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My first air photo ad and I'm still using the Hasselblad so it had to have been pre-1980.

I remember that my very first air photo flight for a potential client was with Kathy Morse, the Eye in the Sky traffic news reporter (and afterwards Mayor of Maple Ridge). She was flying a Cessna 150, and it didn't have much room for manoeuvring. I was attempting to photograph a small farm right off the end of the Pitt Meadows runway, but it was near impossible to frame the photograph in the Hasselblad cam-

era's viewfinder since it did not have a prism. I had to attempt to look through the top of the viewfinder and everything was reversed. I even tried unbuckling my seat belt and getting up on my knees on the seat in order to see through the viewfinder. The flight was a dismal failure and I ended up being sick in her plane without getting a single photograph that was worth showing to the client. Kathy was also getting flak from the tower as she was flying in a circular pattern almost right over the runway. This would have been in 1977 or 1978.

Around 1980 Keith Renfrew, a Maple Ridge pilot, called and asked if I wanted to take some air photos of the Meadow Gardens Golf Course. I think that flight may well have been my very first time to ever make money taking air photos. By this time I had a Hasselblad camera system with a metered prism that permitted me to see what I was shooting through the camera lens. Before I had the prism everything was reversed. I wasn't in the air more than half an hour and the flight was fun. The golf course owners, anxious to make a fast sale to Asian or Japanese investors, spent about \$4,000 on photos. I heard rumors that the price of the golf course escalated from \$9,000,000 to \$13,500,000 in just a couple of years. My invoice was a drop in the bucket. The \$4,000 was very likely more than I was making a month doing family portrait and wedding photography.

A short time later Keith took me on another flight with Stan Pavlov along as passenger, but on this particular day I asked that the door be removed. I didn't have a headset and Keith had his set perched on the side of his head so he could hear the air traffic controller in his left ear and my yells in his right. We were coming back from a job over Langley when I saw dirt being turned on a piece of real estate, a sure indication that it was a hot property, directly underneath the plane. I screamed at Keith, "Lay over, lay over," and he took the aircraft from flying level to laying over 90 degrees in a heartbeat. I fell out of the plane, with my seat belt being the only thing saving me from free falling 1,500-feet. It all happened in a split second, but during that time I managed to drop my camera

and grab for the door jambs on both sides of the door exit with my hands. The camera was fortunately clipped to a strap around my neck. I sprained several fingers of both hands in my grab for the door jambs, and the camera came back to smack me in the face. Keith realized his mistake but overcompensated, and that flipped me back into the plane and into his lap. It was a warm sunny afternoon and my armpits literally flushed perspiration all the way down to my belt loops. Both Keith and Stan were initially terrified but moments later were hysterical with laughter. I told Keith to return to the airport immediately as both my hands were giving me a great deal of pain. Keith was busting a gut laughing so hard that he bounced two or three times on the runway, possibly making this his very worst ever landing.

I had another close brush with disaster with an airplane during these formative years. I was flying with John Waddington in a Super Cub and was seated directly behind him in the little two-seater plane. Unknown to me, John's joystick and mine were coupled since the plane was used for training purposes so that an instructor was able to take over the controls if necessary from the back seat. When John brought his stick straight back, my stick hit me in my privates. John thought this was a great joke, but he was in no joking mood a few moments later. I had asked him if it was all right to stuff my lenses in the pouch directly behind his seat. He had said yes, never realizing for a moment that the lenses for my medium-format camera system were quite bulky. He took off and pushed forward on his stick but it wouldn't go forward to bring the plane's nose down because my stick was jammed up against the lenses in his back seat. Instead the plane climbed to an almost vertical ascent that seconds later would have caused it to stall and fall out of the sky. Luckily for both of us, John had the necessary experience and presence of mind to cut the motor and land without power at the very end of the runway. At first he was most upset with me until he came to realize that he was the cause of his own near accident. A few years earlier John's partner had been doing acrobatic spins over the mud flats in Delta and crashed his plane. He died. John replaced his partner with his younger brother, and he too crashed a plane with a



A photo for a 1982 advertisement.

customer into Pitt Lake. They both drowned. A short time after the incident with me John sold his airplane sales and gas business and began selling life insurance.

I soon discovered that my Hasselblad's fastest shutter speed of 1/500 second wasn't quite fast enough to freeze my photos. I talked with Angie Apostolides, an owner of Beau Photo Supply, and he suggested a Hasselblad body that fired at 1/2,000 second. I purchased this camera but soon discovered that I was only ever using a portion of the 2 cm square frame for the making of 8" x 10" or 16" x 20" prints.

The person who had the most impact on my early air photo career was Carol Hindley, the "picture buyer" for Colliers International Realty Corporation. Several times a year she would call and request that I make a 60-kilometer drive into her office in Vancouver to show my most recent images. One day she suggested I arrange my pictures alphabetically by municipality, photocopy them, and leave the copied collection in her possession. Later on to facilitate the re-ordering process, I carefully captioned each image with a description, film roll and negative number, and the flight date. During this time I began to arrange my entire collection by municipality and date and Scotch-tape the 4" x

5" previews, four to the page, into 8 1/2" by 11" clear plastic sheets that were then placed into three-ring binders. One day I had a light bulb moment as a result of my trips to see Carol.

From Dairyland in Burnaby I bought a number of plastic milk containers that were the perfect size to hold six binders each. I also bought two big suitcases. I had all this "air picture" paraphernalia in the back of the van and would drive into Vancouver waiting for calls from potential customers or would make cold calls on potential new clients. My daily agenda Monday through Friday began with rolling out of bed at six in order to be on the road and headed into the city by seven. In the early 1990s I'd go from appointment to appointment and usually see about five clients per day, but by the mid-1990s, due to heavier traffic and the coming of age of telephone message machines and cellular phones, my visits dropped to three to four visits per day. They were gruelling days in that I'd have to be up early to beat the heavy traffic and then I'd not get home until six. I'd usually call Tina on my cellular phone and arrange to meet her at some restaurant for the evening meal around six. I'd then go home and fill orders. When I flew I'd have to organize the 4" x 5" photo previews and get them into binders to show to prospective clients the next day.

In 1980 geologist and pilot friend Len Werner loaned me \$2,000 to purchase a Pentax 6 cm x 7 cm system with three lenses, and that camera system became my work horse. This equipment paid for itself many times over during the next 20 years.

The World Exposition of Transportation and communication (Expo) took place in Vancouver in 1986 but with my depression caused by my separation from Carol I was in no position to take advantage of the opportunities being presented. Instead, I spent a great deal of time in my tiny office on the third floor of the Fuller Watson building contemplating my future. It was a dismal year and my combined total sales came to less than \$45,000.

There was another major problem in that quite often the weather would take a change for the better but I was unable to cancel appointments and scramble to get a pilot and get up in the air to take pictures. I came to the conclusion that

although I was working harder than ever before that my sales were in decline.

By the end of 1987 I had managed turn my business around and did \$60,000 in air photos and another \$60,000 in family portraits and weddings.

Before Tina and I left on our honeymoon to Arizona in the beginning of 1990 I had purchased a Macintosh computer with a 9" black and white monitor for \$3,500 but I hadn't attempted to do anything with it until our return. I was able to do my invoicing on this machine and enter the descriptions of my existing air photos collection. Martin Loffler, Gayle and Vic's son, then 15, did all the inputting of the photographs. The software for the cataloguing cost about \$100. During this period my knowledge of computers was next to zero and I don't think it ever occurred to anyone that one day I'd be able to enter a photo with the database into a more powerful computer. In those days information was moved from one computer to another on a floppy disc that initially cost \$15 and held less than one megabyte of information. After a few years I began to have quite a collection of carefully catalogued images. For the first several years I played everything safe and didn't dare place all my eggs in the one basket. Instead I continued to shoot portraits and weddings and take air photos. Slowly I weaned myself from family portrait and wedding photography to aerial photography. For the first several years I did many of my air photo shoots with Len as my pilot in his little Cessna 150. Incidentally, Len told me that my first computer and the \$100 software package was the only computer and software that I'd ever need for my air photo business. Little did he know!

In 1990 I leased a high-end photocopy machine and began making black and white photocopies of my 2,000 or so air photos. The prints looked terrible, as there were no half tones yet and I was new in the game, but the larger realtors bought into my program. I guess the evolution of the binders and the building of the Web site overlapped between 1990 and 1995. The very first "catalogue" of air photos was most primitive and the 4" x 5" previews were black and white copies on a leased printer.

Rick Hunwick had a graphic design business in



Nathan and I drove down to Arlington, Washington, in 1990 to check out the Sky Commuter.



the Fuller Watson Block, and he became a good friend and we often worked together on projects. When he died suddenly of a heart attack in 1990 his wife sold me his copy camera for the making of black and white positive mechanical transfers of my yearly collections and then making photocopies of the PMTs. I arranged all my PMTs in chronological order by date and municipality and then had the 500 sheets hard-bound up into books. I sold the books for \$500

each with the understanding that the client would receive the first two 8" x 10" colour prints from the 2,000 or so prints in the catalogues at no charge. I paid Michael, Tina's son; Kevin, and Nathan to spend several hours a day in the "dark room sweat box" to turn out the PMTs. I took the PMTs to a company in Burnaby to make photographic copies that were collated for a bindery in Surrey. It was a costly proposition and it became even costlier when I began making colour photocopies of the previews. I hired Dave Taylor to drive into Vancouver to sell the catalogues.

One day in 1990 I was doing business with Gatean Royer, Surrey's city planner, and as we went for some lunch in his vehicle I happened to notice on the side of his private van a business logo offering affordable Web sites. I asked him about the signage and he grinned, saying that the business belonged to his 15-year old son Vincent. I drove out to Chilliwack, and over the next several weekends Vince built a simple Web

site under my supervision that began to make money. The user could easily surf Province > Region > City > Sub Area > Year > Month > Image. We very slowly began placing my air photos on the Internet, confident that this medium would eventually have far greater potential than the air photo picture books or the CD-ROM packages. I was ecstatic. Unfortunately Vince became more and more uninterested in computer sciences and more interested in becoming an auto repairman.

Tina's father Avo loaned me \$25,000 and I immediately purchased a state-of-the-art computer and scanner capable of dealing with large photographic files. A short time he later loaned me another \$10,000. It was during this period that I became interested in trying to place some of my images up on the Internet. I initially piggybacked on the Ozzie Jurock Web site, with my site being called [www.jurock.com/waiteair](http://www.jurock.com/waiteair). This entrepreneur had been a top realtor, but he gave up that profession to embrace the Internet. We talked and he easily convinced me to buy into a \$125-a-month package. Ozzie assured me that the amount of traffic to his site was unbelievable and it took me a long time to realize that although potential customers were visiting his site, which had several thousand pages, that they were not necessarily visiting any of my pages. His site may have been getting a million-plus visitors a week or month, but they were not finding my site. After spending a great deal of money with service providers and Web designers resulting in a great deal of money going out but little coming in, Avo insisted that I hire someone who was capable of building a first-class Web site, so I contacted Julian Tuck, President of Epicad Inc. in Montreal about the challenges of building me a Web site for my air photos. The company was in its infancy but already had clients such as Kodak and Disneyland. I spent a great deal of time on the telephone talking with their Web designers and builders, but progress seemed to be extremely slow and the bills, at \$75 an hour, were beginning to mount. On one particularly frustrating afternoon I couldn't reach the fellow in charge of building my site and managed to persuade one of the employees to give me his phone number. I made the call and ended up chatting with the employee's mother. I learned that he was a

freshman at university and worked for Epicad from home. I had a final chat with Julian and told him that the clock was ticking and that his group had failed to build me a working Web site. During this period my site piggybacked on the Epicad site and was called [www.epicad.com/waiteair](http://www.epicad.com/waiteair). I paid a portion of the outstanding debt but told Julian that under the circumstances I wasn't prepared to pay all of the debt. I paid \$7,000 and Julian forgave \$7,000 of debt. Epicad went on to become involved with the wireless hand-held BlackBerry phone for sending e-mail, mobile telephone, text messaging, internet faxing, and Web browsing.

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

One day a fellow visited my office suggesting that I get involved in a scheme he was promoting whereby businesses traded services and not money. It sounded like a viable proposition, so I joined. I immediately got in touch with Mark Fester of In Vancouver Web Services, who agreed to try and build a Web site. He told me to think of Mr. Jurock's Web site as a huge library with thousands of books with me having but one title in his vast library. Although thousands of browsers may visit the Jurock Web site, the



Tools of the trade: Daytimer, Visa & Business



Tina 's Dad Avo designed a rack so I could display prints in my van.

chances of one of them ever finding my “book” with just a few pages was very remote. I liked Mark and we began strategizing on how to build a Web site that would bring in traffic and generate sales.

It was Tina’s father Avo who suggested that I wait for those super clear days and then use a helicopter instead of a fixed-wing plane and shoot every piece of dirt being turned in the Lower Fraser Valley. I did that for awhile, and Tina and I used to drive around in the wee hours and physically get the names of the realtors involved in the marketing of these pieces of land off the billboards. Those were the cold calls that I initially made with my catalogues of air photos that I trucked into Vancouver. Eventually I began flying with experienced airplane pilots and stopped using the more expensive whirlybirds. It was interesting listening to these pilots chatting with the air traffic controllers at Vancouver International Airport and getting permission to do a fly-by and then get out of the way of a “big heavy” or “air bus.” In many cases the “big heavies” were lined up coming

in from the east over Pitt Lake or the west over the University of British Columbia every eight to ten minutes. Occasionally there would be a lull in their movements and I’d take the opportunity to get stock air photos of Richmond since that city was almost impossible for clearance when planes were inbound or outbound on a busy day. I would wake up in the morning not only looking for a blue-sky day, but I’d also be checking the windsock to see if fresh clean air was coming in from the north or from over the ocean to the west.

In 1990 I was invited to give a slide show to the Professional Photographers of BC. I gave the talk and concluded by telling everyone that I’d ordered a two-seater Sky Commuter for \$75,000 American and that I’d be able to use it to climb to 5,000-feet, put it into park, and then take a series air photos from a station platform. I told some of the more curious the truth over a drink after the talk. My talk to the Professional Photographers Association resulted in a spike in the number of air photo advertisers in the yellow pages the following year. I was upset with myself for having given the talk.

In 1994 and 1995 I began doing a great deal of my flying with Skies Unlimited at the Pitt Meadows Airport. They had several great pilots for my type of work and the best was David C. Tench. We became good friends and I soon learned that he was fairly up to date with computers. He agreed to work a graveyard shift at Tina’s and my apartment for several months for \$9 an hour to produce a high quality catalogue in conjunction with a CD. We initially did 1,000 “catalogues” of Vancouver for 1995 with 800 images capable of being reproduced up to 8” x 10” at photo quality. D. W. Friesen and Sons in Altona, Manitoba, printed these books for \$17 each. I did 1,000 CDs in Arnprior, Ontario, and their cost was somewhere around \$1,000. I learned much later that the business in Arnprior was owned by Bob Johnston, one of my high school chums. I didn’t mind as the packages were to sell for \$350 each. I did a second catalogue of Port Moody, Port Coquitlam, and Coquitlam, but the run was only 250. I believe the cost for this package came to \$7,000 or \$8,000. I barely sold enough of these catalogues to cover the cost of their production. Stupidly, I shot myself in the foot as my larger clients shared the

packages between offices and used the files off the CD. My smaller clients ended up wanting to return the packages as their outdated computers didn't have the RAM or software to deal with photos. The time consuming project was a big flop, and one morning I threw \$350,000 worth of books at suggested list prices into a dumpster.

In 1996 I won a bid to take air photos for Cantel Communications of Calgary and Edmonton. Pilot Richard Tolson, the Vice-President of Cantel and I took an early morning flight in a Cessna 180 that took us over the Rockies. We had been told that Calgary's weather was blue sky. Instead, we landed in a snowstorm. The VP took the next commercial jetliner back to Vancouver and left Rich and I on our own to get the photos required for their communications network. We were grounded for a week until a chinook came and melted all the snow. When we returned to Vancouver I called the VP and asked him if he wanted the good news or

the bad news first. He asked for the good news and I took him that we'd gotten all the shots. He then asked for the bad news. I told him that we'd just returned from the job. I submitted the bill at the agreed upon costs and the VP called to say that he hadn't approved my invoice. He told me to resubmit and add another \$1000! Cantel hired me to photograph Toronto in December even though I protested that there would likely be snow on the ground and that the weather would be unfavourable. Skys Unlimited pilot Colin Potter and made a first class rush commercial flight from Vancouver to Toronto but as per my prediction the weather was unsuitable for a shoot and we returned empty-handed.

In early 1994 I'd had lunch in Denny's Restaurant on Broadway in Vancouver with Kenne Allen when the conversation came around to the 13.5 % Goods and Services Tax charged by the federal government sometime earlier. Kenne told me that his accountant had discovered that he had been eligible for a huge refund. He ap-



A 6' x 7' wall display promoting a development site in Northwest Richmond, 1995.



The CD's that were created in Arnprior, Ontario, by one of my schoolmate's company.

pealed, won the appeal, and got the refund. I checked my books and learned that I too had overpaid my taxes to the amount of \$5,572.96 between March and December 1990, so I tried to appeal, but the tax department stonewalled me at every turn. They didn't want to deal with some pipsqueak, but I persisted. Kenne had told me that anyone making less than \$50,000 a year in the air photo business was exempt from paying the tax. No one had told me about this loophole so I had overpaid.

The case was eventually conducted by a telephone conference call, with three judges in three different locations in Ontario listening to Revenue Canada's lawyer argue why the money should not be refunded, and me arguing that I'd been stonewalled and that my accountant had had a heart attack and that I'd lost 6 months of accounting records by failing to do a backup. Although I was the only one talking over the phone, Tony Becroft was in my office passing me notes for questions to ask the Revenue Canada lawyer.

In the end the tribunal sided with Revenue Canada giving as their reason for not returning the refund that the limitation time had run out.

The following is the wording of the judgment:

This is an appeal under section 81.19 of the Excise Tax Act [1] (the Act) of a determination of the Minister of National Revenue that rejected an application for a federal sales tax (FST) refund in the amount of \$5,572.96 on the basis that the application was not filed within two years after the payment of the moneys pursuant to section 68 of the Act. The appellant

served a notice of objection dated February 20, 1995, that was disallowed by the respondent in a decision dated September 7, 1995.

The appellant is engaged in the business of photography in Maple Ridge, British Columbia. Before the coming into force of the Goods and Services Tax, the appellant operated under a manufacturer's sales tax license. The appellant's application for an FST refund was for taxes paid in error between March 1990 and December 31, 1990. The application was dated January 24, 1995, and was received by the respondent on January 30, 1995. It was agreed by the parties that the application was filed outside the time limit prescribed by the Act. The issue in this appeal, therefore, is whether the Tribunal has the authority to waive or extend the time limit prescribed by the Act. In an effort to expedite this matter, the Tribunal held a hearing by way of a telephone conference on September 9, 1996, to hear argument on this issue.

The appellant's representative explained that he did not file the application for an FST refund on time because he was not made aware that the appellant was eligible for such a refund and, once he was made aware of this by one of the appellant's competitors, he ran into some difficulty in attempting to file the application. For example, the appellant's accountant, who was trying to modernize his computer equipment, told him that it would be better if they dealt with one problem at a time. In addition, the appellant's accountant suffered a mild heart attack and things were once again delayed. The appellant's representative asked the Tribunal to exercise some sort of discretion and grant the appellant its refund even though the application was not filed within the time limit prescribed by the Act. Counsel for the respondent argued that the appeal must fail because the Tribunal has no authority to grant equitable relief to the appellant or extend the time limit prescribed by the Act.

For the purposes of this appeal, the relevant legislative provision is section 68 of the Act, which reads as follows:

Where a person, otherwise than pursuant to an assessment, has paid any moneys in error, whether by reason of mistake of fact or law or



Experimenting with leading and bleeding edge technology in 1995 and 1995.



Flying with Altair Aviation with a new parka—a gift from my new parent's-in-law, 1990.



A Two-week flight to northern BC, Calgary & Edmonton, for the BC Corrections Service with Chuck Rebstein, 2001.

otherwise, and the moneys have been taken into account as taxes, penalties, interest or other sums under this Act, an amount equal to the amount of those moneys shall, subject to this Part, be paid to that person if he applies therefor within two years after the payment of the moneys. [Emphasis added]

It is clear to the Tribunal that, under section 68 of the Act, an application for an FST refund must be filed within two years after the payment of the moneys. It was agreed by the parties that the application was filed outside the time limit prescribed by the Act. The Tribunal is of the same opinion. Although the appellants circumstances are regrettable, there is no legal basis upon which the federal sales tax refund can be granted. There is no provision in the Act which grants authority to the Tribunal to waive, extend or alter the prescribed time limit for filing an application pursuant to section 68 of the Act. The Tribunal's jurisdiction in determining appeals is very limited and does not include applying equitable remedies. [2] The Tribunal must apply the law, even where such application results in financial hardship for the appellant.

Accordingly, the appeal is dismissed.

My step-daughter Crystal Carlson married Jason Ilnicki on the 31st August 1997. It was the very day that Princess Diana was killed in a car crash in Paris. The following day, 1st September, was the gift opening at the groom's parents' home in Matsqui but I was unable to attend. I had promised Francesco Aquilini, the managing director of the Aquilini Investment Corporation and son of Luigi Aquilini, that I'd do an air photo shoot on the first available day of the Pitt Polder. As my luck would have it, the gift opening day had unlimited visibility so I called Francesco to meet me at Skys Unlimited at the Pitt Meadows Airport. He showed up in his recently purchased Lamborghini. We got airborne and climbed to 3,500-feet from which I was able to get in the entire 35,000-acres of the polder with a wide angle lens. I was able to show the property with downtown Vancouver and even the northern tip of Vancouver Island in many of the images. We landed and Francesco requested that my pilot fly him over to Sydney on Vancouver Island so he could attend a

birthday party in Victoria. He asked me to contact some of his employees to pick up his car. It struck me odd that he gave me the numbers of his employees for me to make the call rather than he making the call himself. Instead, I returned to the gift opening and partied with family. Francesco called me the following morning enquiring about his car. An employee picked it up where he'd left it quite unharmed.

In the fall of 2001 I won a bid to fly all the provincial jails in the province for \$11,000. I knew that the bid was extremely low but I was hoping that the additional inventory that I'd take would more than compensate. It worked. I discussed the project with pilot Chuck Rebstien and went over the costs, and I believe my fees to him came to around \$7,000 for the 10 to 12-day flight that also took us over the Rockies to shoot Edmonton and Calgary. We got off to a late start as his plane was in for a minor repair, and it turned out that the oil panel had not been tightened down properly and we landed in Nelson with the red gauge light in the "on" position. I was most upset as the plane had to be grounded until parts were flown in from Vancouver. The weather was perfect and then just when the problem was fixed the weather socked in and we were stranded in Nelson.

A few days later we were in Terrace when I received an early morning call from Tina telling me to turn on the television as Islamic extremists had hijacked four commercial passenger jet airliners and had crashed two of them into the two towers of the World Trade Centre in New York, causing the collapse of both buildings. The hijackers then crashed a third jetliner into the Pentagon in Arlington County, Virginia. Passengers and members of the flight crew attempted to retake control of the fourth aircraft, but it crashed into a field near the town of Shanksville in rural Somerset County, Pennsylvania. Chuck and I tried to fly out of Terrace but learned that everything was under lockdown. We ended up spending three or four days in Terrace killing time.

A short time after my return Susan Frye, President of Aerolist Photographers, Inc. in Seattle, called and offered to sell me her business for \$75,000 American. She explained that she had been in the business since age 17 and that now,

17 years later, she was pregnant with her first child and wanted to be a mother. I knew that the offer was an excellent opportunity, because I'd driven down to her office a few years earlier to set her up with Internet sales. I knew that she had bought out the original owners of the company and that the negative collection dated all the way back to 1954. My brother-in-law Bob Anderson and I drove down to look at the books and Bob thought that I should buy. Susan had a couple of long-time employees and I asked them if they wanted to consider buying into the business, but neither seemed interested. A week later Nathan and I returned to have a second look. I was amazed at the volume of material and I was confident that if we were to scan the better images and get them up on a Web site that we'd get an immediate return on investment. I called a family meeting at the apartment and explained the situation, but Bob wanted to "buy in" instead of giving me a short-term loan. In November Mom passed away sud-

Stan Pavlov began selling real estate in 1987 and that year sold more acreage than all the other realtors in Maple Ridge and Pitt Meadows combined. "I like to work on bigger deals because they are more challenging," Stan says. But he enjoys the diversity in the real estate business and also takes on listings that involve ALR, industrial, commercial, farm and residential properties. Stan would like to thank all of his past clients and has no intentions of hanging up that big-brimmed hat of his yet. He is excited to work with new clients, and with his years of experience, feels he is well qualified and prepared to meet new challenges.

**Call Stan Pavlov**  
604-319-7826



An ad that I ran for my bird photographer friend Stan Pavlov in the 'Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows: A History in Photographs' & 'Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs' that were published in 2008 and 2010 respectively.

denly but a large portion of her estate was tied up with loans to Mae and Bill. I explained my situation to my siblings but none of them were in a position to loan me any money so I had to let this opportunity pass by.

In 2003 I called a family meeting at the ABC Restaurant and told my three children that I was planning on going into retirement at age 60. During the round-table discussion I asked if anyone was interested in buying the air photo business. Nathan, at the time working for Haney Builders, said that things were slow in his department at work and suggested that he try to get permission from his employer to work one day a week for me and four days for Haney Builders. He said that he wanted to learn about the business and to formulate his own conclusions about the feasibility of buying into my company. Pretty soon he was working for me two days a week, then three, and within the year he'd quit Haney Builders to work full time for me. The last year I managed to get his salary up to \$50,000 a year. He was making as much as I was but he wasn't getting any of the perks.

On January 1, 2004, Nathan bought the business for \$200,000 with the understanding that he'd pay down the debt at the rate of \$3,000 per month. The debt was interest free. I worked for him the first year and ironically made more money that year than I ever made working for myself. By the end of the second year he'd learned the ropes of running his own business and virtually ran the entire operation on his own. He owned the business free and clear after only five years.



# **WAITE** **AIR PHOTOS INC.**



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A full-page advertisement that I ran in the 'Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows A History in Photographs' and the 'Vancouver Exposed A History in Photographs' for my son Nathan's air photo business.