

The Madawaska HIGHLANDER

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Free

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Forgotten Places: Revisiting Balvenie/Khartum (Part 2)

By Garry Ferguson

Author's Note: Most of this article is based on conversations with John Lacourse of Griffith, Ontario as well as on a booklet, "Lest We Forget, Balvenie and Its People" that he compiled and published with the help of his granddaughter, Angela Colterman. I hope they will forgive me for the sections in which I indulged in blatant and shameless plagiarism. I wish to thank John and his wife Bernadette for their hospitality and their patience in dealing with my many questions.

The first Catholic church, built near the Batson Road, was a mission ministered to by priests, once a month, from Mount St. Patrick, 18 miles away. After some years it was abandoned because it was too far from the main road (the Old Addington Road). It was eventually torn down and the material used in part of the church built (1887) in Griffith. For several years masses were said in private homes or in the schoolhouse.

There's a story, still told around Griffith, about the tearing down of this church. On the morning when the teardown was to begin, none of the assembled men, mostly Irish with a penchant for superstition, would begin because they were afraid that if they tore the church down, they would be cursed. It was necessary for Father Dowdall to travel up from Mount St. Patrick to pull the first nail before they'd agree to begin. Even though they participated in the dismantling, they hadn't started the destruction so were not likely targets for a curse.

The first school built in Balvenie (1845) was a small log building near the Batson Road. Here students were taught to grade four. By 1874 however, a larger school was required so a second was built in the vicinity of

the Old Addington Road (now Highway 41). A third school built closer to the main road in 1913 was destroyed by fire so a fourth was erected in 1924. This last school was closed around 1954. The home of Dave and Lorraine Coty now occupies this plot across the highway from Strain Lake.

A man named Daniel Donovan built the first store in the settlement. At that time, he sold tea for 10 cents a pound, flour for 75 cents per 100-pound bag and coal oil for 10 cents per gallon. He was renowned not only because he was the storekeeper, but because he was also the strongest man around. Mr. Donovan obtained all the supplies at Caldwell Station at the time and it's said that one day as he was travelling up a large hill, a barrel of salt pork fell out of his wagon and rolled back to the bottom of the hill. He stopped the horses, walked down the hill, picked up the barrel, which weighed about 365 pounds, carried it back up the hill and tossed it into the wagon.

Daniel also held the local speed record as an axeman. He could chop and pile a cord of wood in an hour. Many men tried but no one ever matched him.

During the late 1800s, Charlie Lett built the Khartum Store that later housed the post office. For many years, Adlore and Mary (sister to John Lacourse) Laroque owned and operated it. In 1953, John and Bernadette bought the establishment from the Laroques and kept it open until 1974. The building burned in 1980.

Note: In his research, our Mr. Charbonneau came up with the fact that the post office opened in 1903 with the name of Lett. He claims that it wasn't until 1908 that the name was changed to Khartum. Since he'd evidently never heard of Balvenie, this led him to believe that the whole area was renamed.

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Calabogie Ski Hill

Artist: Kim Carnegie

New Council is declared

By Bill Graham

Out with the old, in with the new

The election is over, the ballots counted and a new Council is now installed. They will be shepherding The Township of Greater Madawaska for the next four years; until 2010. The race for Reeve was closer than anyone would have expected. Despite not campaigning, J.R. Easton came within 290 votes of catching Peter Emon who was elected Reeve.

The five-way race for the two councillor positions in Ward 1 was also close. The three top candidates were within roughly 100 votes. It was a surprise to many that first-time candidate John Pratt came in first with 691 votes, followed by Don Mercer with 30 fewer votes and Chris Fleming with 105 votes fewer than Pratt. Pratt and Mercer are the elected representatives for Ward 1. Candidates Marie Buscomb and Chantal Coupal shared the remaining 686 votes.

Thomas Ryan and Karin Lehnardt were both acclaimed and complete the new Council.

The last Council meeting of the old administration held in late November was a lame duck period for the outgoing Council when no real decision could be made. Council was able to officially approve many items already recommended by the Committee of the Whole. Chief among the items approved was acceptance of the Strategic Plan Document. Consultants Paul Blais and Rob Wood made a presentation, which was a synopsis of the plan, and gave Councillors a printed copy of the report. Reeve Kristijan remarked that the 'Ten Guiding Principles' from the report should be printed large and displayed in the council chamber.

During the November 23 proceedings, Reeve Kristijan presented her 'End of Term' report that outlined many of her accomplishments in conjunction with other council members. An abbreviated version of that report is included in this issue of the Highlander.

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New council

continued

Another item of note was acceptance of a new municipal logo that was recommended by committee. The graphic elements representing Greater Madawaska are a tree, rocks and a river. The attractive graphic will eventually find its way onto municipal letterhead, business cards, flags, municipal vehicles, etc. The loon that has been an unofficial logo will be gradually retired.

The December 11 Council meeting was strictly an inaugural meeting. The formal part of the meeting opened with the singing of the national anthem and an opening prayer / invocation by Rev. William Griffith. Chief Administrative Officer John Baird then administered the Oath of Affirmation / Allegiance to the new reeve and councillors. This was followed by, among others, the announcement of appointments for the 2006-2010 term, a presentation to out-going councillor Bruce Parker and an inaugural address by Reeve Peter Emon. During his address Reeve Emon touched on the importance of strategic planning:

“In the election campaign and during the Strategic Planning process the message was clear - development

was recognized as necessary but it needs to continue to be controlled and it needs to be seen as reasonable. Growth and development is an important issue for Greater Madawaska. As development continues at its present rate, we need to be ready for it, our planning documents predict no significant slow-down. Council will work to ensure the integrity of the environment and to preserve and enhance the quality of life valued by the residents of Greater Madawaska.

We are most fortunate our construction values have been in the range of \$7 million over the last three years and will be close to \$8 million this year. The estimates we have indicate 320 new homes will be constructed over the next 10 years and 800 new residents will arrive in the same period.

The development charges bylaw is the municipality’s commitment to you to provide funding, approximately \$720,000, for the infrastructure needed to accompany this growth. This very important piece of our future will be discussed and implemented prior to the end of this year.”

He also promised improvements in communications with ratepayers: “Council wants to improve our communication with you - the ratepayer. We will issue more press re-



**The new council: Back (L-R) Tommy Ryan, Don Mercer, John Pratt
Front - Peter Emon and Karin Lehnhardt**

leases and all council members, early in the term, will have municipal email addresses which they can access from home. I am hopeful we can move to an electronic pop up service which you can subscribe to and we can send out mass municipal email blips which document coming meetings and agendas for council and committee meetings. Ideally I hope we can get to the point where if there is an issue appearing on the proposed agenda you can offer comment prior to the meeting or schedule a presentation to council.”

Following the many real accomplishments of the old council and the introduction of new procedures made by John Baird during the last term, the new administration will have a clearer route forward though with many of their own challenges to face.

End

Warmth through window covers

By Janet McNeill

This article is fifth in a series by the Ottawa River Institute on energy innovators in the Ottawa Valley. As we all know, oil, gas and coal are finite resources. The supply of both is expected to begin to decline soon, and prices to rise sharply as a result. Since the burning of fossil fuels also contributes to climate change, it behooves us all to learn more about conservation and alternatives. Fortunately, here in the Ottawa Valley there are many pioneers leading the way!

With winter on its way, and fuel costs rising, it’s a good time to hear about innovations in the area of window coverings – especially since, according to the Ministry of Municipal Affairs, heat loss through windows can account for as much as 25% of the average fuel bill.

Window quilts are one very effective type of insulated window covering. They usually consist of layers of fabric, insulation, mylar, and lining quilted together and made into attractive Roman shades. When made to cover a window opening and fitted with magnetic tape or wooden strips on hinges to seal them shut when they are lowered, they can increase the insulating value of a window from four to five times over that of a double-pane glass window!

Arnprior resident Dorothy Allemang has been making and using window quilts since the early 1980’s when she learned about them from a provincial government publication. During the 80’s and early 90’s, she made many attractive and practical creations for customers all over the Ottawa Valley.

According to Dorothy, window quilts greatly increase the comfort level of a room in both summer and winter. In summer they keep the radiant heat out and in winter they keep the radiant heat in. They also block air currents. They are an ideal do-it-yourself project for someone who sews, as they are not overly complicated to make. A complete guide to making them, called “Shades for Comfort” can be downloaded free from the internet at www.warmcompany.com.

There are many other ways warm up your windows. One ingenious soul from the Killaloe area recently told me about two kinds of window coverings she has experimented with. The first was for three, large south-facing windows in her former apartment. She took two-inch white Styrofoam boards, cut to fit the window opening and covered them with bed coverings not then in use. Each day in the winter, as the day wore on and the temperature grew cooler, she would place

the covered boards into the windows, saving a great deal of heat from escaping through the windows in the process. She also used them in the summer, to keep the apartment cool.

Now she is in a different home and continuing her window-covering experiments for her two sets south-facing windows and a patio door, around which heat loss is generally considerable. For the summer months, she put together a layer of cotton broadcloth with a silver emergency blanket, using duct tape to hold them together and grommets for hanging purposes. For winter, still experimenting, she is adding a layer of reused drapery fabric, reinforced with more grommets. It delights her to think that, in doing this, she is both saving energy and reducing waste by creating new purpose for drapery fabrics and bedding not otherwise in use.

If you are interested in learning more about making window quilts or window coverings, or if you have tips of your own to share, please contact the Ottawa River Institute at 613-735-6444. Workshops on making insulated window quilts and/or boards can be organized if sufficient numbers of people are interested in attending.

End

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Thanks to Jamie for proof reading

Balvenie continued

Though separate from Khartum, the Spain Mine and the small village it spawned was a part of Balvenie. Motorists travelling in a north-easterly direction along Highway 41 toward Dacre encounter the Spain

her husband Jim by many years.

Given her temperament, it was not surprising that she constantly fought with her neighbour Abe Gordon who happened to be of the Jewish faith. On a certain day when the parish



Picture taken in 1923 on the Haley-Teeple road: The workers left to right: (unknown), Charlie Teeple, Saul Teeple, Joe Paul Lacourse, Harry Teeple, Tom Haley, Jim Freezie, Napoleon Lacourse and Jake Lumas.

Mine Hill after rounding Strain Lake across from the Merchand Lacourse Road. The molybdenite mine, begun in 1912 by a J. Legree of Renfrew, was situated at the top of this hill. At one time the operation consisted of a steam-powered refinery, buildings with large kitchens, dining rooms and sleeping quarters as well as separate office facilities. Though all operations ceased around 1920, evidence of the workings can still be seen.

As in any of the isolated pioneer communities, Balvenie possessed a great oral tradition. Through this tradition of stories, yarns and anecdotes, we know almost as much about the interesting characters of early Canada as we do about our current neighbours. One such character that maintains significant notoriety to this day, because of her cantankerous ways, is old Mrs. Doorly who lived alone because she'd survived

priest was passing on the road that ran close to her doorstep, (across Highway 41 from where the White Camp stood at Lambert Road) he stopped his buggy and took the opportunity to chastise her for not getting along with a good neighbour. The Father, who finally became exasperated with her stubbornness, laid it on the line.

"Mrs. Doorly," he said, "You're just going to have to try to get along with Mr. Gordon." Mrs. Doorly, who'd had enough of his preaching, thrust her wrinkled face close to the priest's and yelled, "Dammit, Father! If Jesus Christ Himself couldn't get along with Jews, how t' hell d' ya expect me t' do it?"

At one time forty plus families lived in Balvenie. Most of their members have passed on and their descendants are widely dispersed throughout the country. Trees now grow where homes and buildings once stood. Fields cleared through back-breaking labour have been reclaimed by bush. It is indeed fortunate that John has had the foresight to pass on his knowledge for succeeding generations.

By the late sixties, even the "Khartum" highway signs were removed. Determined to ensure that all traces of the past were not erased, John Lacourse successfully petitioned the Department of Highways in Bancroft to replace them. Today they arouse curiosity in travellers such as Mr. Charbonneau. I'm sure he'd be happy to know however, that progress is again on the march in Khartum. There are now two permanent residences between the signs.



John and Bernadette Lacourse

End

Constuction of the mountain Chute Hydroelectric Project

By Don Strachan

Most of us are aware of Mountain Chute generating station and it's contribution to the supply of electricity using the water of the mighty Madawaska River. However little has been written about the construction method and some of the people involved in the project.

Mountain Chute was a narrowing of the Madawaska River between steep banks. The Black Donald Graphite Company had seen the power potential of the site and the river was harnessed just upstream of where the hydro dam would later be built. A 400 horsepower plant was in operation by the early 1900's This location is now under 100 feet of water. Also at this point there was a river crossing to Conoto Township. The sharp increase in industrial and commercial activity after Second World War meant more electric power was needed. Ontario Hydro was quick to respond. Detailed engineering surveys were carried out and eventually construction began in 1964.



Mountain Chute Generating Station, 1965

Mountain Chute g.s. was to be a "peaking" station to run for short periods during the day when power demand was at the highest in the province. It would operate in series with the two existing power stations at Barrett Chute and Stewartville. At a later date Arnprior generating station would be added to fully utilize the flow of the river from Kaminisseg Lake to the Ottawa River.

The construction phase involved a number of separate projects, the largest of which was the main dam itself. Other projects included headpond clearing, road relocations, earth dam construction at Whitefish Draw and downstream tailrace deepening.

Headpond clearing was controversial as it entailed the disruption of homes and farmsteads stretching back almost to Griffith. Negotiated settlements and some expropriations paved the way for the massive cutting operation which began in 1964 and continued right up to the flooding date, April 1967. Abandoned buildings had to be removed or burned along with miscellaneous debris. There is a story that at least one old pickup did not make it out and is now a sanctuary for some of the largest pickerel and pike in the newly created lake! The guideline for cutting was elevation 815 feet which is the elevation of the top surface of the dam.

Once the 815 elevation was surveyed it became evident that some major road relocation was required on the stretch from Calabogie to Matawatchan. Any road section below the 815 elevation would end up under water once the headpond was flooded! A new concrete bridge was built where the existing iron bridge crossed about half way up to Griffith. It was comical to travel the road in later years and drive on the new sections that had been built above the 815 level and then swing on to the older

sections that were above 815 and had not been rebuilt! .. You suddenly went from 24 feet wide to about 10 feet it seemed and lots of sharp curves! Later on the township rebuilt the bad sections so now there is a good paved road all the way ... except from the Matawatchan corner to Griffith, which is the original road from the 1930s, now being rebuilt however.

The tailrace deepening project involved rock removal to allow the efficient movement of water once it had passed through the turbines and was on its way downstream. A Mr. Crosby from Lanark County was the blasting foreman and took great pride in setting off each blast exactly

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Mountain Chute continued

as planned. The engineer would draw up the pattern for the drill holes but the foreman had a big say in the final decision. On the rare occasion when the rock did not break as it should have, "Bing", as he was called, would scratch his chin and say .. "them engineers must have miscalculated a bit!"

Surveys indicated that once water levels were raised to 815 feet there would be a natural channel through an area labeled as whitefish draw in the vicinity of what is now the Black Donald trailer park. To overcome this problem a large earth and rock dam was built here to hold back the rising water. This type of dam is more complicated than it at first appears. Various layers and tiers of fill are required to prevent water pressure from undermining the structure. A heavy facing of "rip rap" is placed on the front face to prevent wave erosion.

The main dam was the big push! ... How does one put a huge concrete dam across a flowing river? The water must be allowed to pass downstream yet one has to eventually block it all off! The secret is diversion channels. .. Not one but two separate channels. For the major part of the construction schedule the river is guided through an open passage cut in the bedrock parallel to the main river flow. The dam is constructed on both sides of this channel leaving a port in one section of the structure for future water passage. At the appropriate time the river is diverted through this port and the main open channel is concreted to the full height of the dam. Next, the secondary port is closed by a large vertical trap door thus closing off the river flow and allowing the headpond to fill. This process was started in April 1967 when the river flow was at a maximum due to the spring runoff. By the fall the headpond had reached full height and water began flowing through the two large turbines. Centennial Lake (named for Canada's centennial year) was now a reality.

Probably the most interesting aspect of the main dam construction was the concrete delivery system. A large steel bridge was built parallel to, and just below, the dam axis. A railway system was laid on the deck of the bridge, which allowed an engine, and railcar "train" to deliver concrete from an on site concrete plant. Approximately 275,000 cubic yards of concrete were eventually placed to create the main dam and powerhouse .

As well as the concrete delivery system; the bridge supported two huge travelling cranes, which moved on their own rail system. These cranes hoisted the concrete from the rail cars and deposited it in the dam.

Safety at work was a very high priority and was taken very seriously. However one practical joker threw a scare into everyone on the early morning shift when a pair of rubber boots were found sticking "soles first" out of one of the previous nights concrete pours. A quick check proved that fortunately there was nobody in the boots!

The structural aspect of the project is the most evident to the average viewer, however within the powerhouse at the base of the dam one would find a great deal more! Two huge turbine generators receive water from the headpond and create enough electricity to supply half the city of Ottawa. The assembly of these machines and their associated equipment was an extremely complicated operation over a three year period requiring technical skill and scheduling to make it all fit in a relatively small space. Where does one start such a complicated job? ... at the bottom and work one's way up! First the discharge tube, then the turbine, followed by the generator on top, connected to the transformer and the power lines to the grid. Probably the most important aspect of this phase was the need to be perfectly aligned and balanced. A small imbalance can actually result in the turbine generator vibrating itself to ultimate destruction! Operation of the plant over the past thirty nine years has proven that the engineers and skilled trades people did a fine job.

Most of the senior management staff on the project were from away and had transferred in from other hydro projects around the province. However, a large number of skilled trades and supervisory staff were from the surrounding areas of Calabogie, Renfrew, Arnprior, Griffith, Pembroke and all points in between. A list of names would read like the local phone directories of the time and to list them all would require, .. well, volumes. Quite a few transferred to other projects around Ontario when the job was completed and many returned to the Valley upon retirement. A few names would include Judy and Kevin Hunt, Brian Moran, Gord Bowes, Brian Long, Ursula Yantha (later, Strachan), Hector Cox, Jim Dempsey, Jack Kelly, Jim Charbonneau, Irvin Adams, J.R. Easton, Lynn McLaren, Ozzie Smith, Jerry Knight and many others.

The people who built Mountain Chute deserve the credit for the success of the project and its long term contribution to the supply of clean, non polluting energy to the province of Ontario.

End

What Is Christmas?

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The Creation of Centennial Lake

By Doug Bell

For centuries the mighty Madawaska River worked its way through the wilderness of Eastern Canada. In the spring it was dangerous, but overall it was giving, as it still is today. The Madawaska flows from the Algonquin Park Highlands through many large and small lakes to where it finally meets the Ottawa River.

In the early days (pre 1967), upon its 150-mile journey, the Madawaska flowed near Whitefish Lake, which was located about 15 miles upstream and west of Calabogie. During the late 1800s, a homesteader named John Moore discovered a vein of graphite on the shore's of Whitefish Lake. The rest is history and this story is well documented in Rita Quilty's book, *The Black Donald Story*.

The events that led to the creation of the Mountain Chute Generating Station and Centennial Lake are mostly legend. It perhaps began with the early electrification of Ontario, especially in the south, and the increasing thirst for electrical power and sites to produce it.

In 1936, Ontario Hydro was test drilling on the Madawaska River, specifically at two sites; Barrett Chute, on the upriver side of Calabogie Lake, was the primary location and the other was the existing site of the Black Donald Mines Power Station, located 14 miles upriver from Calabogie Lake. Both stations were located along the run of the Madawaska River. A Hydro surveyor and diamond driller by the name of Malcolm, from Campbellford, Ontario, was in charge of that initial exploratory venture. Both sites proved successful for proposed dams. Barrett Chute was brought into service in 1942 and Mountain Chute in 1967.

The dam at Mountain Chute proved a more complex situation than Barrett Chute since there were many more "people issues" to be resolved than the flooding of the river above Calabogie Lake. There was an existing graphite mine at Black Donald that was operational in the early days of Hydro's exploration, although it was plagued by fire and cave-in episodes. In the late 1930s, it seemed doomed for closure, but the beginning of WWII brought on new life for the beleaguered mine as graphite once again became a hot commodity to lubricate the Allies' war machines. Eventually a coffer or water diverting dam was built out into Whitefish Lake so that open pit mining could be carried out along with the un-



Black Donald power station house

derground mining. In 1950, a final cave-in occurred at the underground mine that spelled the death of mining operations at Black Donald. With the war effort over and the decreased need for graphite lubricant, the mine closed. Previous to the mine closing, Black Donald Mines and Ontario Hydro had worked out an agreement for sale of the properties once the decision to close was made.

After the mine closed events took place that affected the everyday lives of the people of the low lying Madawaska River shed above the proposed dam. For the overall betterment of the people of Ontario, an additional source of electrical power was very good. For the people affected by the flood area, it was good for some and not so good for many others. Whitefish Lake was approximately 730 ft. above sea level. The high water mark of the Mountain Chute dam was engineered to be 815 ft. above sea level. Due to spring flooding and Mother Nature, Ontario Hydro decided to exercise its ownership rights to the 820 ft. above the sea-level high-water mark. The clearing to the shoreline below 815 ft. began. Surveyors, lumbermen, property people, bulldozers and all those necessary to create a headpond of a lake descended on Black Donald Village and 25-miles upstream. Farms, houses, cabins and even squatters had to be removed. In that day, an owner of a 200-acre farm was given \$60,000 and a house owner received only, \$6,000. For those that had higher water land, the property became "golden"; for those that had to re-establish elsewhere, it was not.

Of course the local folklore proved rampant. Billy Dodge was one of many colourful people of Black Donald. Billy ran a lodge upstream on the Madawaska River. He brought American tourists to his lodge every year. He even had a calendar printed with Johnson Motors as a sponsor. Billy used to hire local lads to row guests of the lodge up and down the river to fish and sightsee. The lads also provided bait for the fisherman, frogs and crayfish, to supplement their five-dollar-per-week wage. It was said that when the flooding of Centennial began, Billy was in no

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mood to move that day and in his final haste he refused to remove his new 1950 blue Chrysler sedan from the garage. Apparently you could see the vehicle from the flooded lake still parked in the garage. The new "Hydro" road to Mountain Chute passed through Frank Stubinsky's farm downriver from the dam. Two gravel pits were needed to support the massive amounts of cement required for the dam. Frank Stubinsky's pit was a major supplier.

Most everyone had left Black Donald village in 1954 after the 1950 cave-in. The decision was made to raze all the houses and leave the church and school as the only structures standing. All the windows from the houses were removed and sold. The school was sold and it became the original cottage on the new lake. The Catholic Church proved a unique problem. It was a beautiful structure with many religious artifacts. Upon later inspection by the clergy, it seemed to be damaged by vandalism. In order to curb the desecration, it was decided to remove what was of value and level the structure. A local "powder man," Vince Kennelley, was chosen for the job. Once again, according to local lore, Vince in his exuberance packed the building with a case of dynamite and completely obliterated the entire structure. Those hoping for a piece of memorabilia were disappointed.

After the flood, Frank Stubinsky was hired as foreman, along with 25 men, to clear the floating debris from the newly created lake. A large diesel tugboat equipped with logging gear patrolled the lake for two years, removing wood and floating debris.

In order to preserve the local history and especially that of Black Donald Village and Mines, an effort was made to differentiate the lower and upper Centennial Lakes. The lower lake to the east and closest to the Mountain Chute Dam is known as Black Donald Lake and the upper lake above the Centennial Lake Road Bridge is called Centennial Lake.

For those of us who came after the flood, this lake has come to be a treasure! Water traffic is minimal and wildlife prevails. As it exists today, 60 percent of the entire lake shoreline is Crown Land. This area includes an extension of Algonquin Park, a satellite Park to protect a unique fern species that exists there.

Once again, according to local legend...

If God was to choose the golden land, His choice would be that of the Madawaska Valley.

End

The Madawaska HIGHLANDER

"Read cover to cover"

Reeve's Report

By Isobel Kristijan

Editor's note: This is an abbreviated version of the report tabled during the last council meeting of this Council's term in November.

In preparing my end of term report, I re-read the speech that I gave at the all candidates meeting in 2003. Promises were made then and I wanted to measure my success and that of Council by determining which promises were kept.

After the election, Reeve Doyle gave me the portfolios of Waste Management, Library, Recreation and Homes for the Aged.

Just a few days after the 2003 inauguration, I found myself with a very upset group of rate payers in Brougham and Bagot and Blythfield over the new Comprehensive Zoning By-law that each municipality was required to pass. These ratepayers had Areas of Natural and Scientific Interest (ANSIS) designation applied to their land without their knowledge. Such a designation would have huge negative impact on the value of their land.

The issue was resolved when I discovered, with Divine help, I believe, that the ANSIS were only Candidate ANSIS and should not have appeared on the Official Plan for the County of Renfrew and therefore should not have been transferred to our Official Zoning Bylaw.

In August, I was faced with the resignation of our CAO, (Clerk-Treasurer) and was responsible to begin a search for a replacement. Council hired John Baird who very ably reorganized the office and Council making both much more effective and efficient.

1. In my campaign speech I said that we needed a vision of what our area should look like in 50 years. A vision that maintains the beauty and tranquility of our area while allowing for growth, development and change. I said that if elected, I will work very hard with all stakeholders in establishing a Vision and a Mission Statement for Greater Madawaska that will guide and direct all decision making". This promise was fulfilled with the

recent acceptance of the Strategic Plan and Vision developed with Info 8020 Inc. Developed also with the support and input of all interested residents of Greater Madawaska.

2. I stated that "the Township of Greater Madawaska should have a website". Our website is now up and running, giving us all the information that people need to be on top of activities and developments in the Municipality.

3. I also stated that "we need cell phone capabilities and high speed Internet". Progress has been made with high speed Internet, which is now available at our office. A new cell tower on Riopelle Road has made cell phone service more available along parts of Highway 508. Negotiations for a cell phone tower at Calabogie Peaks continue and the Municipality has signed an agreement of support. The Municipality and the Economic Development Committee along with the County of Renfrew with the different levels of government continue assertive action to bring both services to our residents.

4. I stated that: "we need to have more and better care for our aging population". To this end I was instrumental in bringing the Day Programme for seniors to Calabogie. Also, I sit on the Social Services Committee at County Council and gave every vote of support to the Affordable Housing Project for seniors in Eganville. I believed that this facility was sufficiently close to our area and that it could be used by our citizens.

I also sent out a questionnaire to our residents. The results indicated a need for a retirement home. Our current strategic plan has also identified this need. Council and Staff have been given the Government's Round Two of Affordable Home Ownership to consider. This wave of funding will be released soon. The County of Renfrew is the Service Manager but the Municipality must indicate an interest and take leadership as Eganville did.

continued on page 7

Looking back...



Alex and Christina Thompson and family (Matawatchan) Christmas Day 1916

Matawatchan Market Meeting Update

Now that all of our organizing members are back in Canada we have been able to set a date for the general meeting for those interested in participating in a Matawatchan market.

We are reserving the Matawatchan Hall for the afternoon of Saturday February 10. The meeting will get started at 2:00 p.m. During the meeting we will inform those present with the results of our research, table a few possible ways that a market can be realized, discuss the possible mechanics of a local market and ask for your input.

In the event of inclement weather, like a snow storm, we will move

Letter to the Editor,

I am a four season cottage owner in the Township of Greater Madawaska. I just want to express my concern for the noise coming from our new found TRACK. For some reason this track was secretly started without the knowledge of the Calabogie residents which hits me as strange since the track owners seem to think that this track will bring greater revenue to all. With this said, I wonder how anybody would be interested in buying my piece of property on Stone Lake Road when all you hear all day is the roaring of engines and cars squealing around corners. Would this be your idea of a great place to get away from the city noise and escape to the comfort of your country cabin for rest and relaxation? Did these people not think that the fact that Calabogie is surrounded by water would not echo this noise around our peaceful community?

Yes, the track employees are taking sound measurements but are doing this when the track is not busy. And why are these people in charge of noise measurement; why aren't the people who are closest to the track involved in this process. How do we

the meeting ahead to the following Saturday (February 17). If there is any doubt, you can call Bill Graham at 613-333-1694.

In the late February 2007 issue of the Highlander we will share the results of this meeting with our readers.

Seasons Greetings

All of us at the Highlander want to wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous 2007. Thank you to our many contributors whose writing makes the Highlander what it is. Also, thanks to our readers for their always positive feedback and to our advertisers without whom the Madawaska Highlander could not exist.

know that these measurements are legitimate? One of our neighbours got one of the sound testers to go to his cottage to see what the measurement was but when he tried to see what the reading was, the person taking the measurement started talking in order to alter the reading.

I feel bad, that from here on in I have to listen to this noise day in and day out during my holidays and on weekends and that the beauty of Calabogie will be affected by the constant noise of this track. I also fear that there will be racing on our highways and on the streets of Calabogie. To those people directly connected to the track and feel that this is a good thing, I invite you to spend a few days at my cottage and then tell me if the noise is something that you would get used to because this is the response we, as concerned citizens, are getting.

Please contact the Township with your concerns before it's too late for all of us.

Diane Sauve-Dillon
Calabogie

Reeve continued

5. Also, I talked about the need for "Waste Management solutions". Shortly after elected the upper tier governments announced the Canada-Ontario Municipal Rural Infrastructure Fund (COMRIF) programme. We wanted to apply this possible funding toward waste management.

We hired Trow Associates to complete our application and we received \$1.2 million and now have a long term Waste Management programme in place.

6. As Council member on the Library Board, I reminded the Board that they needed to conduct a survey as one of their mandates to determine needs. With the data from the survey they applied for a Trillium Grant, were successful, and have extended the Library Services to Wards 2 and 3. They also used the results to develop a strategic Plan and Vision for the Library.

7. My final promise was: "to develop more recreation areas for our adults and youth". Our first event was a very successful Winter Carnival after 5 years of nothing. Events grew and developed with dances, sports nights, pig roasts, Seniors Appreciation Day, Volunteer Appreciation Day, Guinness world record attempt, Fun Day, a trip to the 67's hockey game in Ottawa (tickets courtesy of Pat Charbonneau), Ontario's longest sliding hill, a unique experience with a student from Honduras and all that culture offered in a final Fiesta celebration with John Yakabuski, as the featured artist, and much more.

I also headed the Barnett Park Development Committee once the plan was presented by Brent Fillator. I asked Don Swift to chair the newly formed committee and he graciously accepted. Major work has been done by the Lions Club this year and the Seniors of Calabogie contributed a beautiful entrance gate. The committee is seeking Trillium funding for further development.

I worked with Pam and Ian Cunningham to realize the Madawaska Nordic Ski Trails. With a Trillium Grant, good leadership and great volunteers, we have great cross country ski trails in place. Also the County of Renfrew is developing a Trail's Strategy for all of Renfrew County. Our Trails Committee is on top of all developments and working with all partners for a great trail

system for Greater Madawaska.

MY INVOLVEMENT AT COUNTY COUNCIL

I served on the Health Committee and Social Services Committee as well as County Council. I also was our representative on the K&P Corridor and Septage Committees.

1. One of my first duties, mandated by our local council, was to ask the County to do a review of their bylaw permitting ATV'S on County Roads. Greater Madawaska subsequently agreed to allow them and did develop a municipal bylaw to permit them under certain guidelines on municipal roads.

2. I supported the petition of residents to move forward the rebuilding of the Mattawatchan Road.

3. On many occasions I had to call the County to sand our roads, especially Highway 508 during the winter months. Weather conditions are not consistent throughout the County and someone needs to take the initiative to call. The County always responded quickly.

4. Many directional signs were wrong on Centennial Lake Road and the County changed them.

5. The Adult Day Programme was a result of my willingness to pursue this initiative once offered by County. This resulted in funds flowing for the refurbishing of our community hall in Calabogie.

6. Licensed Home Day Care is now on the radar for Calabogie.

7. I have been active in accepting the offer of the Province through Mike Nolan in trying to get several Helipad locations across the township for emergency evacuation of residents to hospital.

8. I have been actively trying to move Tiered Response forward and believe that a structure with appropriate training guidelines and responsibilities, costs and liabilities should be in place for Renfrew County soon.

9. Our municipal council has the documentation necessary to pursue Affordable Home Ownership: Wave Two government funding.

10. I worked with the County to have the Coltermann Bridge in Brougham replaced in a timely fashion.

11. I was responsible for Greater Madawaska joining the Ottawa Valley Tourist Association.

12. I requested a change in the deployment model of the paramedics to give our Municipality better coverage. This is now in place and we see the ambulance more frequently

continued on page 15

Dear Editor,

On July 28th, 2006 the Ontario Municipal Board (OMB) gave Calabogie Motorsports Park (CMP) permission to operate under a temporary use zoning by-law for a period of three years, provided the track is operated so as not to disturb the residents of Madawaska. This ruling gave hope to some of Calabogie's residents that if the track proved to be the noisy nuisance that they expected it to be, it would cease to operate. Prior to November's election the operators of CMP and the Township of Greater Madawaska Council at the time joined together and asked the OMB to review the existing decision, in the hope of having it overturned. Based upon that council's past bias, the vote to support CMP in this endeavour should not come as a surprise.

In the track's planning stages and during the drafting of the township's noise by-law, council was told that no racing cars would be using the track. However, now that the track is in operation, this hasn't been the case and to prove the ineffectiveness of council's new noise by-law the number of noise complaints during the fall grew. Council has already relinquished their authority over the track by al-

lowing the owners to police themselves, with the township's CAO taking noise complaints after the fact and supposedly, at some point forwarding them to the track for resolution.

There are 68 residences located within 2 km of the track mainly along the Madawaska River to the Northwest fronting onto County Road 508 and backing onto the river and eventually the track, and to the Southwest along the shore of Stones Lake. There are 129 dwellings located within 2.5 km of the track. Thus roughly 15% of the entire population of the township is located within 2.5 km of the track. Let's hope that the newly elected council for the Township of Greater Madawaska has more respect for the quality of life, experienced by at least 15% of their ratepayers than the last council did.

Calabogie does not deserve to become known as a track town. Its heritage lies in its nature, the rivers and forests that the original settlers tamed and cleared and its future as a peaceful natural recreational area must be protected.

Respectfully,
B. Gorman



DANGER

Recreational activities near hydroelectric facilities are hazardous

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ONTARIOPOWER
GENERATION

Griffith/ Matawatchan News

By Garry Ferguson

Ambulance Volunteer Class Reunion

Twelve people and their guests met at the Denbigh Hall on October 29, 2006 to mark the twenty-fourth anniversary of their graduation from the first Fundamentals of Casualty Care Course. In 1981, twenty volunteers (one now deceased) commenced classes that extended over the course of the next year. Trainers came from the Renfrew Ambulance Service to instruct at the Denbigh School in order to prepare for the founding of the Denbigh Area Volunteer Ambulance Service (DAVAS). DAVAS came into being in July 1982, one month after the class graduated. Several of the original volunteers went on to full-time positions with the Ministry of Health.

Denbigh Griffith Lions Club

The Lions are already up to their necks in the Season's activities. The Monster Bingo, with two \$500.00 jackpots, took place on December 12 and the Children's Party was again a season highlight on December 12.

Denbigh Checking In

By Angela Bright

As not to take up too much of your time, I just wanted to say hello and give you an abbreviated introduction of myself. I grew up in this community, and know many of you already. Soon after completing my post secondary education in Ottawa, my husband and I married, and moved to Kingston. Eventually, we bought our first house. As of last year we decided to sell, and move back home. In tow, was our "bouncing (not- so- baby-anymore) boy". How time flies and here I am!

I hope that everyone in the community will be interested in the fact that there is a column available for you to announce up-coming birthdays, weddings, anniversaries and social events. Please call or email when you have something you would like to submit. I do have voice mail, so don't be shy and leave a message if I'm not immediately available.

In spite of heavy rain, Canadian Legion Branch 328, Northbrook with Army Cadet Company 640, Cloyne came to Denbigh on Saturday November 11, 2006 for an eleven-o'clock Remembrance Day Ceremony at the cenotaph. Reverend Joseph Legree, Pastor of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Catholic Church in Griffith, of-

The Annual Carol Sing – that's the time when carloads of musically-inclined Lions in full voice go out to homes and entertain – is scheduled for the 20th of the month. Anyone wishing to jump on board to spread some cheer can join the songsters at 1:30 p.m. in front of the Lions Hall.

The New Year's Eve Bash is on again for – would you believe it – December 31, 2006. A measly fifteen dollars will get you a full turkey dinner and an evening of frolic, fun and dancing.

Valley Heritage Radio (VHR) Valley Heritage Radio (VHR)

The folks around Griffith and Matawatchan are now able to tune into 98.7 FM for the "Voice of the Ottawa Valley." In spite of a few delays due to equipment delivery, VHR is well into a test period that began on December 11, 2006. Permanent on-air status should be achieved within three to four weeks from that date. Several boosters from the G & M area have already called the station to report "loud and clear" reception.

ficiated. Wreathes were presented by representatives from all levels of government and local organizations. In the absence of Mrs. Evelyn Petzold, who traditionally has placed a wreath as Silver Cross Mother, her daughter-in-law Sergeant Kelly Petzold, Canadian Armed Forces, accompanied by Mrs. Petzold's son Master Warrant Officer Foster Petzold, carried out this honour.

Denbigh Griffith Lion's Club has a very busy Christmas season this year. They will be packing Christmas baskets for needy families Dec. 18th, and carol singing for shut-ins on Dec. 20th. Join in the New Year's Party, \$15.00 with a Turkey Dinner served, dancing, prizes and lots of fun! All of these events will be held at the Denbigh Griffith Lions Hall. The Lion's Club would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and a big thank you for helping us help others.

The Seniors Diner's Club met at the Denbigh Hall on December 4th for their Christmas dinner. A very nice crowd feasted on turkey and all the trimmings, while entertained with music from the Chatsons.

Meals on Wheels are available on Thursdays. The meals are prepared at the Swiss Inn and delivered right



"Valley Heritage Radio will respond to the needs and interests of the people in its broadcast area by offering balanced programming and emphasizing local themes. VHR will give priority access to local residents and groups, in particular, those neglected by other media." Sure sounds like a good deal.

VHR is a public, community-owned and operated, not-for-profit radio station that can carry on only with our support, so if you like the idea, telephone Vic or Lynda Mae Garbutt at 613 623 8935 and ask for details.

Concerts for Combermere Recovery

A number of people from Matawatchan and Griffith went north to the DACA Centre to take in the "Combermere Relief Fundraiser" on November 03, 2006. Morgan Adams and his family acted as the driving force behind this highly successful

event where several well-known groups and individuals provided non-stop entertainment for a packed house. Of equal popularity to the performers that night, were the unnamed folks who made those great ham and cheese sandwiches.

Proceeds from a good-will offering at the Matawatchan Hall Board's Annual Tree Lighting and Concert on December 08, 2006 will also go toward Combermere's recovery from the devastating tornado that tore through it this summer. Approximately 100 people – half of them children and teenagers – were entertained by The Kids' Club and other local people who gathered to stage an old-time Christmas concert. The Hall Board was insistent enough to badger Santa's booking agent into making a last-minute change to a busy schedule in order to have him drop by for a short visit. The expressions on those little faces made his efforts all worthwhile.

End

to your door! The cost per dinner is \$5.50. Contact Charlene at 333-5216 to place your order and enjoy having someone else cook for a change!

The Vennachar WMI ladies met November 29th to pack and deliver Christmas baskets for seniors and shut-ins and treated those who received baskets to a lovely carol or two. At noon, they enjoyed a well deserved lunch at the Swiss Inn. Then on December 8th, the WMI gathered for their annual banquet. Everyone enjoyed a potluck dinner, carols, games, and gift exchange. Special music for the evening was performed by Tony and Irene Chatson. The message was delivered by Pastor Jessie Oldford entitled, "Unwrapping Jesus".

Vennachar Free Methodist Church will hold a candlelight service on Christmas Eve at 6:00 pm. Everyone is invited to come and enjoy a time of music and message. Please note there will be no morning service on the 24th.

The beauty of the season is definitely upon us. It is so nice to drive through the area and see all the displays and strings of lights - windows, eaves, and mailboxes - all decorated and sparkling with holiday cheer!

In conclusion, I want to say a big thank you to Garry Ferguson and Bill Graham who have been very supportive in taking on this new recruit!

End

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GREATER MADAWASKA LITERARY MATTERS

By Mary-Joan Hale

First on the agenda is to congratulate the new Council: Reeve Peter Emon, Councilors Karin Lehnhardt, Thomas Ryan, Don Mercer and John Pratt. Greater Madawaska is on the cusp of 'great' things to come and they have exciting challenges ahead. Many thanks are extended to former Reeve Isobel Kristijan and Councillor Bruce Parker, both of whom served the township with overwhelming enthusiasm and skill.

Sadly, we have to say 'Farewell' to three of our Board Members. Chairperson Sally Schmidt led the Board through many initiatives. The Long Range Plan, review of the policies, One Book, One Community and the Outreach to Wards 2 and 3 to name a few. Her leadership skills and ability to run a meeting are superb. On many trips around the County for various meetings, we solved all the world's problems. (Too bad no one ever asked about our ideas.) Fortunately for us all, she is continuing her weekly volunteer work in the library. Thanks very much Sally for all you do. Now there will be more time for quilting!

Gail McEvoy, the Secretary, will

also be leaving us. The minutes were always emailed the same night as our meetings. She was involved in several committees, Outreach, Policy review, Survey tabulation, and brought us back to earth by playing the devil's advocate when we needed it! Enjoy your Southern view.

Our quiet engineer, Don Strachan took his role very seriously. He tackled the Outreach Program with alacrity. Who will ever forget our forays up the mountain to Wards 2 & 3 to visit our friendly depot volunteers? Thanks to him, the library temperature is comfortable winter and summer. In Gail's absence he sent out the minutes quickly as well. Thanks for all your work and thoughtful input.

Appointment of the new Board by Council will be announced in the near future. John Allerton (and perhaps Debbie Smaggus) has applied to stay. John has been very active and intuitive on the Board. Debbie has served for over 20 years and her historical knowledge of the Board is very helpful. Thanks to you both.

This has been a very busy year at Greater Madawaska Public Library (GMPL). Libraries in most places are considered the cultural hub of communities. Our mandate here in Greater Madawaska is to support literacy for all ages throughout the township. I have become the pro-

verbial 'broken record' on the space issue. We could be so much more than we are with more space. That is not to say that we are not providing many services, but they are the tip of the iceberg compared to what we could and should do for you.

The model currently being used in most communities is to have a multi-service centre. The Community Hall in Calabogie already has the infrastructure in place for an addition. There is a kitchen that could serve as a Café for users with tables on the side presently used for buffets. This could provide funds to support recreation and library needs for the whole township. Students and locals could walk to the library, rink, hall and other services such as Home Care and Archives, which could also be housed there. Services to Wards 2 and 3 could be better served with more room for shipments. Talk has circulated about using other existing facilities, but the retrofitting for wheelchair access, Internet and other facilities needed, would be too costly. An intermediate move would also be expensive. Packing and moving a library (materials and equipment) is very intricate and labour-intensive, not to mention the need for accessibility to meet present day regulations.

Bear in mind, that these are just ideas, (though not just mine). I am just free-associating and brainstorming. There is nothing official about this

but it is not just a matter of "if" but "when" relocation will be necessary.

This past summer all of the managers in the township were asked to prepare input for a ten-year plan. It was an exciting task to project into the future. This was in relation to the review of the disbursement of the 'Lot Development Charges'. A public meeting was held and sadly there were only seven of us there, not including the two presenters. Sally and Debbie represented the Board; three were there to support the Library, one other on behalf of the business community and me. One good thing is that we all were able to provide a more in-depth analysis than if there was a hall full of people.

In the New Year, expect some new services. You can already check our website and order or renew materials, and you will also be able to do the same with the Inter-library Loan website. We welcome suggestions, but most of all, we welcome new patrons. This year we have had a record number of folks join. Not only do we have members now from Wards 2 and 3, but also new residents, some even before the shovel opened the earth on their building lot.

Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah and Winter Solstice to all!

End



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Closed Christmas Day and Boxing Day
New Years Day open 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.

Community Calendar

CHURCH SERVICE SCHEDULE

GRIFFITH AND MATAWATCHAN

St. Andrew's United Church
 Sunday Worship 8:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 8:30 a.m.

Our Lady of Holy Rosary Catholic Church
 Griffith: Sat. Mass 7:30 p.m.
 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
 Sunday School 10:00 a.m.
 Sunday Worship 11:00 a.m.
 Tuesdays:
 Ladies Bible Study (Bi-Weekly) 1pm
 Bible Study (weekly) 7pm
 Bible Study (Bi-Weekly) Plevna----7pm
 WMI - Monday (monthly)
 Third Sunday of every month
 New Beginnings, Clar-Mill Hall,
 Plevna-----6:30pm

OUT ON THE FIRST CONCESSION

"BUCK" HARTLE'S CHRISTMAS, 1943

By Wes Bomhower

'Buck' Hartle was a tall skinny bachelor farmer up the First Concession about a half mile from the County Road; in fact his were the first buildings after leaving the main road. He tended to be noisy and obnoxious and thought of himself as a young buck that all the girls were after, when in fact he was in his mid-forties. His given name was Orland but everyone referred to him as "Buck" when he wasn't within earshot, and he hated that name with a passion.

It was Christmas 1943, my brother Everett was home on leave from Camp Borden and two of my older sisters were also home for Christmas. On Christmas night the two MacIntosh boys from north of the village, Lloyd and Aleck, came courting my sisters and although neither of these lads were inclined to drink, it was Christmas and Everett had a jug of good homemade wine that needed attention.

There was a fair bit of snow that Christmas and the snow ploughs never ploughed the Concession roads in those days, but the trail as far as Or-

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.

CALABOGIE

The Calabogie Bible Fellowship Congregational Church
 The Mill Street Chapel at 538 Mill St.,
 Regular service - Sundays 10:30 a.m.
 Bible study: Wed. at 7:00 p.m.

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.
 Bible study every Wednesday evening
 7:15 - 9:00

COMMUNITY EVENTS

Calabogie

Calabogie Arts and Crafts Assoc.,
 every 2nd Monday (if holiday, then 3rd Monday), 10:00am - 1:00 pm,
 Community Hall, prospective members welcome (\$12 per year), 752-0072

Family New Year's Eve Party - pot luck and games, Dec. 31, 6 pm to midnight, Community Hall, Calabogie (613-752-2222)

Family Winter Carnival - games and youth dance, Feb. 10, Community Hall, Calabogie, (613-752-2222)

Basic Computer Skills Course,
 Greater Madawaska Township Library, Calabogie, starting February, depending on need.
 Time and dates to be decided.
 1:00 pm or 6:00 pm.
 Up to 10 weeks at \$5 per session.
 Call library at 752-2317.

Roast Beef Dinner,
 Sun. Feb. 18, 2:00 - 6:00 pm,

St. Andrew's United Church,
 \$12, under 12 -\$5,
 5 and under - free,
 Madawaska St., Calabogie,
 752-2598

Annual Fishing Derby,
 Sat. Feb. 24,
 Calabogie Fish and Game Club,
 613-752-0453

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

Calabogie Seniors: Pot luck dinner and meeting - the last Thursday of each month - Community Hall begins at 4:00 p.m. followed by dinner and meeting.

The Calabogie and Area Ministerial Food Bank
 538 Mill Street, Calabogie
 2 days per month [2nd and 4th Thursdays] 10:00 am to 12:00 noon
 For emergency situations, please call 752-2201

Griffith & Matawatchan

Euchre
 Fridays at 7:00 p.m.
 Matawatchan Hall

continued on page 19

land Hartle's farmyard was still passable by car and that was where the MacIntosh boys parked their 'Model A' Ford—with Orland's permission of course. They walked the remaining half mile to our farm and after some visiting and exchanging of gifts, my sisters and my parents retired to bed leaving the MacIntosh boys and Everett to sample the homemade wine. I was fourteen and should have been in bed but I wanted to see as much as possible of my brother before he returned to the army base next day. After all, there was a war in progress, and one day I may never see him again.

The wine flowing freely began to have some effect on these non-drinkers and the MacIntosh boys soon convinced Everett that he should come with them as far as the C.P.R. station in the village for his return trip to Camp Borden. It made sense, because he could board the westbound train in the morning, so, the wine pretty well consumed the three of them struck off shortly after midnight toward Orland's place and their car. (There were several snow angels along our laneway next day, attesting to the strength of the wine.)

It was not a terribly cold night, but when they reached their car, both

continued on page 15



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The Christmas Star

By Floris Wood

Unlike us, the three men, whether they were wise men, kings or magi, who found the baby Jesus in Bethlehem, did so without the benefit of a satellite operated navigation device mounted on their dashboard. But, of course, they did have a personal star dedicated solely to their task and provided by none other than God Himself.

Some of us commemorate that same Christmas star by placing a lighted star on top of our Christmas tree or on other decorations in our houses or yards.

Some relegate the Christmas star event to the realm of fiction, as part of a good story. Others believe it took place but as one of those miracles that remains outside of the realm of science. Still others look to science to solve the riddle of the Star of the East. Science, in turn, has obliged us with a search for a possible, naturally occurring, astronomical event that could be interpreted as the Christmas star.

One possible theory has it that the Eastern Star was the conjunction, or near conjunction of the planets Venus and the much larger Jupiter. In human time this phenomenon seldom occurs. It occurred last just six years ago, on May 16, 2000. Unfortunately, nobody but astronomers saw it. As viewed from the earth the overlapping of these two planets took place so close to the sun that the sun's light overpowered even the bright light of these two combined planets.

The latest occurrence before 2000 was in 1859, a little early for most of us. The next time will be in 2065. If you are under 40, drive carefully, don't run with scissors and avoid germs, you might be around to see it then.

According to some pretty reliable calculations Venus and Jupiter did cross paths on June 17, 2 BC. That date may appear to be two years before the birth of Jesus but theologians have never settled just when Christ was born. A good estimate puts his birth somewhere from 6 BC to 3 BC. These dates are established by using the names of rulers and government officials, the dates they reigned, census years for given Roman territories, and so on.

If this phenomenon caused the Christmas star then it was not a "star" at all, but two planets. But that is a moot point since, even today, we look up into the heavens and point out "stars" that are really suns, planets, meteors and even space labs. The moon is about the only heavenly body that might escape that moniker.

Well, if you dislike that solution to the Christmas star event, try this one. Johannes Kepler, the father of celestial mechanics, and a fellow whose personal star is a few thousand times brighter than my own, liked the idea that the Christmas star was a nova. A nova is a newborn, violently exploding star. It shines very brightly for up to three months then it dims to blend into the background of the other billions of stars. The problem with a nova is that a nova, unlike the Christmas star, remains in one place. I am a little reluctant to second guess Herr Kepler, but I have the advantage of a couple of centuries of scientific progress in astronomy on my side.

How about a comet? They do move across the sky and a couple of them, which would have been visible from anywhere on Earth, were recorded by Chinese astronomers in 4 BC and in 5 BC. In the time of Christ, however, comets were not harbingers of good news to the people of the Middle East. They were, indeed, harbingers of evil and much feared. So they are unlikely candidates, if not for astronomical reasons than for cultural reasons.

So where does that leave us? There are so many scientific explanations in books, articles and on the Internet that a scientific solution is inconclusive at best. But I did leave one question hanging a few paragraphs ago and maybe we should get back to it while we are still somewhat near the topic. That is, What is a star anyway?

Technically, our sun is a star. But it is about the only star that astronomers do not call a star. The sun is the centre of our solar system and it has a special status. Other stars may be the centres of other solar systems but we do not call them suns, just stars. Our solar system is part of a galaxy called the Milky Way galaxy. The Milky Way Galaxy contains many, many stars and solar systems. A rough estimate of the number of stars in the Milky Way is from 200 to 400 Billion.

Early in the 1900s we began to understand that there are many other galaxies. How many galaxies are there? That number, too, is so very large that, to contemplate it, leaves us feeling very cold and lonely. These galaxies, with all their stars, make up our universe.

The big bang did not immediately create stars, just a bunch of gas. I'll leave it to you to imagine what some, less reverent scientists, call the big bang. But as swirling masses of gas made up of helium and hydrogen raced through space some of the molecules were torn apart and recombined again as other elements. It is believed that all other elements were formed from materials from these two original chemical elements. In parts of the universe where gas clouds of helium,



hydrogen and other new elements became very dense, the gravitational pull of one on the other began to be felt. As they came closer together they

sucked deep into the core of these solid objects, and as the balls' mass grew from collecting more and more material from surrounding space, so did the pressure grow on the hydrogen deep inside them. The heat, generated by the pressure, was unable to escape the core of the object. After millions of years of increasing heat and pressure, a fusion nuclear reaction began to take place within the core. With the pressure of gravity pulling more material in and the outward pressure of the nuclear reaction pressing out, the star became a cauldron of plasma somewhat like the molten rock of a volcano. Eventually the pressure from within won out and the star became a glowing sun, radiating heat, light, radiation and scores of other rays in all directions. On the other hand, its gravitational pull, due to its growing, massive size, is by now snatching other objects from space and either sucking them into itself or slinging them into orbits around itself. Hence, a solar system is born. The size of the star (sun) will continue to grow. In a few trillion years our sun will swell up so large that it will engulf the planets of Mercury and Venus, the planets closest to it.

New stars continue to be born. The Milky Way galaxy continues to produce clouds of gases called nebulas, which will eventually collapse into a new star. The closest such nebulas are the Eagle, Lagoon and Orion nebulas.

It is helpful to visualize fireworks in which the first explosion produces fiery balls that expand outward from the centre and which themselves explode, producing more, smaller fiery balls, which explode and so on. The universe is an ongoing explosion in infinitely slow motion.

The very word "infinite" has come to have a new meaning to science with the recent advances in cosmology and quantum physics. Infinity is increasingly a source of frustration for scientists.

Some theoretical physicist stated that our knowledge of the universe is based on that which we are able to measure. Before we had microscopes and telescopes we had to rely upon our senses to measure things. With microscopes and telescopes we could see further down and further up. But we were still limited to our senses. Other instruments helped us to discover and measure things our senses could not detect, like radiation and various kinds of waves or rays. Computers have helped us measure these things with a prodigious magnitude of precision resulting in incredible advances in astronomy and quantum physics (the science of sub-atomic particles). We now know there are particles, like neutrinos, so small they can transit through the entire planet earth without bumping into anything just as we send a satellite trillions of kilometres through outer space without hitting anything. We know too that our measly universe is a part of something bigger that the whole universe is travelling through like a neutrino through the earth. With all this infinity, large and small, where do we fit in? We know too that there are an infinite number of particles, waves, concepts and laws that we cannot be aware of. We cannot know if the knowledge of physics upon which our science is based, is a huge part of what we need in order to understand our universe or if it is pathetically deficient.

I guess those scientists must feel much like I did when it finally dawned on me that, when my much older brother's girlfriend assigned me the task of counting the stars, she was just trying to lull me to sleep, so she and my brother could be free from my prying eyes. If those scientists who are trying to figure out how God created the universe sometimes seem somewhat distant and even arrogant to us, believe me, in view of the enormity of their task, they are infinitely humbled. When I read Stephen Hawking's book, *A Brief History of Time*, I confess to understanding about one percent of it, yet that one percent represents 99.9 percent of what I know about celestial mechanics. How's that for a bit of relativity?

Like so many traditions, the Christmas "star" is shrouded in mystery, so, no matter whether you prefer a scientific explanation or a theological one, have a very good, safe and merry Christmas.

End

The Return of the Prodigal Sun

By Renee Wood

Was it human need or Divine inspiration that sought to brighten the dark, drab, and dreary days of a Canadian winter with a holiday celebration? These winter celebrations started long before there was a Canada or even the birth of Christ. The Twelve Days of Christmas, carollers, gift giving, decorated evergreen trees, and even the mistletoe that many Christians and non-Christians have come to associate with the Christmas season, have their roots in Mesopotamia 4,000 years ago.

Winter Solstice is an annual solar occurrence, where, because the earth is tilted on its axis at 23 degrees, the sunlight in the northern hemisphere is at its minimum. Solstice means; sun-stand-still. Many different traditions started throughout the ages and all across the northern hemisphere surrounding this event. In the days before electricity and the knowledge that spring indeed comes each year along with the sun and its warmth, many people such as the Aboriginals struggled through the winter living off stored food and meat from hunts. The winter months were long and difficult, so at the first sign that the sun's path was elevating -- detectable a few days after the solstice, around the 25th of December -- the Aboriginals would celebrate the returning of the sun with symbols of death and rebirth.

The Mesopotamian's celebration of the New Year was called Zagmuk and

lasted for 12 days during mid-winter. The New Year's festival was held every winter to aide the chief god Marduk in his battle with the masters of chaos. Fire and green boughs were used to symbolize hope and the "eternal cycle of creation". Thus the 12 days of Christmas was not original.

Another Winter Solstice celebration was Saturnalia in honour of the pagan sun god Saturn. This ancient Roman festival went on for two weeks in the middle of December—December 25 was the special celebration of the "Birth of the Unconquerable Sun". It was thought that the Sun dies during Winter Solstice and then rises again from the dead. This celebration entailed giving gifts and visiting friends. Laurel garlands and candles on green trees would be used to decorate Roman halls. Also as part of the celebration, slaves would trade places with their masters.

The Christmas tree also has its roots in pagan traditions. Before I go further let me explain paganism. It is a religion that worships nature. Pagans worship many gods and see gods in everything. Monotheistic religions (Christianity, Judaism and Islam) have influenced the notion that pagans are heathens (the practice of human sacrifice as part of some of their religious ceremonies was emphasized by monotheistic religions and contributed to paganism's negative reputation).

Anyway, historians have documented that in the eighth century, St. Boniface went to Hesse, Germany to covert the pagans to Christianity. His preaching met with success (pagans always have room for one more god) and he returned to Rome. After a long period of time, one Christmas St. Boniface went back to Germany and found the people about to celebrate Winter Solstice by sacrificing a young man under Odin's sacred oak tree. Burning with righteous anger, Boniface chopped down that oak. This act symbolized Christianity's victory over pagan gods. That's where history ends and legend begins. It is said that the Germans were in awe of the way St. Boniface cut down the oak and believed that they saw the hand of God. They asked Boniface how they should celebrate Christmas. The legend continues that the saint, understanding the custom of taking an evergreen inside the house, spotted a little fir tree that stood untouched next to the big branches of the oak tree he had just cut down, and asked them to take a fir tree home. Lino Lozza says in her article *The Christmas Tree: Legends, Traditions, History*: "This tree signifies peace, and as an evergreen it also symbolizes immortality; with its top pointing upwards, it additionally indicates heaven, the dwelling place of God."

Many other religions and peoples have December celebrations. The Jewish faith observes Hanukkah — an eight day Festival of Lights. The Buddhists have Bodhi Day observed on December 8th, or the Sunday before, -- the day Buddha be-

came enlightened. Iran also has a holiday in December—Shabe-Yalda—"the birthday, or the rebirth of the sun". This is celebrated by families sitting around the table all night telling stories, reading poetry, eating watermelons and pomegranates. Other December observances are celebrated by the Incas, Druids, Native Americans and atheists.

In recent years, the commercialization of the Holiday Season rubs most people the wrong way. During World War II, well intended retailers urged customers to shop early in order to ship packages to soldiers overseas. But these "good intentions" were usurped when businesses figured out that a longer holiday shopping season is better for their bottom line. Even Canadian Boxing Day, which started with good intentions, has become one extra day in the season to increase their revenue. According to Visa, Boxing Day in 2005, was the single largest economic transaction day in the history of Canadian commerce.

A common theme that seems to run through these celebrations is; hope, light, and time to spend with family and friends. We each have our own "reason for the season". Let's stay true to our individual beliefs, traditions and customs. Let's also reach across to our neighbours (especially when the hydro goes out leaving everyone in the dark and cold) and cheer one another through the cold winter months as we look forward to the warm days of spring.

End

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a Santa Claus

Editor's note: *Eight-year-old Virginia O'Hanlon wrote a letter to the editor of New York's Sun, and the quick response was printed as an unsigned editorial Sept. 21, 1897. The work of veteran newsman Francis Pharcellus Church has since become history's most reprinted newspaper editorial, appearing in part or whole in dozens of languages in books, movies, and other editorials, and on posters and stamps.*



Santa visits the Matawatchan Hall

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except [what] they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measure by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a Santa Claus. He exists certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and

you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no VIRGINIAS. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus,

but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest man that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus! Thank GOD! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood

End

"DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says, 'If you see it in THE SUN it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

"115 WEST NINETY-FIFTH STREET."

Dispatches from the South Seas

SPRING TIME IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By Rick and Jane Baxter

As I was walking home from work one day this week, passing by blustery Anse Vata beach with its wild wind surfers skipping over the waves, then around the peninsula, Rocher a la Voile, and finally along the calmer beach of Baie des Citrons, with its sun bathers and swimmers, I began to reflect on my lot in life, living and working here in the South Pacific. With the warm spring Pacific breezes blowing my grey hair and the sun shining in my age weakened eyes, it occurred to me that there must be many autumn related happenings in Canada that I am missing. For example, the cold rains, wet snow and grey skies of October, the World Series (there is no mention of it at all here in the newspapers), exciting preparations for the Grey Cup and, of course, the joys of watching the Leafs beat the Senators etc. Wait a minute, give yourself a pinch! Then, just as the Jacaranda tree with its blue/mauve flowers came into view, I remembered that a report back to Canada on our adventures here in New Caledonia was long overdue. To correct this situation, below is an update of some of our recent experiences.

holiday in a little village about two hours north of Noumea called Saramea. We travelled past a number of orange groves and, when we stopped for lunch, we bought a large bag of fresh oranges, which were delicious. We booked into a bungalow in the newly renovated hotel, L'Evasion, and it was a treat. We had our own beautifully appointed room, including a small fridge, a marble bathroom and a nice wide, open sided front porch. The fact that it was situated beside a babbling brook only enhanced the atmosphere. In the evenings, we took our wine onto the porch and had a leisurely game of Scrabble before dinner – Jane will gladly tell you who the champ was! Dinners were served in the dining room before a lovely fire (it was still cool at nights then, maybe 19C) and it was excellent French cuisine. In the day, we walked on a path up the creek until we came to a small waterfall that fell over smooth rocks into a deep pool where Rick took a dip. It was way too cold for me, so I just soaked up the scenery with the water rushing over the rocks.

Another day, we drove to the hippodrome located in a vast valley near the town of Bourail, where a country fair was in progress. We spent the morning there just poking around and enjoying the scenery. Who knew there

would be cowboys speaking French in the South Pacific? We were told that the farms and most of the land around Bourail originally was, and still is, owned by the rich families of the original French settlers. They are called the Caldoche - sometimes in a derogatory fashion by the Kanaks, the New Caledonia aboriginals. Some of the Caldoche and their families congregated that evening in the dining room in front of the fire to have a drink and share stories about who won the blue ribbons at the fair.

From Bourail we stopped at the 18 km long sandy Poe Beach where you can camp, swim and sail. A great place for families. Nearby we stopped to see The Pierced Rock where the sea has worn a hole right through the rock and "Bonhomme" a huge rock formation that is shaped like a man's head. We were told that the water just next to Bonhomme was very deep and that there is an underwater entrance to a tunnel that leads to "the next world".

The following week, we looked forward to our niece Kelly's arrival. She was with us for three weeks and we tried to pack as much as we could into that time. There was a day snorkelling at Ile au Canard, hiking up Mt. Koghi to the waterfall, visiting Prony, the village where prisoners from France were sent, cruising downtown Noumea, shopping at the market, a

day trip to Isle des Pines and another day trip to Phare Amedee. Whew!

Phare Amedee was very interesting as it is a tiny island about an hour's catamaran ride from Noumea with a huge lighthouse to alert ships about the reef. The light can be seen from Noumea at night. We were entertained by Pacific dancers and had a great barbeque on the beach. On this island we saw many of the local snakes called "tricot raye" both in the water and on the shore. They are lovely snakes, striped white and black and Kelly had a good time photographing them but I was a little nervous because the bite of the tricot raye is fatal! The lighthouse on the island is the key feature, being built during Napoleon's era, it is a lovely beacon and in good shape.

The first week of September, I (Rick) traveled once again to Nuku'alofa, on the island of Tongatapu in the kingdom of Tonga. This was to assist the statistics office in their preparations for the November 2006 Census of Population. This was just a couple of weeks before the Tongan king died and a month of mourning began. On the last Friday night of my visit, the census commissioner and his wife asked me to join them at a resort outside town on the sea for an outdoor buffet dinner and floor show. The food was plentiful, spectacular, varied, strange and

continued on next page

In mid-August, we had a three day

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fand very tasty. There were some long slimy things that I ate and I did not ask, and did not want to know, what they were. Following dinner, we were entertained by a small group of musicians and singers. The lead singer is a police officer during the day and sings golden oldies at night. He has a great voice and is known as the "Tongan Elvis". He brought the house down with his closing number where the dinner crowd was invited to join in. Unfortunately, I think he learned the words by listening to Elvis sing on a record rather than actually buying the music because he sang the words "Blue Shade Shoes". I went to sleep that night with those words ringing in my ears.

It was then time for our much anticipated trip home for our son, Peter's wedding. Peter and Kristie were married in Toronto on September 23rd and we all had a great time. The air trip home was a grueling 30 hours long but we had a week before the ceremony to recover. The wedding itself was a lovely affair and gave us the opportunity to spend time with family and get caught up on things.

After the wedding, we made our way to the cottage at Black Donald Lake where we unloaded our luggage and then spent a few days in Stittsville, getting doctor and dentist appointments out of the way and spending as much time as we could with our granddaughter, Sienna. The last few days were spent at the lake again, getting together with close to 50 friends at the open house, doing odd jobs around the cottage and before you knew it we were heading to Toronto to catch the plane back to Noumea on Thursday. The three weeks just flew by!

First concession *continued*

Lloyd and Aleck realized they should not be driving in such a state and without even trying to start the 'Model A', they hammered on Orland's kitchen door until he appeared in his long Johns. Lloyd, by far the most eloquent of the trio, addressed Orland while hanging onto the door jam for support. "Buck, our car won't start. Buck, do you think we could sleep on your couch or floor or someplace until daybreak? We'll make it right with you Buck".

Orland, bristling at the constant use of the hated nickname, grudgingly let them in and of course the full effects of the wine soon became apparent as the heat from the wood stove began to penetrate their senses. It was, "Merry Christmas Buck, thanks a lot for putting us up, Buck, you are the greatest Buck; and so on until finally they went to sleep with some blankets Orland supplied.

Shortly after daylight Orland arose to do his farm chores and

We arrived back in Noumea on Saturday morning, October 4, and forced ourselves to stay awake all day to try to get back in sync with our sleeping schedule. We finally crawled into bed but couldn't get to sleep because a gecko had moved into our room while we were gone. These little critters make an awful racket when they are upset – and this guy was upset that we were back – they sound like an angry squirrel. We got up to chase it but it moved in behind the air conditioner which is quite high up on the bedroom wall and we couldn't reach it. Rick had the brilliant idea of turning on the air conditioner. We waited and finally he stuck his head out (waiving a tiny white flag!) and left the bedroom – Rick and Jane 1 – Gecko 0! – he wasn't pleased—Finally to sleep.

Rick and I don't do jet lag very well. For one thing, it is almost impossible to sleep on the plane and when you lose that much sleep – 30 hours door to door on our return – it wreaks havoc with your health. That being said, it felt really good getting back "home" and into our own bed – I know, this is a sign of getting old! Now that we are back we are settling into our routines. We have joined the local gym and plan to frequent it regularly. The weather has been glorious since we got back – summer is on its way, 24C every evening, and 25-26 during the day. We watched the news from Montreal the other day and there was snow falling behind the commentator – we don't miss that!

Recently, we went to an "Islands Night" at SPC where Rick works. All the Pacific island people got to-

when he returned to the house, his guests and their car had departed.

Orland was quite upset with all these goings-on and told Dad and me all the sordid details next day in his high pitched voice. "Hungh! They called me names half the night, said their car would not start but I don't think they even tried it! In the marnin' they just jumped in their car, and zoom, away, they went! Hungh"! To calm him down, Dad promised to give a severe reprimand next time he was home on leave. Lloyd and Aleck returned the next week to apologize to Orland for any inconvenience they may have caused, wishing him a Happy New Year and making a point to call him Orland. Somewhat mollified, he also accepted Dad's explanation that these boys were unaccustomed to strong drink and that they hadn't realized his correct name was Orland. Times indeed have changed.

gether to put on a night of island culture, dancing and food. What a night! We ate grilled shrimp, tasty raw tuna, barbeque chicken, salads and dishes cooked in coconut milk – it was all delicious. Everyone had flowers in their hair and wore their most colourful clothing – the islanders were especially beautiful. Then the dancing began. The first dancers were the Tahitians and Cook Islanders with their beautiful, graceful moves, swaying hips, etc. Other dancers such as those from Papua New Guinea followed, not as graceful as the others but interesting just the same. Then came the dancers from the islands of Wallis and Futuna – these people are fierce warriors. They were painted, tattooed, wore grass skirts, flipped knives and clubs and juggled fire batons in the air and both men and women were absolutely fierce. The drums they danced to were very tribal and loud and it made your heart beat fast. As I watched them I thought of the early explorers who first stumbled on the island and seeing these people and how frightened they must have been – and that was before they knew they were cannibals!!!! It was truly a lovely night.

Last weekend, we went on a hike up the Dumbea River with our English Club friends. The Dumbea River is about a half hour drive away from Noumea. We parked the car and started the hike. It was a very social outing with everyone bringing their dogs, kids and picnic lunches. After walking for an hour we stopped for a swim at a swimming hole in the river. The water was crys-

Reeve *continued*

in Calabogie. The response time on code 4's is now below the Provincial requirement at 19 minutes.

I continue to show my support for activities in the Township from Canada Day celebrations at all three wards to the Horse Pull at Dacre, the Home Support fund raiser in Calabogie and the Christmas Tree lighting in Matawatchan to highlight only a few of more than 75 official duties.

I believe that I did deliver on my promises and more.

Let me conclude by saying that it has been a privilege to serve you as Reeve for the last three years. I would also like to wish the new Council every success over the coming four years of their term. This ends my report for this term of office.

Respectfully

Isobel Kristijan, Reeve

tal clear and refreshing as we were all hot from the hike. We then decided to proceed further up the river where there were more swimming holes and spectacular scenery. Another hour along the river we stopped again, this time for lunch, a swim and just generally relaxing – again, the water was crystal clear with large rocks along the side of the pool for sitting on. It was an excellent way to spend the day and we came home tired, sunburned but exhilarated.

Since we have come back, Rick's job has changed in scope a bit and it gives him much more control over his projects and he is getting so much more satisfaction out of his job than he did before. I am back doing volunteer work at the Women's Bureau with a couple of interesting projects so I'm busy and happy also. We are glad to be back and look forward to the next few months of indulging ourselves in summer and everything else that the South Pacific has to offer.

Rick heads off on another trip to Fiji and Tonga in the middle of November so we'll report on that next time. We have made reservations to go to a spot called "Poppys on the Lagoon" in Port Vila on the island country of Vanuatu over Christmas. It's supposed to be lovely there so we'll pass along to you our adventures there.

Keep those cards and letters coming. We miss you all and really like hearing from you.

End

When Insults Had Class

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary."

-- William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway)

"Poor Faulkner. Does he really think big emotions come from big words?"

-- Ernest Hemingway (about William Faulkner)

"In order to avoid being called a flirt, she always yielded easily."

-- Charles, Count Talleyrand

"He uses statistics as a drunken man uses lamp-posts...for support rather than illumination."

-- Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

THOSE HILLS - THEN AND NOW

by Ernie Jukes

“Throw her into reverse Walt and let’s get her to hell outta here and up over the top” hollered Bruce Wagar, mud to his ankles, puffing and pushing on the front rad of the Model T. Ford touring car. Gordon McCabe covered in snow and mud, like the Isinglass side windows, was busy shimmying the clutch with a wooden shingle carried expressly for the slow two mile climb up Eagle Hill. An early cold, wet November snow was falling and the narrow track over the mountains they called Highway 41, was a slippery mire of mud. The proven method of getting up and over these steep highlands was to back up with all hands pushing, for better traction and gas flow to the engine.

This sweaty group knew they were committed to more tough-going ahead and they had to get into their deer camp by opening day. It was an outing they all pegged on the calendar each year and the rest of the gang were there waiting. Walt didn’t mind the long drive from Rochester, New York to pick up his two Napanee, Ontario buddies on the way north to those blue ridge hills of the Madawaska Highlands. He loved adventure, the hunt and especially those hills.

It really doesn’t matter much where we come from--- there are a few special places that reach into your very soul and memory. They beckon you back again and again. Like that particular hole at the bend of the stream where the trout lie big and wary. Or that abandoned overgrown farm where the coveys of partridge flushed from the tumbled down out-buildings. It might be that mountain top that you have to climb simply for the glorious view no matter how many times you have seen it before.

The year was 1929 and the trail into the tiny settlement, called Glenfield (now deserted) was barely passable for the old tin flivvers of that day. More reliable horse and wagon was still the mode of transportation in that neck of the woods. And they were certainly handy for getting the game out of the bush---no ATV’s or 4 wheel drive jeeps in those early times. The Snider family were there with shovels welcoming their annual guests. However, Jesse, the patriarch of the family and an old friend was feeling poorly. He said nothing but the gang knew.

In spite of more falling snow each day, the dogs ran well with Walt’s big blue tick hound “Babe” baying in the lead. These experienced hunters soon had their fill of “liver and onions” with many big bucks hang-



Artist: Ernie Jukes

ing. They had added plenty to the larder of those hardy settlers that were facing another long hard winter. The hunt was again successful.

The snow continued to rapidly build and by the end of the week it had drifted nigh on waist high in most places. This brought an end to the hunt but to make matters worse old man Snider was much worse, he looked ashen grey as if “the cold had got deep into him and just wouldn’t let go”. It sure didn’t, for two days later as they said in the hills in those days he “woke up dead”.

Well no one could move in those conditions and there were no telephones in there, so Walt’s boyhood experience with a Hanover, Ontario undertaker was called upon to lay the old man out. The backwoods gentleman was “waked” by candle light and kerosene lamp in the parlour while the hunters helped the family dig the grave in the little cemetery nearby, just down the road apiece. Walt or “Waddy” as the locals sometimes called him, was determined he would build a deserving coffin for his old friend and had it started when he ran out of nails and screws. Not enough to be had without tearing down part of the barn or the outhouse.

It was still snowing and blowing hard as he brought out snowshoes made for him by a local native friend and sometimes fellow hunter by the name of Joe McLaren. He decided, against all objections, to hoof it cross-country over the ridges to the general store at Matawatchan and get the necessary hardware to finish the important job. Mrs. Snider also needed more pickling salt for deer preserves. He would leave at dawn.

The wind had stopped during the night but it had turned colder than a witch’s heart. Walt’s nose was drippin as he set out nor-east through frosty forest and slushy stream. He had hunted

many parts of the region since returning from the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the Great War and taking up citizenship in the States. But after a few hours he stopped, and looking slowly around in all directions he had realized that something was wrong. There before him was a large half-frozen, snow covered lake and a huge mountain beyond, that should not be there, at least not just yet.

An hour later he had worked his way around the edge of the lake, over deadfall and up to the crest of the high hill. No land marks, no sun, everything heavily laden with snow. Looking a lot like a place where he had taken out an elk in Wyoming he thought as he rested, mopped his brow, and puffed on a Camel cigarette. It was past mid morning and he knew he had many miles to travel. After following his compass north for a mile or so he found the familiar trail crossing a slushy narrows between two lakes. Feet wet and cold he followed it through the drifts to lead him over Dan’s mountain into the village for his quick purchase and tough return trek.

It was better going now he thought, fortified with a good slug of rum at the store from Bill Hunter and two new pairs of wool socks. He picked up his own tracks, in fact the only tracks he was to see all day. His respite of temporary comfort was short lived as he was soon forced to slosh, shin deep in ice water, fording the narrows once again. After putting on the other pair of woollies he fought his way over hill and dale, through the wilderness, following his own trail. Then at last in the distant dusk he saw the lamp they had put in the upstairs window, as a beacon to guide him home. Cold, hungry and exhausted the Yankee-Canuck stumbled back into the Snider homestead for a much needed late but hot supper.

The next day with the horse and sleigh they laid the old man to rest

“proper” in the family plot. The gang were soon sadly returning home loaded with bear and deer but feeling the loss of a comrade. It would be twelve more months till their next hunt in those rambling hills. Little did Walt realize they were creating a hunting legacy when he called the gang “The Hunters of Renown”

Well, I had just recalled that whole scene from yesterday’s memories when abruptly a loud, annoying chattering shattered my day dreaming. Then what a relief, as it just as quickly stopped and a black, bold and sassy squirrel sat motionless waiting for my next move.

As I shifted on the log and blew lightly through the rubber band in my doe call, it darted up the beech tree and away on one of many spreading branches. The falling flakes of snow had now suddenly covered the ground. My view overlooking the large lake from this high ridge clear down to the narrows was a reminder of Walt’s ordeal--- but hold on a minute. Shh!

The pitter-patter of hoofs through the crispy snow and frozen leaves told me I was in for some action. Two deer by the sound of it, and now there, the doe came into view. They were slowly moving along the runway only 50 yards away. They stopped almost hidden in a group of young hardwoods, and I waited for its mate to appear. Then the buck stuck his head out as if to proceed, so I elected to take him with one shot through the neck. It fell in its tracks, instantly dead. I immediately moved directly down across the slope where I found the prints of the other one going into the pines, which skirted a swamp below. “Hell, one is enough for today”, I said as I quickly snapped out the two “success” signal shots calling the rest of the gang to gather.

We had field dressed the fine animal and loaded it on to my ATV just as it started to snow much harder and the wind picked up. It looked like we were in for a real storm as the snow filled black clouds were quickly rolling in, reminding me of that other hunt in these hills. The boys were ready to call it a day too ...the hunt is more than killing deer.

As we came down off Dan’s mountain and passed by the same old general store I wondered what Walt would have thought if he could be here today? We would soon have our big buck hung undercover at Camp J. Then maybe have a hot shower and a sherry to sip by the fire, while we watch the World Series ballgame on T.V.

“Well Dad, what do you think of it all now.?”

End

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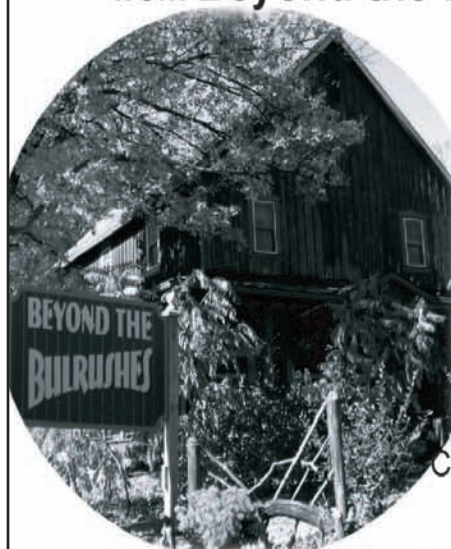
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Community cont...

Lion's Club Bingo

Every second Tuesday at 7:30 pm
 Nov. 14, Nov. 28 and Dec, 2
 Community Centre, Griffith, 613- 333-5523

"Northern Lights" Seniors

Meet the third Tuesday of each month at 1:30 p.m. alternating between Griffith and Matawatchan. For information contact Lois Robbins at 333-1082. All Seniors Welcome

Busy Bees Craft Club

Meet the second Tuesday of every month at St. Andrew's Church (Matawatchan) Contact: Hazel Warren (333-2798) or Carol Anne Kelly (333-5570)

Community Bus Service

Phone Kay Kelly for information and reservations at 333-2731 by Tuesday evening. Bus travels every other Thursday for shopping. The bus fee is

\$10.00.

Fellowship Luncheon

These meals are held the first Wednesday of each month at noon. Contact Pat Holleran 333-1229 or Lois Robbins at 333-1082

at 12 noon. Full Course Meal \$5.00. Contact Lynn McNicolle at 333-5586 for information.

Denbigh

Diners Club

Dinners are held the first Monday of the month at the Denbigh Community Hall

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

HEALTH CARE
Paramed Health Care Services Foot Care Clinic/Denbigh
 Call 333-5559, Muriel Burgess, for an appointment

End

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Renfrew
 4 wk session starting Jan 10
 10am - 11:30am 7:00pm - 11:30pm
 Ma-te-way Activity Centre

Calabogie
 4 wk session starting Jan 9 07
 10am - 11:30am
 6 wk session starting March 20
 10am - 11:30am
 St. Andrews United Church Hall

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Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our friends and patrons

Winter Hours
 Phone before you come

Cottage Corner

Some thoughts about winter

By John Roxon

Another Highlands winter season is upon us, arriving with an almost evil glee as we get our usual first taste of the extreme dry cold and bitter winds in early December. This is often followed by a warming off period in which Mother Nature seems to say “just kidding” before we’re hit with a blast again that stretches for well over a month before any respite is felt. Will climate change or global warming, which is very much the zeitgeist of our times, serve to soften the sharp edges of the Eastern Ontario winter? Time will certainly tell. But until then, dear readers, you’d be well advised to make sure your house is put upon for winter mode; the stoves are in good working order and the sandals, shorts and summer dresses stored in the top of the closet, to be replaced by flannels and furs.

Englishman Hugh Gray moved to Canada for a three year stay in 1806. Though he settled in the area of Quebec City, he traveled frequently to Montreal and beyond, often during the winter. His description of the seasonal events and the weather itself read as if written recently. In his book “Letters from Canada” which was first published in London in 1809 and reprinted by Coles Pub-

lishing in 1971, Gray says of the Canadian winter: “There is something very awful and terrific in a Canadian snow storm. A heavy fall of snow is generally accompanied by a violent gale of wind, which driving along the snow with immense velocity, and forming a thousand eddies and turnings according to the inequalities of the surface, and resistant consequent thereon, you are able to form an idea of the velocity of the wind – it becomes, as it were, visible.” The storm Gray describes is one that we’ll all experience – probably within a week of delivery of this newspaper. Its one we’ve certainly struggled through many, many times in past winters.

Over the course of 200 years, nothing has changed in man’s embrace of winter. In 1808, once the snow grew to a depth of two feet, the wheel carriages could no longer be used. In its place, the early settlers used a sleigh called a cariole, which was placed on runners. Today’s automobile certainly has a tough time traversing two feet of snow – the preferred method is to use an automated sleigh mounted on runners otherwise known as a snowmobile. Skating parties and sleigh racing over the ice were chosen pastimes – just like today. Since most people worked the land, winter brought an increase in leisure time – the main activities, of course, relating to food and firewood. Gray tells stories of the townspeople gathering at a house for an evening of whist playing, dancing and conver-

sation. These parties would go until the fiddler stopped playing, often into the wee hours of the morning. Upon leaving, full of party cheer and revelry, the hapless traveler would often get lost trying to cross a lake in vain hopes of finding his house. It’s an experience I’m sure more than one snowmobile can relate to.

The early Canadian settler rather enjoyed winter. Describing the experience to his English audience, Gray recounts that even though the temperature might read 30 degrees below freezing, it often doesn’t feel as bad as a damp, British winter; “People are less liable to suffer from cold in Canada than they are in England, notwithstanding the greater severity of the weather...The Canadians take care not to expose themselves to the external air without being warmly clothed; particular attention is paid to keeping the feet, the hands and the head warm...Were the effect of the cold here on one’s feelings, to increase in proportion as the thermometer falls, and go as far beyond what it is in England, as the real quantum of caloric in the atmosphere is more there than here, it would be impossible to exist in this country. But the evil carries its cure along with it. The frost deprives the air of its moisture and consequently decreases its power of carrying off from our body the heat it contains. If we wish to know how the weather is to affect us, we should consult a hygrometer as well as a thermometer.”

The effects of this dry cold on living

spaces was also as keenly felt 200 years ago as it is today. The wood stove, in particular, combined with the already dry air to cause the “very panels of the door to shrink so much as to almost fall out of its frame, and the frame itself shrinks to such a degree that the bolt loses its hold”. Gray continues to compare the effects of the Canadian winter on indoor living with those of the hot easterly wind that blows through Europe called the Siroc wind. In fact our winter is gentler. Whereas there is no escaping the chafing qualities of the Siroc, the Canadian can just open a door to get a fresh supply of cold air.

Perhaps we shouldn’t wish for global warming to eradicate our cold winters. Perhaps we should be thankful that at least we can enjoy the outdoors, to snowmobile, ATV, skate, ski and all the other things we look forward to in winter. The coldest I have ever felt at the cottage in the Madawaska Highlands was not on a cold January day when the temperature read minus 42, it was in May, 2000, when the mercury registered plus 10 Celsius but I could not keep warm, no matter how many layers I piled on. The wood stove didn’t add much heat as the wood was practically wet from the dampness. Is this really what we want from our winters – endless damp days of plus 4 or 5 degrees – too warm to ski or snowmobile and too miserable to venture outside?

I wish everyone a very Merry Christmas – please have a safe and happy holiday. Cheers!

End

Parting thoughts from a retiring Councillor:

By Bruce Parker

I would, first of all, like to say a most heartfelt “thank you” the voters of Greater Madawaska for giving me the chance to serve them during this past term of office. It has been a wonderful opportunity to get to know many of them personally and to learn a great deal more about the community and the things that are important to us all. It was a privilege and an honour to be the “Councillor from Ward 2” and to be the first “non-resident” elected to serve in the township.

The past 3 years have been busy ones for Greater Madawaska’s council and staff. Retiring baby-boomers and the steady inflow of tourists from Ottawa and beyond continue to increase the demands on the township for better access, more development, improved infrastructure and enhanced levels of service... year ‘round. Council faced many new challenges during its past term, but I believe was able to find effective and efficient solutions to almost all of them. Where it could not bring matters to a conclusion, it set an

appropriate chain of events in motion which future councils can build upon.

Councils, and the municipalities they serve, are all about people. Greater Madawaska has its own unique and distinct blend of histories, cultures, economies and geography. Although it is still adjusting to its “creation through amalgamation”, its people are amazingly resourceful, supportive, interesting and involved – a pleasure to work with and to work for.

My decision not to run again this year was a difficult one and made for entirely personal reasons. I hope to remain active in local affairs and your new Council has seen fit to appoint me a “citizen volunteer” on a couple of the township’s continuing committees – Economic Development and the Library Board. I am looking forward to the challenges ahead.

Councils are remembered for the decisions they make and the actions which result. In addition to the hundreds of day-to-day items all municipal governments deal with, this Council made many de-

isions which I believe will have far-reaching, long-term, positive effects on Greater Madawaska. If one was to create a “Top 10” list of the best decisions Council made in the past 3 years, it should include: 1) Recruiting John Baird to be the township’s Chief Administrative Officer (CAO). John’s experience as a senior administrator has allowed Council to reduce its involvement in day-to-day operations and to focus on the longer-term needs of the municipality. 2) Restructuring the way in which Council conducts its business. The introduction of greater transparency and a Standing Committee process offers the public a continuing direct voice in the township’s decision-making. 3) Developing and approving the first ever Strategic Plan for the Greater Madawaska Township. As a result of many months of public input, the incoming Council now has a blue-print to work from as it decides whether, how, and in what order to implement the many recommendations. 4) Council’s decision (in 2005) to begin rebuilding the township’s depleted financial reserves and, more

recently, to initiate development of long-term plans for the renewal of the township’s ageing Public Works and Fire Department fleets. 5) The decision – or rather, series of decisions – which demonstrated Council’s determination to seek long-term solutions to its Waste Disposal, Septage and Source Water protection requirements. (For the first two, at least, the incoming Council will shortly receive a wealth of information upon which to base final decisions. Provincial action is still pending on the third item.) 6) Council’s involvement and support of volunteer citizens’ committees, including the Economic Development Committee, chaired by Bill Hewson and the Barnet Park Committee, chaired by Don Swift. The activities of these groups, and many others, continue to yield impressive benefits for our township. 7) The development, and continual up-dating, of a web-site for the Township. Upcoming public events, Council schedules and minutes, key social activities, economic develop-

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The Township of Greater Madawaska



The Municipal Office will be closed on the following days:

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2006 AT NOON
 MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 2006
 TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 2006
 FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 2006 AT NOON
 MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 2007

All waste sites in the Township will be closed on the following days:

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 2006
 MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 2007

**St. Paul's Anglican Church Choir
 in Almonte will be presenting the cantata
 "Let heaven and Nature Sing GLORIA!"
 on Sunday, December 31st at 10 a.m.**

You are cordially invited to join us for this special occasion.

**This cantata written by Mark Hayes (music), John Parker (lyrics)
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 anthems and favourite Christmas carols.**



**Choir director and organist at St. Paul's, Isobel Kristijan
 and her husband Miklos extend this invitation to you
 and wish you all a very Blessed Christmas and Happy New Year.**

The MonoRail Car Carrier

By Richard Copeland

Nightmares can evolve into dreams. The figurative nightmare, that repetitive experience which one holds in great disdain, can be the driver for finding solutions to rid oneself of the daily dilemma. Too often, the solution from the dream is too grand to put into practice, but the dream can at least push aside some of the effects of the nightmare. Just as necessity can beget invention, so a bad situation can give rise to sweet day dreams. And dreams can become reality. And the stuff of the big city commute can be temporarily suspended in the Walter Mitty world of solutions.

The roads in and out of Toronto are a quagmire of high density autos and frequent idling immobility. One can arm oneself with the necessities of travelling in the Big Smoke – coffee, doughnut, morning paper, full tank of gas, and cell phone - but the high percentage of low quality time spent in an automobile is an unmistakable waste of human lifetimes. Many cars with too few heads inside

speak to the problem of connecting to a mass transit system, which can run along its arteries but not branch outward to final destinations. Deterred by the prospect of losing even more time, the big city commuter is resolved to spend time in the car and fuel that choice with gasoline. At best, this resolution is on a bet. Once winter deals a poor hand, the car can sit for hours, idling to stave off death from freezing, while its exhaust pushes out a continuous stream of pollutants. And if winter packs in more snow, there is less usable road, fewer parking spots and delays heaped upon delays. The magnitude of the winter problem is not appreciated by the uninitiated, as Winnipeg scoffed at Toronto for calling in the army, not realizing that the big city moves the equivalent of Winnipeg's population in and out each day, and finds a place to put them in the interim. The transportation problems are enormous, and so why shouldn't a solution be of similar proportion?

The car brought us the ability to move outside the city while retaining the city job. People moved outward to populate urban communities

usually named after the woodland or farms which had once occupied that location. The country life was a well marketed inspirational move, even though the country ambience was destroyed once the population had arrived. Cheap gas was the facilitator. Clean air was found outside the city. And then things changed.

Once resigned to the realization that stationary cars caught in traffic aren't to be turned around, that your meetings are postponed, you should have purchased a second newspaper and the coffee is just a stain on the bottom of your paper cup, you then begin to ask some of the right questions. How does a nation capable of building a railway coast to coast, a hundred years ago, allow so much of today's advanced technology to grind to a halt? And why do we permit this endless procession to dump poison into our air? Why can't we efficiently move individuals in smaller groups – groups of one perhaps? Why is it that when we build new roads they simply fill up? We know winter comes around on a regular basis and yet why haven't we figured out how to neutralize its

negative effects on transportation?

Ah, the beginnings of the dream. To address some of the questions the quick solutions require that the vehicles don't burn fuel, they don't touch the ground until they have to, they can be packed into less space, they can provide communications during travel and they stray from the main artery continuously transporting their occupants to their final destination.

No they don't fly. The sky hook still can't support stop lights. The requirement is for a small vehicle that doesn't burn gas. Make it electric with an on board charger. You plug it in at night, at home, and take advantage of off-peak electricity. It has sufficient range to get to a 'sky-train' location where it is connected to a raised mono rail, best located above the medians of major highways where it will consume the least possible land area. This little electric transporter will need a short range of travel and can be topped up with charge when connected to the mono-rail. Doing it right, would include a

continued on page 23



**Mulligan's is opening Dec. 26 for a preview period
 featuring a long drive contest - Bring your driver**



Angus MacBogee (Wes Bomhower) in a skit with Maria Ascala, the opera singer from Italy (our librarian Skippy Hale) at a November 12 fundraiser for Home Support.

Fishing with Jim

By Jim Weatherall,



Hi everyone! It is winter in the Valley. Time for all of you fishermen to think of changing those long rods for a roll of line, a hook and long underwear. It's

too cold to be out in the boat but no ice to ice fish yet...OH! - but I'm fishing off the 2nd Avenue Pier in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

The winter trout are hitting good. I am float fishing in 6 – 12 ft. of water, depending on the tide, using live shrimp for bait. At \$4.50/doz. U.S., it is not too bad, except when the Blue's hit. They will clean up a dozen shrimp in no time, making it an expensive day when you go through 3 – 4 dozen.

There is a size limit of 13 in. on the winter trout with a limit of 10 per day. Those that I have landed were between 16 and 25 inches and about 1 to 4 lbs. There are also some nice Flounder that were brought in. They must be 12 in. to keep. I have only kept 1 and it was 14 in..... a nice eating fish.

By the time this paper is out, I should be back in the cold, and have the bait shop open. If you are around on Christmas Eve day at 11:00 a.m. drop around and join us in a feed of Sea Trout. We'd love to see you.

Please take precautions to keep yourself safe on the ice, especially when it is new. We need all of you safe and sound.

See you out on the ice.

Jim

Understanding Alpha

Many people who hardly ever go to church have a lot of questions about the Christian faith. "Does religion really mean anything?" "What's so special about Jesus?" "Is the Bible really true?" These and many similar questions are on people's minds, but they seldom get asked because of fear of embarrassment or fear of seeming to be antagonistic to the people they respect who are regular church goers.

Alpha is a program designed to answer these questions and many more so that people can have a solid understanding of what the Christian faith is really all about. In a series of taped talks and small group discussions people get to explore their questions in an environment where nobody will pressure them to accept any particular line of thought or condemn them for their lack of involvement in the Church. The third key element in the Alpha program is what is usually called table fellowship. Those who developed the program have discovered that people very much need time to visit and get to know each other if they are to explore something as personal as faith questions together.

In the Alpha course planned for January in Griffith the table fellowship will normally consist of dessert and coffee together at the beginning of the evening, although some full meals are planned. The talks were taped at Holy Trinity Brompton Road Anglican Church in London England where Alpha began. Since it was first established there a couple of decades ago it has spread to every corner of the world and is used by denominations of every description. The Griffith Alpha is unusual in that it is ecumenical. The Hilltop Pentecostal congregation at Griffith and the United Churches in Matawatchan and Denbigh are working together along with the advice and counsel of Father Joseph Legree the Roman Catholic priest at Griffith to put together a course that truly belongs to the community.

The first session of the course will take place at the Griffith Lions Hall on January 4th at 6:30 P.M. Everyone is welcome and bring your appetites. The first session will begin with a spaghetti supper!

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Retiring Councillor *continued*

ment information, an inventory of local businesses and so much more are now available 24 hours a day to anyone in the world with an Internet connection and fingers to type: www.townshipofgreatermadawaska.com .
8) Council's approval of the Calabogie Motorsport Track and the various legislation and regulations governing its operations. Controls were established to ensure its eco-friendly operation, while the economic benefits and opportunities this new facility brings with it should have a positive impact on Greater Madawaska for many years to come.
9) Council's 2006 decision to support the Library's Outreach Initiative, which provided another service to the outlying parts of the township. Residents in all parts of the municipality may now order their reading material on-line and have it dropped off / picked up weekly at a convenient near-by location.
10) Last, but not least, Council's decision to ensure that all future Greater Madawaska municipal elections include mail-in ballots or some other suitable form of alternate voting procedure. With 50% or more of its ratepayers listed as non-resi-

dents, this decision ensures that every property owner and resident has a voice in the future of our township.

The new, incoming Council will have a very busy term. Many challenges still lie ahead and the resources available to them are limited by a tax base that is 97% residential. I would encourage everyone in Greater Madawaska to take an active role in shaping the future of this great township. You will never have a better opportunity, nor a more worthwhile cause. You might even enjoy it as much as I have.

End

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I would like to express my appreciation to everyone for their support and encouragement during the election campaign and in the past. I look forward to serving you for the next four year term.

I would like to thank J.R, Chantal, Chris and Marie for their time, energy and ideas. Our community was fortunate to have them offer of themselves.

My congradulations to Karin, Don, John and Tom I am looking forward to working with these four exceptional people in this term of council.

On behalf of my family I wish all a Merry Christmas and a safe and prosperous New Year for you and your loved ones.

Peter Emon

The MonoRail continued

canopy over the monorail surfaced with solar panels. Wind generators could be applied where applicable. The connection could include phone, internet and communications for payment and destination request with the monorail carrier. The monorail will be high above the ground where sleet and snow will have no effect and will whisk the traveler and car to the deoportment station nearest to the final destination. The traveler and vehicle would disconnect and carry on to the final destination, where some further top up for the batteries could be available. Simple.

But costly. A whole new look at infrastructure would be required. The monorail would be a new business. Perhaps the railroad companies are best suited for the undertaking of the monorail and the new line of 'cars' would likely fall into the laps of the automotive industry. The auto industry would fight something like this along with the oil companies, but we could at least please one of them. If the new cars were plastic then the oil co's could sell their chemicals in greater volume and at least we would have something durable from our oil. Computer technology would be forced into handling traffic on the monorail and that software development would be good since I see some use for that in a future dream.

Electric cars can manage a range of 300km today. All the technology exists. The weaker technologies, like battery storage capacity, would have a larger driver to invest and improve. But it is a project of such grand infrastructural change that only a committed society as a whole could undertake it. The monorail would be the largest financial problem, with only a promise of collecting fares from vehicles which do not yet exist. The cars themselves would be more easily financed since the users would share the capital cost by purchasing their accommodation as they do today with gasoline vehicles, however there will be some speculative research and development costs. Governments will have to figure out how to support new automotive development and provide incentives for early adopters of the new cars.

The cars, of course, can be used by short range day trippers independent of the monorail system, giving them a broader range of market acceptance. Once a big city trial has been concluded, the whole system can begin to broaden its reach, the Windsor – Montreal corridor and finally a national monorail-road allowing efficient pollution free travel from coast to coast. That's still a good concept to tie together a nation from sea to sea.

End

Look who's reading the Highlander.....



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