

A Brief History of News in the Madawaska Highlands

By Lois Thomson

There are many ways to disseminate news, many different kinds of news, and many reasons to know the news. These days news is delivered person to person, by phone, through letters and emails, television, radio, web channels, social media, road signs, window signs, bulletin boards, and flyers. Balloons tied to the mailbox declare news of a gathering. Two names spray painted in a heart on a rock cut are also news. It can be as overt as an emergency siren, a waving white flag, or as subtle as a bent twig along a trail.

Long before colonization, news travelled by canoe through highland waterways and by foot along Algonquin trails. And long before marketers came up with the expression “word of mouth”, talking was all that was needed to get news of births, deaths and marriages, conflict and resolution, harvests, trading, hunting and fishing. Only the significant events, prophecies, treaties and agreements were marked symbolically on sacred Wampum Shell belts. The late William Commanda, an Algonquin elder, hereditary chief and spiritual leader, was keeper of several sacred wampum belts, which commemorate historical meetings between important people, such as Chiefs of other nations, including European leaders. It was news that became history to be passed along.

In the mid 1800s, many Algonquin trails were used as colonization roads. For the next 50 or 60 years, news in the form of letters, newspapers and the occasional traveler, came in traditional ways on foot and by canoe, then by horse drawn wagon and later by stage coach. As the settlers arrived, post offices were built. A village with a post office was a draw for surrounding set-

tlements and increased its chance of success. Once or twice a week, people would gather at the post office to share news of the day. They would also trade or buy supplies and pick up the occasional month-old newspaper left by a traveler. In early settlements with no elected council, the position of Postmaster carried with it a certain amount of authority and prestige, second only perhaps, to the parish clergyman. Certain post offices were allowed to accept, keep and remit savings. This added even more importance to the role of Postmaster and to the post office.

The post office was a place to talk about local news, but newspapers of the day were expensive to produce and only served the big cities. If there was any news about the Highlands, it wasn't really for the benefit of Highlanders. It was really an accounting for people in the south about the progress of settlement in the north. The occasional report about the success or failure of settlement towns detailed things like crop yields, number of acres cleared, animals raised and how many settlers remained. New arrivals vs. deaths and settlement abandonment were tallied. The news in newspapers wasn't intended for the masses of Canada who were largely illiterate or spoke a language other than English, immigrants and natives alike.

As important as the post office was, letter writing took a while to grow in popularity. A round-trip letter to family back in New England or Europe took many months. So, in much the same way as it was for thousands of years before, news remained something you talked about and only important dates were written down – Births, marriages and deaths were recorded in Church records and the family bibles of the settlers.

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Photo: Richard Copeland

EORN Last Mile Gap

EORN Last Mile Gap

By Bill Graham, Editor

At this time last year parts of Matawatchan had received access to DSL (Internet access provided over the phone line) but many still didn't have it. According to the 'EORN (Eastern Ontario Regional Network) Service Locator' on their website, the remainder of Matawatchan and Griffith were to have DSL access by spring 2013. The service provider is Bell Aliant, which is an arm of Bell Canada involved in providing Internet access. I checked to see if DSL had reached the Village

proper of Matawatchan on many occasions through spring and into summer. There was no word and no DSL.

In the Matawatchan area DSL access is available to households along the Centennial Lake Road and portions of the Matawatchan Road. Many of these households are seasonal (cottages). In fact a local trailer camp has DSL access for camp residents while many full-time residents do not.

In fairness it must be said that the EORN project, which sought to bring high speed Internet access to the re-

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EORN (Cont)

motor parts of Eastern Ontario, is a very successful project that has benefited many. It seems that Griffith and Matawatchan may be just too remote.

Through the summer I found a number of EORN technical reports that were marked confidential but had somehow been leaked to the Internet. The document EORN Last Mile Gap Strategy published in May 2012 already indicated that funds were running out. The last mile refers to the cost of bringing access to a subscriber's home and the gap is a funding gap, but in the case of the Village of Matawatchan it is also a two kilometre gap between receiving DSL and not receiving it. For Matawatchan the funding gap was \$90,000, which would cover the "Electronic Cost" or more specifically the cost of the necessary DSL hub(s). The Fibre cost (fibre optic cable) was zero since it was already in place. Interestingly, there is no mention of Griffith in this report at all.

Matawatchan was grouped with six other sites where the cost to Bell Aliant and EORN would require an addition \$1,637,500 so there was a recommendation not to proceed. This is despite the fact that Matawatchan's share of the expense was only \$90,000. What makes this particularly annoying is that a \$3.5 million surplus from budgeted zone allocation was taken from the Highlands Region where we are located and reallocated within the budget.

The justification for this seems to be population density. Bell reported to EORN that there were a lower number of subscribers between the third quarter (2012-2013) than previous quarters in the Highlands Region. "This mainly is explained by the fact that this zone contains close to 48% of the households defined as seasonal subscribers. As a result, it is expected to see positive and negative variance from quarter to quarter for the following zones: Highlands, Halliburton, Sebright, Dorset, and Hastings North; where the percentage of permanent subscribers is lower than 60%." (Source: EORN Last Gap Strategy: May 2012)

These little snippets of information about our particular region that I acquired from the EORN reports did not bode well for additional households in our area being hooked up to DSL. In mid-July of this year I contacted Lisa Severson of EORN and explained our frustration in not knowing whether we would be hooked up or not. She promised to pass my email to a contact in Bell Aliant who would soon contact me. With no contact six weeks later I contacted Peter Emon our Mayor and County Warden and asked him to intervene on our behalf and get EORN to provide some answers—that worked.

On September 11, I received a well crafted letter from Ms Severson that contained two significant paragraphs: One, "In Greater Madawaska, this improved service is available to about 800 homes. Unfortunately, laying addition-

al fibre to expand further into Greater Madawaska was cost prohibitive."

I interpreted this to mean that there would be no further expansion of DSL in our area. My September 12th reply addressed this as follows: "In the case of the Village of Matawatchan the laying of additional fibre is not an issue: it is already here. DSL service ends at 3723 Matawatchan Road (the Thomson homestead), which is 2.5 kilometres from the DSL Hub. The fibre optic cable continues into the village and beyond. As a case in point, I live 4.7 kilometres from the DSL Hub and my house is 100 metres from a pole that has fibre. My understanding is that the acceptable distance between hubs is five kilometres. Why can't at least some of us in the village have DSL access? If it is not the fibre, is it the hub?"

The second paragraph of interest is: "We can confirm that Bell is moving forward with a CRTC-approved plan for the roll out of wireless high-speed Internet access service to areas where the costs to provide high-speed Internet using DSL are prohibitively high. This expansion is separate from the EORN project and work is already underway. Bell fully expects to begin offering wireless high-speed internet service in many areas of the Greater Madawaska Township by the end of August 2014 as part of that approved plan. This high-speed wireless service will be available to residents in those areas at prices similar to those for DSL. Precise details about the extent

of wireless coverage that will result from that program will be available closer to the launch date next year."

I interpreted this to mean that Bell Canada is building two cell phone towers in our area: one in Griffith and one in Matawatchan by the end of August 2014. Using a 'turbo stick or hub' from Bell Canada residents will have a mobility option for Internet access. We get cell phone service and Internet access at the same time. The speeds are impressive. For our area they are estimating a maximum speed of 21 Mbps (Megabytes per second) with expected download speeds of between 3.5 and 8 Mbps. That is definitely comparable to DSL. However, to say that the mobility option is comparable to DSL is a little misleading. DSL is priced at \$42.50 a month for 20 gigabytes of download with an additional 25 gigabytes for \$5.00 up to a maximum of 125 gigabytes.

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Zone 3B Highlands Bell Aliant: contract option to include seven addition sites due by May 21, 2012. The table below details all seven sites that potentially add another 222HH at a total cost of \$1,637,500.00. Subsidy average of \$7,376 per HH. *Not recommended to proceed with option.*

DSANUM	Exchange	Remote	Fibre Cost	Electronics Cost	Total Cost
202-0	Golden Lake	Germanicus - DMS1U	-	\$90,000	\$90,000
105-0	Killaloe	Turner Road - SMU100	\$155,000	\$90,000	\$245,000
386-1	Denbigh	Matawatchan-ANX	-	\$90,000	\$90,000
405-0	Barry's Bay	Halfway lake - DMS1UF	\$180,000	\$90,000	\$270,000
102-0	Foymount	Lake Clear East - DMS1UF	\$190,000	\$90,000	\$280,000
281-1	Plevna	Ompah - DMS1U	\$357,500	\$90,000	\$447,500
301-0	Palmer Rapids	Hardwood Lake - DMS1U	\$125,000	\$90,000	\$215,000

Highland news (Cont)

In the 1850s, newspapers were making the transition from British, government-run propaganda papers to independent news. Editors of these new papers were usually politicians who used them as a forum to express their own views and plans for the future of Canada. The publications were labelled accordingly (Whig, Tory or Grit). Prominent papers of Upper Canada were: British Whig (est. 1834 in Kingston, merged with the Kingston Daily in 1908 to become today's Kingston Whig-Standard; the Bytown Independent and Farmer's Advocate (est. 1836 in Bytown, which later became Ottawa), the Globe (est. 1844 in York, which later became Toronto) or the Toronto Empire (est. 1844 in York).

The Globe, a precursor to today's Globe and Mail, was founded by a Liberal Canadian father of confederation, George Brown. The Toronto Empire, which later merged with the Globe to become today's Globe and Mail, was founded by Sir John A. MacDonald; Canada's first Prime Minister and a noted Tory. Those big city newspapers didn't have much to offer the people of the Highlands, but the Renfrew Mercury, established in 1871, was one that did. Unfortunately, Renfrew was many days away from most of the Madawaska Highland settlements and impossible to get to when the bridges were taken out each spring by destructive log jams, so copies of this weekly were scares.

By the turn of the century, railroads had replaced stage coaches and mail delivery became faster and more dependable. Letter writing gained prominence as a source of news from afar. Overseas mail still involved an ocean voyage, but now a round-trip letter from either coast only took two or three weeks. At the same time, a public school system had developed and literacy grew. More community newspapers started up and news about changing fashions and amazing inventions arrived for free through Eaton's and Simpson's mail order catalogues. Can you imagine the excitement in the community when those books arrived at the post office? Whether or not merchandise was ordered, those catalogues were well used.

In 1908, the official beginning of rural home postal delivery began in Canada and telephone service crept in. Often the existing postmaster and his family took on the job of delivering the mail. People could now get news delivered conveniently to their homes. They had fewer excuses to hang out at the general store, but the store remained, along with the churches, a primary source of regular local news updates. Of course, the only phone in town was often at the general store.

The coming of two world wars increased newspaper circulation in Cana-

da exponentially. National and international news was a priority for everyone. Those who stayed behind to tend the family farm or business read every scrap of news they could get. Still, daily newspaper delivery was not available in most of the area. Once again, more regular trips to the general store were in order, but that's OK. There is still no better way to pass along the local news (not to be confused with gossip) than fetching the paper at your local store.

Next came radio broadcasting in the 40s to 50s. Few in the area could afford this new expensive technology and electricity wasn't available in most of the Highlands area, but many people remember family and friends huddling around one of the few radios, powered by a Delco generator. It was a great time to gather, enjoy radio plays and listen to world and local news coming from small radio stations just a few watts away.

Television came to the Madawaska Highlands a decade or so later and, like radio, it had a lot of locally produced programming. People in the Highlands were likely to pick up signals from Pembroke, Kingston and Ottawa and see programs that reflected their life in the Ottawa and Seaway Valleys. This local focus continued until the mid 1990's when a major recession reduced ad revenues and forced almost all local stations to sell to the big networks. Very little is left of local TV programming today, other than the 6:00 news, and that is only because it's mandated by the CRTC. But not to worry, midway through that process, home publication became possible. With a typewriter or computer anyone could publish a newspaper or newsletter. Local news was truly in the hands of local people this time. An early photocopied weekly, the Communicator, was the precursor to the Highlander, which later became the Madawaska Highlander that you are reading now.

News and the history come together in the Madawaska Highlander as we continue to share information and stories that are relevant to people living and visiting the Madawaska Highlands, for the foreseeable future anyhow.

End

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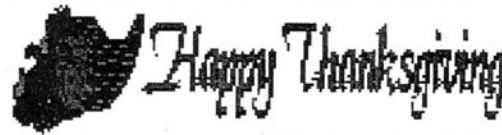
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THE HIGHLANDER

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EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

This issue will be dedicated to all the volunteers who have worked on the Highlander and The G&M Newsletter. It was the spring of 1992 when Ruth Cunningham and I started a newsletter to be a means of communicating the various activities that happen in the area to full time and seasonal residents. It was our sole goal, however, we soon became aware of the treasure trove of history and the abilities of many residents to recount the stories of the area. So the content of the newsletter grew, but still maintaining the original purpose of communicating the activities of the area.

After the death of her husband, Ruth returned to Ottawa to be with her children, then the Highlander was formed with new additions to the roster of volunteers. So all in all I have been producing this communique for ten years. Over these years we have had many contributors who have enriched our little newsletter. To them we also say thank you and well done.

Throughout this decade, we have had many loyal advertisers, without whom we would not have been able to carry on as they provide the money to cover the expenses of paper, toner, mailing and service to the copier. To those advertisers old and new, frequent and occasional, and those to come we say a hearty thank you.

To all our volunteers, past and present, my heartfelt thanks and to any of you who would like to volunteer, please give us a call, our present volunteers could do with a helping hand.

Readers will come upon hypothetical questions throughout this edition. We're not looking for answers, so don't spend too much time pondering them. In our last issue we marked the anniversary of the Dieppe Raid, (August 19, 1942). Since then, Maclean's has published an article concerning Dieppe. Our government has finally erected its own memorial, two plaques at the Square du Canada. Unfortunately, Parks Canada got it all wrong. The plaque indicated that 807 Canadians were killed; there were 907 killed. (A further 1,154 Canadians were wounded and 1,954 taken prisoner.) The Canadian air force, navy and other support units were not acknowledged. You'd think a little touch of the old history book learnin' would be a prerequisite for a job in Parks Canada. G.F.



Winter birds will soon be back to our feeders

Two Heroes, Two Anniversaries

Next month will mark the 189th and the 190th anniversaries of the deaths of two of our most famous war heroes who were killed during the war to annex Canada. (1812) On July 12, 1812, the U.S. began the

war with a large but ill fated invasion, by Brigadier-General Hull, taking possession of Sandwich and area. It was during their second invasion at Queenston Heights on October 13, 1812, however, that Major-General Isaac Brock was shot in the chest leading a charge by Canadian militia. The invading army was forced to surrender, but the best British leader to ever set foot on these shores was lost to the defence of Canada. His body is buried under a memorial which towers over Queenston Heights.

One year later, on October 2, 1813, the great Shawnee war chief, Tecumseh fell in a rearguard action at Moravian Town. This suicidal stand stopped a 3500-man contingent with mounted riflemen, part of the powerful invading U.S. Army of the Northwest, and allowed 246 of General Proctor's surviving men to make the Burlington Heights strongpoint.

His death brought an end to the dream of a pan-Indian confederacy which the tribes west of the Mississippi hoped would halt the taking of their territories.

Tecumseh's Shawnee proved invaluable during those bleak and hopeless early years of the war when defenders were vastly outnumbered by well-equipped invaders. Though the British eventually sent troops to end the war with retaliatory raids, those were the years when she was the only European country still standing against Napoleon and unable to send any significant help.

A stone memorial marks the site where Tecumseh fell near Thamesville, Ontario, but his men hid his body, it's said, because it had been horribly mutilated by the enemy. To this day, no one knows the location of Tecumseh's resting place. G.F.

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

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For the sake of the Hall

By Bill Graham, Editor

For the last eighteen months the Matawatchan Cultural Committee has been at work in the community raising awareness about heritage, encouraging arts and crafts, incorporating, seeking charity status with Revenue Canada and discussing the possibility of a new building that might act as a four-season facility for Matawatchan.

There has been one public meeting and various surveys, which tried to determine what the residents of Matawatchan wanted. Over the months sub-committees of the larger Cultural Committee have brought forward suggestions about what was needed to have this project be successful. Suggestions got distilled, a dream building was envisioned and a realization ensued that no ground would be broken for a new building in the immediate future.

Throughout this process there was astonishment at the upto \$500,000 price tag that a new building would require if the dream building was to be realized. There were many who declared that the community could not support two in-

stitutions: The Cultural Centre and the Matawatchan Hall. Lately it has been concluded that the two groups (The Cultural Committee and the Matawatchan Hall Board) should work together more closely. In a small community there will always be some cross-fraternization so there are two people who are members of both the Hall Board and the Cultural Committee. To keep the Hall officially informed about Cultural Committee activities in the spring Hall President Mark Tomlin was invited to all Cultural Committee meetings. Now a new level of cooperation has developed.

The Cultural Committee wanted to continue with activities for the community whether they had a new building or not. It is in winter when activities are really needed but it is too expensive to heat the Matawatchan Hall all year. The cost of winter heating is at minimum \$4000. A recent energy audit of the building revealed the reason. There is no insulation in the walls of the building and the ceiling insulation, which is installed above a suspended ceiling, is minimal and

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Happy Harvest

By Susan Veale BSc. KIN

Our modern Thanksgiving holiday is a harvest time celebration giving thanks for a bountiful yield and abundance of food.

The tradition of Thanksgiving is believed to have been brought to Canada by the European farmers who would fill a goat's curved horn with fruits and grains to represent their harvest. This horn was known as a "cornucopia" or the horn of plenty.

Today we fill our horn with root vegetables, winter squashes, tomatoes and cabbages. Other gifts of fall include the full flavour of apples and pumpkins.

Temperature change is one major influence on our health. As temperatures turn cooler, our food choices should be more to the "warming foods." These include not only vegetables from the horn but also garlic, kasha, barley, oats, butter, aged cheeses, nuts and seeds, fish, poultry and spices of clove, cinnamon, ginger, vanilla, basil, thyme and oregano.

For this Thanksgiving, you may wish to try these warming recipes with your turkey. (Serves six to eight people)

Carrot Ginger Soup
8 medium carrots, chopped
1 large leek, sliced

4 cups of organic chicken broth
4 cups of water
1 tsp of ginger
1/3 cup of maple syrup
Heat broth and water; add carrots, leek and ginger. Simmer for 45 minutes. Puree until smooth. Return to heat, add maple syrup and reheat to serve.

Herb Roasted Sweet Potatoes
4 large sweet potatoes, peeled and sliced into 1/8 inch pieces
1/4 cup organic olive oil
1 tsp of garlic powder
1 tsp each of chopped oregano and thyme

Preheat oven to 375 degree F. Combine oil, garlic and herbs, mix well. Place potatoes in a plastic zip tight bag, add oil mixture and shake to coat. Place potatoes in a roasting pan or spread out on cookie sheet. Cook for 45 minutes, turning occasionally.

Sautéed Sauerkraut
2 cups of sauerkraut
1 small to medium red onion, chopped
3/4 cup of portabella mushrooms, chopped
1 tbsp of butter

Melt butter in frying pan; add onion and mushrooms, sauté until soft. Add sauerkraut, simmer for 7 minutes, and then put on low until ready to serve.

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Spaghetti Squash with Vegetables

1 medium spaghetti squash
1/2 cup of carrots finely chopped
1/2 cup of celery finely chopped
1/2 cup of red sweet pepper, finely chopped
1/4 cup of red onion, finely chopped
1/2 cup of organic vegetable broth
3 Tbsp of organic olive oil
1 tsp of chopped basil
1/2 cup of Parmesan cheese

Cut spaghetti squash in half lengthwise, steam in small quantity of water until soft, approximately 20 minutes. Remove from water, let cool. Heat oil in frying pan, sauté carrots, celery, pepper and onion until soft, set aside. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Scrape spaghetti squash lengthwise from skin by using a fork to remove the squash in strands. Be careful to keep skin intact and set aside. Add squash to vegetables and then add broth and basil. Simmer for 15 minutes stirring occasionally. Using a big spoon, divide the squash mixture into each half of the skins; sprinkle the parmesan cheese on top. Bake in oven for 10 minutes. Serve from skins.

Candied Ginger Pumpkin Pie

1 15-oz. can of unsweetened pumpkin puree or 2 cups of cooked fresh pumpkin
1 14-oz. can fat-free sweetened condensed milk
4 large eggs
1 9-inch graham cracker pie crust
1/4 cup chopped candied ginger
Pinch of sea salt
Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Wisk together pumpkin purees and milk in a large bowl. Blend in eggs and salt. Pour filling into graham cracker crust and bake for 30 minutes. Sprinkle chopped candied ginger on top and bake for another 25-30 minutes more or until a knife inserted into the side (not top) of the filling comes out clean. Cool and refrigerate 3 hours or overnight.

Happy Thanksgiving!
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The Healing Tree

By Robbie Anderman

POPLAR (Aspen, Cottonwood) (Populus)

Popularly speaking, Poplars, by virtue of their natural range into every province and territory of Canada, should be the Canadian National Tree, with the Poplar leaf waving in the wind on a green or yellow-gold Canadian Flag as the natural Poplar leaves flutter in every wind.

Quaking Aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) has the greatest range of the Poplars, and, with its many cousins, helps bring the *Populus* family into nearly every area of the United States, reaching also into Mexico. In many areas it is the only tree that will grow naturally, and many a settler has felt blessed by its presence, though the logger generally snubs his nose at Poplar except for pulpwood or when all else has been logged out.

As can be imagined, a tree that has such a wide area of distribution, thus availability to people, will have been tried for many a bodily condition. Poplar has stood well the test of Popular Medicine. Mostly the inner bark has been used, perhaps because it is available year-round, especially in winter when poor nutrition and challenging weather open people up to more disease.

The tea of the inner bark of Poplar has been tried successfully for: toning up a run-down condition from old age or disease, urinary diseases and retention, acute rheumatism, reducing fevers, jaundice, hay fever, arresting nausea, morning sickness, neuralgia, influenza, cholera, failing appetite and indigestion, faintness, diabetes (when mixed with the inner bark of White Pine), hysteria, tuberculosis, VD, diarrhoea and dysentery, sciatica, nephritis, coughs, worms and parasites, and headaches due to liver problems or stomach conditions of flatulence and acidity.

The inner bark tea has also been used as a sedative (the salicin content would be the active ingredient here) and is quite often claimed to be better than quinine, and with fewer side effects for all conditions where quinine is used. The usual brew is 1 tsp lightly boiled in a cup of water then steeped for half an hour and drunk two or more times per day.

As an external skin wash, the tea of the inner bark can be used for inflammation, cuts, scratches, wounds, burns, eczema, strong perspiration and sore eyes.

The inner bark can be chewed or boiled to make a poultice for muscular and joint pain, and applied thickly

as a healer for cuts and wounds after drawing the edges together. Cree Indians have eaten the inner bark of Poplar in early spring, as have other folk when food is scarce, often as a flour extender or soup base.

Boiled in fat (often bear fat, though coconut oil will do) the buds are considered a soothing salve to be used for earaches and a nasal application to cure coughs and colds in adults and children. When Poplar buds are added to them, other ointments are less likely to become rancid.

Poplar root has also found a place in popular medicine. Root suckering being the main means of propagation for a few species of this vigorously growing tree, this is only proper. The main quality of the root seems to be astringency, and the Dene people of the Arctic used it for stopping the blood flow after amputation. Similarly the Chipewewa mixed an equal amount of water and Balsam Poplar Root and steeped it without boiling to give every hour to a woman with 'excessive flow during confinement' and for preventing premature birth. The Delaware and other Algonkians make a strong brew as a tonic for general debility and 'female weakness.' The Tete de Boule people boiled the rootlets until the liquid was syrupy and applied the thick liquid to rheumatic or painful joints.

The sweetish sap layer between bark and wood was scraped in spring or early summer by many native peoples and eaten raw as a delicacy or scrambled up like eggs. They said children especially liked it.

A few native peoples have reported using the cotton (as in 'cottonwood') from the seed carriers as absorbents when treating open sores.

Those people who have handled Poplar trees or logs will recall the white powder that coats parts of the outer bark. This is actually yeast. A few pieces of the bark or scrapings of the powder, added to a sourdough starter mix will get the yeast growing and the bread arising.

Known for using all parts of a buffalo creatively with little or no waste, the Native American peoples seem to have done similarly with the Poplar tree. The Potawatomi even burned the bark and mixed the resultant ashes with lard to make a salve to apply to sores on their horses.

End

**After the game, the King
and the Pawn go into the
same box.**

– Italian proverb

To bee or not to bee

By Ole Hendrickson

Modern industrial agriculture is caught on the horns of a dilemma. It tries to reduce costs and maximize the food grown in a given area by eliminating all species other than the desired crop plant. But this decreases populations of earthworms and other soil animals that break down crop residues and maintain soil fertility, and of beneficial insects that limit pest outbreaks.

If these species disappear, the ecosystem services they provide must be replaced. This requires fertilizers and insecticides. These are produced and applied using increasingly expensive fossil fuels. The cost of food goes up with the price of a barrel of oil. Crop pollination is another ecosystem service that is being put at risk by industrial agriculture and linked to the price of oil.

Modern beekeepers and their honeybees travel around the continent. A West Coast beekeeper might truck hives to California for almond pollination in February, to Washington for apple pollination in March, and North Dakota for honey production in July. An East Coast beekeeper might travel between Florida vegetable fields in winter and Maine blueberry fields in summer.

Many beekeepers make more money from pollination than from honey. Now, however, their honeybees are dying at unprecedented rates - a phenomenon known as "colony collapse disorder". Queen bees are vanishing. Hives do not survive the winter.

Honeybees and native insects pollinate well over half the plant species we eat. Although wheat, corn and other grains have wind-blown pollen, our diets would be very poor without

the many plant species that rely on insects to transport their pollen. These include almonds, apples, beans, blueberries, cabbage, carrots, coffee, coconuts, onions, oranges, sunflowers, and strawberries - to name only a few.

Without insects, farmers would have to pollinate each individual flower by hand. About twenty years ago, Sichuan Province in southern China lost its pollinators to excessive pesticide use. Now, thousands of villagers climb apple and pear trees each spring, dipping brushes made of chicken feathers and cigarette filters into plastic bottles of pollen, and dabbing them on each tree's blossoms.

Imagine how much food would cost if this were done in North America. Lawrence Harder of the University of Calgary co-authored a 2011 study based on United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization data for 1961–2008. He found that although yields of pollinator-dependent food crops were increasing, their increase was less than the average for other crops, and varied more from year to year. To compensate for relatively low and unpredictable yields of insect-pollinated crops, farmers had to cultivate more land. The authors noted that "growth of the human population imposes major challenges for meeting increasing global demand for diverse nutritional diets, despite worsening environmental degradation."

Must we accept a future where insect-pollinated foods are available only to the rich, and the poor suffer the negative health impacts of nutritionally deficient diets? And why are bees dying?

There is no single cause for pollinator death. Honeybees are experiencing disease epidemics caused by mites, fungi and viruses. But what is compro-

continued on page 12



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“Read cover to cover”

The time is right

By Bill Graham, Editor

Ten years ago in September Garry Ferguson asked me to consider taking over the production of the Highlander, which had been the local newsletter for Griffith, Matawatchan and Denbigh for the previous ten years. The Highlander was an 8½ by 11 inch non-colour publication that averaged 24-pages. It was published on a photocopy machine that was owned by Editor Barbara Doyle. The photocopy machine was breaking down and many of the writers wanted to move on—the time was right.

At the time in September 2003, I had just moved to Matawatchan on a full-time basis but was still working in Ottawa as the Editor of an Internet-based national publication for Statistics Canada employees. Running two publications; one digitally based and the other print-based would be challenging. After securing the help and support of a recent friend (Richard Copeland) I had the confidence to say yes to Garry’s offer. A year later I retired from the government—the time was right.

During that first year Richard and I had changed the name of the publication to the Madawaska Highlander, had changed the format to a modified tabloid (10 inches by 13 inches), had added colour and had boosted the distribution from the original 600 to 3000. We did this by expanding into Calabogie, Dacre and Burnstown.

Our first paper in December 2003 was 16 pages with one set of colour and five contributors: Richard Copeland, Garry Ferguson, Evelyn Inwood, Ernie Jukes and I. Carol-Anne Kelly helped us with the advertising for this first paper. By the time of the second paper in March 2004, Doug Smith had joined the ranks as an occasional contributor and some advertising was flowing out of Calabogie. During that first year of publication Floris Wood, Mary-Joan Hale and Wes Bomhower joined the ranks of regular contributors.

During that first year of publication the controversy over the Track (Calabogie Motorsports) was raging. The Madawaska Highlander provided an unbiased forum for both sides of the issue to state their position to the community. That set the tone for the paper’s future handling of contentious issues. So soon after amalgamation of Ontario townships in 2000 we also tried to be the glue that held the townships that became Greater Madawaska together.

During that second year we took on the services of Richard’s tech-savvy son Adam who had just moved to Matawatchan after playing professional hockey in the U.S. With Adam’s arrival, the look and feel of the paper improved immensely.

In early 2011 Richard decided to leave the paper—the time was right for him. The Madawaska Highlander took a vacation during 2011 but in 2012 I partnered up with Adam and we published papers for the two years up till now. Now, I want to retire as Editor of the Highlander—the time is right.

The time is right for me personally but also right because there are local people who want to continue publishing the Madawaska Highlander who are enthusiastic and very capable. They are Mark and Lois Thomson who now live in Matawatchan on a full-time basis. Mark will be the publisher and Lois the Editor. They already own a media company and have a history of working in television for CTV and CBC. Lois has contributed a number of topical well written articles over the last while. Mark has publishing in his genes as his mother was Editor of the Communicator, which was a Matawatchan-based newsletter that predated the Highlander. I will continue to write for the paper but the overall management of the Highlander will be in the hands of Mark and Lois beginning next year.

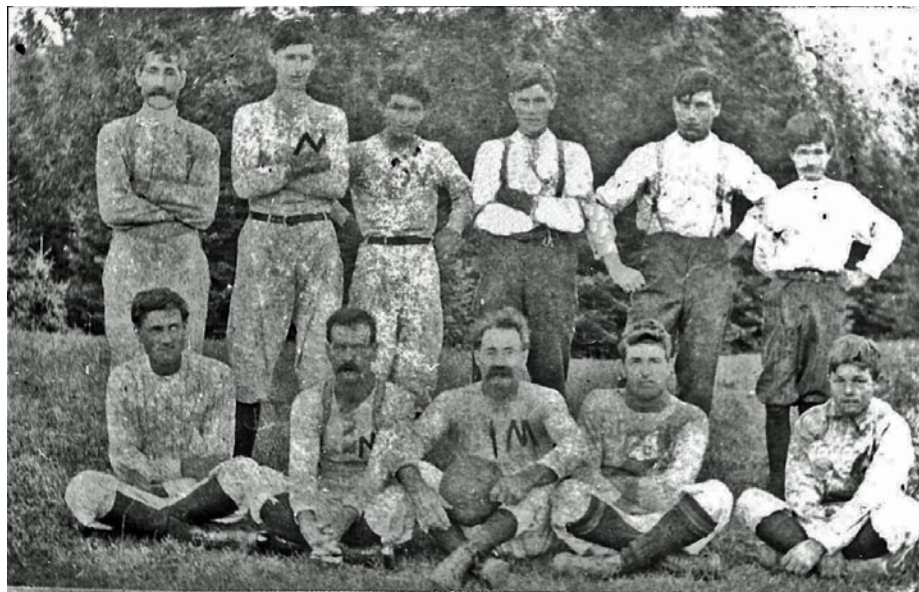
In conclusion I would like to thank all of writers who have over the years contributed to making the Madawaska Highlander a unique and well loved publication. You are the heart and soul of the paper. Thank you to all of our advertisers, without whom there would be no paper. I hope that you will give Lois and Mark the same support that you have given Adam and me. And, last but not least, thank you to our readers. It was your encouragement that often kept me going.

End

**We are here on earth
to do good unto others.
What the others are
here for, I have no
idea.**

– W.H. Auden

Looking back...



Matawatchan football team 1914

A note from the new Editor

By Lois Thomson

It started, as many great conversations do, in the hardware section of the Matawatchan dump, back in 2009. Mark and I bumped into Bill Graham and, after the usual comments about the weather, mentioned that we would be interested in running the Madawaska Highlander if he and Richard Copeland ever decided to retire from the business. He said there was a possibility later on, but that he felt it was important that whoever took over the Highlander would be fully immersed in the highlands and a full time resident. It was clear that the paper was too important to the community to be handed over lightly. So, although we owned a home here and Mark was practically raised here by his grandparents, Basil and Annie Thomson, we weren’t full time here and weren’t really immersed in the community. The time wasn’t right.

Nor was the time right in 2011, when Richard retired and the Highlander ceased to print. The community felt the absence, but Bill was correct; handling the paper from Ottawa wouldn’t have been practical. He didn’t even approach us. So the next year, when Bill and Richard’s son Adam Copeland inked up the presses again, I asked if I could be a regular contributor. At the same time, Mark and I became more and more involved in the community and began planning our escape from the city. The deciding factor for us was the arrival of DSL about a year ago. With reliable high speed Internet, we were now able to run our home based business from Matawatchan and run the paper. The time is right.

Mark and I are pleased and honored to be handed the reigns of the Madawaska Highlander. We’ve always been im-

pressed with the quality of writing and it was exciting to meet most of the contributors at a gathering Bill arranged recently. What an impressive bunch! I’m sure those reigns won’t need much tugging, as these horses seem to know their own way home.

The time is right for us, but this is not a great time for newspapers in general and friends who don’t know of the Madawaska Highlander question our decision. The high cost of newsprint, coupled with dwindling subscriptions and ad revenues, have forced the big chains to go online or quit printing altogether. Local reporters are being laid off to save operating costs. Syndicated reports are taking the place of local perspectives on how world and regional events affect us locally. But those are the big papers.

The need for a local paper, such as the Madawaska Highlander, is so strong that people who care about the history, culture, environment and people of this beautiful, rugged land are happy to contribute without remuneration. There is a need for businesses to have an affordable way to reach people in an area that spans the remote ends of at least four counties. There is a need for churches and community groups to invite people to events or to worship together. With patchy Internet use, no cell service and so many seasonal residents, there is a need for a printed newspaper. The Madawaska Highlander is our connection to the past. It’s where we gather to discuss issues of the day and visioning for the future. It’s our voice. It’s our entertainment, too.

Bill assures us that running the paper is a lot of work and a big responsibility.

continued on next page

Griffith Terry Fox Run 2013

By Geoffrey Cudmore

Almost twice as many people as last year took part in the second annual Terry Fox Run in Griffith on Sunday, September 15th. With course marshals from the Denbigh-Griffith Lions Club and the Griffith detachment of the Greater Madawaska Fire Department, 23 participants ran, walked, and cycled, to raise over \$3,600 for cancer research (up \$1,200 from last year's total). Once again, the event was hosted by Griffith Building Supplies. Top fundraiser was Lions Club president, Brigitte Hoffman who raised \$665.00, with last year's top fundraiser, Scott MacDonald close behind at \$620.00. Top Team was Team Cudmore which raised over \$1,200.00.

This was the 33rd year that runs have been held in Canada and around the world in memory of Terry Fox and his Marathon of Hope, to raise funds for cancer research. In 2012 millions of Ontarians participated in 225 community and 3,900 school based Terry Fox events, raised close to \$12 million for cancer research.

Next year's run will be held on Sunday September 14th. After consulting with this year's run participants it has been decided that next year's run will start an hour later at 10:00 am. So mark your calendar now!

End



Race participants at Griffith Building Supply

New Editor (Cont)

ity, but it's very rewarding work and it does pay for itself. I will be the editor and handle graphic design, web site and layout. Mark will be the publisher and handle accounting, advertising sales, administration and distribution. He will also contribute an article or two in his spare time. Bill will continue to contribute and we're hoping Jamie will continue to proof read.

We take up this labour of love with enthusiasm and look forward to seeing what our contributors come up with for our first publication in the spring.

Thank you, Bill. The time is right.

Lois Thomson

Griffith/Matawatchan News

By Garry Ferguson

Looks like the "Lions" are not about to rest on the successes of their summer projects, such as the Show and Shine that drew 127 vehicles for show. The *Mercury* provided excellent coverage including a colour photo of Al Kitching blowing his horn. With that kind of exposure he should have no problems in charging a toonie for his autograph.

As of September 18, the **Fellowship Luncheons** were back on the social calendar. They are always a great opportunity to belly up to the trough every third Wednesday of the month for an excellent feed. While you're marking up the calendar for those feeds, you might draw a big circle around **December 07. From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.**, local crafties will pay \$10 for a table at the Lions Hall to display their wares. This will be an opportunity to support our artisans and to get a jump on that Christmas gift-buying thing.

You might want to get into the spirit of the Season by taking the young'ns to the Lions **Children's Christmas Party** on the afternoon of December 15: the kids always have fun for sure, but I think the Lions have even more according to the talking drums. You might extend the season's spirit by investing in a \$20 ticket, or two, for the 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. **Lions New Year's Eve Bash**. There will be a midnight buffet and a DJ will provide the music.

The 7 p.m., every-second-Friday **eu-chre in the Griffith Hall** began this year on September 06. The next date will be October 18. Denny Barnes has made a great effort to maintain this night-out for the community, but warm bodies at the tables are badly needed, so if you are interested at all in having this activity continue, don't procrastinate. Small prizes are awarded and a \$2 entry fee covers incidental costs.

On Sunday, September 29, friends and acquaintances of **Gary** (of the one "r" persuasion) and **Ruby Malcolm** gathered at the Denbigh Hall to show appreciation for their gigantic contribution to the community over the years. A potluck supper followed up by an evening of music and merriment brought folks out from Denbigh, Hardwood Lake, Vennachar, Griffith and Matawatchan. Anyone who ever threw a fund-raiser, or any other event in any of those places, could always depend on Gary and Ruby being there.

They could always be seen; front and centre making things happen, at the Denbigh United Church, Lions functions, food bank, recreation events and luncheons not to mention their many music festivals. Though Denbigh can boast a host of citizens active in com-

munity affairs, Ruby and Gary were remarkable standouts. We at the *Madawaska Highlander* wish them much happiness under the bright lights (and on the mean streets) of Renfrew. Given their inclination to step in whenever needed, I'm pretty sure that they'll, literally, explode onto their new social scene, but they'll, sure as heck, leave a big hole in that of Denbigh.

From 5 to 10 p.m. on Sunday November 03, The Matawatchan Hall Board, in cooperation with the Cultural Committee, will host a 5 p.m. to 10 p.m., **benefit supper** – beef pot pie in case you're interested - and a **concert** in the Matawatchan Hall. The Pickled Chicken String Band will provide the music. Beer and wine will be available at the cash bar – mainly for those who remember to back off a bit on the pot pie and save enough room. All proceeds from the \$15 per head (\$30 if you happen to have two heads) will go toward hall renovations with the aim of providing a refurbished and winterized building to be used 12 months a year.

The Matawatchan Hall Board will hold its **Annual General Meeting** in the Matawatchan Hall at 7 p.m. on Tuesday October 15. Plans to raise funds and upgrade the Hall to a four-season centre will be presented and discussed at this meeting. All the considerable energy, expertise and talent of the Cultural Committee members will be thrown behind the project since the two groups are now collaborating on achieving this goal. If you have any interest at all in seeing it accomplished, then come on out and show your support.

The **Matawatchan Market** will take two more kicks at the can before the end of the year. The first will take place from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Saturday October 12. There will be a gently-priced homemade lunch and a large selection of produce. The second, their **Christmas Market**, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturday November 30 will, of course, offer up a homemade lunch (nothing in Matawatchan ever happens without tying on the feedbag) and there will be, again, a large selection of goodies, produce, crafts and items that could just fill a few holes in that Christmas gift list. The Board would love to have you come out, socialize over lunch, do some rubber necking (not to be confused with romantic necking) and perhaps go home with a treasure or two. (not to be confused with Market staff)

St. Andrew's United Church in Matawatchan will offer up its annual **Hunters' Supper** from 5 to 7 p.m. (or until all guests are full even if it takes all night) on Saturday November 09.

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Bogie Beat

By Skippy Hale

What a summer it has been! As you wake up and pop out of bed, you look out the window. Is it hot, cold, snowy, wet, foggy or all of the above? That sums up the weather this year. I have a rule about when to pack away one season's clothes and bring out the new ones. This year had me bouncing back and forth like a yoyo. Some days I put on shorts only to change into wool-lies by noon and into rain gear by four o'clock and then back into shorts before flannelettes for bedtime. I think it would have been easier to just put on layers and add or subtract hourly as the weather goblins tussled with each other for supremacy. One must not take anything for granted and 'Be Prepared' as Baden-Powell taught us back in the day. Memories of last year's Macro-burst were relived again this year. Enough 'Canajan' talk about the weather!

Canada Day 2013 was celebrated in good style again on Madawaska Street by the lake. There were attractions for all ages. Children bounced to their hearts content in a giant bouncy bubble; scavenged for items to fill a list for a prize; tried the fish pond for prizes; folks chomped on food from various vendors; ate beef-on-a-bun and strawberry shortcake at St. Andrew's United Church; bought pies from the Most Precious Blood Catholic Church (gratefully sharing the United Church Hall). There were various other activities going on all day including music and games of chance. Canada Day in Calabogie is topped off by the best fireworks ever. The Fire Department does a fine and safe job every year with this

display and 2013 topped them all.

St. Gabriel's Historical Preservation Committee set up a booth to highlight the work being done on the pioneer Catholic Church in Springtown. "St. Gabriel's Memory Book" by Carol McCuaig was on sale. This book celebrates the history, not only of the building itself, but mostly of the families who built and worshipped at the church. Copies of the book are still available and can be purchased at Most Precious Blood Church, McCrea's Heating and Air-conditioning and by mail from Carol McCuaig. Email me for details

The churches in the village hosted various events over the summer. Calabogie Bible Fellowship held a Yard Sale to raise funds for the Food Bank which is housed at their church and supported by the United and Catholic churches as well. St. Andrews is famous for their church dinners and we enjoyed the fruits of their labours over the summer. Most Precious Blood Church held their annual Yard, Bake and Plant Sale, BBQ and Musical Show. It was well attended and all left with full tummies and some treasures and baked goods while humming songs from the musicians. All of these events bring the village together to cement feelings of community and sharing of friendship and memories.

On September 15, 2013, Most Precious Blood Church celebrated 100 Years as a parish. Bishop Michael Mulhall was present to celebrate the Mass of Thanksgiving with Father Pat Blake as con-celebrant. After mass, the congregation and guests met in St. Joseph's School Gymnasium for a reception. A wonderful historical display of pictures, newspaper clippings and a photo album were available to view and travel

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down memory lane. While the church celebrated its Centennial in 1995, until 1913, it had been a Mission Church. In September 1913, it was established as a parish by Bishop Ryan with Father W.H. Dooner as the first parish priest.

Sadly, he is retiring as Editor to pursue his other many interests. Thanks Bill for your friendship and guidance. I look forward to meeting Mark and Lois Thomson.

Since The Madawaska Highlander's inception one person has been a constant mentor for me. He has worked tirelessly to keep this wonderful local paper coming to our mailboxes several

I enjoy writing these stories about happenings in Calabogie. If you wish to have your stories presented, email me (bogibeat@gmail.com) or call me (613-752-9944) with details.

End



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Community Calendar

CHURCH SERVICE SCHEDULE

GRIFFITH AND MATAWATCHAN

St. Andrew's United Church
Aug to Jan. Sunday Worship 11:30 a.m.
Feb. to July Sunday Worship 8:30 a.m.

Our Lady of Holy Rosary Catholic Church
Sunday Mass 11:00 a.m.

Hilltop Tabernacle
Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.
Evening Service 6:00 p.m.

DENBIGH AND VENNACHAR

Vennachar Free Methodist Church
424 Matawatchan Road 613-333-2318
Sunday Worship 10am
Sunday worship will return to 11 a.m. starting on Sunday, September 9th.

St. Luke's United Church
Sunday Worship 10:00 a.m.
Sunday School 10:00 a.m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m.

The New Apostolic Church
Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
Sunday Worship 10:30 a.m.
Wednesdays 8:00 p.m.

Burnstown

St. Andrew's United Church
Sundays at 10:15 a.m.

CALABOGIE

The Calabogie Bible Fellowship Congregational Church
The Mill Street Chapel at 538 Mill St.,
Regular service – Sundays 10:30 a.m.
Information: 613-752-2201

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church
504 Mill St., Rev. Father Pat Blake
Sundays 10:30 a.m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church
Mount St. Patrick
Sundays at 9:00 a.m.

Calabogie St. Andrews United Church
1044 Madawaska Dr. (on the waterfront)
Church Services Sunday Mornings at 8:45 a.m. Communion
1st Sunday of every month.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Calabogie

Children's Halloween Party
Friday, October 25th at Greater Madawaska Public Library
6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Christmas Craft Show
Calabogie Community Centre
October 26

Christmas in our Town Concert
December 7

Santa Clause Parade
December 8

Pre-school Program: Storytime is held every Thursday from 10am to 11am at the Library. It is aimed at children from 0-6.

Calabogie Seniors' Dinner & Meeting, last Thursday of each month, 5 pm Community Hall. from Oct. to April. Barnet Park from May to Sept. All seniors 55+ welcome. 752-2853

Renfrew South District Women's Institute Celebrating 100 Years 2013
www.rsawi.ca

Calabogie Branch email CalabogieWI@gmail.com
Branch meetings held at Calabogie Community Hall /
2nd Thursday of the month at 7:30
Contact/Marg MacKenzie/Pres.613-432-3105
Contact/Hennie Schaly/Sec.613-752-0180
Guests/new members welcome!

Calabogie Arts and Crafts
Every 2nd Monday (if holiday, then 3rd Monday),
10:00 am – 1:00 pm, Community Hall,
prospective members most welcome
(\$15 per year), 752-1324

Lion's Club Bingo every Wednesday,
7:15 pm, Calabogie Community Hall,
752-0234.

The Calabogie and Area Ministerial Food Bank
538 Mill Street,
2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month
9:00 am to 10:00 a.m.
For emergency situations, please call 752-2201

Dacre

Harvest Bingo at the DACA Center
Sunday, Oct 20th at 7 pm.
There will be turkeys, hams, and prizes up for grabs.
The cost is \$15.00 for 5 cards good for the whole night.

Griffith & Matawatchan

Matawatchan Hall Annual General Meeting
October 15 at 7:00 p.m.

Hunters Sunday Dinner Party November 3, 5:00 to 10:00
Featuring hillbilly music by The Pickled Chicken String Band
Join us for an evening of entertainment and a hearty home-cooked meal of chicken or beef pot pie tossed salad and a great dessert!
All for \$15 a person. Wine and beer available. Proceeds to the Matawatchan Hall winterization fund.

St. Andrew's Church Hunter's Supper October 9 from 5 to 7 p.m.
Roast Beef dinner followed by Matawatchan home-baked pies

Fish & Game Hunter's Ball October 9 from 8 pm to 1 am
At the Matawatchan Hall
DJ, cash bar & a light lunch

Matawatchan Community Thanksgiving Market
Saturday Oct. 12 from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Matawatchan Hall

Matawatchan Community Market Christmas Market
Saturday Nov. 30 from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Home-made market lunch and Many Christmas possibilities

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Bingo
Bingo: Every second Tuesday nights:
Oct. 15; Oct. 29; Nov. 12; Nov. 26
Monster Bingo December 10

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Euchre
From October 18 every second Friday

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club Children's' Christmas Party
December 15 in the afternoon
Lions Hall – Griffith

Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club New Years Eve Party
December 31 – from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
DJ and a midnight buffet
\$20 per ticket

Griffith Christmas Craft Sale
December 7 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Griffith Lions Hall

The Pickled Chicken String Band
Every Monday from 5 pm to 7 pm
At the Pine Valley in Griffith

Bert's Music Jam
Every Thursdays 5 to 7:30 p.m.
Pine Valley Restaurant

Fellowship Lunch at noon
Denbigh – Griffith Lion's Club

Meet the third Wednesday of each month General Wellness assessment by local Paramedics available at each lunch. Diabetes Outreach Program every 3 months
contact Lois Robbins at 333-1082.
All Seniors Welcome

Northern Lights Seniors meeting to follow at 1:15 p.m.
Euchre -first & third Friday of each month at 7:00 p.m. at Lions Hall. Jan. – June

Denbigh

Music in the Hall
Denbigh Hall
Every second Sunday 1 to 3 pm

Diners Club
Dinners are held the first Monday of the month at the Denbigh Community Hall at 12 noon. Full Course Meal \$6.00.
Contact Faye Mieske at 333-2784 or Irene at 333-2202 for information.

St. Luke's United Church, Denbigh
Exercise Group - Tuesdays 9:30 a.m.

HEALTH CARE FOOTCARE CLINICS
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“Fire, fire!” Said Mrs Mcguire!!!

By Antonia Chatson

‘FIRE FIRE!’ SAID MRS MCGUIRE.
‘WHERE WHERE?’ SAID MRS BEAR
‘ALL OVER TOWN!’ SAID MRS BROWN.
‘GET SOME WATER!’ CRIED HER DAUGHTER.

It was early afternoon on a Sunday late in May. My father and I had just finished a silent lunch of beans on toast. My mother was upstairs with a migraine. Although she said little during migraines or other sicknesses, she made it abundantly clear that if she were not well, no one else should be enjoying good health. In whichever house we were in, either in Richmond Hill or Shelburne, a pall would descend upon the arrival of a headache or other ailment, forcing my father and I to sneak around the house on tip-toe and communicate in whispers. My mother always seemed to enjoy being at the centre of a melodrama. Everything she did was larger than life. When she sneezed - she sneezed and was probably heard by most of the county. My father was constantly reminding her, “Now Helen, don’t voice your sneezes!” If she felt affronted by someone, it was cause for war. So today, the end of the world was imminent. So after my father and I had tip-toed through lunch, had tip-toed through the dishes, we then tip-toed out the back door. My father whispered to me that he was going to heel in some trees that he had not planted yesterday, and I whispered to him that I would be around somewhere.

I was not sure what I was going to do to pass the time, but being outside was infinitely preferable to remaining inside the house. I was not one to be idle for long - and it might be quite some time till my mother was up to driving back to Richmond Hill, which no doubt would be a long, silent hour’s drive back. I began to amble down towards the drainage ditch to see what excitement it might have in store for me. Probably not much! There had been less snow last winter than usual, followed by a dry spring, so with less run-off and little rain the ditch consisted now of a few small pool of water joined by thin trickles. Half way between the house and the stream, I noted once again an irritating area of thick marsh grass which was liberally interspersed with patches of burdock and thistles. As my father never allowed the use of 24D to terminate obnoxious weeds, what was not mowed by my mother’s scything, was allowed free range on the farm. As I looked at it, I could see last year’s rank growth had fallen, laid on and flattened by last winter’s snow and now was a tan jumble of matted grass and weeds. It offended my sense of propriety. I

had often heard the farmers talking about what wonderful crops of grass would emerge, after the dry, dead material on the ground had been burned off. I knew that if I discussed this matter with my father, he would say no to burning. I felt he always seemed rather partial to weeds in general. As my mother was out of commission, I could not discuss this matter with her. And so - I hatched my plan!

I tip-toed back to the house, quietly entered the back door, secured a box of matches from the wood box by the stove, and tip-toed back outside. I did consider that it might be a good idea to take along two buckets of water, just in case the fire decided to head off in the wrong direction. So I quickly pumped two buckets of water from the well and took them with me. I placed them on the ground near a particularly lumpy heap of weeds, lit a match, threw it on the pile and watched with pleasure as it quickly began to consume the dried growth.

As my decision had been hastily made, I had completely overlooked Murphy’s third law, which states that no matter how little wind there is before a fire is started, the moment a flame is present, the wind will pick up immediately and fan the flame in the direction of the densest, burnable material. My initial pleasure dissipated rapidly as the flames were blown higher and lapped up material at an extremely fast rate. I took up one bucket of water and threw it to my right, where the speed of the flames seemed the greatest. Good! That fixed that side. I took the other bucket and doused the other side. I hoped to be able to control the roadway of flames that were heading due east, towards 30 side road, a snake rail fence and a line of chokecherry bushes.

However, the progress of the fire picked up. The water I had poured onto the flames seemed to make them more determined to stay alive. Ah, yes, that was Murphy’s fourth law! I tramped around the edges of its progress till my rubbers were hot. Although my eyes were fixed on the ground, I did notice a movement to my right. I looked up quickly to see my father with a burlap sack in his hands, flailing at the rippling flames. Thank you, Daddy. Now at least there are two of us at it. We kept up the pace for what seemed an eternity, but the flames just kept racing ahead of us - and you would never believe how much smoke there was. Another movement caught my eye and I looked up from my bent position to see three trucks, slowly cruising down 30 side road - apparently drawn by the smoke. What a field day they would have - watching the city professor and his stupid daughter, vainly attempting to put out a grass fire, in near drought conditions, in what were

rapidly becoming gale force winds. I bent my head down in shame, and continued on with my futile task. I could have died of embarrassment.

Time for me, seemed to stand still. First there was my father, then the three trucks coming down the road, then there were several men racing over the field with grain bags, each taking a section of the ever expanding circumference of flames. I glanced up again to see more vehicles, driving down the road and speeding up as they saw the dilemma and even more farmers beating at the flames. By this time the wind had changed direction. It was now just as strong, but coming from the east and blowing the flames in the direction of our house. I was not too worried about that for the flames could do little damage to a stone house, but they would love to get their tongues around a long, fully grown avenue of spruce trees that began on either side of the house and ran down to the road.

I suddenly thought that if I could get another bucket of water and a broom, I could dip the broom in the water and sweep at the flames with that. I felt I could cover more ground and it would be more effective than just pouring water on the flames. I ran back to the house with my buckets and went inside to secure a broom. When I went to the well to pump the water, imagine my surprise to find my mother there in her nightgown, steadily pumping water into buckets and chamber pots for the other fire fighters. She must have been pretty mad at me, and I don’t blame her. She would be annoyed at my starting the fire but equally so in forcing her to get out of bed. When she spied me coming, she made wild movements of her arms as she pumped, moaning and

G/ M News (Cont)

The cost is a measly \$12 for adults, an even measlier \$6 for little adults aged 6 to 12 and a free pass for wee folk five years of age and under. Featured again, along with two big tables piled with trimmings, will be the hip of beef - à la kitchen de Joe Kleiboer - that has become so famous over the past few years. Needless to say, the main course will be followed by the, just as famous, lineup of Matawatchan home-baked pies. Don’t miss this one folks: it’s the bargain of the year. Come early, eat often.

Sandy Downs, of Griffith, is conducting a worthwhile campaign to raise money for **Grimes Lodge**, a free-of-charge Ottawa facility in which cancer patients and relatives may stay during treatment and for **free patient transportation**. When a donation is made, the donor’s name is entered for a draw on a beautiful quilt. A winner will be picked on November 30, 2013. For information, call Sandy at 613 333

groaning in a wild crescendo with each downward thrust of the pump handle. I had no time for her theatrics - I had enough of my own. I grabbed my bucket of water and tore back to the sea of activity which had now been joined by professional fire fighters that had come in two fire trucks that were also parked by the side of the road.

In another half hour, everything was over. Everyones’ face was black, but they were ecstatic that the operation had been successful. I saw my father graciously shaking people’s hands and thanking them for their help. As for me, in all the commotion, I slunk away and hid in the privy for what seemed hours, before venturing out to face my parents. Through all of it, I was just so thankful that people had not just come to observe and taunt, but had come to help.

It was a very late, silent ride back to Richmond Hill. Neither my father nor mother said a word of condemnation to me. They didn’t have to. I did know that if fire trucks were involved and the fire had been set by the owner of the property, then the onus of payment rested on the owner. Every day was an agony of suspense for me until the mail arrived. When nothing did arrive that day from the Dufferin Township Fire Department, there was brief reprieve for me. And then slowly the suspense would begin to mount until the mail arrived the next day.

No bill ever did materialize. It was a hard lesson to learn and a most embarrassing one. I did nothing again, that I did not consult my parents first.

End

1932 or watch for her at almost any local event.

The next **Northern Lights Seniors Club’s** monthly meeting will be held at 1:30 p.m. on October 16, right after the noon-hour **Lions Fellowship Luncheon** in the Griffith Hall. Limited Edition + One will provide a music program after the meeting. Limited Edition is a talented group of (Fiddlin’ Females) women that provides lively music with a piano and a lineup of fiddlers. Ginger Miller of Matawatchan is a member of the group. There’ll be a contest to see who can point out the “+ one.” A few hints: he’s well known to the seniors, he’ll have short hair, not permed and he’ll be puffing on something that ain’t a fiddle.

Fish and Game Club (FAGC) President Brian Sutcliffe, has been approached

continued on page 12



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I'm a logger

By Howard Popkie

In 1956 my Dad got a job cutting logs across the river in Black Donald. We stayed in Jack Price's camp across the Madawaska.

My brother Reuben, Dad and I cut long pines logs, put them on the ice of the river, drilled hoes through the ends and put a chain through them to make a boom. The chain would hold the logs together until spring when the river ice melted. We chained each end of the

big boom to a tree on the shore of the river. Above the boom on a mountain was the place that we put the rollway.

We cut logs with a crosscut saw and hauled them by sleigh to the rollway. In some places the little hills were too steep on the sleigh road so we built a fire to melt the frozen ground so that we could sand the steeper hills on the sleigh road. The sand on the downward slope slowed down the sleigh making everything less dangerous.

My cousin Lloyd came to work with us and he drove the team of horses. Dad kept horses in a wood shed at Jack Price's camp. Lloyd Skriptchuk made me laugh all of the time when I was a kid. He piled the logs high on the sleigh and called it a 'brag load'. He sat on top of the load on a burlap bag that he called a 'dry arse'.


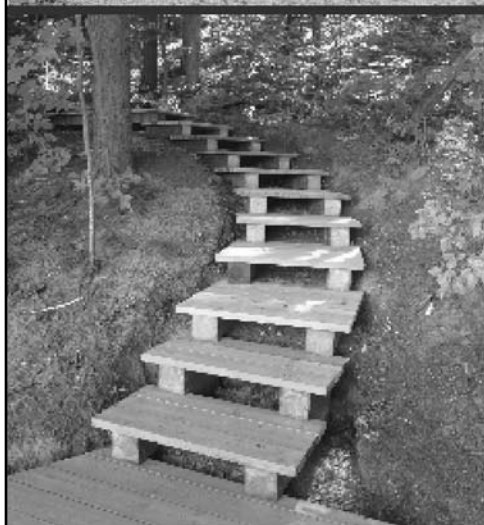

When the rollway was heaped high with logs we just chopped out the little pole that held the front log in place and the whole rollway went down the mountain and rolled out on the ice in the centre of the boom. Then we would fill the rollway up again.

My mother came out to the logging camp to cook for



Reuben and I during the winter that we cut logs. I'm holding my rifle safely like a soldier while Reuben is leaning on the bore of his rifle aiming it at his heart, like the hillbilly that he was

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us. We had one big pig at home that we had to bring to the camp for the winter. My brother Reuben and I went home with a horse and a cutter to hog tie the pig and put it in the cutter for the return trip to Jack Price's camp. The big pig got away on us and Reuben and I chased it down and we were laughing so hard as we rolled in the snow with the pig. We finally got a rope around its feet and loaded it on the cutter.

My Dad boarded an old hound that Dr. Howard Box used only during hunting season. It came along with us to camp as well. It was tied to a chain at its dog house outside and it howled at night when we were trying to sleep. My sister Dale was about three years old and still talked 'baby talk'. She got mad at the hound barking when she was trying to fall asleep and sat up in her bed, real mad, and said: "Ownd shut up!"

End

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The stars are aligning for the Madawaska Highlands Observatory

By Lois Thomson



Artist's conception of the Madawaska Highlands Observatory (image courtesy the observatory).

“As described on your website, the Observatory sounds like it would be a great addition to this region’s portfolio of tourist attractions, its uniqueness and its proximity to the Capital region would be a definite asset to Ottawa.”
- Excerpted from City of Ottawa Economic Development letter to the Madawaska Highlands Observatory

Momentum is building for the Madawaska Highlands Observatory (MHO), which is on its way to becoming a reality in the Highlands. An environmental assessment, which began in August this year, was the first step in acquiring 100 acres of Crown Land for the facility. The assessment is due to be completed in early 2015. Meanwhile, key endorsements are flowing in from businesses, municipalities, scientists, educators and most importantly, from people in the area around Griffith and Matawatchan, where the facility will be built.

These endorsements are a result of a concerted effort by MHO President and CEO, Frank Roy to demonstrate to potential investors that his business model is sound. Rather than taking Frank Roy’s word for it, potential investors are seeing letters from various groups indicating that if he builds it, they will come. This increases investor confidence and of course, investor confidence is critical to finalizing the funding and getting this project underway.

Business relationships with key area attractions are also important. According to Frank Roy, Chris Hinsperger, co-owner of Bonnechere caves has written, indicating a desire to create vacation packages. He sees the benefit to a relationship with the MHO. Likewise, Paul Murphy, owner of Calabogie Peaks is excited about the venture and knows that offering observatory packages will benefit both the MHO and the Peaks. John Haagsma, Superintendent at Bon Echo Park, just 30 minutes away, also sees a fit and expects the MHO will expand the shoulder season in the park. The more visitors know about what there is to do in

the area, the more likely they will come from afar and stay a long time. Plus, the type of visitor the MHO will attract is likely to be interested in the kinds of things the area is rich in, ecology, minerals, caves, trails, etc. It’s a great fit.

This support is attractive to investors and what looks especially good is local support from ordinary citizens. Hundreds of signatures have been collected so far, in a petition started by George Ross, owner of Wildwood B & B in Denbigh. The petition urges local, provincial and federal politicians to do what they can to help the project become reality. Petitions will remain until late October at Griffith General Store, Griffith Building Supplies, Stop 41 Restaurant in Denbigh and Cottage of Hidden Treasures, Matawatchan, should you wish to add your support.

The Township of Greater Madawaska has also pledged to lobby provincial and federal government for support. Area municipalities like Madawaska Valley are excited about the economic potential and jobs the observatory will bring. The Town of Renfrew expects the MHO will become its single largest employer and will change how it markets itself. MHO will include Native star lore in its programming and museum. The Algonquins of Ontario are enthusiastically working on an endorsement letter. City of Ottawa’s Economic Development and Innovation Department sees the observatory as a tourism benefit to Ottawa, where 33% of MHO customers will come from.

Other endorsements indicate an enthusiasm for the educational aspects of the MHO. The Ontario Ministry of Education declared the MHO to be “an engaging and exciting opportunity to support students as they learn about Earth and Space Science, which is a major area of study.” City of Ottawa Parks and Recreation says it will be of great interest to the city’s Day Camp program for educational day trips.

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At this point, watching the progress of the Madawaska Highlands Observatory from the side of the road is like star-gazing without a telescope. It might not look like anything is happening, but there really is a whole lot

going on as the stars align in its favour.

For information about the observatory: www.madawaskahighlandsobservatory.com

End

G/M News (Cont)

by the Research Branch of the MNR with a one-year plan to study Chronic Wasting Disease in deer, considered a high risk in this area. The Ministry will place a freezer at the Griffith General Store within the next couple weeks hoping for specimen donations from hunters. Folks are asked to simply take the head of deer, at least one year old, (be sure to check the calendar and make certain that hunting season has begun) to the store, fill out an available form with name, address and approximate area (within 10 kilometers) where the animal was shot. Anyone wishing to keep horn racks for bragging rights may do so since only the heads (brains)

are required for biopsy. I’m told that donors will get a nice crest and perhaps contribute to a cure for a scourge that seems to be getting closer every year.

The following list of events shows that the FAGC plans to be super active over the next months. Ten dollar tickets for the ATV are on sale until November 16. The winning ticket will be drawn at noon on November 17. Prizes of \$200 each for the largest buck and doe and \$100 for the mystery weight will be awarded in the Buck and Doe Contest. The weigh station is to be at the Griffith General Store. The Hunters’ Ball (cash bar and light lunch) will be held in the Matawatchan Hall from 8

continued on page 18

Bee’s (Cont)

mising their immune systems? Earlier this year the European Food Safety Authority examined neonicotinoid pesticides, which are widely used on grains such as corn whose pollen and nectar are important food resources for bees. It concluded that “A high risk was indicated... for honey bees for some of the authorised uses...”

And large-scale planting of neonicotinoid-coated, genetically-modified, herbicide-resistant seeds poisons corn pollen and nectar, while leaving no weeds to provide safer alternate nectar sources for hungry insects.

Native pollinators can generally substitute for honeybees and save the costs of trucking hives around the continent. But the hedgerows and shelterbelts that provide habitat for native pollinators are being cut down and ploughed to compensate for declining gains in yield of pollination-dependent crops.

Agriculture need not sow the seeds of its own destruction. Our food system can reward organic farmers who work in harmony with nature, drawing on an understanding of ecosystem services such as soil formation, natural pest control, and pollination. *Ole Hendrickson is a forest ecologist and current president of the Ottawa River Institute a non-profit organization based in the Ottawa Valley.*

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The Folk Revival

By Peter Chess

The Folk Revival, which peaked in the early '60s and which produced such commercial successes as The Kingston Trio, Joan Baez, Tom Rush and David Vanronk was the continuation of a revival of traditional American folk music that began in the 1940s and continued through the 1950s. The material, for the most part, came from field recordings made in the 1920s and 1930s by musical archivists and researchers, including and especially, John Lomax, his son Alan Lomax and the poet Carl Sandburg. They recorded and published old ballads, prison songs, Appalachian folk music and black blues. Through the mid 1940s and into the early 1950s a group formed by Pete Seeger, 'The Weavers', enjoyed great popularity amongst left-leaning individuals and those affiliated with the labor movement. During the witch hunt that occurred during the McCarthy era, where artists were suspected of being subversive, or worse, communists, 'The Weavers' came under suspicion and the ensuing campaign to label them as "commies" effectively ended their performing careers, which only served to push the revival underground where it remained active among intellectual and artistic circles. Another stalwart of the populist music of the time was one Woody Guthrie, whose style and content were an inspiration for a young folk singer from Wisconsin. Born Bobby Zimmerman who changed his name to Bob Dylan, he became the single most popular proponent of the 60s folk scene and influenced an entire generation of singer/songwriters.

Against this backdrop during the early 60s, Bill Monroe's popularity had been steadily faltering, in no small part

aided by his legendary stubbornness. Numerous musicians passed through his bands because of his cantankerous temperament and quest for detail. He rarely gave interviews to the press and would very seldom agree to be on television. Ironically, he even canceled a concert at Carnegie Hall when he discovered the promoter was Alan Lomax—the same Alan Lomax whose field recordings had inspired a generation of folkies. Monroe suspected him of being a communist and could not be convinced otherwise even though it was far from the truth.

It is conceivable that had Monroe not retained new management—a fellow musician and bluegrass performer named Ralph Rinzer—his career may have never had the longevity it did. Through his new management, Bill began to get bookings that gave his career a great boost, playing folk shows, mostly on college campuses across the country and introducing himself and bluegrass music to a new generation of fans eager for exposure to the music of their fathers and grandfathers. The music was so well accepted and embraced as an original genre, apart from country music with which it had always been lumped, that Bill was able to found his own bluegrass festival. The Bill Monroe Bean Blossom Festival was inaugurated in 1967 at Bill's own country music park in Indiana that he had purchased back in the 50s. ...The festival ran into the mid-90s and spawned a myriad of festivals dedicated to bluegrass music, which today number in the thousands and can be found in every nook and cranny of the countryside all over North America and Europe as well.

This exposure created a second generation of musicians playing bluegrass during the mid- 60s, some of whom had played in first generation bands from a young age. Included in this group are Doc Watson, JD Crowe, Sam Bush, Bela Fleck, John Hartford, Jerry Douglas, Norman Blake, Del McCoury and Tony Rice, to name just a few. In one collaboration, first generation fiddler Vassar Clements joined progressive mandolin player David Grisman, Grateful Dead front man, Jerry Garcia (on banjo) and Peter Rowan on vocals in a group they called, sarcastically, "Old And In The Way" Spurred on by his changing fortunes and the revival in general of the music, Bill granted an interview in the influential folk music magazine "Sing Out," and was recognized in a lengthy article that for the first time in print called him "The Father" of bluegrass music. Accordingly, at the very first national bluegrass festival in 1965 at Roanoke Virginia, Bill was the central figure. Even after the folk revival faded in the mid-60s it left a loyal audience for bluegrass music. During his later years Monroe's compositions were mostly instrumentals as he settled into his role as a musical patriarch who continued to influence a younger group of musicians.

During the 1980s he recorded two albums of duets, the first with current country stars and included EmmyLou Harris, Waylon Jennings and the Oakridge Boys, while the second paired him with prominent bluegrass musicians of the second generation. A 1989 live album celebrated his 50th year at the Grande Ole Opry. He continued a hectic touring schedule as well and in April 1990 he performed for Farm Aid IV in Indianapolis with Willie Nelson, John Mellankamp and Neil Young. In April 1996 he suffered a major stroke that effectively ended his performing

career and passed away on September 9th 1996 four days shy of his 85th birthday.

The awards and accolades presented to him are too numerous to mention. Bill Monroe had always considered himself the father and caretaker of bluegrass. He would often say of new bands that did not perform to his standards: "That ain't no part of nuthin"...Even those who question the scope of bluegrass music refer to Monroe as a musical giant and recognize that without him there would be no bluegrass music. I will let Ricky Skaggs have the last word on Bill Monroe. Ricky Skaggs is an extraordinary mandolin player who was six years old when he first appeared onstage with Bill and his band. He stated: "I think Bill Monroe's importance to American music is as important as someone like Robert Johnson is to blues or Louis Armstrong is to jazz. I think he's the only musician that has a whole style of music named after his band."

See you all next year...Pete

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The Intern in the Downturn

By John Roxon

Recently, my daughter and I have had a running dialogue on the state of the workplace today; particularly as it relates to anyone who graduated within the past six years or so. Her main grievance, as it is with many of her peers, was about the low starting pay and the lack of good entry level jobs. That is, of course, if anyone can even find something directly related to their field of study. One hot button topic is that of internships. Many young people, in order to gain work experience, feel that they're forced to offer their services gratis in hopes of getting some training. These "trial by fire" jobs more often than not result in very little training and the prospect of kicking the can of huge student debt loads farther down the road.

Should there be strict rules on internships so they don't get used and abused as they do now?

Should businesses receive some sort of government credit for training employees?

Should universities become much more practical in their course and degree offerings?

Should students everywhere just say no to internships?

Or should students embrace internships and force the issue so that they are taught something rather than just hang out with the sign "gofer" swinging from their neck?

There are irrefutable facts within all this, and definitely two sides to the issue of Internships.

Internships have been abused (they weren't always) as most companies just view it as a source of free labour. And yes, they don't want to put any time into training because they feel that their intern will be gone within six months. That is, for the few companies willing to offer full time, full benefit employment.

It's a bit of a Catch 22 really. Since the intern doesn't receive training, he or she is gone within six months. Yet, training someone is very expensive, and no company wants to see its training dollar vanish out the door as the intern takes his training and heads for greener pastures. It's no surprise that synonyms of intern include commit, confine, immature and incarcerate.

On top of this, the university system has become somewhat a sham. They haven't kept pace with the realities of the job market and there are still far too many useless degrees being issued. Of course, the sheer amount of money

these universities receive through tuition fees that have far outstripped inflation, and through various donations and grants they get from wealthy grads seeking a tax break, is shameful.

Now to add layers of complexity to the situation, we no longer have a mandatory retirement age and personal debt levels are very high – still over 150% of income.

The high personal debt / low interest rate environment is having a profound effect on the world's economy. For one thing, remember that close to 70% of economic output is as a direct result of consumer activity (spending plus healthcare). When consumers slow down their spending, the economy as a whole suffers. It's as direct as that.

To compound things, especially for recent grads, is the fact that so many people in management, in legal circles, PR, advertising - you name it, are hanging onto their jobs way past the old retirement age of 60-65. This creates a ceiling, or more accurately a blockage, so the people under them have fewer opportunities for advancement which means fewer entry level jobs are available. Ironically, many of these people working past their prime are only doing so because their investments are in the toilet and they have taken on high debt - often to fund or help fund their children's post secondary education and to offer support after graduation.

So you see, no matter which angle you look at it, the system is severely crippled.

So, what's the answer? A start may be for each company who hires interns, to do so with a contract. That way it is clear what the intern and the company want from one another. I'm sure there are some interns who are just happy to pad their resumes. Others, perhaps the majority, are eager to learn. The contract should stipulate that the intern will receive full training, but has to stay with the firm for at least two years. If the intern leaves before then, they have to reimburse the company the cost of training.

The bottom line though, is the same as it has always been. Companies are always on the lookout for good people, smart people, self-starters and all that jazz. Unfortunately there still are, as there has always been, too many people who are happy to rest on their laurels of higher education, yet not have a clue how to help the company they are with.

From experience, I can say that at a company where I was previously em-

Continued on page 16

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We had a very busy summer at Greater Madawaska Public Library with 155 child visits to our special summer programming. Thank you to all children who attended and to the parents/grandparents that brought them. Now we turn our thoughts to fall and conjuring up another Halloween Costume Party.

Ghosts and goblins of all ages are welcome to attend our party on Friday, October 25th from 6:30 - 8:30 p.m. at the library. Watch for the glowing pumpkins that will greet you at the door. Come for lots of fun including Halloween stories, activities, treats, surprises, and prizes too!

Prior registration is not necessary, but it would be helpful to know how many are attending, so if you'd like to register please email us at gmp@bellnet.ca or call 613-752-2317. We'll also have a signup sheet in the library at 4984 Calabogie Road. We hope to see you at our Halloween Costume Party October 25th.



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UP THE LINE

By Wes Bomhower

NIPIGON OR BUST

Have you ever eaten a thick beef sandwich toasted on a forked stick over an open fire on a cold winter's day when the temperature is hovering around minus 30 degrees Fahrenheit and it is so cold that once you step away from the fire, you must put your mitts back on or suffer frostbite to your fingers while enjoying your sandwich? It is a taste sensation you will not soon forget especially if the sandwich is followed by a steaming mug of tea which has been brewed over the same fire in a large galvanized pail. There may be a few twigs or pine needles floating in the tea, because after all, the tea was brewed from melted snow gathered in the forest, but that bit of debris floating around just enhances the flavour and you will refill your mug more than once. This scenario was an everyday occurrence along the Nipigon River in the latter part of the winter of 1948 where we were constructing another twin pole line which eventually ran from Cameron Falls to Pine Portage. I may send some photos later depicting our frigid lunch break plus other photos portraying the tools of our trade.

Now to return to our original story: About mid February, 1948, in Toronto we were nearing completion of the job, and Morris Pollard the older line-man, was sent to Cameron Falls near Nipigon along with a dozen men to clear a location in the wilderness and erect some large tents plus a kitchen and dining room tent for our new camp. The rest of us tied up all the loose ends in the city and had a big power outage to put the project on line. Then trucks and gear were loaded on C.N.R. freights for the haul to Nipigon.

I decided to go home by train for a last visit with Mom & Dad before heading for the North Country and I told Ike Ritchie where I was going. "O.K." he growled," but be back at Union Station by 10:00 pm on Sunday night to get

your ticket for the north". I had a good visit with my parents and arrived back at Union station in Toronto on Sunday night to find most of the men, including my brother, milling about waiting to board the north bound train. It was extremely mild and raining buckets before we boarded for our long journey and if my memory serves me correctly, it was the first week of March.

We all had berths on the train and I know I slept well that night to arrive in Sudbury Junction by 8:00 a.m. the following morning. Most of us went to the dining car for breakfast while the locomotives shunted the passenger cars around. Little did we realize that they were actually forming up two trains, and one locomotive which was part of the trans-Canada line, took off with some of the cars before the lads returned from breakfast. Alas! They had to travel all day on the different train without their cigarettes, and most importantly, without their liquid refreshments. The two trains finally arrived in Longlac in the evening and we were all back together again for the final haul to Cameron Falls. The weather had turned much colder now and when we disembarked at Cameron Falls sometime after midnight, it was minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit. Some of the guys didn't even have their long johns on and the five ton truck that hauled us the 12 miles out to the new camp just had a tarpaulin built on the back, no heat! Wow! Some men sobered up in a hurry, I'll tell you.

Morris Pollard and his tent building crew had done well and even had the kitchen and dining tent erected with its massive wood burning cook stove all fired up and plenty of bacon and eggs at hand. But there was one problem. The cook was not due for another 24 hours! I never pretended to be a cook but most of the men plus the big boss himself knew I had kitchen experience, so they got me out of my nice warm bed before 5:30 a.m. and there I was, frying up bacon, ham and eggs for everyone and sundry that first morning. Eddie Skinner and Tim Pegg made toast and slapped melted butter on the big slices with a brush and eventually we got

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everyone fed and even brewed strong coffee to warm the innards. I can't recall what we made for lunch, probably sandwiches of some sort, but the cook arrived early and in time to manufacture an impromptu dinner that evening.

Son-of-a-gun! That cook was extremely talented and cooked us some fine meals but he was a 'rubby dub' (so named because of what he drank,) and he got into the orange and lemon extract which has a high alcohol content, and before the week was out, he was fired for failing to wake up one morning to make breakfast (Actually I found him asleep on a table, and could not waken him from his drunken stupor). Guess who was cooking breakfast again so the men could get to work? Yeah, you guessed it, me. I didn't complain though, it was still 40 below outside.

That same evening, our new cook, John Sirkoni came on the scene, an older man but a nicer man you would never meet. He was a great cook, Ukrainian by birth and he still retained a strong accent from his homeland. He could not pronounce my name, so he called me 'small Bobby' Until the day we parted six months later. I worked with John in the kitch-

en off and on that spring and summer and I always had a special place in my heart for this man who was like a father to me. Those were the days!
End

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YOUNG AUTUMNS

By Ernie Jukes of Camp J

I was thinking just last week of some early fall days of our youth as Audrey turned a load of Niagara peaches into her delicious jam ...right here at old Camp J. It was very much like a giant cornucopia of fruit during the fall harvest when I was a kid growing up in the Niagara Peninsula. The plums and pears and grapes were ripe and the Ringed-neck Pheasants scurried through the sweeping golden rudd in the grassy meadows and vineyards. It seemed that if I wasn't there, then I was probably up here at Matawatchan.

After school I would head to the acres of fields fronting historical Secord's bush at the end of our street in an area called Grantham, which is now a ward in the city of St. Catharine's. It was that wonderful time of year again and Spot, my young white and liver Springer Spaniel knew it. She would actually drag her doghouse from the yard and along the sidewalk down the street if you tried to slip by her in hunting season. Ah yes, that special time of year when all outdoors takes on a perfect golden hue and offers a special feeling --- and one that has remained with me ever since.

Of course, I didn't own a shotgun then, but I did have a little 22 Ace single shot that could take a pheasant or rabbit or grouse with quite a degree of stalking. This usually meant many hours unless there were chores or a ball practice or game. At the time, it seemed like an eternity to save the \$7.50 to buy my very first hunting and target rifle at Eaton's. Little wonder, working as a trap boy for a whole 25 cents a day on a cold Saturday or Sunday at the St. Catharine's Skeet and Gun Club was no get rich quick scheme. Those fat, "professional" doctor and lawyer members were not big tippers. In fact they weren't tippers at all! Not even a hot chocolate for craps sake.

Occasionally, we also went to the local farms for those giant Jack Rabbits and on those days if I was fortunate I got to use Dad's handsome 16 gauge Ithaca featherweight pump. It seemed bigger than me, probably because it was. But if I braced myself real good, into almost a 45 degree lean I sometimes got lucky at close range, in spite of the recoil. That as you may have figured was a very long time ago.

In those days, I read all the outdoor magazines I could get my hands on, from cover to cover. I never realized then that one day I would write for virtually all of those periodicals on both sides of the border. Now a few of you may just remember those small black and white but attractively illustrated ads urging the youth of North America to join the famous "Northwestern School of Taxidermy." I imagined the multitude of great grizzlies, moose,

deer, elk and caribou that I would stuff one day after graduating. We would have giant heads over some mantles and full animals standing around in a large trophy room. Some just to lean on and talk lots of hunting stuff and maybe smoke a pipe and try to look important—or at least outdoorsy.

Then by golly, my friend John Speedmore Joyce actually did join that same old, mail order institution. His first really major lesson assignment, after a frog and a white-mouse... was a chicken. He bravely tackled a Plymouth Rock or a Wyandotte, whichever, at any rate it sure took the rush off my becoming a taxidermist. As I recall Speedy gave his prized trophy to Donna Taylor as a Christmas present. She didn't think too much of it either, something about the neck being crooked and that it smelled peculiar, maybe even a bit bad.

Well, strangely enough by coincidence, Spot also had a definite interest in chickens. If they got in her scent path, she would proudly point and then run directly to them, avoiding all else! We sometimes had to quickly run the opposite direction, if the irate farmer took chase. Fortunately my later track prowess was beginning to bud so I avoided capture which would have been terribly embarrassing for this fledgling great white hunter.

Sure Spot was a wonderful bird dog, I would argue, she just couldn't tell the tame from the wild. My buddies would laugh and point their fingers but never the less we still took some really nice ring-necks in front of her and the chickens were mighty tasty as well. Not to mention those incredible Peach pies.

Hall benefit (Cont) End

without a vapour barrier. Add to that two windows that have seals that are gone and three insulated metal doors that need weather stripping. In short, the Matawatchan Hall might be heated more efficiently and be in use all year with an investment of time and money.

Both groups will work together to look into the feasibility of winterizing the Hall by the winter of 2014 / 2015. The first step is new insulation and vapour barrier for the ceiling and the replacement of the ceiling tiles. This would cost around \$6,000 for materials alone. New window and door seals might be covered in the cost. Raising money will begin with a benefit for the Hall on Sunday November 3rd.

The benefit for the Hall is called 'Hunter's Sunday Dinner Party'. November 3rd is the Sunday before 'opening day' of the 2013 deer hunting season. The event starts at 5:00 p.m. and continues until 9 p.m. There will be 100 tickets available at the door for \$15 per ticket.

End

The Intern (Cont)

ployed in management, we hired pretty well only university or college grads in a number of different disciplines. These people came in, put in their time, got paid and then grumbled to their friends over a beer how the job sucked, how they were underpaid and how the company was really doing certain things inefficiently.

Yet, I can count on one hand the number of times, in the past, that someone actually came to my office with a suggestion on how to improve sales or cut costs. When we asked for feedback, we didn't get it. Do these people need more education? No, for it wouldn't help them one iota. Universities are supposed to teach people to see beyond their horizon, to be inquisitive and to be problem solvers. Once you have this, unless you're entering a highly specialized field, you don't need more education, at least not of the institutional variety.

What most people have to realize, recent grads, interns and the middle aged cubicle donkey is that you "really only get what you give". Like it or not, every single business is only about one thing - making a profit. Therefore, all their activities and efforts are for the same end goal, to realize profit. This can be done by either increasing sales,

or cutting costs. Any employee who has useful suggestions that help their company realize this simple goal will be rewarded and retained. Any initiative a person has should always be framed around the notion of either higher profits or reduced costs. It's as simple as that, yet so very few people actually get it.

So, for anyone reading this pondering whether they should offer their services free of charge in hopes of getting a leg up in their chosen profession, I have one question. Is your internship for your benefit, or for the benefit of the company that hires you?

End

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Jonathan Winters-

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Hardy Fruit Trees in the Ottawa Valley

By Robbie Anderman

Fruit trees are generally a long term agricultural investment, so pick your site well, and pick your tree even more carefully.

When I first moved to this area in 1969, there were apple and some plum orchards on every farm, even on most abandoned farms. The wide selection of varieties was awesome and all were hardy enough to endure the coldest weather this area could dish out. Sadly,

most of these orchards have succumbed to neglect, overgrowth of the forest, and clearing of the land for other crops. Still, they amply prove that this area can provide good habitat for hardy fruit trees.

The first criterion one needs to consider when choosing a tree to plant is whether it is sufficiently hardy to thrive in its intended location, not just survive. A handy reference is the Plant Hardiness Zone map of Agriculture Canada. The Arctic is Zone 0, while Windsor's banana belt is Zone 7a. Renfrew town is about 4b, Pembroke town is Zone 4a, Perth and Ottawa are in Zone 5, and

western Renfrew County is Zone 3b or even 3a. Each site will also be influenced by whether it faces south or north, whether it is exposed to strong winds, is close to a stabilizing large body of water, and whether it is close to a building or is at the bottom or top of a hill. Planting a tree that's not fully hardy to your location is playing the "horticultural lottery."

Thankfully most nurseries and tree merchants do label their trees with "hardy to Zone X," so intelligent choices can be made before buying a tree.

There are also numerous publications by Agriculture Canada and OMAFRA (Ontario Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Rural Affairs), plus books by orchardists, which describe not only the hardiness zones for many varieties, but also the taste, color and size qualities. It's worth keeping in mind, even while considering the climate changes we're enduring, that there have been "Test Winters" (1904, 1917, 1934 and 1981) which were especially cold, and so proved which varieties really will survive in an area. We lost several great trees with delicious fruit in 1981, the same year that 30 per cent of all commercial apple trees in Quebec died. Bartlett pears also proved they could not be a guaranteed survivor in the Upper Ottawa Valley.

Pear trees and others

Thankfully, there are many excellent hardy varieties of apple, pear, cherry and plum that have been developed by orchardists in Canada and the northern USA over the past many years. Challenged by adversity, they rose to it and came through with flying colours of good fruit for most every locale. I have sought out the research of the Prairie orchardists and found many varieties that are very happy in Zone 3a, while taking a chance in the horticultural lottery with a couple from Zone 4. For pear trees, I suggest planting trees with rootstocks of *Pyrus Ussuriensis* (Harbin Pear). These are from a region of Northern China/Siberia which missed the last Ice Age, and thus had a longer time to develop true hardiness. Their genes have been bred into many varieties that are also on the market. They have the benefit as well of being immune to Fire Blight, the scourge of European pears, as well as not attracting many bugs or other diseases.

continued on page 19

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EORN (Cont)

The mobility option would charge you \$85.00 per month for a maximum of 10 gigabytes of download. If you are a very light user and download only 100 megabytes over the course of a month then your charges could be as light as \$10 plus appropriate taxes. If you are a heavy user and unlucky enough not to have DSL then you may as well stick with satellite. But, satellite just isn't an option for some but because of the hilly and wooded terrain in our area. Without DSL they are stuck with dial-up. The mandate of EORN mandate was to get high speed to all of Eastern Ontario. There is another gap!

The subscriber base in our area can't grow without high-speed. Right now the town of Haliburton is marketing itself as a high tech hub because it has high speed and more full time residents are leaving the Toronto area to set up businesses and work in Cottage Country. I know this because one of our contributors who has a media business interviewed some business owners there on behalf of the Eastern Ontario Development Corporation.

Just before we went to print we received an email from Ms. Sorenson, which included an answer to my question about the proximity of the DSL

Hub to the Village of Matawatchan. The answer was from Jacqueline Michelis of Bell: "You expressed a number of concerns regarding the existing infrastructure in the Matawatchan. While you are correct that there is fibre in the area, we are informed by Bell Aliant that it is already at full capacity – meaning it cannot serve more people." The irony is that Bell Aliant hooked up many DSL subscribers that were seasonal subscribers (cottagers) and now with winter approaching does not have full subscription.

We do still live in hope of DSL but understand that it may not happen anytime soon. Regardless, the high-speed issue will not be going away and we will be revisiting it in the next Highlander publishing year.

End

G/M news (Cont)

p.m. until 1 a.m. on November 09. The Ice Fishing Derby on Centennial Lake is on for March 01, 2014. The Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters, Zone E, will hold its Annual General Meeting from 10 a.m. until 3 p.m. on October 27 at the Mario Cortellucci Centre in Peterborough, Ontario. Watch for posters and ads to get details of events or call Brian at 613 333 9564.

End

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Hardy Fruit Trees (Cont)

Planting, watering, fertilizing

When planting, keep these principles in mind: Plant your trees far enough apart so they will not touch each other's branches when they are fully mature (yes, that little tree will spread to 25 feet wide). Plan for good drainage: Dig the hole 2-2.5 feet deep and wide enough to fit all the roots without bending, put the top soil on the bottom and the sub soil on the top, keep the roots wet until well planted and then water 2-3 gallons when the hole is half filled and another 2-3 gallons when fully planted. Then pack the soil well to eliminate all air pockets.

After planting, it's best to water with 5 or more gallons 2-3 times a week minimum for the first growing season. Remember that 90 per cent of the feeder roots are in the top 6 inches of soil. Mulch the "drip line" (outer extent of the branches) well with hay, straw, or rotten old sawdust to help maintain moisture, encourage decomposition right where the feeder roots are, and help keep the weeds and grass down. Do keep this mulch at least a foot away from the trunk so as not to provide rodents a home with "lunch" too nearby. Put a plastic or hardware cloth wrap around the tree before winter to discourage rodents and rabbits, at least as

high as the snow drifts in that particular spot. To deter deer, a fence higher and wider than the baby tree is, secured with three tall stakes, will work, though it may need raising as the tree grows. An electric fence will do the necessary work for larger plantings, and even keep away the bears. (Obviously we're growing tasty good food.) Well-composted manure placed under the mulch before mid-June is the best fertilizer, though foliar feeding before mid-summer, and kelp and ground-up rock mineral soil amendments are also excellent to include under the mulch.

Fall planting

Autumn is often the best time to plant. Most soils are unflooded and more friable. Site preparation then is usually better planned and more leisurely. Dormant plants are less stressed as they slow down for the winter. November with her rains settles in the freshly planted roots for an early start in the spring. After the first killing frost until late October is the best time. Then, water well, until freeze up, and mulch well (putting tree guards on to protect from bark eaters) to protect from frost heaving. (With thanks to www.Goldenboughtrees.ca)

The final frontier

Organic fruit has been called the "Final Frontier of Agriculture," as it is very challenging, especially apples, yet worth it in taste and health safety. It's the way our great-grandparents grew their orchards, though it incorporates many new beneficial techniques. www.groworganicapples.com is a great resource to help with this, as is their book *The Apple Grower*.

Integrated pest management (IPM) is another growing practice that is popular and helps keep down the application of chemicals and their costs. If you are fortunate enough to live on a farm with an old orchard, it is well worth the effort to regenerate it. First cut all underbrush and shading trees within 50 feet, then cut out the dead wood. Follow up by clearing up the middle so you

can climb the tree and the sun and air movement can penetrate it. Using lots of good hay as mulch has been proven in studies to be enough good fertilizer and provides enough habitat restoration to bring the trees back to health and good productivity.

It can take a new tree 5 to 10 years to come into production, depending on whether it is semi-dwarf or standard. A well-maintained standard tree can produce good fruit for about 100 years. Hardy fruit trees provide a great return on investment.

Robbie Anderman is a member of the Ottawa River Institute, a non-profit charitable organization based in the Ottawa Valley.

End

Bingo for Fundraising

Sandy Downs is organizing a weekly Bingo at the Matawatchan Hall. It will occur every Thursday beginning October 17 and will run through until the end of November. This is a 50/50 bingo like that of the Canada Day Bingo. Fifty percent will go to the winner and fifty percent will go to organization benefiting from the fundraiser. In this case the bingo will benefit the Matawatchan Hall winterization fund and the Grimes Lodge, which provides free accommodation to cancer patients and family



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