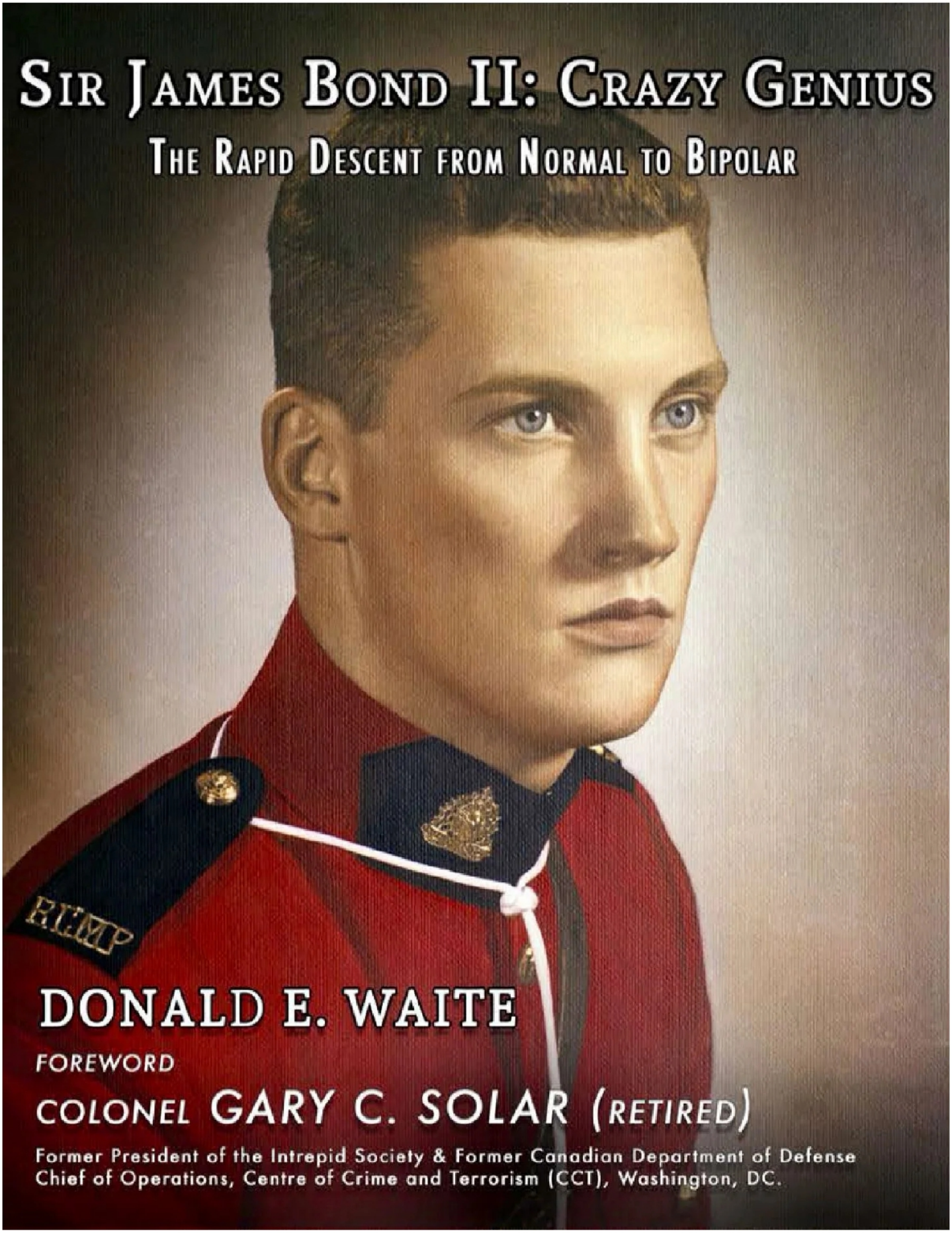
Sir James Bond II: Crazy Genius

The Rapid Descent from Normal to Bipolar



DONALD E. WAITE

FOREWORD

COLONEL GARY C. SOLAR (RETIRED)

Former President of the Intrepid Society & Former Canadian Department of Defense
Chief of Operations, Centre of Crime and Terrorism (CCT), Washington, DC.

CENTER FOR CRIME AND TERRORISM STUDIES
Washington DC, United States of America

Donald Waite; Mountie, photographer, historian, researcher, author, publisher, entrepreneur, prospector, toastmaster, educator, Park Ranger, and Good Samaritan. With his talents and hands on policing experience, he could possibly be Canada's Ian Fleming.

In September 2011, when I was president of the Intrepid Society, centered in Winnipeg Manitoba, and the birthplace of Sir William Stephenson, the "Man called Intrepid" by Sir Winston Churchill, I was finalizing the Intrepid Society's "Intrepid award" dinner at which the award was to be presented to "Our Man in Tehran" Ken Taylor, who was the Canadian ambassador to Iran (1977-1980).

Taylor helped six Americans escape from Iran during the hostage crisis in 1979 by contacting Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark and getting him to issue the Americans Canadian passports to fool the Iranians into believing they were Canadians (a movie crew) in a covert operation called the "Canadian Caper".

Because Donald had a professional interest in espionage, we invited him to attend the dinner and events commemorating the award. Don had a lengthy conversation with Ken, and we can assume it included the events in Iran.

Donald Waite had visited us earlier to photograph many of the Stephenson's artifacts on display at the atrium of the Billy Bishop building. It is also the Northern Command operations center of "NORAD" (North American Aerospace Defense Command) at 17 Wing in Winnipeg. Donald is the only professional photographer to that the society has permitted to photo the collection.

In Don's last publication, "The Boy from Renfrew", it amazed me how he could recall his early life experiences. He must have kept a diary from age 4 to assemble such detail. His experiences in aerial photography and that in describing the "ramblings of a bird photographer" illustrated his attention to detail and also the profound interest he has for the capital cities, the history of Canada and that of the environment and bird wildlife.

He authored a number of books, including "Jacko the Sasquatch", "The Fraser Canyon Story", "The Cariboo Gold Rush Story", "The Langley Story", "Old Hunters", a history in photographs.

Interesting that he was working with the RCMP in the same location as I during the Front de Libération du Québec, (FLQ) crisis when I was there at the same time, stationed at the Army Headquarters in Montréal.

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Don's friend Stan Pavlov, the Yugoslav who related his experiences to Don, when Josip Boroz was the leader of the resistance, then known as Tito. I worked with Dr. Svetlana Boroz, the granddaughter of Tito when we were with the International Association of Macro Engineering Societies at the MIT in Boston….small world.

I wonder how many times our paths have crossed. Don's book "Gold Hunters" had the forward done by Iona Campagnolo, who was the Federal Minister of Sport when I was the President of the Sports Federation of Canada.

Just prior to the time Don joined the RCMP, I was accepted into the force but I had an offer to be a regional factory representative for western Canada, with the "SwimQuip" corporation in El Monte California, so I traded the Yukon for California.

Donald's life has many us and downs, I believe his ability in heading the evils head on was due to his creative ability. He always succeeded in his efforts as an entrepreneur and in serving his fellow Canadians. Much of his life experiences and family history in his early years and then during his service in the RCMP ties a kinship to the life of Sir William Stephenson.

One portrayal that is evident in Don's writing and research. There is always a distinct and obvious interest in the field of espionage. The interpretation of his writing and conversation always leads one to suspect that there is more than a casual interest when it come to the depiction of the intent of his questioning and invitation for detail.

The military has a term that is sent out by radio to all stations, at the end of any successful exercise or action, with the phonetic letters "B" and "Z" …."Bravo Zulu" which means "Well Done", so "Bravo Zulu" Don, Bravo Zulu".

Col Gary Solar, MSM, CD
Chief of Operations,
Center for Crime and Terrorism Studies
Past President of the Intrepid Society, Special Advisor on Military Affairs to the Manitoba government

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A MEMOIR

SIR JAMES BOND THE SECOND

Introduction, Dedication, Forewords, Testimonials and Quotes

DONALD E. WAITE

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Table of Content

1 • Introduction
A Life Rebuilt Through Memory

2 • Dedication
For Tina, My Lady in Red

3 • Quotes & Testimonials
Tim "Timex" Lawson

4 • Boy from Renfrew
Robert A. Gould, Best Friend Kindergarten through High School

5 • Policeman
Fred Bodnark, RCMP Staff/Sargent, Founder Integrated Homicide Investigative Team

6 • Shopkeeper
Nick Didlick, Gold Medal in Sports Photography of the World, 2025

7 • Air Photographer
Samuel Bernier-Cormier, Photography Archivist, Archives Canada

8 • Historical Air Photos
Steven R. Pelton, Master of Photographic Arts Professional Photographers of Canada

9 • Evolution of Bird Photography
J. Fenwick Lansdowne, Greatest Bird Painter of 21st Century

10 • Historical Bird Photos
Damon S. Calderwood, Bird Photographer

11 • Yellow-breasted Chat Fiasco, 2007
Andrej "Andy" Kozlowicz, Alias "Mr. Nobody"

12 • The Real James Bond
Timothy R. Edward Lawson, Legend Advocate

13 • MKUltra, ESP and Clairvoyant, 2010
Ellen Atkin, MKUltra Girl

14 • Return to Renfrew, 2024
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

15 • Persons of Interest
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

16 • A Fascination with Royalty
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

17 • Family History
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Sir James Bond II: A Memoir

The Rapid Descent from Normal to Bipolar

Donald E. Waite

INTRODUCTION

My 80 years on this Earth has had its ups and downs but by far the greatest downer has been having to live with mental illness. Prince or pauper, it doesn't care.

Readers are going to be challenged to understand how my mind worked during prolonged bouts of bipolar and how disjointed my thoughts but to me everything made perfectly good sense. For a long time, I was truly at a loss how words like Intrepid II, into, in to, in too, in 2, and in II crept into my vocabulary and my obsession with Sir William S. Stephenson, the Winnipeg-born Canadian spy with the codename Intrepid. Sir Bill was the real deal with 24/7 access to Britain's King George VI, British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill and US President Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Second World War.

With my inflated ego, I took on the persona of author Ian Fleming's fictionalized spy extraordinaire James Bond, codename 007. The espionage writer worked for Sir Bill at Camp X, a spy training facility at Whitby, Ontario, just outside Toronto, to teach British, Canadian and American spies to defeat Adolf Hitler. He's the one who penned, "Man should make war on poverty and ignorance and not each other." Imagine a world without war.

Sometimes truth can be stranger than fiction. How arrogant for me to believe I was James Bond II. The brain behaves in strange ways and through hypnosis memories going back to childhood can be reactivated and become crystal clear to the survivor. A clinical hypnotist transgressed me back to childhood traumas to my time in the crib.

Symptoms of bipolar are grandiosity and stubbornness on a high but spiraling downward into deep depression on a low. Sufferers of the disease are often delusional. One thing I've learned with absolute certainty; most people living without suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, bipolar or schizophrenna don't have a clue about illnesses caused by a chemical imbalance in the brain. The person before and after breakdowns are two different people. My grandchildren have never known me when not bipolar and distant themselves from me and are sometimes even scared with my comments and actions. A short time after my illness placed me a psychiatric hospital for two weeks in 2007, my older son Kevin told me to smarten up and get on with life. My daughter Michelle was so frustrated she blocked me on her iPhone for several months. With a click of a button on the Internet, a person can send out a post with misinformation or in anger and ruin their own life or those of others. I've done it.

Mom and Dad used to call people with mental illness nut cases, imbeciles and lunatics. Although a Registered Nurses Assistant, Mom wasn't even aware she was bipolar. The sickness is hereditary from a parent. Mental illness might be out of the closet but the stigma associated with it is alive and well. In many cases, bipolar can stay dormant a lifetime. It needs a trigger. My sister Mae lost a son through very likely malpractice and sued a doctor and hospital for $15,000,000. Because they had the best lawyers, she lost but not before spending her last dime.

A birding associate and I were charged for photographing a family of birds who weren't harmed but before the smoke cleared, Canadian Wildlife Service investigators charged us with nine criminal offenses under the Migratory Bird Conventions Act and the Species at Risk Act. The potential for fines was a staggering $4,500,000 or five years in jail. It was a sting easily costing the Canadian taxpayer $1,000,000. The Department of Justice had us spread-eagled over a barrel for a good whipping or worse. They had their poster boys for the newly enacted Species at Risk Act. A few of the investigators went up several rungs on the ladder by taking us down to the bottom rung.

It's sad so many people under the age of 60 know very little and often nothing about the First World War (1914-1918), the Second World War (1939-1945), the Cold War (1945-1991), the Cuban Missile Crisis (1962), and project MKUltra, the codename for a covert US Criminal Investigation Agency's mind-control and chemical research program operating out of the 'Allan' Psychiatry Ward at Montreal's McGill University. According to the Canadian government, MKUltra never existed. My serious breakdowns stirred long latent memories about my time in Ottawa as a policeman during the height of the Cold War and the Front de libération du Québec (FLQ) October 1970 crisis. I was a RCMP spy and my username was regimental number 23661 and my codename was Tippy II.

A Life Rebuilt Through Memory

My eighty years on planet Earth have had their share of ups and downs, but by far the greatest challenge has been living with mental illness for the past eighteen years.

Prince or pauper, mental illness does not discriminate.

Tippy & I, 1949
Tippy sired Tippy 2. The RCMP assigned me the code name Tippy II during my time in Ottawa in 1970. During a devastating mental breakdown, Tippy II evolved into Intrepid II, and finally Sir James Bond II.

Bipolar disorder can run in families. My mother lived with it, although none of us understood that at the time—not even her. In 2006, a year before my breakdown, I returned to my hometown of Renfrew on an aerial photography assignment. One day, while washing dishes, Mom began screaming at Dad because he was not drying them her way. Dad responded by shaking his fist at her. He knew nothing about her illness. Neither did I.

In 2007, I suffered a severe bipolar breakdown. I became delusional and, for several years, imagined myself to be the reincarnation of James Bond—author Ian Fleming's famous secret agent, code-named 007. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

Canada's own Sir William Stephenson, code-named Intrepid, was the real thing. During the Second World War, he had direct access to King George VI, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and American President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Later in my own life, I crossed paths with people connected to the secretive world of espionage: four RCMP spies, an East German Stasi agent, a KGB agent and an MI6 operative. The exploits of one were eventually turned into both a book and a film.

Bipolar disorder has taken me to extremes. During a high, I can be grandiose, impulsive and impossibly stubborn. During a low, I can spiral into profound depression. One thing I have learned with absolute certainty is that most people who have never experienced post-traumatic stress disorder, bipolar disorder or schizophrenia have little understanding of illnesses caused by changes in the brain. The person who exists before a breakdown and the person who emerges afterward may seem like two very different people.

My grandchildren have never known the man I was before bipolar disorder became part of my life. At times, my words and actions have caused them to distance themselves from me—or even to be afraid of me. Shortly after my illness placed me in a psychiatric ward for two weeks, my older son told me to smarten up and get on with life. If only it were that simple.

The Internet has made the consequences of impulsive behaviour even more dangerous. With the click of a button, a person can send out an angry message and damage their own life or the lives of others. I have done it. My daughter has sometimes become so frustrated with me that she has blocked me on her phone.

When I was growing up, my parents used cruel words for people with mental illness: nut cases, imbeciles and lunatics. Yet my mother did not realize that she herself was bipolar. Mental illness may have come out of the closet, but the stigma surrounding it remains alive and well.

In some people, bipolar disorder can remain dormant for many years. Sometimes it takes a traumatic event to bring it to the surface. My sister Mae lost a son through what she believed was medical malpractice. She sued a doctor and hospital for fifteen million dollars. She lost the case, but not before spending her last dime and losing everything.

My own breaking point came amid a legal ordeal involving the passion that had sustained me for much of my life: photographing birds. My website once carried the words, **"I take aerial photographs to feed my body and bird photographs to feed my soul."**

In 2007, an associate and I were charged after photographing a family of birds. The birds were not harmed, yet before the smoke cleared, Canadian Wildlife Service investigators had charged us with nine indictable offences under the Migratory Birds Convention Act and the Species at Risk Act. We faced the possibility of staggering fines and even imprisonment.

I had been inside a bird blind for only fifteen minutes when Canadian Wildlife Service biologists confronted me. What followed felt like an elaborate and costly sting operation. In my view, we became poster boys for the newly enacted Species at Risk Act. While investigators advanced their careers by taking us down, the Department of Justice seemed to have us spread eagled over a barrel.

We approached two Members of Parliament. I told one that the buck should stop with him.

He replied that the Department of Justice had the best lawyers and the deepest pockets. Nothing was done.

By then, my breakdown must have been obvious or so it seems to me now. Et tu, Brute?

Who had the most to gain by taking us down? That question has never left me.

SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR

Truth be known, I "write" picture books. It was easy to use National Geographic's formula of excellent photos with strong captions and short stories. If a photo equals 1,000 words, then my life story is an encyclopedia. My first published pic was of a groundhog in a boy's church magazine before the age of 10. I've taken a lot of pics since. During my time as a policeman, I took pics of crime scenes. After seven years as a cop, my life took a turn as an entrepreneur with the opening of a camera shop that included a portrait and wedding studio for five years. I sold the business after taking a contract to write a history book for the City of Langley. It was supposed to take six months and be 100 pages. How can someone produce a history of a 10-mile square of a city in so few pages? In the end, it took two years and was 300 pages. My research didn't mean going to some archives. Instead, I interviewed probably 100 pioneers. I'd take the ferry from Maple Ridge across the Fraser River to Langley Monday through Friday and do an interview in the morning and another one in the afternoon. My evenings were spent transcribing the tapes. I did family trees on the pioneers and painfully took the time to learn the names of every 160 acre pre-emptor of land prior to 1900. That was 400 land owners!

Transcribing tape recordings of pioneers for the book 'The Langley Story: A History in Photographs', 1976.

For many years, I specialized in bird and air photography and for a time my company had web sites - globalairphotos. com and globalbirdphotos.com. Somewhere along the way but for a very short time, I became the photographer for the province's coroners' service. Its upper echelon was made up almost entirely of retired members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and it resulted in a reconnection with police cronies from my past who investigated crimes such as bank robbery, safe blowing, rape, attempted murder and murder. All of these members went on be career policemen and officiers in the force.

My book publishing has certainly evolved over 50 years. It went from self-publishing to selling books through a large publishing house. My first book in 1972 was mostly about 'Slumach's Lost Gold Mine of Pitt Lake'. Ironically, since then, the mine, still lost, has resulted in several movies. Next, in 1984, my photography resulted in co-authoring a picture book on birds.

About the halfway mark with the deaths of my father-in-law and mother just three months apart, I became a hospice board director. My task was to set up an awareness campaign to educate the public. We did a picture display of 24x30 inch prints with text which moved from mall to mall just before Christmas 2001. It was astounding the number of people who thought hospice had something to do with the hospitality industry. We did calendars with advertising. A business-sized advertisement appeared only one month out of the year. Seizing the formula, I wrote books on my home City of Maple Ridge and the City of Vancouver and sold advertising. It was a win-win for everybody as clients received discounted books for gifts or to sell. There was a problem when bookstores refused to buy my titles with advertising dispersed throughout the pages. Eventually, my copies had advertising on the back pages to sell to clients while the publisher's book had no advertising. Surprizingly, my last title about gold ended up being a best seller by Canadian standards.

My self-published books were printed in Hong Kong and my agreement with the Chinese printer was 25 % down, 25 % with its completion with the final payment due in August to ensure the pallets of books arrived by boat four months before Christmas. It became stressful when my last payment was lost in cyber space for three days.

Thirty-five years ago another professional air photographer partnered with me to build a web site for our air photo collections. She drove up from Washington State with a 6x4 foot print made from a 5 megapixel camera. It was far superior than any print ever made from negative film. iPhones now have 12 megapixel files.

Helen Mae Waite, graduation photograph at Brockville General Hospital, 1971.

Very soon Artificial Intelligence (AI) will permit several pics be placed on the same page of a book and be zoomed in to see sharp detail in bird's feathers or tiny buidings in a bird and air photographs. Kindle's E-books are the future. It's the same with the taping of interviews. It will soon be possible to make a video instead of a taping session page as part of a book. Unfortunately, my earliest magnetic taped interviews have not withstood the test of time and are disintegrating and it's now a race against the clock to transfer everything from tape to digital to be able to hear voices from the past.

Most people don't take advantage of the inner workings of an iPhone with more power than all the computers combined at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in Florida in 1969 to put astronaut Neil Armstrong on the moon.

SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR

Bound volumes of my correspondence from 1963 through 1986.

Things are moving at such a rapid pace with computers, a person has to buy a new one every couple of years to keep up with technology.

When I had my first breakdown in 2007, my wife Tina took the boxes of prosecution paperwork and hid them from me for many years. With my illness under control, I read the evidence package. It was an expensive sting easily costing the Canadian taxpayer a $1,000,000 and very likely cost me more financially over the years.

Bipolar is heredity. My Mom suffered from the illness but it stayed dormant for over 70 years. My kid brother Bill went through a nasty divorce in 1997. It was Mom's trigger. After Mom's passing, I inherited her 35 years of diaries along with 75 letters Dad wrote to her over a five year period. Upon reading them, I cried uncontrollably for several hours. He called Mom's bipolar "tension". Mom's bipolar destroyed the last five years of her life and Dad's last 15. My illness has done a pretty good job of throwing a monkey wrench into my relationship with my family. Back in 1998, I wrote a four page Christmas letter to Mom and Dad about Tina's and my wonderful year with holidays and weddings completely oblivious of my mother's and my father's ruined lives due to mental health.

My mental illness is both a blessing and a curse. On the plus side my psychiatric condition sparks my creativity. On the negative side, I behave grandiose and boastful on a high but descend into deep depression on a low and its only my medication keeping my sanity in check and without my caring wife Tina and the right medicines, I'd be homeless on the street and quite possibly even dead.

An accumulation of tape recordings from about 1965 through the present day.

Although many birders, biologists, scientists and lawyers learned of my mental illness only one acknowledged my sickness. He wrote me a letter of apology but it came two years too late.

During my first years of bipolar, I was so paranoid my each and every telephone conversation was tape recorded. Now, with advances in technology, it's possible to have them transcribed from tape recording to text.

The hardest thing to do in a memoir is get everything into chronogical order. For me, its been a challenge but because of my time in two RCMP Orderly Rooms filling paperwork, it hasn't been too big of a problem. Mental illness is alive and well. During a breakdown in 2010 and while in a trance, one of my crazier and wilder ideas was the creation of "The Pee-on Society" with the motto, "Anyone who pees on a Pee-on gets stomped on". During my last year in high school, I joined the Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Militia and one evening a week did footdrill at the town armory. The first words on my cap badge in German read: "Ich dien" - meaning "I serve", while the second and third words, both in Latin, read: Nemo me immune lacassit and fac et sapera meaning "no one provokes me with impunity" and "Do and hope" respectively. These words were first used on the coins of King James VI of Scotland and King James I of England. In my mental state, I made enquiries to set up such a society to help the homeless and helpless. Eventually, the "Pee-on Society" evolved into the "Waite Bipolar Society".

How delusonial and arrogant for me to think about reincarnation and my being another James Bond II. It's absolutely absurd.

Telepathy, past lives, reincarnations, premonitions and claivoyance do exist. Over the years, I've channeled Wilbur Smith, the profilic author of books on Africa, 'Stan the Man' Pavlov, my Dad and my father-in-law. If you don't believe they do; read my memoir.

Waite Bipolar Society

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

A broken egg cannot be restored to what it was. Neither can a person simply return to being who they were before a catastrophic mental breakdown. But a life can still be rebuilt into something different, something honest, purposeful and worth sharing.

I have been my family's historian since my teenage years. My family tree contains several hundred names, along with stories passed down about my parents, grandparents and the generations before them. Those personal histories unfold against a much larger one.

It saddens me that many people under sixty know little to nothing about the First World War, the Second World War, the Cold War, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the October Crisis of 1970 or Project MKUltra. The latter was the code name for a covert CIA mind-control and chemical research program whose Canadian experiments were conducted at the Allan Memorial Institute, affiliated with Montreal's McGill University. These events may seem distant, but their consequences continue to shape families, institutions and lives.

At eighty, my bucket list is short.

I want my memoir, Sir James Bond The Second, to be my legacy. I want to bring my Global Air Photos website back to life. That work has already begun, and Library and Archives Canada has agreed to accept my enormous photographic collection in exchange for a tax receipt. I want to take the necessary steps to make the Waite Bipolar Society a reality.

And, finally, I want to take Tina to Cairo to see the pyramids.

After all, I am a young soul. I get into trouble. Tina is an old soul; she knows how to dance around trouble and stay safely out of its way.

What follows is historical fiction rooted in memory, family history and lived experience.

Some events are documented, some are reconstructed and some are presented as I remember or understood them, particularly during periods when bipolar disorder affected my perception of reality. It is the story of a boy from Renfrew, Ontario, a photographer, a husband, a father and grandfather, a man brought down by mental illness, and an old soul who is still trying to make sense of an extraordinary life.

Above all, it is my story, as honestly as I am able to tell it.

Donald Ender Waite

Donald E. Waite and Stan Pavlov

My best friend Stan Pavlov talked about my mental illness a few days before his passing.

He said, "You have extrasensory perception. You're telepathic. You can hone in on things not perceivable by the ordinary person. You have a very high ESP. You can't concentrate. You jump from one rail to another with no switch in between. You're always moving your hands. You're fidgety. You are not a candidate for the funny farm. You are gifted. You are not normal. I think you are abnormal in a positive way, except you are out of tune. If you channel your gift you have a genius quality. If you can ask this hypnotist about your ESP, you might get fixed. If you decide to rewrite your memoir, you might just pull it off. I thought you were not qualified to do it but maybe in your own way you are and so all I can do is give you my blessing."

Although totally forgotten over a span of 40 years, he went on to say, "I was in the back seat of the plane with you when the pilot almost dumped you out the open door. I was also with you when you got the shot of the inflation of the stadium. You made it look so easy. After our misunderstanding, I bought a camera system identical to yours. I went up and came back with nothing but garbage."

Sometimes the truth can be stranger than fiction.

If you don't believe it, read my memoir.

Donald E. Waite

Dedication

For Tina, My Lady in Red

This memoir is dedicated to my dearest Tina, my Lady in Red, my best friend, my confidante, my soulmate, the love of my life, and my beloved wife.

Through every joy and every hardship, you have been my constant, my strength, my refuge, and my guiding light. You have fought tirelessly and relentlessly to save me through my many battles with bipolar disorder. On one unforgettable occasion, as we touched hands, we both felt your energy flow from your body into mine. It was powerful, extraordinary, and nothing short of miraculous. It was a moment that revealed the depth of the bond between us.

You are an old soul, blessed with the rare gift of being able to dance gracefully around a problem, defuse even the most dificult situation, and transform an antagonist into a friend.

Above all, you have given me your unwavering love and wholehearted support through all my wild and wonderful ideas.

You have known and loved every version of me: Relic, BBB—Bo Bo Bear—Thumper, JB—James Bond—Sir Donald, Donnie, and, when you have finally had quite enough of me, Donald E. Waite. That is when I know I am in deep trouble.

Tina, you are the heart of my life and the light within these pages. This memoir and the life behind it would not exist without you.

Induction into
Maple Ridge Hall of Fame, 2002

The Intrepid Awards Night, Winnipeg, 17 September 2011

Colonel (retired) Gary Sotar, President of the Intrepid Scowty. Kenneth D. Taylor, former Canadian Ambassador to Iran and later Canadian Ambassador to the United States, Bonnie Korzeniowski, Special Envoy for Mitary Altairs for Manitoba, and i at the awards. Taylor was best known for his role in the covert operation during the Iran hostage crisis. I had never met Taylor or Korzeniowski or Taylor be that very night. Gary had asked me to attend the awards to take the photographs. According to Gary. Thomas F. Troy, historian for the Central Intelligence Agency, asked him to invite me to the awards

National Defence Défense nationale

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

Canada

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 seem 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

• Quotes and Testimonials

"I've known Don for about 15 years; I met him shortly after retiring from NATO and moved to the West Coast in 2009. Don is an interesting person whose life experiences give him a deep insight into human behaviour and the state of the world. He's a great listener and has well-developed and articulate ideas on a wide spectrum of topics. As a former RCMP officer, he's written extensively about law enforcement and national security. His knowledge of Sir William Stephenson, better known by his code name Intrepid, is extensive, and his writings about the man are well worth a read.

Don has had some challenges in life, including an ongoing struggle with mental health—he is a strong advocate for a caring and inclusive approach to dealing with mental health problems and homelessness. His success in life reflects an inner strength that has overcome many obstacles.

Don is discriminating in his associations and friendships. He associates himself with like-minded people of integrity, intelligence, and honour. He is compassionate, caring, intelligent, and thoughtful—I am proud to call him a friend."

— Colonel (Retired) Keith D. Maxwell, Order of Military Merit (OMM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD)

"I was in Ottawa, Canada's capital, during the height of the Cold War and the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) crisis in October 1970. It was a troubling time, and had our French Canadian province decided to split away from the rest of the Dominion, our beautiful country would have been chopped into Western Canada, the country of Quebec, and Eastern Canada. Don was there."

— Former RCMP Staff Sergeant Dan Mulvenna, Founder of Spy Moscow

Am I surprised that the man I credit with inspiring my entire career in aerial photography would also emerge as a figure in one of popular culture's greatest hidden historical subplots: MKUltra mind-control programming? I suppose not. I remain deeply grateful for Don Waite's courage, brilliance, talent, honesty, and charisma. There is so much I admire about the man, the legend aka Donald Waite.

He has an extraordinary ability to trace connections through the shell game of archaic military intelligence, declassified records, and uncanny real-world synchronicities. His drive continues to inspire me.

— Ellen Atkin, aka MKUltra Girl

"I first met Don when he came to Winnipeg to visit the Intrepid Society Museum to photograph anything to do with William S. Stephenson, the real Intrepid, and the inspiration for author Ian Fleming's fictional books about Sir James Bond, Intrepid, 007. He must have had something to do with Royal Canadian Mounted Police Intelligence since Tyronne Troy, the Central Intelligence Agency's historian, contacted me requesting that I invite him to the Intrepid Awards in Winnipeg in September 2011. I booked him for two days for his photography; he did it in less than two hours."

— Colonel (Retired) Gary C. Solar, Meritorious Service Medal (MSM), Canadian Forces Decoration (CD); Former Canadian Department of Defence; ex-Chief of Operations, Center for Crime and Terrorism, Washington, DC

"Some kids are born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Not so for my two brothers and me. My mom and dad were both alcoholics and druggies. We stole the milkman's milk and then stole the milkman's money to buy food. We were five, six, and seven years old when a big car pulled up to the house with a big star on the door, and off we went to a foster care home. We moved around a lot. I was referred to as a kleptomaniac—a big word for petty thief. Some foster parents were kind, but some were downright cruel and denied us food. One woman beat us with a strap until we were black and blue. We went from foster care to juvenile jail in Nanaimo, then the Haney Correctional Institute in Maple Ridge, then Oakalla Prison Farm for two years less a day in Burnaby, until finally the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminster, which we called the 'big house.' The pen housed rapists, murderers, drug dealers, and the criminally insane."

— Dennis R. Storrings, Foster Care and Federal Penitentiary Survivor

"This is one of the most beautiful collections of photographic portraits of North American birds yet produced. It is technically superb and esthetically pleasing."

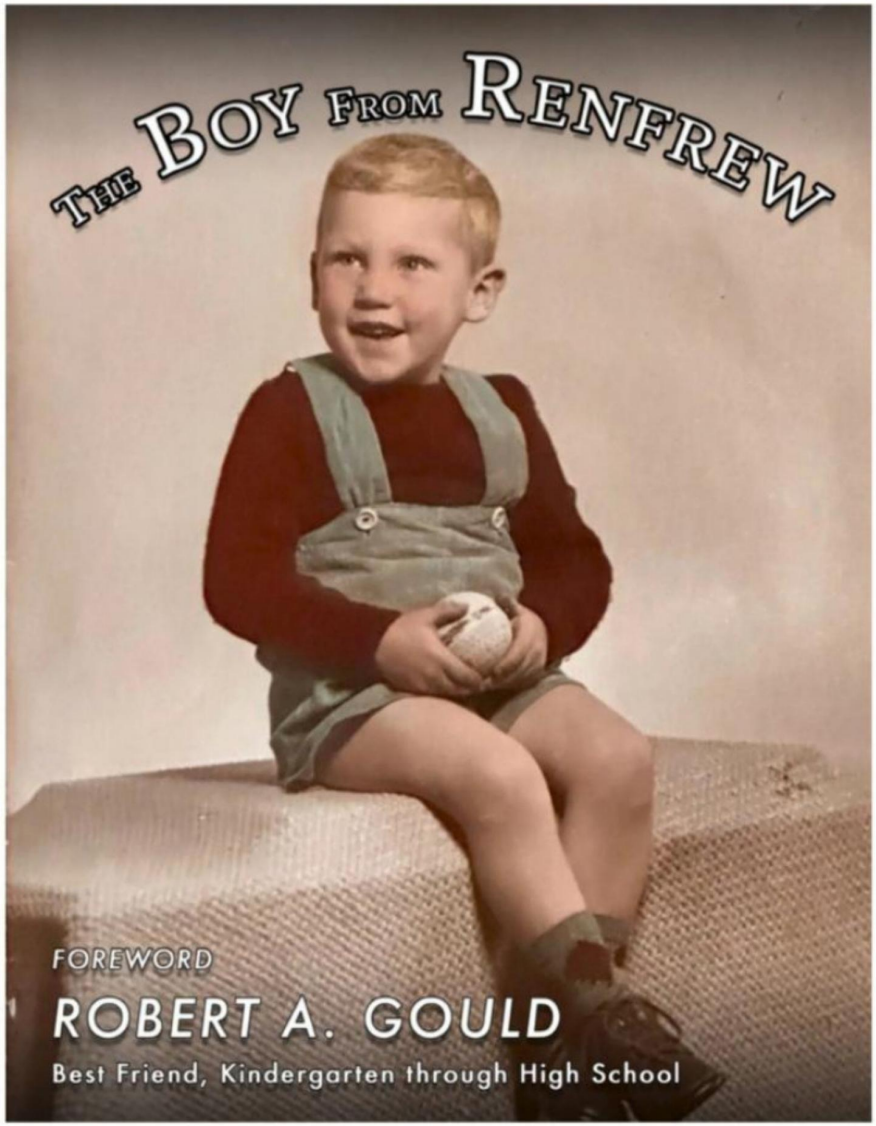
— Roger Tory Peterson, world-renowned ornithologist (testimonial from the 1984 book The Art of Photographing North American Birds, co-authored with Isidor Jeklin)

"Anything Pitt Lake or Slumach, Don Waite is the legend."

— Tim Hardy, Director, Deadman's Curse: Legend of the Lost Gold

"Young men need pressure to perform."

— Sir William Stephenson, the Real Intrepid



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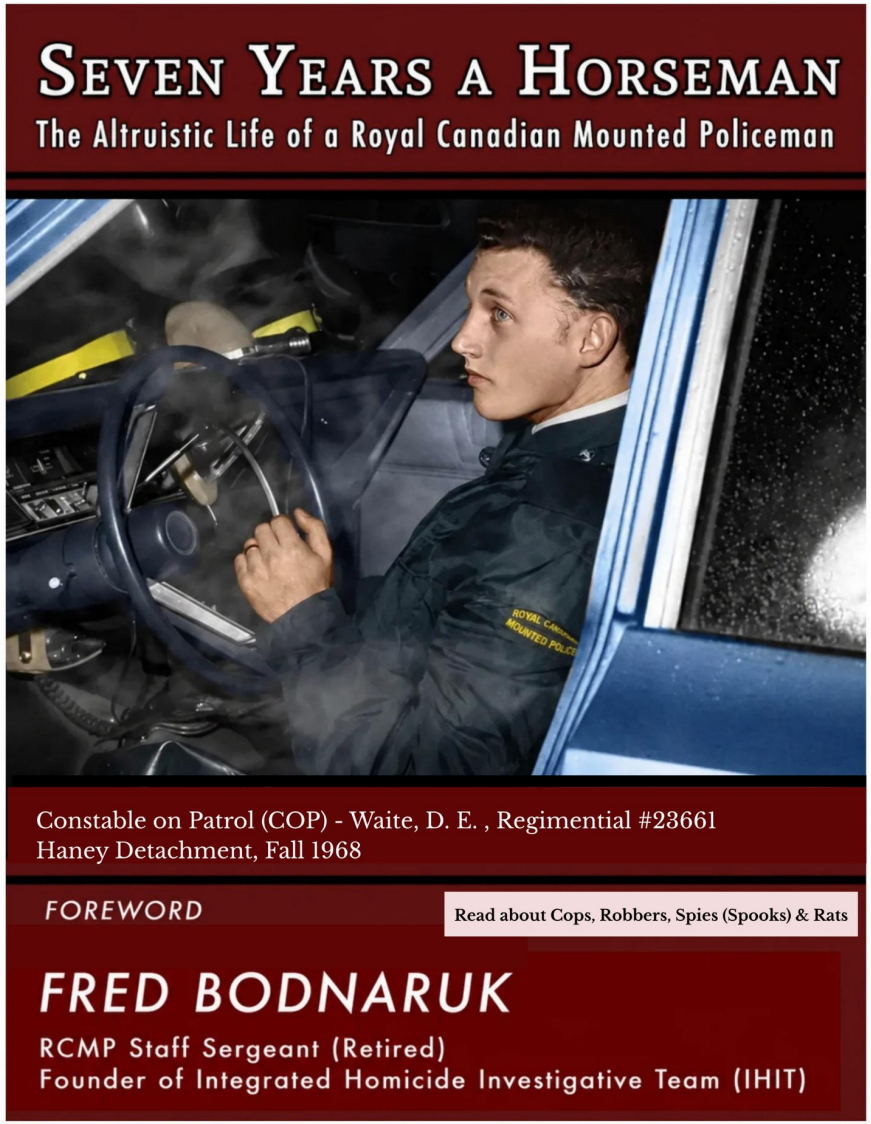

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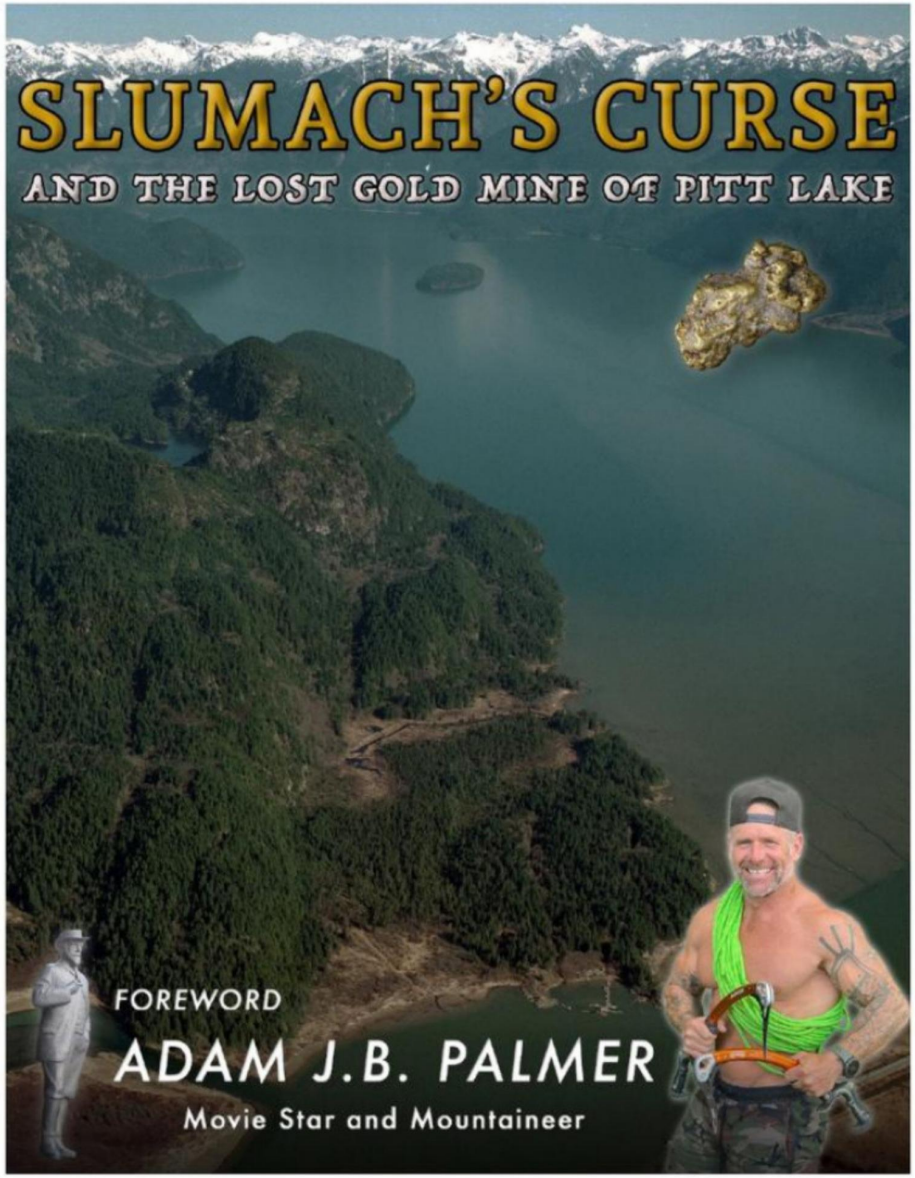

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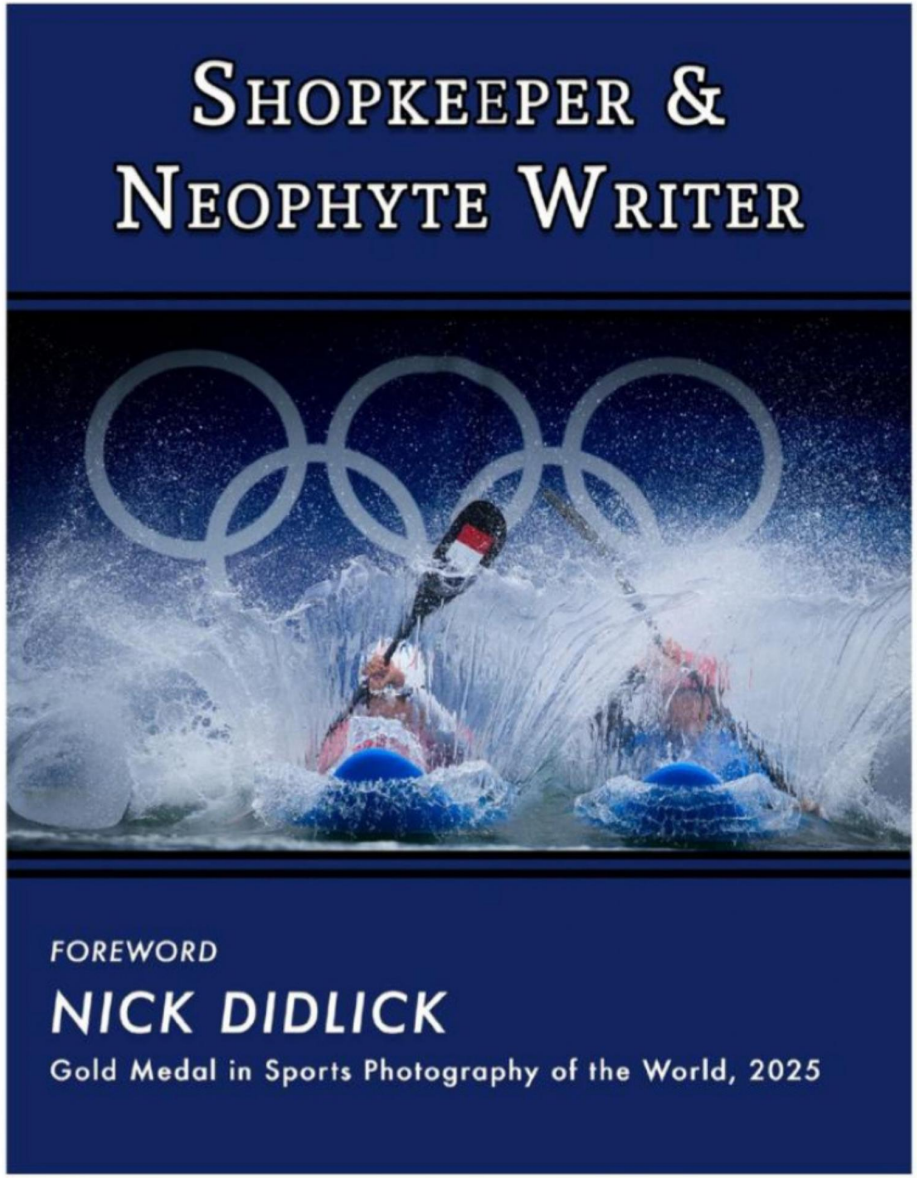

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Kwant'stan
The Golden Ears

Forward & Introduction
Don Waite

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The Langley Story

A Yesteryear of the City of Langley
A History in Photographs

Donald E. Waite
Foreword
William C. Blair, Mayor

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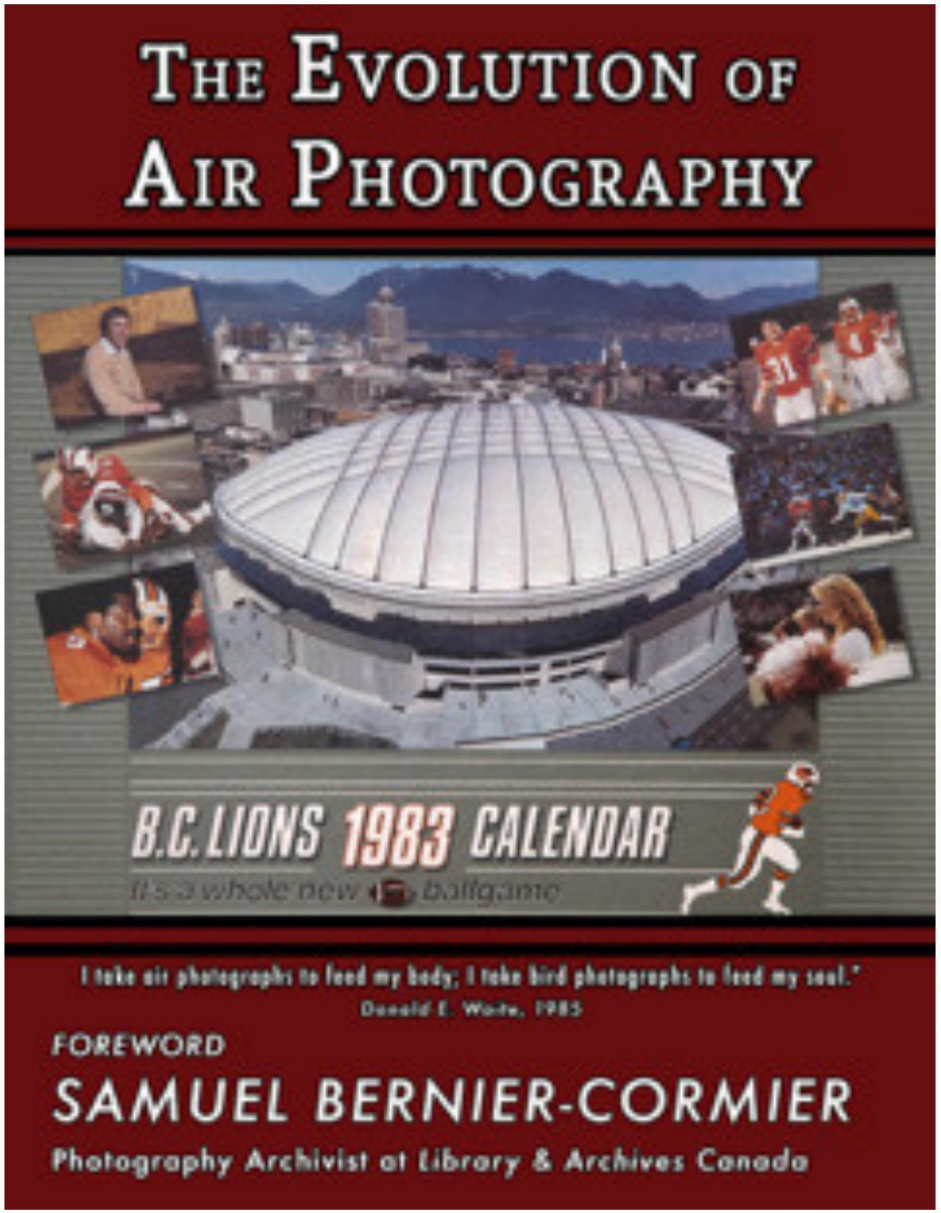

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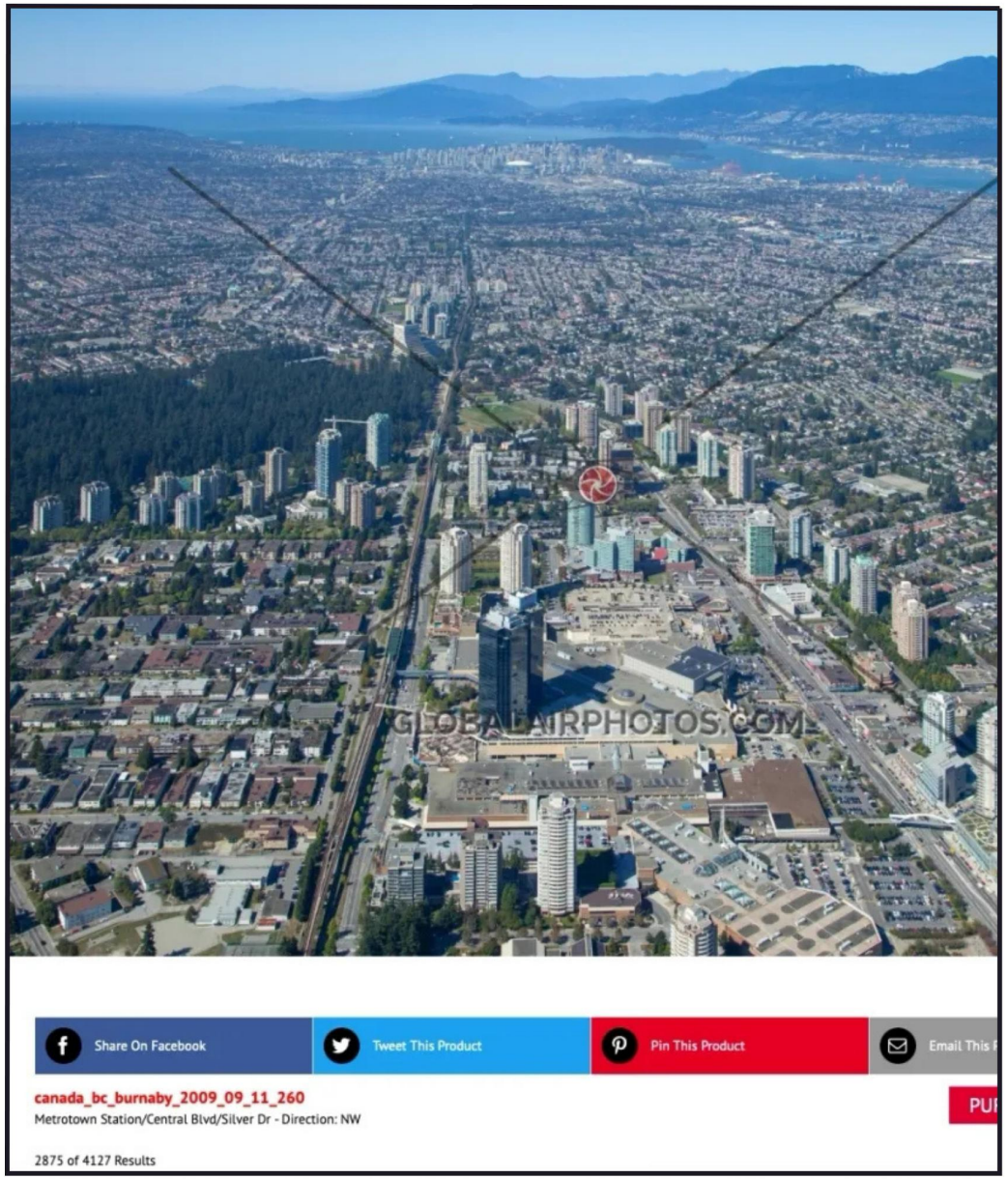

Historical Air Photo Collection

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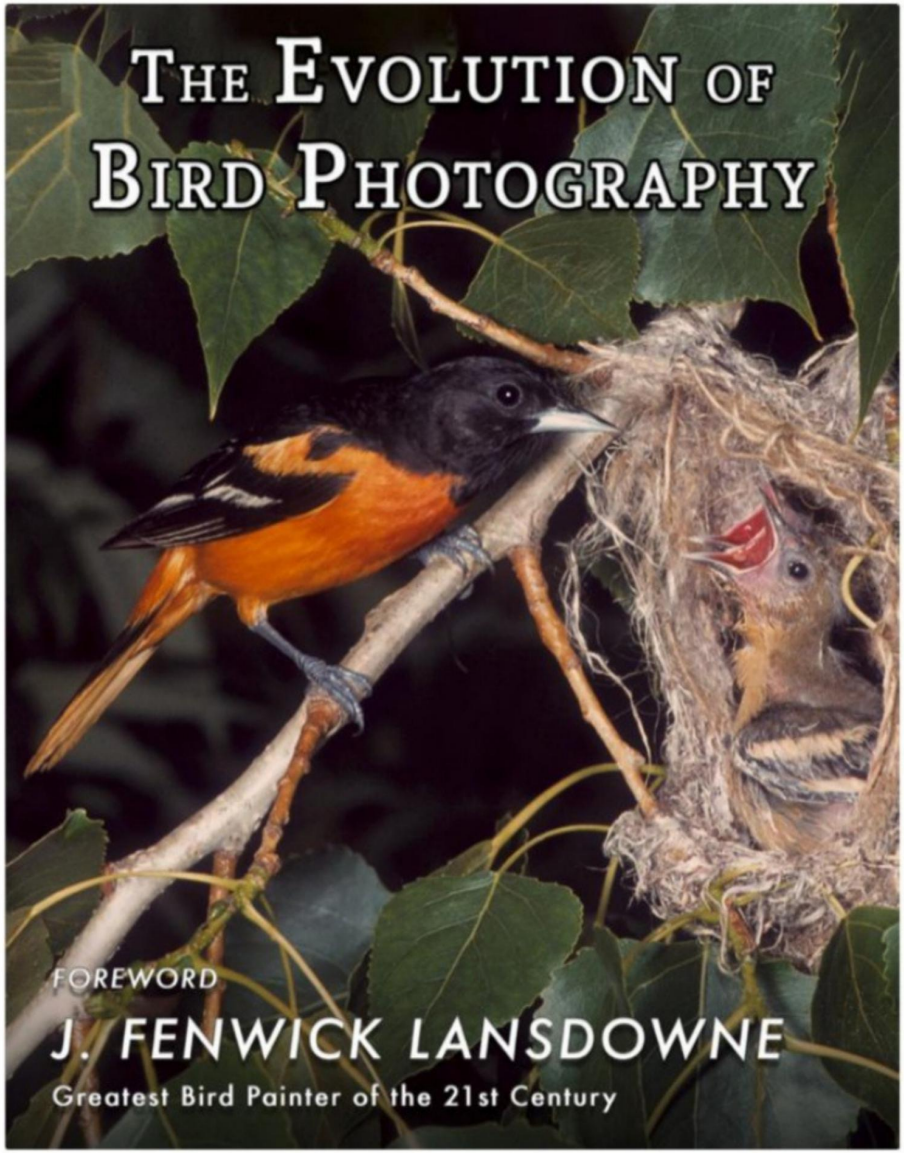

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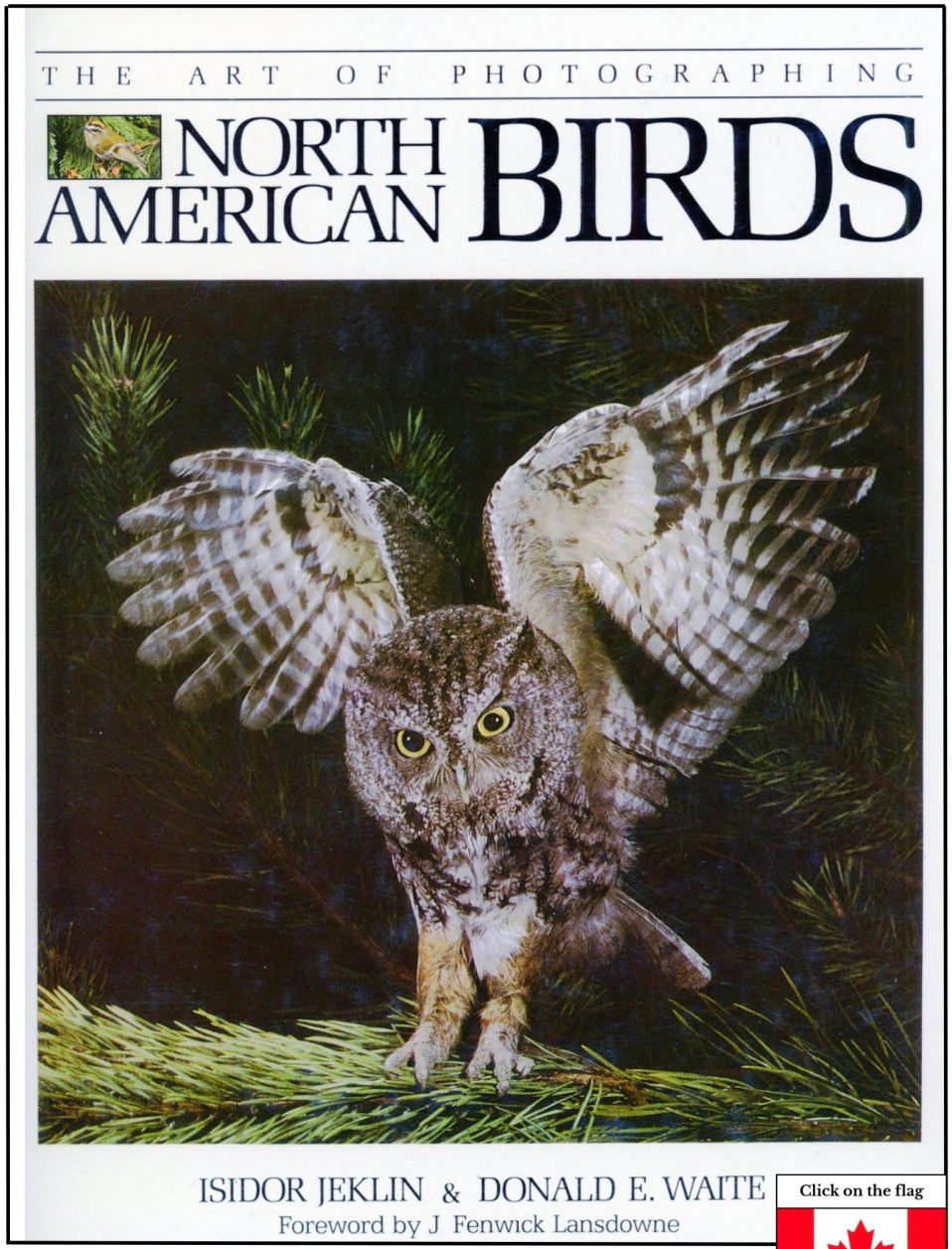

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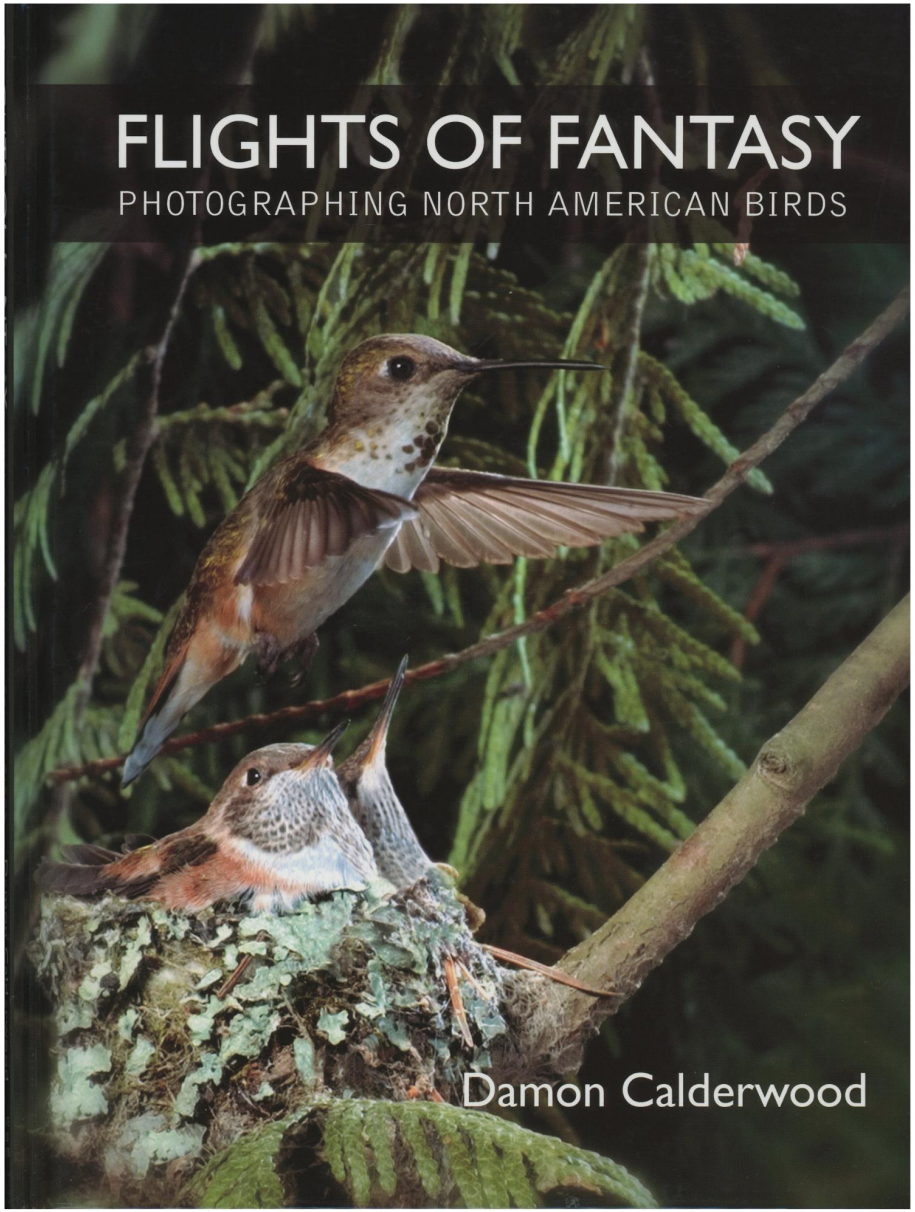

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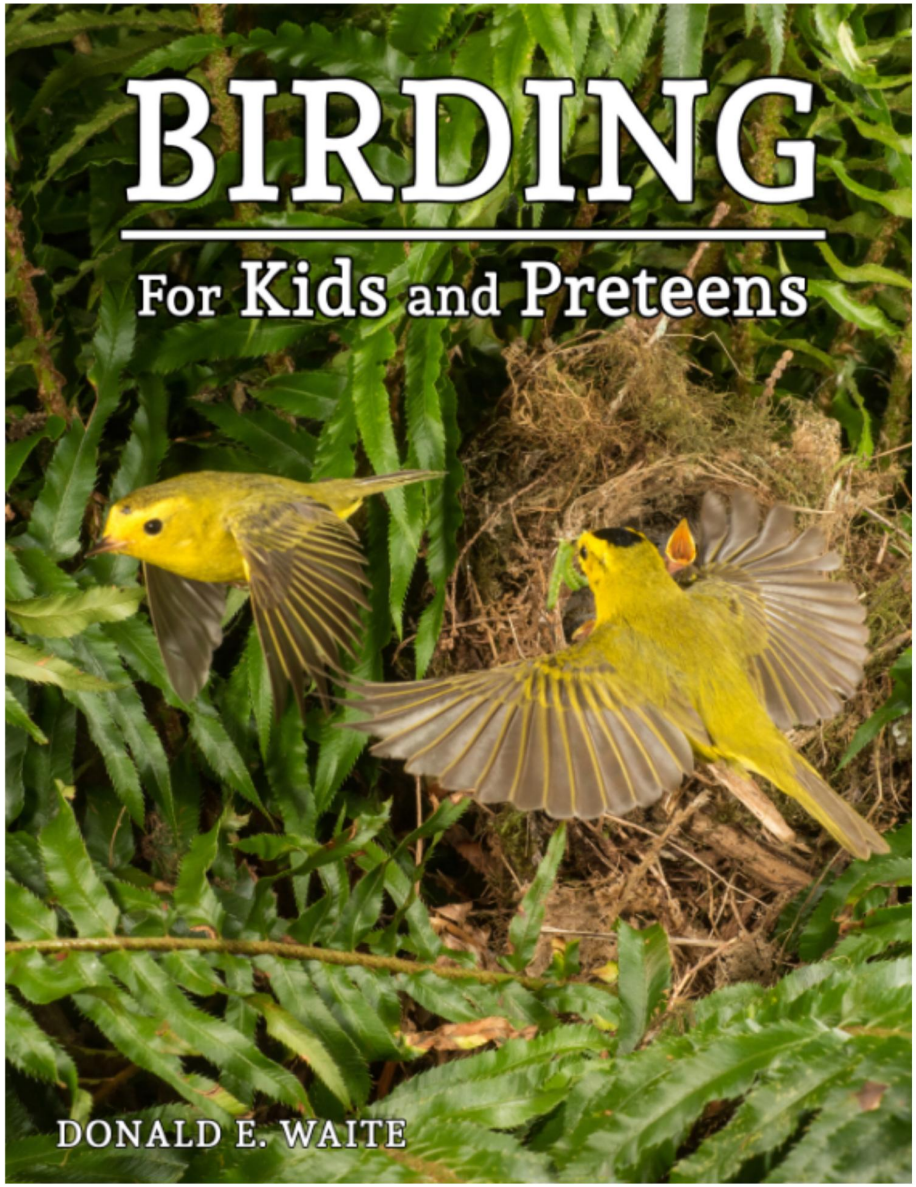

Bird Photos

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Out of Order

The Yellow-Breasted Chat Fiasco
The High Cost Of Chasing A Passion, 2007

ANDREJ “ANDY MR. NOBODY” KOZLOWICZ
If “Mr. Fixit” can’t fixit
go to “Mr. Knowbody” to fixit.

Out of Order

Mkultra, Extrasensory Perception and Clairvoyant, 2010

ELLEN ATKIN
MKULTRA GIRL & AIR PHOTOGRAPHER

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Sir William S. Stephenson, Intrepid

Camp X & the Cold War

The Real Sir James Bond, 007

DONALD E. WAITE

FOREWORD BY R.E. TIMOTHY LAWSON, LEGEND ADVOCATE

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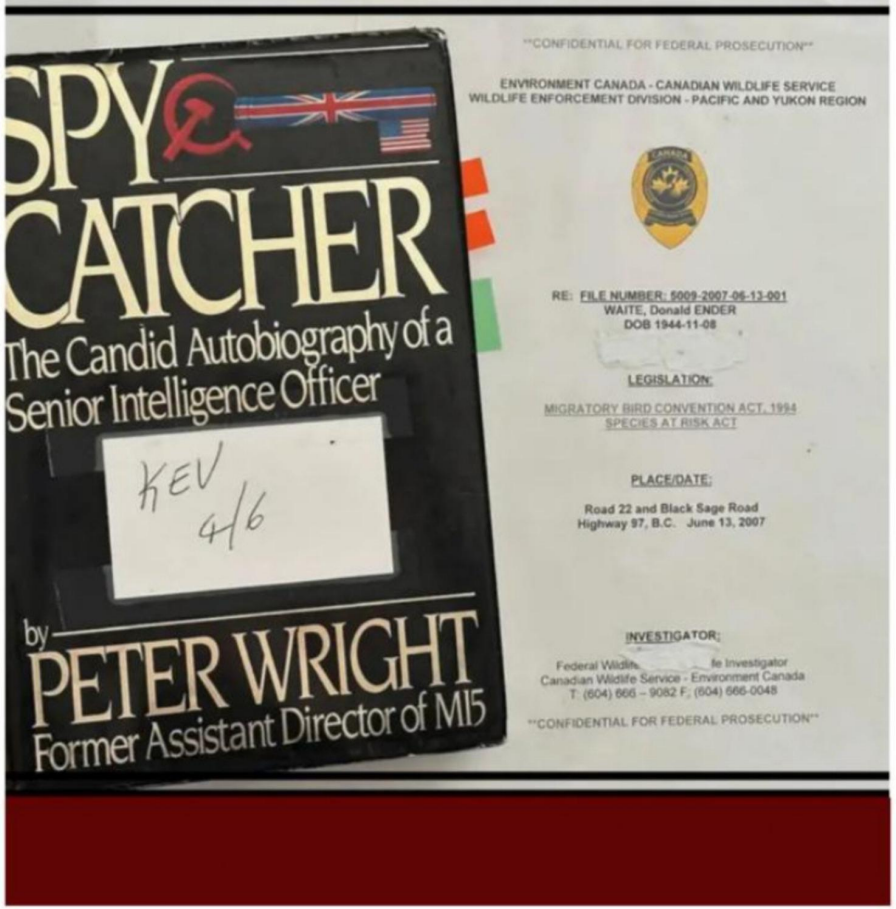
Out of Order

A spawned out Salmon returns to Renfrew



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Persons of Interest

A Winnipeg Soldier / Crook Catchers / Movie Stars & Directors
A Marathon Swimmer / World Class Photographers
MKUltra Girl / The Crazy Genius

‘Stan the Man’ Pavlov,
Flower Photographer Extraordniare

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Family Matters

Trueman / Cope & Pillar / Hayward

British Army Lance Corporal James Richard
“JR” Trueman, Newry, Ireland
Boer War Veteran, Farmer & Homesteader

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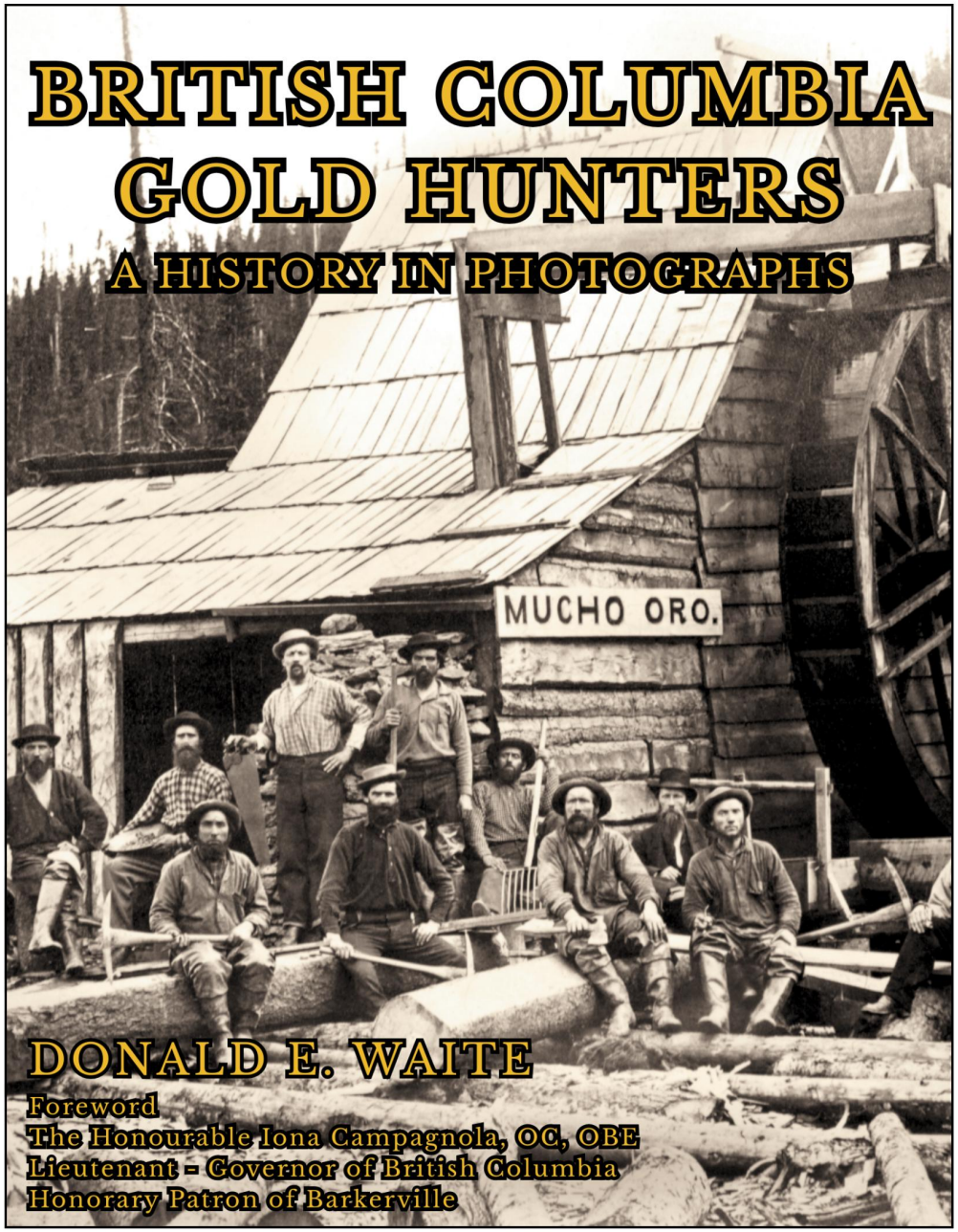
RUSKIN
GENERAL
RUSKIN
DRINK
Coca-Cola
GENERAL STORE
EXPORT
BAIT
Enjoy
Coca-Cola
It's the
real thing.
Coke.

Vancouver Exposed
A History in Photographs
DONALD E. WAITE
Foreword by Gregor Robertson, Mayor, City of Vancouver



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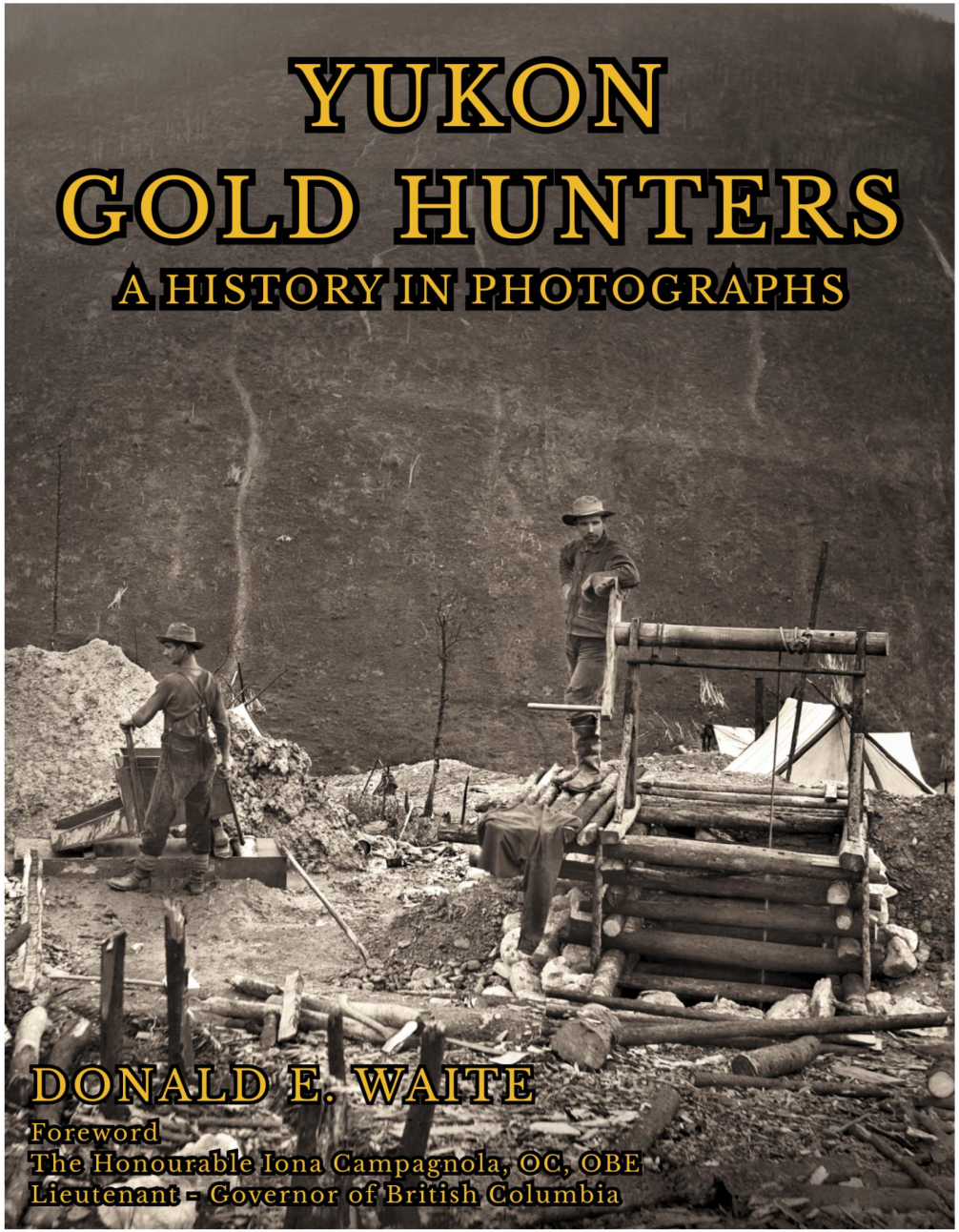

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Royalty Matters

Queen Victoria to King Charles III

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