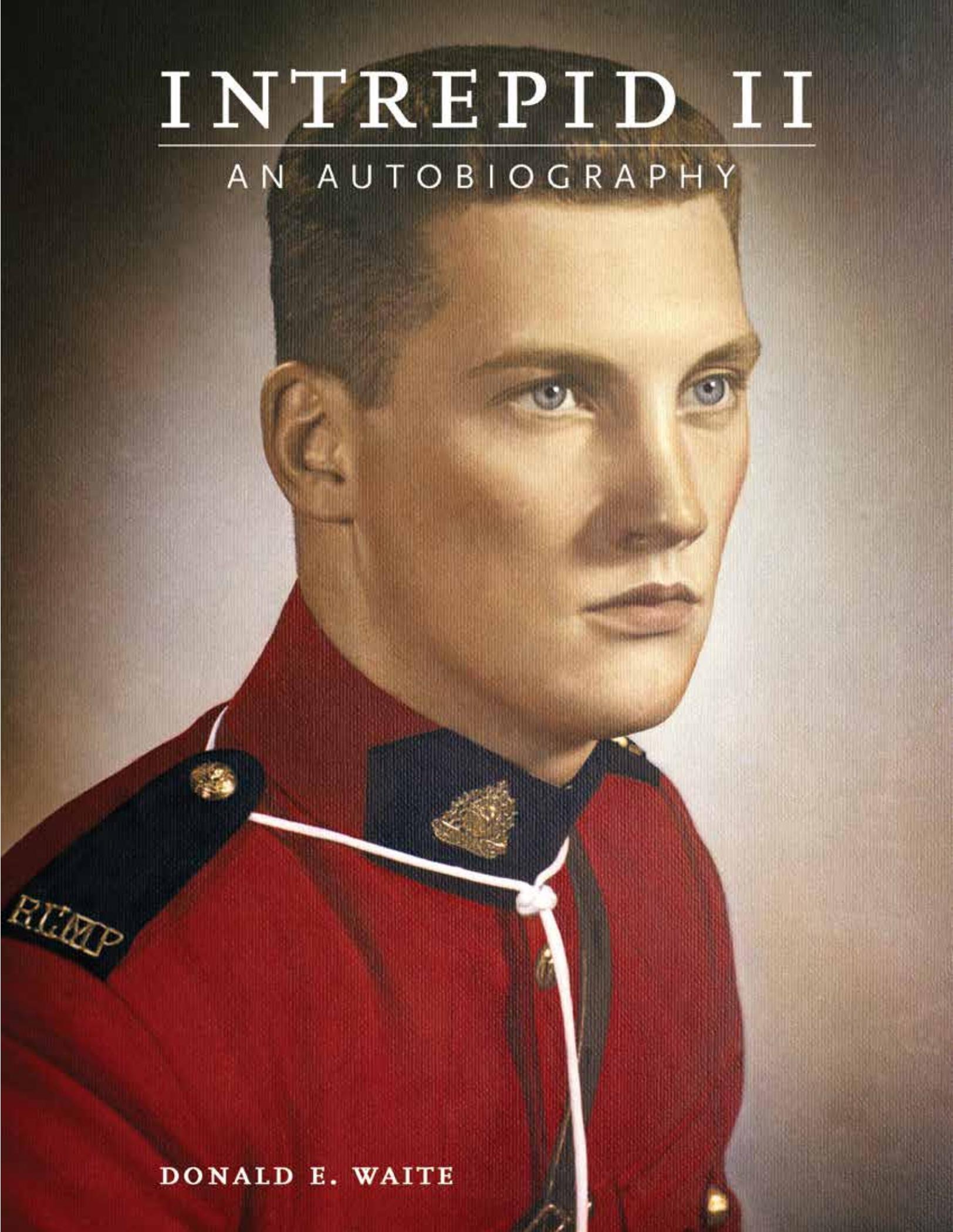


INTREPID II

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



DONALD E. WAITE

Mental Illness on a Grand Scale

I was totally unprepared for a visit by three Canadian Wildlife Service investigators from Vancouver and a member of the RCMP from Summerland at around 10:00 a.m. 16 June at the guesthouse. They had search warrants to seize anything to do with our bird photography. Marko Goluzza was the lead CWS investigator. Bryan Huska and Patrick Porter were his assistants. I talked to them outside for 20 minutes to half an hour before asking Goluzza if the pencil-like gizmo in his shirt pocket was a tape recording device. He admitted to me that it was and I asked him if it was operating and he told me that it wasn't. He then immediately gave Damon and I a police warning. I didn't realize it at the time but I was certainly in the first stages of a mental breakdown. As a former policeman, I never in a million years would have consented to talk to them after having been given a police warning had I been sane. Stupidly, I sat down and invited Goluzza and his helpers to get their note pads, tape recorders and even video camera as I was prepared to answer any questions. I did this even after Constable Jason Muise of the RCMP Summerland Detachment advised me to keep my mouth shut. Both Tina and Damon, aware that I was not right mentally, pleaded with me not to talk to the investigators. Instead, I ignored everyone. At some point Goluzza asked if we wanted to seek legal aid. Damon and I both said that we did but when I called the legal aid lawyer I received a garbled message that couldn't be understood. The person leaving the message spoke too fast and it seemed that he had a mouth filled with marbles. I finally got a lawyer who told me that our situation did not justify a legal aid lawyer.

I attempted to explain to Goluzza, Huska and Porter the mistakes I had made when starting out compared with today but he wanted to steer the conversation to the functioning of my Canon equipment. He wanted me to tell him exactly what he needed to charge me under the Migratory Birds Conventions Act and the Species

at Risk Act. For Goluzza, I must have seemed like the proverbial slam-dunk. I must have talked to Goluzza for at least 25 minutes with the video camera running. I told him about getting started in photography back in the late 1970s and making lots of mistakes. I talked about high-speed strobes the size of dinner plates that fired at 1/20,000 second that were many, many times more powerful than my Canon units. I even told him about the ticket for photographing the Mountain Bluebird in Burns, Oregon. I'm sure that none of the three CWS investigators initially clued in that I was not stable. I wanted to kill time because I realized that sooner or later one of the investigators would need to use a washroom or the group would want to leave to have lunch.

I've often wondered how many birders and biologists visited the chat nest site after my being confronted on the 13 June and the 16 June when Goluzza and his team, along with RCMP Constable Muise, arrived at the guesthouse with a search warrant. Even though I was losing touch with reality, I later exchanged emails with Goluzza and that was how I managed to get the names of all 25 recipients of Dr. Bishop's email. She had sent her email out and had not utilized the blind carbon copy feature and Goluzza, in responding to me, gave me all the names—and none of them appeared to be law enforcement officers. I learned through exchanges of emails that Goluzza actually requested the biologists visit the scene on the 14 June and take photographs. Did it not occur to him that they could easily contaminate and alter the site? He was sending biologists, not investigators, out to photograph the "crime" scene.

I watched the CWS investigators go about collecting evidence. Porter shot video of the interior of my SUV without even bothering to open a door or roll down a window. He shot through the glass. He walked quickly through the guesthouse with the video camera running. The three investigators made a search of the

I came up with this photograph and title for my memoirs upon being released from the Psychiatric Ward of the Maple Ridge Hospital in July 2007. This book is intended to be as much about the challenges of mental illness as it is about anything relating to our feathered friends!

guesthouse and seized seven pieces of paperwork but in their rush to leave left everything at my workstation. I don't think they even realized that my trailer with its scaffolding was part of our equipment for bird photography. Goluza examined several of my journals but I explained that they all contained material for a book that I was writing on Maple Ridge. That was fact. My writing was so sloppy that he wasn't able to read them anyway. He tried to seize Tina's journal but she refused to give it to him explaining that it contained her private thoughts. Tina had in fact written our every movement since coming up to the Okanagan and it contained both her and my notes about photographing the magpies, grosbeaks, catbirds, and chat.

Marko Goluza and an assistant drove up from Vancouver to Summerland on 20 June, a full week after the "bust" to return my computer and some of the items that had been seized from Damon. It was the very day that the weather broke and I flew from Penticton to Westbank, Kelowna, and Quesnel on an air photo shoot for my son Nathan. Tina told him that it was the very day of the 19th anniversary of our engagement in the presence of Mountain Bluebirds but instead of it being a happy day it was very sad. According to Tina, he was very apologetic. Although most of my equipment was returned, Tina refused to sign off on anything for fear of damage.

For five years I always believed that Tina had told Marko that she was considering suing Dr. Bishop for the slanderous remarks that she had made about me but that was not the case. Maybe I believed that because I wanted to believe it due to my mental state.

My air photo flight turned out to be a complete disaster as my mental breakdown worsened. I once asked the pilot what he would do if I suddenly removed the keys from the ignition and threw them out the window of the plane. He responded by telling me that he'd try to put down someplace where it was level. I talked non-stop and eventually came down with laryngitis. On the return flight from Quesnel I had a near-death experience and instructed the pilot to put the aircraft down at Kamloops, the nearest airport, and to have an ambulance on standby at the end of the runway. Initially, I thought I was

having a heart attack. I saw the "white light" and was fully prepared to die. It was during this time that I told the pilot to tell Tina that everything was all right and that we'd meet again even though I was expecting to die at any moment. I was thinking about reincarnation. The pilot turned on the plane's radio and the Dalai Lama was giving an interview. The fact that I believed that I was going to die at any moment didn't bother me in the least. After several minutes I recovered and asked the pilot to cancel his flight to Kamloops and to continue to Kelowna for lunch. We went into the airport's restaurant and each ate a sandwich. When we got back into the plane, the pilot was initially unable to take off as he had neglected to remove the chocks from the plane's tires! The events of the previous few hours had certainly thrown him off balance. He was very explicit and told me to keep my mouth shut for the flight from Kelowna back to Penticton. None of the photographs from that flight were of any value and my son had to fly the targets some days later. I had spent \$2,000 on the flight. It was my first time to screw up an air photo flight in years. Instead of making \$1,500 each for my son and myself I lost \$2,000 for aircraft costs. My mental state was seriously deteriorating.

That night I had an out-of-body experience and I found myself hovering over Tina in the upstairs bedroom of the guesthouse. I was standing in my white house coat with my arms outstretched 'a la Jesus' and was mumbling that I knew how Wilbur Smith, the author of many books on Africa, was able to produce a 700-page book every couple of years. I then went downstairs and got into a heated debate with Damon and his acting friend who were just returning from an evening of practice on the Sicamous at Penticton.

I told Damon that I had a vision and that he was white-haired and was talking to a crowd of thousands about environmental issues and the Earth's fragility and that in due course he'd be replacing the likes of David Suzuki and Al Gore. I ranted and raved for half an hour before collapsing completely exhausted into a chair in the kitchen. I went back upstairs but wasn't able to sleep. I came back downstairs and began talking into my 20-year old tape recorder about the raid of the 16 June. I tried to recall every-

thing in chronological order to the best of my recollection. I described each of the three Canadian Wildlife Service members. I recalled that Constable Jason Muise told me where he was from, his time in the force, and that he weighed in at 215 naked and 250 when in full uniform. I was hoping for the best but preparing for a worst-case scenario. I talked for some time about Julius Caesar and Marcus Brutus and mentioned the phrase “Et tu, Brute?” (Meaning “And you, Brutus?”) These were the last words of the Roman dictator to his friend Marcus Brutus at the moment of his assassination. What friend had stabbed me in the back? I couldn’t write anything down as all my notebooks had been confiscated.

My mental breakdown was quickly accelerating as by this time I’d gone almost a week without any sleep. When Tina came downstairs in the morning I was on the phone trying to get the receptionist at the Summerland Detachment to contact Muise for me. She refused and I shouted into the receiver. I told her that I was a former member and that years earlier I had gotten myself into a dangerous situation and that my backup wasn’t there for me and that I almost got myself killed. I recall swearing at her and yelling at Tina to leave me alone and to go up to the main house and have a coffee with her mother. It was the first time for me to ever yell at my wife and she was devastated in seeing a bad side of me.

I decided to take Tina for a drive to the top of Mount Baldy at Oliver to look for high-elevation birds. I remember telling her to take a notepad and to write down certain words and to etch them indelibly into her memory, as I’d be burning everything once she had it memorized. I explained to her that there was a chapter in my life that she knew nothing about and then proceeded to tell her that I’d chosen the name Tippy 2 after one of the hound dogs of my youth for undercover police work back in 1970 and 1971. I explained that my father originally had a hound dog Tippy that fathered a Tippy 2 and a Sputnik and those were my hunting dogs from age 15 until I joined the force at age 19. When I talked to another “agent” he’d say “I’ve had too much to drink, I’m tipsy”, and I’d reply with “I’m tippy too, let’s go and get a coffee and sober up”. I told her that my password in correspondence

was “into”, “in to”, “in too”, “in two”, “in 2” and I even used a sloppy Inc. that looked like “in 2”. I’d even used Roman numerals. I told her that when I talked to other “agents” I’d incorporate these words into a sentence such as, “let’s get into it” or that I’d sometimes write them down in a letter. Sometimes I wrote the 2, two, to, too and the Roman numeral II obliquely on a line as a tippy to, too, two or II. I told all of this to her in less than half an hour while we were driving up to the ski lift at Mount Baldy. It was while I was at the end of telling Tina all these things about my activities in the RCMP that the OnStar was activated in Tina’s car. I heard the OnStar come on and immediately asked, “Is someone listening to this conversation?” I must have caught the person that was listening off guard because he remarked, “Can I help you?” I told him in very explicit words that he could help me by hanging up. I had been talking about RCMP Commissioner Bev Busson when I heard the OnStar come on in Tina’s car. Tina had purchased her car new in May of 2006 and had OnStar as a free service that ended after one year. She had used the service only a few times during the first year and did not renew the service for the second year. Tina was terrified, especially after I brought the car to a halt, turned off the ignition, and yelled at her to get out of the car. She was very scared by my behaviour. Did the RCMP in Summerland confirm my being in the police force from 1964 through 1971 with Headquarters in Ottawa and get a warrant to listen in on our conversations in her car? I expect I was incorporating my talks with former police colleagues plus my research on espionage and convincing myself that I was Ian Fleming’s Second Intrepid—James Bond.

Tina asked me if I could ever hurt her. I told her that she was the love of my life and that I could never hurt her but that I could kill someone in a heartbeat if required.

On the way home I purchased a bottle of cheap wine. We returned to the guesthouse and I insisted that Tina “burn the mortgage” by tearing up her notes into tiny little pieces, burning them, and then soaking the ashes in a can of water overnight. In the morning I threw the coffee tin with the ashes and water end over end into the gulch. By this time I had gone an entire week without any sleep. Tina’s diary said

it all: “Don and I had a good talk and I found out he’s a 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 even seem aware that I’m in the room.” That night I went to bed and slept like a log.

I next morning Tina tried her best to cheer me up as it was Father’s Day—21 June. Unfortunately, everything was going wrong. I talked to my daughter Michelle telling her my problems only to learn that she was having difficulty with her pregnancy. I then sat in a chair outside the guesthouse and chatted with my older son Kevin. As we chatted a weasel came up out of Zimmerman Gulch and watched me for a full 5 minutes before disappearing back into the ravine. I took this as a bad omen. I also got a call from the Golden Ears Retirement Home in Maple Ridge saying that Buzz Belfie, the past assistant manager at Tina’s apartment, was having complications from his foot amputation and wasn’t expected to live. I was his executor and they needed me in Maple Ridge to sign papers. Another problem involved all my computer equipment. When we left home to go up to the Okanagan there was talk of flooding at our home so we’d moved most but not all of my data upstairs. I was fearful of losing material for my gold and espionage book projects. It was the perfect storm. With so many negative events taking place at exactly the same time, my mind couldn’t cope. My pot was so full of crap that it had to tip over—and it did. For the uninformed, it’s hard to imagine that a week of stress and no sleep can cause a chemical imbalance in the brain that can affect a person for the rest of their life.

A short time later I crawled down into the ravine with my binoculars and searched Giants Head Mountain looking for police sharpshooters. I decided to drive up the mountain but just as I reached the gate remembered that an ex-RCMP member lived nearby. I’d met his wife hiking on the mountain a few days earlier and sold her a copy of Damon’s book. I knocked on the door and she let me into their home. We talked and she soon realized that I was having a full-blown breakdown. She called her husband who called Tina and both arrived moments lat-

er. The former policeman drove me back to Andy’s farm in my SUV and Tina followed behind in her car. I stayed with Andy while she drove the ex-policeman back home. Tina decided to take me home to Maple Ridge and have me admitted into the psychiatric ward.

By this time I was totally paranoid. My behaviour was bizarre. I drank three bottles of beer in quick succession. This was odd as I rarely ever drink beer. It almost seemed that I was suffering from a dissociative identity disorder and was displaying an alter ego. Tina stopped so I could use the washroom at Yellow Lake about half an hour after leaving Summerland. I sprinted with my binoculars to the washroom and from within scoured the hillside from a high window for possible glints coming from a rifle. I was convinced that snipers were going to make an attempt on my life.

As we passed through Abbotsford, my son Kevin called with the news that his wife Chantelle and he were pregnant. I had purchased a digital recorder in Penticton the day before so I put my cellular phone on speaker mode and reordered the good news.

I called Ken Stewart, a friend and former Member of the Legislative Assembly, and told him to contact his associate who had a pipeline to George W. Bush Sr. and tell him about the buildup of the North Chinese Army.

Near Hope I told Tina to be ready to put the pedal to the metal and accelerate the car up to top speed if necessary, as I was convinced that there would be a roadblock west of Hope for a ‘Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow’ shootout. Simply put, I was suffering a complete psychotic break or a psychosis by the unusual stressors. Tina called Nathan and he and his wife Stacey met us at the ABC Restaurant in Mission for a meal. Nathan then drove me in his vehicle to the hospital in Maple Ridge while Tina and Stacey followed behind in the car.

I remember bits and pieces of my first night in the hospital and bringing up events of my youth. Luckily, Tina stayed with me all night. I recall curling up in a fetal position and being held by Tina and talking about sexual abuse as a youngster growing up in Renfrew. These revelations were something that I had successfully buried into my subconscious. I also chatted

Damon Calderwood's account of one of Don Waite's mental breakdown episodes:

June 19, 2007

In the early morning hours of June 19, 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 XXXXXXX, who was sleeping on the other couch, and attempted to wake him up. XXXXXX was very angry at being awakened so late and told Don in no uncertain terms that he was going back to sleep. XXXXXX buried his head under his pillow and tried to go back to sleep. Don had loudly told both XXXXXX and I when he was rousing us and that we “needed to hear this”.

Once I was up, 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.

Don was behaving very strangely, almost like he was in a trance, with his eyes mostly closed as 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 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 that I was a lot older and had pure white hair. In addition, Don was also trying to tell Tina and I about a wide-ranging conspiracy that he was aware of that 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 about Wilbur Smith, saying that he was channelling him, and 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 connect it all back to the fact that we had been investigated because we had photographed the Chat nest.

One of the things that Don spoke about was that some of this 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 know 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 worried about him”.

Once Don went upstairs, I went to sleep. I have known Don for 19 years, and I have never seen him behave this way, although the day before he had begun to show signs of extreme stress and paranoia. The episode I witnessed in those early morning hours, however, was the most oddly I have ever seen Don act in my life, and I was also very worried about him.

Damon Calderwood

Saturday, January 24, 2009

Damon got the date wrong as it would have been the wee hours of the 21 June 2007.