

More Mental Challenges

“Things are seldom what they seem. Skim milk often masquerades as cream.”
—Games People Play

A short time after I started work on the ‘Vancouver Exposed: A History in Photographs’ book, I attempted to gain entry into the Beatty Street Drill Hall in Vancouver. The place always seemed to be locked. I eventually discovered there was a button to push for entry. Anyway, one day I saw a woman in military khaki leaving by a side entrance. I chased her down and asked if it would be possible to speak with the drill hall’s historian. She introduced me to Archie Stacey who told me that he was a drill historian. Archie very kindly gave me a tour of the Sergeants’ and Officers’ messes. The walls of these two watering holes were covered with historical photographs. Archie later wrote me saying that I had to get a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Kadonoff, the Commanding Officer, before he could talk to me. I never did talk to Archie about the history of the drill hall.

Instead, I got to interview Colonel (retired) Keith Maxwell. I learned that Keith lived in Sechart up the coast and came over to Vancouver every Wednesday to work in the archives as he and three other men were busy writing a history on the Duke of Connaught’s Own Rifles. He was a perfect contact and after several visits he even agreed to write two stories for the Vancouver Exposed title. One day early on I arranged to interview Keith about his time in the military as I suspected that he could point me to some contacts in the military for my espionage book. I was so pumped at being given the opportunity to interview him that I couldn’t sleep a wink all night. We started the interview in a quiet room in the basement of the drill hall and to cover all bases I set up 3 tape-recorders. I used my old 25-year old dependable with the reel-to-reel tapes and 2 new digital recorders.

I learned that Keith had been born in Edson, Alberta, in 1951 and had moved to Vancouver with his mother at age 14 after his parents split up. He joined the militia at the Beatty Street

Drill Hall at age 16 and shortly afterwards had an opportunity to drive armoured tank vehicles. It was a lot of fun! He joined the army as a private and following basic training at Canadian Forces Bases at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, and Petawawa, Ontario, graduated just in time to participate in the FLQ crisis in Ottawa and Montreal in 1971. His battalion deployed and set up command posts around the residence of kidnapped British diplomat James Cross and French politician Pierre Laporte in Montreal and around the residences of Prime Minister Trudeau and Governor General Roland Mitchener in Ottawa. By this time Cross had been murdered by a cell of the FLQ. The Commanding Officer of the battalion was John de Castelain, the son of Marion de Castelain who was Sir William Stephenson’s secretary at the British Security Co-ordination operation in the Rockefeller Centre in New York.

Keith did his infantry training in Gagetown, New Brunswick, but after breaking a hip quite badly in a car accident in Victoria, BC, opted to transfer over to the air force. He became an air weapons controller sitting at a radar-scope that vectored fighter planes to intercept bombers. The facility in which he worked was at NORAD’s North Bay underground facility. This very secure bunker was under about 800-feet of granite and was accessed by a tunnel that was over a mile long. It was a 3-story building that sat on springs not unlike the Diefenbunker at Carp just outside Ottawa.

Keith mentioned to me that he had later been seconded to Cheyenne Mountain, the largest underground bunker in the US. He didn’t mention it in the interview but some months later told me that he’d worked in the command post at Cheyenne Mountain in the control room that was the air defense system centre for North America in the event of an attack from Russia or China and that he actually sometimes sat at the very computer that could launch an air

strike against either of the two countries. In short, Keith was very high up in Canada's and the American's military pecking order.

After he retired from Canada's military at the age of 47 he applied for a job with the NATO international staff and was hired as a program director for the AXE program from inception until delivery that covered automated air command. This was a software program for both offensive and defensive during the transition from the US system to the NATO prototype system.

I was surprised when Keith told me that he had a man in his program that was an East German Stasi spy who had been feeding information to East Germany and the Russians for 20 years. He had been spying as a NATO employee in the technical centre in The Hague. The case was particularly complicated because the spy was a German citizen living in the Netherlands. Keith's staff arranged for him to go to a meeting in West Germany where he was arrested, tried and sentenced to a long period in prison.

Now back to Bill Macdonald's book on Stephenson. I read that Tim Lawson's Timberholme Books Ltd. of White Rock, British Columbia, had undertaken the publication of the title 'The True' Intrepid: Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents: The Secret War of William Stephenson- The 'Quiet Canadian'. I was surprised that Lawson had written the Foreword to the book and was even more surprised to read the Lawson's grandfather had known Stephenson briefly during the Second World War and that his father had visited Sir William in the Bahamas. I found it interesting that Keith's commanding officer back in 1971 had been Marion de Castelian's son.

Shortly after the chat fiasco Tina and I had left for drive back to Ontario to do research on the gold and espionage books. During that period a Ron Jack had contacted my son Nathan requesting an air photo of Oakalla Prison Farm in Burnaby for a video that he was compiling for a documentary. Nathan told Ron that he should contact me as I'd often visited the prison while stationed in Burnaby as a policeman.

When I returned home Jack came out to see me a number of times and on one occasion asked if he could borrow the memoirs that I had

written about the first 27 years of my life that I had printed off as a 2007 Christmas present for my children. The 100 or so pages covered my growing up in Renfrew, Ontario, and my 7 years in the RCMP. I found it odd that he later mentioned to me that he too had spent 4 years of his life growing up in Renfrew. He later told me that he had spent time in the Burns area in Oregon doing research on a Canadian doctor.

One time Ron came out and asked me if I knew of anyone who had done time in Oakalla Prison Farm. I told him that I knew 3 brothers who collectively had spent over 100 years behind bars. I had the phone number of one of the three brothers on my cellular phone. I got through and we talked for several minutes and then I handed the phone over to Jack. I afterwards arranged for Jack to meet the 3 brothers and I taped their conversation. I told Ron that his desire to make a video of the 3 brothers should be prioritized as they were all getting up in age.

Once Jack came out to see me with a long out-of-print book about the Komagata Maru fiasco that had been written by an East Indian. By this time he was aware that I was writing a book about Vancouver as well as one on espionage. Aware of my interest in Sir William Stephenson, he loaned me Bill Macdonald's book "The True 'Intrepid' Sir William Stephenson and the Unknown Agents". One night I was in bed perusing this book and happened to read on the inside front cover: 'Ronald J. Jack MARS'. I put on my housecoat and slippers and came downstairs to my computer and typed his name and MARS into Google. His biography came up stating that in 1988 he'd started a "research business called Military Archives & Records Service, hence MARS, that did Access to Information searches for mostly foreign clients.

What really made me do a double read were a couple of other sentences: "I also moonlighted as a correspondent for a defense magazine called Military Technology. Things got pretty complicated in 1985 when I assisted R.O.C. counter intelligence staff in the investigation of traitors who were liaising with the P.L.A. in Hong Kong. My intense interests disturbed my easygoing relatives over there; it was time to go home. With nothing available in Alberta I took a money job in Vancouver." The R.O.C. and

P.L.A. stood for Recognizance Operations Centre and People's Liberation Army. He knew that I'd had a breakdown and was paranoid yet he never volunteered his military background to me and I found that very odd. A couple of months later I called Jack and we talked for several minutes before I asked him if he had a military background and if he'd ever worked in China. There was a long pregnant pause and he then asked where I'd learned about his background. He eventually told me that he had gone through his training at Canadian Forces Base Gagetown in New Brunswick. He was a "spook".

There was something else that caused me to become suspicious and paranoid in the spring of 2009. A retired RCMP member sent me an email saying that he had found my memoirs 'Seven years a Policeman' on the Internet. In his original email he mentioned that he was 6'5" and had ridden Titan, the tallest horse at Ottawa's "N" Division. I had once been assigned to Titan as a punishment and it worked since I was only 5' 9" tall. I 'phoned him and learned that he had been with Security and Intelligence and then the Canadian Security Intelligence Service out of Toronto. I found this members questioning strange and I right away became suspicious and concluded that he was on some kind of a fishing expedition. He made me aware that he was a troop or two senior to me and that he had married the daughter of the Commanding Officer of "N" Division. He also talked about being in the masonic lodge. He suggested that when I was in his area in Ontario while holidaying that I contact him and we'd do lunch. He told me that he was going to send my memoirs to Carl McLeod, a retired top drug enforcement member. The intelligence member told me that a book had been written about Carl's life by Robert Knuckle and was called 'A Master of Deception'. It turned out that General Store Publishing had published this book from my hometown of Renfrew. I asked my brother-in-law to send me a copy of the book and learned that Carl had travelled the world chasing after drug dealers. According to the book's testimonial "MacLeod enjoyed a long and storied police career in covert international investigations that led him to infiltrate the Mafia and penetrate the upper strata of Asian and Columbian drug-smuggling syndicates, where he made many arrests and confiscated millions of dollars worth of illicit drugs."

While we were in Ontario, Tina and I spent a great deal of time with my brother Bill and his wife Lynn in Dunrobin, just on the outskirts of Ottawa. One day I called the former S & I member to arrange to do lunch but his wife answered with the response: "My husband isn't allowed to talk to you" and she hung up. I wondered what in the hell that was all about. If he was retired from the force from whom was he taking his orders? I knew that quite often retired members stayed on as consultants to the force. Was he one of them? Some months later I called the retired member and caught him totally off balance. When I mentioned his wife's response to me he explained, "I'm out of that stuff and I just don't want to get involved any longer." He hung up.

On our way back home from our two month gold and espionage working holiday, Tina and I stopped off in Winnipeg so I could do research on Sir William Stephenson, the Man called Intrepid. I'd been obsessed with Sir Bill ever since my first mental breakdown in 2007 over the chat fiasco. I was fortunate that Colonel (retired) Gary Solar, the Secretary of the Intrepid Society, had made arrangements for me to photograph some memorabilia that he had recently received from Stephenson's adopted daughter Elizabeth. Gary had a few months earlier flown down to the Bahamas to bring back the very valuable collection. I was excited to be the first professional photographer to be permitted to photograph Stephenson's medals and to scan an original photograph. My gaining access to Solar had been a lengthy journey.

I read the Foreword in Bill MacDonald's book on Stephenson and learned that the title was published by Tim Lawson, owner of Timberholme Books Ltd. in White Rock. Tim and I met and I showed him Damon's letter about my mental breakdown and over time I learned that both Tim's grandfather and father had worked for Stephenson. Tim went on to say that he had flown to the Bahamas to meet the aged war hero and that 'Intrepid' had given him the name 'Timex'. Tim put me in touch with both MacDonald and Colonel Solar.

Gary and I had conversations and he told me that Marion de Chastelain, Sir William's secretary, and George W. Bush Sr. were both potential recipients of the 'Intrepid' award. I was



A second brain scan, Royal Columbian Hospital
17 October, 2010.

surprised to check Gary out on the Internet and see a photograph of him presenting an Intrepid award to Ward Elcock, the former director of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service and former Deputy Minister of Defense.

After completing my photography Gary took me into the Intrepid Society's library on espionage. It was an incredible starting point to do research but unfortunately I'd simply ran out of time. After we left the library Gary and I chatted in his vehicle and he opened up about his career in the military and I spoke about my short time in the mounted police. I was trying very hard to sort the "wheat from the chaff" or the important issues from the irrelevant. He mentioned that the Intrepid Society was looking for someone to send overseas to do further research on Sir William. I was hoping that I might perhaps luck out and be that person. I threw caution to the wind and told Gary about a strange interview I'd had with a chap the previous year that had told me about the Aids virus being a man-made disease that was initially tested in Africa. I went on to tell Gary that within 48 hours of my interview Tina and I had driven several hundred miles and I had managed to learn the full name, birth date and place of birth of one of the men who had possibly worked on the creation of the virus. I even knew where he had gone to university in the US and where he now lived. I did not tell him the name of this person or the university. My subsequent investigations in checking the man's birth and time of his attendance at a medical university all seemed to jive with the virus outbreak.

Tina and I were planning on hitting the road for home early the following morning but I received an early morning call from Gary. He asked me to meet him in the lobby of the hotel in which we were staying. I found this unusual as I thought we'd covered everything the day before. We talked and the more we talked the more paranoid I became. Before leaving Winnipeg Gary agreed to send me some scans of original letters from Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, President Ronald Regan and Sir Winston Churchill that had been written to Sir William. He never did and I wondered if it had been because of the stupid bulk emails that I sent out during my breakdown.

My credibility as an espionage researcher probably came to an abrupt halt in the early hours of the 14 October 2010 when I awoke in the early hours and went into what can only be described as 'spy agent mode'. I came downstairs in my housecoat and slippers and began photographing pages from a notebook that I'd taken with me during my working holiday in northern Ontario in 2006. In minutes I had managed to take photographs of key pages, tear the pages from the book, and then proceed to burn the images to several DVDs. I gave them weird names and then decided to disperse them in the neighbourhood. At one point I moved too quickly in the darkened basement and walked straight into the wall just to the right of my workstation. I was moving at full tilt and managed to break my middle toe at the large joint. The toe at the joint was at right angles and without so much as a blink of the eye I grabbed it and snapped it back to being straight. I even took photographs of the broken toe!

At about 6:30 am I walked up the hill just outside the apartment to an adjacent complex and knocked on the door of Dutchie Matheson. I had gone to Simon Fraser University with Dutchie way back in 1965 and 1966. We were charter students. In my confused state I somehow thought that her husband was an ex-coroner who had been charged with indignity to a human body for the alleged improper examination of two young female homicide victims. I was totally wrong. Months earlier Dutchie had invited Tina and I to an open house and I had won a draw of one of her paintings called 'A Grandmother's Love'.

I remember knocking on the door and whispering that I was “the spy who was coming in from the cold”. I had two tape recorders and several DVDs with me. She made me a cup of coffee and I asked her if it would be all right for me to tape record her and ask her questions about her recollections of me at university. We did a taping session. I then gave her a package with instructions to give it to Colonel Keith Maxwell if something happened to me. I gave her his email and phone number. On the way back home I saw a couple looking out the window of their apartment complex at me. I recognized the husband as a man who had worked at the Maple Ridge Post Office in the late sixties. He had phoned in a complaint that someone had hit and run his car while he was working the midnight shift. I had solved the case and he’d always mentioned the incident every time I saw him. I knocked on the door and gave him 2 DVDs. I recall asking his wife and him to hide them amongst their dishes. I then dropped off a third DVD with a couple that lived right across the driveway from our home.

It was raining heavily and Tina had come down stairs and was making coffee just as I walked in the door. Of course my slippers and housecoat were soaking wet. I tried to tell her that I’d just stepped out of the complex for some nonsensical reason that was totally unbelievable. I was busted. A short time later the ex-postal worker knocked on the door and gave the package I’d given him back to Tina. He realized that I was behaving strangely and didn’t want to get involved.

A short time later I called Colonel Maxwell and told him that I needed him “to cover my back”. He called Bob Mugford, an ex-military man who lived in Mission whom I’d met at the Bessborough Armouries. He appeared at my residence a short time later and I took him up to meet Dutchie and pick up the package with the DVDs.

Later that afternoon I was driving around Maple Ridge and visited a woman who had recently separated from her husband. A day or two earlier I’d talked to her husband and somehow believed that I might be able to reconcile their marriage. I saw a couple of Girl Guides out selling cookies. I rolled down the window and

asked them if I could speak with their mothers. They ran off! An RCMP member arrived at our home making enquiries about the incident a short time later. Luckily, the member had a sister who had been diagnosed as being bipolar and he persuaded Tina to have me hospitalized.

Later that evening I phoned Ken Stewart and told him to phone the police as I was having a breakdown. He did and we had the police in our home for the second time in a single day. I tried to give them copies of my DVDs but they refused to take them!

One of my dumb ideas during my breakdown episode was driving around looking for financial backers for a ‘Pee-on Club’ that had the motto: ‘Anyone that pees on a Pee-On gets stomped on’. In my mental state I was looking to set up a bank account for an organization that would provide financial aid to mentally-ill people accused of wrongdoing by a government employee before a trial. I was thinking of what Dr. Bishop had done to Damon and I but more importantly of police giving out information about a bipolar suspect before any trial. An example had been a statement given to the television media by a pregnant RCMP member about a young girl in Richmond regarding the disposal of a fetus. The member had clearly used her pregnancy to sway the thinking of the newspaper readership and the television media and it worked. She was able to play God without knowing all of the circumstances of the investigation. Was the girl suffering from post-traumatic stress or a mental breakdown? It was certainly early on in the investigation when the female member made the announcement.

After my breakdown, I visited the local detachment and left a book titled ‘The Perfect Nazi’ for the attention of Constable Steele. I had secured DVDs in the inside and backside covers.

Ironically two out of the first three people I talked to about starting up a “Pee-on Club” were well acquainted with mental illness. The first person, a local gardener, told me that he was bipolar and on medication for life and then a former woman client from my air photo days told me that she had recently separated from her husband of 30 years because she couldn’t deal with his bipolar disorder since he refused to stay on his medication. Both promised to give me

\$100 payable to 'The Pee-on Club'. The third person that I contacted was local realtor Brenda Jenkins. She'd become a friend years earlier after I explained to her that it was crucial that she have her own Uniform Resource Locator or URL on the Internet rather than piggyback on some real estate company's web site. I explained to her that if she later decided to leave a real estate company that she'd likely lose some of her valuable clients. On one of our trips into Vancouver Brenda took me to meet one of the movers and shakers with respect to the real estate market in Greater Vancouver. When we walked into his office he and some other realtors by a fluke were looking through my 1990, 1991 and 1992 Aerial Photography Directories. It was perfect timing, as Brenda was able to introduce me as the originator of the air photo books.

One time Brenda and I visited with a property owner in Pitt Meadows and we looked at my air photos and very quickly were able to determine the Fraser River bridge crossing and the locations of the many sky stations between Vancouver and Coquitlam. It became obvious that the river crossing would tie the Port Kells and the Ridge Meadows Industrial Parks together. The client looked at us and remarked, "A blind man could figure that one out."

Brenda and I many years earlier had become involved in a big business venture. I'd taken a female bird photographer out with me for a couple of days for a sharing of ideas when I casually told her that I took bird photos to feed my soul but relied on air photos to feed my body. She suggested I contact Fred Welsh, her brother, as the family owned 1/10th of Point Roberts and that the family was anxious to sell and they needed aerial photographs for the sales package. The property was called the Lily Point Estates and after a fair amount of legwork Brenda managed to get the \$15,000,000 American listing. I had volunteered to do the air photography and create a web site as part of the deal to get the listing. We negotiated a 3 % or \$450,000 commission on the asking price of the property that was to be split 50/50 between Brenda and myself. Unfortunately, the listing never materialized. It was on one of our trips into Vancouver that Brenda told me that she was a direct descendant of Yip Sing, the Father of China-

town in Vancouver, and the man responsible for bringing labourers from China to work on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Fraser Canyon. I also learned that Brenda and her father-in-law both worked for the RCMP. He had worked in Security and Intelligence and always responded to his wife's and children's questions about what he did at work in the same manner, "I can tell you but then I'd have to kill you." As a civilian employee Brenda's task as a realtor was to seek out and analyze sites for the force's many detachments. She was the force's first female property manager. Brenda back in the mid-1980s had tried to persuade the force to sell their 21-acre parcel of land with Fairmont Barracks in the Oakridge district of Vancouver and move out to Surrey. Vancouver had just hosted Expo 86 and Chinese investors were eagerly buying up the province's most beautiful 'Saltwater' city. Brenda, fluent in Mandarin, was confident that she could sell the site for a guaranteed \$10,000,000. The mayor of Surrey at the time agreed to sell the force an equal sized lot for \$1 in order to have "E" Division's (British Columbia) headquarters in his city. This made good sense to Brenda's boss as most members stationed at Fairmont Barracks could not afford the high cost of living in Vancouver and so lived in the Lower Mainland. Many of these members already lived in Surrey and wasted an hour's drive in both going to work and then returning home from work each day.

When I called Brenda about the 'Pee-on Club' she came straight over with a \$500 post-dated cheque. I told her about the Aid to Africa Fund (the name I labeled the two DVDs and about my suspicions that Aids was a man-made virus). She volunteered that U.S. Secretary of State Hillary Clinton had only a week earlier "apologized for one of the most cruel and despicable experiments ever carried out on man to date. The experiment, carried out in the 1940s, was the barbaric and deliberate act of inoculating prisoners, soldiers and mental patients with the killer disease syphilis without their knowledge or permission." Most of the project took place in Guatemala. Brenda didn't doubt for a second that the U.S. military wasn't capable of producing an Aids virus.

Although I was unaware at the time, Tina ad-

vised Brenda that I shouldn't be attempting to form any "Pee-on Club" in the immediate future because I was going to be extremely busy with book signings until Christmas.

The most damage that I caused to myself during the breakdown was the sending of bulk emails to everyone who up until then had all graciously volunteered their time and knowledge to assist me with a proposed book title 'Camp X & The Cold War' about espionage in Canada. My mental breakdown had caused me to sabotage both my gold and espionage books. I sent emails to some very influential retired members of the RCMP and the military and that blunder certainly stalled my research. Jim Stanton, a retired Major in the Canadian military and the man who headed up a company called James Stanton & Associates, sent me a brief response. It simply read: "You're cracked".

Several months earlier I had given a talk on Vancouver's military at the Bessborough Armory in Vancouver to about 25 retired military men. At the conclusion of the talk, one of the attendees took a photo of Jim presenting me with a certificate of appreciation. Afterwards Jim and I talked and I learned that he had attended Simon Fraser University and had written a paper on the Asiatic Exclusion League. That night I looked Jim up on the Internet and was very surprised to learn that he'd been the only person outside the United States to ever be asked to give a talk on U.S. Homeland Security. There was a photograph of him shaking hands with President Barak Obama. His site also listed Richard Thomas Wright as one of his consultants and speakers. Richard was a writer of BC history and an actor in Barkerville and by a fluke Tina and I had run into Richard in Barkerville the month before my breakdown and had asked him to consider writing a story for the "gold" book. Tina even took a photograph of the two of us in Barkerville. Over the next several weeks I emailed Jim about getting a copy of his paper on the AEL but he never came through. I found it strange that he didn't know about Henry Herbert Stevens who was the chairman of this white supremacist organization.

Now back to Keith Maxwell. Keith did his infantry training in Gaagetown, New Brunswick, but after breaking a hip quite badly in a car ac-

cident in Victoria, BC, opted to transfer over to the air force. He became an air weapons controller sitting at a radarscope that vectored fighter planes to intercept bombers. The facility in which he worked was at NORAD's North Bay underground facility. This very secure bunker was under about 800-feet of granite and was accessed by a tunnel that was over a mile long. It was a 3-story building that sat on springs not unlike the Diefenbunker at Carp just outside Ottawa.

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liam Stephenson- The 'Quiet Canadian'. I was surprised that Lawson had written the Foreword to the book and was even more surprised to read the Lawson's grandfather had known Stephenson briefly during the First World War and that his father had visited the 'Sir' William in the Bahamas during the Second World War. At his father's urging, Tim had also flown to the Bahamas and spent time with 'The Quiet Canadian' near the end of his life.

I found it interesting that Keith Maxwell's commanding officer back in 1971 had been Marion de Chastelian's son. In the world of espionage, it seemed to be a small world.

In early December I gave a PowerPoint presentation to the Maple Ridge Rotary at the Maple Meadows Golf Club. At the end of the talk Ed Rusnak came over and said that we should do lunch sometime in the near future. Within the week we met at the Kingfisher Restaurant in Albion and the conversation centered on encryption. It soon became evident to me that Ed's company had invented an encryption device that was impossible to crack and he wanted to market it to the RCMP, the Federal government and even the FBI. Within the first 20

minutes Ed started to ask me if I knew a certain policeman and then in mid-sentence realized that the member was likely too old for me to have known him. I insisted that he give me his name and I was flabbergasted when he blurted out Skip Wheatley. Ironically, it was Skip that had persuaded me to apply for a transfer into the Identification Section of the force. He told me that both he and Skip were from Vegreville, Alberta. We then began talking again and he mentioned knowing a military chap from Vegreville by the name of Jim Stanton. I was again flabbergasted, as I knew Jim from the Bessborough Armory. He had been the one to tell me that I was cracked when I experienced my third breakdown. Ed told me that Jim had lived on Diaper Lane in Vegreville as a youth. I sent an email to Jim asking him if he'd ever lived on a Diaper Avenue. I felt that we'd been playing head games with each other and I was eager to stay in the game. He got right back to me with a positive response.

In June 2009 a story appeared on the CBC News that the government of Canada was making efforts to deport former Russian spy Mikhail Lennikov back to his place of birth. The former KGB agent had taken refuge at the First Lutheran Church in Vancouver. Months or even a year later I printed off the location of the church on Google maps and seemed to be drawn like a moth to a flame for a face-to-face chat with Mikhail. When I knocked on the door of the church, he greeted me and let me enter. We were alone. I told him that I was a former RCMP member. I then showed him my two digital tape recorders minus the batteries and asked him to listen to what I had to tell him before he spoke. I told him about the chat fiasco, the hate mail and my mental breakdown. Mikhail was very open with me and explained that when he applied to come to Canada he wasn't asked if he'd ever been a spy so he opted not to volunteer that information. He told me that he had answered all the questions put to him honestly. He told me that he'd been a good student and had been chosen by the KGB to act as a translator between Russian and Japanese politicians and diplomats. I suggested to him that he visit the Internet and learn all about me before possibly consenting to a taped interview. He got back to me a week or so later with an



The Intrepid Awards, September, 2010
Gary Solar, President of the Intrepid Society,
Kenneth Taylor, former Canadian ambassador
to Iran, Bonnie Koreniowski, former Member of
the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba and me.

email saying that he'd discussed my idea with his wife Irina, his son Dmitri and the pastor and that everyone though an interview maybe wasn't a good idea. I'd kept all my incoming and outgoing emails but unfortunately a young web guru that looked after my Internet issues mistakenly walked me through the steps to switch over to a more reliable server. Under his instructions, I deleted them all by mistake. Otherwise I would have known the exact day that I visited Mikhail.

I was upset that my breakdown in October 2010 could very easily destroy my credibility with Colonel Gary Solar and that I'd never get to use any of the William Stephenson memorabilia as he had told me that Elizabeth insisted that none of the memorabilia be published without her prior approval. This was now going to be a tough nut to crack. Ironically, I received an invitation from Gary to attend the Intrepid awards in Winnipeg in September 2011 with the recipient of the award being Kenneth Taylor, the former Canadian Ambassador to Iran.

In October 2010 my daughter Michelle and wife Tina drove me to the Psychiatric ward at the Maple Ridge Hospital. I carried two tape recorders in my shirt pocket. The psychiatrist on duty decided to send me home without medication with the understanding that I return the following day to see Dr. Gopee. That night I tried to go to sleep but kept waking up every few minutes and making notes about my thoughts. The next day I saw Dr. Gopee and unbeknownst to him, I taped the conversation. A few weeks later Tina and I visited him and both Tina and he wanted to know about the sexual abuse that had taken place with me in my youth. I refused to talk about it. I did go on to tell him about the reoccurring dream that I had after my Uncle John and Nephew Reid had been drowned back in August of 1966. During a subsequent meeting I insisted on seeing his notes and was most upset to see that there were many mistakes.

I met with Dr. Gopee and he assured me that his notes were private. I then asked him if the Minister of Motor Vehicles or the police could subpoena his notes and his reply was affirmative. We then talked about a Maple Ridge man who had recently been charged with sexually

abusing a stepdaughter. He'd beaten the charge but had confided to his psychologist that he was so upset that he wanted to kill her. The psychologist made the police aware of his rants and ravings and the man was charged with threatening. I told Dr. Gopee that I wouldn't be volunteering any information about myself in the future.

In June 2009 a story appeared on the CBC News that the government of Canada was making efforts to deport former Russian spy Mikhail Lennikov back to his place of birth. The former KGB agent took refuge at the First Lutheran Church in Vancouver. Months or even a year later I printed off the location of the church on Google maps and seemed to be drawn to having a face-to-face chat with Mikhail. When I knocked on the door of the church, he greeted me and let me enter. We were alone. I told him that I was a former RCMP member. I also showed him my two digital tape recorders minus the batteries and asked him to listen to what I had to tell him before he spoke. I told him about the chat fiasco, the hate mail and my mental breakdown. Mikhail was very open with me and explained that when he applied to come to Canada he wasn't asked if he'd ever been a spy so he opted not to volunteer that information. He told me that he had answered all the questions put to him honestly. He told me that he'd been a good student and had been chosen by the KGB to act as an interpreter between Russian and Japanese politicians and diplomats. I suggested to him that he visit the Internet and learn all about me before possibly consenting to a taped interview. He got back to me a week or so later with an email saying that he'd discussed my idea with his wife Irina and son Dmitri and that everyone though an interview maybe wasn't a good idea. I'd kept all my incoming and outgoing emails but unfortunately a young web guru that looked after my Internet issues mistakenly walked me through the steps to switch over to a more reliable server. Under his instructions, I deleted them all by mistake. Otherwise I would have known the exact day that I visited Mikhail.