

**SIR JAMES BOND II: A MEMOIR**  
**THE RAPID DESCENT FROM NORMAL TO BIPOLAR**

**DONALD E. WAITE**



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This memoir is dedicated to my dearest Tina (The Lady in Red), my friend, my confidant, my soulmate, the love of my life and wife - you have been the constant through our good times and bad. You have fought tirelessly and relentlessly to save me from my many bouts of bipolar and on one occasion your energy passed through your body to mine. We touched hands and both felt the power flowing from your body into mine. It was miraculous.

She is an old soul and can dance around a problem to defuse the situation and turn an antagonist into a friend.

And finally, she has given me her full support for my many crazy ideas.

Relic, BBB (Bo Bo Bear), Thumper, JB (James Bond),  
Sir Donald, Donnie, and when up fed with me Donald E. Waite (that's when I know I'm in deep trouble).

## CONTENTS

*INTRODUCTION & FOREWORD*

*GROWING UP IN RENFREW*

*SEVEN YEARS A HORSEMAN*

*RECRUIT TRAINING*

*CITY POLICING*

*RURAL POLICING*

*FORENSICS, THE FLQ 1970 CRISIS & THE COLD WAR*

*SLUMACH and THE LOST GOLD MINE of PITT LAKE*

*THE EVOLUTION of AIR PHOTOGRAPHY*

*THE EVOLUTION of BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY*

*BIPOLAR & THE YELLOW BREASTED CHAT FIASCO, 2007*

*THE REAL JAMES BOND, 2009*

*REVEEN II & MKUltra GIRL, 2010*

*BIPOLAR & 60TH HIGH SCHOOL REUNION, 2024*

*FAMILY MATTERS*

*AFTERWORD*



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.

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 ups 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

## 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.

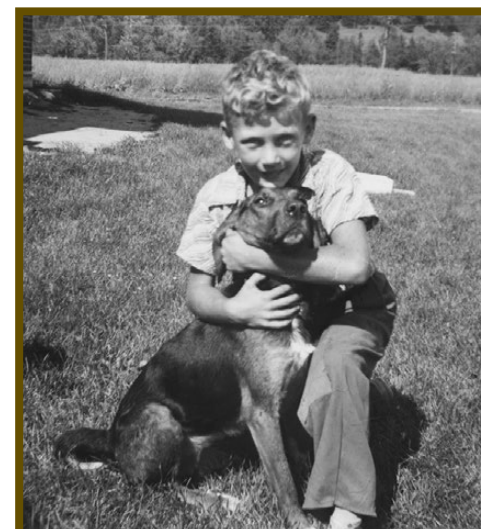
Sometimes truth can be stranger than fiction. How arrogant for me to believe I was James Bond II. The brain behaves in strange ways and through hypnosis memories going back to childhood can be reactivated and become crystal clear to the survivor. A clinical hypnotist transgressed me back to childhood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



### **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.

*"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 for 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 association and friends. 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 Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) 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, Country of Quebec, and Eastern Canada. Don was there."*

**Former RCMP Staff Sergeant Dan Mulvenna, Founder of Spy Moscow.**

*"Am I surprised the man I credit with spurring on my entire Aerial Photography career in my relentless pursuit for his market share would also be part of the greatest historical back door subplot coverup known in popular culture as MK Ultra mind-control programming, as well as my own family? I guess not. I am so grateful for Don Waite's courage, his brilliance, his talent, his honesty, his charisma, and his incredible ability to forge connections in the shell game of archaic military intelligence, declassified materials, and uncanny real world synchronicities.*

**- 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 Tyrone Troy, the Central Intelligence Agency's historian, contacted me requesting me to 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 I. 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 Tony Peterson, World Renowned Ornithologist** (Testimonial from 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.**

## 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!

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 to be career policemen and officers 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. Surprisingly, 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.

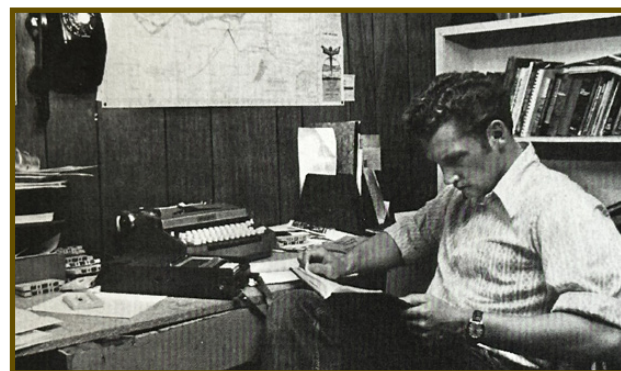
Thirty-five years ago another professional air photographer partnered with me to build a web site for our air photo collections. She drove up from Washington State with a 6x4 foot print made from a 5 megapixel camera. It was far superior than any print ever made from negative film. iPhones now have 12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



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 buildings 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.

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



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



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.

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 chronological order. For me, it’s 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 delusional 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 clairvoyance do exist. Over the years, I’ve channeled Wilbur Smith, the prolific 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.



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



Waite Bipolar Society

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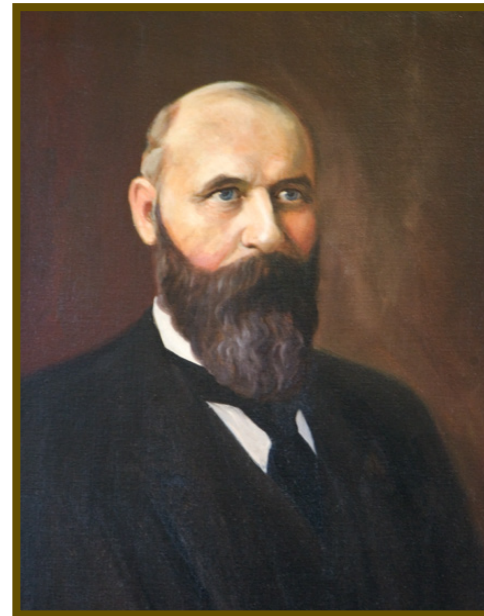


Photograph from Waite Air Photos Inc.'s website: [www.globalairphotos.com](http://www.globalairphotos.com). Pictured is Renfrew's main intersection: Bonnechere Street South, Opeongo Road, and Raglan Street South, looking northwest. Marked are a collection of personally important locations in Renfrew.

The above logo for the town has been in use since November 2023. It includes illustrations of the mentioned McDougall Mill, as well as the famous Swinging Bridge.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF RENFREW

The town of Renfrew is located 60 miles west of Ottawa just off the Trans Canada Highway with a population of 8,500 souls. The story starts with the Bonnechere River when the first European settlers to this area followed the river from its mouth at the Ottawa River, portaging the first chute easily and then finding the second chute more of a challenge. It took time to carry everything around the rapids and a small settlement began. The first settlers came in 1820 and began to clear the land and over the next few years many Scottish immigrants began farming the land in and around Renfrew.



Michael John O'Brien (1851-1940)

Michael John O'Brien was a "man of affairs": a railway builder, lumber baron, and a mine owner. Mick started out as a water boy at age 14, a railroad foreman at 18, and a subcontractor at 19. In 1879, at the age of 28, he and two partners took the contract to build a section of the Kingston to Pembroke Railway, called the K&P (Kick and Push). Their piece was from Sharbot Lake to Renfrew. Mick managed to go bankrupt few times before getting a footing into railroad construction. This occupation suited him and bigger contracts soon began to come his way - one of them being the National Transcontinental Railway (later named the Canadian National Railway) connecting the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. He went on to become a lumber baron and owner of one of the richest silver mines in Canada.

At the beginning of the First World War, the Canadian government approved a \$100,000,000 appropriation for war purposes and Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden and Minister of Militia and Defense Sam Hughes approached Mick to set up a 160 acre munitions plant just to the east of downtown Renfrew. O'Brien Munitions was the first nitrogen-celluloid operation in the British Empire turning out huge quantities of bombs for the Allied armies. The 30 munitions buildings were distanced from each other in the event of an explosion. It was better to have one little explosion than a big one had the munitions plant been in just one building. Their contribution was one of the keys in the wheel helping with the winning of the war. Had Nazi Germany's Adolf Hitler won the war, Renfrew would have been carpet bombed off the face of the Earth. Mick's government contracts made him one of the wealthiest men in the world. He had a railway spur line beside his house with his private car available at his instant disposal to take him to his lumber tracts and silver mine holdings in northern Ontario.

It was M.J. and his son J. Ambrose who founded the National Hockey Association (NHA), precursor to the National Hockey League (NHL) in Renfrew in 1910 and because of his wealth the team was called the 'The Renfrew Millionaires'. Fred 'Cyclone' Taylor, the Wayne Gretzky of the day, and a couple of his cronies played for the team before migrating to the west coast of Canada to start up a team called 'The Vancouver Millionaires'. Hockey placed Renfrew on the map and for a time many Americans thought Canada was in Renfrew.

The Waite family history intersects weakly in a roundabout way with M.J. O'Brien and gold mining in Northern Ontario. Great grandfather John Edward Waite came to the Ottawa Valley in 1880 with his wife, children, and his sister with her hubby. JE and his brother-in-law took on a school teacher partner and formed the Windle Waite & Hollinger Brick Yard in Pembroke.

Their partner's son Benny discovered the richest gold mine in all of Canada. The 19 year-old and his partner explored a burnt over area in Northern Ontario and found gold in the white quartz right on the surface looking like flames coming from candles. Benny became involved with Noah Timmins, a store owner and they signed an agreement.

M.J. O'Brien's gravesite, St. Francis Xavier Cemetary



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Noah would buy Benny's discovery for \$100,000. He'd pay \$10,000 down and \$10,000 a month if the ground proved up. Noah sunk a shaft under a big tent with the understanding anything done there stayed there when they left there. By this time O'Brien had gotten wind of the discovery and started buying up all the claims for several miles around the possible glory hole. The deeper the shaft, the richer the gold. Noah put out a rumour the shaft was coming up dry. O'Brien let his claims lapse and Noah had a proxy friend buy up his claims. Realizing Timmins outfoxed him, MJ played hard ball. No rail line would be built to get the ore to a smelter and he told any banks dealing with Timmins would not get his business. To make a long story short, Noah won resulting in the Hollinger Gold Mine in Timmins becoming the largest gold producer in all of Canada.

At age seven or eight, I once or twice visited Ambrose's house, directly across the Barr Street and Quarry Avenue intersection from his Dad's palatial home. My cousins Bonnie and Beth Phanenhour's parents owned the place. The four story O'Brien Theatre, located at the town's main intersection, had the first elevator in Renfrew. A couple of my friends and I, waiting to see an afternoon matinee with cowboys Roy Rogers or Gene Autry, rode the elevator up and down for half an hour. Ironically, the Library & Archives Canada and the Renfrew Museum are built on a portion of the old munitions plant. My Mom's half sister was the president of the museum in 2006 and when I visited, she gave me a tour and showed me a silver ore sample from the O'Brien Mine in Cobalt. According to legend, large silver slabs peeled like boards off a barn.

The Johnston family lived at Pinnacle Hill about a mile west of Renfrew and their son Boyne had the distinction of pulling Canada's first bank robbery. An accountant, his first job was a teller in a big bank in Ottawa. A trusted employee, he had the combination to the safe. One long weekend after everyone left, he cleaned out the vault reserves and placed everything into two canvas bags. Locking up, he placed his loot into a garbage can and left everything at the bank's back door. He'd stolen \$250,000 (the equivalent to \$3,000,000 today). After dark, he returned, picked up his cash and took a bus to Windsor. He placed the money in a storage locker at the bus stop and then took a taxi across the bridge to Detroit. He arranged to have the cab driver pick him up in the morning. He had a good restful night's sleep and when his driver turned up, Boyne asked a favor. Would he mind taking the key to his locker at the bus stop and bring back his suit case? No problem. With his money, he purchased a brand new convertible and whored his way across the States to Los Angeles. He was on the lam for 17 days. He made a mistake by flashing too much cash and the Mafia came after him. He decided to turn himself into the cops resulting in an escort back to Canada's capital. Boyne spent only a small portion of the booty and being a model prison was released from the Kingston Penitentiary after serving four years. While in jail, he did the penitentiary books.

In 2006, while doing research on a gold book project, my wife Tina and I met Boyne at Finnigans Restaurant, a favorite watering hole in Renfrew. He was a gifted story teller and a pretty good drinker. He told me he'd been named after the Battle of the Boyne and went on to talk about the first love of his life. She was a Mask girl living across the South McNaughton Road and the now defunct Kick & Push Railroad from my first cousins Ian and Ray Edmunds home. He enjoyed talking about the bank robbery.