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The Madawaska Highlander

Winter 2015
FREE Vol.13 Issue 6
(Next issue May 11, 2016)

Celebrating Cottage and Country Life in Madawaska & Addington Highlands of Eastern Ontario

Enjoy the beauty of winter in the Highlands. Skate, ski, sled, slide, snowshoe, then stay. Stay by a cozy fire, sipping cocoa and sigh. Beautiful!

Welcome!



A canon at Fort Frederick Martello Tower/RMC Museum, Kingston serves as a reminder of Canadian invasions not so long ago. Story of the Battle of the Windmill Page 6 - Photo Steve Manders

...To the Winter, / Christmas edition of The Madawaska Highlander. We end a great season with another top notch assembly of what's important to readers in the Highlands and beyond. More kudos to our contributors for all their interesting, thought-provoking and plain silly articles (One so silly it was sent in anonymously).

Although many cottagers and some businesses close up for the winter, our many hamlets remain active with Christmas and New Year celebrations as we prepare for winter. Dedicated volunteers are assembling the boards for another year of outdoor skating and by now, snowmobile trails are all set for a bed of snow and a lot of fun with friends and family. Plans are being set for winter carnivals, pot luck suppers, and a whole lot of fun in the great outdoors.



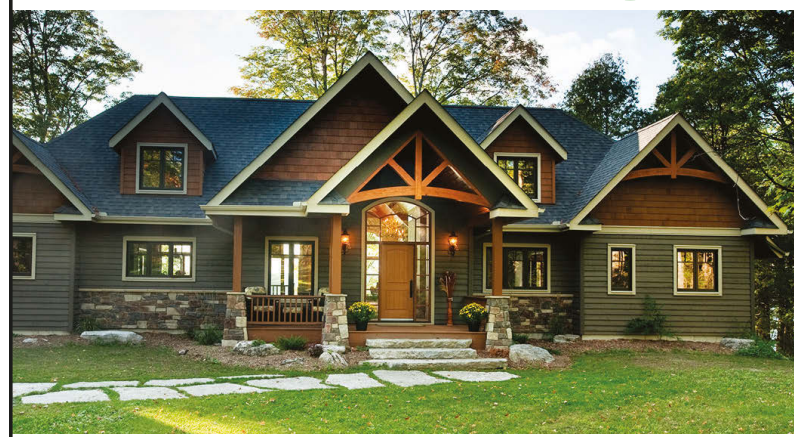
Nature's beauty is a 4 season delight in the Highlands. Get out there and enjoy! - Photo Steve Manders

A lot has happened since our last issue, including a Federal Election, Thanksgiving, Halloween, and Remembrance Day. Garry Ferguson reminds us that some of the most critical Canadian battles occurred before confederation in his article about the Battle of the Windmill. American pirates on British-Canadian soil!

We have plenty to take you through the winter, from war, to angels, the power of song, fire towers, shaking a fire tower, winter camping, journeys by canoe, small business in small towns, yarn-spinning hunters, and the gift of self-compassion - perhaps the best gift of all.

After a day in the snow, get cozy with hot cuppa, a nice view, and The Madawaska Highlander. Enjoy...

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The Madawaska Highlander

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April 30 for May 11 publication
madawaskahighlander.ca**

Message from the editor:

Check the Events Calendar for events in your area. We print what you send in, so if your event is missing or incorrect, be sure to email updates.

Check the ads right away for important information, hours of operation, specials and ideas about things to do in the area. Tell them you saw it in the Madawaska Highlander!

We also maintain the matawatchan.ca website, which has a handy community calendar that is updated whenever new information arrives. The Tri-County area around Matawatchan, Griffith, Denbigh and Vennachar is the primary focus of the website. Also check out www.greatermadawaska.com for events and information in Calabogie. Our community paper depends on the community, so if you have something to offer that our readers would enjoy, please contact us to discuss.

We keep our advertising rates low to keep them accessible for small businesses.

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CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Thank you everyone!

We couldn't do this without our volunteer contributors and our advertisers. Thank you to the Denbigh-Griffith Lions Club for your support.

Garry Ferguson
Ernie Jukes
Skippy Hale
Sharon Shalla
Peter Chess
Howard Popkie

George Ross
Antonia Chatson
John Roxon
Jens Pindal
David Arama
Marcella Neely

John Bolton
Susan Veale
Antonia Chatson



The Walter cartoon series premieres in The Madawaska Highlander and is a collaboration between Jens Pindal and contributor John Roxon. Jens attended Sheraton College in Oakville and has been an animator working in the industry for 25 years.

Merry Christmas!

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LOCAL

South Frontenac names private road on Bob's Lake "Passchendaele Lane" in honour of WWI battle in which Canadians fought and many died.

Deloro couple, James Aubrey Smith and Laura J. Forth produce film, Lest We Forget – The Price of Freedom, about affects of war on a small mining town, Deloro www.deloromemorial.wix.com/canadawarmemoria

CANADA

Ducks Unlimited launches "Rescue our Wetlands" campaign to raise \$2 billion for habitat conservation and restoration, educational programs and wetland research. Wetlands help clean water and mitigate climate change, provide flood and drought protection and serve as natural spaces for wildlife and recreation.

Montreal's flushes 8 billion liters of sewage into St. Lawrence River

After 8 years of boiling their water, water treatment plant set to open in July 2016, for Bay of Quinte Mohawks. As of July 2015, 93 Canadian First Nations communities are under boil water advisories.

Spring bear hunt to be reinstated in Ontario after 16-year hiatus in 2016

UBC scientist using molecular diagnostics to selectively breed disease-resistant bees that produce more honey. No genetic modification involved.

Trans-Pacific Partnership details now known. Trudeau promises "a full and open public debate in Parliament to ensure Canadians are consulted on this historic trade agreement."

SumOfUs.org launches fund-raising campaign to stop the TPP stating, "It's full of giveaways for big business"

Bell Canada fined \$1.25 million for employees downloading and rating their own app without disclosing where they worked

40 years ago in November Edmond Fitzgerald sank in Lake Superior storm, taking all 29 crew with it

Nova Scotia's iconic Long Island Arch collapsed in the 5 Islands tourist area in October, turning 5 islands into 6.

MADD Canada launches Project Red Ribbon campaign over the holiday season

Ken Taylor, Canadian diplomat at center of Iran hostage crisis in 1979, dies at 81

Almost 400 South Koreans, chosen by lottery, were reunited with North Korean family members in October, 62 years after the war ended. 26,000 Canadians participated in the war and 516 died.

COUNTIES

Renfrew County accepts Healthy Kids Challenge to improve the activity levels and overall health of Ontario children and will partner with municipalities and community groups. Ontario.ca/healthykids

The Cauldron, Eastern Ontario's first commercial kitchen is set to open soon near Ottawa, providing rental space for food businesses and private citizens to create and prepare food

Two men, one from Hastings County fined total of \$42,000 under Endangered Species Act for trafficking American ginseng

Philip Slobodzian facing charges in alleged construction scams in Renfrew area. (Age 44, 6 foot tall, white, about 200 pounds, brown hair). Police seeking information

ONTARIO

Community Care Access Centres (CCACs) expected to be scrapped, transferring most responsibilities to 14 Local Health Integration Networks.

Ontario Government's Lake Simcoe Protection Plan's five year report shows lake health has improved. Some native fish showing signs of recovery.

Applications now open for Ontario's "Smart Grid Fund", projects that test, develop and market new energy grid solutions including self-healing grids, micro-grids

Gunn's Hill 10-turbine wind farm set for construction. It's a co-operative project between Prowind Canada Inc., Oxford Community Energy Co-op, and Six Nations of the Grand River Development Corp. Some residents are opposed. Others have joined the cooperative

Ontario's largest wind power facility to be built on Henvey Inlet First Nation Land, a 50-50 partnership between developer and Nigig Power Corp, owned by HIFN

Prince Edward County mayor met with Ontario ministers and deputy chief of staff in October to discuss wind projects. He received a formal apology from the Minister of Environment for refusing to meet on wind turbine projects and says he was told the MOE is forming a sub committee review to see how the Green Energy Act can be made better for municipalities.

Lisgar GO station wind turbine dismantled, producing 91% less power than projected

Ontario investing \$25 million in #CycleON: Ontario's Cycling Strategy to create a more cycling-friendly province. The Canadian Medical Association advises that a 10 per cent increase in physical activity could reduce direct health-care expenditures by \$150 million a year.

WORLD

Oct. 24 was the 70 anniversary of the UN. 200 iconic landmarks in 60 countries were lit up with blue lights on UN Day

Eight circumpolar nations signed a historic deal in October, committing their coast guards to cooperate and coordinate their work in the treacherous but increasingly accessible Arctic Ocean.

NASA reveals Mars once had an atmosphere just like on Earth, but it was stripped away by solar winds. Earth's magnetic field protects us from the same effect - for now.

AccuWeather.com predicts this winter to be one of the warmest on record, with less snowfall and increased risk of ice storms in Eastern Ontario. (No mention of solar winds)


Altamont Pass California: wind turbine farm blamed for bird deaths, shutting down

US moves to mitigate negative impacts of solar flares, which can affect power grids, satellites and Internet

People have been living in space on board the International Space Station (ISS) for 15 years

Three-quarters of Americans now accept the scientific consensus on climate change, the highest level in four years of surveys conducted by the University of Texas at Austin. 59 percent of Republicans now say climate change is happening, up from 47 percent just six months ago.

Alberta to spend \$447 million on flood mitigation along the Elbow River

 <p>-552 (333-5523)</p>	<p>Pine Valley Restaurant & Variety</p> <p>Hwy 41 in Griffith, East of the Madawaska River</p> 	<p>Live Music Monday & Thursday Nights</p>
<p>WE HAVE IT ALL: Gas & Diesel Home Cooked Meals Movie Rentals Groceries Home Baking Crafts Post Office OLG Lottery</p>	<p><i>Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Bert, Carol and everyone at the Pine Valley!</i></p>	<p>Hours: Monday to Friday 6am - 8pm Saturdays 7am - 8pm Sundays 8am - 8pm FULL SERVICE DURING POWER OUTAGES</p>

By Garry Ferguson



Greater Madawaska Housing Corp. Committee
L – R: Bill Beacham, Gail Holtzhauer, Nancy Reid, Jim Ferguson, Pat Holleran, Juliette LeGal and Bill Griffiths. Absent from photo: Council Rep. Glen MacPherson and long-time Consultant Jill McFarlane.

Thursday October 8th; that's when the **Matawatchan Hall Board** held its Annual General Meeting (AGM) and coronation of next season's members. It's also the night that I arrived at the hall expecting a pot-luck supper. You see, the super-active board threw so many activities, sporting events, bashes and shindigs during the past year that it was easy to become confused and disoriented.

Fortunately, some good, hall-board soul had set bottles of water out for the attendees so I was able to muffle the growlies that would certainly have been a distraction to the business at hand. Wendy MacFarlane was elected new President and outgoing President Mark Tomlin became Vice President. Brigitte Chess, Ken Birkett, Sharon Holleran, Kelli Sullivan and Alyson George are the volunteer directors ready and able to guard over ninety-something percent of Matawatchan's social life for another year. It soon became evident that even an AGM would not put a hole in the parade of planned events. I couldn't help but notice that great ideas just come spilling out of every member of this group, and so concluded that many, many meetings must last into the wee-small hours. Several of the valuable, last-year's mover-and-shaker board members have stayed around to be full-time volunteers.

One member of that last year's crew has finally hung up his spurs, after 12 action-packed years, to catch his breath and take a well-deserved time out. Bill Graham (not to be confused with that celebrity U.S. preacher using Bill's name without permission) served as protector-of-the-coin for longer than most of us care to remember – most of those years while creating and distributing the Mada-

waska Highlander. Let's hear it for Bill. (imagine the sound of two hands clapping)

By now the pot-luck and movie, 21st of November, will be in the history books (sorry about the ad nauseam sports cliché) but the Christmas Market – \$7 chili for lunch - on November 28th and a marathon Pot Luck / Tree Lighting / Carol Sing / Santa Party – to get under way at 5:30 p.m. I hope - on the evening of December 12 will soon be upon us.

For Christmas Market info, table rentals etc., dial up 613 318 8308 and Brigitte Chess will be at your service. Those who intend to attend (not intended as poetry) the Santa Party with their kiddies, should get in touch with Kelli Sullivan at 613-333-9800 to discuss Santa gifts. You see, she has the old saint's secret email address – they tell me that he has his own server – and will advise him as to what is needed in the way of gifts for that night. Anyone intending to hang a stocking this year and is able to read this, be assured, this list will not affect his Christmas Eve list in any way. You adult readers; forget it. You're not on any list. **As always, schedules will be posted on matawatchan.ca**

The Denbigh Griffith Lions Club made the Renfrew Mercury again. Tony Fritsch, along with several reps from other clubs, had his picture published – in colour even. Six area clubs raised \$30,000 for Hospice Renfrew. Nice going Lions. Nice picture Tony. I'd guess a body could get his autograph for a couple bucks or so.

There's a pretty heavy line-up for the Christmas month, (it's December again this year) so try to stay with me. The Christmas Craft Sale and the Denbigh Christmas Parade will hap-



Matawatchan Hall Board
Back Row L – R: Brigitte Chess, Kelli Sullivan, Mark Tomlin, Ken Birkett
Front Row L - R: Sharon Holleran, Alyson George, Wendy MacFarlane

pen on the 5th, Monster Bingo on the 8th, Lions Christmas Party on the 9th and the Children Christmas Party on the 20th. I don't have a date for the Caroling but if on some cold night in the near future, you happen to hear heavenly music from some unknown source don't be too alarmed. I'm pretty sure it won't be those angels again; hopefully just your friendly Denbigh Griffith Cats. The New Year's Eve Party is on again – you guessed it – on New Year's Eve. For info, times etc. Google Denbigh Griffith Lions Club and go to "Contact Us."

A reminder! **The NU2U Shop** (next to Lions Hall) will be opened – 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. - for the last time this year on December 05. Last chance to get in some bargain-price Christmas shopping.

A bit of good news for snowmobilers! (non-mobilers have permission to skip to next item) Pat O'Brien of the **Sno-Dusters** has informed me that a sweet deal has been worked out to help mobilers save enough for a week of lunches at the Pine Valley or a case of Merlot at the Griffith General Store. Reduced trail rates were in effect during October when a season permit - online only- would have cost (a fortune to us cash-for-lifers) but a pittance - \$180. The good news – to a lesser degree – keeps on sliding (they love it when I use their jargon) through November when the same piece of paper will damage the grocery budget by \$210. This can be accomplished online, at the Griffith General Store or at the Pine Valley. Procrastinators who wait until December 01 to nail down a season pass will plunk down the regular rate of \$260. Temporary passes are available,

on line, for \$25 per day; minimum of two days. Just go to www.ofsc.on.ca "Buy Permits" and type in details. To save on fingers built more for milking cows than for typing, those details will still be there for you next year. I'm told that Dwayne at the Griffith General Store will help, computer wise, if required.

Some changes may be made to Trail 113 this winter due to logging trucks that will use part of the Doorley Creek (Matawatchaners notice: that means "crick") or Flying Club Roads. A bypass is in the works but remember to **take care**. A logging truck – at any speed including stop – trumps a snowmobile every time. Pat is standing by to give **advice** and tell you where to go – on your snowmobile of course. Sorry! No marital or financial advice – restricted to mobiling affairs only. He hangs out at 613 333 1470 or fjp_obrien@msn.com.

Another anniversary will soon be upon us; **the death of Samuel de Champlain in Quebec (City) on Christmas Day, 1635**. This, I hope would be of great interest to folks in our part of the country.

*Champlain's greatest achievement was not his career as an explorer, or his success as a founder of colonies. His largest contribution was the success of his principled leadership in the cause of humanity. That is what made him a world figure in modern history. It is his legacy to us all.

**Champlain's Dream by David Hackett Fischer 2008*

Look out folks! Another scam is out there. If you happen to know for **certain** that a hit has really been put out on your life, you'll find this rather lame, but others, I think,



Bill Graham retires from the Hall Board after 12 years as Treasurer. Thank you Bill!



"Where's Waldo" presents prizes for best costumes at the very well attended Halloween Dance at the Matawatchan Hall. Check the www.matawatchan.ca website for more great events and activities.

should be interested.

The Renfrew Mercury reports an OPP warning of scammers (no, not a typo) sending scary texts or emails from what is supposed to be a hitman. He/she has been hired to kill you. "I know a lot about you and I've been hired to kill you," they announce. In order to save your life, you are told to contact this "hitman" immediately and pay several thousand dollars. Do not respond! Don't even tell them to kiss your ASCII. (American Standard Code for Information Interchange) The report warns that this would only confirm an active phone number or email address. These scams come from outside Canada, believed to be from Russia, (surprise- surprise) so there's nothing police can do except to be aware and warn of any new garbage out there. To stay informed, go to www.antifraudcentre.ca.

On the night of September 27, I went out to ooh and aww at the total eclipse of a **super-sized, blood moon** - it really only looks bigger because

it's the closest it comes to Griffith in its orbit - and I could swear I heard howling from over in Matawatchan. I'm still trying to decide whether the source was wolves or some of my Matawatchan friends. The scientists that deal with moon affairs, I think they're called "loonies," (from Latin, "lunatus) tell us that this event was the last in a tetrad - lunatusely speaking that is. That means there were four total eclipses of the moon in a row without any partial eclipses in between. If you can believe the loonies, these took place on April 14/15 and October 7/8, 2014 as well as April 04 - a short one - and September 27/28, 2015. Besides being a harvest moon, a further bonus was the "blood" phase; the reddish hue to the moon when sun, earth and moon are in a direct line, with Matawatchan and Griffith's shadow completely covering the moon.

I should mention that, unlike retina-frying solar eclipses, there should be no danger, beyond what Old Father Time and too much televised hockey has already done to your

peepers, in staring at moon eclipses. You might be worried, however, if you find yourself answering the howls from ... Well, you know from where. The next planned event with all the same conditions is planned for 2033 but since a couple TV preachers down

in the States are loudly touting this last one as a sure sign that the "End Time," has arrived, I haven't made any plans to watch the next.



Super-sized blood moon. It's red - really.



This pine marten stopped by my house for a rare visit. It has nothing to do with this article, but I thought I would share it.



Garry Ferguson was born at Black Donald Mines. After graduating from the one-room Miller and Matawatchan schools and the two-room high school in Denbigh, he joined the RCAF and the world of electronics. After 8 years, he became a civilian and worked in Montreal for the Navy. During this time he joined the Reserve Navy and trained at Cornwallis NS. In 1970, Garry joined Air Canada where he eventually dealt with flight simulators until retirement. He was asked to join the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires and spent six years in security at Toronto's Pearson Airport and Nav Canada's Air Traffic Control facilities. In 1960 he married Carol Pearsall and they had four children - now middle-aged adults. Carol and Garry live along Lake Centennial and try to keep up with the hectic local social scene.

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Battle of the Windmill, Prescott, ON 1838

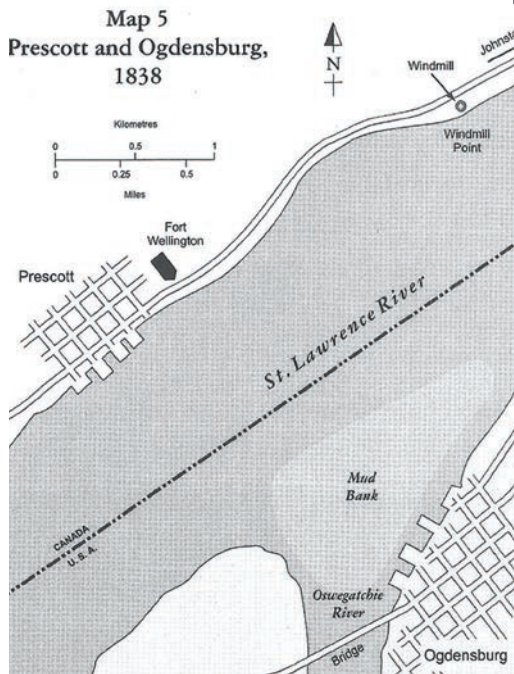
By Garry Ferguson

Another Remembrance Day has passed and, as is befitting, many of us went out to pay tribute to those who sacrificed their lives in past wars. We often mark however, only the large foreign wars and tend to overlook anniversaries of military actions that, in some cases, were even more critical to Canada's immediate survival. One such event was an invasion from the U.S. (177th anniversary this month) called the Battle of the Windmill that began on November 12, 1838. Coincidentally, this took place at Prescott almost 25 years to the day after the defeat of a large U.S. War-of-1812 invasion force at nearby Chrysler's Farm on November 11, 1813 (the other part of this two-pronged invasion force was defeated at Chateaugay Quebec) and involved some of the same militiamen.

In 1838, seeing political turbulence in Canada (remember the over-influential, trouble-causing groups of families, the Family Compact and the Chateau Clique) as an opportunity, members of a clandestine U.S. organization, calling themselves the Patriot Hunters, launched a two-year series of attacks across the international border; the most ambitious at Windsor and Prescott. Not to be confused with the minor James Dickson invasion of 1837 or the Fenian Raids of 1866 to 1871, the excuse of this campaign however, was the same as all the others, from the invasions in 1775 on through the many in the War of 1812; to "free" Canadians from themselves. As a bonus, all participants were promised a Canadian's farm. Knowing this, the Canadian farmers that made up much of the Militia might well have committed a massacre when some of the invaders made a run for the river. The intervention of highly-disciplined British troops from Fort Henry came to their rescue and prevented it.

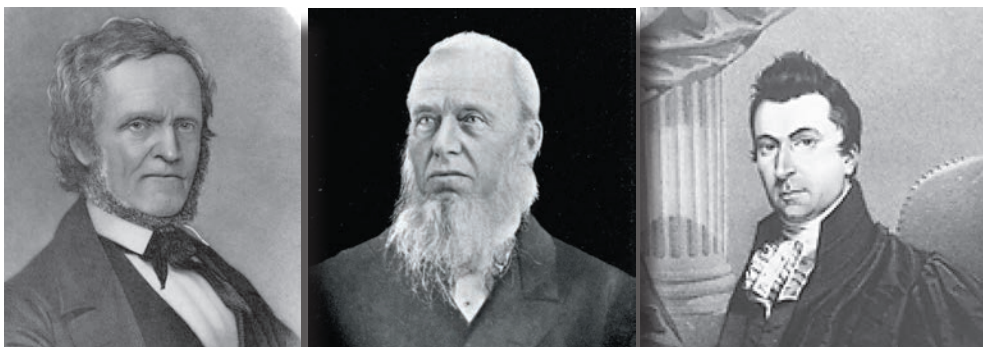
On November 12, 1838, what started out as a 500-man civilian army was cornered in a grist mill's 60-foot, impregnable, stone windmill tower near Prescott, Ontario after crossing the border from New York State. Ironically, the Hunters with multi-round and percussion-cap rifles were much better armed than the defenders with their smooth-bore, flint-lock muskets. After five days, British regulars and Canadian militia captured the survivors (many had deserted, some escaped and many of their dead had been dumped into the river so an accurate count of their casualties was difficult) of this "Alamo of the North" and imprisoned them in Fort Henry. Placed in the care of a sheriff and tried in a court as pirates, 11 ringleaders were hung including the so-called general that led them. Sixty were sent to Van Diemen's Land, (Tasmania) three acquitted, one acquitted on grounds of insanity: eighty-six

were condemned, pardoned and sent home. Fourteen Canadian militiamen from four Eastern Ontario counties (plus three British soldiers) and one civilian were killed. Nine women became widows and 35 children became orphans. For this reason alone, a few-second nod on Remembrance Day, would not be too much to ask.



Prescott and Ogdensburg, towns on opposite sides of what is now the World's longest undefended border where American "pirates" invaded to "free" Canadians from British tyranny.

Note 1: My mother in law's mother, (would she be my grandmother in law) Carrie Davis, married a man named Garry Empey, from Canton N.Y. in St. Lawrence County not far from the Canadian border. He died when my mother in law was a baby - born on the fourth of July, 1907 - so Carrie came back to Trenton, Ontario and eventually married a widower, uniting two families. (Now for a flashback) Artillery fire from the battle in Prescott could be heard in Canton, eighteen miles away, where the supervisors of St. Lawrence County were in session. They passed a motion that they would come to the rescue of their "noble countrymen who were fighting the tyrants and advocates of the British crown." The rescue, however, would not take place until their next meeting thirteen days hence. Not so much brave - but very much wise. My concern is that an Empey might have been involved in that meeting. I'm afraid to ask. Records show that an Adam Empey from Rossie, not far from Canton in the same county, was killed during the invasion. Not reassuring. If you're still with me, you will see my reason for worry; that my kids might have such witless forebears in their ancestry.



L - R: William MacKenzie, William Henry Draper, Louis Joseph Papineau



Battle of the Windmill, as seen from the American side.



Plain clothes militia man



Mob marching on Yonge Street



Carrie Davis Empey



Garry Empey with daughter Irene

Note 2: Private Allan MacIntosh of the Dundas Militia who lost his best friend, Private Jerimiah Bauck, in the battle became a Methodist circuit minister and travelled North America dispensing not only The Word, but also cuttings from a unique apple tree on his father's farm in Dundela (near Iroquois) Ontario. Though the family never made any money from this delicious fruit, the Ma-

cIntosh apple, originating from that one tree, has become one of the most popular eating apples in the world.

Note 3: Captain Simon Fraser of the First Grenville Militia Regiment fought the invaders at the Battle of the Windmill. This former fur trader and explorer would give his name to a river and a university in British Columbia.

Remembrance in Denbigh

By George Ross



The Remembrance Day service in Denbigh this year was held 1st November. Local residents and visitors gathered at the military cenotaph, St. Luke's United Church to honour the memory of soldiers, airmen and sailors who lost their lives in WW 1, WW 2, Korea, Afghanistan and peace keeping missions. Members of the Northbrook Legion conducted the service which was headed by Legion Padre, Harry Andringa. A number of wreaths were laid. Among others, Reeve Henry Hogg presented a wreath on behalf of the Township of Addington Highlands. Diane Lake laid a wreath in memory of the late Jim Wright who was instrumental in construction of the cenotaph memorial. Evelyn Petzhold of Denbigh, attended as Silver Cross mother. The service was followed with a social gathering and lunch at the Denbigh hall.

CHURCH SERVICES:

Denbigh, Vennachar, Griffith & Matawatchan residents, please check regularly for updates at www.matawatchan.ca/Events

Minister required. Part-time Three point charge.

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St. Andrew's United Church
Sunday Worship
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For updates, call Joanne Murray
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Hilltop Tabernacle
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Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.
Office 613.762.7130
hilltop.pastor@gmail.com
www.hilltopchurch.ca
Facebook Hilltop Church in Griffith

Vennachar Free Methodist Church
424 Matawatchan Rd. 613-333-2318
Services June to August 10 am
Sunday service time returns to 11am
the weekend after Labour Day

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

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

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

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

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

Most Precious Blood Catholic Church
504 Mill St., Rev. Ric Starks
Sunday Worship 11 a.m.

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

Calabogie St. Andrews United Church
1044 Madawaska Dr. (on the waterfront)
Sunday Worship 8:30am
Communion 1st Sunday of the month

REGULAR EVENTS:

Calabogie
GM Library Pre-school Storytime
Thursdays 10:30 am to 11:30 am
at the Greater Madawaska Library.
It is aimed at children from 0 - 6.

Calabogie Seniors Dinner & Meeting
Last Thursday of the month - 5 pm Oct.
to April at the Community Hall
May to Sept. Barnet Park
All seniors 55+ welcome. 752-2853

Renfrew South Women's Institute
www.rsawi.ca CalabogieWI@gmail.com
Branch meetings held at Calabogie
Community Hall
2nd Thursday of the month at 7:30
Contact: Marg MacKenzie, Pres.
613-432-3105 or Hennie Schaly Sec.
613-752-0180
Guests and new members welcome!

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

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

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

**Denbigh-Griffith Lion's Club Hall
25991 Hwy 41 Regular Events:**

Fellowship Lunch at Noon-Third
Wednesday of the month Contact Mary
McKinnon 613-333-2791

General Wellness Assessment by local
Paramedics available from 11:00am
until after lunch

Diabetes Outreach Program
every 3 months

North Lights Seniors
Third Wednesday of the month
at 1:15pm at the Lion's Hall after
Fellowship Lunch

Euchre First and Third Friday of each
month, September until June @7:00pm
at the Lions Hall Contact Dennie Barnes
@613-333-1488

The Pickled Chicken String Band
Mondays from 5 pm to 7 pm
At the Pine Valley Hwy 41, Griffith
Bert's Music Jam Every Thursday
5 to 7:30 p.m.

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

Denbigh Diners
Full Course Meal \$7.00
Nancy Dafoe 613-333-5164

Denbigh Hall Exercise Group:
Monday classes at 10:00 am.
Thursday classes at 1:00 pm.

TOPS Tuesday at the Denbigh Hall
Basement @8:30am Contact Mary
McKinnon 613-333-2791

SPECIAL EVENTS:

GRIFFITH & MATAWATCHAN
Also see GM News, Page 4 Check
regularly for updates at
www.matawatchan.ca/Events

G&M Recreation, Sports & Culture
2015 Fall Kids Club
FREE for youth
Ginza Rink (15 Ginza St. Griffith)
Fridays 6:30 - 8:00
Nov. 27 Games Night
Dec. 4 Christmas Card Making
Dec. 11 Christmas Ornament Craft
Dec. 18 Movie Night with Pizza Party

Matawatchan Hall Events:

Tuesdays and Thursdays 6:45pm
Tae Bo fun workout classes. \$3.00
per class goes to improvements to the
Hall.

Nov. 28th 9am-1pm- Christmas Mar-
ket. Chilli lunch \$7. Contact Gitte @
613.318.8308 to book a table

Dec. 12, 5:30 Matawatchan Christmas
Potluck, Tree lighting and Santa visit.
Contact Kelli @ 613-333-9800 with
age and gender of your child. All lo-
cal children attending get gifts from
Santa.

Christmas Basket Raffle Tickets, \$.99
each, available through Hall board
members to support Hall repairs.

DENBIGH-GRIFFITH LIONS CLUB

Dec. 5, Christmas Craft Sale and
Denbigh Christmas Parade

Dec. 8, Monster Bingo
Dec. 9, Lions Christmas Party
Dec. 20, Children Christmas Party
Dec. 31, New Year's Eve Party

CLOYNE & NORTHBROOK

Sat Dec 5th 10:00 Entry in North-
brook Santa Claus Parade

Mon Dec 7th 11:30 Christmas lun-
cheon at Harlowe Hall call Sandra
613 336-0157, to reserve.

Mon Jan 18th 2016 1:00
Cloyne & District Historical Society
meeting at the Cloyne Hall. Program
relative to history of our area. Every-
one welcome

Sat Jan 23, 2016 Robbie Burns Supper
5:30 at the Northbrook Lions Hall.
Call Gordon 613 336 0157 for tickets.

CALEB'S BOTTLE DRIVE FOR CHEO



Help 10 year old Caleb meet his goal
of raising \$1500 before the CHEO
telethon in late spring of 2016.
He is accepting donations, as well as
beer, liquor and wine bottles. For in-
formation, please contact Caleb or his
family at 613-333-5551
jenellejoey@hotmail.com. Caleb and
his little sister say thank you!

SEND US YOUR EVENTS:

Lois and Mark Thomson

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THE ANGEL'S LAMENT

By Antonia Chatson

Nothing like a good hot cup of nectar to soothe the throat I tell you, it's a total madhouse down there – an absolute zoo – everyone hurrying and scurrying around, hustling each other to get the best bargains. But it's not all bad. If I look hard, I can see a few touching sights that display the caring and love that Christmas should be all about. There's that sweet little girl helping her grandmother do her shopping. Her grandmother is using a walker, but you can tell that she desperately wants to do her own shopping. I can see that when her grandmother spies something she wants, she tells the little girl, who takes it off the shelf and puts it into her basket. And then there is the mother of two children, who is wheeling her mother in a wheelchair to get her gifts. I really think that a wheelchair is just the way to go! And look at that dear old grandpa minding those babies while their mother is having a bite to eat. Yes, there are some good things about Christmas yet, if you look hard for them, but for the most part it is buy buy and spend spend spend.

There is too much commercialism at any time of the year, but at Christmas, it becomes overpowering. People become obsessed with buying things whether they need them or not – new clothes, new cars, new RVs new holidays and different cruises. And whatever they get one year, they have to top it with something more elaborate and more expensive the next year.

When will it ever end? Soon they'll be taking cruises to the moon! Anywhere but to church... Now I would be worried about putting out so much money, with people being laid off in a steady stream, government cut-backs, inflation being so high – and there is always the possibility of getting sick or being in an accident. And if they happen to have any money left over, they seem obsessed with investing it in bonds, GICs, RRSPs and even RSVPs! I mean, there is nothing wrong with securing your financial future down there on earth, but what about after that? I mean you eventually have to pay tax on all of these items - to say nothing of the moths and the rust. There is nothing a person can really count on any more. I think I'd be putting on the brakes a bit this holiday.

You know, talking about all this buying, some people even think they can buy their way into heaven. And the best gift they could either give to someone else or accept themselves, is the gift of salvation that God gave to man through His Son Jesus Christ. If people would only listen, if people would only believe, if people would only read the Bible, they would know that Jesus will be returning soon and that the Rapt..... Oh, oh, pretend you didn't hear that! I mean, I don't know for sure, no one does, but the other



day at a meeting with His stewards, God did give a little hint. But we're not sure so you'd better not say anything – but I gather it is just around the corner.

Well, I'd better stop nattering and get ready for choir practice. But it really is frustrating for all of us up here to see all this hullabaloo over Christmas and to know that most people are ignoring the best gift of all. And what is more, it costs not a worldly cent. It is given free gratis. Well, I guess all we can do is try – but oh, these mortals are so stubborn!

I'd best do some warm-ups before I go. Gabriel is getting quite picky now that it's getting near to performance time and he wants the choir to sound just SO, when we sing for the shepherds. Really, he is spending more time on endless vocalizations that I'm afraid we won't know the words of the anthem when the big night ar-

rives. And my poor fingers are worn to the bone with practicing the harp so much.

Gabriel has been awfully busy lately. I don't know how he has the time to lead the choir and run all of his errands. First of all, he had to visit Zechariah and inform him that his wife was going to have a baby. Now you'd think that would have been an easy and pleasant assignment, bringing such good news and such joyous tidings to an elderly couple. But you know these mortals!! They don't always believe what we say. Zechariah objected because of their age and because of the fact that his wife Elizabeth was barren. I would have thought that Zechariah would have rejoiced – not only because they would be having a baby, but that his son would be filled with the Holy Spirit and would prepare the way for the Messiah – his being a priest and all. He should have known better than to question

the word of the Lord, but seeing as he did, he was struck dumb until their baby was born. That is the frustrating part for us, wanting to help so much, only to be met with disbelief. Thank goodness it was different with Mary. She believed Gabriel but quite understandably was worried about what people might think of her.

Well, we can all agree on this – it is a busy time of year for all concerned. You think you have it bad! We have to be pretty well everywhere at once, - out in the fields, at the inn, guiding the wise men, hustling Herod, then getting Mary, Joseph and the baby into Egypt. Now if all those mortals I've been watching were just as busy for the right reasons, what a wonderful world it would be.

Well, I'd best be off and not holdup the rehearsal. We've a lot to do on those anthems before the 24th.



Antonia studied at The Royal Conservatory of Music and at York University. She taught in all levels in the public school system as well as giving private lessons in music. Her passion is the land. She loved her experiences growing up on the farm in Shelburne and twenty-two years of farming in Denbigh with her husband, Francis. She plays the piano at the services at the Vennachar Free Methodist Church, and lives on the homestead with her daughter Irene.

'Bogie is a Happenin' Place! By Skippy Hale



Joe Law pulls a pint at Shooter's in Calabogie. Small town restaurants are important gathering places

Once again, I have to say that our li'l ol' village is a 'Happenin' Place'. On November 5, I attended a meeting of local interested folk regarding the application for a Canada 150 Grant. In order to celebrate 150 years of Confederation, we would like to further enhance Centennial Park by building on the work done by volunteers for Canada's 100th birthday in 1967. As part of the grant, we must show just how much our village contributed to the building of Canada. We will highlight the peoples who have lived here from the earliest folks, the Algonquins, who stopped here on their way to and from their northern hunting and trapping areas, to the summer camps.

We must remember that we are living on Algonquin land. We will celebrate all the settlers who underwent such hardships escaping from famine or religious persecution primarily in Ireland, Scotland and Poland to carve out a better life here.

We were one of the first places to harness the mighty Madawaska for electricity. The many mines (especially graphite), logging and associated mills, and the K&P will be illustrated in the development of the landscape design. Anyone who would like to help out with this Committee, contact Victoria Thomas or Councillor Brian Hunt at the Township Office and oh what a birthday celebration we will have in 2017! However, our immediate goal is to apply for this Grant.

The Sunday before Remembrance Day is always a solemn one in Calabogie as we gather together to pay tribute to the fallen in past wars. John Watts, who does a stellar job of organising the service every year, was the Master of Ceremonies. In villages, towns and cities across Canada, the Order of Service remains the same from year-to-year and yet, it never fails to bring tears of sadness, yet gratitude for those who fought; those who came home broken in mind and body; those who lie in cemeteries across Europe and Canada; those who still proudly wear the maple leaf of our Armed Forces.

So, when you meet a man or woman in uniform say, "Thank you". Thank a Vet. Lest We Forget.

I have highlighted many of the new businesses in the village and believe that I should also pay homage to those who have given us great service over the years. In the next few columns, I plan on writing about them as well.

"Where Everyone Knows Your Name" I am sure we all remember Sam, Cliff and Norm as well as Carla and the other characters from 'Cheers'. Here in Calabogie we have our very own version of that special place where everyone gets a welcome and some even have their own stool much like Norm and Cliff. Far be it from me to divulge the names, but after a few visits to Shooter's you know! Certain tables are favourites with the regulars too. A visit is not complete without hearing the sound of George Law, the Paterfamilias, who owns the place with his son, Alfie.

Shooter's opened in February, 2005. It is a family-owned business with Alfie's son Joey as the Manager. The Staff are friendly and know your favourite beverage and I often have my Guinness sitting down before I do! Annie, Alfie's sister and winner of the CABA Award for Excellent Service, is a great server. Other family members in the business include Alfie's daughter Trish, a cook, and George's wife Sheila who makes the best desserts ever! The rest of the staff includes Jay, Stuart, Terry and Jenn out front with Nicole, Mike and Marie serving up the delicious home-cooked meals.

Certain traditions are a must at Shooter's: Wing Night on Thursdays is a gathering of folks from the village and beyond. It is a full house year-round and if you are a regular, you are missed if not there. The Lions Club sell 50/50 tickets and there is great excitement for the winners. The Dart League also meets on Thursday Night. Monday is



Calabogie cenotaph, erected by Bagot Blythfield and Brougham in 1967, part of Canada's centennial year commemorations.



Paintings by local artist Kim Lepine and Mike Graham's Calabogie Rustic Furniture contribute to the welcoming decor.

for the Card players and Bridge players meet there as well. If you are interested in any of these groups, call and a staff member will connect you with the contact person. There is an area of the Parking Lot filled with bikes or sleds depending on the season. Our winding roads and wonderful trails welcome folks to the 'Bogie and a stop at Shooter's is an important part of the ride.

After my children and I laid my husband Rich to rest, we left our tears up the hill and came to Shooter's for a proper Celtic Send-off with friends and family. So many special family events have been celebrated there, from birthdays, anniversaries, baptisms and wakes. I remember when Tommy's funeral was held there. His favourite beer was placed in front of the empty stool where he always sat. Reverend Irving conducted the service. It was very special for folks whose cars had been repaired at his garage over the years and by Wayne Cameron when Tommy's health did not permit.

Many groups have their Christmas parties there and it is decorated with a gallery of Kim Lepine's paintings and tables hand-crafted by Mike Graham. Stag&Does are regularly celebrated there and Halloween in the 'Bogie is the place to be after parents have

tucked the wee goblins in with a babysitter or grandparent. Comedy Nights as well as the Annual 10 K 'Bogie Walk, Bike or Run for Charities give further evidence of the generosity of the Law family to the community. This is your place to let the rest of the Township know what we do here, so if you have an event, let me know and I will try to be there to report on it. In the meantime, I wish you the Merriest of Christmases, the Most Prosperous of New Years and the Happiest of Hanukahs. In our family, we have the honour of celebrating both Christmas and Hanukah every year. Until the spring, then!

Skippy Hale

Please send me your information about events if you wish them included in the next edition.

bogiebeat@gmail.com



Skippy Hale moved to Calabogie with her husband Richard Hale Christmas '99. She has been active in community and church activities. She loves children and brags about her three grandchildren, 'Preschool Storytime' and school visits when she was the GMPL CEO/Librarian, and weekly Sunday School classes at Most Precious Blood Church in Calabogie.

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Honey Do This

Greater Madawaska Public Library Programs Continue to be Popular

By Sharon Shalla

As I write this article, it's hard to believe that Christmas is a little over 5 weeks away, and as this is also the last issue of the Highlander for 2015, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish everyone all the best for the holiday season and a wonderful new year!

Remember, library membership is free to all residents and taxpayers of Greater Madawaska Township, so if you don't have a library card yet...why not? Drop by and check us out at 4984 Calabogie Road, or call 613-752-2317. We also provide a free weekly delivery service to Griffith, Matawatchan and Dacre. If there's a library item you would like, just call us or send an email to gmpl@bellnet.ca and we'll have it delivered.



We are open Tuesday from 1:00 – 7:00 p.m. and Wednesday thru Saturday 10:00 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

The library is closed Sundays and Mondays. Membership is free to all residents and taxpayers of Greater Madawaska Township.

For more information call 613-752-2317, email gmpl@bellnet.ca, or visit us at 4984 Calabogie Road (across from Calabogie Pizzeria)

RECENT ARRIVALS

Adult Fiction

The Fifth Gospel by Ian Caldwell
 Dead Man's Road by Randy Denmon
 A Few of the Girls by Maeve Binchy
 Golden Lion by Wilbur Smith
 Career of Evil by Robert Galbraith

Adult Nonfiction

David & Goliath: Underdogs, Misfits, and the Act of Battling Giants by Malcolm Gladwell
 Rock, A Life Story (with foreword by Brian May)
 Black & Decker Complete Guide to Walls and Ceilings
 The Other Barack: The Bold and Reckless Life of President Obama's father by Sally H. Jacobs

Juvenile and Young Adult

5-minute Frozen Stories by Disney
 Big Nate: say goodbye to Dork City by Lincoln Pierce
 Big Nate: welcome to my world by Lincoln Pierce
 Magnus Chase and the Gods of Asgard by Rick Riordan
 Timmy Failure: mistakes were made by Stephan Pastis

Magazines

National Geographic Traveler Series: Egypt, Japan, Greece, Thailand
 Plus the latest editions of Oprah, National Geographic, Chatelaine, Consumer Reports, Style, and Legion magazines



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LIBRARY MATTERS



You can't fool this pumpkin. You're the Library Lady



Front row: Blake Zimmerling and Lux Kobzik
Back row: Lena Eisehschmid and Sam Fletcher



A young artist at work.

We had lots of fun at our Halloween Storytime. Costumes included a firefighter, cow, pumpkin, and princess. One of the highlights was the "pin the legs on the spider" game, which is played like "pin the tail on the donkey." We had a big black spider on the wall made out of construction paper and he needed legs, so the children had fun trying to stick legs on him with their eyes closed.

The library welcomes Tracy Baker to the position of Library Assistant. Tracy has replaced Sandie Anderson who resigned in October in order to provide childcare to her new grandson. We wish Sandie all the best, and don't be surprised if

you see her from time-to-time at the library as she has offered to come in and volunteer at times.

The Library Book Club is alive and well and open to new members! Even if you are someone who travels at various times of the year you can still enjoy being a member by staying in touch via email to share your thoughts and comments on the selected books. If you'd like to know more about the book club please contact us. The group meets once per month at the library in our Program Room and members take turns being the moderator as well as providing the group with a light beverage and snack.

The library and St. Joseph's School in Calabogie will be partnering in the near future to provide free electronic children's books through the library's online subscription to OverDrive electronic books. More details will be made available as the partnership progresses.

Our Interlibrary Loan Program is very popular and is a great service that allows us to temporarily borrow books from other public libraries in Ontario for our patrons who submit requests for items that we don't own. We are also a lending library to other public libraries in Ontario. The service is free.

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By David Arama



A cozy yurt in Algonquin Park



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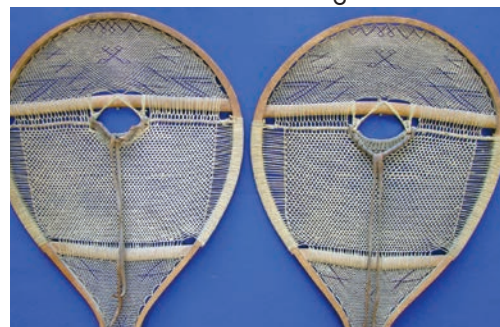
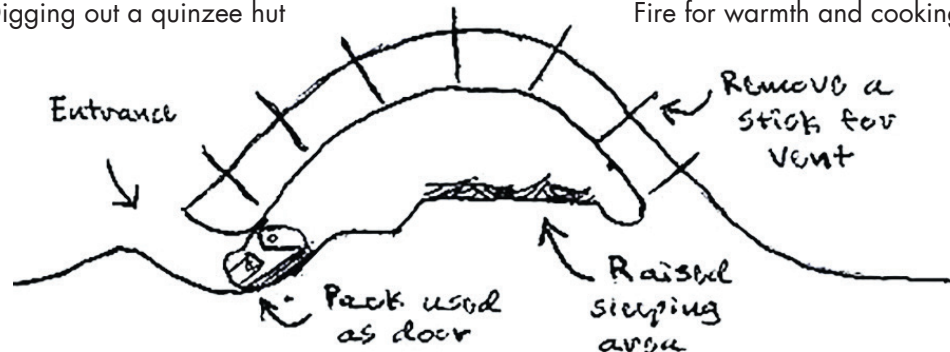
The more we get outside in winter, the more we enjoy it!



Digging out a quinzee hut



Fire for warmth and cooking



Bearpaws for thick bush



Ojibways for open spaces

Usually at this time of year, I hear over and over again how many folks dread winter! Shoveling snow, icy roads, high heating bills, low sunlight, and then add the holiday festivities of too much food and drink, and it is no wonder that so many folks despise winter.

I, for one, enjoy winter and try to make the most of it. We are lucky, we Canadians, that we get to embrace the various seasons, and renewal that they bring. It must be downright boring to live in a country that has similar year-round weather. And winter offers many outdoor recreation opportunities combined with unique scenery and fresh air, all with no bugs and little to worry about with the dangers of wildlife. Some of my favorite winter pursuits that anyone can try are the following:

Snowshoeing:

Snowshoeing offers you excellent physical activity, the opportunity to view breathtaking scenery and wildlife, and is simple to learn. Modern snowshoes made of aircraft aluminum and ABS plastic composites are lightweight, require no waterproofing treatment, usually have traction crampons for icy conditions, and can be used in a wide variety of slushy to corn snow conditions. A downside is that while they're ideal on trails, their typical Otter design isn't very good off trail in deep snow (you sink quite a bit). They range in price from as low as \$75/pair for no-name brands, to \$200+ for Tubbs and Atlas name brands. These modern snowshoes work just like regular footwear, and are easy to learn how to use! Some tips include paying at-

tention to the bindings and load capacity. Some buckle style bindings are excellent, whereas some freeze up easily.

Traditional wooden snowshoes come in many designs e.g., round bearpaw for thick bush, otter design for medium thick bush, and Huron to modified Ojibway with ski tips for open expanses. They are all more suited for off-trail and deep snow conditions, due to their generally larger surface area (compared to Aluminum). They require constant maintenance and repair, and the rawhide webbing needs marine varnish regularly. Also, they should avoid wet conditions, and sharp corn snow. Cost can range from \$75 - 200/pair, for mass produced brands like Faber, and Avery (my favourite). Military Magnesium composite snowshoes are available at Army Surplus stores, and can be a less expensive alternative.

Winter Camping:

Quinzee-building and Winter Camping: Most people think I'm somewhat crazy to do winter camping! While a fairly challenging activity, if you dress properly, have good winter footwear, and proper subzero camping gear, the payoff is incredible scenery and solitude. I would recommend a minus 30 celsius rated sleeping bag, double up on the underpads (closed cell, ensolite foam), and I prefer dome style tents. It's a good idea to have a large tarp over the tent, and keep a campfire going at the opposite end. I also line the tarp sides with space blankets to reflect heat, and use a wool blanket as a Shamwow over the sleeping bag to keep it dry and warm. I use heat packs and heated stones to warm up the sleeping bag before I crawl in. Additionally, I employ a bladder bag, so I don't have to crawl out at night when it's forty below with six feet of snow.

Hot tenting is my favorite form of winter camping. Alaska nylon hot tents with folding titanium woodstove

are very expensive, but very lightweight. Traditional Prospector style tents utilize canvas and are heavy and bulky. Hot tenting is a ton of fun, and you can cook your meals on the stove also.

Quinzees are also known as a snowhut or southern igloo. They're easy to build, and stay relatively warm inside. You can use traditional snowshoes to dig out the snow mound, or bring a snow shovel. I like the lightweight Black Diamond retractable shovel.

To build a Quinzee:

- Locate some deep snow
- Shovel a large mound of snow, padding down the snow frequently. The mound should be several feet high for 2 persons
- Let the mound "set" or harden for 3 - 6 hours, preferably in the sun
- Poke several marker sticks at various points, at approximately 12 inches depth
- Start digging in at the lowest point, and upwards to create a sleeping platform inside that's higher than the entrance (cold air sinks, warm air is lighter, and rises); watch for the marker sticks, and if you see light, you are digging to far!
- Once the inside is excavated, light a candle to glaze the walls for added strength, and poke an air hole out for oxygen

Snowmobiling:

The OFSC maintains a myriad of excellent sledding trails that connect most points of the province. They also sell a Trail CD Mapping package for GPS units that comes in handy. We have an old saying: "you can't eat a snowmobile" (dogsledding anyone?) Make sure your sled is properly serviced, have extra gasoline, a survival kit, and a pair of snowshoes in case of breakdown. Also, have a working winch. If you sled across frozen bodies of water, first check with the OFSC and O.P.P. For ice conditions, and wear flotation with ice picks. Understand that you can sled a long ways in a day, and if you break down, you need survival

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gear. Keep in mind that the highest cause of death in the Ontario bush is due to ATVing and Sledding.

Other fun winter activities include ice fishing, cross country and downhill skiing, and snowboarding.

Scenic winter recreation locations: Some of my favorites include Bon Echo Provincial Park, the Quadeville area (including Kargus Road and Kaufeldt Lake), many Bancroft area sites, including Snake Creek and Ruby Lake, the fantastic views at Foymount, Frontenac Provincial Park, and the highway 506 region including scenic Marble Lake and Myer's Cave. Also, Gatineau National Park and Algonquin Provincial Park have winter camping availability, and rent out heated Yurt tents.

Winter Safety:

Dress for winter conditions, with layering (Woolen, Fleece, Thinsulate, Thermalite, a snug base layer (Merino Wool, Polypropylene, Micro Fleece), an outer waterproof shell (Goretex), Wool socks, UV Goggles, and thick mittens (Wool, Fleece, Alpaca, Fur).

Let someone know where you are going, and carry communications equip-

ment e.g. cell phone, tracking SPOT or I-Reach tracking device, and a compass/map/GPS. Be careful when crossing frozen bodies of water. Know the ice thickness, and avoid running water areas, and swampy places. I prefer a minimum of 8 - 12 inches ice thickness for snowshoeing and ice fishing, and 12+ inches for snowmobiling. (and more for automobile)

Know your level of physical fitness, and plan your outings accordingly. Understand that 911 response times in rural and remote areas will vary widely. Now go out and enjoy winter and all of its wonders!



David Arama
David is the owner of Marble Lake Lodge, and WSC Survival School Inc. David has appeared on numerous outdoor survival reality shows eg. Survive This YTV, Bad Trips Abroad T + E, and offers a variety of training courses and camps.

www.marblelakelodge.com
www.wscsurvivalschool.com



A large crowd came out to the Foodland parking lot in Eganville in October for the third year in a row in anticipation of the unbelievably loud thump and flying vegetation of the Giant Pumpkin Drop, all in support of the Eganville Farmers Market. This year's event added a little extra

suspense for the old Oldsmobile below. \$1500 in proceeds will go toward farmer's market rent, insurance, memberships, website and more. What can be more exciting than the anticipation of seeing a giant squash squashed?

Fall Colours & Maple Syrup
By Lois Thomson



Leaves get their green colour from chlorophyll that they produce all summer for the purpose of photosynthesis. This is the process that allows sunlight to turn water and carbon dioxide into glucose and oxygen. Oxygen is released into the air and a sugary sap moves down the outer ring of the tree to feed the roots. Water and minerals are pulled up to feed the leaves.

As days get shorter and weather gets colder, photosynthesis slows down and eventually stops. A cork-like build-up forms at the base of the leaf stems, sealing them off from the rest of the tree. They stop producing chlorophyll and the green eventually fades, leaving other chemicals that produce the hues of autumn. The most vibrant colours start with a growing season with ample moisture, followed by a sunny autumn with cool, but frostless nights and warm, dry days. The chemicals that create these colours also fade away, leaving only brown tannins.



The process reverses in the spring. Sunny autumns and cold winters set the stage for ample syrup production. If that is followed by a few weeks of warm Spring days and cool nights, maple syrup producers are in heaven. Warm days allow sugary sap that was stored in the trunk all winter to flow downward again to drip from your spigot into the bucket. Cool nights prolong the process by stopping the flow.

Syrup producers know that warm nights signal the end of the season. When the sap turns yellow it's a signal that the tree has started to use its sugars for growth. It is time to quit until next year.

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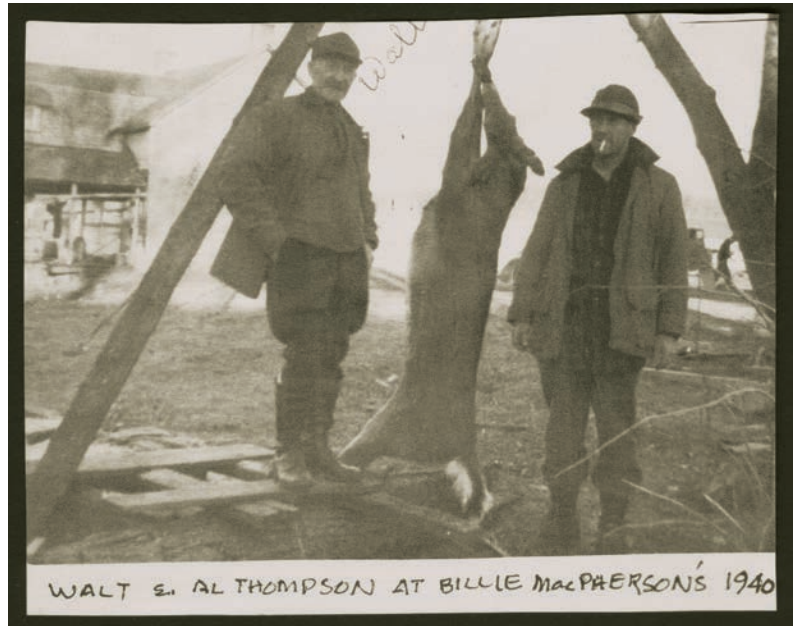
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Yarn Spinning
By Ernie Jukes of Camp J



Below - Painting by ER Jukes "The Call" depicts the author calling moose with his birchbark "Bargau"



Some old folks, or so it seems, have had a reputation in our neck o' the woods, of having a way of bending some of the facts about a story. Especially, it seems, if it is about the results of a hunting or fishing yarn. I suppose it becomes more of a tale to be remembered. We may have all been guilty but we like to point at those ol' guys, don't we?

"De ye mind the time"... old Joe McLaren would start, as he stirred the coals of the wee trail fire at the "corner fence" right below Dan's mountain. The lads had gathered. We were just having morning tea. I had just shot my first deer. Back then old Joe and the rest of my Dad's "Hunters of Renown" were a tough hill hardened crew and we did it all by foot, hand, boat and canoe. We have returned to the Camp J log cabin at Matawatchan every year since 1944. Mind, Walt had been hunting in the area since 1919.

Much, if not all of what we know about finding and eating wild game or conquering that giant piscatorial adversary, has come down from those old guys. Much has come from hunt camp buddies, some lifetime friends, with shared experiences and knowledge. Growing up in and around the bush, while rough at times,

can offer an abundance of keen experiences and sheer fun with some of the best folks I have had the pleasure.

"Wiry Walt" or "Wattie" Jukes as he was sometimes called would slap you on the

back and proceed to tell you how his big Kentucky Blue Tick hound "Babe" pushed a giant 14 pointer for miles. "All the way from Glenfield" over to his pal "Billie MacPherson" and the rest, at Hutson Lake in a snow storm, he would relate. Or would you believe that Neil Thomson's brother Nelson would blink his gid eye, clear his throat with a giggle and shoot the mouse right off his kitchen counter and out through the wall? However credit due, I also know from personal experience that he was capable of taking some fine white-tail. I hope one of these bachelors was a bit of a carpenter.

"The Shooting of Dan McGee", "Songs of a Sourdough", all from his experiences in Dawson where his cabin may be visited today as a national shrine. Any one of his books fit well as you sit around the evening campfire or woodstove on your next hunt, hike or canoe trip. You, in turn, will share his writings. I almost guarantee it.

Of course, many fine tales may be offered during some delicious dining of wild game as has occurred for centuries in our great province, larger than Alaska, and probably the world's last hunting frontier. And today we will not require to "turn the Bannock over chum, it's getting nicely done." The traditional fare of old-time woodsmen, and hunters, while popular, like smoked fish, requires a campfire for proper presentation of what was originally trail food. It seems the romantic flickering fire being replaced by small propane units.

Yarns today, like the outing, are no doubt quickened by noisy ATV's and UTV's. However, there is much to be said for a quiet walk in the snow. Even the smells are improved. Ah, that natural stillness! To hear the crack of a twig fifty yards away... sharing nature for whatever your purpose. As long as we have enjoyed our outdoors, yarn spinning amongst outdoors men and women will be a tradition. It's a tradition we should preserve and enjoy with our fellows into the future of our hunt camps, cottages and abodes over the vastness of outstanding Ontario.

We often become what we have experienced. I've reached the age when I'm seriously thinking about what I'll be when I grow up. Or should I confess that old age is coming at a really bad time? Did I tell you about a fellow hunter, young Billie of Eganville? He would always be ready to discuss the valued differences of Remington vs. Husquvarna or Parker Hale vs. Winchester. For kindly reasons we won't reveal how he gained his nickname "Beaverdams" but he sure learned a lot about moose in the backcountry of Algoma with his ol' uncle Ern. And what about Cliff reporting a 500 pound Bear that was too small to hit and kill with the spread of a 12 gauge at 30 feet? Well you can't ignore them - the bears, that is.

We talk about folks we know or have heard about. The poems of our "Bard of the Bush" Robert Service, have inspired outdoorsmen coast to coast. "There are strange things done in the midnight sun",



R. Ernest Jukes
For 65 years, Ernie has been an artist in residence in Matawatchan at Camp J, collecting a rucksack of tales and preserving stories of people and happenings in the Highlands through many publications including his books and for The Highlander since its inception. His donated paintings of our valley and records of our fire tower may be seen in "The Wall in the Hall Museum" in the Matawatchan Hall.

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Fire Towers of our Area

By John Bolton



Fire towers were built throughout the heavily forested Highlands. Forest rangers used triangulation between neighbouring towers to pinpoint a fire. Just think of those views!

The "Great Fire of 1903", which was the last major fire in the north part of Lennox and Addington and south part of Renfrew Counties, raged out of control because there were no fire warning systems in place. Fortunately there were no fatalities, but thousands of acres of timber were destroyed. An extensive fire in Northern Ontario in the Porcupine area in 1914 saw 781 square miles (500,000 acres) burned. 73 deaths were recorded, but it is believed many more perished working in the bush. Towns of Pottsville, Cochrane and Porcupine were entirely destroyed.

The first fire towers, or lookouts, were wooden structures, built around the start of the 20th century after World War I. The first ones were approximately 35 feet in height, but these were abandoned as the forest grew up around them. The building of steel towers 80 feet high was begun in the 1920s and 1930s. By the 1960s, towers erected in Ontario were in the 100 ft. range. The Department of Lands and Forests erected towers. Some of the first structures were built with too light a material and swayed badly in high winds. Then they began building them with heavier material and cement block bases. The material was hauled by horses to these high elevations. When one tower made from the lighter material and not bolted down properly blew over in high winds, knowledge on better construction was gained quickly.

Tower watchman was a seasonal job, May 1st to October 1st. Most fire locations were reported by using two towers to pinpoint the spot. There would be a map of the area mounted on the table and a compass-like tool would be used to plot the fire direction. The watchman

would report the compass direction, distance and size of the fire to fire headquarters by bush phone line. These lines were supplied by Ellery Thompson of Northbrook, Sproule in Plevna, and Burgess in Denbigh.

Ashby Lake Tower was located on the high hill behind the Pettifer farm (Mr. & Mrs. Bill Snider reside there now). Philip Plotz Sr. was the first towerman, followed by Les Mountenay, who was the ranger for many years at this site.

At one time there was a wooden tower on the high hill west of Meeks' Flat. This tower had a crows-nest type of lookout and it was manned by Bryce Brown.

The next watch tower south was at Skoota-matta, but was a ranger cabin rather than a tower. The ranger was a "fire chaser". A Mr. Marrisett worked this location for many years. A local story tells that when he was investigating the location of a fire he came upon a couple of local lads waiting with shovels in their hands. It was not uncommon for fires to be set as "make work" projects, but it was difficult to prove. The last years of this location, Harry Meeks was the ranger. He reports that the phone line to the cabin was simple—one line in and one line out. When this operation ceased, Harry went to work at the Ranger Camp on Mazinaw Lake.

The Grimsthorpe Tower was a log camp with the tower built on top of it. Charlie Snider (Ted's father) manned it, and was also designated a "smoke chaser". He would receive a call from another tower about smoke spotted, check the compass to verify the location, and then investigate. The compass was half the size of the



Forestry tower view, Myer's Cave, Ontario. The long climb up those stairs was rewarded with stunning views.



table and would pinpoint the location with remarkable accuracy. Ted Snider remembers spending time with his Dad at this location when he was approximately six years old. There was a spur from the Picton/Bancroft railway line to a lumber mill in there that moved lumber to the main line. If Charlie needed supplies, he would take the gasoline car down the spur line to MacMurray's store in Gilmour. When Charlie was going home, he would walk the telephone line to Ashby Lake and be picked up there.

The Gilmour Tower, manned for many years by Harry Ellis, replaced the Grimsthorpe tower. It could be seen on a clear day from the Kaladar tower and from "Candy Mountain" along the hydro line south of Cloyne.

The Mountain Grove tower was manned for many years by Gerald Wilkes. Forest growth was hindering the view and when it was no longer in use, it was not dismantled. It could be seen from Highway #7 near the O'Reilly Lake turn.

Arnold Boomhour was the ranger in the Kaladar Tower from 1959-1968. He tells me of observing a local lad setting the blueberry hills on fire. When questioned, he told Arnold he was looking for berries; when asked why he had no berry pails, his story was he left them in the bush for when the berries did come on. Another time, he observed a neighbour setting his raccoon traps. After he left,

another neighbour and his sons came along, sprung the traps and stole them. Arnold tells me that when his son Coleman was about 2-1/2 years old, he made a sling to carry him up the ladder and he would stay with him in the tower all day. By the time Coleman was 8 years old, he would climb the tower on his own. These early years must have had a lasting impression, because today Coleman is a top forester with Hydro One. After 1968, Arnold transferred to Fish and Game, and Millard Oliver took over the tower watchman job until it was decommissioned in 1972. Mrs. Florence Oliver tells me Millard was in the tower when a vicious lightning storm came up unexpectedly and he was forced to stay in the tower because of the danger of lightning striking the steel. Mrs. Oliver said she never was brave enough to climb the tower and when she brought her husband his lunch, he had to come down for it.

Myer's Cave Tower is located on what is known as Tower Road just east of Myer's Cave on North Frontenac Road 506. This tower was an important one in the system, overlooking Marble, Mississauga, Kashwakamak and Gull Lakes with many resorts and camps in the area. Ezra Wheeler, Harvey Spencer, Jim Perry and Oscar Lemke manned this tower over the years. Continued next page...

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Fire Towers in the Area

By John Bolton



Fire detection progressed from the use of fire towers to aircraft. Fire detection needs to be immediate to save forests and communities from destruction.

Jim was probably the best known; he would welcome guests to come up to admire the view and explain the working of the system. After a long day, Jim would walk to Myer's Cave and stay overnight with his brother George and sister-in-law Beatrice Perry. In the morning, he would go to Myer's Cave Lodge, start the kitchen wood stove for cooking the breakfast for the many tourists. Ellery Thompson of Kaladar Northern Telephone told me that the phone batteries had to be changed at this tower on a regular basis. If the fire watch was slow, Jim would call friends and visit so the batteries would

run down quickly.

The first phone lines were installed from Northbrook in 1910 for Lands & Forests fire protection. The line from Denbigh to Plevna was built in 1921, then lines into Griffith and Matawachen. Lines were built to serve the fire towers and overnight cabin. A line was even built from Denbigh to Dacre, an amazing feat considering electricity had not been introduced to the area. The Gatineau Hydro transmission lines were built around 1927.

Fire detection progressed from the use of the towers to aircraft. Arnold Flieler of Fernleigh, worked through the Tweed Ministry of Natural Resources offices. He had a Piper PA-11 float plane kept at his base near his home on Mississagagon Lake. The first radio was installed in his aircraft May 13, 1977 and this was used to contact Ministry offices in Tweed or Carleton Place.

In addition to fire detection, he would fly men and equipment in to fight fires.

When the area was not accessible by road, he would fly them to a lake nearest the fire and they would walk from there. This was labeled "Fire Suppression". Arnold's wife, Eileen, has shared with us some of his notes regarding his work.

Fire Detection Flights

I usually start about 1:30 pm. On a good clear day, about 2:45. Hazy days take about 10 minutes longer. If a fire is spotted, it takes about 20 minutes to pinpoint the location and log the information.

Info logged: base camp number, then block number—read up, then left.

Water supply if needed is logged; often this is a beaver pond.

Some small smokes are easily missed as there is sometimes just a puff of smoke, then later another puff before you actually see any flame. When it is hazy, a beaver pond can look like smoke. Also dust from rock crushers. The info is radioed in to Tweed or Carleton Place; reception is often poor before a thunderstorm. The dumps are marked on my map, as these are set on fire, so I expect smoke near dumps. Dry storms, (lightning without rain) are a problem. Distance is hard to estimate from the air.

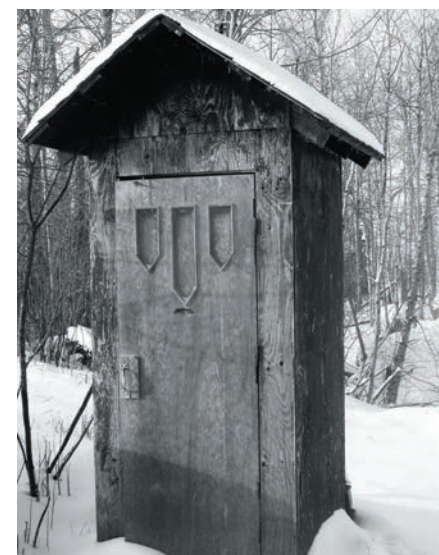
Preservation of Ontario Outhouses Sent in Anonymously (for some reason...)

The society for the "Preservation of Ontario Outhouses"... P.O.O. for short, has issued an "Umber Alert" regarding the safe usage of outhouses during periods of extreme cold. P.O.O. is a rather loose organization of hard core outhouse enthusiasts who choose to preserve a small, or large part of our pioneering forefathers' way of life, depending on your point of view. We admire greatly, and try to emulate, their bravery and intestinal fortitude, while carving out an existence on this rugged land. Our commitment to daily outhouse visits while eschewing the modern indoor facilities connects us in no wee fashion to those long gone folks. The evolution of the process... from "behind the bush" mentality to the joys of a wooden plank and a carefully designed hole to facilitate our physical well being and peace of mind is indeed cause for celebration and continuity.



While outhouse usage in the warm months of the year presents no inherent danger, save for the odd bite or sting, it is for the most part a pleasant enlightening experience. The necessity of lowering one's trousers or raising one's skirts during the winter months, however, creates the potential for calamitous consequences to an individual's sensitive regions. Caution is advised when the temperature drops to -30. Wearing suitable outer ware will certainly help to ward off a chill but won't do much for that exposed skin. In order to continue enjoying your morning, or whenever, evacuation ritual, one should not become too complacent to the point of carelessness. To this end, P.O.O. has created a public awareness campaign with our message encapsulated by the following verses. They are inspired by the personal vision of one of P.O.O.'s longest sitting members during a particularly brutal movement in February of last year.

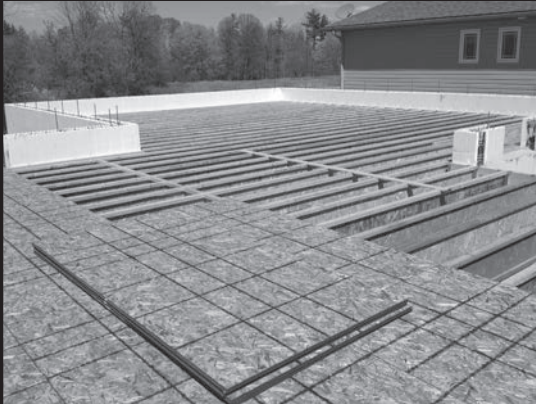

**On a warm summer's morn,
Jes' sittin' out back
Life is a gas in the old thundershack.
All the time in the world
For that moment to pass,
A small contribution to Earth's biomass.**

**But when the old thundershack
Becomes the cold sphincter shrinker
You best make haste
Whilst making your waste.
At 30 below
Beware the reality!
You could freeze to death
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The Gift of Self Compassion

By Susan Veale

'Tis the Christmas Season and with it brings anticipation of events yet to come leading up to a festive holiday season. Every year when the Christmas Highlander edition comes around, I struggle with what to write. How many of you remember the Christmas poem I wrote last year describing the body's adventure of processing indulgences from the festive eating of Christmas Dinner? Did it make a difference in your food choices? Perhaps not, after all, Christmas only comes once a year. So, this year, I am not going to inundate you with lactose-free, gluten-free, sugar-free, artificial sweetener-free, meat-free, cholesterol-free, fat-free, GMO-free, MSG-free, preservative-free, nitrite-free, mercury-free and artificial colour and flavouring-free foods to choose from over the holiday season. Instead, I am going to ask you to offer yourself a Christmas gift...the gift of self compassion.

Self compassion is not a quality our society easily encourages. When pain or difficult times occur we are reminded to, "be a man, tough it out or suck it up." Athletes endure injuries, "taking one for the team", and those suffering with mental health



challenges hurt in silence. These stoic behaviours are often seen as strengths in our western culture. But are they really or do we give ourselves mixed messages about how we really feel compared to how we show to others how we feel?

Before we can understand self compassion, let's examine compassion. Compassionate acts towards others are wonderfully executed and praised. At Christmas time, we give to food banks, we give to angel trees and we may give of our time as volunteers. Within these acts, we recognize that somewhere, someone is suffering; poverty, disease, politically motivated attacks or weather related



tragedies. People all over the world have lived through many heart wrenching situations. Thankfully, when disaster strikes, compassionate acts come from citizens of many countries.

As a result of the intensity of pain that has blanketed our world the last number of years, we need to balance the scale with self compassion or burn out is unavoidable.

Self compassion has been well studied in psychology circles. A collection of definitions describes self compassion as a, "kind and open-hearted stance that we take to our body, thoughts and emo-

tions." Take a moment and reflect on the language you speak to yourself. Do you find yourself harsh and unforgiving? Are you less tolerant to your own mistakes than to others?

Over this Christmas season, with all the busyness that it brings, try to give yourself the gift of self compassion by being gentle with your language, kind with your actions and loving with your thoughts. May you have a joy filled Christmas season and find peace in the New Year!

Susan Veale, BSc. Kin, is a trained Mindfulness Meditation teacher, Kinesiologist, Pilates Instructor, Author and Natural Health Practitioner at Wellness Natural



Health Centre in Calabogie ON. Her "by appointment" private clinic offers services of nutrition, soft tissue massage, energy medicines, homeopathic drainage, natural health products and mindfulness healing therapy for individuals and groups. Learn more: www.calabogiemindfulnessmeditation.com www.wellnessnaturalhealthcentre.com

WILDWOOD CHRONICLES

Blessings Come in Many Disguises

By George Ross

If you live in a busy urban centre, perhaps you're thinking about escaping the rat race and living in a quiet, peaceful rural area. They say there's a lot to be said for simplifying your life; getting away from the hustle and bustle and the getting and spending lifestyle. May I suggest a destination? The Hamlet of Denbigh, nestled in the beautiful hills of north Addington Highlands, awaits you. It's rural. It's quiet. There's no crime and with only a small country store in the 'downtown core' there's little spending. Think of the money you'll save!

There are a few houses for sale and land is available for house sites, all at very reasonable prices. They say it's a black cloud indeed that doesn't bring somebody some good. It's not that we're desperate ... yet... but there's a limit to how much peace and quiet a soul can take. So sell up and move to Denbigh. We need you. And if you're an entrepreneur better yet!

Opportunities abound.

"41 Stop Restaurant and Grocery" closed just this past weekend. It's for sale. You can probably get it cheap. Mom & Pop could have a fine little business going for themselves. And a residence comes with it. A coffee shop would be nice.... really nice. Kind of like a wee Tim Horton's. There's no longer a place to go in the morning where the boys can gather over a coffee and set the world straight. Don't forget the ladies' coffee klatches. They're out in the cold as well.



Denbigh - The land of lakes and opportunity. FOR SALE Top to Bottom: 41 Stop Restaurant and Grocery, Swiss Inn & Restaurant, The Blue Bench Bakery & Café

You should see the traffic that goes up and down highway 41 and highway 28 right here in the hamlet! How about some gas pumps?! Talking about that, the 'Swiss Inn' is up for sale. For the life of me I can't figure out why no one has bought the place. It's goin' for half nuthin'. Sitting on a nice piece of land at the intersection of 41 & 28 it's an ideal business location. Then there's "The Blue Bench Bakery & Café" set

up and ready to go in the community centre. Joan, the proprietor, is retiring so it's available. It was a popular, busy place.

There are lots of reasons why businesses close. Here in Denbigh a lack of customers from the community and from off the highway is not one of them.

Located about 45 minutes east of Bancroft, 50 minutes west of Renfrew, 1.5 hours north of Belleville, 1.5 hours west of Kanata, we're at the hub of everything! You don't have to drive up here right away, but don't wait too long. Now that the secret is out you never know and we don't want to get too big.

Get into Youtube and search for my channel and videos. Type in, "George Ross Denbigh, Ontario". You will be able to take a drive around Denbigh, visit the 'Swiss Inn' inside and outside, check out '41 Stop Restaurant', tour the community centre and the 'Blue Bench Cafe'. The video about the Swiss Inn has some great business ideas. And just to show you the beautiful countryside around Denbigh there's a video, "Tour the hills of Denbigh". Oh, don't forget to have a look at gran'ma on the trapline.

See you in Denbigh!

wildwoodblog.ca



George and his wife Joan moved to Denbigh from Ireland in 2007. He is semi-retired and presently does work for the Township of Addington

Highlands as well as volunteer work within the community. George & Joan own and operate the 'Wildwood B & B' in Denbigh. His interests include photography, writing, gardening and ocean sailing among others. George met Joan in Ireland after he departed Canada on an around the world solo sailing trip. He decided to postpone the rest of the voyage and has now set his anchor in Denbigh for the foreseeable future.

By Howard Popkie Remembrance Day, 2015

When a 15-year old child wants to serve his country, he has a lot of obstacles in his way. Even his own Mother will write to his commanding officer and say she will not allow her child to go to the Korean War because he is too young to be in the army. She even went on to say that his girlfriend forged her name on the letter that had said, "I give my son, Howard, permission to join the Canadian Army,

signed Mrs. Bea Popkie.

My ID card read, "6 ft. tall, 200 lbs.". My recruiting officer wrote in my file, "This man is definitely a back woodsman frontier type and would be a good man to have in a pinch. He is a good shot and very strong and large in structure. He would be an asset to the infantry, so I'm sending him to the PPCLI in Wainwright Alberta". The command-

ing officer felt he had too much to lose, so he ripped my Mother's letter in two and said, "I never got this letter." as he threw it in the basket.

I went on to the Korean War and proved to them all that a 15-year old boy is not too young to serve his country. I served with the United Nations Forces in the Korean Theater of War, complied with all the requirements and was awarded the Korean Medal, Korean Volunteer Medal, Canadian Peacekeeping Medal for Korea, Ambassador for Peace Medal and the United Nation's Medal for Korea.



My Mother said, "You are a fool." I said, "Canada will always be free as long as there are fools like me."

Sunset in Alberta



I was 16 years old, away from home for the first time, when my day's work was over in Wainwright Alberta I was always tired coming off the firing range where I practiced with my Vickers Machine Gun. It was July 1951 and the sides of my tent were rolled up so I could see the sun set as they played Retreat under the Union Jack.

I missed Black Donald and when I lay in my bunk I would think of my dog Shep, waiting for me to come home from school and I would never show up. I missed the shows in the town hall and all the people that were kind to me. When I was a kid I would visit Jim Dodge and was made welcome in his home and Alex Fraser who had two beautiful daughters that would cause me to drop in for a visit. I remember Alex would go down to the boarding house and buy a loaf of homemade bread and Mrs. Fraser would butter it up for me. I remember a photo she showed me in her home where I was smiling and holding a big piece of fresh baked bread up to my mouth to take a bite.

I was with the PPCLI and in a few months I would be spending a year in the war in Korea where I left all the comfort of a canvass tent to sleep in a sand bag bunker with water doing Chinese torture on me with little drops of rain hitting my body in three different places while I tried to fall asleep on a bed I made from braiding

empty Vickers Machine Gun web belts into a lawn chair type bunk on a frame made from steel fence posts that we used to string barb wire around our position to help keep out the North Koreans if they happened to make it through out mine field in the night. When I fell asleep there, I missed all the comforts of my white sheets on a mattress, sleeping in my tent of canvass in Alberta.

When I was in Wainwright, after I had my supper, I always went down to the tent where they sold Calgary Export Lager beer with the buffalo head in a horse-shoe on the bottle and drank a quart bottle of it before I went over the big long obstacle course just for the hell of it. The "old" fellows complained about going over it when they had to during the day's training.

During the summer I found an old buffalo skull out on the prairie and wired it on the front bumper of my Jeep. I always had a jeep and little trailer to carry my Vickers and ammo in. The other lads knew me from a distance by the buffalo skull on my Jeep and gave me the name,, "The Wild Black Donald Boy". When the wet canteen closed for the night one time, I got 6 beers and drank them in an officer's car, leaving the empty bottles on the car floor when I went back to my tent for the night. Next morning the officer wanted to know who left the empty bottles in his car, but it remained a mystery to this day.

Child Soldier

I was in the back seat in a Jeep with Captain Bennett and his driver when we were fired on by the enemy. Machine gun bullets came through the Jeep between the driver and me. A Jeep is a pretty small vehicle, but it missed us all. Another time we were eating dinner when an airburst

went off and the shrapnel went thump, thump, thump all around me as it hit the ground. I ran like hell and got in the bunker, so I wouldn't get hit and then laughed at the lads that were farther away because they were still coming through it.

Mudd

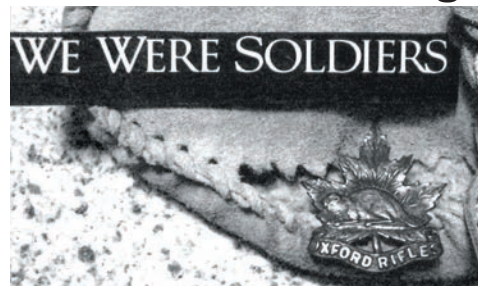
I had a job on a switchboard. One night I had a headset on so I could hear a Major and a Lieutenant talking on the phone.

an army blanket, not like recently in Afghanistan, where he would have come down the Highway of Heroes.

The Lieutenant said they came off a patrol where Mudd was killed and two were wounded. I was the only other man that knew he was killed, because in Korea they just buried them in Puson in

I was at the War Museum in Ottawa where I got a book on Korea and found his name on the list of men killed in the PPCLI.

The Little Tin Badge



I like going to a museum, so I often visit the McDougal Museum in Renfrew. I went to the war display at the museum one day and they have a battle dress uniform with the PPCLI shoulder flashes from a WWI soldier from Renfrew. That got me reading history books of the PPCLI and the battle honours won by the

regiment in WWI and WWII. In the books I learned that thousands were killed from the regiment I was in, in Korea. The PPCLI were the only regiment there to win a battle citation during the war and 516 more Canadians were killed. The little tin badge I got in my kit, 9th of July 1951, when I got to Wainwright Alberta was stamped out of a piece of tin at a cost of no more than a cent.

Now that you know the story of that little badge worn by Canadians from all over Canada, don't you think it ranks a place in history and should never be forgotten? We all owe a lot to the little tin badge that played such a big part in the freedom we all enjoy today.

The Popcorn Prize



When I was a little boy in 1942, WWII was on and we saw war shows at Black Donald and a lot of stories of the war. Some of the men from town were killed and in the Family Herald, I could buy bayonets and web belts from the War Surplus store. I dreamed of the day I could be a soldier.

get through the deep snow I had to go through for miles to get there.

My Dad was the kind of man that believed if your dog has a litter of pups, you throw them all in the lake and just keep the ones that can swim, so when I was in grade 7 he told me to quit school and get out in the world and make my own way. I was 15 years old and went to Woodstock Ontario and joined the Oxford Rifles. It was just a peacetime army, so in 16 days I transferred to the famous PPCLI out in Wainwright. I trained with them for one year then joined the Vickers Machine Gun Platoon and served the Patricia's attached to the Special Force in Korea.

I witnessed war there for more than a year. When I came back home for a visit, I was welcomed home at the Black Donald School. I felt that I only had Grade 7 when I left, but got a better education than the children that were still there.

One day I got a prize in the popcorn from Jack Wilson's store. It was a tin war medal. I wore it with pride with my 21-inch long WWI bayonet on my web belt. I didn't start school until I was 7 years old, so I would be big enough to

Now I am old and wear my 5 war medals I got for service in Korea on Remembrance Day. They are bigger than a silver dollar and are so heavy, they pull my coat out of shape, but they are a reminder you don't get them in popcorn.

FOR SALE: The Blue Bench Bakery & Café

Denbigh dearly misses their last restaurant and gathering place, so I am hoping to sell to someone who will enjoy serving everyone as much as I did.

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Please contact me, Joan McLeod at 613-333-1913 or e-mail joanemcleod@gmail.com

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Pete Seeger and the Power of Song

By Peter Chess

Pete Seeger was born in New York City, May 3 1919. He later wrote "My ancestors came to this country because they refused to answer the questions put to them by the then "Un English committees which were created to determine any subversive attitudes in the citizenry that were not line with the ruling monarchy. One of them, Elder Brewster, was on the Mayflower with Governor Bradford, one of the leaders of the Plymouth Colony. His descendants that came my way were stand up believers of independence among the colonists. Not one was a royalist. These ancestors of mine were all subversives in the eyes of the established colonial British government. If they had lost the War of Independence, they might well have been hung".

Peter's father, Charles Louis Seeger Jr. was born in Mexico City. His father was a very successful industrialist who made a small fortune owning and operating a sugar refinery in Mexico, while maintaining a large family estate in Patterson N.Y., just north of New York City. The young Charles was raised there, a privileged child who eventually graduated from Harvard with a degree in musical composition and the then nascent field of musicology.

After graduation he worked at composition but found his calling in the musicology end of the spectrum, eventually landing himself a position at the University of California in Berkeley where he established the very first musicology curriculum in the United States. Prior to this, the study of musicology had been an adjunct to other fields of musical studies. He was a key founder of the academic discipline of ethnomusicology, which pertained to the varied musical forms around the globe and any connections or commonalities that could be made between these musics.

In addition to his academic achievements, he became a staunch and outspoken supporter of the "International Workers of the World" which promoted the rights of the working class. Extremely socialistic in his political views and an ardent pacifist, speaking out publicly that he felt the United States should not become involved in WW1, which had broken out in Europe in 1914. When the Americans did get involved and Charles denounced the American involvement, his remarks were deemed to be traitorous and he was forced to resign his professorship. When asked by his dean to defend his remarks, he told him that Germany and England were both imperialistic powers and as far as he was concerned, they could fight each other to a stalemate. According to his friends, he was devastated and the dismissal affected him profoundly, making him even more inclined to a socialist philosophy that would eventually influence his, as, yet unborn son, Peter.

Peter's mother, Constance de Clyver Edson, daughter of a wealthy French family, was raised in Tunisia, at that time a French colony, and trained as a concert violinist at the Paris Conservatory of Music. She both performed with orchestras in New York and taught violin, although she did put her career on hold when the family moved to California to



May, 1921, Charles Louis Seeger Jr, his first wife, Constance de Clyver Edson, and their children. Baby Pete and brothers Charles III and John.



1964 BBC Tonight In Person - Pete Seeger playing mountain banjo

stay at home and raise Pete's two older brothers.

After Charles' dismissal, the family returned east and moved into the Seeger estate in Patterson. Peter would later recall of his childhood there "Talk about ivory towers, I grew up in a woodland tower...I knew all about the plants and could identify birds and snakes, but I did not know that anti Semitism existed... My contact with black people was literally nil. If someone asked me what I was going to be when I grew up, I'd say a farmer or a forest ranger".

When Pete was 18 months old his father conceived of the novel idea to take the entire family into the southern hinterland, Appalachia, to bring "comfort" to the hill folk by introducing them to the joy of classical music. The concept was for he and his wife to perform wherever they could set up a camp and attract an audience. To this end, Charles built a self-contained structure on the bed of an old hay wagon, which ended up looking much like one of the "Prairie Schooners" the westward settlers had used in the 1800's. Since it was to be towed by the family automobile, It may well have been one of the first "house trailers" built in America.

Although conceived with the grandest of intentions, generally speaking the trip was disastrous. The logistics of living in such quarters with three children had apparently not been well considered. For the most part they were treated as a northern novelty or viewed with outright suspicion by the locals. There was, however, an unforeseen and rewarding experience when some of the local musicians asked if they might, in return, perform their music for the family.

Bringing along their instruments, some probably home made, guitars, banjos, fiddles, harmonicas, washboards and no doubt a wash tub bass, they revealed a surprising proficiency, which was a revelation to both parents. The trip, however, was necessarily abandoned as Mrs. Seeger determined that the lack of creature comforts could no longer be endured.

Upon returning to Patterson, Mrs. Seeger found work teaching the violin and occasionally performing, while Charles taught composition at the "Institute of Musical Art", later to become the "Joulliard School of Music. Not neglecting his political viewpoint, he also taught part time at the "New School for Social Research".

In 1923, at the age of 4 years, Pete was sent to a boarding school in Connecticut, but returned home 2 years alter, when his parents discovered he had contracted scarlet fever and the school failed to notify his parents of the fact. He then attended public school for two years before being shipped off to another boarding school.

Peter was having a difficult relationship with his mother who was insistent that he take music lessons, but at that time he had absolutely no interest in playing piano or violin.

Career and money tensions led to arguments and distance between the parents and in 1927 they divorced. Things came to a head when Charles discovered that his wife had opened a bank account in her own name. Charles was awarded custody of the children and Constance disappeared to pursue her musical career. Pete says of this period in his life, "My father was the one person I really related to. For good or bad I had

very few relationships with anyone else. I was cordial with everybody. I didn't like to fight and I didn't like to argue. My brothers? We got along, but they were much older, six and seven years older, and in a different world".

On his own at boarding school, bookish and withdrawn, Pete was finally drawn to a musical instrument that was far removed from a piano or violin. What attracted him was the ukulele. In 1927 just about everyone playing popular music had a ukulele. His father bought one for him and in a very short time he became adept enough to play and sing the "corny little ditties" of the day, entertaining his classmates with his antics and encouraging them to sing along. It was an amazing change in the young Pete, pleasing his father to no end, and laying the groundwork for what would become his passion and his phenomenal rapport with his audiences.

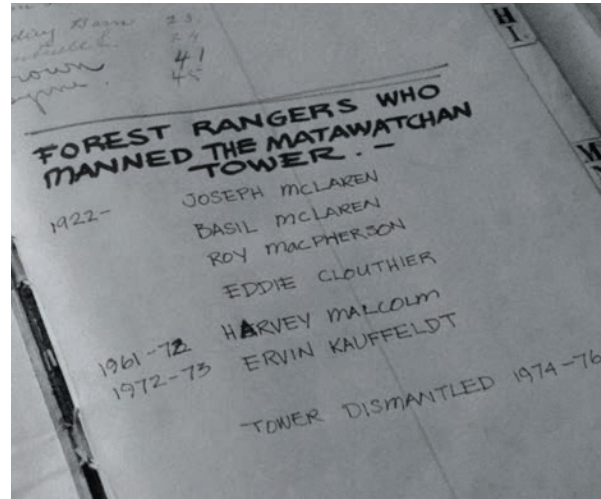
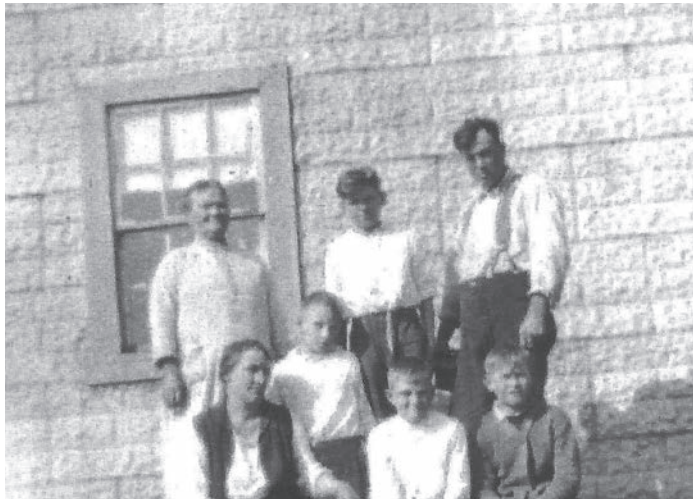
Stay tuned...



Peter Chess immigrated to Canada from Leeds, England at the age of 9 weeks. The family settled into a converted barracks at the local airport near St. Catharines for a couple of years before moving into a wartime house. After serving in the Canadian Army Signal Corps, Peter restored antique furniture in St. Catharines, which is where he met his wife Gitte, her daughters Sheri and Belinda. They now live in Matawatchan and have two granddaughters, Emma and Natalie. Peter is a member of The Pickled Chickens String Band.

Adventures with Dad at Vennachar and Matawatchan

As told to Bill McNaught by his father Herbert McNaught and uncle RJ McNaught



Gramma Ball's house in Vennachar. Back Row: Gramma Ball, R.J. and Uncle Herb
Middle Row: Mother, James, Bill, Cousin John McGinnis, Front Row: Earle

Uncle George Hughes and Aunt Susan

Joe McLaren is listed first in the Matawatchan Fire Tower log book, 1922

Dad spent his summer holidays with us at Vennachar each summer during the twenties and thirties. He enjoyed his two-week sabbatical at Grandma's (Nancy Jane Ball) farm. Dad always pitched in doing small chores from time to time. His favourite chore was churning butter in the wooden churn. For hours, he would move the handle up and down on the porch and finally he would remove the sticky yellow butter with a paddle.

Dad had a continued interest in the welfare of the families around Matawatchan. He had been a student minister at the Matawatchan Presbyterian Church from 1914 until October 1916. It was the Church where he met Mother. The church needed an organist. Mother who was the teacher at the local school at the Miller Settlement in 1916, volun-

teered to play the organ although she attended the Methodist Church in Vennachar. Wedding bells rang the next year on September 19, 1917.

During his vacation, Dad was happy to assist the new Minister at Matawatchan by preaching once or twice when we were spending the summers at Grandma Ball's farm. Occasionally he visited his former parishioners, particularly those who were aged, sick or bereaving the death of a family member since his last visit.

There were 3 of us boys, RJ, Herbert and James, who were old enough to accompany Dad. Earle who was born in 1925 was too young during those early years. One summer day, Dad took us three along with him for the afternoon. After a number of brief visits where we got cookies or a slice of layer cake

and Dad got the customary cup of tea, we made a visit to Joe MacLaren, the Bush Fire Marshall. Joe spent his waking hours, seven days a week, from early spring to late fall in the fire observation tower located on a height of land on a hill up behind the village, watching for fires. Everyone was alert following the Vennachar forest fire in 1903, which destroyed several buildings in Vennachar including the hotel and the schoolhouse, and burned a huge swath of timber land east of Matawatchan before finally burning out.

The way to the Matawatchan fire tower was tricky and meandering. It was steep, crooked and grassy, barely passable for a car. At the end of the road, there was a gap in the fence. We left the car there and squeezed through the gap. There was a pathway, surrounded by trees, which

required a laborious and tiresome climb. It seemed endless to us but eventually we came into an open area about an acre in size where the bush and trees had been cleared. In the middle of the clearing stood the fire observation tower. Joe had noticed our climb and from the open window, yelled down a cheery welcome for us all.

The observation look-out station sat on top of a windmill-like structure towering about a hundred feet above the ground featuring a four by four wooden cabin on top with large windows facing in all four directions. This enabled a clear view of the surrounding bush for many miles. Joe claimed that he could see smoke from fires over fifty miles away. Joe kept several pairs of binoculars handy to pinpoint any trouble.

The observation cabin was

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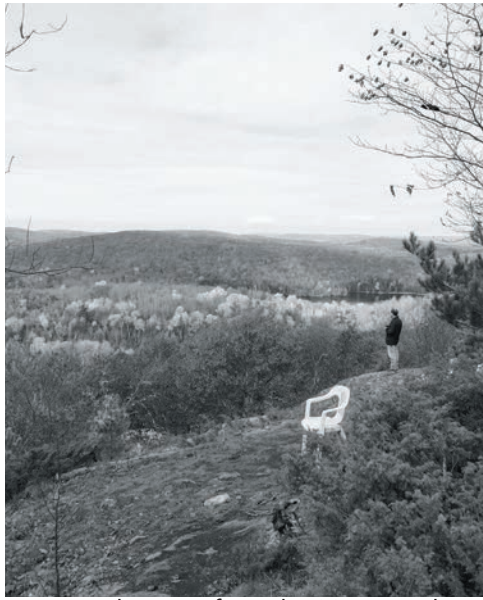
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Imagine the view from the Matawatchesan Fire Tower at this site!

reached by climbing up the metal ladder fastened to the framework of the tower. At the top of the ladder, the cabin was entered by unlocking and opening a small trap door. A chair and a small table on which sat his pair of binoculars were the meagre furnishings. On the table were the maps of the surrounding areas and a telephone. In the corner, Joe kept his rifle. On the ground off to the side was a small outhouse, which Joe used when nature called.

Joe saw us coming up the windy path and called out to us from the one window that could be opened. When we reached the foot of the tower, all eager to climb way up, Joe shouted down that there wouldn't be enough room for us all. He told us boys to stay on the ground and for Dad to climb on up alone. We were bitterly disappointed. We would have to pass time doing nothing – or so it seemed.

There were four guy wires running from the tower to cement blocks buried solidly into the earth. Each extended to the corners of the wooden cabin to prevent it from swaying if the wind got up. What an opportunity when one of us suggested "Let's pull on these wires!" It seemed to take very little effort for us to start the cabin in the sky swaying.

Immediately, the window opened and Joe's red face appeared. Angrily, he yelled out for us to stop or he'd shoot us with his rifle. Fearing he might, we moved off to one side and sat on a rock pile thankful to be alive.

When Dad descended a short time later, he mildly scolded us as he related the scary situation we had created but at the same time stating how sorry he was that we were unable to enjoy the magnificent view from the top of the tower.

When we got back to Grandma's, we related the incident. Uncle Herb burst into laughter at our devilish behaviour and eventually so did Dad. Dad said "I'll never forget the look of fear and anger that came over Joe. I'm almost certain that he would have shot at you boys if you hadn't stopped immediately!"

Mother's brother, Uncle George (Hughes) owned the farm south of the Ball farm. He had eight daughters about our age so we were always running down to visit. Uncle George told us that he acted as the Fire Marshall for the land south of his farm. Several times each week he would walk back to where the land ended at the top of Bon Echo. During our years, there weren't any other forest fires in the region. Once was enough.

Journeys by Canoe By Ole Hendrickson

The Fall has always been a special time of year in the Ottawa Valley. Kirby Whiteduck of the Algonquins of Pikwàkanagàn in his book *Algonquin Traditional Culture*, and Stephen McGregor of the Kitigan Zibi Anishinabeg in his book *Since Time Immemorial: Our Story*, describe life 500 years ago in the valley of the Kichi Sibi, the Great River, now known as the Ottawa.

For the original Algonquin inhabitants of the Valley, fall was when family groups said farewell to their friends and relatives with whom they had gathered on the main stem of the Kichi Sibi. They filled their birch bark canoes with hunting and fishing tools they had made during the summer, and with food provisions such as corn and dried fish, and headed upstream along the many tributaries of the watershed to their traditional hunting grounds. There they would construct wigwams covered with birch bark in which to spend the long cold winter; while pursuing game such as moose, caribou and deer; trapping beaver and other fur-bearing animals; and fishing through the ice of the frozen lakes.

In April, when the days lengthened and the ice began to break up, people ventured into the forest in search of long intact pieces of birch with which to build new canoes. When the tributary rivers were again navigable with the spring high water, families would venture downstream in their canoes, laden with the hides and furs procured during the winter.

The canoe also was the vehicle that enabled contact between the early European explorers and indigenous peoples. Samuel de Champlain, founder of Canada, journeyed up the Kichi Sibi with his Aboriginal guides by canoe in spring of 1613 and met with Algonquin leader Tessouat in the vicinity of present day Pembroke. Champlain wanted to proceed further upriver through Algonquin territory and contact peoples living in the upper Great Lakes region. However, Tessouat thwarted Champlain's plan so as to maintain the Algonquins' control of shipping and trade along the Kichi Sibi. By way of compensation, Tessouat sent Champlain back downriver with a party of 40 canoes laden with furs. During the downriver voyage Champlain was able to witness a traditional tobacco ceremony at the Chaudiere Falls, in present day Ottawa.

Some of the earliest French voyagers to the Ottawa Valley lived with indigenous peoples and had a chance to witness their survival skills first-hand. This even included Champlain.

His second upriver trip in 1615 (400 years ago) included a military expedition with the allied Huron (also known as Wendat), Montagnais and Algonquin tribes against the Iroquois. Seriously injured, Champlain was carried in a basket by his Wendat allies to one of their villages, where he spent the winter and recovered from his wounds.

In contrast to the Algonquins, the Wendat were mainly farming peoples and did not disperse to hunting territories in winter, although Champlain did accompany them on a deer hunt.

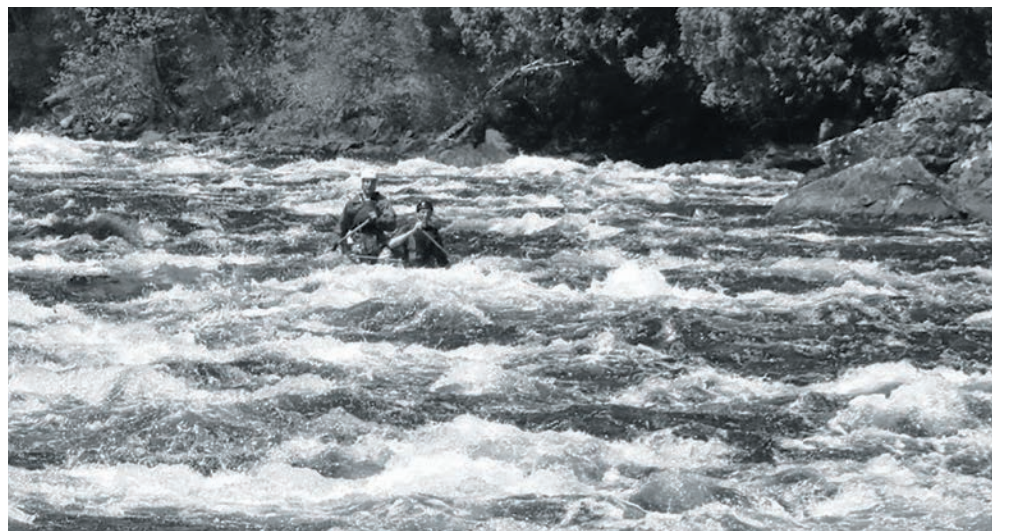


Winter Camp - Painting by Lewis Parker

The birch bark canoe was the means of transporting trade goods along the Kichi Sibi, one of the main east-west trade routes across the North American continent. Stephen McGregor describes the trade between Algonquins and Wendat as follows:

"The Wendat lived in permanent villages so that they could cultivate the land. Corn was the main staple of their diet, as well as beans and squash, which supplemented fish and some game meat... Contact and trade between the Kichi Sibi Anishnabeg and Wendat na-

to go to Kebec upon the great river... Now, as it was still cold, we had not gone far when we found that a little ice had formed during the night, which covered the surface of the water... we entered it, the Apostate, who was in front, breaking it with his paddle. But either it was too sharp, or the bark of our gondola too thin; for it made an opening which let the water into our canoe and fear into our hearts. So behold us all three in action, my two Savages paddling, and I baling out the water. We drew with all the strength of our paddles to an Island which we very



Paddling the Petawawa River - Photo by Steve Manders

tions was inevitable. The Wendat required large surpluses of hides and furs from which to make warm clothing. The Wendat traded ample supplies of corn, tobacco and goods such as pottery with the Kichi Sibi in return for hides and furs... Over generations, the Wendat had refined their pottery techniques, making them lighter in weight but still durable. Wendat pottery was easier to transport on long journeys by canoe..."

Journeying by canoe was not without its hazards, particularly during spring. Kirby Whiteduck quotes from the journals of the Jesuit priests who traveled among the indigenous peoples to spread Christianity. Here is a priest's account of a trip on the lower St. Lawrence during ice breakup:

"On the fifth of the month of April, my host, the Apostate [i.e. non-believer] and I embarked in a little canoe

fortunately encountered.

When we set foot upon shore, the Savages seized the canoe, drew it out of the water, turned it upside down; lighted their tinder, made a fire, sewed up the slit in the bark; applied to it their resin, a kind of gum that runs out of trees; placed the canoe again in the water; and we re-embarked and continued on our journey."

Indigenous peoples made annual trips to and from their hunting territories by canoe. Early French explorers quickly learned that it was vastly superior to their own watercraft. It enabled trade, warfare and family gatherings. The canoe is one of the greatest technological innovations of the indigenous peoples of North America, and its importance in shaping Canadian history can hardly be overstated.

Industrial Wind Power Development in Greater Madawaska Township

Innergex of Longueuil Quebec (<http://www.innergex.com/en/>) has confirmed that they are exploring Greater Madawaska Township (GMT) for industrial wind power development, however they will not disclose what specific area of our township they are interested in. They have stated that if the Independent Electricity System Operator (IESO) calls for bids under the LRP I RFP process in 2016 or 2017 they would "certainly be considering" submitting a bid for an industrial wind plant in GMT. In the past, industrial wind power developers had identified the townships of Griffith and Blithfield within GMT as potential areas.

The Ontario government has made all Crown land available for industrial wind development unless it is set aside for other purposes such as the Aboriginal land claim, ANSI etc. Innergex has confirmed that they have signed leases with private landowners in GMT & that they include confidentiality agreements that prevent a participant from publicly disclosing that they are participants until such time in the IESO process where Innergex is legally required to publicly reveal the details of their industrial development. Innergex has contacted our GMT Council to understand the procedures for submitting a presentation to Council.

Neighboring Addington Highlands (AH) & North Frontenac (NF) have been

targeted by two large multinational corporations RES & Nextera who have submitted bids to IESO for large industrial wind plants on crown & private land, primarily in the Denbigh, Vennachar, Rose Hill & Glenfield areas & also to the south and west of these communities towards Buckshot and Ashby lakes. If these bids are successful, these neighborhoods could have up to 210 industrial wind turbines operational in their communities by Dec. 2019. You can find more details of these projects at nexteraenergy.ca.com & denbighwind.com.

A significant portion of the residents of AH & NF who will be forced to live in close proximity to IWT's have serious concerns about the effects of this industrialization of their community. Their concerns include such items as loss of property values, legal issues, impact on the environment, loss of wildlife habitat, loss of tourism potential, detrimental effects on the price of electricity, the massacre of birds and bats, the impact on human & animal health, light flicker, loss of hunting, ATV and other recreational opportunities, forest landscapes, amenity of the countryside, ground water contamination, loss of our dark sky & overall quality of life.

To address these and other concerns & to protect their interests, the residents of AH & NF have formed a com-

munity organization called BEARAT (Bon Echo Area Residents Against Turbines). You are encouraged to go to their webpage at bearat.org or join them on Facebook at www.facebook.com/groups/1424761864492341 to learn more about this issue.

Our GMT Council has formed a Wind Advisory Committee to make recommendations to Council with respect to the potential development of Industrial Wind Plants in GMT. Council had previously called for 2 volunteer representatives from each ward. They are Don McAlear, Mark Thomlin, Lorna Dowdy, Bernie Couture, Garth Kewly, Denis Gauthier and Tom McCann. Chairman of the committee is Councillor Glen McPherson & municipal staff members are Allison Holtzhauer and Marko Cekic.

The first committee meeting was Oct 30 and the next will be on Dec 4 2015. You can find more information at the GMT website www.greatermadawaska.com/#municipality. There, you can also find the contact information for your Councillors and Mayor and are encouraged to exercise your democratic right to make your views well known.

Garnet Wilkes
Griffith

Scarecrow punches Tin Man, runs off with Cowardly Lion: police

INNISFIL, ONT.

The Canadian Press
Published Tuesday, Nov. 03, 2015

He doesn't appear to have used that brain the Wizard gave him.

Police say officers dispatched to a fight call early Saturday in Innisfil, Ont., found a man dressed as the Tin Man from "The Wizard of Oz" being treated for injuries.

South Simcoe police say witnesses at the Stroud Arena — who were dressed as Dorothy, Glinda the Good Witch and the Wicked Witch of the East — said the Tin Man had been punched by his friend the Scarecrow.

In a release, police say "the Scarecrow didn't have the brains to stick around, and ran away with the Cowardly Lion."

Turns out "the Tin Man didn't have the heart to lay charges against his friend, and refused to tell the officers anything." He was treated for minor injuries.

Police say they believe alcohol was involved.

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Canada and the Spirit of Christmas

I was asked by a few people if the Highlander will be "bold" enough to wish our readers a Merry Christmas. That greeting seems to be disappearing as many marketers have switched to the more inclusive Season's Greetings or Happy Holidays. This makes people feel as though Christmas itself is disappearing in Canada. My response to this is based on the famous editorial in the NY SUN (NY Times) to the question from 8-year old Virginia about the existence of Santa Claus...

With apologies to the writer, Francis Pharcellus Church... Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a Christmas. It exists as 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 Christmas. 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.

As Canada approaches 150 years as a nation and preparations are being made for celebrations, it's a good time to take a moment to think about what makes us proud to be Canadian. If you could sum it up in one word, what would that word be?

The word that defines Canada for me is "inclusive", which stems from multiculturalism.

We are thankful to be living in an inclusive country that guarantees us personal rights and freedoms as we wish each other, "Happy Thanksgiving". We remember those who fought and continue to fight to preserve our freedoms and keep us safe from tyranny as say to each other, "Lest we Forget". We celebrate our own and each other's religious festivals throughout the year and say a few, if not all of these things, "Happy Chanukah, Happy Id al-Adha, Happy Khalsa, Happy Diwali and more. We attend Chinese New Year parades, St. Patrick Day parades and Santa Claus parades. They say everyone is Irish on St. Patrick's Day.

There are 196 countries in the World. Statistics Canada reports that there are over 200 different ethnic backgrounds in Canada, including First Nations, Inuit and Métis. Together we proudly say, "Happy Canada Day".

Christians, represent 67.3% of the population, but we don't define ourselves as a Christian nation. We are inclusive. We gather with like-minded people to openly talk about politics, the world and religion. We pray for each other and for peace on earth in a variety of places. And at this time of year we say, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year", with big smiles, fully confident we are offending no one, in the spirit of Christmas.

I think inclusiveness is why we are a non-violent nation, which is not the same as pacifistic. We are peace keepers, only fighting when necessary. Most of

us came here to escape war and oppression, but weren't forced to abandon our heritage and culture. Only war, inequality and exclusionary practices must be abandoned at Canada's gates. It can take a generation or two for new Canadians to abandon their old-world grievances (Think of the Irish Catholics and Protestants in Canada), or it can be immediate as we have seen for the majority.

When any nation or terrorist group threatens our freedom, we stand firm against them, together as a people, as Canadians. That is what we must continue to do to counter terrorism by criminals who murder in the name of religion.

It's a strange paradox - fighting to defend freedom and peace on earth, but is there a better way to stop potential oppressors who kill innocent people and justify it in the name of the same God all Jews, Christians and Islamists pray to?

A recurring theme at Christmas is peace on earth, good will toward men. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote a poem during the American Civil War that was later adapted into a hymn most of us have sung. His son had gone to join the fight without permission and was severely wounded.

*I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*

I thought how, as the day had come,

*The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*

*And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."*

Note: The following two stanzas are usually omitted from hymnals:

*Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound the carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*










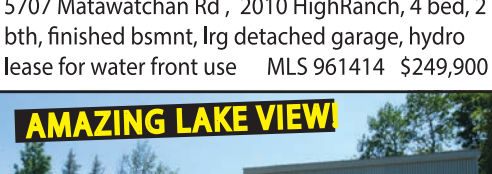
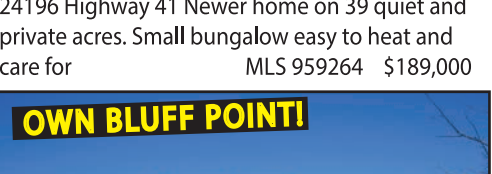
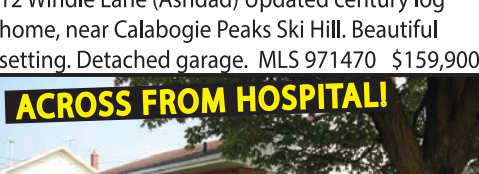
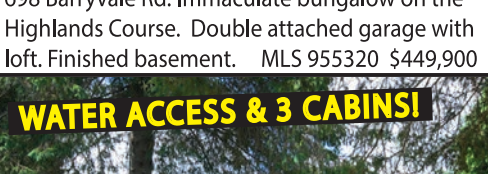
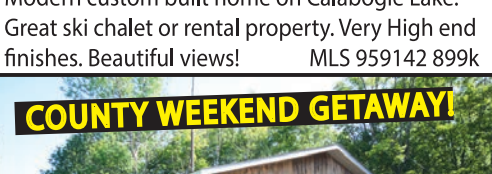

*It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn, the households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*

*Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.*

*Till, ringing singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!*

"I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day" lyrics (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), 1867)

**Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Everyone!
And Happy Canada Day, 2016!**

 <p>Century21 Eady Realty Inc. Brokerage 29 Raglan St. Renfrew 613-433-2254 www.vincentjohnston.com</p>	 <p><i>My heart is in the Highlands. It's where my family comes from and where I like to be. I promise to do my best to ensure details are looked after and everyone is satisfied with the sale. You can trust me to list your home and help you find your dream property. New listings welcome!</i> - Vincent Johnston, Sales Representative</p>	<p>WATERFRONT DREAM HOME! 169 Sipolins, MLS 933072, \$499,900 Centennial Lake Water Front Home 161 ft. of Lake Frontage 5 Bedroom Detached Garage</p> 	
<p>2 WATERFRONT BUILDING LOTS!</p>  <p>00 Centennial Lake Rd Private quiet waterfront lot Last one for sale in this development MLS 957962 \$59,900</p>	<p>PRICE REDUCED - GRIFFITH PINES!</p>  <p>522 Pine, 3+1 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms in Griffith Open concept built in 2004, 1 acre landscaped lot with privacy. MLS 942896 \$179,900</p>	<p>WATER ACCESS!</p>  <p>5707 Matawatchan Rd, 2010 HighRanch, 4 bed, 2 bath, finished bsmnt, lrg detached garage, hydro lease for water front use MLS 961414 \$249,900</p>	<p>EASY TO HEAT - EASY CARE!</p>  <p>24196 Highway 41 Newer home on 39 quiet and private acres. Small bungalow easy to heat and care for MLS 959264 \$189,000</p>
<p>LOG HOME NEAR SKI HILL!</p>  <p>12 Windle Lane (Ashdad) Updated century log home, near Calabogie Peaks Ski Hill. Beautiful setting. Detached garage. MLS 971470 \$159,900</p>	<p>CALABOGIE HIGHLANDS GOLF!</p>  <p>698 Barryvale Rd. Immaculate bungalow on the Highlands Course. Double attached garage with loft. Finished basement. MLS 955320 \$449,900</p>	<p>AMAZING LAKE VIEW!</p>  <p>Modern custom built home on Calabogie Lake. Great ski chalet or rental property. Very High end finishes. Beautiful views! MLS 959142 899k</p>	<p>OWN BLUFF POINT!</p>  <p>210 Bluff Point Calabogie Lake. Stunning sunsets. All day sunshine! 1.73 acre lot. Custom built, fully finished home. Perfect for B&B MLS 952436 \$999k</p>
<p>ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL!</p>  <p>465 Raglan St Renfrew- BrK Bungalow across from Hospital. Det. garage, finished bsmnt (could be separate unit), 2 full bths \$189,900 MLS 936156</p>	<p>WATER ACCESS & 3 CABINS!</p>  <p>5691 Matawatchan Rd, Main home w/detached garage, 3 sm. cabins, great for handyman, hydro lease for waterfront usage \$189,900 MLS 936156</p>	<p>COUNTY WEEKEND GETAWAY!</p>  <p>3199 Matawatchan Rd Great weekend getaway spot built in 2006. Open concept, Babbling creek runs behind structure MLS 963220 \$79,900</p>	<p>GOLF AND LAKE LIVING!</p>  <p>150 Pheasant Run MLS 922255, \$339,900 Calabogie Highlands Golf Course, 3 bed, 2 bath Open concept, Detached garage, Deep lot, Amazing views. Includes deeded access to lake.</p>

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