th anniversary of our engagement in the presence of Mountain Bluebirds. Instead of being happy; she was very sad.

Nathan had to fly up from Pitt Meadows a few days later and take the pictures.

A Letter Written in Crisis

I wrote a 4-page letter for Jason Muise, the RCMP Summerland Detachment member, "I flew to Quesnel yesterday and had a 'near-death' experience. I scared the B-Jesus (Not Jesus Jesus German-hearted Christ) out of (Redacted). CALL HIM & THIS TIME RECORD THE CONVERSATION FOR THE BOOK TITLE 'IT'S FOR THE BIRDS'. Oh yes, (Redacted) HAD to call in an emergency landing as I was having a panic attack. We were going to land in Kamloops but I recovered and we put down in Kelowna for lunch. TOLD (Redacted) to call you & arrange to have a beer 1 on 1 without a wire. I've changed my mind. You should tape the conversation and give 1 copy to my editor Helmi Braches. I talked about WILBER SMITH last night for ½. I thought it was much longer. I was very tired and exhausted. Anyway, look up W.S. He's on the Internet. TINA HAS some of his collection. TINA JUST CAME DOWNSTAIRS. READ MY LETTER (underlined) not GOOD-BYE to Damon. I'm not ready to go (die) just yet.

I must have scared poor Damon & Jesse last night. Jesse was WIDE-AWAKE INITIALLY & THEN FELL ASLEEP. APPARENTLY he hurt his leg last night & was hospitalized. Anyway, DAMON has promised to get free tickets for you and (Redacted) TO SEE THEIR GRAND OPENING ON THE S.S. SICA-MOOSE (pun). Anyway, I'm going to ask TINA TO BUY A BOTTLE (I'LL TRY TO DO IT MYSELF) of WOODFORDE RESERVE WHISKEY (not cheap wine) FOR ALL OF US TO HAVE A CELEBRATION drink afterwards Tervest (Estonian for cheers). BEING BETWEEN a rock and a hard place can be easy or hard. It depends on who is above. Sometimes either decision is OK. Sometimes either decision is BAD. You can give all this to your superiors, likely the best route to take any pressure off of you - or you can sit on it. It's OK either way.

Someday, someplace when you least expect it, God will tape you on the shoulder. It'll be OK. Do you believe in Karma? Destiny? Providence? Past Lives? I've been intrigued by genetic memory for years. Intrigued [LOOK the same) Intrepid [2 letters out) Tippy 1 Tippy II Intrepid Intrepid II INZ When you get a moment read a few books (not text books) SUGGESTED READING FOR JASON 'The Spy that came in from the Cold John LeCarre (pen name) RE: (Redacted) RIVER GOD - Wilbur Smith ‘The 7th Scroll’ Intrepid - George Stevenson. Anything you can find on Harry Oakes (Discoverer of Kirkland Lake Gold Mine). 'Where Shadows Linger' Les Holmes (HOLMES) - Robert Clifford Olson - Robert Shantz - lawyer P.E. Trudeau memoirs George W. Bush Sr.

LeCarre was in Britain's MI5 in the 1950s and I befriended his partner. He was 'The Spy Who Came in from the Cold'.

Bob Shantz, a Maple Ridge prosecution lawyer, was given a bad assignment. He defended mass murderer Robert Clifford Olson and negotiated \$10,000 per body. Bob was the President of the Ridge Meadows Hospice Society during my three years as a director.

I'm going to give you some material. Transcribe the applicable tapes. Give transcript to Bev Busson (RCMP Commissioner) and my editor Helmi Braches. MAKE 3 COPIES OF TINA'S JOURNAL (WITH MY COMMENTS & RETURN ORIGINAL TO TINA ASAP. 1 for you 1 for BB (Bev Busson) and for Helmi. TELL BEV THAT GOD HAS GREAT WORK AHEAD FOR YOU. DON'T FUCK UP-DON

In 2006, Katzie Chief Agnes Pierre passed away and son Willie asked me to be one of about 30 pallbearers. He took me aside and explained I was to be an honorary pallbearer. Two Katzie elders stood on either side of me while two RCMP members and a politician stood on the opposite side of the casket. The woman directly across from me was RCMP Assistant Commissioner Bev Busson. It could have been a scene out of a movie but unfortunately it was the celebration of life for a good friend. It took place in the Simon Pierre Longhouse at Katzie. There was a big pot-bellied stove in the centre of the longhouse with wooden 10 foot high bleachers along all four sides of the big room. It was filled to capacity with mourners. There was a big hole in the very centre of the ceiling and snow flakes drifted down into the room as several visitors talked about Agnes.

Father's Day and the Perfect Storm

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

Baldy Mountain and the Burned Notes

Although going through my first ever bipolar breakdown, I decided to take Tina on a drive to the top of Baldy Mountain to look for alpine birds. We were talking and I heard the OnStar come on in her car. She had bought the sedan the year before and had the complimentary phone service for a year and it had expired and wasn't renewed. I heard the click and asked if someone was listening to our conversation. A woman asked if she could help and I told her in very explicit language to hang up.

I stopped the car, set the emergency break and jumped out yelling at Tina to do the same.

Here's when things really got weird. A helicopter came up over the ridge to my left and then peeled off back down the mountain. We got back in the car and I told her to write down certain

words and to indelibly etch them into her mind as I'd be burning her notes once she had everything memorized. I explained there was much about me she didn't know and I'd been a spy 16 during my time in Ottawa in 1970-71.

My code name was Tippy 2 and when talking to another spy they'd say, "I've had too much to drink. I'm tippy" and my response would be "I'm tippy too, let's get out of here and grab a coffee and sober up.'

I instructed Tina to write all this down in her notebook and to memorize it as we were later going to 'burn the mortgage'. Once back at the guesthouse, I took Tina's notes, tore them into little pieces, burned them, put the ashes in a paint can, added water, and threw the bucket end-over-end into the ravine. Tina remembered everything except seeing the helicopter.

It had taken a week for my long dormant hereditary illness to put me in the Antalek Psychiatric Ward in Maple Ridge Hospital for two weeks. My bipolar kicked into high gear and unleashed my creative talents for writing before descending into deep depression.

The Breaking Point

Now, almost 20 years later, it's a daily struggle to keep ahead of the grim reaper. It's damaged my relationships with my wife, family, and friends. It's not possible to fix a broken egg. Jim Stanton, the past president of Royal United Services Institute (RUSI), made up of retired members of the military and police to think tank security both in Canada and abroad, wrote about one of my breakdowns, "You're cracked". I shot back,"Humpty-Humpity sat on a wall, HD had a great fall and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put HD together again.

After hanging up from talking to Kevin, Michelle and the nurse, I disappeared into the gully with my binoculars thinking snipers atop Giants Heads Mountain were going to make an attempt on my life.

I jumped into the Sports Utility Van and drove up to the entrance into the park to see the woman Tina and I had chatted with the previous day. We had talked and she bought one of Damon's bird books. She and her husband ran a bed and breakfast and lived at the entrance into the park. I knocked on the door and she let me into their home. I noticed RCMP memorabilia on the walls. She was alone and quickly realized something was wrong. We were having a conversation and I had a feeling she was going to bolt away to the basement. She disappeared to put some clothes into the dryer, but I heard her on the phone. I thought she was calling the police but it was her husband and he came home moments later and took control of the situation. They realized I was having a major breakdown.

He'd been in the force but was invalided to pension from Post Dramatic Stress Disorder due a posting in Bosnia and witnessing crimes against humanity. He called Tina who by this time was already packing up the car to get me to the Maple Ridge Hospital. Before leaving, I wrote a strange letter to Constable Jason Muise. He never got the letter.

7 • The Dear Jason Letter That Never Arrived

“DEAR JASON, I'M ON MY WAY HOME TO SAFE SANCTUARY & MY FAMILY HOPING FOR THE BEST BUT FULLY PREPARED FOR A WORST CASE SCENARIO. THE 'BURNT MORTGAGE' IS BURIED ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE GUEST HOUSE RIGHT WHERE I WATCHED THE WEASEL WHEN LEAVING A MESSAGE FOR MY SON KEVIN. MY DNA IS IN THE POT NEARBY. ALL THIS IS SCARY STUFF. IF I'VE BEEN CAPABLE OF THE THINGS FLASHING THROUGH MY MIND... JUST GOT A CALL FROM NATHAN. I JUST TOLD (REDACTED) THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME FOR MICHELLE, KEVIN & YOU HAVE A BEER OR WHISKEY (SORRY MICHELLE BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DRINK JUST CRANBERRY JUICE-THE MIX-AS YOU'RE PREGNANT REMEMBER. ANYWAY THE 5 OF YOU (REDACTED) - JASON & MY THREE WONDERFUL CHILDREN HAVE A DRINK & LISTEN TO SOME WEIRD TALES ABOUT YOUR 'OLD MAN' -FARM BOY - POLICEMAN - RANGER - INTREPID 2- INZ - LOVER & SOULMATE OF THE 'LADY IN RED' TINA. UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN. SORTA LOST IT THERE JASON. I STARTED WRITING FOR MY 3 KIDLETS. REGARDS, DON”

The Journey Back to Maple Ridge

It's taken a long time to do a dissection of a 450 page prosecution package with 16 expert witnesses because Tina never talked about some of the events that took place at the beginning of my breakdown. Years later, she told me Constable Muise had visited her asking about my health and she told him she was going to rush me down to the Maple Ridge Hospital. He had called Ottawa about my time as a cop in Ottawa resulting in the sudden appearance of the helicopter. Years later, I visited the guest house where Tina, Damon, his friend and I stayed looking for the missing tapes. They were gone. It makes sense that they were confiscated by Jason.

Tina began driving back to Maple Ridge and by the time we'd reached Yellow Lake, ½ hour's drive, we stopped for me to use the washroom. I do not like beer but for some reason there was a 12 pack in the back seat. I downed three, sprinted from the car bent over to the restroom and then ran back to get my binoculars to scour the hillside for glints coming from a rifle convinced a sniper was going to make an attempt on my life. Tina was watching me hoping I wouldn't make a run for it after hearing a loud bang coming from the spring loaded washroom door. She saw me drop to the ground and immediately sprint to the car. I thought someone was shooting at me. When driving through the mountainous terrain at Manning Park, I tried to call a friend who had a contact with a pipeline to President Bush Jr.

In my delusional mind, it was imperative the president be warned of a military buildup by the Chinese. I told Tina to be ready to put the pedal to the medal and accelerate the car up to top speed if necessary believing there would be a roadblock just before Hope for a 'Bonnie and Clyde’ shootout. I took out my camera with a telephoto lens and believing I was making the proper settings began photographing cars' license plates driving by us in the fast lane. Sometimes, I'd crouch down to hide from passing cars. I was paranoid. At Hope, Tina called Nathan and he and wife Stacey met us at a Mission Restaurant. He drove me to the hospital.

Inside the Antalek Psychiatric Ward

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

Dreams of Presidents and Politics

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

"The Liberals wanted me to run in 1986 as the Federal Member of Parliament (MP) for their party. I even drove into Vancouver and met (Prime Minister) John Turner. Was that just a coincidence? No, it was meant to happen. Anyway, this is the start of your new journal". I continued, "Guess what. I met the Prime Minister having a leak side by side in the bathroom at an urinal. We were standing beside each other at the urinals and kiddingly, I asked him what it was like to shake hands with the unemployed. Initially, my comment went right over his head." John was the guest speaker and Iona Campagnola was British Columbia's Lieutenant Governor, the Queen's representative in the province, and she and 'Chuck' were old friends. The Prime Minister greeted her with a tap on the bum and a cameraman caught the interchange and it cost him the election.

A few years earlier, Arthur Raymond 'Bud' Ryckman, a father figure, told me he and 'Chuck' were best friends in high school and after the meeting, his pal took a taxi over to West Vancouver to shoot the breeze and overnight. Bud lived next door to Jim Sinclair, one time Minister of Fisheries. Jim's daughter Margaret married Pierre Trudeau Sr.

Around 2005, Bud hired me to make an air photos flight from north Coquitlam up the Indian Arm River to Squamish. He had managed to put together a consortium of investors to build a 20 mile \$20,000,000 road in time for the 2010 Whistler winter games. Unfortunately, Bud's wife Margaret died and shortly afterwards so did Bud and the project ground to a halt.

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

Ranald MacDonald and an Incredible Life

Another paragraph started, "George W. Bush Jr. was at the washroom and advised me to stay

cool and I or someone else could write my story.

He was mocking me just like Ranald MacDonald's story. It was too bizarre to be believed". Ranald MacDonald was one of the very first argonauts to discover gold in the Cariboo bringing about the colonization of British Columbia. He had such an incredible life that when he wrote his memoir his publisher told him his story couldn't possibly be true. He was perhaps the most travelled man in the entire world during his lifetime. As a young man Ranald was marooned in Japan where he was the first white man to teach English. He was in the California and Australian gold rushes. James Douglas, the 'First Governor of the Crown Colony of British Columbia' and MacDonald's father were both Hudson Bay Company men. Both Sir James and Ranald belonged to the Masonic fraternity.

Sir James gave Ranald a letter of introduction that opened doors the width and breadth of British Columbia.

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

Katzie Connections and Hidden Meanings

Willie Pierre was the son of Agnes and Joe Pierre and the family played a major role in Slumach's Lost gold mine of Pitt Lake saga. Good friends with his parents, I attended a Katzie First Nations initiation of his sister Helen into womanhood at the winter dances. She took on the form of a Great Blue Heron and danced around in her mother's home. I was there to take pictures. The following year, Willie went through an initiation into manhood and took on the form of a bear. He received the power. (Redacted) was a general practitioner and a short time after my separation in 1987, I befriended his former wife. She was on the Board of Directors with the Ridge Historical Society. So was I.

She and I talked about her lover and my friend, a former MI6 spy who back in 1956-57 was the partner of David Cornwell, afterwards known as spy master extraordinaire author John le Carré. The hospital staff gave me a sedative and put me in my own bedroom. "The nurse tried to persuade me to take pills before I went to sleep but I told her I didn't need them. They were wrapped up. Andy is crazier than a bed bug but seems like a very intelligent fellow if it wasn't for all the pills". The following day, Andy was strutting about the ward with a blue latex glove over his head he'd blown up making him look like a forlorn rooster with a blue comb.

My original psychiatrist, herself bipolar, breached confidentiality and suggested getting in touch with her lawyer son and suing the chat supervisor with defamation of character. I did. The deal was simple.

The Legal Bargain

He'd do the paperwork and if he won, he'd split the spoils two thirds for me and one third for

me. It didn't turn out as planned. He walked away but billed Tina \$1,800. She paid.

Tina also hired one of the most expensive lawyers in the province. He talked with the crown lawyer and they cooked up a plan. If Damon and I both plead guilty, she was prepared to shelve eight charges, drop the remaining one charge from criminal to summary (ticket) conviction and ask an \$8,000 fine for me and \$4,000 fine for Damon. My pleading guilty got my defamation of character charge nixed. The lawyer billed me \$20,000 and Tina paid his fee. Damon and I became the poster boys for the newly created Species at Risk Act. It's almost impossible to explain the ability of a person to pull certain events from the past and with a vivid imagination come up with delusional conclusions.

Tippy II and the Roots of a Code

As a child of four, dog Tippy came into my life. Then, in 1957, at age 13, Tippy 1 sired Tippy II and that explains where the Tippy II, into, in to, in too, in 2, in two, in 11, and Inc came into my vocabulary. In the fall of 1959, Tippy I was hit by a car and coupled with old age, Dad told me to take him back to the railway tracks and shoot him. It was 15 November, 1959. The comment in Mom's diary simply read, "Tippy shot". I sat beside my constant companion and cried uncontrollably for an hour. I left him where he fell and a week later walked back the train tracks and there was only fur, skin and bones.

A few months later my paranoia was full blown and in discussion with my general practitioner, I was given a new psychiatrist who was from India resulting in language problems and much was lost in translation.

Distrust in the Consulting Room

Tina and I visited with the new psychiatrist at the hospital for 30 minute appointments. He really tried to hone in on my sexual abuse as a child. Instead, we talked about the drowning of my Uncle John, Dad's kid brother, and Cousin Reid, Dad's oldest brother's son. As we were winding down each visit, he'd talk about our meetings into his recorder. He explained it was for his private file on me and no one ever saw his notes. I asked about the secretary who typed up the report. I asked about the police appearing with a search warrant and seizing my file. On my next visit, I insisted on seeing his notes and much was simply wrong but it didn't seem to bother him. I decided not to share any of my abuse as a child or my time in Ottawa during the Cold War and FLQ crisis thinking some of my actions could have been prosecutable. I didn't trust him.

acing the Justice Department

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

By suing a biologist with the CWS, I was entitled to each and every email exchanged between birders, biologists and lawyers. Many accused civilians are not aware they are entitled to not only the Justice Department's evidence package but also to 'full disclosure'. That's the

entire exchange of emails from everyone including birders from the other side of Canada. It was a bit of a quagmire and the JD lawyers didn't want me to see them. They were going to charge me \$5 per photocopied page. That was \$10,000. I said I'd pay. Justice Department lawyers are in it to win and the best percolate to the top of the food chain.

8 • The Evidence Package

Expert Witness One: The Nest and Habitat

She says, "That when she got to the blind and nest she observed 3 tripods with flashes surrounding the nest, a blind set up 1-2 meters [3-feet to 6-feet], and a big camera lens within 1 meter [3-feet] from the nest." She goes on, "That I took one photo from a distance of the blind in the rose patch but did not go closer to take photos of the setup at the nest because I was afraid the gentleman would get upset and an argument would arise and he would then not co-operate in removing his equipment." Another sentence, "Waite asked how many nests fledged after she banded them. She explained she had been working on the project since 2002 and about 99.9% of the young fledge after banding day and she could only recall two nests that didn't fledge after banding day."

Another comment, "On removing the three chicks from the nest, I immediately noticed the chicks were smaller than normal. I quickly weighed the chicks, colour banded them and took measurements of the right tarsus and right wing. Another comment, "When weighing the chicks, I noticed they were at least 2-3 grams lighter than usual. When I removed the chicks, they begged for food like I'd never seen chicks beg before. They were obviously starved." She goes on, "It took 6 minutes to collect our data." Going on, "We were shocked at the destroyed habitat. I took some pictures of the totally exposed nest, the path leading to the nest, the trampled rose and the cut open patches where the blind was. The rose was cut down close to the surface and there was a totally bare patch of about 2.5 x 2.5 m (8-feet square)."

Also, "When leaving the area, we noticed a tripod and flash was left behind. We also found a glove and a box with a few breakfast bars." Also, on the way out, Waite met them and said he had just spoken to his business partner who also wasn't aware of the chats being endangered and permits being required to work with the species. Waite said that he dropped a few things and they gave him the glove and bars but not the tripod and strobe. She said something on a positive note, "That back at the vehicle Waite showed her his book and said he wanted to do children's' books. She quickly paged through the book and said the photos were good. Waite wanted to talk more and asked whether she could give him permission to carry on with his photographs. Waite said he was hoping to get photos at the grosbeak nest of catbirds feeding grosbeak chicks.

She told Waite she couldn't give him permission and she had lots of work to do and had to go." She wrote in her 23 evidence package, "That at about 1315 (1:1 p.m.), I phoned my supervisor and explained the situation to her." Final comment, "That at 1545 (3:45 p.m.) she and an assistant drove back to the territory to ensure that Waite did not return." She goes on to write, "In virtually all of the pictures the female is distracted from her chicks." Damon had photographs of the female feeding, doing sanitary duties and brooding. She may have looked like she was standing on the edge of the nest on high alert for some of the photographs-and that's a good thing-but to suggest she was "looking nervously and on high alert at the flash and photograph set up" virtually all the time-is just plain not true.

Many times she came in and Damon took several photographs during a single visit. If scared or bothered by the flashes, she'd have flown off after the first picture. Birds move so quickly capturing a bird with a good pose is merely the luck of the draw and the difference between a

good pose and the back of a bird's head is less than 1/1000th of a second. She wrote, "pictures 177 and 178 show the female with her eyes tightly squeezed shut which is unnatural brooding posture and indicative of shock or pain of the flash going off in her eyes." It was Tina's last two photos. Tina wrote, "First time for me. 6:40 fed and sat on them. 6:50 fed bugs and mother on babies for at least five minutes. 7:10 no feeding - brooding, settle in for the night (coming in every 10 minutes took 18 pictures)."

On the following day Tina also took some photographs: "Suggested to Don to stop and let the female chat roost for the night as last night 7:10 she came in with no food, just lay over the 3 babies and was in sleep mode, eyes almost closed, so tired from taking care of her babies all day."

Expert Witness Two: The Studio Re-enactment

She states, "I witnessed and experienced the setup at Artona Studio on 27 June 2007. The noise of the flash [camera?] is very atypical within the natural environment. It is louder than a broken stick and repeated..." She goes on, "Still, the flash was momentarily "blinding". After 10-15 flashes, I turned away because I was quite uncomfortable and my eyes felt painful while writing my notes (especially my right eye closest to the flash). I visited Artona Studio and talked to the photographer who assisted the CWS officials with the setup in the "white room" in the studio. He took pics with the strobes set on full, 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 1/16, 1/32, 1/64 and 1/128 power. At a distance of a couple of feet, the three strobes at full power should have burned a hole in her head. The photographer said five CWS officials witnessed the experiments.

From my days of 24 being a family portrait and wedding photographer, I knew John Rak, the President of Artona Studio. He was interested in purchasing my son's air photo business. And finally, "Also of note, is the photograph of the property sign stating that it is unlawful to enter because of Species at Risk and an access permit is required." The sign was posted on Indian land 9 kilometers away from the nest site and had a photograph of a Black Bear and rattlesnake. There was no mention anywhere of a chat study.

Expert Witness Three: Alleged Effects of Flash Photography

She wrote, "Based on my experience at the re-enactment and on the video recording during the re-enactment, I would consider methods and equipment used to take the photographs to be harassment of the individuals belonging to the nest. The photos were taken using very bright flashes, three of which were surrounding the nest 1 to 2-feet away." According to The Square Law of Light a strobe at 1-foot is 4-times brighter than a strobe at 2-feet. She goes on, "At this distance the flashes would have been extremely bright. Several minutes after the flashes stopped, I was still seeing flashes on my retinas and my eyes were irritated. This would have affected both adults and chicks in the nest.

The flashes may have temporarily impaired the adults' vision causing them to forage less or be less effective at foraging and therefore, possibly reducing the number of feeding trips to the nest or the amount of food they brought per trip. This lower level of feeding may have caused chicks to be underweight at the time of fledging and reducing their likelihood of survival. The bright flashes may have induced physiological stress responses in the chicks, also resulting in poorer growth and ultimately lower survival. I found the shutter sound of the camera to be quite

loud. Birds at nests may be easily 'spooked' by sound or movement causing adults to fly away and chicks to stop begging and to huddle in the bottom of the nest. These responses would have added to the responses of the flashes themselves.

The fact that photographs were taken on three successive days would have meant an accumulation of these potential stressors at a critical time in the growth and development of the chicks." She goes on, "in a couple of the photos, the adult appears to be showing vigilant behaviour, it has no food in its mouth and it is looking away from the chicks, perhaps in response to the activities by the photographer. In other photos, the adult appears to be looking straight at the camera, even with a mouth full of food ready to give to the chicks, possibly indicating it was aware of the photographer's activities. However, without being able to gauge how long this behaviour took place relative to the activities of the photographer, it is impossible to assess whether or not 25 this is a stress response.

The change in behaviour in response to the photographing is likely to have been a change in the frequency of normal behaviors such as feeding, brooding and vigilance, which would not be evident from viewing still photos. The fact that the photos show the images of the flashes in the adult's eye indicate the bird could have potentially been impacted by the bright flashes."

9 • Advice From An Elite Investigator

Lunch with Les Holmes

About a year after getting into trouble over photographing the Yellow-breasted Chat, I drove into Burnaby to have lunch with former RCMP Superintendent Les Holmes. I knew him briefly from my short time working in Burglary Detail in Burnaby. Our boss was Bruce Northrop. Bruce and Les headed up the investigation of mass murderer Robert Clifford Olson and later co-authored the book, "Where Shadows Linger - The Untold Story of the RCMPs Olson Murders Investigation". Olson was the most evil man in Canada. Les talked about the chat fiasco and commented, "It should be easy to find out who was responsible for the criminal charges over birds".

Questions of Evidence and Motive

Who had the most to gain?"We talked about taking statements from both suspects and witnesses as sometimes critical details come right down to minutes and even seconds resulting in the making or the loss of a serious criminal case. Liars in an investigation sooner or later and come off the rails and trip themselves up. Suspects, if guilty, clam up and go silent. Lying witnesses could be charged with perjury. Witnesses who take the oath, "I swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth so help me God" sometimes perjure themselves by omission. Les gave me some real good advice with respect to the Justice Department. He said, "Why would you want to poke a bear in the eye with a big stick? Are you crazy?" As one of Canada's greatest crime investigators, I mentioned my problems. "They tried to say the flashes frightened the adult birds.

Sometimes Damon and I took 8 or 10 pictures in a minute. If the parents were frightened, they'd have flown away after the first flash." I went on, "They tried to say the flashes hurt the bird's eyes when she took a pic of an adult on the nest with its eyes closed." Tina took the picture. The last for the night. The bird wanted to go to sleep. They had 16 government witnesses lined up to testify against us. One was an ex-RCMP member and an expert in computers and digital photography. There was no mention whatsoever of Metadata giving the time right down to a fraction of a second. They set up a scenario in a portrait studio. It was apples and oranges. I talked to the expert photographer, "It was too complex for me."He told me the lead investigator told him my flashes killed the baby birds."

Les's response, "It's immaterial. It's just a bird."

The Sleeper-Agent Theory

When Les looked at Damon's letter, he suggested I might be a 'sleeper'. When it came to espionage, it was a new word in my vocabulary. Once home, I looked for the definition of a 'sleeper' on the Internet and quickly became paranoid. "A sleeper agent is a spy who is placed in a target country or organization, not to undertake an immediate mission, but rather to act as a potential asset if activated. Sleeper agents are popular plot devices in fiction, in particular espionage fiction. In espionage, a sleeper agent is one who has infiltrated into the country and 'gone to sleep', sometimes for many years.

That is, he or she does nothing to communicate with neither his or her sponsor nor any

existing agents, or to obtain information beyond that in public sources. They can also be referred to as 'deep cover' agents being successful enough to become what is called an 'agent of influence' such as a politician. Sleepers don't have to be one of the brighter stars in the universe or sharpest knives in the drawer. They only need to be easily hypnotized. At age 15, I was at the Renfrew Fair and hypnotist Peter Reveen called 5 or 6 of my friends, along with me, up onto the stage. He spread a box of puffed wheat on the stage floor and told us it was coins. I was the only one to leave the stage with pockets filled with cereal.

A good sleeper needs a cover position such as an international lawyer, bird photographer or gold researcher in order to travel the world as a spy without ever being a suspect. Being paranoid, I wondered if the two Russian diplomats who lived in the apartment where I resided in Ottawa were maybe hypnotists and able to place me under their spell while riding up and down the elevator? The Americans expelled 10 Soviet 'sleepers' back to Russia in 2010. That was the year of my second serious breakdown. If I am one, I pray I croak before being reactivated!

10 • The Second Breakdown

1. Military Circles and New Connections

Strange things happened to me in October, 2010. I began going into Vancouver Monday through Friday doing interviews for my book on Vancouver. I dressed like a military or police officer in a three-piece suit and my shoes were spit shone. I became a regular visitor at the Beatty Street Drill Hall and often Keith Maxwell, an ex-Colonel in Canada's military, would take me for lunch. Sometimes, I'd go to the Bessborough Armories and listen to retired soldiers talk about their time in the service. Keith introduced me to Jim Stanton. Jim was the first person outside the United States to ever speak with Homeland Security. He had been presented with a medal from the Queen about this time. He was the RUSI President. Dan McGee of the Devil's 27 Brigade gave a talk. He was a charismatic speaker. He lived in Bowmanville.

1. A Foreword and an Unexpected Meeting

So did my first cousin Ray Edmunds. On a visit to see his wife Connie and him, we went to see Sam. He lived six blocks away. We found him in full military attire. He was picked up moments after our arrival by an aid-de-camp. He was flying to Washington, D.C. as a guest speaker. One afternoon, I drove over to White Rock to ask Tim Lawson, owner of Timberholme Publishing, if he'd consider writing the Foreword to my title 'Camp X and the Cold War'. A short time earlier, Tim had written the Foreword to Bill Macdonald's book, 'The True Intrepid Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents'. Sir Bill was a spy extraordinaire. Tim agreed to write the Foreword. As we were having a coffee on the store patio, a woman dashed across the street in front of me with a framed aerial photograph of a farm. It was 36x24".

I ran after her to introduce myself. She said, "I know who you are. You inspired my aerial photographer career." It was Ellen Atkin, MKUltra Girl.

The End