

with a patient that came in with a heart attack. I had photographed his wedding years earlier. He was surprised that I remembered his name. When a nurse attempted to give me a pill that hadn't come from a sealed pill bottle, I refused. When she insisted, I kicked the plastic glass filled with water out of her hand. Tina eventually convinced the nurse to get both water and a pill from sealed bottles as I was convinced that someone was going to try and poison me.

Dr. Bergljot R. Bright, the psychiatrist, came in and gave me strong medication for "absolute insomnia, increasing paranoid reaction and delusions." She wrote: "for some reason the conflict situation appears to have triggered flashbacks to past abuse in the patient as well as past concerns related to many years ago when he was an RCMP officer."

I spent two weeks in the psychiatric ward and then another two months recuperating from the ordeal, unable to dissect the events that took place between the times I encountered René at the chat nest and my being committed into the hospital under the Mental Health Act. During the time I was in the hospital, I was given a magnetic resonance imaging scan (MRI) of my brain to determine if I had any abnormalities. I was so heavily medicated that I was unaware that I had been transported by ambulance from the Maple Ridge Hospital to Eagle Ridge Hospital in Coquitlam. Fortunately, the results were negative. My medications for the next several months were so heavy that I slept half of every day and lay around for the remainder. One of the medications caused my hair to fall out in clumps.

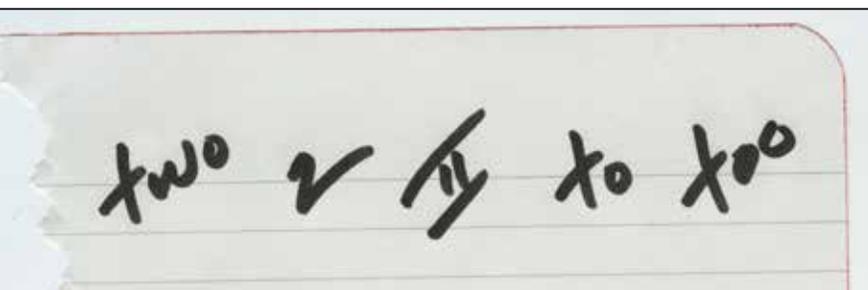
While I was in the psychiatric ward of the Maple Ridge Hospital, Damon continued with his acting on the Sicamous, photographing birds—and falling in love with the Penticton woman

that he would marry two years later. Unlike me, he failed to grasp the trouble and expense that the Canadian Wildlife Service investigators were prepared to go to bring about charges under the new Species at Risk Act. He stayed away from any government property and did all his photography on private land after obtaining permission from the owners.

My time in the psychiatric ward was extremely frightening for Tina, my family and friends. It impacted on Tina, as she feared that I might not recover—and if I did—my whole personality might have changed. After spending the first few nights alone in our home, Tina contacted her daughter Crystal who came straight over with her daughters Amelia and Julianna. Crystal took care of the meals and the two grandchildren helped to lessen my wife's worries. Tina telephoned several of my closest friends and they came to visit me at the hospital. My son Kevin was most concerned because I was often more interested in conversing with other patients in the lockdown facility than with family. He maybe didn't initially realize just how messed up my mind had become. I learned later that Helmi and Fred Braches had visited me but I can barely recall their visits. Willie Pierre, a Katzie elder whom I'd known since he was 14, visited me and gave me a prayer. I also wanted to talk with Gary Kirkpatrick, a policeman that I'd worked with when I was a RCMP member stationed in Haney in 1967-68. This was strange, as I hadn't talked with Gary in years. He came straight over to the hospital to see me.

Psychiatrist Bright diagnosed me as suffering from a bipolar disorder with one of the symptoms being grandiosity. I certainly fit into that category. I learned that a grandiose individual had an inflated self-esteem, believed they had special powers and even spiritual connections. A grandiose individual feels unrealistically powerful and invincible. Some of the symptoms had a very negative impact on my life. A grandiose person may appear to be rude and boastful making it difficult to make new friends—and keep old ones. I thank God daily that Tina realized the trauma that I was going through and stood by me.

The diary that I kept while at the hospital included the names of Elvis Presley, Prime Minister



Five oblique (45 degree angle) Tippy twos.

Just before leaving to come to the coast I wrote the following message for Constable Muise.

Dear Jason,

I'm on the way home to safe sanctuary & my family hoping for the best but fully prepared for a worst case scenero. 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 can of piss in the pot nearby. All this is scary stuff.

If I've been capable of the things flashing through my mind. (This sentence is scratched out).

Just got a call from Nathan. I just told XXXXX that if something happens to me for Michelle, Kevin and you to have a beer or shot of whiskey (sorry Michelle but you'll have to drink just cranberry juice - the mix) as you're pregnant remember.

Anyway the 5 of you XXXXX - Jason - & my 3 wonderful children have a drink & listen to some weird tales about your 'old man' - farm boy - policeman - ranger - intrepid 2 - INZ - Lover & Soul mate of the 'Lady in Red' Tina

Until we meet again (scratched out).

Sorta lost it there Jason. I started writing for my 3 kidlets.

Regards,

Don

Trudeau, Prime Minster John Turner, and U.S. Presidents George W. Bush Jr., Bill Clinton and Jack Kennedy.

Upon being released from the hospital, I began to spit shine my black shoes and go into Vancouver in a blue suit to do research for my Maple Ridge-Pitt Meadows, Vancouver, gold and espionage book projects. Nothing seemed impossible. No one intimidated me. I even obtained letters from Colonel R.M. Lander, a Security Officer with the Department of National Defense and Colonel (retired) Gary Solar, former DND and now President of the Intrepid Society in Winnipeg.

Upon being released from the hospital, the first place I visited was the Golden Ears Retirement Home to see Buzz Belfie. He was unconscious and looked like a fish out of water. He was dying. Within days of visiting Buzz at the retirement home, he passed away and a short time later I received a call from his notary public. Buzz had left his estate to Tina.

In August Tina and I drove up to the Okanagan to recover my SUV and trailer that had been left on her brother's farm. I rented a plane and flew the site of the "bust" to figure out in my own mind the layout of the land. I met up with Damon and we visited the Haynes Ranch and I took several photographs. Damon had added several more bird species to his photographic

collection.

One day while Tina was visiting with her Mom, I decided to visit the Osoyoos Indian Band Reserve and chat with Mario Hall. We had a great visit and he explained that sometime earlier he and his three brothers had shot an elk on their traditional hunting grounds in the Kootenays and that they had been charged. He told me the penalties were \$200,000. The case dragged on for four years and in the end cost the four men \$50,000 in lawyer fees. After all the stress and litigation, the crown ended up dropping the charges. He was very easy to talk to in August 2007 but when I visited him again after I'd been charged I was treated as if I was the bearer of smallpox to their village.

In an attempt to get my mind off my troubles, Tina booked a 10-day cruise for us to Alaska followed by a short holiday to the Greek Islands. Although heavily medicated, I seemed to be reasonably sane on the cruise but the trip to and from the Greek Islands was a bit of a disaster and I followed Tina through the airports like a little lost puppy. While in the Greek Islands, we visited with Dave Taylor, my English friend who had purchased my Abbotsford Camera store on the 1 January 1975. He was staying on the Island of Paros.

When we returned home I began to write my memoirs for my children for a Christmas present and was able to cover the first 26 years of

(8)

George W. Bush Jr was at the workroom and advised me to stay cool and that it or someone could write my story. He was mocking me of course just like Ronald McDonald's story. It was too big a name to be believed.

It's early on in the evening it's 2³⁰ am.

Love You. Let's get in it when I'm back into the game. I'm horny right now and you're away. I've talked to Willie.

I really need to talk briefly with Dr Terweil and this nightmare will up and go away.

Now that's really funny. I took a walk right out of the 'lock down' facility and no one intercepted me. It is only 10 to 1. I had earlier read my watch upside down.



Journal kept while in the Psychiatric Ward of Maple Ridge Hospital with redacting:

Dear Tina,

I had the strangest dream last night. Really, really strange. I was at some kind of a function and met the President of the United States of America.

He was at a urinal—the function was a play—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 backside back to draw in his ‘Old Henry’ and said don’t tell anyone. Nobody will believe it. He said that someday I’d be able to write my incredible story but not now.

It was kind of like when I was picked up by Elvis (Presley) or the time I woke up in 1993 when you were in Estonia and I snapped out of bed and wrote about (I can’t remember the details of that dream - strange, eh).

Back to the present. Remember “Gentleman Joe” left rainy Haney for Ottawa? He had a purpose. It was to bodyguard P.E. Trudeau. He was also to be his confidant and friend because he knew in ‘mind’ Joe, my old footbeat partner Joe knew I could be trusted in a pinch.

The Liberals wanted me to run in 1986 as an MLA or MP for their party. I even drove into Vancouver and met John Turner. Guess what. I met the Prime Minister having a leak in the bathroom side by side at a urinal. Is that just a coincidence? No, it was meant to happen. Anyway, this is the start of your new journal.

If I told you anymore I’d have to ‘kill you’ and since you are the most precious and kindest person in the whole entire world I’d never in a gazillion years ever hurt a hair on your head. I love you so much that 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.

George W. Bush Jr. was at the washroom and advised me to stay cool and that I or someone could write my story. He was mocking me of course just like the Ranald McDonald’s story. It was too bizarre to be believed.

It’s early on in the evening. It’s 2:20 a.m.

Love you. Let’s get in 2 it when I’m back into the game. I’m horny right now and you’re away. I’ve talked to [REDACTED]. I really need to talk briefly with Dr. [REDACTED] and this nightmare will up and go away.

Now that’s really funny. I took a walk right out of

the ‘lockdown’ facility and no one intercepted me. I had earlier read my watch upside down.

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 that they will be revealed to me.

John George Bruce and President Roosevelt. Last year’s visit to William L. Finley National Park in Burns, Oregon. What’s the connection. The bluebird ticket and now the chat incident. WHY?

23 June 07 (I think)

I just awoke to the wailing of a police siren and immediately began to pray that it was nothing to do with me. It’s around 3:15 a.m. I was laying awake thinking if Damon and I shouldn’t resume shooting the Lazuli Bunting and the Mourning Dove. Do we even have enough equipment? I’m thinking of asking the CWS to at least send me a copy of the Species at Risk Act permit to see if it would really apply to what we are doing. I should send a copy of this to Connie Wallace since it’s reasonably clear.

It would appear that it’s going to be another beautiful sky blue day. Kinda hard to tell from here.

The nurse tried to persuade me to take pills before I went to sleep but I told her I didn’t need them. Andy is crazier than a bed bug / S.H.R [Shit House Rat] but seems like a very intelligent fellow if he wasn’t all F.U. [Fucked Up] with pills. Same with David.

There is a room off the main office with a mattress on the floor. I saw a young man and a woman in the room without any supervision. I suspect they were getting into (underlined) it right before the very eyes of the staff. After all the easiest way to fool someone is to do it right before their faces. Isn’t that what magicians do?

Love to Tina

Curiosity got the better of me and I just had to check out the ‘lovers’ room’ and Matthew was sound asleep all alone and out like a rock. I was intercepted by Christine (staff) and was asked if I needed anything. I asked for a sandwich. We talked in my room. I got a cheese sandwich. I told (asked) her if she thought I was nuts. I mentioned Cornelius Sluis. She said I must have met him in the E.R. [Emergency Room] as I was strongly sedated at the time. Oh, she said the Christine (she was) having a 2 hour nap as they do 12 hour shifts. That’s funny, that’s exactly what Don Gallagher said would happen. They work 4 on and 4 off (days). I told her

(17)

Christina
(sleeping)

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into it right before the very
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Love to Tru

Curiosity got the ~~best~~ better of me
and I just had to check
out the "lover's room"
and Matthew was sound
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and ~~instead~~ ~~her~~ was asked
if I needed anything. I
asked for a sandwich. We
talked in my room.
I got a cheese sandwich.
I told her if she thought
I was nuts. I mentioned
Cornelius Abuis. She said
I must love met him
in the C.R. as I was

about the police raid and the MBCA and SARS and about the \$250,000 +/- or 5 years in gaol. Also joked about the diary that Tina keeps.

I talked to him about an old case involving ██████████. Maybe 10-15 years ago I got to thinking that ██████████ was framed and that I was a pawn (██████████ case). Another time I was working with ██████████, the nicest and laziest policeman I ever met next to ██████████. Anyway, we got called out to an arson investigation around 5 a.m. The home was somewhere between Willingdon and Boundary Road just north of the Trans Canada Hwy.

██████████ wanted to write the file off as "concluded here" but I wanted to take statements from the parents. I learned that a young man had been staying with their son in the basement and that he was a possible suspect. I never did see the son. I followed a set of footprints (in the snow) from the crime scene to the Villa Hotel at Wellington and the Freeway. The receptionist checked the log and told me that a young man had checked into a room just a few hours earlier. I got a key to his room and found him alone. I seized all his clothing as evidence and put them in a plastic bag. I then arrested him for investigation purposes for an arson case as his clothing smelt of soot.

I told the suspect he was under arrest and to wrap his naked body in a couple of warm bedsheets. I took him to the lockup. He was very unco-operative and was charged with arson. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence and received 7 1/2 years in gaol.

I discussed both cases with Andy. ██████████ had been an auxiliary cop and went out on patrols so he knew the fundamentals and routines of the members and who was on what shifts. ██████████ asked me to help him and his partner to execute a search warrant.

It was in a home in North Burnaby. The pair of them went upstairs and I searched ██████████' suite downstairs. How convenient. I found a blue ski mask and loaded revolver on top of the air vent. It was an easy discovery as soon as I stood on a chair. I really felt important on making the find and did all the paperwork under the supervision of ██████████.

The case went to trial in New Westminster and I believe the judge presiding was the neighbour next door at the ██████████ home.

Anyway, ██████████ was charged with the unlawful

possession of an offensive weapon, to wit: a .32 Smith & Wesson (whatever). ██████████ was convicted and given a stiff sentence. I think it was around 15 years. He was likely 40 at the time. Leaving the courtroom he scowled at me, "When I get out you're going to me a dead man". And I retorted, "When you get out you're going to be an old man." By this time I was a member of GIS's [General Investigation Section] Burglary Detail, a newly formed section with Roy Pickell, Barry Daniel and me, the rookie. It lasted 3 weeks before I got into trouble for false statements in a police report. I've often wondered over the past 10 years or so if the mask and gun were planted.

If ██████████ was smart surely he wouldn't have hidden the evidence in his own home. It's akin to a married man getting into an affair with the housewife next door. LOOK AT POOR BILLY CLINTON. He went underground and yet Jack Kennedy was banging every lady from Monroe on down and he's Camelot. Go figure.

I talked to Andy and he felt that the son of the home that went up in flames was in on the arson. That makes sense now to me. MOM and DAD dead and the son inherits the estate. The guy that went to gaol was the "fall guy" as was I in the ██████████ trial.

Stopped at gun point on Ford Road. 2 - 90 degree turns real hairy high-speed car chase - gun drawn - "I'll shoot to kill. Don't fuck with me. Hands up and move slowly." 3 in car. One just released from B.C. Pen [Penitentiary] for bank robbery. High-speed chase through parking lot of detachment. Car got clean away.



National Defence Headquarters
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0K2

1000-1 (DSO)

17 November 2010

Mr Donald E. Waite
1- 23233 Kanaka Way
Maple Ridge, BC
V2W 2B7

Dear Mr Waite:

I understand that you are researching a fact based historical book intended for publication that concerns events and issues that you believe were, or still could be, sensitive to the Government of Canada. I further understand that some of the participants you wish to interview are concerned that they may inadvertently reveal to you information that they continue to be responsible to safeguard, in accordance with the former *Official Secrets Act*, or the current *Security of Information Act*. As you explained to me during our telephone conversation on the subject, one of the examples of the type of research you wish to conduct is with a former member of the facility known as Camp X, which was established in Ontario during the Second World War. I also appreciate your overriding concern that this first-hand information be recorded while the witnesses and participants are still capable of participating in your project, therefore time is of the essence.

You will appreciate that it is impossible for me to judge the current sensitivity, if any, of specific information without knowing what that information is. However, I believe that with respect to information which comes under the auspices of the Department of National Defence, I can provide general guidelines and conditions which will be useful to you, and your interviewees, in allowing your project to proceed. So, for the purposes of gathering research for the book you intend to publish, you may inform your interviewees that they are allowed to disclose Department of National Defence (DND) information, classified or otherwise, that they obtained or were privy to during the course of their duties, up to and including the end of 1984, unless they were directed or ordered to never reveal that specific information without permission. If it should arise that any of your interviewees is aware of information that they would like to reveal to you, but believe that they are in fact bound not to by specific direction, they may communicate with me at any time to ascertain whether or not that direction does still apply. Furthermore, as agreed with me during our telephone conversation and in order to ensure that there is no chance of any former member of the Canadian Forces or employee of DND inadvertently contravening any legislative or regulatory requirements, you undertake to allow me to review your draft manuscript prior to publication.

I believe that this information should be satisfactory to your requirements with respect to DND, and please be aware that I will be passing a copy of this letter to my colleague at the RCMP at the earliest opportunity, and requesting that he respond to you in a similar fashion. I wish you the best of luck in your important endeavour, and please accept my personal appreciation for your ongoing effort to record important aspects of Canadian history from the primary sources while there is still time. Please do not hesitate to contact me at any time should you have any questions on this matter.

Sincerely,

R.M. Lander
Colonel
Departmental Security Officer
(613) 943-7532



THE INTREPID SOCIETY INC.

June 3, 2012

To Whom It May Concern

Re: Donald E. Waite

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

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

Since his visit to the museum he has published two books ***Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows: A History in Photographs*** and ***Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs***.

These two titles can be seen on his website:

www.globalbirdphotos.com/mrpm

www.globalbirdphotos.co/ve

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

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

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

Sincerely,

Gary Solar, President

The Intrepid Society

1684 Loudoun Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3S 1A4, CANADA.

www.intrepid-society.org, email: cavalry@canada.com, mobile 204-296-5706





my life to when I took my purchase from the RCMP.

At the start of 2008 I began to produce, with help from many others, the 'Maple Ridge & Pitt Meadows: A History in Photographs' and then two years later 'Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs'. I sincerely do not think that I would ever have attempted these two major book projects if I had not suffered a mental breakdown.

Just maybe the lives of some people suffering with mental illness can come with a Silver Lining. This book will conclude by showing the bullying tactics of the Canadian legal system.



The photographs to the right and below shows the damage to the chat residence. It's pretty clear that the description does not fit with what Dr. Christine A. Bishop wrote in the "Unethical bird photographer in Okanagan" email that was very likely dictated to her by René McKibbin. If one looks closely , it's possible to see Poison Ivy growing amongst the rosebush. The cut vegetation had come back 8 to 12-inches during the two-month period that I'd been away from the Okanagn. These photos were taken on the 7 August 2013 according to the Metadata.